



The Lady's Book



Godex's

THE

Lady's Book

A MAGAZINE OF

FASHIONS AND THE ARTS.

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PHILADELPHIA.

1833.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS.



BALL DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

JANUARY, 1836.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS.

BALL DRESS.—Dress of blue gaze *St. Vallier*, trimmed with gauze ribands and blond, body trimmed with rows of narrow blond forming the point, short sleeves fastened with gauze riband; head-dress composed of marabouts and *forget-me-nots*.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of rich emerald green velvet, with a plain body; blond mantilla with odds; head-dress, turban of pink crape with silver stars.

Original.

BARTON'S EXPEDITION;

OR, THE STORY OF SYBIL PRIOR.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Lean, raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity.—SHAKESPEARE.

Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.—MILTON.

It was a lovely July evening, such an evening is known only in that "Eden of America," which, while in the possession of the Aborigines of our country, was distinguished by the name of "Aquitnet;" a name, which our ancestors, (for certain wise reasons of their own, or perhaps without any reason at all,) thought proper to exchange for that of "Rhode Island."

A few clouds, light and lovely ones, whose borders the declining sun had fringed with gold, floated lazily in the zenith; but the western sky exhibited one dazzling blaze of splendour, and the broad bosom of the majestic Narragansett shone with the reflection of the radiance, like

"A burnished sheet of living gold."

The numerous little green islets embosomed in its tranquil waters, cast their picturesque shadows on its glassy surface, and looked, as they lay there in their deep repose and sylvan beauty, like the fabled regions of fairy-land, rather than the abodes of mere mortals; while safely moored in the spacious harbour of Newport, and upward along the bay, rode the hostile armament of England; the lofty spars, shooting up in bold relief against the glowing sky, and the huge black hulls casting toward the city broad lines of deep and gloomy shadow, while from their sides protruded, in dread, array and prompt for vengeance, the engines of destruction.

The field and garden flowers were lavish of their fragrance, but not a breeze moved—not a leaf stirred—not a "violet wagged its sweet head"—not a sound broke on the delicious stillness of the hour, save as a belated robin hurried

to his leafy abode, or a sparrow, dissatisfied with its lodgings, flitted to some more convenient twig, with a low twitter of peevishness at its bad accommodations. So tranquillizing was the influence of the scene, that even the stern centinel who was pacing the ground in front of Overing-house, where the English commander had fixed his quarters, relaxed his vigilance, and gazing listlessly around him at the verdant fields and woodlands, indulged his fancy with a visit to his cottage home, beyond the billows of the wide Atlantic, which were rolling before him far as the eye could reach. And still more marvellous to relate, the imperious military despot himself suspended for a while his menaces and execrations against the inhabitants of the country; and in the admiration with which he surveyed the glowing landscape, to which even the pencil of a Claude could scarcely have done justice, well nigh forgot that he was gazing only upon

"Rebel hills and rebel dales,
By rebel trees surrounded."

Indescribably beautiful must the scene indeed have been, which could, even for a moment, have softened to complacency the morose and virulent temper of a man like the English Prescott, whose overbearing arrogance and unrelenting tyranny are to this day proverbial throughout that island, the inhabitants of which suffered from him, while "drest in a little brief authority," all the privations and persecutions that military despotism could inflict. Truth requires of us to state, however, that General Prescott had returned from town at a late hour, oppressed by the sultra

ness of the air and fatigued with his ride, and the unwonted placidity of his temper may, perhaps, be more justly attributed to extreme lassitude, than to the delicious tranquillity of the hour, or the beauty of the scenery. Leaving him, however, to the enjoyment of his snug quarters at Overing-house, which, it may be proper to inform our readers, is situated at Portsmouth, about five miles from the old city of Newport, we will hasten to introduce the heroine of our tale.

The young and lovely Sybil Prior was the daughter of an obscure, but honest and industrious farmer, who, by a series of misfortunes, having been deprived of his little patrimony, had died of a broken heart, just as poor Sybil attained her fifteenth year, leaving his destitute orphan without a relative in the wide world. Pennyless and unconnected, the hapless Sybil must, in all probability, have fallen an early victim to hopeless sorrow and "pinching penury," had she not, through the friendly mediation of the aged house-keeper, obtained shelter and protection at Overing-house. At the period when our narrative commences, July 1777, she had been five years an inmate of the family, acting in a variety of capacities, from that of kitchen maid, with which she commenced her career, through all the intermediate degrees, up to the rank of lady's maid, and deputy house-keeper; acquitting herself in each and all to the entire satisfaction of her employers, and receiving from them, in consideration of her many excellent qualities and her unconnected condition, a singular degree of sympathy and regard. Within a year, however, many circumstances had concurred to render her situation exceedingly uncomfortable, if not absolutely distressing. "*The course of true love never did run smooth,*" and poor Sybil's, although a most virtuous, well-placed, and unalienable attachment, was by no means exempt from the sorrows and trials that assail all human love. The family at Overing-house were, unhappily for her, zealous loyalists, and in proportion to the regard they entertained for the beautiful and deserving orphan, they became averse to her union with Martin Gray—or, in the words of the worthy old house-keeper, who had very naturally imbibed their sentiments, "to her *throwing herself away,*" on such a rebel *rapscallion.*" To increase the perplexity of her situation, separated as she was, perhaps, forever from her lover, and uncertain of his fate, the unhappy Sybil was perpetually annoyed by the enmities of his rivals, and had of late been persecuted by the attentions of a libertine young officer of the English general's family, who, exasperated by the steady contempt with which his insolent proposals had been treated, was, as she well knew, plotting to inveigle her into his power. This person was now absent on some professional duty, and, notwithstanding she had been baffled, either by the well-meant interference of the family, or the jealous vigilance of her military admirers, in sundry attempts, which, at the earnest instance of her betrothed lover, she had made to escape from the island, she had now re-

solved on making one more effort to extricate herself from the perils and snares by which she was surrounded. Means of disguise had been procured, and arrangements made for effecting her elopement to the continent that very evening. It was, therefore, with a perturbation of feeling by no means in unison with the scene, that our lovely rustic, having completed the labours of the day, wandered out in search of the person whom she had chosen as the confidant and assistant of her scheme: should he fail of keeping his appointment, or should her plot be discovered, there was the end, perhaps forever, of all her earthly hopes. With a throbbing heart, and many a melancholy foreboding, therefore, the beautiful and innocent Sybil commenced her evening ramble, attended only by a little spaniel, which had been the faithful companion of Martin Gray, until, after having seen his comfortable little cottage wantonly laid in ashes by the British soldiery, the justly exasperated youth had taken up arms against the spoilers of his country. From that melancholy day the animal had been the constant attendant of the hapless maiden, who fostered him with tenderness for his absent master's sake, and never puppy was half so grateful.

Deeming the faithful animal a sufficient safeguard, Sybil glided by a back door from the house, and, taking a circuitous route, in order to avoid the observation of the soldiers, (who, since the English commander had there fixed his quarters, infested the place, and among whom she unfortunately had many admirers,) she proceeded with a hurried yet stealthy step, and with many an apprehensive start, along the plantation south of the mansion, under shadow of the tall trees and thick underbrush which then skirted the borders of the brook and the beautiful sheet of water, which finally discharges itself in a mimic cascade over the stone wall which separates the lawn in front of Overing-house, from the highway.

This had been the favourite walk of Martin Gray in happier times, when he came of an evening, arrayed in his "Sunday's best," to woo the lovely Sybil. It was there, too, beside the brook and beneath the soft light of a summer's moon, that, after having tormented him to her heart's content, she had first confessed her love; and, only a year since, on that very spot, she had promised, at the expiration of one little month, to become his wife: but

"We came with war, and went with wo;
And it was his to undergo
Each outrage of the cruel foe—
His fields laid waste—his cot laid low."

Poor Martin no longer possessed a home to which he could conduct his bride, and they were compelled to separate. He for the dangers and hardships of the battle, and poor Sybil to linger around the scenes of former happiness, and weep in solitude over her own blighted hopes and inauspicious prospects. It was not, however, to indulge in fond regret and melancholy reflection that she had this evening proceeded thither; and

frequently did she check her rapid yet trembling steps, and throw an eager and apprehensive glance around her in every direction; and her slender fingers trembled as she brushed back the chestnut ringlets that clustered thickly about her swan-like neck and graceful shoulders, while

"With neck outstretched and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,"

she listened in as breathless and rapt attention, as if all her faculties had been absorbed in the single sense of hearing. Her heart throbbed fearfully if but a beetle whizzed by on the still air, or a frog plashed in the stream beside her, every throb sending "the pure and eloquent blood," in a beautiful glow over the marble whiteness of her exquisitely rounded cheek.—Weeks had now elapsed since she had heard a syllable, or received a token from her lover. Many a bloody battle had been fought, and many a brave man had perished in the interim, and the shuddering girl averted her eyes from the resplendent beams of the sun that was now setting so gloriously behind Canonicut, and the green hills of the Narragansett, as she thought that his parting radiance might even then be beaming on the bloody grave of her own devoted Martin Gray!

With such painful reflections as these, did our heroine continue to torment herself, as she wandered to and fro, under shelter of the thick shrubbery, until the dazzling effulgence of the western sky had given place to the ruddier hues of twilight, and through its deepening shadows the brilliant star of evening, with its pure and peaceful radiance, looked out upon our "world of war and wo." Her melancholy ruminations were then interrupted by the low and cautious accents of a familiar voice, which, with the exception only of Martin Gray's, was the most welcome sound that could have met her ear—

"Sybil Prior!—pretty Sybil," it exclaimed in a suppressed tone—"Sybil Prior, I say!—cross the brook higher up, and come on this side the trees, Mistress Sybil!"

Sybil waited no second bidding, but checking the joyful exclamation that was bursting from her lips, she plunged unhesitatingly into the thicket, and leaping the brook with the grace and lightness of a sylph, her trusty confidant stood before her in the meagre figure of a ragged, sallow-faced, half-starved urchin, cyeleped Caleb Millar.

Although honest Caleb presented the most perfect exemplification of squalid misery even then extant, yet was he a personage of too great importance and notoriety to be passed over without "honourable mention." Endowed by nature with an incorrigible propensity to intrigue—shrewd of intellect, fruitful in expedients, and light of heels, it is by no means surprising that the services of Caleb should have been in great and continual request, at a period "which tried men's souls," or that his renown should have reached even the old "wooden walls of Newport." The rogue was, in fine, the factotum of the whole county.

No affair of moment could be transacted, from the wooing of a dairy maid, up to the most important political intrigue, without the aid and connivance of the wary and cunning Caleb, who daily scoured the island from one extremity to the other, risking the gallows and running the gauntlet on any body's errand who pleased to employ him. For although, like every other worthy, sensible, and patriotic citizen, Kell Millar was a decided whig, he yet freely rendered his honest services to either party, in consideration of a reasonable recompense. To do him justice, however, he was not mercenary, and often ventured life and limb in behalf of a distressed countryman, without hope of fee or reward; and albeit he scorned not to line his ragged pocket with a slight *douceur* now and then, in the shape of British gold, and was sometimes rather exorbitant in his demands, when employed by the "red coats," it should be recollected that he possessed no other means of indemnifying himself for the injuries which he daily saw inflicted on his countrymen, and had, moreover, been taught to consider a "fleecing of the rig-lars" as a mere "spoiling of the Philistines," for otherwise he was strictly honest, acquitting himself of every trust reposed in him, with shrewdness and fidelity, even when employed by an Englishman, or by, what he held in still greater detestation, a tory. Caleb was, in short, the *dernier resort* of every distressed individual in cases of emergency; nor was he ever known to fail of complete success in any undertaking, however difficult or dangerous, unless, as sometimes happened, he chanced to discover that he had unwittingly engaged in some enterprise that was likely to militate against the interest or safety of an American. In such cases, it was amazing how stupid he would invariably become; committing a thousand such egregious and unaccountable blunders, that, however excellent the plot might be, it was sure to be *blown*. Many a time and oft had the vindictive General Prescott been disappointed of his revenge by the secret machinations of Caleb Millar, who, by some inexplicable means, had contrived to spirit away from under the very nose of the Provost Marshal, more than one luckless citizen, who was the next day to have graced a gibbet. And, when at last, suspicion fastened upon Caleb, and he was himself committed to the same *durance* from which he had ventured to rescue another, or confined for safe keeping to the guard-room, to be examined *sine die*, he was found, in addition to his other accomplishments, to possess such an uncontrollable love of freedom, and such a fondness for recreating himself *ad fresco*, that neither bolts nor bars could confine him. He was, in fact, as slippery as an eel, and often, while his enemies were exulting in his capture, and fancying him safe in their custody, honest Caleb would have fairly given them "leg bail," and be miles off, scampering over the fields again as free and merry as a lark. By these, and similar manœuvres, he, however, at last gained something besides a triumph over the

"rig'lars;" for it began to be suspected, and was finally most religiously believed, that Kell Millar dealt with the "dark one." But our friend Caleb, notwithstanding his miraculous hair-breadth escapes, and the malicious insinuations of those whom he had offended by outwitting, was an honest and innocent lad; the early display of whose talents had been elicited by the force of circumstances—the poor boy having been compelled by sheer necessity, to the exertion of all his faculties, in order to support a bed-ridden and aged grandmother, and obviate the difficulties and dangers of the times. Even

"Hunger, that sharpener of dull wits,
Which gives even fools their thinking fits,"

had assisted the early development of those talents, of which, had he been nursed in the lap of luxury, he might forever have remained the unconscious possessor. Proud of the difficult, dangerous, and often momentous concerns which were frequently entrusted to his management, Mr. Caleb Millar was, after all, a most consequential and important personage; and though half-starved, and half-naked, he had a heart as light as his heels,—aye, or his *purse* either, and was, in despite of fortune, the merriest wag in all Rhode Island. Such was the *obadjutor* whom, with full confidence in his fidelity, good will and ability, Sybil Prior had chosen to assist her in her meditated enterprise.

"You're pretty much tired o' waiting so long, I guess," cried Caleb, as they met; "but I had to *dodge* a party o' rig'lars as I came from the ferry this morning, which took me a long way about. But I've got here at last, in spite of their teeth," he added, grinning, till every yellow tooth in his own head displayed itself from between a pair of thin, blue, famished looking lips; "and I ha' got something for ye too," Sybil Prior," he said, thrusting his thin, bony hand into his bosom, as if searching for something that was hidden among the mass of rags that covered his meagre person.

"Something for me!" demanded Sybil, eagerly. "Oh! then, you have seen him, my good Caleb—how does he look?—is he well?—is he safe?"

"No, no, I ha'n't seen him myself, pretty Sybil," replied Caleb, still fumbling among his tattered integuments; "but I've may be seen them that has. Aye, Sybil Prior," he continued, laughing, as he observed her ill-disguised impatience, "I know'd you'd be ready to *fly* for a letter from Martin Gray."

* A letter!—oh, if you should have lost it, Caleb!" cried Sybil, apprehensively.

"No, no indeed—there's no fear o' that," returned Caleb, confidently. "You never know'd Kell Millar to lose any thing o' Martin Gray's—it's here, safe enough in my inside pocket."

"Pocket!" repeated Sybil, surveying his wretched habiliments compassionately—"you will never find any thing among so many rags, my poor Caleb."

"Sha'n't I?—what d'ye call *this*, then, mistress Sybil?" demanded Caleb, triumphantly, as he

drew from its inscrutable lurking-place, a soiled piece of folded paper, which had probably worn a different hue when first committed to his keeping—"no, no, you needn't be afraid, I'll never lose any thing o' Martin Gray's. If Kell Millar had one o' *his* letters in one pocket, and one o' King George's in t'other, full of golden guineas, the rig'lars and Tories should have the whole *tote* on 'em—aye, and the heart out o' my bosom, afore they should make me give up any thing that belonged to Martin Gray."

"You are a good boy, and a true friend, my poor Caleb," said Sybil, as with trembling eagerness she broke the seal, and read—for thanks to Martin Gray, she could not only read, "but write, and cypher too"—for rustic though he was—

"In sooth poor *Martin* was no vulgar boy,"

and it was the gratuitous instruction bestowed by him on our friend Caleb, added to the frequent relief of that gentleman's pecuniary wants, which had secured to himself and Sybil Prior, the gratitude and devoted services of that worthy whenever it was their pleasure to demand them.

The note which our heroine seemed rather to devour than read, bore neither signature nor direction, but it was penned in the well-known hand-writing of her lover, and its contents were as follows:—

"Put your trust in heaven, and follow the directions of the bearer; he is true as steel; loves us both, and has a thousand expedients for evading danger and baffling pursuit. I will, if possible, meet you at the shore; if not, *he* will secure you a place of safe concealment, until your escape to the main land can be effected. At any rate, remain not a moment longer where you now are, but fly, and fear nothing—there is a God above us yet."

"And may His name be blessed!" ejaculated Sybil, fervently, as she pressed the soiled paper to that innocent heart, which it had relieved of a weight of anxiety—"Could I but once reach the main land!" she exclaimed, as she was about to tear and throw from her, the note of her lover.

"No, no!" exclaimed the wary Caleb, preventing her, "wrap it on a stone, and sink it in the brook—it will soon soak too much to tell tales, there."

"He approves then of my plan," said Sybil, as she implicitly obeyed his directions.

"How can he help it," cried Caleb; "hasn't he been trying this year to contrive some way of getting you off to the main—and this must be the night—*now* or *never*, pretty Sybil, and we've no time to waste in *palavering*, neither, some o' these *pesky* sodgers 'll be along, afore we think on't"—and drawing her to a greater distance from the shrubbery, he forthwith proceeded to unfold, in whispers, his plan for her emancipation. It was finally agreed between them, or rather it was determined by master Caleb, that she should steal in disguise from the house, as soon as the family had retired for the night, which as the Englishman had returned from town, fatigued and indisposed, she flattered herself

would be at an early hour; after which, her movements were to be guided solely by the wisdom of her young adviser.

Just as they had concluded this arrangement, a rustling in the foliage apprised them that some person or persons were cautiously approaching; poor Sybil started, turned pale, and shook with trepidation. Not so, our friend Caleb; he was too great a proficient in his trade to be easily thrown off his guard, and too much inured to danger to be for an instant deprived of his presence of mind, notwithstanding the reluctance he felt to falling into the hands of the British, to whom he had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious, by sundry boyish tricks which he had recently played off on some of the soldiery, for his own private and especial divertisement.

For the success of his scheme, it was necessary, in the first place, to secure himself from apprehension, and, in the second, to obtain some information relative to the domestic arrangements of the family at Overing-house, notwithstanding the proximity of the caves-dropper, whose suspicions he feared to awaken by continuing the conversation in whispers. These reflections glanced over the mind of Caleb in the space of an instant, and drawing nearer to the thicket, he began his operations accordingly, by saying aloud—"And so you see, Sybil Prior, they'll never find out a word of our having the small-pox among us."

Sybil instantly comprehended his drift, and something more, for his allusion to that terrible disease convinced her that the keen eye of her companion had recognised her admirer, Mr. Matthew Halsey, in him of the ambush, from whose touch nothing earthly could so effectually have secured the rogue, as the slightest mention of a malady which he held in absolute horror.

"But what if any body touch you, Caleb?" said Sybil, after pondering a moment on his words, "I should be sorry for any one to catch the infection."

"The more fool you, then!" cried Caleb, with a dogged air, "'twas the 'tarnal red-coats and their nasty Hessians that brought it amongst us, as if fire and sword were not bad enough to *kill the colonies* with!—and if the godless gang gets a Rowland for their Oliver, I'll be hanged if Kell Millar cares!"

"Hush—hush!" exclaimed Sybil, frightened at his temerity, and dreading that the resentment of Halsey might get the better even of his horror of small-pox—"hush, for mercy's sake, Caleb! If any of the soldiers should hear you speak in such fashion, they'd surely take you up."

"Then they'll take up something else besides Kell Millar, I guess!" answered Caleb, with a taunting laugh, "something that they, may be, won't like so well. Why, Sybil Prior, I'd no more come near you, or any body else I care a straw about, if *they hadn't had it*, than I'd *turn tory*, or be shot; and I'd ask no better *fun* than just to have a dozen on 'em lay hands on me this minute—hi! hi! hi! they might hang up poor Kell Millar, to be sure, but I should leave 'em

something to remember me by, I conclude!—But come," added Caleb, after indulging himself with another tantalizing and discordant laugh—"but come, you ha'n't told me what time I must come up to Overing-house, to-night, for granny's medicine."

"You must come early, or you'll find us all a-bed, I think," answered Sybil, after a little hesitation, "for the General's come home very tired, he'll go early to bed, I suppose, and then it will be as much as your life is worth to get in."

"Aye, I'd maybe run on the sodgers' baggonets, but the medicine must be had, or my good old mother will die, and I can't spare her yet, Sybil, she's all I've got to care for me," added Caleb, in a somewhat husky voice—"how then shall I come, to keep out of harm's way, and not wake the General?" he almost instantly continued, turning his back on the shrubbery, and fixing on her a significant glance as he spoke.

"Come round back of the house, and then you'll only see one of the centinels," replied Sybil—"you must come early, and then, if you ask for me he'll let you in, and I'll maybe find some broken victuals for your sick mother, too."

"Yes! but if I wake the General, he'll hang me without judge or jury, and then my old granny must starve; but tell me in what room the General sleeps," added Caleb, again fixing his keen scintillating little blue eye upon her, "and I'll give him *elbow-room*, I warrant ye!"

"The General sleeps in the front room over the parlour there," said Sybil, internally wondering what had prompted the question, or what the situation of the Englishman's apartment had to do with her escape, since she was to steal out of the house and meet Caleb in the fields; she, however, replied to his questions, without expressing her thoughts—"You must take care to make no noise, for there is no company to-night, and we shall all be a-bed by ten, I dare say—so, come early for your mother's medicine."

"Thank ye, Sybil Prior—I'll be sure to come in good season, and make no noise—but stop a moment, Sybil; the General sleeps in that there chamber at the south-west, you say; you're sure you aren't mistaken now?" said Caleb, anxiously: "a blunder might cost me my life among the godless gang, and you wouldn't want to see a poor fellow *dance upon nothing*, just because he wanted some *doctor's-stuff* for his poor old mother, pretty Sybil?"

"I would not deceive you for the world, Caleb," replied Sybil; "I am sure that the General sleeps in the parlour chamber, on the right hand in front, and now be sure to make no noise, and come early."

"Well! yes—I'll mind it all—I'll take care and do as you bid me; and you'll be sure to be ready with the bundle o' medicine and all, Sybil? And," added he, turning back yet once more, "and the General sleeps in the front parlour chamber, you say? I'll give him room enough, I'll warrant you!—them baggonets are *pesky* pokerish things—and so good bye, Sybil Prior;

I've staid so long, my old granny will think I'm lost!"—and he threw his lank limbs over the stone wall into the road.

"Stop, stop, Caleb!" cried Sybil anxiously, and almost fearing to lose sight of him, lest some untoward accident should prevent his return—"Stop, Caleb, and take care that nobody finds out that your poor old grandmother has the small-pox, they would turn her out, or burn the old house about her ears, if they knew it, for they have no mercy in their hearts of stone."

"Small-pox, indeed!" echoed the rustic Mercury, with one of his most hideous smiles—"no, no, granny aren't got the small-pox, I can tell them."

"Better tell them nothing at all about it, Caleb, and perhaps they will not suspect it," replied Sybil, "and so good bye to you, Caleb."

Caleb grinned and nodded in return, and away he went, scampering over the ground with his long legs at the rate of a mile a minute, with all his ten thousand rags fluttering in the wind, like the ruffled feathers of an ostrich, and re-crossing the brook, away went Sybil also, with a step less light than it was wont to be, and endeavouring, as she proceeded homeward, to hum the pathetic ballad of Barbara Allen. Her voice, however, trembled so much, that fearing its supernumerary quavers would betray the violence of her agitation, she gave over the attempt. Wishing to appear unconcerned, she then called to her dog, and lavished on him, as he frisked and gambolled at her side, a thousand of those caresses, for one of which he had half an hour since wooed her in vain. As she thus moved on toward the house, she was suddenly accosted by her devoted admirer, Mr. Matt. Halsey, the son of a neighbouring farmer, who had recently enlisted in the British service.

"You seem very merry to-night, Mistress Sybil," he said, as flourishing a sapling, he strutted with an air of consequence beside her.

"I don't know, Matthew; I see but little, I think, to make any body merry," answered the yet agitated girl; "but I've had a pleasant walk, and I'm always glad to get beyond the hearing of the General's growling voice, and have a walk by myself, out of sight of the soldiers."

"A walk by yourself, hey?" retorted the offended soldier; "didn't I see you with my own eyes talking to that beggar's brat, Kell Millar? a thievish imp that I'll set up for a mark some day, and shoot at, as I would a duck."

"To tell you the truth, Master Halsey," said Sybil, continuing the conversation, in order, if possible, to ascertain how much of her *tete-a-tete* with Caleb had been overheard; "to tell you the truth," she said, "every thing is so changed and dismal of late, that I am always pleased to see poor Caleb; he is the only thing that is not altered, and the poor child is just as ragged, and starved, and merry as ever."

"Aye, pretty Sybil, if you were not as hard-hearted as you are handsome, you wouldn't say that every body is changed," repeated the lover, in a piteous *lack-a-daisical* tone—"I'm a poor

lad, it's true, not so grand nor so handsome, neither, mayhap, as Major Harwood or Ineygn Simms, but I've loved you dearly, Sybil Prior, ever since I was as high as this *switch*; and if you'd marry me, I wouldn't change places with any man—no, not even if he stood in General Prescott's shoes."

Sybil listened in silence to this impassioned address, and, after a pause, the lover took courage to continue.

"Look here, pretty Sybil: when I was in town to-day, I bought this here breast-knot; it's as red as your own beautiful cheek, Sybil—I mean as red as it *used to be*, for it's paler now, and *prettier* too, to my thinking, than ever 'twas. Will you wear the riband for my sake, Sybil?—for the sake of a lad who has loved you these five years with all his honest heart?"

"No! Matthew Halsey," replied Sybil, decisively; "*you know* that I have promised to marry Martin Gray; and if I had not, I would take no presents from any body who wears such a coat as that."

"Such a coat as this!" echoed Halsey, drawing himself up with infinite *hauteur*; "and pray, what ails my coat, Sybil Prior? isn't it a very good coat—I should be glad to know, ma'am?"

"*It's red!*" answered Sybil, moving steadily forward.

"Well! and isn't it sich as all the troops wears?" demanded Halsey, indignantly; "and didn't I put it on o' purpose to please you, Sybil?"

"To please me?" reiterated Sybil, with scornful incredulity; "why, Matt. I liked you fifty times better in your miller's frock—to please me, indeed!"

"Yes—to please you. Wasn't you always singing songs about drums and fifes, and soldiers and cockades?" demanded Halsey, with an air of vexation; "and wasn't I fool enough to turn soldier, and put on this very coat to please you?"

"You made a sad mistake, then, in choosing the colour," said Sybil, drily.

"That can't be helped now, Sybil; I can't change it without being shot for it," replied Halsey, sullenly; "though there's nothing else I wouldn't do to please you, if the thing was a possibility; for I love you, Sybil, and I'd give all I'm worth, if I could make you care half as much about me as you do for Kell Millar even, or that gruff old sargeant Atkins. You never looked on me half so kindly in your life as you do on that old fellow—and don't he fight for the king as well as me? and isn't *his* coat as red as mine?"

"Aye, Matt., but as gruff as he is, he wasn't born among us. He wouldn't fight his own kinsfolk and neighbours—he wouldn't go back to England, and help strangers to murder his own countrymen—but you, Matt. Halsey!—you, you!—I saw you this very morning with that merciless gang that pursued old Obadiah Brayman, with fixed bagonets. He was your next door neighbour—your own father's friend: you have warmed yourself at his fire, eaten at his table, and slept beneath his roof."

"But Sybil, sweet Sybil!" expostulated Halsey, "we are obliged to obey orders—"

"Obliged!—yes, and if they order you to shoot your own father, you would be *obliged to obey that too!*" interrupted Sybil, her beautiful eyes flashing with indignant scorn—"I wonder you were not ashamed to look the good man in the face!—You that have played like one of his own children about his hearth!—You, that have received a thousand kindnesses at his hand!—You help to carry old Obadiah Brayman to the *Provost!*"

"But Sybil, my pretty Sybil!"—began the rated hero.

"Yes! to the Provost!" pursued the excited girl, disregarding his interruption—"and for what?—not for murder, not for theft, not for breaking any law—for, God help us! there is neither law, nor justice, nor mercy in all our groaning land!—but he, the good, the kind, upright Christian man, must be carried off to prison by Matt. Halsey—by the son of his friend!—by the playmate of his children—because, forsooth, the worthy Quaker has sinned the sin of wearing his own beaver on his own white head in the public highway, when old Prescott was on the road! as if *he* were my lord the king, or the lord of all things!"

"Hush, Sybil, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed her lover, astonished at her vehemence, and anxious for her safety—"old Brayman has neither been killed nor clapped up in prison."

"And *why* is he not in prison, Matt. Halsey?" demanded his mistress, with bitter scorn, "because you heroes of the -0th could not catch him!"—and, with a taunting laugh, she added, "It did my heart *good* to see him splash the mud about him, until your old tyrant of a general looked as if he had been *horse-pounded!*"—aye, and it did me good to see how you valiant soldiers of the -0th, dare not come within a rod's distance of his horse's heels*—and he a rebel horse into the bargain!" and she laughed till all the echoes around replied to her merriment.

"Hush, for pity's sake, sweet Sybil! hush," exclaimed the distressed lover; "remember, dear Sybil, these are dangerous words, you may be overheard."

"Likely enough," answered Sybil, with ineffable scorn, "there are none of you too good to be lurking and listening about any where: I only hope, I shall live to see the day when people may walk in their own grounds and about their own homes, without soldiers tagging at their heels—but I won't *hush*—you may take me to prison as soon as you like, Matt. Halsey, and I look for nothing better at your hands, I can tell you."

"Sybil, you know I would *die* first!" cried Halsey, with warmth.

"I know no such thing," returned Sybil, "and I do know you must *obey orders*. If your tyrant ordered you to stab me to the heart—you must do it!"

Halsey shuddered, but remained silent.

"I have no more reason to expect mercy at your hands, than neighbour Brayman had," continued Sybil; "however, the good day will come, I hope, when I may venture to give broken victuals to a beggar, without having Mr. Matt. Halsey skulking among the trees, and listening all the while as if it were any concern of his."

"Aye, and plot how to give the small-pox to the whole garrison, too, I suppose!" exclaimed the now irritated soldier; "by George! I'll have that brat burnt alive to-morrow—he shall have medicine enough for the old witch, I'll warrant him. I'll make one bonfire of 'em both!—and I'd have seized him to-night, but ~~for~~ the danger of catching the cursed infection from his rags!"

This was enough—and, satisfied that Halsey had heard no more of her colloquy with Caleb, than was intended for his especial benefit, Sybil turned abruptly from him, and with a lighter heart pursued her way to the house.

"Nay, don't go yet, Sybil," cried Halsey, in a tone of entreaty, "you know well enough I wouldn't hurt the poor devil, or any thing else that *you* care for, for a hundred pounds—don't go yet, Sibyl."

"What should I stay for, Matt. Halsey?" asked his mistress coldly.

"Because I have something to say to you, Sybil, about—about—"

"About *what?*" demanded the lady, impatiently.

"About *yourself*; I want to tell you how much—how very much I love you, Sybil Prior," stammered the enamoured soldier, "and I wish it was a possibility to make you believe it."

"And if you could, Matthew, I should not care a penny about your love," answered his plain dealing dulcinea; "every body knows," she continued, with a heavy sigh, "that I mean to marry poor Martin Gray. I love him, Matt. Halsey," she added—a brighter and lovelier crimson suffusing her beautiful cheek, as she boldly avowed her innocent and virtuous attachment—"I love him, Matt. Halsey, and he deserves that I should love him." Matthew sighed deeply, but was silent, and Sybil continued—"I wish you well, Matthew, but I tell you plainly that I do not, and never did, nor never shall *love* you—there is not room in a woman's heart for more than *one*, Matthew."

"Cruel—hard-hearted!" exclaimed poor Halsey, and he would have showered upon her all the synonymous epithets in the disappointed lover's vocabulary, had he been acquainted with them, but, fortunately for Sybil, his knowledge of his mother tongue was somewhat limited; and after racking his brains for some moments, in a vain effort to recollect some terms of lover-like and elegant abuse, which should better express his sense of her cruelty, he was fain to content himself with casting on her another side-long

* The rencontre between this American *Tell*, here called Obadiah Brayman, and the English general, is a fact related to the author by an eye witness of the scene—there were, however, no soldiers present, to which circumstance the Quaker probably owed his triumph.

reproachful glance, and repeating "hard-hearted" over again.

Sybil employed herself in caressing her canine favourite, and deigned no further notice of poor Halsey, until he made another effort to detain her.

"I know to my sorrow that Martin Gray is the happiest fellow in all Rhode Island, or *was*, I mean," said Matthew, correcting himself, "but he's been gone a great while now, Sybil, and it's just a hundred to one if he ever comes back again."

"And what then?" demanded Sybil, forcibly restraining, not her sighs or her tears, but her rising resentment.

"Why, surely, Sybil, you cannot always be so hard-hearted—you must marry somebody or other, you know."

"*Must* marry," repeated Sybil, with a voice of calmness, though her eye flashed with anger; "but why should you think he will never come back again, Matthew Halsey?"

"Why, because he's in the *Continental*," replied Halsey, consolingly, "and the rig'lars kills the rebels so fast, that it isn't a possibility he will ever *live* to be married."

The blood rushed tumultuously for an instant to the blanched cheek of Sybil, mantling even to her temples; but, after biting her lip for a moment, she again in a firm voice demanded, "and what then?"

"Why, then, you can't always live single:—you're too handsome for that," said poor Halsey, completely deceived by her assumed composure; "you'll surely marry somebody or other, sweet Sybil—perhaps, in time, you'll be persuaded to take pity on my poor heart."

"Yes! if Martin Gray be killed, and *I outlive him*, perhaps I may," answered Sybil, in the same low and subdued tone; then turning suddenly and quickly round, and fixing on him the eye that sparkled with the vivacity of her anger, "but it shall not be one of the very men that have driven him from me—it shall not be one of those who fight against him—it shall *never* be one of Martin Gray's worst enemies, that shall call Sybil Prior his wife!" She paused, and moved forward some paces, when again turning abruptly, and pointing as she spoke, she demanded, "Do you see that tree, Matthew Halsey?"

"To be sure I do," answered Halsey.

"And do you see the water in the bay, there?"

"Yes," replied Halsey, sullenly.

"Do you see that powder house, yonder?"

"To be sure—I aren't blind."

"Well, sir, I would hang myself on that tree—I would plunge into the deep ocean—I would set fire to that magazine with my own hand, and be blown with it, into atoms, rather than I would marry a man who deserts his own country, who carries his best friends to prison, and bathes his hand in the blood of his own kinsfolk and countrymen—I promise you that, Matthew Halsey."

"Stay, only one moment!" cried Halsey, as she moved rapidly on; "only one moment longer, my sweet Sybil."

"Don't call me your sweet Sybil," answered his unrelenting *inamorata*, stamping her little foot on the green sward, and shaking her head in anger, and with a vehemence that scattered the luxuriant mass of her "ambrosial curls" in wild and beautiful disorder, about her flushed countenance—"Don't call me your sweet Sybil; I am not, and I *never will* be your Sybil, Matt. Halsey; and I only wish; with all my heart, that you would never speak to me again."

Halsey answered only by a reproachful look, and his favourite exclamation, "Hard-hearted—and cruel Sybil!"

"Hard-hearted or not, I have ever dealt plainly with you, Matthew; for I told you at first that I should never love you, and I have kept my word," answered the downright Sybil. "I wish you well, Mr. Halsey, and that is all I ever shall say, because I won't deceive you. If you are wise, you will never waste another thought upon me; and so, Mr. Matthew Halsey, I wish you a very good night." With these words, Sybil ascended the steps, and vanished into the house.

Leaving the love-lorn swain to bemoan his mistress' cruelty at leisure, we will accompany our heroine to the house, and even to the supper-room, which, wishing to reconnoitre, she quickly formed a pretext for entering, and was not a little disappointed to find her prediction but half verified; the English general was not a whit less fatigued or indisposed than she had augured from his looks, but so far was he from manifesting any inclination to retire, that she found him just seated at the evening refection, which had, however, been ordered at a somewhat earlier hour than usual. But, notwithstanding he professed himself to be ill at ease, he partook, even more heartily than he was accustomed to do, of the several viands placed before, and quaffed his usual quantity of wine, as if he had hoped to drown all sense of languor and fatigue, in the indulgences of the table. But no sooner did he rise from it, than he was constrained to withdraw, and his example being followed immediately by his officers and the family, the parlour was soon vacated. The removal of the cloth and other domestic avocations, detained the servants some time longer below; but after exerting herself to the utmost to expedite their departure, Sybil had, at last, the satisfaction to find herself and old Pompey, in exclusive possession of the lower part of the house. To extinguish the lights and fires, and "fasten up" for the night, was the particular province of Mr. Pompey, and Sybil foresaw it would be no easy task to prevail on him to quit the field before her. Resolved, however, to get rid of him, she firmly maintained her ground, hoping at length, to *tire him out*, if she could find no more speedy and effectual means of accomplishing her purpose. The faithful creature would neither be *tired* nor driven from his duty, however; but he stood still, and bore the delay to which she subjected him, for half an hour, with the patience of a martyr. Driven to extremity,

at last, he began to scratch his head, and with a portentous yawn, impatiently exclaimed—

“Come, come, stir a self, Sybil Prior! You no tink old black a man set up all night like young gal!—Come, come, take a light and make a self scarce.”

“I am going directly, Pompey,” said Sybil; “but you need not wait!”

Pompey gazed at her a moment, in unspeakable amazement—“No need a wait!” he at length demanded—“What you mean, Sybil Prior—who bar ‘em door? I wonner—who *squinch* em fire? Come, come, take he canle like good gal—you no make old black a man sit up wid him old bones achee—achee all night!—No need a wait?—Guy! if a door no fasten, an him house get fire, massa make black a man’s old bones ache, worse an’ ebber den.”

There was no resisting this pathetic appeal; and receiving the candle from his hand, with a sickly smile of disappointment, Sybil tripped up stairs, leaving him to *squinch* the fire at leisure.

“She good gal—she pretty gal!—me wish Sybil Prior great lady!” muttered the grateful negro, as he bustled about in the discharge of his accustomed duties—“She nebber cross old black a man—ebery body lub Sybil Prior. Ah—ha!—Sybil make berry clobber ‘oman”—and having completed his task, honest Pompey hobbled up to his snug attic, taking care previously to disencumber himself of both his heavy shoes, lest his noisy footsteps should disturb the slumbers of the dreaded Englishman, little imagining, in the simplicity of his heart, that the slumbers of so great a man should ever be of such a nature as to render their interruption a relief. Such, however, was at that very moment the case. The irascible temper of the English commander had been wrought up to a frenzy of passion, by several circumstances during the day: the scorching heat of a vertical sun had likewise fevered his blood, and his limbs were aching with fatigue. He had, moreover, injudiciously eaten a hearty supper. No sooner, therefore, had he fallen asleep, than he became the sport of an endless variety of nightmare-dreams, the natural consequence of fever and indigestion. A thousand unnatural and absurd, yet not the less tormenting phantasms, haunted his pillow and harassed his unrefreshing slumbers. Repeatedly, and with painful struggles, did he rouse himself, resolving “to sleep no more,” and as often had he again yielded to the heavy stupor which hung about him with benumbing and resistless influence. His perplexity and distress, however, were at last wrought up to a climax, when, after a horrible succession of wild, distorted, and tantalizing visions, his disordered imagination represented him as seated at a sociable game of chess with the Generalissimo of the American armies, and that, too, in his Excellency’s own *marque*! It is by no means surprising that he should have been exceedingly scandalized at finding himself on so familiar a footing with his renowned enemy, or that he should have experienced a difficulty of respira-

tion, amounting well nigh to positive suffocation, from a taint of rebellion in the atmosphere; no strange phenomenon, he thought, in such a presence. But, notwithstanding he sat perfectly transfixed with horror and amazement, proudly superior to touching a single pawn with even the tip of his loyal finger, yet, strange to tell, the game was the whole time progressing in some inexplicable manner; and it was *his* game with the continental chieftain, and nothing less could be made of it! The discovery that the American had every thing *en traine* for his discomfiture, and that *his king* was in imminent danger of being *check-mated*, at length awakened his interest—his magnanimous resolution the contrary notwithstanding. To be beaten by a rebel, even at chess, though that rebel were Washington himself, was a degradation to which he could by no means reconcile himself; and arousing all his energies, he exerted himself to the utmost to avert so direful a calamity. But, alas! it was now too late for even the skill of a Phyllidore to have availed him any thing, especially as every piece he touched, either changed its character in the very *nick*, or obstinately refused to budge an inch from the square it occupied. Provoked and tormented by their *unnatural* and unaccountable pertinacity, his irritable temper rose; and seeing the hand of his illustrious antagonist suspended over the piece from which he was to receive the *coup de grace*, he sprung in a towering passion from his chair, and hurled the chess-board with all its contents, “at one fell swoop,” at the head of his adversary. Away rolled the wooden warriors to the ground; but no sooner had they reached it, than lo! with one exception, they all started upon their feet, living and breathing men; and the Englishman, with amazement and consternation, perceived himself instantly surrounded by whole battalions of stout rebel riflemen and Virginia partisans, armed at all points, *cap-a-pie*, and brandishing their weapons in vindictive rage. The white queen had, mean time undergone a still more wonderful transformation: assuming the guise of an enormous bald eagle, she had perched on the back of Washington’s chair, from which proud station, after two or three triumphant flaps of her powerful pinions, she pounced suddenly upon the audacious Englishman, seizing his nose with her tremendous beak, and grappling his throat in her gigantic talons, till he was nearly throttled; and, while he struggled in the iron grasp of his feathered antagonist, his other adversaries stood aloof, and made the welkin ring with their tantalizing laughter. During this singular *duello*, the Englishman was driven to absolute frenzy by a tremendous cannonade; opened, as he imagined, by the rebels, on his own troops. Renewing his desperate efforts to terminate his single combat with the king of birds, he uttered a yell of agony, and awoke; at least, so far as to be conscious that he was in bed—but still in that state of bewilderment and uncertainty, between sleeping and waking, than which, incubus itself is scarcely more distressing. Gasping, as it were for life, he

gazed wildly about him, endeavouring to distinguish objects through the gloom of the apartment, and vainly striving to rouse himself effectually from the tormenting and unconquerable torpor that benumbed his faculties. As he was again sinking, in spite of his efforts, fast into unconsciousness, he was startled by a repetition of what in his dream he had mistaken for the thunder of the American cannon.—Another and another roar succeeded; but still doubtful whether he were dreaming or not, and too much exhausted to move, he remained perfectly silent and passive, until an explosion, still louder than before, terminated his uncertainty, and shook the fabric to its foundations; and, at the same instant, the door of his apartment was broken in with a tremendous crash—gleams of lurid red light shot along the walls and through the aperture of the shattered portal; an immense black ball bounded into the chamber, rolling over and over, and bobbing about the floor in a most clamorous and singular manner. The Englishman's first impulse was to secure his safety by a rapid retreat before the enormous bomb should have time to explode, but the movement was arrested by surprise at beholding a metamorphosis equal to any which had perplexed him in his dream; for, after bouncing about the floor, in the manner we have described, this singular missile began slowly to evolve, and, at length, assuming the appearance of a human form—black as midnight, and of gigantic proportions: approached the foot of the bed, and stood bolt upright.

All this appeared so much like a continuation of his dream, and so unlike reality, that the perplexed Englishman doubted the evidence of his senses; and, after several ineffectual efforts to articulate, he at length roared out—

“In the name of Heaven, what is it?”

A stronger light glanced at the instant through the broken pannel, full upon the horrible apparition; its eyes and teeth glared frightfully, and uttering a demoniacal laugh that might have chilled the blood of any man, though he were wide awake, which could scarcely yet be said of the English general—“Nobody but me,” it answered, “nobody but me, come to fetch you off.”—“And me, come to help him!” in a strange, unearthly voice, subjoined a wild, fantastic elfish-looking figure, which glided suddenly into the apartment, and flourishing its long thin arms aloft, and clapping its bony hands, the imp capered and pranced, with a thousand wild antics, about the room—while the Englishman rubbed his eyes and gazed from one to the other of his nocturnal visitants, a tall dark figure hastily entered and joined them, exclaiming, “*Bravo!* mine honest prince! thou prince of beetle-heads! thou shalt be appointed grand door-breaker general for this piece of service! Could'st do as much execution with a musket, thinkst thou, as with that impenetrable pate of thine? But stand back, thou literal blockhead! and give us a view of the prisoner.”

“Prisoner!” echoed the unfortunate general,

starting up broad awake; for there was that in the imperative manner of the speaker, as he exchanged his mirthful tone for that of command, which allowed him no longer to doubt the evidence of his senses, or the tangibility of the sturdy figures by whom he saw himself surrounded; for while the leader of the party was speaking, he had been reinforced by a dozen stout fellows, in the uniform of the Continental army. Determined that they should not obtain a prisoner of so much importance, cheaply, the English commander sprang up, and reached eagerly forward to secure his weapons, which, as usual, had been placed beside his bed, but they were there no longer. A discordant and tantalizing laugh, from the long-legged urchin, who had sprung into the room at the heels of his sable adversary, attracting his attention, he turned, and perceived his sword glittering in the hand of the ragged imp, and his pistols in possession of *Prince*, the celebrated negro of hard-headed memory, whose name, by the exploit of that memorable night, has obtained “honourable mention” in the pages of our country's history.

“Prisoner!” reiterated the baffled Englishman, glaring wildly around him, but, encountering as he did so, the stern looks of so many hostile faces, he rallied his half-paralyzed faculties, and began to clamour vociferously for his guard. A young American, by snatching his own pistol from the negro, and presenting it at his head, taught him the policy of silence. The youth, however, was hastily pushed aside by his commander, exclaiming—“We can now do without you here—take some of the fellows with you, Gray, and get you gone, if you would secure your own prize to-night.”

“Thanks to your honour,” was the brief reply of the young soldier, who, followed by some of his comrades, vanished without a second bidding.

“You are my prisoner, General Prescott,” said the young and gallant Colonel Barton, addressing his captive—“Rise, sir, and surrender yourself.”

“Your prisoner!” replied the Englishman, with a laugh of scornful incredulity; “and who are ye that have thrust yourselves, in this foolhardy manner, on the very points of our British bayonets?”

“Soldiers of the Continental army, sir,” replied the intrepid young American, “to whom it now becomes necessary for General Prescott to surrender himself.”

“Continental soldiers!” iterated the prisoner; “why, fellows, were ye impatient for the favours of the Provost-marshal? Are you aware that you are in the midst of a British garrison?”

“We are perfectly aware of the dangers by which we are surrounded, General Prescott,” coolly answered the American officer, “and they have not been incurred merely for the pleasure of a brief interview with an English general—as we shall not hesitate to convince you; for be assured, sir, if you do not instantly rise, we will compel you to do so.”

“Compel!” echoed the prisoner, haughtily;

"and who are you that presumes to address an officer of his British Majesty in such terms?"

"One who hopes to convince you, sir, that the officers of the honourable Congress know how to do their duty. Rise, and accompany me, instantly, General Prescott, unless you prefer being carried."

"And whither?" demanded the Englishman, convinced by his manner that no joke was intended, and yet, so unlooked-for was the disaster—so secure had he deemed himself, and so incredible did the whole transaction appear, that he could scarcely even yet admit the possibility of its truth—"And whither am I to accompany you?" he repeated.

"Of that hereafter, sir—but unless you would give my fellows the trouble of lifting you from bed, rise, immediately," replied his youthful captor, "you may chance to find my men but rough valets, sir."

The English officer, however, still dallied, in expectation of the arrival of some rescue.

"Take up his clothes, men!" commanded Colonel Barton, losing patience at last; "Take up his clothes, men! and bring out the prisoner by force."

"Forbear, you rascals!" growled the Englishman; "I will save you the trouble—but *surely, sir, you will allow me to put on my clothes.*"

"*Very few and very quick, sir,*" replied the gallant Barton.

The prisoner, availing himself of this pretext, prolonged his delay by every possible method he could devise.

"Your object, General Prescott, is to gain time, and I do not blame you," observed Colonel Barton—"but I, sir, have none to lose! You must attend me as you are; I will be detained no longer. 'Take up his clothes, Prince,' he added, sternly; "men! bring off the prisoner, without an instant's delay. I am sorry to have recourse to harsh measures, General Prescott, but our situation is too critical, to admit of ceremony.—On! men! move on with the prisoner," he added, with that stern brevity which enforces instant obedience.

"And do you suppose, young gentleman, that you can venture into the heart of a British garrison, and carry off its commander unmolested?" demanded the prisoner, when he found himself raised, with more haste than tenderness, in the stalwart arms of a dozen men, from whose very touch he shrunk with as much abhorrence as if their rebellion had been contagious—"Take care what you do, young man!—One word from me, and you will find yourselves hedged in by an army!—I need to utter but a syllable, rascals! and your carcasses will be tossed on the points of a thousand bayonets!"

"He tells you but the truth: 'tis a desperate venture, my lads," said the dauntless Barton; "Fire not a shot, my brave fellows, but close round him with fixed bayonets, and if he breathes a word above his breath, silence him"—and drawing his sword—"Close up, my lads, and move on!" he said, advancing in front and lead-

ing the way, as his little band, with their prisoner, in profound silence, emerged into the open air. With a feeling of despair, the English general now perceived his aid-de-camp, (who had leaped undressed from a window, on the first alarm, with the hope of effecting his escape,) together with his centinels, in the custody of the Americans, and each, like himself, with naked swords and bayonets presented at his bosom, in order to secure his silence. But, notwithstanding he had been thus unceremoniously transferred from his downy and damask covered couch to the open fields, which, barefooted as he was, he was compelled to traverse with a rapidity that mocked pursuit, he still continued fondly to hope for succour and deliverance. Should they pass the chain of centinels without observation or alarm, which he could not but believe to be impossible, he still relied implicitly on the vigilance of the water-guards; for, from the direction of their route, he perceived that his captors were conducting him to the western shore. How great then was his chagrin, when, as he was hurried swiftly along, he distinctly heard his centinels sending their "all's well" from post to post! He was tempted at the moment to avenge himself on his captors, even at the price of life, by alarming the guard; but the probability of his enemies escaping with impunity in the confusion, and the absolute certainty that himself must

His quietus make

With a bare bodkin,"

a dozen of which were pointed at his half-naked and defenceless bosom, checked the impulse, and he remained passive.

Consigning him to the custody of our intrepid countrymen, we will now return to Mr. Matthew Halsey, whom we left in the gloom of the evening, bemoaning the cruelty of his mistress. Having vented his rage in some half dozen pithy and elegant imprecations, not on the beautiful Sybil, to whom he was sincerely attached, but on the head of his more favoured rival, Martin Gray, he repaired to a room appropriated to the accommodation of such of the general's retinue as were off duty, where he soon forgot his vexation so far as to listen with some degree of amusement to the jests of corporal Simpkins and sergeant Atkins. In the midst of their mirth, however, they were interrupted, and called on by a centinel to take into custody a country lad, who had been detected by him in attempting to make his way into the house, through a buttery window, as was supposed, the window being found open and the stripling on it.

As they dragged him forward, the lad made several frantic efforts to extricate himself, but as his person was extremely slight, the soldiers found no difficulty in securing him.

"It's a pity you ha'n't as much strength as spirit, my man," cried Simpkins, laughing; "you'd make a good soldier when you got a beard on your chin.—Faith, Atkins, the boy has mettle in him for so young a slip."

"It'll be a good while, I reckon, before it does any body much harm," said the sergeant;

"what the d—l Drill took the trouble to pick him up for, is a riddle to me."

"And I think if the rebels could make any thing of such a lilly-livered boy as that, it's a pity they hav'nt got him, that's all," said Halsey—"I suppose he was for stealing a comfit, or a jelly—or some such mighty matter."

"Hark'ye, younker, what errand did ye come on?" demanded Simpkins. "What!—is that your breeding, Mr. Ribil?—does'nt Mister Washington learn his men to make their manners to an officer?"

The boy answered only by pulling his hat still farther over his brow.

"Cap in hand, youngster, when a corporal speaks to you," cried Halsey, extending his hand to remove it as he spoke.

"Let the child alone, men, can't ye?" cried the sergeant. "Let the brat alone, I say;—I suppose it's the beggar you told us of, come to get the medicine stuff of your pretty sweetheart, Halsey."

"Him!" exclaimed Halsey, "you might as well tell me it's Washington himself!—Look at that hand," he added; "why Kell Millar's a ragged, filthy, sallow-faced brat;—and his hair's red as a carrot—and look here—here is a skin as white"—

"Nay, his face is red enough now!" said Simpkins.

"The poor boy is scared out of his wits," said Halsey; "but come, cheer up, my lad," he added, "we don't *eat* rebels, we only *kill* them. 'Fore George! he trembles like a militia man at his first snuff of gunpowder."

"What's to be done with him, sargeant?" cried Simpkins, "we don't want him here—hadn't I better show him to the General at once?"—

"Aye—if you've an appetite for a hearty cudgelling," said Atkins.

"Od Zooks!" exclaimed Halsey, "there's been such a dead calm up there since sunset, I shouldn't care to be in the way at the next shift of wind: 'twill blow a hurricane!"

"Then we must let him stay, I suppose," said Simpkins. "Here, lad," he added, compassionately, "here's a cup o' home-brewed for ye:—Toss it off, boy, just to keep soul and body together—for it's my opinion you'll shake all to pieces."

"Heigh!—Eh!—Gemini! If I'm any thing of a conjurer, corporal," cried Halsey, surveying the prisoner, "here's the old cloak you lost, come back to us again!"

"Hah, by George! and so it has," answered Simpkins.

"And I must claim acquaintance with that blue handkerchief, I believe," said Halsey.

"For mercy's sake! for the love of Heaven!" exclaimed the trembling prisoner, as each laid a hand on his respective property.

"The cloak's good for nothing, and I don't care a stiver for it," said Simpkins; "but I do so hate a thief!" he added, bestowing on the culprit a shake that nearly dislocated every limb.

"But I do care for the handkerchief," cried

Halsey, "for its the one that Sybil Prior hammed—the only thing she ever did for me—and by George! I'd sooner give him the heart out of my bosom!—ah, you needn't flinch, you young thief! you needn't struggle, I'll have it," and with a shake, still more emphatic than the corporal's had been, he endeavoured to tear the highly valued handkerchief from the throat of the stripping, whom his violence had nearly deprived of life. The cap of the prisoner fell to the ground in the scuffle, when a mass of luxuriant dark ringlets, which had been tucked up beneath it, streamed abroad in rich profusion over the shoulders of their owner, who, clinging with both hands to the disputed neckcloth, sunk to the ground, exclaiming, "Spare me for mercy's sake! Have pity on me, Matthew Halsey—and murder not a helpless woman!"

Halsey started and staggered backward some paces, as if he had received a blow—for it was indeed the lovely form of Sybil Prior that knelt in disguise at his feet—It was her own beautiful blue eye that was fixed in tearful supplication on his face, and he gazed on her for some minutes in unspeakable surprise and consternation.

"Well done, Mistress Sybil!" cried Simpkins, tauntingly; "a pretty figure you cut, to be sure! So it was you, mem, that took the trouble of my cloak off my hands—I'm quite obleeged to ye, 'pon honour, mem!"

"'Fore George, lass, I'm sorry for you!" said the rough but kind-hearted Atkins, as, overpowered with disappointment and confusion, Sybil endeavoured to hide the lovely face, over which crowded a thousand burning blushes, in the little white hands which ever and anon she wrung in an agony of grief and shame.

"Poor lass, I'm sorry for you," repeated honest Atkins; "but what in the name of wonder inspired you to rig yourself out after such a fashion?"

"She meant to go off to the rebels!—she meant to give us all the small pox!—and she didn't care a groat how soon the grave covered poor Matt. Halsey!" exclaimed the mortified and angry Matthew, pacing the floor in a very lover-like frenzy.

"A pretty figure you cut, mem," repeated the corporal, sneeringly.

"Let the poor lass alone," interposed the sergeant, pitying her distress: "poor thing, I don't wonder you cry—I don't wonder you hide your face—its a foolish business—but they shan't plague ye—"

The worthy sergeant was here interrupted in a most unexpected manner; for both doors of the apartment opening simultaneously, several armed men rushed in at each, one party being followed by our acquaintance, Caleb Millar, who danced in behind them, shaking all his rags in exultation, accompanied by Sybil's spaniel, who capered at his heels, barking and yelping, and making "confusion worse confounded."

The sergeant instinctively grappled his musket, and promptly prepared to defend himself—

but Halsey and Simpkins having parted with theirs, which were standing at the other side of the room, his resistance was unavailing.

"You are our prisoners," said a young American subaltern, in whom Halsey instantly recognised his hated rival.

"Who says so, beside yourself, Mr. Ribil?" cried Simpkins.

"You are our prisoners," repeated the Americans, as they rushed upon and overpowered them.

"We'll see to that—we'll have one game at fifty-cuffs, Mr. Ribil," cried Simpkins, vauntingly, "before we'll give up to a few ribil ragamuffins, such as we see here."

The Americans only laughed at his bravado, while the young subaltern, leaving them to secure the prisoners, directed his entire attention to the recumbent figure of our heroine, who, too much absorbed by her own grief and mortification to be conscious of what was passing around her, sat amidst the bustle, sobbing as if her very heart were breaking.

"Pinion the rascal with the strap of his own knapsack," said Gray, as Halsey stoutly and furiously resisted, half-maddened at the idea of becoming the prisoner of his rival. "Off with him, my lads—off with them all—leave not one behind to tell tales;—if he speaks but loud enough to startle a mouse, send a dozen of your bayonets to his heart. Away with them," added Gray—"away with them, comrades," and lowering his voice as he approached the weeping Sybil, "I have a still more precious prize to secure," he said, endeavouring to take her hand; "Sybil—look up, my own loved Sybil."

"Let me go—let me go, Matt. Halsey," shrieked the half frantic girl, springing from the ground, and tearing her hand from his grasp. Let me go!—I say, sir!—if I hated you before, I detest you now!"

"Sybil—my own Sybil—look up, if you love me yet," exclaimed the youth, putting back the dishevelled ringlets, and gazing fondly on the pallid brow of the agitated Sybil, who had again sunk exhausted to the ground.

"Nay—look on me once, dear Sybil—If you have ever loved Martin Gray, now is the time to avow it boldly—look on me."

Sybil raised her head, and looked a moment wistfully in his face: "Yes—yes," she murmured; there is a God above us yet—"and overpowered by a mingled emotion of surprise and joy, cast herself on the faithful bosom of her long betrothed lover.

"Said I not so, my sweet Sybil?—and now have I risked so much for nothing, or will you go with me and promise to become to-morrow the wife of your own devoted Martin Gray?—We must fly instantly or part forever, Sybil," continued Gray; "speak, then, my own vowed wife—will you go with me?"

"To the ends of the earth—any where," was the scarce articulate reply; "only take me hence, in the whole wide world you are my only friend."

"You go with me then, my own true-hearted

Sybil?" said Gray; "yet it is only fair to tell you that my path is beset with dangers—dare you fly with me and brave them all—aye—even death itself?"

"I can brave any dangers but those that beset me here," answered Sybil—"if you love me, take me from among these fearful men."

"My own, then, from this hour forever," cried the youth, as he folded her to his heart and sealed the compact by impressing a kiss upon her polished forehead—"and as I prove a good and faithful husband so help me God—and so may he deal with me when I reward your tried affection and confiding tenderness with ingratitude or perfidy!" he emphatically added.—"Now, then, exert yourself, dear Sybil, and let us fly without a moment's delay."

Caleb, who had stood by, fidgetting, as the ladies say, with impatience, now leaped from the door, and bounded noiseless as a spectre across the lawn, followed by the manly figure of Martin Gray, lifting rather than leading the trembling form of his agitated bride with him in his rapid walk across the fields. At a few rods distance from the shore he was overtaken by his commander, with the whole party and the prisoners.

"How now, Gray?—what success? demanded the Colonel, in a suppressed tone—"is the pretty bird caught at last?"

"Safely, your honour! my success has been equal to your own," replied his subaltern.

"All is well, then, as those fellows yonder so vociferously assure us," answered the gallant Barton. "On, men! push on;" he added, "look well to the prisoners, and push on, my lads!"

In a few minutes the whole party stood together on the shore, where two boats, with muffled oars, lay ready to receive them. "Bring that trembling dove of thine into this boat, Gray," commanded the Colonel; "and remember, my lads, that every thing now depends on silence and despatch—half our laurels would be clipped," he added, "should harm befall our prisoner. If discovered, the other boat must endeavour to engross the attention and love-tokens of the enemy.—Come! stir, men! push off—and be alive!"

The young commander seated himself as he spoke. The men stooped to their oars, and the barge darted from the shore with the velocity of an arrow. Not a word was uttered, and every breath was suspended with the intenseness of anxiety—the soft ripple of the waves alone was heard, as they curled around the muffled oars, and kissed, as if in gratulation, the bows of the little bark, while she danced over the tranquil waters, on which the stars looked dimly down through a soft mist that came stealing in from the ocean.

As they neared the ships, the prisoner raised himself from his melancholy attitude, and sat erect, gazing eagerly towards them, while his heart throbbed high with hope and full expectation of rescue. Observing the action, the American Colonel presented his pistol at his head, in

addition to the weapons already pointed at his heart by a soldier on either side, thus enforcing profound silence. It was a fearful pause as the little vessel cut her rapid way through the hostile fleet—and Sybil, as she clung to the supporting arm of Martin Gray, wrung in an agony of apprehension the hand which clasped her own. The prisoner was powerfully agitated as he saw himself borne along within call and beneath the very guns of the British ships. His hopes became less sanguine at each successive plash of the oars, but they were not utterly extinguished until, as they cleared the ships and emerged into the open bay, he heard the water guards, on whom he had firmly placed his expectations of ultimate deliverance, loudly proclaiming to the fleet, that “all was well,” at the very instant their general was passing as a captive under the bows of his own ships! The cry swelled over the water, and echoed along the shore, ringing the knell to all his hopes of rescue. A sound of suppressed laughter passed along the barge, and throwing himself back on his seat he gnashed his teeth in the bitterness of disappointment and impotent rage. The barge, meantime, pursued her rapid and silent career up the bay, propelled by the sturdy strength of those intrepid men whose unparalleled daring had been crowned with a success so little less than miraculous.

“Sir, I would not have believed it possible you could have escaped the vigilance of the water guards,” exclaimed the Englishman, when the removal of the weapons at last gave tacit permission to speak.

“The miracle is wrought, however,” replied his captor; and a plashing of oars the next instant apprized the voyagers that their boat’s consort had now overtaken them.

“Hollo, Thompson,” shouted his Colonel, joyfully, “are you there, my lads?—off safely and with flying colours? hah!”

“And with trumpets sounding into the bargain, had we but your honour’s permission,” responded the commander of the second barge—“what say you, sir, shall we give ‘em a few cheers, your honour?”

“Not just yet—pull away, my lads!—a good stroke, boys!—Get a little farther up, and then send a few hurrah’s over the water, and let them hear you, if their nap is out.”

The laugh and joke now went briskly round in an under tone, for in the moment of that brilliant success which their own desperate valour had secured, their generous commander was not inclined to check their honest glee and hard earned triumph. Turning, therefore, a deaf ear to their ill-suppressed merriment, he seated himself beside his prisoner, and, with a respectful sympathy for his situation, endeavoured to beguile him of his gloomy thoughts by engaging him in conversation. The Englishman, however, after returning a few ungracious replies, again relapsed into silence, and, during the remainder of the voyage, was allowed to brood in uninterrupted and sullen silence over his misfortune.

Before the rising sun again began to laugh on the green hills, our hardy band of bold adventurers, with their prisoner, reached the continent, unhurt, from amidst so many dangers. The English general was immediately conducted to the quarters prepared for his reception, and the beautiful Sybil, still accompanied by the faithful and affectionate Caleb Millar, was escorted by her lover to the house of his aunt who resided at Pawtucket.

It now becomes necessary once more to retrograde in our narrative, in order to explain the manner in which the escape of Sybil Prior became connected with the capture of General Prescott.

From the time that Martin Gray first enlisted in the service of his country, the fidelity, zeal, and intrepidity with which he discharged his duties, had obtained for him, not only the esteem and respect of his comrades, but a very large share of the patronage and countenance of the young and gallant Colonel Barton, who honoured him on several occasions with proofs of his confidence and regard. On receiving the letter of Sybil Prior, through the hands of the trusty Caleb, therefore, Martin Gray unhesitatingly repaired to the presence of his beloved commander, and placing it before him, solicited leave of absence. Happily for Martin Gray, as well as for his country, Colonel Barton was not inattentive to the happiness of those under his command; and pitying the distress of his brave and trusty subaltern, he enquired into the particulars of the affair, with the greatest affability and kindness. At the first view, the scheme which Martin Gray had formed for the rescue of his mistress, appeared so rash and utterly impracticable, that Colonel Barton firmly, though kindly, remonstrated against the attempt. With increased earnestness, however, the anxious lover continued to urge his suit, enumerating the various facilities he possessed, from his own local knowledge, and the assistance he should receive from so able an auxiliary as Caleb Millar, who was perfectly acquainted with the post of every guard and centinel of the garrison. While listening to the details of Martin Gray, the Colonel learned more accurately than he knew before, the situation of General Prescott, who was living in all the negligence of imaginary security at Overing-house. The dauntless spirit of Barton instantly conceived the adventurous plan of capturing the English commander in the midst of his own garrison—a plan which was as promptly executed as it had been boldly conceived. What success attended this enterprise of lofty daring we have already seen. The narrative of the brave “General Barton’s Expedition,” forms one of the proudest pages of our country’s history, and is deservedly considered as amongst the most glorious exploits that marked the whole course of our revolutionary struggle.

On the day following the capture of General Prescott, Martin Gray received his young bride from the hand of his beloved commander, who not only honoured their nuptials with his pre-

sence, but even condescended to give away the bride.

At his instance, also, the gentlemen of his regiment contributed a sum of money sufficient for the purchase of a neat and comfortable cottage near Providence, whither the young couple immediately repaired, and which is said to have been the abode of neatness and content. At the termination of the war, however, Martin Gray disposed of it, and returning to his little farm, rebuilt the cottage which the British had destroyed; and here they have since lived, a pattern of conjugal affection, and beloved and respected in their humble sphere by all who know them.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Should the authenticity of this our veritable narrative be questioned, we would recommend it to our reader, for his better satisfaction, to visit the beautifully secluded dwelling of the happy rustic pair, which he may know by the fragrant vines of sweet-briar and honey-suckle, whose blossoms cluster about its narrow casement more luxuriantly than honey-suckle and sweet-briar ever clustered before. Should he not find the worthy pair at their own hospitable dwelling, he will be most likely to encounter them by directing his steps to Overing-house, in the grounds of which they still delight to ramble, and to recapitulate the events of the memorable night of the Tenth of July, 1777.

THE SEASONS.

Linger then yet a while,
As the last leaves on the bough:
Ye have loved the gloom of many a smile
That is taken from you now.

Mrs. HEMANS.

HAD we the tender and pathetic expression of Bryant to clothe our musings, we would dwell long and thrilling upon the lessons taught so forcibly, in the advent of sober-suited autumn. Coldly, indeed, must he look upon nature and her changes, who does not find a luxury of sentiment in the contemplation of all her seasons. All are but chords to that instrument which yields its tone to every breath of man, and vibrates involuntarily to every feeling of his breast. In the spring, the fairy melody is made up of the unmingled warblings of rapture, the involuntary thrills of untaught fingers, the overflowing of that spring of gladness which gave mythology her fabled fountains, and from which issues all that claims the name of music, short of the voiceless harmony of heaven. In summer it is mellowed into the harmony of hope. The voice which never mourned is heard in its rich diapasons; its glowing progressions are tempered to the calmness of matured desire; echoes are unbroken by the irregular responses of untutored passion, and its deep and ever varying consonances chime, swell and estuate, in infinite gradation.

Beautifully, though sadly the reverse of these is the style of Autumn's "unwritten music." The hope of the glad Spring, and the devotion of the ardent Summer, have been damped, but not to deaden a single tone. The chords on which once played the breath of the affections, are strained, but not to break. The mind is no longer a mighty organ, yielding its sounds to the hand of man: but becomes a gentle Æolian harp, catching its magic tones from every breath of the autumnal breeze. Plaintive and sweet, as though sound itself had caught a charm from the beautiful hues of decay, they come upon the ear, blending into harmony such strains as no art can imitate, no science arrange, no skill record. Such is the music of autumn, upon that deep-toned, glorious instrument—the heart.

The grave comes gloomily upon the thoughts of youth. They have not yet hurried there the better part of their hearts. To the pilgrim who has farther advanced on the highway of human disappointments, the last home of man is a welcome theme. Lovely to him, not only that it already holds his best hopes and his only charms that made the world fair amid all its desolation, the grave—the cold and dreary grave—sends up a sweet and holy call to his weary and broken spirit. All that speaks of decay has a charm to him. No marvel, then, that he woos the melancholy influence of Autumn, and breathes with untold delight her sighing breezes, and settles an unwearied gaze upon her red and yellow forests. Let childhood hang with enrapturing fondness over the brilliant beauty of Spring's first flowers, but its little idols will wither. Let maturer youth yield its full devotions to the fruitful and fervent hopes of Summer, yet they, too, shall pass away. But who that has ever relished the calm yet passionate love of fading beauty, which steals upon the unsubdued, thought-softened spirit of one whose hopes have been like the summer clouds, will cling to such fleeting hues again! There is no autumn in his soul, where all these images are deep and indelible. Even the winter of age, though it withers the outer form, can never supplant the sweetly lingering hues of autumn in the soul. They cling to the memory longer than hope—and the memory itself is life.

AUTUMN EVENING.

THESE are the true seasons for improvements. The weariness and dust and heat of summer are over. The air is cool—and nature puts on her robes of pensiveness and contemplation, so that mankind have little to divert them from the noble duty of storing the mind with wisdom during the calm and glorious evenings of autumn. Sit down, ye young journeyers to eternity; spread before you the bright pages of literature and morality, and never let pleasure rob your evenings of their innocence, and cloud your mornings with languor and repentance.

THE NIGHTMARE.

I come in the gleams from the land of dreams,
Wrapp'd round in the darkness' pall;
Ye may hear my moan in the night-wind's groan,
When the tapestry flaps on the wall.
I sit on the breast of the death-owl's nest,
And she screams in fear and pain;
And my wings glare bright in the wild moon-light,
As it whirls round the madman's brain;
And down sweeps my car, like a falling star,
When the winds have hush'd their breath,
And ye feel in the air, from the cold sepulchre,
The faint damp smell of death.

My vigil I keep by the murderer's sleep,
When dreams round his senses spin—
I ride on his breast, and trouble his rest,
In the shape of his deadliest sin;
And hollow and low is the moan of wo,
In the depth of his strangling pain,
And his cold black eye rolls in agony,
And faintly rattles his chain:
The sweat-drops fall on the damp prison wall—
He wakes with a deep drawn sigh;
He hears my tread, as I fly from his bed,
And he calls on the saints on high.

And still I crouch by the sick man's couch,
I stifle his slumbering breath,
And I cramp-rack his bones, as he shudders and groans,
In the seeming pangs of death;
And words, unknown, 'twixt a sigh and a moan,
In his horrible dread he utters,
As the dying breath, to the messenger Death,
In wild delirious mutters,
When he comes to bear the soul through the air,
To him who alone can save it;
When mortality must return to her dust,
And the spirit to him who gave it.

Lead me to the bed, where the weary head
For its rest must seek;
The golden darts of fame enkindle the flame
Of love on his pallid cheek;
A thought does he take of the world awake,
And his cold and heartless pleasure;
In the holy fire of his own loved lyre,
Is his best and his dearest treasure:
With my terrible sting, that cheek I bring
To a darker and deadlier hue;
When his last dear token, his lyre, is broken,
His heart is broken too.

When the maiden asleep for her lover doth weep
Afar on the rolling sea—
And she dreams he is pressed to her welcoming breast,
Returned from his dangers free;
I come in the form of the wave of the storm,
And sweep him away from her heart—
And then from her dream she wakes with a scream
To think that in death they part;
And still in the light of her dream bound sight,
The images whirl and dance,
Till my swift elision dispels the vision,
And she starts as from a trance.

In dreams I affright the startled sight
Of the miser, withered and old,
And he strives to arise, with horrible cries,
As he thinks of his stolen gold—
But faint is each limb, and ghastly and grim,
He groans with a stifled gasp;
And his sinews I strain on his bed of pain,
Till he faints in my elvish grasp;
An awful one with a hand of bone,
Seems to beckon him off to the tomb;
And I laugh as I whirl thro' the night's black furl
In the film of darkness' gloom.

When the sweet babe lies with half-closed eyes,
As blue as the sky of even,

And ye know the while, by its innocent smile,
That its dreams are of joy and Heaven;
I steal to the bed where that gentle head
In meek composure lies,
And, with phantoms of fright, I break the light
Of its visions of Paradise:
The horror and fear of that night so drear,
Is long ere it pass away;
And the fearful glare of my fiendish stare
Is remembered for many a day.

When the clouds, first-born of the breezy morn,
In the eastern chambers roam,
I glide away in the twilight gray,
To the mist of my shadowy home.
But man may not tell by word or by spell,
Where I rest my hideous form—
Where darkness and sleep to their kingdom creep,
And dreams rustle by like a storm—
Whether it be in the caves or sea,
Where the rolling breakers go,
Or the crystal sphere of the upper air,
Or the depths of hell below.

THE WORLD.

SWIFTER and swifter, day by day,
Down time's unquiet current hurled,
Thou passest on thy restless way,
Tumultuous and unstable world!
Thou passest on! time hath not seen
Delay upon thy hurried path:—
And prayers and tears alike have been
In vain to stay thy course of wrath.

Thou passest on, and with thee go
The loves of youth—the cares of age;
And smiles and tears, and joy and woe
Are on thy history's bloody page!
There, every day, like yesterday,
Writes hopes that end in mockery;—
But who shall tear the veil away,
Before the abyss of things to be?

Thou passest on, and at thy side,
Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,
And o'er the dreams of human pride,
His misty shroud forever spreads;
Where all thine iron hand hast traced
Upon that gloomy scroll to-day,
With records ages since effaced—
Like them shall live—like them decay.

Thou passest on—with thee the vain
That sport upon thy flaunting breeze—
Pride, framed of dust, and Folly's train,
Who court thy love, and run thy ways.
But thou and I—(and be it so)—
Press onwards to eternity;
Yet not together let us go
To that deep voiced but shoreless sea!

Thou hast thy friends—I would have mine;
Thou hast thy thoughts—leave me my own;
I kneel not at thy gilded shrine;
I bow not at thy slavish throne!—
I'll them pass by without a sigh;—
They make no swelling rapture now,
The fierce delights that fire thine eye—
The triumph of thine haughty brow!

Pass on, relentless world!—I grieve
No more for all that thou hast given;
Pass on, in God's name—only leave
The things thou never yet hast given!
A heart at ease—a mind at home—
Affections fixed above thy sway—
Faith set upon a world to come,
And patience through life's little day.



YOUNG NAPOLEON.

THE LATE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

On the twentieth day of March, 1811, the streets of Paris were filled with an excited populace rending the air with the cry of *Vive L'Empereur*. The continued roar of cannon, and the flight of a balloon, in which a female aeronaut ascended, gave indications that some event had occurred of overpowering interest to the French people.

It was the birth of the "son of the man," of an heir to the fortunes and glory of Napoleon, the ruler of fifty-seven millions of people, which now gave to the public impatience its joyful gratification.

It was on this occasion that many singular circumstances took place, such as are supposed to attend the nativity of remarkable characters, and are chronicled for after times with peculiar care, as having been the prognostics of good fortune, or the omens of misery to come. The Emperor felt unusual anxiety as the critical moment arrived.—Almost the whole preceding night he paced the halls of the palace with the Empress. Towards morning, the event occurred under the most alarming aspect. The celebrated Dubois, a professor in the school of medicine, arrived before his companion, the no less celebrated Corvisart. Napoleon was anxiously waiting the result in an adjacent room. He learned that there was great occasion for alarm, and anxiously inquired of the former why he did not discharge his professional duty without delay. He excused himself on account of the absence of Corvisart. Do you want a witness or a justifier? said the Emperor; I will be that to you—proceed. Roused by his remarks and his kind encouragement, he went, though under much embarrassment, to the assistance of the alarmed Empress. Again the presence of mind of Napoleon was serviceable; for the medical attendant, even now, could not recover his accustomed calmness of manner, until the memorable saying of the Emperor, Forget that you are attending the Empress—treat her as you would the wife of a citizen of St. Denis. The Emperor was soon afterwards asked whose life should be saved, if the sacrifice of either the mother or the child became indispensable.—"The mother's," replied Napoleon; "it is her right." At length the crisis was passed, but the infant is said only to have been roused from a deep lethargy by the reverberation and noise of the one hundred and one pieces of artillery.

Twenty-two persons, some of them of distinction, besides the Emperor, were present, and it was Corvisart whose friendly aid restored warmth to the expiring child, now almost forgotten amid the confusion arising from the fear entertained for the fate of his mother.

All etiquette was laid aside, and the ceremonies for the occasion, according to the usual custom of Princes, with whom it is important to establish the birth-right, and identity of

their successors, were laid aside without hesitation.

The Emperor, as soon as he was assured of his wife's safety, caught up the child and presented him to his officers and attendants in the next apartments by whom he was hailed, King of Rome! It had been previously determined that if the expected stranger should be a princess, the number of the cannon used to announce the event should be limited to twenty-two, and if a son was born, the event should be distinguished by a discharge from a hundred and one pieces. When therefore the twenty-third report was heard, the enthusiasm of the people was carried to excess, that almost exceeds belief.

This was but the prelude to more marked honours. Addresses were sent from all the public bodies of Paris. The courts of Europe sent envoys extraordinary to congratulate Napoleon on the event. The king and queen of Spain made a journey to Paris for the same purpose. At his baptism, the infant was presented with a silver cradle by the good city of Paris, and the Emperor of Austria stood godfather by his proxy and brother, the Duke of Wurzburg. In short, never was any birth celebrated with greater rejoicings, or any child more warmly welcomed into this breathing world, than this unconscious heir to a throne.

The education of the young King of Rome became a subject of serious concern to the Emperor. To Madame de Montesquieu was entrusted the office of governess to young Napoleon. She was the wife of Count Peter Montesquieu Fenezac, a distinguished officer and statesman. She was esteemed a most excellent woman, of unsullied honor and established principles. Her method of managing her charge was much admired. His apartments were on the ground floor of the Tuilleries and looked out upon the Court. A splendid palace was even then in contemplation for him, to be placed opposite the Pont d'Jena, but the obstinacy of a cooper, who owned part of the ground intended for the site prevented the execution of the plan.

At almost every hour of the day crowds of people assembled before the window of the young king to obtain a view of him. On one occasion, after he had begun to understand what was said to him, and appreciate his importance, he fell into a violent passion. His governess immediately ordered the windows to be darkened. He asked his Maman Quoi what that was for. "To hide your passion from those people in the court yard, whom you will probably one day govern, and who would lose their respect for you if they witnessed your bad conduct now." It is said he instantly confessed his error, begged her pardon, and promised to be angry no more.

At a chateau, in a place called Mendon, two miles from Versailles, where was assigned the residence of the young king, while yet in his

nurse's arms, and where afterwards the Empress resided during the expedition to Russia, Napoleon projected an institute for the education of his son and the princes of the imperial house. There a school was to be maintained, combining all the advantages of public and private tuition, where the pupils destined to govern nations, "should acquire conformity of principles, manners, and ideas." Each Prince from a foreign state, was to bring with him twelve youths, the elite of his country, to be educated with them. These, said the Emperor, would have been knit together in the bonds of friendship, have acquired extended views, and have become acquainted with every thing befitting their rank and expectations; and where, we may add, they would have unquestionably obtained a bias for the founder of their states and the principles of their imperial head. The views of Napoleon were on this subject no less politic than profound.

In 1814, on the approach of the allies, Maria Louisa retired with her son to Blois, by command of her husband, a great mistake, as in the end it proved to be. During this period Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte formed a design to carry her beyond the Loire to her husband, and they would have succeeded, if they had obtained the previous consent of the Emperor. She refused on that ground alone. A few weeks afterwards she had an interview with her father, the Emperor of Austria, and she here learned that she was to return to his court with her son, and to be separated from her husband. Mad. De Montesquieu still remained with the Empress, though upon the first reverse of fortune, almost all her attendants deserted her. She remained in charge of her pupil, who was tenderly attached to her, until 1815, when, upon the return of the Emperor from Elba, an attempt to carry off his son from Schoenbrunn, was frustrated almost at the moment of its execution. The Governess was dismissed, but the separation was heart-breaking to the child, and stratagem was resorted to, to soothe the pangs of parting.—He was then transferred to Vienna, and placed in the hands of Germans. For a short time he was permitted to visit his mother, but finally, on the 20th of May, 1815, he was transferred to Vienna, where he afterwards resided. His name in the state calendar was now Charles Francis Joseph, that of Napoleon being entirely forbidden to be used.—In 1818 he was created Duke of Reichstadt, a lordship in Bohemia, with a revenue of almost 160,000 dollars per annum—placed next in rank to the princes of the blood. At first his grandfather destined him for the church, but afterwards he changed his views, and gave him a military education. A person who saw him about this period, represents him as a handsome, interesting boy, with great spirit, and apparently a good constitution. It has been suspected, and not without cause, that very great care was taken to prevent his ambition being excited by the history of his father's deeds, or the recital of his glorious victories. Obscure portions of history were made his study, and a police officer was stationed in the

room when his lessons were given him by his tutor. The celebrated Von Hammer was one of his teachers, and is believed to have been of great benefit to him. The Count Dietreichstein, his Governor, kept him in a state of surveillance, and never suffered him to be unwatched. He was not allowed to associate with any young persons on terms of intimacy, no matter how much he desired society, and every avenue to a secret correspondence was carefully guarded. Even when grown up, educated and in command of a regiment of cavalry, he was still a prisoner. This has, however, been denied very recently by the Court of Vienna. Little therefore can be said of the character of his mind, or the tenor of his feelings.—The damp atmosphere of his residence at Schoenbrunn is said to have injured his health; and his total estrangement from his mother, the Bonaparte family, and suitable companions of his own age and rank, no doubt had their full effect in hastening his career to its termination. Cut off from the scenes of real life, he used to frequent the theatre at Vienna, to watch its shadows, and observe their resemblance. Here, with his hands clasped, his head projected forward, and his eyes intently fixed on what he saw, he excited the most lively interest among the spectators. To this spot many a devoted and enthusiastic Frenchman repaired to catch a glimpse of features so painfully exciting and dear to the friends of Napoleon.

The best medical aid availed him nothing. He was told that he could not recover, and he lamented his destiny with bitter grief. There are but two epochs, said he, in my life to be remembered—my life and my death. Would to God that I could have seen before I died that column which reared its head in the Place Vendome, the glorious monument of my father's fame.

His mother, from whom he had so long been separated, hastened to catch his parting breath.—Though by her alliance with Count Niepperg she has become the mother of many children, yet on this occasion she did not forget what was due to the ties of a once pleasing union with the greatest man of the age. Over that solitary pledge of ambitious and ill-fated attachment she wept day by day, until the last sigh of the son of the man she once had loved fell on her ear, and rendered her for some time senseless of the loss she had sustained. On the destiny of this unfortunate young man, prediction and presentiment, fear and hope, ambition and policy, had long hung with trembling anxiety. At the age of 22 years, he has left the vast theatre which was opening to him for weal or wo, to sleep among the dull corpses of the House of Hapsburg in the Convent of the Capuchins.

To preserve the proper strength, both of the body and the mind, labour must be regularly and seasonably mingled with rest; and those only who observe a proper interchange of exercise and rest, can expect to enjoy health of body, or cheerfulness of mind.

THE LOVE TOKEN.

"THIS is your handkerchief, Emma, is it not?"

"Yes," said Lady Mauden, as she turned her eyes from her harpsichord to the inquirer.

"Well, Emma, you cannot refuse me this handkerchief—not as a memorial—for I need not that—but as a gift—as a token of—friendship—"

"No, George, that cannot be—indeed it cannot—"

"Why?—but no matter:—and yet this is a trifling request. Emma, Emma, you have but little feeling for me—I know it;—but when we part this evening, you may be relieved for ever from my presence."

"For ever, George!" said Lady Mauden, surprised into a tone of anxiety—"for ever!"

"And what have I to do here?—Is it not enough that I am thus guilty, without increasing that guilt by a longer stay,—without adding to my distractedness, and rushing—oh, Emma! even tell me that you do not hate me, and it will be some solace to me."

"Mr. Leslie," said Lady Mauden, in a severe voice, "if I have been the cause of any uneasiness to you, at least give me credit for regret—we had, indeed, better part.—Give me the handkerchief." Her ladyship rose from the harpsichord, as she spoke.

"'Tis all I ask, Emma. Leave it to me, and I quit you instantly, and for ever."

"The handkerchief, George—I must have the handkerchief." Lady Mauden extended her hand towards the still unwilling Leslie—but at that instant the drawing-room door opened, and Lord Mauden entered.

"Why, Leslie, what's the matter? I have just been to the stables, and Hennecey tells me you have ordered your horses. Where are you going at this late hour?"

"My Lord, I must leave you to-night."

"Leave us!—Well, of course as you please; but I hope nothing has happened in my house, to make your stay unpleasant."

"Nothing, I assure you; but in a few days you shall hear the reason of this abrupt departure."

"Make no strangers of us, Leslie; do as you please; and remember this is your home, whenever it suits your pleasure or convenience."

"This distracts me," muttered the young man, but Lord Mauden heard him not; for the approach of the horses to the hall-door attracted his attention to the window. Lady Mauden had turned to a music-stand; but, to any one who observed her, it was plain she thought little of the leaves, which she rapidly turned over. George Leslie observed her: he was still in possession of the handkerchief; and now, as he stood by himself near a centre table, he silently folded it, and put it in his bosom. An unheard and unperceived step brought him to her side; but her thoughts were too busy to notice it.

"You will have a beautiful evening for your ride. I suppose you face towards home?" said

Lord Mauden, his eyes still directed to the window.

"Lady Mauden," said George Leslie. She started as if from a dream, and looked him full in the face. "Lady Mauden, fare you well." This he said aloud; but in a whisper, "*farewell for ever!*" He took her hand—it trembled—a tear fell upon his own, and she turned hastily to the music-stand again, to hide or stifle her emotion, and with difficulty could collect strength enough to speed him on his journey.

Leslie had consideration enough to leave her at once. He mounted his horse in silence, and rode down the avenue, followed by his servants, and it was not for some time that he recollected that he had not taken leave of his kind host and friend Lord Mauden.

"Strange!" said his lordship, as he followed Leslie with his eyes down the lawn.

Lady Mauden, after a vain attempt at the harpsichord, complained of illness, and retired to her chamber.

Alas! what a world is ours! where half its fancied pleasures are sin. Lady Mauden was most unhappy. The commands of a father, and the prayers of a mother, had prevailed with her to give her hand to Lord Mauden. The only man she had ever loved, besides that father, had just parted from her side. He had told her he had quitted her for ever. She was glad—and yet, "for ever"—Lady Mauden was a woman, young and sensitive; and could she, in her heart of hearts, rejoice never more to see the man upon whom her first and best affections were unchangeably fixed? Reason is deceitful, duty is blind, and determination is weak. Alas! that passion should be the only true, clear-sighted, and strong principle of our nature!

Not very far from Mauden House, there is a wild and heathery mountain, broken here and there by deep and winding hollows, through one of which passes the public road; and this, as well as the rest, had, since the days of King William's conquest, been noted as a resort of robbers and outlaws. The attacks on coaches, the plunder of individual travellers, and some frightful and most revolting murders committed there, had made it a fearful place to all the country; while the nature of the situation, and of the scenery itself, lent an additional horror and dark interest to all that rumour could tell. The bleak mountain collected about its head an almost perpetual covering of clouds; and the screams of a few wild birds, that, from time to time, hovered over the thin patches of cultivation, gave life indeed to the scene; but it was such life as Virgil or Dante could have given to the bleakness of an infernal plain.

It was half-past twelve at night when Leslie was riding on this road, followed at a short distance by his favourite Hennecey. The master was silent; the servant now and then broke into

a whistle, or stave, of some Irish song, but would instantly cease, on recollection of the presence of his master. He evidently longed to speak, and would have given a great deal for the usual condescending communicativeness of "Sir George," to arrest the loneliness of their way; but Hennecey was not in the slightest degree afraid. Many a night before he would not have passed here in silence for the universe, nor have trusted himself on this mountain, except, perhaps, with a strong party of "hearty boys," returning from a fair or wake; but, to-night, Hennecey knew his master's errand, and felt that his silence and seriousness was, to-night, most natural. They had just arrived to the summit of a hill, over which the road led, and from thence on the top of another, which also was crossed by the road; figures were seen relieved against the hazy and half-moon lit clouds behind. Distant whistlings were heard, and, in a few moments Leslie could observe, on the far-off hill, as it retired from the road, increasing groups of men, and some stragglers here and there, running in different directions. Neither of our travellers, however, seemed alarmed; and the only remark made was by Hennecey—"I think, sir, we had best turn off by the *boireen* at the foot of the hill. We'll come up wid the boys in bether nor ten minutes from that." Leslie nodded; and, on arriving at the bottom of the glen, between the two fore-mentioned hills, he turned to the right of the *boireen*, or narrow passage, of which Hennecey spoke. About three or four hundred yards brought them to a loose and unfastened gate; and as Hennecey advanced, and was endeavouring to push it back, without dismounting in the mud, a man stepped up from behind a ditch, and resting the muzzle of a gun on the top bar, said, in a tone of lagged but calm determination, "Ye don't pass here, gentlemen."

"We don't pass here!" repeated George Leslie, while he laid his hand on one of his pistols, "By what right, my good man, do you prevent us?"

"Oh, 'tis all the same as to that," answered the apparent sentinel; "and ye may put up your pistol—ye can't pass here, gentlemen."

George Leslie was naturally impetuous, and was about to push his horse at the gate, notwithstanding the cry of the man, "I tell ye to keep back," when Hennecey interfered, and having respectfully said to his master, "Lave him to me, sir; he knows me when the moon will look at my face.—Era, Tom Cauty, don't you know me, maa? Don't be talking here, but let us go by in pace. We're going to the captain."

"Eh, then, Nick Hennecey, is that yourself? Of course I'll have you pass, but I don't know the other man."

"But I knows him, Tom: he's my master, and a good warrant to be so—he is too. Come, make haste, open the gate, man."

"I cannot, Nick; I cannot; 'tis my orders."

"Era, don't I know your orders? Be quiet now, Tom, and pacibly let us go by." As Hennecey spoke, he pushed the gate, and beckoning to Leslie, said, "Come along, sir."

"I tell you, Nick, 'tis no use for you. I'll lave no one pass here to-night that I don't know."

"But I tell you, you'll let Mr. Leslie pass."

"Eh, who?—Is it a son of black Sam Leslie's, of Boxton Hill, the man who prosecuted—and got him hanged too—God rest him!—poor Ned Sheedy!—Is it a son of his, Nick?—for if it be him, and you have a regard for the boy, I'd have you take him out of this."

"Yeh! Tom, man, he knows what brought him here."

"I tell you, Mr. Leslie, 'tis best for you to go: you're not safe here. I don't want to say nothing now about your father—but your mother, God rest her soul, was a good woman to the poor, and I'm not the one to hurt her son, but I won't answer for others. I tell you, sir, 'tis best for you to go."

Leslie, who, during the preceding colloquy, had cooled, and recollected that gentleness was here a more useful weapon than a pistol, replied, "My good man, whatever my father is, I am, perhaps, a greater friend to you and your cause than you may imagine. My business is now with Captain Hardy; and to assure you that I can mean nothing injurious, I entrust you with my arms, and go defenceless among your party."

Tom Cauty thought for a few seconds, and then, turning suddenly to him, said, "I'll let you pass, sir. Nick, you knows the road, round by the bush, in the corner yonder."

"I knows it all. Good night, Tom."

"Good night, Nick," said Tom, as they passed on; and, looking after them, he continued, to himself, "Well, if they be wise, I know what they'll do with him. They'll keep him for the father's sake; and if the ould man is fond of his boy, I think he won't be hunting any more of us about the country."

"By the bush in the corner yonder" they rode, and, in a few moments, arrived on the bank of one of the many streams descending from the mountain. As they stood looking for the best part to cross by, the gleams of the moon fell upon the side of the mountain opposite, Leslie looked up, and, though it was what he expected, he could not restrain a slight mark of emotion, on seeing, within less than a quarter of a mile, some thousands of people collected, in separate groups, some lying under the open sky, and a few under the shelter of a shed, here and there rudely erected. There was one cabin to be seen; the small half-rag stopped windows of which showed, wherever light could come, that it was well lighted.

"What house is this?" asked Leslie of his servant.

"That's our parliament-house," answered Hennecey, in a quick, quaint voice, that left Leslie in doubt whether he was serious or jesting.

"That's our parliament-house, sir; and 'tis there they be talking of their plans and marchings, since Lord Edward and the Shears was took up."

To the door of the parliament-house they rode. Leslie had gathered his cloak about his face; and the company he was in (for Hennecey was ma

mean personage in the opinion of the multitude) saved him, as soon as Hennecy was recognised, from curious observation and inquiry. When they had knocked at the door, it was immediately opened, and a few words of Irish having passed between Hennecy and the porter, they dismounted and entered—Hennecy only for an instant, for the horses claimed *his* care and attendance.

On Leslie's entrance, a number of persons, who were sitting on chairs, stools, tables, beds, or wherever they could find seats, rose; and one individual, of an athletic but compact figure, dressed in a frieze coat, and who seemed to be the principal person of the assembly, came forward and welcomed him.

"You're welcome, Mr. Leslie. I'm pleased to see the course you have follied, and may be 't wo'n't be the worse for you and yours."

"Well, Desmond," answered George, "let us finish the business of to-night. What more have you to say to me upon that business?"

"I haven't much more to say, Mr. Leslie; but are you content to be our captain on the terms I told you of?"

"Desmond, I'm in some doubt still of the right we have thus to take arms and law into our own hands. And, besides, what is it you have to complain of?"

"What is it we have to complain of!—And, blood-an-oons, Mr. Leslie, is this the question you're asking us afther all? What is it we have to complain of!—God help you. I'll tell you in one story; and that is only one out of a thousand. Do you see that woman on the straw there, in the corner yonder, and the six children about her?—and do you see those big boys here by me?—Well, they be all of a family. 'Tis three weeks to-morrow since they war all, themselves and the father of them, sitting at their dinner; and no great things of a dinner it was eether, but a pratee and a grain of salt. Howsomer, that's nothing; if they lave us to ate that same in pace, 'tis enough:—but, as I was saying, they war sitting to it—and who should come to the door, but the procther. Well, Ned Sheedy got up, and he axed him to eat a pratee. 'No,' says the procther, 'I'm in a hurry:—but how are you off for the tithe, Ned?' 'Oh,' says Ned, 'bad enough.' 'I'm sorry for that, Ned,' says he; 'for the tithe I must have.' 'Sure you won't mind a month or so,' says Ned; 'for the dickons a manes of giving it you I have now, save the crop in the ground, and the pig that I don't like selling for another while, to get the betther price for him.' 'Oh Ned, the tithe I must have,' says the procther; 'or, if I don't, I must have the pig; and if that won't do, I must have the table, Ned, or the chairs, or the dresser and the chancy; and if them won't do, I must have the bed, and the things on it, Ned.' Well, why, Ned said nothing;—for what could he say?—but he only looked at his childer:—and the wife afterwards told me that one big tear rolled down his face; but if it did, the procther did not mind it, but only said, 'Mr. Sheedy, I'll give you one week longer, and let me have the tithe then;' and

away he went. Well, 'twas the very next day afther, two soldiers came into the house to them, and sat down, like two lords, on the bed. Ned didn't say much, but quietly axed what they pleased to want? One of them laughed, and desired him go and be damned; and the other went over to Ketty Sheedy herself, that's his wife, and gave her a kiss. Now Ned minded nothing at all but this; and so he did what any man that was a man at all, would do—he up with his fist, and knocked him dead on the floor. The other runned at him—but Ned was a strong boy, and, 'faith, he'd have mastered him too, only that the other came to himself, and both war too much for him. They took and tied him with the leather belt of one of them, and left him on the floor, gibing of him. What else they did, I need not tell. When they went out, by and by Ketty loosed him. Ned went to your own father, Mr. George, the magistrate that is; and when he sent in for him, Mr. Leslie was at dinner, and so Ned had to wait better nor two hours; and when the magistrate opened his window, and Ned, with his hat off, toul't his story, this good magistrate toul't him to go and be damned for a crotty and a rebel, and that he'd have two more of the soldiers quartered on him; and as to his wife, she was no better nor a ——. I won't say before her what he called her; but Ned came away, and sat down in a chair under the chimney all night, and the poor woman herself was crying by him, with the infant at her breast. For the week Ned wasn't himself, to be sure; but when the time was out, the procther came. 'Well, Ned, the tithe. You won't refuse it me now, any how.' 'I have no tithe for you,' said Ned; and little blame to him to be vexed now. 'Well, no matter for that eether,' said the procther; 'but you have the pig, Ned, and the chairs and the bed. Come in,' said he to a parcel of people he had outside to help him. 'A fine pig he is too,' said the procther, as he drove him out the door; 'but we must take the bed too, Ned.' 'Can't ye take the chairs, or any thing else? Don't ye see my wife is lying on the bed now?' 'I can't help that,' said he; and he desired the woman to get up, laying houl't of herarra. 'Don't touch her,' said Ned; 'don't touch her, I tell ye—I warn ye not.' 'Never mind your warning, man! Tell the woman to get up out of this,' said the procther. 'Don't touch her again, I say,' said Ned. 'I'm not myself now; don't vex me too much.' But the procther didn't mind him; and, taking the baby from her breast, he let it fall on the ground.—(You see the mark over his eye?—That mark he got then.)—He was next going to take Ketty by the arm, but Ned took up a piece of a spade-three, and, without speaking, he gave him a wipe across the back of the head—and I'll engage, he never spoke a word afther. Well, what use in talking? Ned was tried by a special commission—the jury war all orange-boys—and in eight hours he was hanged up like a dog."

The speaker was interrupted by the sobs of the poor broken-hearted widow. She was

young; and, notwithstanding her pale, haggard countenance, well looking:—one child was on her bosom—five others, of different ages, lay miserably about her, and her two eldest boys stood by the opposite wall—one of them crying bitterly—but the other, with a look of the fiercest sternness:—there was revenge and wildness written in the lad's eye.—The speaker continued:—

“Yes, Mr. Leslie, look at them. Is this nothing to complain of? Is this no wrong? Are our wives to be insulted before our eyes—our childer to be tossed about like a bundle of hay? Is our only pig to be seized for a fat man that we never sees, nor gets good of?—Are we to be hung up ourselves, our wives to be left widows, and our boys and girls to be left without fathers—and when we—”

His mingled emotions overcame him; rage and grief choked his words, and the tears rushed down his rugged cheeks as freely as down those of the widow he spoke of. His feelings were sympathised with by all in the cabin except the fore-mentioned stern boy; and even Leslie himself participated in the general emotion. He had almost determined on the course he would pursue, before his coming to the rebel meeting; but the true and genuine Irish soul now burst through the fetters of pride, or the delicacy of education. He caught the speaker by the hand, and emphatically said, “Trust me, I will die with and for you.”

“We will trust you, Mr. George—we will trust you,” echoed every voice (except the before-mentioned boy,) and the original speaker finished, by saying,

“I give up the leading of those boys to you; not because I think you are better, or have more money than the rest of them, but because your name will serve the cause that I love better than command or money.”

Not many days after the acceptance of the rebel chieftainship by George Leslie, the following paragraph, confirmed by succeeding statements, appeared in the public prints.

About a quarter of a mile from the village of _____ in the county of _____, a party of the *th regiment, and three companies of Lord _____'s fencibles were attacked and routed with considerable loss, by a body of insurgents amounting to about 1,500. A circumstance of much more alarm, is the fact of their having been led by the son of Samuel Leslie, Esq., of the _____ county. This young man had been in the army, and is supposed to have spent what time he could secure, in training the persons under his command. This victory of the rebels is a strange, and, at the present crisis, an alarming testimony of the native prowess of the Irish, and proves that their cause, whatever be its moral or political merits, needs but discipline and good management to trample eventually upon all opposition. Mr. Leslie, the father is very unpopular in his county, and the influence of his son can, we understand, with difficulty secure his person and property from the vengeance of the

aggrieved inhabitants. Many of the gentry are on their way to the metropolis, and the lady of Earl Mauden is about to resort thither also for protection, while her noble husband determines to remain and defend his house, and join with the magistracy in effectual steps to the suppression of this threatening, and already too successful insurrection.

The above statement was true, and the evening after this battle, General Leslie, as he was called, received a letter, the contents of which were—

“GENERAL,—This is to inform you, that Lady Mauden sets out by day break to-morrow for Dublin. Now, seeing as how, his lordship is a strong man against us, I'm thinking, general, 'twould be the way to stop the carriage, and if you gets the wife, why the husband won't be no more much of an enemy to us, but in this matter you knows best yourself, and so, general, I remain, “Your's to command,

“DANIEL HARVEY.

“To General Leslie,
at the Camp at _____ hill.”

On the receipt of this note, George considered for some time, and, having adjusted his plans, he commanded a force of 500 of his best armed and best trained men, to attend him at midnight. Midnight arrived, and Leslie, having given instructions in case of his own delay or capture, set out with his 500 chosen men, and in about four hours, after a silent and unmolested march, found himself at the place of his destination. It was a wood on the side of a gentle hill, and through which ran the public road. This first required no small boldness in its occupants, for it was but one mile and a quarter from a town in possession of 3,000 of the king's troops, and watched by a vigilant, and, in too many instances, a relentless magistracy. But the boldness of the enterprise was its chief security; for while detachments of these 3,000 men and the different magistrates daily and nightly scoured the more distant neighbourhood, none dreamed for a moment that 500 of the insurgents would have dared attempt concealment almost within their very jaws. But Leslie and his 500 dared it, and for an hour waited in silence and in patience, listening to the tramp of many a party of horsemen passing at a small distance on the road, and sometimes overhearing the shouts and execrations with which he and his were devoted to death and damnation by the yeomen and regulars.

It was now five in the morning, and the words “'tis coming,” whispered from one of the scouts, ran through the party; there was a general movement, and Leslie, having seen that all was safe on the town side of the road, and behind the hill which covered him, divided his men to either side of the road. His only words were “Remember my orders.” they were on their peril to offer not the slightest personal injury to Lady Mauden. As to other directions, they had been also given before. There was a sudden turn in the road, near the place of ambush, but between

it and the approaching carriage, which last could not be seen until it had passed that part of the hill where it was cut through for the road; to this turn every eye was directed. The carriage came on at a rapid rate, escorted by a troop of the Enniskillen cavalry, under the command of Captain T——. The turn was gained, Captain T—— rode at the head of the party, and before the last trooper had appeared, a pan flashed from the wood, and the captain fell dead from his horse; there was a sudden halt, but before the troopers had time to rally their thoughts, a volley from each side of the road considerably lessened their numbers. The writhing of the wounded horses and the shrieks of the female servants, soon added to the confusion, and Leslie, fearing lest the noise would call the assistance of any neighbouring party of military, and thus disappoint his scheme, gave the preconcerted signal, and he and his party rushed forth on the astonished soldiers. These latter fought bravely for a few moments, but they were quickly overpowered, some few killed, some disarmed and made prisoners, and the rest put to flight. The coach was instantly secured, the foremost horses cut off, one of them having been killed, and the others turned in the opposite direction. When George Leslie opened the door, he found Lady Mauden fainting with terror; he ordered one of his men to fetch some water from a neighbouring stream; and having desired her ladyship's maid, who had recognized him, to attend to her mistress, and be silent, he commanded what arms lay on the ground to be collected, and the party then moved off at rapid pace.

It was fortunate for him that his retreat was not interrupted by one of the many scouting detachments of the yeomen or military. However, they arrived safely at the same cabin in which Leslie was at the first sworn a member and leader of the rebel army. The inner room of this cabin he had directed to be fitted with whatever little convenience could be procured, and into this room Lady Mauden was led, attended by her female servants. Leslie had found, on his return, that his expedition was already known about the country, and that the magistrates with double vigilance, and especially Lord Mauden, who had of course an additional and powerful excitement, were on the alert to surprise him. To guard against any such surprisal was the first concern of Leslie. He doubled his outposts, ordered all his forces to their arms, and even those who had been with him in the morning were given but time for a short repose and refreshment. But now that he was master of the person of her he loved beyond life, or any thing which life could give, what course with regard to her did he mean to pursue? Strange! but he was perfectly in doubt. Should he detain her even against her own consent? or should he yield to the impulse of honour, and restore her to her husband? But might he not prevail with her, by soothing words and vows of fondness and fidelity, to remain with him? There was little chance of that; the high virtue and honour of Lady Mauden precluded

the idea. Yet could he think of sullyng a cause which he had embraced from principle, by an act of perfidy and adultery? Alas! here he was blind; he thought not of guilt; the madness of his affection alone led him on. He knew not, he reasoned not, he scarcely thought, unless the wild whirl of a thousand thoughts can be called thinking. It was in this state of mind that he found himself at the door of the cabin-room in which Lady Mauden sat. Should he enter? At first he determined to do so; his throbbing anxiety then interfered. Again he had his hand on the latch; again he turned away; but at last, summoning all his resolution, he raised it, and found himself in her presence.

Whatever previous intention Leslie might for a moment have entertained with regard to Lady Mauden, he was now fixed in the resolution of conveying, or at least of having her conveyed to her husband's home. He knew that this, by his followers, would be considered as an act of treachery as well as of imprudence, since they looked upon Lady Mauden as an hostage, to be of no small importance in case of a defeat, or of stipulations. But this opposition he disregarded; he would stake his life upon the fulfilment of his promise to her that she should be returned to her friends; and that night he determined should be the time. However, to guard against contentions or divisions, so fatal to an insurrectionary cause, he determined to manage the affair with as much prudence as possible. For this purpose he at the present concealed his intention, and merely ordered a chosen body again to be ready at dusk, with Lady Mauden's carriage, hinting that she should be conveyed to a place of greater security. In the course of the day, several messages and letters were brought to the general from inferior officers, and from equals in more distant districts; his time was occupied in giving instructions consequent on the communications, and preparing for an important engagement that was expected the next or following day. But the evening at length arrived, and the time of parting from Emma was fast approaching. He hardly dared to meet it, even in thought, but it must be met.

It was now nine o'clock; the dusk was darkening, and the carriage was in attendance. Two hundred rebel horse were in readiness, and George waiting at the chamber-door. She came out, her veil down. He offered her his arm in silence, and, as she took it, she whispered, "I thank you for this." He could not reply; but handed her into the coach, and was about to close the door himself, when his arm was caught by a messenger, who said to him, with breathless and hurried accents, "Read this, general, and make haste." At the same time he put a printed paper into his hands. George read it, nor did he evince much alarm in his countenance, when he found it was a proclamation, offering "pardon and 2,000 guineas to any one who would bring alive, or pardon and 1,000 guineas to whoever would bring dead the said George Leslie."

Having gone through it, he remained for a moment in thought, his hand still on the carriage-

door, and then, looking at Lady Mauden, who had been watching him with intense interest, he put the proclamation into her hands. But *she* did not read it with his coolness. On coming to that part which said, "and whoever shall bring the said George Leslie, *dead*, shall be—" the peril of his situation among a set of men whom, as papists, she was from childhood taught to consider capable of any crime of treachery or assassination, rushed upon her mind, and she fell back in the carriage, overpowered with mingled horror, terror, and grief. The wildness and confusion of her thoughts prevented her from recollecting her own situation at the present instant, and when Leslie gently took the paper from her hands, she said, falteringly, "God protect you, George."

His answer was, "I care not much; they may do what they will or can; I am satisfied, since you—"

"Who, I!" she interrupted him hurriedly. "I—tell him to drive on—I, what—" alas, the struggle was vain—she fell forward upon his arm, and all was over.

Nothing now was heard by George but her sighs and hysteric sobs, nothing was seen but the fair face and disordered hair which lay upon his breast, nothing was felt by him but the heaving of *her* bosom, and the emotions of his own. He kissed her cheek, he wept, and the tears fell fast upon her. The crowd of sensitive Irish hearts around broke forth into sobs and utterances as violent as of those before them. They felt for them both, and with their pikes and guns ready to level them at the word of Leslie, and to the commission of almost any deed of fury or devastation, they still showed that they were men, and wept!

He gently raised Lady Mauden from where she had hidden her eyes in grief and shame—his bosom—and offered her his hand to remove her from the carriage. Alas! she now refused it not; all resolution and firmness vanished—what will not vanish before the strength and weakness of a woman's love? He led her into the apartment she had occupied during the day, he placed her upon a seat, and endeavoured to soothe her from the emotions of her heart. She became calm; she listened to his vows of fondness and fidelity; she repulsed him not when he kissed her hands; she was not angry when he pressed his lips upon her own—in a word she loved him; she loved him fondly, tenderly, distractedly—she loved him with all a woman's wild, fearless, and uncalculating love—but from that hour her peace had fled for ever!

The engagement which was mentioned as expected by the rebel troops in a day or two after the last occurrence, was, by the manœuvres and plans of their skilful leader, delayed until that day week. The result of that eventful struggle is too well known. It is needless to recapitulate it here. We will return to the spot whence we set out—the mansion of Lord Mauden.

His lordship himself, pale and distressed, sat in an armed-chair, and by his side Mr. Leslie, sen.,

and Mr. Fitzgerald, all magistrates of the county. It was in a back hall, paved with mosaic stone-work, with a venerable arched ceiling, supported on rude old fashioned pillars, that the party sat, and forms and chairs were disposed along the walls. Before them lay many papers, proclamations, informations, letters, and at one end of the hall stood six soldiers of Lord Mauden's father's regiment, the same to which young Leslie had once belonged. A servant stood at the door, as if he had just answered a call, and was waiting for his orders; he received them from Lord Mauden.

"Let the prisoners be brought in."

They were brought in, eight of them, and the foremost was George Leslie! His father was sitting with his side to the door, and a slight, convulsive motion passed over his features as he caught, with half a glance, the commanding and noble figure of his only and beloved son. He could not look directly at him, but, after the above half-fearful glance, fixed his eyes with a mingled sullen and vacant stare upon the wall. He was an old man, his back was stooped; but it was less from age than grief. His wrists rested upon his thighs, his fingers were clasped in each other, while he twisted his thumbs in a rapid manner round one another. George looked not at his father nor at Lord Mauden. Had he been only a rebel, he might have confronted them with ease, or perhaps with pride; but his conscience smote him fearfully; for he was the betrayer of his friend, and seducer of his wife! The other prisoners were, our friend Henneccy, two boys, one of them that stern son of the widow before mentioned, and the other, though as tall, yet bearing on his countenance the signs of fewer and more delicate years. The other four were of no particular importance further than, poor fellows! they may have thought themselves, about to be committed for trial as rebels.

The task of examination was left to Mr. Fitzgerald, as the most collected of the three magistrates, and he began with Henneccy, from whom, however, no direct reply could be elicited.

"The next question you refuse to answer," said the magistrate, sternly, "I shall order you instantly to be shot."

"Well, listen to me now: there's no use at all in your questioning of me, for the dickons an answer I'll give ye, excepting as I like; and it isn't the justice I'd be expecting from *you*, Mr. Fitzgerald, nor from *you*, Mr. Leslie, when you won't show it to your own boy, that you can now see before you with the hands of him pinioned as bad as my own; and tho' Lord Mauden is a good warrant at other times to do the poor right, yet he's too much of a king's man now, not to talk of the company he's in, to expect justice from him ather; and so ather jist telling ye all that there's no good in ye, that ye'r defating the country, and throwing us on every where by your house-burnings, and free quartherings, and orange murders, and tithings, and proclamations, and, as I may say, making drucks and drakes of the whole land—after jist telling you

this, I'll hold my tongue, for there's little use in talking. And 'tis Nick Hennecey that doesn't fear your shooting; so you may do the business now just as soon as ye like. I'm ready, and may ye, on your dying day, be as willing to go as them that'll die this day."

With a calm patience, Fitzgerald heard poor Nick to the end; and then, quietly changing his position, he said,

"Serjeant Morris, take this man to the yard, and shoot him before the next five minutes are over."

"I'm ready—God help the wife and the five orphans," muttered poor Hennecey, as they led him away. The four other men were next brought forward; but their answers being more satisfactory than those of Hennecey, they were remanded for trial at the ensuing assizes, Lord Mauden and Mr. Leslie having scarcely looked up at the prisoners.

Mr. Fitzgerald next called on the two youths, and remarked on their boyish appearance, demanding of the widow's son, "how he dared to engage with the rebels?"

"I'll tell you," he answered, and a fierceness of suppressed rage, almost beyond what his years could have felt, reddened upon his cheeks. "I'll tell you. I had a father; he was a poor man; they took his pig to pay the rector; they soult the chairs; they broke the bits of chany. He looked on, and didn't say nothing to it all; but" (and his face grew blacker) "when they hurt my poor mother, he—he did what I'd do myself, if I had the strength—he kilt him—and my father was hanged! 'Twas you, Mr. Leslie—'twas you that was the mane cause of having him prosecuted; and 'twas for this, Mr. Leslie, 'twas for this one thing only that I joined the boys—'twas to make you repint of that, and may this wither your head." As the boy spoke, he advanced towards the gentleman whom he addressed, thrust his hand into his bosom, and, pulling out a pistol, levelled it at his head; fortunately for Leslie, it missed fire. George Leslie ran towards the boy, and dragged him away. He for an instant looked at the deceiving weapon, then at his intended victim, and, in the wildness of disappointed rage, flung the pistol with all his might on the marble floor; and throwing himself back against the wall, neither threat nor entreaty could induce him to open his lips, until on the scaffold he renewed his curse on the failing weapon, and on him for whom it was intended.

When Mr. Fitzgerald turned to the other youth, who, by his timidity and tears, and down-cast countenance, betrayed a character most opposite to that of the former, George Leslie answered for him that he was the son of a distant tenant of his father's, who had been seduced into their cause, and that he himself was perfectly innocent of its nature. Perhaps pity for the lad, more than the remonstrance of George, induced Mr. Fitzgerald to pass him by, and he retired to a distant corner of the room, hiding his face, and sobbing convulsively. Lord Mauden and Mr. Leslie had been engaged in a low conversation during the presence of the last culprit at the

table, whom they had not at all observed, but now, on the name of George Leslie being called, they both started into attention. He refused to answer any questions—confessed his guilt in the fullest extent of the accusation, though he would not call it guilt—and only begged, as a favour, that the execution of his sentence might not be delayed.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "that I must too surely comply with your request. It is even the wish of your grey-headed and loyal father, who is here to-day to testify his sorrow for having caused the existence of so degenerate and false a son."

"Yes," said Mr. Leslie, now speaking, and turning to his unhappy son for the first time; but his voice faltered. "Yes, George, he says right; I am here to-day by my own choice; I agree with your sentence; if it was left to your father he would not reverse it; you're a traitor, George Leslie—you are a rebel, a leaguer with villains; you are not my son. Yes, let—let them do it—now, as soon—I'll look on, never fear—bid him kneel there—soldiers—come—do your—God help me!"

The old man could say no more; his hands were supported upon his walking-stick, which stood between his legs, and his forehead sunk down upon his hands—his sobs were violent and convulsive, and Lord Mauden suggested the propriety of executing the sentence elsewhere; but Mr. Fitzgerald was a man of little kindly feeling, or, as government afterwards represented him, a zealous and loyal magistrate, and his orders were quickly obeyed. Leslie walked firmly to one side of the hall, while the soldiers took their places on the other. He drew a white handkerchief from his bosom, held it to his lips, and gently threw it to the boy who had been remanded, and who still sat in the corner, sobbing and weeping piteously; perhaps he intended it as a parting token, to be borne to some one far off. But the boy on receiving it, suddenly checked his tears, and gazed wildly around. He beheld Leslie upon his knees, one hand before his eyes; he heard the words, "Father, I forgive you—Emma, farewell!" He saw the muskets of the soldiers levelled at their victim, and waiting but the deadly signal; with a loud wild shriek he sprang forward, and clasping George round the neck, fell dead to the earth with him, pierced by the same bullets. Almost at the same instant that young Leslie fell, his father dropped from his chair to the ground, on his face and hands. When they took him up, he was no more! Lord Mauden and Mr. Fitzgerald stood for a moment over the bodies of their victims. They both laid with their faces to the floor, quite dead. The former took up the handkerchief, which the boy still held in the grasp of death. He turned deadly pale. Upon one of its corners was a well-known and still beloved name: but he checked his emotions, and stooped to replace it in the hand whence he took it. Good God!—that hand—so soft, and white, and delicately small.—His heart beat violently—he turned the face of the boy—it was, HIS WIFE!

Original.

TO A CLOCK.

Cold monitor of passing time,
 Within thy circle of the fleeting hours
 Lie all the varied scenes of human life—
 Hope, joy, and transport, sorrow and despair:—
 Nay, proudly lord it o'er a feeling heart,
 Ere half thy brief circumference be run.
 'Tis midnight, from the deep and solemn bell
 Rings out upon the darkly silent air
 That sound that speaks of witchery and gloom—
 Of haunted sepulchres, and ghosts untomb'd:
 The sick man, restless on his fevered couch,
 Forgets his pain to note the lengthened chime—
 The infant slumbers on its mother's breast,
 Unconscious of the mute, untiring love
 That watches o'er its innocent repose.
 The mother breathes a brief and silent prayer
 For him whose path is on the restless deep—
 Whilst far upon the ocean, when the bell
 At midnight calls the watch, he treads the deck,
 Gazes abroad upon the star-lit wave,
 And thinks upon his home, and wife, and child.
 Day breaks—the rich and idle slumber on—
 The cool sharp air of morning is abroad;
 And homeward steals, with wan and haggard look,
 The spendthrift from his sickening debauch.
 But the fresh breezes of the matin air
 Are health and fragrance to the rosy cheek,
 Rising with early dawn, to hear the chaunt
 Of warbling birds, and cull the dewy flowers.
 Time passes onward—and thy faithful hand
 Marks every moment with relentless truth.
 In vain the urchin hurries on to school—
 The bell has ceased to toll the hour of nine:
 And the stern pedagogue, with brow severe,
 Points to the dial, and applies the rod.
 'Tis noon—the ploughman turns his weary steeds
 Beneath the grateful shade, and gladly hears
 The coach far sounding o'er the sunny fields.
 The good wife hath a dial, and can see
 The sun in his meridian—or perhaps
 An antique horologe, in walnut frame,
 Notes, with a heavy tick, the march of time.
 Far different in that busy hive of men,
 The crowded city—there, the frequent step
 Of money changers, and the varied hum
 Of traffic, and the gilded car of pleasure,
 And moving forms of beauty throng the scene:
 Pride, folly, pleasure, and the love of gain,
 Together hail the splendour of high noon.
 Evening comes on—
 The sun just tinges with a lingering ray
 Some lofty cupola, or gilded spire—
 Then youthful beauty rises from repose;
 Leaving the dear siesta's laziness,
 To woo the softness of the vesper air.
 Dim twilight veils the kindling blush, that warms
 The maiden's cheek, when whispered words grow bold,
 Urging a passionate and ardent love:
 Her heart throbs quickly, and the timid sigh
 Bears witness to the magic of the hour.
 Again the hour of midnight—youthful hearts
 Are beating joyously amid the light
 And music of the dance—soft rosy lips
 Pour forth the witching melody of song:
 Rich gems, and waving plumes, and sparkling eyes,
 Blend all their power with the perfumed air,
 Casting a fairy beauty o'er the scene.
 Still onward roll the chariot wheels of time,
 Unswerving in an even, rapid course—
 Though to the happy lover's ardent hope,
 They hardly move to reach the bridal day;
 And for the felon, in his narrow cell,
 Rush like a whirlwind to the hour of doom.

T.

YOUTH.

BY MISS LONDON.

And herein have the green trees and the blossoming
 shrubs their advantage over us; the flower withers and the
 leaf falls, but the fertilising sap still lingers in their veins,
 and the following years bring again a spring of promise and
 a summer of beauty; but we, when our leaves and flowers
 perish, they perish utterly; we put forth no new hopes, we
 dream no new dreams. Why are we not wise enough, at
 least more preciously to retain their memory?

Oh! the hours! the happy hours
 Of our other earlier time,
 When the world was full of flowers,
 And the sky a summer clime!
 All life seem'd so lovely then;
 For it mirror'd our own heart:
 Life is only joyful when
 That joy of ourselves is part.

Fond delight and kind deceit
 Are the gladness of the young—
 For the bloom beneath our feet
 Is what we ourselves have flung.
 Then so many pleasures seem
 Scatter'd o'er our onward way;
 'Tis so difficult to deem
 How their relish will decay.

What the heart now beats to win
 Soon will be unloved, unsought:
 Gradual is the change within,
 But an utter change is wrought.
 Time goes on, and time destroys
 Not the joy, but our delight:
 Do we now desire the toys
 Which so charm'd our childhood's sight?

Glory, poetry, and love,
 Make youth beautiful, and pass
 As the hues that shine above
 Colour, but to quit their glass.
 But we soon grow calm and cold
 As the grave to which we go;
 Fashion'd in one common mould,
 Pulse and step alike are slow.

We have lost the buoyant foot—
 We have lost the eager eye;
 All those inward chords are mute,
 Once so eager to reply.
 Is it not a constant sigh—
 Is it not most wretched too—
 When we mark the weary plight
 In which life is hurried through?

Selfish, listless, Earth may wear
 All her summer wealth in vain—
 Though the stars be still as fair,
 Yet we watch them not again.
 Too much do we leave behind
 Sympathy with lovely things;
 And the worn and worldly mind
 Withers all life's fairy rings.

Glorious and beautiful
 Were youth's feeling and youth's thought—
 Would that we did not annul
 All that in us then was wrought!
 Would their influence could remain
 When the hope and dream depart;
 Would we might through life retain
 Still some youth within the heart!

From a late English Magazine.

OF DOMESTIC NOVELTIES AT FIRST CONDEMNED.

It is amusing enough to discover that things now considered among the most useful and even agreeable acquisitions of domestic life, on their first introduction, ran great risk of being rejected by the ridicule or the invective which they encountered. The repulsive effect produced on mankind by the mere strangeness of a thing, which at length we find established among our indispensable conveniences, or by a practice which has now become one of our habits, must be ascribed sometimes to a proud perversity in our nature—sometimes to the crossing of our interests, and to that repugnance to alter what is known for that which has not been sanctioned by our experience. This feeling has, however, within the latter half century, considerably abated; but it proves, as in higher matters, that some philosophical reflection is required to determine on the usefulness, or the practical ability, of every object which comes in the shape of novelty or innovation. Could we conceive that man had never discovered the practice of washing his hands, but cleansed them as animals do their paws, he would for certain have ridiculed and protested against the inventor of soap, and as tardily as in other matters have adopted the invention. A reader, unaccustomed to minute researches, might be surprised, had he laid before him the history of some of the most familiar domestic articles which in their origin incurred the ridicule of the wits, and had to pass through no short ordeal of time in the strenuous opposition of the zealots against supernumerary luxuries and other domestic novelties. Our subject is an humble one, and deserves no grave investigation; I shall, therefore, only notice a few of universal use. They will sufficiently demonstrate that however obstinately man moves in “the March of Intellect,” he must be overtaken by that greatest of innovators—Time itself; and that, by his eager adoption of what he had once rejected, and by the universal use of what he had once deemed useless, he will forget, or smile at the difficulties of a former generation, who were baffled in their attempts to do what we all are now doing.

FORKS are an Italian invention; and in England were so perfect a novelty in the days of Queen Bess, that Fynes Moryson, in his curious “Itinerary,” relating a bargain with the patroness of a vessel which was to convey him from Venice to Constantinople, stipulated to be fed at his table, and to have “his glass or cup to drink in peculiar to himself, with his knife, spoon, and fork.” This thing was so strange, that he found it necessary to describe it. It is an instrument “to hold the meat while he cuts it, for they hold it ill-manners that one should touch the meat with his hands.” At the close of the sixteenth century, were our ancestors eating as the Turk-

ish noblesse at present do, with only the free use of their fingers, steadying their meat and conveying it to their mouths by their mere manual dexterity. They were, indeed, most indelicate at their tables, scattering on the table-cloth all their bones and parings. To purify themselves from the filthy condition of their tables, the servant bore a long wooden “voiding knife,” by which he scraped the fragments from the table into a basket, called “a voider.” Beaumont and Fletcher describe the thing,

“They sweep the table with a wooden dagger.”

Fabling Paganism had probably raised into a deity the little man who first taught us, as Ben Jonson describes its excellence,

“—— the landable use of forks,
To the sparing of napkins.”

This personage is well known to have been that odd compound, Coryat the traveller, the perpetual butt of the wits. He positively claims this immortality. “I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this FORKED cutting of meat, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home.” Here the use of forks was, however, long ridiculed; it was reprobated in Germany, where some uncleanly saints actually preached against the unnatural custom “as an insult on Providence, not to touch our meat with our fingers.” It is a curious fact, that forks were long interdicted in the Congregation de St. Maur, and were only used after a protracted struggle between the old members, zealous for their traditions, and the young reformers, for their fingers.* The allusions to the use of the fork, which we find in all the dramatic writers through the reigns of James the First and Charles the First, show that it was still considered as a strange affectation and novelty. The fork does not appear to have been in general use before the Restoration! On the introduction of forks there appears to have been some difficulty in the manner they were to be held and used. In “The Fox,” Sir Politic Would-be, counselling Peregrine at Venice, observes—

“—— then you must learn the use
And handling of your silver fork at meals’.

Whatever this art may be, either we have yet to learn it, or there is more than one way in which it may be practised. D’Archenholtz, in his “Tableau de l’Angleterre,” asserts that an Englishman may be discovered anywhere if he be observed at table, because he places his fork upon the left side of his plate; a Frenchman by using the fork alone without the knife; a German by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian by using it as a tooth-pick.

* I find this circumstance concerning forks mentioned in the “Dictionnaire de Trevoux.”

Holding the fork is a national custom, and nations are characterized by their peculiarity in the use of the fork at table.

TOOTH-PICKS seem to have come in with forks, as younger brothers of the table, and seem to have been borrowed from the nice manners of the stately Venetians. This implement of cleanliness was, however, doomed to the same anathema as the fantastical ornament of "the complete Signor," the Italianated Englishman. How would the writers who caught "the manners as they rise" have been astonished that no decorous person would be unaccompanied by what Massinger, in contempt, calls

"Thy care of tooth-picks and thy silver fork!"

UMBRELLAS, in my youth, were not ordinary things; few but the macaronis of the day, as the dandies were then called, would venture to display them. For a long while it was not usual for men to carry them without incurring the brand of effeminacy, and they were vulgarly considered as the characteristics of a person whom the mob hugely disliked, namely, a mincing Frenchman! At first, a single umbrella seems to have been kept at a coffee-house for some extraordinary occasion—lent as a coach or chair in a heavy shower—but not commonly carried by the walkers. The Female Tatler advertises, "the young gentleman belonging to the custom-house, who, in fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella from Wilks' coffee-house, shall the next time be welcome to the maid's pattens." An umbrella carried by a man was obviously then considered as extreme effeminacy. As late as in 1778, one John Macdonald, a footman, who has written his own life, informs us that when he used "a fine silk umbrella, which he had brought from Spain, he could not, with any comfort to himself, use it; the people calling out 'Frenchman! why don't you get a coach?'" The fact was that the hackney-coachmen and the chairmen, joining with the true *esprit de corps*, were clamorous against this portentous rival. This footman, in 1778, gives us further information. "At this time there were no umbrellas worn in London, except in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses, where there was a large one hung in the hall to hold over a lady or a gentleman, if it rained between the door and the carriage." His sister was compelled to quit his arm one day from the abuse he drew down on himself and his umbrella. But he adds, "that he persisted for three months till they took no further notice of this novelty. Foreigners began to use their's, and then the English. Now it is become a great trade in London." This footman, if he does not arrogate too much to his own confidence, was the first man distinguished by carrying and using a silken umbrella. He is the founder of a most populous school. The state of our population might now, in some degree, be ascertained by the number of umbrellas.

-COACHES, on their first invention, offered a fruitful source of declamation, as an inordinate luxury, particularly among the ascetics of monkish Spain. The Spanish biographer of Don John

of Austria, describing that golden age, the good old times, when they only used "carts drawn by oxen, riding in this manner to court," notices that it was found necessary to prohibit coaches by a royal proclamation; "to such a height was this infernal vice got, which has done so much injury to Castile." In this style nearly every domestic novelty has been attacked. The injury inflicted on Castile by the introduction of coaches could only have been felt by the purveyors of carts and oxen for a morning's ride. The same circumstance occurred in this country. When coaches began to be kept by the gentry, or were hired out, a powerful party found "their occupation gone!" Ladies would no longer ride on pillions behind their footmen, nor would take the air, where the air was purest, on the river. Judges and counsellors from their inns would no longer be conveyed by water to Westminster Hall, or jog on with all their gravity on a poor palfrey. Considerable bodies of men were thrown out of their habitual employments, the watermen, the hackneymen, and the saddlers. Families were now jolted in a heavy wooden machine into splendour and ruin. The disturbance and opposition these coaches created we should hardly now have known, had not Taylor, the waterman and poet, sent down to us an invective against coaches, in 1629, dedicated to all who are grieved with "the world running on wheels."

Taylor, a humourist and satirist, as well as waterman, conveys some information in this rare tract of the period when coaches began to be more generally used. "Within our memories our nobility and gentry could ride well mounted, and sometimes walk on foot, gallantly attended with fourscore brave fellows in blue coats, which was a glory to our nation far greater than forty of these leathern timbrels. Then the name of a coach was heathen Greek. Whoever saw, but upon extraordinary occasions, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Drake, &c.? They made small use of coaches; there were but few in those times, and they were deadly foes to sloth and effeminacy. It is in the memory of many, when in the whole kingdom there was not one! It is a doubtful question whether the devil brought tobacco into England in a coach, for both appeared at the same time." It appears that families, for the sake of their exterior show, miserably contracted their domestic establishment; for Taylor, the water-poet, complains that when they used formerly to keep from ten to a hundred proper serving-men, they now made the best shift; and, for the sake of their coach and horses, had only "a butterfly page, a trotting footman, and a stiff-drinking coachman, a cook, a clerk, a steward, and a butler, which hath forced an army of tall fellows to the gate-houses," or prisons. Of one of the evil effects of this new fashion of coach-riding, this satirist of the town wittily observes, that as soon as a man was knighted, his lady was lamed for ever, and could not, on any account, be seen but in a coach. As hitherto our females had been accustomed to robust exercise, on foot or on horseback, they were now forced to substi-

tute a domestic artificial exercise in sawing billets, swinging, or rolling the great rolier in the alleys of their garden. In the change of this new fashion they found out the inconvenience of a sedentary life passed in their coaches.

Even at this early period of the introduction of coaches, they were not only costly in the ornaments—in velvets, damasks, taffetas, silver and gold lace, fringes of all sorts—but their greatest pains were in pairing their coach-horses. "They must be all of a colour, longitude, latitude, cressitude, height, length, thickness, breadth—(I muse they do not weigh them in a pair of balances;) and, when once matched with a great deal of care, if one of them chance to die, then is the coach maimed till a meet mate be found, whose corresponding may be as equivalent to the surviving palfrey, in all respects, as like a broom to a besom, barm to yeast, or codlings to boiled apples." This is good natural humour, for the things mentioned under different appellations are not similar, but identical. He proceeds—"They use more diligence in matching their coach-horses than in the marriage of their sons and daughters." A great fashion, in its novelty, is often extravagant; true elegance and utility are never at first combined; good sense and experience correct its caprices. They appear to have exhausted more cost and curiosity in their equipages, on their first introduction, than since they have become objects of ordinary use. Notwithstanding this humorous invective on the calamity of coaches, and that "house-keeping never decayed till coaches came into England; and that a ten-pound rent now was scarce twenty shillings then, till the witchcraft of the coach quickly mounted the price of all things." The water-poet, were he now living, might have acknowledged, that if, in the changes of time, some trades disappear, other trades rise up, and in an exchange of modes of industry the nation loses nothing. The hands which, like Taylor's, rowed boats, came to drive coaches. These complainers on all novelties, unawares always answer themselves. Our satirist affords us a most prosperous view of the condition of "this new trade of coachmakers, as the gain-fullest about the town. They are apparelled in sattins and velvets, are masters of the parish, vestrymen, and fare like the Emperor Heliogabalus and Sardanapalus—seldom without their mackerones, Parmisants, (macaroni, with Parmesan cheese, I suppose,) jellies and kickshaws, with baked swans, pastries, hot or cold, red-deer pyes, which they have from their debtors, worships in the country!" Such was the sudden luxurious state of our first great coachmakers!—to the deadly mortification of all watermen, hackney-men, and other conveyancers of our loungers, thrown out of employ!

TOBACCO.—It was thought, at the time of its introduction, that the nation would be ruined by the use of Tobacco. Like all novel tastes, the newly-imported leaf maddened all ranks among us. "The money spent in smoke is unknown," said a writer of that day, lamenting over this

"new trade of tobacco, in which he feared that there were more than seven thousand tobacco houses." James the First, in his memorable "Counter-blast to Tobacco," only echoed from the throne the popular cry; but the blast was too weak against the smoke, and vainly his paternal Majesty attempted to terrify his liege children that "they were making a sooty kitchen in their inward parts, soiling and infecting them with an unctuous kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco-eaters, that after their death were opened." The information was, perhaps, a pious fraud. This tract, which has incurred so much ridicule, was, in truth, a meritorious effort to allay the extravagance of the moment. But such popular excesses end themselves; and the royal author might have left the subject to the town-satirists of the day, who found the theme inexhaustible for ridicule or invective.

COAL.—The established use of our ordinary fuel, Coal, may be ascribed to the scarcity of wood in the environs of the metropolis. Its recommendation was its cheapness, however it destroys every thing about us. It has formed an artificial atmosphere which envelopes the capital, and it is acknowledged that a purer air has often proved fatal to him who, from early life, has only breathed in sulphur and smoke. Charles Fox once said to a friend—"I cannot live in the country; my constitution is not strong enough." Evelyn poured out an entertaining invective against "London smoke." "Imagine," he cries, "a solid tentorium or canopy over London, what a mass of smoke would then stick to it! This filiginous crust now comes down every night on the streets, on our houses, the waters, and is taken into our bodies. On the water it leaves a thin web or pellicle of dust dancing upon the surface of it, as those who bathe in the Thames discern, and bring home on their bodies." Evelyn has detailed the gradual destruction it effects on every article of ornament and price; and "he heard in France, that those parts lying south-west of England, complain of being infected with smoke from our coasts, which injured their vines in flower." I have myself observed at Paris, that the books exposed to sale on stalls, however old they might be, retained their freshness, and were in no instance, like our own, corroded and blackened, which our coal-smoke never fails to produce." Coal-fires have now been in general use here three centuries. There was a proclamation, so far back as Edward the First, forbidding the use of sea-coal in the suburbs, on a complaint of the nobility and gentry, that they could not go to London on account of the noisome smell and thick air. About 1550, Hollingshed foresaw the general use of sea-coal, from the neglect of cultivating timber. In the country they persevered in using wood and peat, and still in many places continue this practice. Those who were accustomed to this sweeter smell, declared that they always knew a Londoner, by the smell of his clothes, to have come from coal-fires. It must be acknowledged that our custom of using coal for our fuel has pre-

vailed over good reasons why we ought not to have preferred it. But man accommodates himself even to an offensive thing, whenever his interest predominates.

Were we further to carry on a speculation of this nature, we should have a copious chapter to write of the opposition to new discoveries. The illustrious names of Vesalius on the study of anatomy, who was incessantly persecuted by the public prejudices against dissection; of Harvey in the discovery of the circulation of the blood, which led to so protracted a controversy that it was hardly admitted, even in the latter days of the old man; of Lady Wortley Montague in her introduction of the practice of inoculation; and, more recently, that of vaccination, and the ridicule of the invention of gas-light, are sufficient evidence that objects of the highest importance to mankind, on their first appearance, were slighted and contemned. Posterity smiles at the inaptitude of the preceding age, while it becomes familiar with those objects which that age had so eagerly rejected. Time is a tardy patron of true knowledge. A nobler theme is connected with the principle we have here but touched on—it is the gradual changes in public opinion—the utter annihilation of false notions, like those of witchcraft, astrology, spectres, and many other superstitions of no remote date; the hideous progeny of imposture got on ignorance, and audacity on fear. But one impostor reigns paramount—that plausible opposition to novel doctrines subversive of some ancient ones; doctrines which probably shall one day be as generally established as at present they are utterly decried; and which the interests of corporate bodies oppose with all their cumbrous machinery—but artificial machinery becomes perplexed in its movements when worn out by the friction of ages.

MATRIMONY.

HABIT and a long life together, are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment until he has passed many days, and above all, many days of misfortune. The married pair must know each other to the bottom of their souls; the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church, must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world. What! on account of a fit of caprice, or a burst of passion, am I to be exposed to the fear of losing my wife and my children, and to renounce the hope of my declining days with them? Let no one imagine that fear will make me become a better husband. No: we do not love a property which we are in danger of losing.

We must not give to Hymen the wings of Love, nor make a sacred reality a fleeting phantom. One thing alone is sufficient to destroy your happiness in such transient unions; you will constantly compare the one to the other, the

wife you have lost to the one you have gained; and, do not deceive yourself, the balance will always incline to the past, for so God has constructed the human heart. This distraction of a sentiment which should be indivisible, will empty all our joys. When you caress your new infant, you will think of the smiles of the one you have lost; when you press your wife to your bosom, your heart will tell you she is not the first. Every thing in man tends to unity; he is no longer happy when he is divided, and like God who made him in his image, his soul seeks incessantly to concentrate into one point, the past, the present, and the future.

The wife of a Christian is not a simple mortal; she is a mysterious angelic being; the flesh of the flesh, the blood of the blood of her husband. Man, in uniting himself to her, does nothing but regain part of the substance which he has lost. His soul, as well as his body, is incomplete without his wife; he has strength, she has beauty; he combats the enemy and labours in the fields; but he understands nothing of domestic life; his companion is waiting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has his crosses, and the partner of his couch is there to soften them; his days may be sad and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without a woman, man would be rude, gross and solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence, as the creepers of the forests which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian pair live and die united; together they rear the fruits of the union; in the dust they lie side by side; and they are re-united beyond the limits of the tomb.—*Chateaubriand.*

HEAT OF THE TROPICS.

THE mean temperature of the equatorial zone is as yet very imperfectly determined; but Humboldt thinks it does not exceed 80 degrees of Fahrenheit. The greatest summer-heats are found in countries contiguous to the tropics. On the Red Sea, for example, the thermometer is often seen to rise 100 degrees at mid-day, and to remain at 94 degrees during the night. In the production of this extreme heat, astronomical causes combine their influence with the local peculiarities of the circumjacent countries. A few degrees within the tropic the sun at mid-summer continues for a considerable space of time to pass very near the zenith; and the day increasing with the latitude, is longer than under the equator, so that the amount of nocturnal radiation is diminished. Among the local causes which contribute to give an excessive climate to the Arabian peninsula and the tropical countries of Africa, we may reckon the sandy surface, almost entirely deprived of vegetation, the constant dryness of the air, the direction of the winds, and the quantity of heat radiated from earthly particles carried about in the atmosphere.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

SUPERSTITIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

NO. 1.

IN that almost insulated part of the state of Massachusetts, called *Old Colony, or Plymouth County*, and particularly in a small village adjoining the shire town, there may be found the relics of many old customs and superstitions, which would be amusing, at least to the antiquary. Among others of less serious cast, there was, fifteen years ago, one which, on account of its peculiarity and its consequence, I beg leave to mention.

It is well known to those who are acquainted with that section of our country, that nearly one half of its inhabitants die of a consumption, occasioned by the chilly humidity of their atmosphere, and the long prevalence of easterly winds. The inhabitants of the village (or our town, as it is there called) to which I allude, were peculiarly exposed to this scourge, and I have seen, at one time, one in every fifty of its inhabitants gliding down to the grave, with all the certainty which characterises this insidious foe of the human family.

There was, fifteen years ago, and is, perhaps, at this time, an opinion prevalent among the inhabitants of that town, that the body of a person who had died of a consumption, was, by some supernatural means, nourished in the grave from the body of some one living member of the family; and that, during the life of this person, the body retained, in the grave all the fullness and freshness of life and health.

This belief was strengthened by the circumstance, that whole families frequently fell a prey to this terrible disease. Of one large family in this town, consisting of fourteen children, and their venerable parents, the mother and the youngest son only remained—the rest, within a year of each other had died of the consumption.

Within two months from the death of the thirteenth child—an amiable girl of about sixteen years of age—the bloom which characterised the whole of this family was seen to fade from the cheek of the last support of the heart-smitten mother, and his broad flat chest was occasionally convulsed by that powerful deep-toned cough which attends the consumption in our Atlantic states.

At this time, as if to snatch one of this family from an early grave, it was resolved by a few of the inhabitants of the village to test the truth of this tradition which I have mentioned, and which the circumstances of this afflicted family seemed to confirm. I should have added that it was believed that if the body, thus unnaturally nourished in the grave, should be raised and turned over in the coffin, its depredation upon the survivor would necessarily cease. The consent of the mother being obtained, it was agreed that four persons, attended by the surviving and com-

plaining brother, should at sunrise the next day dig up the remains of the last buried sister. At the appointed hour they attended in the burying yard, and having, with much exertion, removed the earth, they raised the coffin, and placed it upon the ground; then, displacing the flat lid, they lifted the covering from her face, and discovered what they had indeed anticipated, but dreaded to declare:—Yes, I saw the visage of one who had been long the tenant of a silent grave, lit up with the brilliancy of youthful health. The cheek was full to dimpling, and a rich profusion of hair shaded her cold forehead, while some of its richest curls floated upon her unconscious breast. The large blue eye had scarcely lost its brilliancy, and the living fullness of her lips seemed almost to say, “loose me, and let me go.”

In two weeks the brother, shocked with the spectacle he had witnessed, sunk under his disease. The mother survived scarcely a year, and the long range of sixteen graves is pointed out to the stranger as an evidence of the truth of the belief of the inhabitants.

The following lines were written on a recollection of the above shocking scene:

I saw her, the grave-sheet was round her,

Months had passed since they laid her in clay,

Yet the damp of the tomb could not wound her,

The worms had not seized on their prey.

O, fair was her cheek, as I knew it

When the rose all its colours there brought,

And that eye—did a tear then bedew it?

It gleamed like the herald of thought.

She bloomed, though the shroud was around her;

Her locks o'er her cold bosom waved,

As if the stern Monarch had crowned her,

The fair, speechless queen of the grave.

But what lends the grave such a lustre?

O'er her cheek what such beauty had shed?

His life-blood, who knelt there, had nurs'd her,

The living was food for the dead!

A belief in judicial astrology has been more or less prevalent in every part of the civilized world; and though this belief may have been popular only in proportion to the ignorance of the mass of the people, yet it will be acknowledged, by all who are acquainted with the events of the past century, that, though the ignorant may have been misled by the jargon of their superiors, yet the most learned, at times, were not only deceived by the imposing operations of the adepts, but were even dupes to their own imaginary acquirements.

In few places has this confidence been more general and implicit than in the old colony. A very large proportion of the inhabitants of that section of our country are seamen—a class of people remarkably tenacious of early opinions, and proverbially superstitious.

Whatever may be the nature of any popular belief, if there is not some special circumstance to give it authenticity, its influence is soon lost upon the minds of those who were most ready to receive it—it ceases to affect their actions, and is only brought to remembrance by some peculiar coincidence of circumstances. This may be the case at the present day with many of those superstitions which once agitated the minds, and influenced the actions of the old colonists; but the belief in judicial astrology will never be entirely lost from among them, while there is one alive who witnessed the event which I am about to relate.

Late in the last century, the Rev. Doctor S—, the clergyman of one of the three towns that lie on Plymouth Bay, had acquired the awe of his parishioners by his deep skill in the occult sciences, not less than their love and esteem by the purity of his doctrine and the excellence of his examples. He had calculated the nativity of very many of his congregation, and as the men were mostly “those who go down into the sea in ships,” he could not often fail when he predicted, with a solemnity which showed his own confidence in his art and demanded theirs, that they must ultimately find a watery grave.

Fully persuaded of his own powers, the reverend man was induced to calculate the extent of his own life. This was a matter of no small moment, and the good man was often seen at night by the neighbouring fishermen ascending a hill in the neighbourhood to “hold high converse with the stars.” The result of his calculations was not long a secret, for though he had confidentially entrusted the matter only to his two deacons, they had found means to divest themselves of the more weighty part of the secret, by hinting at a definite time, beyond which they might not expect the profit of the good man’s labours. It was, of course, soon noised through the town, that, on the morning of the 5th of July, 1795, he would, according to his own prediction, most assuredly be relieved from all the weight of earthly cares, and earthly sorrows. The whole of the week preceding the day he had marked as the termination of his earthly career, the pious man devoted to exhorting, directing, and comforting, those who had long looked up to him as a temporal as well as a spiritual guide. Early on the morning of the fatal Sunday, apparently dreaded by all more than himself, the oldest and most respectable of his parishioners assembled to await the result of the awful prediction. Eight o’clock was the hour which the Doctor had marked as the last of his existence, and to convince them of his confidence in his own art, he assured them that he had prepared no sermon for the day, and that he had set his house in order, in full persuasion that “he must die, and not live.”

He had finished a most pathetic prayer, when the hands of the clock indicated eight: the company stood in breathless anticipation—no change, however, took place—his pulse was regular, and no unusual sensation intimated even the distant approach of death; at length the Doctor observ-

ed, that, although he had been extremely careful in his calculation, yet he believed that he might have made an error in regard to time, to detect which he proposed examining anew his books. He accordingly rose to take them from a high projecting shelf, when the stool on which he stood, turning suddenly forward, threw him backward upon his head—he broke his neck, and expired immediately, without uttering a single word.

Since that unhappy affair, judicial astrology, although held in the highest admiration and reverence by the inhabitants, has been so dreaded that it has fallen into total disuse. A large slate slab, erected at the head of his grave, bears the age and character of the worthy clergyman, and tells, in a few words, the wonderful circumstances attending his death.

PUBLIC HOUSES.

THERE is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man’s house as if it were his own: whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome: and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servant will attend you with the alacrity with which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.—*Johnson.*

WOMEN in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men, whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of a sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their mind, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastic.

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THE DEAD MAN'S HAND.

THE DEAD MAN'S HAND.

Yet stay, fair lady; turn again,
 And dry those pearly tears;
 For see, beneath this gown of grey,
 Thy own true love appears.—PART'S RELIQUES.

WHAT a strange and appalling history would be that of superstition! how humiliating, how degrading to the boasted dignity of our nature! In all ages, this teeming source of error has yielded abundantly all varieties of phantasms,—the sublime, the solemn, the horrible, and the ridiculous: a mildew, a blight, on the fairest blossoms of truth; an excrescence, a coat of rust which eateth as a canker. And yet neither good nor evil is unmixed. Such is the nature even of our most baneful impressions, that instances do arise where good may come from so corrupt a source. The connection between material and immaterial, between mind and matter, so operates, that sometimes (and in proportion to the strength of the impression) a change is wrought by the mere control of the mind over the bodily functions.

To this operation may be ascribed the wonder-workings of these latter days: we do not question the effects thereby produced; but totally, unhesitatingly, deny the cause. Imagination, at times, doth so usurp the mastery over the animal and bodily faculties, that she has been known to suspend their ordinary processes, and to render the frame insensible even to the attacks of pain itself.

In one of the northern divisions of the county, (we know not the precise situation, nor is it needful to our purpose that we inquire,) there dwelt a comely maiden, who, at a period of little more than twenty summers from her birth, found herself in the undisturbed possession, if not enjoyment, of an abundant income, with a domain of more than ordinary fertility and extent. Her parents dying during the period of her youth, she, as the only offshoot of the family, held her dominion uncontrolled. That the possessor of such an abundant stock of liberty should wish to wear a chain, is verily a marvel not easily resolved: but so it was; and she seemed never so well pleased as when the links were firmly riveted. The forging of this invisible chain was a work performed in secret. She felt her thrall, but she sighed not to be free! for, alas! a grievous lady had seized her. The light of her eyes (a brisk and winning gallant, in the shape of a male cousin,) had departed. He went out to the wars, as was reported, and Ellen refused to be comforted: he knew not, peradventure, of her liking towards him: he was of a different creed, moreover; and she had, in the sovereignty of her caprice, treated him with something of petulance—he thought scorn. What a misfortune, that two fond hearts should have wanted an interpreter!

She sat one evening in her bedchamber, and Bridget, her maid, who had served her from a

child, was busily engaged in preparing her mistress for the night's repose. Now, Bridget was a zealous believer in miracles and the like; and Ellen would often disport herself gently on the subject.

"I wish I could believe in thy legends; it would verily be a comfortable disposition of my thoughts in all extremity, to have hope of a special interference."

"And why not?" said Bridget.

"Because," said her mistress, "I did not imbibe thy faith with my mother's milk, as thou hast done. 'Tis part of thy very nature, wench; and thou couldst not but act in conformity thereto."

"There have we the better of our birthright. But, nevertheless, those who repent, and turn to the true faith, have the same privileges; yet is it hard, as well it may be, to bend their stubborn nature to this belief.

"Well, Bridget, dost think that St. Somebody, or whoever I might take a fancy to for the purpose, would be propitiated by a few genuflexions, and restore me to health and—and—"

She faltered in her speech; the banter died away on her lips; memory gave a sudden twinge, and her heart grew dark under the dim cloud that was passing over.

"I would give the world, if I had it, to know what my cousin William is doing," said she, in a musing fit, as though some sudden fancy had crossed her.

"And why may you not?" said the ready-witted maid: "You must just take a phenix-feather in one hand, a cockatrice tooth in your mouth, and breathe on the glass, when, as the breath departs, they say your true love will appear therein."

"But he is not my true love, wench; and so I may not bind him with such spell, mayhap."

"How know ye that, fair mistress?"

"Go to; thou dost wound and vex me with thy questions. Hath he not been gone these five months, and never a word, good or bad, hath been rendered to me. Nay, did he not, ere he went, deport himself with most cold and supercilious arrogance, and even with neglect and disdain?"

"Because in your own bright self, lady, he had the first example; for of all the gay sparks that fluttered about you, there was never a one of them that had to endure such chilling looks, and so haughty a bearing, as were usually reserved for him."

"Hold thy tongue; thou dost presume too much, methinks, upon thy former freedoms, wench; I like not such unguarded speech."

Bridget was silent at this rebuke; and whatever was uppermost in her thoughts, no more was said that night.

The following days Ellen was much worse.—The disease appeared to be rapidly gaining strength, and the maiden seemed doomed to an early grave.

“And isn't it a silly thing for one like you to die so soon?” said Bridget.

Ellen smiled. The hectic flush was apparently on her cheek, and the fever that fed it was on her vitals; at least, so said the village chroniclers by whom it was told.

* * * * *

The following morning Bridget was early at the bedside of her mistress, with a countenance more than usually indicative of some important communication. But Ellen was the first to break silence.

“I have had a strange dream last night.”

“So I guessed,” said Bridget, with a face of great importance.

“There came, as I thought in my dream,” said Ellen, “a long-robed priest to my bedside:—he stood there some time; and when I asked him of his errand, he raised his right arm, and I saw that the hand was wanting, being taken off at the wrist. I marvelled exceedingly at this strange apparition; but as I was going to question him thereon, I awoke. I know not why, but the vision sorely troubled me, especially when again going to sleep, for it was repeated thrice.”

“It is a riddle,” said Bridget, “and one with a heavy meaning in it, too, if we could find it out.”

“Verily, I think so,” said Ellen; “for the impress doth not pass away like that from ordinary dreams, but rests with a deep and solemn power upon my spirit, such as I can neither throw off nor patiently endure.”

“I'll unriddle it for you, or go a pilgrimage to our Lady at Loretto,” said Bridget, determined not to be behindhand in her curiosity. So she set her woman's wits immediately to work; yet she saw her mistress daily losing strength, and no clue was obtained by which to know the interpretation of the vision.

One day Mistress Bridget brought in a tall beggar-woman, dumb, or pretendedly so, and apparently deaf. She made many signs that the gift of foreknowledge was in her possession, though she seemed herself to have profited little by so dangerous an endowment. Ellen, being persuaded by her maid, craved a specimen of this wonderful art. The hag, a smoke-dried, dirty-looking beldame, with a patch over one eye, and an idiotic expression of face, began to mutter and make an odd noise at the sight of the sick lady. She took a piece of chalk from her handkerchief, and began her work of divination. First, she drew a circle on the floor, as a boundary, or frame, and within it she put many uncouth and crabbed signs; but their meaning was perfectly unintelligible. Under this she sketched something like unto a sword; then a hideous figure was attached to it, with a soldier's cap on his head.

Before him was a heart that seemed to hang, as it were, on the point of this long sword; which, when Ellen saw, she changed colour, but attempted to smile; yet she only betrayed her agitation. The dumb operator drew one hand across her own breast, and with the other pointed to the lady, which appeared to Ellen as though intimating that a soldier had won her heart, and that this was the true cause of her illness. Such an interpretation, perchance, was but the conscious monitor speaking from within, as it invested this unmeaning hieroglyphic with the hue and likeness of its own fancies. But more marvellous still was the subsequent proceeding. Having revealed the cause, it seemed as though she were about to point out, obscurely as before, the method and means of cure. When she had drawn the long unshapely representation of a cloak, above it was placed something like unto a human head, without helm or other covering; and to this figure two arms were added,—one having a huge hand, displayed proper, as the heralds say; the other arm entirely destitute of this useful appendage. Ellen at once remembered her dream, and watched the process even with more interest than before.

The hand which should have been attached to the wrist was now drawn, distinct from the rest, as though grasping a heart wounded by the sword—and, doubtless, the interpretation, according to Bridget's opinion, was, that the application of a hand which had been severed from the body would alone cure the disease under which she pined. The dumb prophetess did not communicate further on the subject; and, after having received her bounty, she departed.

“How very strange!” said Ellen.

“Marvellous enough,” answered the maid.

“There is some mystery about this hand,” thought Ellen; but where to seek for a solution, was a mystery of equal magnitude with the rest. Bridget was sure, from the disclosures already vouchsafed, that the needful directions would not be withheld.

Ellen felt restless and disturbed for a while after this event; but her sensations were again reverting to their ordinary channel, when one morning she awoke in a fearful trepidation. She said that the figure of a human hand was visible in her slumbers; that it led the way, pointing to an old house, like a fortified mansion, with a moat and gatehouse before the main entrance. As she followed, the hand seemed to twine its fingers about her heart, and, for that time, she felt relieved of her pain. So vividly was the scene impressed upon her imagination, that she felt assured she should recognise the building again, and especially the interior, where, in a stately chamber, the miraculous cure was performed.

Affairs went on for a little time in this dubious state; but the continued and increasing illness of Ellen made it expedient that a change of air should be attempted, and the journey accomplished by short and easy travel. The family-coach was brought out; and Mistress Bridget, invested with the dignities of her office, went forth

as attendant of the body, and principal conductor of stores and packages.

Journeying southward at a slow pace, pausing to take a look where there was any object worth the attention, they came one afternoon (about the fourth day after their departure) to Wigan.—When they had journeyed thence a mile or so, as they were passing down a jolting road, Bridget, whose curious eye was ever on the look out, suddenly exclaimed, at the same time pointing through the window,

"I declare, if there isn't dummy again yonder!"

Ellen beheld the dumb sybil, whose predictions were not forgotten. Bridget, by her looks, seemed to ask leave to stop the carriage, and hold another conference with the woman; and Ellen, whom illness had rendered somewhat passive in such matters, did not make any opposition. Having accosted this walking oracle, Bridget courtesied with great reverence; but the beldame went straight to the carriage, addressing herself to the invalid within, by pointing to her breast, and making divers motions of the like signification, which were not easy to be understood, even by the party for whom they were intended. The prophetess seemed fully to comprehend that her symbolic representations were unintelligible; and no fitting place being at hand whereon they could be readily portrayed, she strove with the greater vehemence to explain their meaning. There appeared a more than ordinary anxiety, on her part, to communicate something of importance, and the travellers looked as though fully aware of it. Her most unequivocal signs, however, were to this purpose—that they should not proceed further. Ellen, impelled by fear and curiosity, spoke aloud,

"Surely we are not to remain here, at the beck of this woman!"

The one-eyed sybil nodded an affirmative.—This, at any rate, helped them to an easier mode of communication, finding that she was not deaf, as they had hitherto supposed.

"And whither shall we proceed?"

The woman here pointed to a narrow lane, on the right of the main road they were pursuing.

"Truly that seems but an indifferent path.—Wherefore should we turn in thither?" inquired Ellen.

Again the prophetess pointed to her own breast, and then at the bosom of the invalid.

"By this token I understand that in so doing I am to expect some relief."

Again nodded the officious intruder.

"But how shall that relief be obtained?"

The woman here lifted up her hand, again pointing towards the path by which they should proceed.

"Go and see, I suppose thou wouldst say," said Ellen.

Another affirmatory nod was the answer.

"Wilt thou be our guide?"

The person addressed, here darted a look at Ellen which seemed to express pleasure at the request, if pleasure it might be called, that could irradiate such an aspect. She put out her hand

for the customary largess ere setting forward as their guide on the expedition. Some difficulty now arose, by reason of the straitness of the path; but their dumb leader hastened up the lane with unusual speed; beckoning that they should follow. From this signal it appeared that there was sufficient room, and the postilion addressed himself to proceed by so unusual a route.

They went forward for about a mile with little difficulty; but a sudden turn, almost at right angles with their course, presented an obstacle which the driver hesitated whether or not to encounter; but it was impossible to return, though they were not without serious fears that the weird woman might lead them on to a situation from which they could not extricate themselves. Still she beckoned them forward, until they emerged into another and a wider road, on which they travelled without further impediment.

Ellen, whose eyes were abundantly occupied, suddenly assumed a look of greater fixedness and intensity. For a while she seemed nearly speechless with amazement. At length she cried,

"'Tis there!—There!"

Bridget looked forth, but saw nothing worthy of remark, save an old gatehouse, over a dark lazy moat, secured by heavy wooden doors.

This gatehouse was apparently the entrance to a court or quadrangle, inclosed by buildings of wood and plaster of the like antiquity. Their guide stood on the bridge, as though to intimate that their wanderings would here terminate.

"I have seen it before," said Ellen, with great solemnity and emotion. Bridget, perhaps, fancied her mistress's thoughts were wandering strangely, and was just going to recommend rest and a little of the medicine she carried, when Ellen again spoke, as though sensible of some incoherency in her remark:—"In my dreams, Bridget."

"Is this the house you saw when—?"

"The very same. I should know it again; nor should I forget it, if I were to live to the age of the patriarchs."

Ellen determined to alight, and witness the issue of the adventure; so, in due time, these forlorn damsels were seen advancing over the bridge unto this enchanted castle.

"The beldame knocked loudly at the gate, and immediately she sprung back; but when the travellers again looked round, she was gone!"

Now were they in a precious dilemma. Two females before a stranger's gate—the warden a-cooming, when their business would of necessity be demanded. A tread, every footstep of which might have been passing over them, was close at hand. The bolts shrieked—the gate shook—and a curious face peeped forth to inquire their errand. He threw the gate wide open, and invited them to follow: after which, he led them through a clumsily-ornamented porch into the great hall; at the end of which was a low gallery, supported by pillars and pilasters richly and profusely carved. From these, arches were sprung; and a flight of stairs, at one end, led to the upper chambers.

Their guide preceded them into a small wainscoted room, fitted up as a study, or perhaps an oratory in those days. A wooden crucifix was placed in a recess, occasionally covered by a green curtain. Shelves, laden with books, occupied the further end of the room, and writing-materials were laid upon an oak trestle or table, before which sat a tall white-haired personage, in a suit of sables, to whose further protection the porter left his charge.

Ellen had suffered herself to be led passive, hitherto, by her maid; but when she saw that they were now fairly committed to the disposal of a stranger, (for so he appeared,) she felt uneasy, and anxious to depart. The room and the whole scene were vividly brought to her recollection; for she fancied that, at one time or another, she had been present in a similar place.

Bridget courtesied. "Here is a sick person who would have the benefit of your prayers," said she. The pale and wasting form that was by her side sufficiently corroborated her truth.

"If she have faith, I will cure her malady. What sayest thou?" He fixed his clear grey eye upon her, and Ellen felt as though some charm were already at work, and a strange tingling went through her frame. She stammered out something like an assent, when the stranger carefully proceeded to unlock a little cabinet, inlaid with ivory and gold, from which he took out a white silk-bag that diffused a grateful perfume through the chamber. He opened up a prayer before he unloosed the strings; after which, with great formality and reverence, he drew forth a human hand, dried and preserved (apparently by some mysterious process) in all its substance and proportions. Ellen was dumb with astonishment. Bridget could with difficulty refrain from falling on her knees before this holy relic; and her delight would easily have run over in some form of extravagance, had it been suffered to have free vent. To this relic, doubtless, had the predictions referred; and she doubted not its power and efficacy.

"This rare and priceless thing," said he, "was once the right-hand of an English martyr, Father Arrowsmith by name, put to death for his holy profession; in consideration whereof it is permitted that an honourable testimony be rendered to his fidelity, by the miracles that it doth and shall work to the end of time. Rub it thrice on the part affected, and mark the result. If thou receive it with humility and faith, trusting in Heaven, from whence alone the healing virtue doth flow,—these holy relics being, as it were, but the appointed channels and conduits of His mercy,—thou shalt assuredly be healed."

But Ellen was at some loss to know the precise situation of her complaint, until she recollected the picture drawn by the dumb fortune-teller, who described the heart alone as touched by this miraculous hand. Yet in what manner to make the application was a matter of some difficulty.

Bridget again relieved her from the dilemma.

"If it so please your reverence, the seat of the complaint is not visible. Suffer us to use it pri-

vately. We will not carry forth nor misuse this precious keepsake."

"I fear not for the harm that can happen to it by reason of mischievous devices. If taken away, it would assuredly return hither. Should the lady have some inward ailment, let her lay it as near as may be to the part where she feels afflicted, and keep it there for a space until she findeth help."

The two visitors were then shown into another chamber; and here Bridget, with great devoutness, and a firm faith in its efficiency, placed the dead cold hand upon her mistress's heart. Ellen shuddered when she felt its death-like touch. It was either fancy, or something more; but she really felt as though a load were suddenly taken away,—an oppression, an incubus, that had continually brooded over her, was gone. Surprised, and lightened of her burden, she returned into the oratory, and gave back the relic, along with a liberal offering, into the hands of the strange personage. He said there would scarcely be occasion for a repetition of the act, as it was evident the faith of the recipient had wrought its proper work.

The day by this time being far spent, he begged permission to introduce Ellen to the Lady Gerard, who, as mistress of the house, he said, would be much gratified to afford them entertainment, and, if need were, shelter for the night. On hearing the name of her visitor, this kind lady would take no denial, but expressed herself warmly on the folly and imprudence of an invalid being exposed to the night air; and Ellen, delighted with the change she felt, was all compliance and good nature. After a little hesitation, she suffered her first refusals to be overcome, and the night wore on with pleasant converse. By little and little, Lady Gerard won the confidence of Ellen, who seemed glad that she could now speak freely on the subject nearest to her heart.

"It is marvellous enough," continued Lady Gerard, "that you should have been conducted hither; for in this house there is a magic mirror, which may, peradventure, disclose what shall relieve your anxiety. On being looked into, after suitable preparations, it is said (for I never tried the experiment) to show wondrous images within its charmed surface; and like the glass of Cornelius Agrippa, of which we have a tractate in the library-chamber, will show what an absent person is doing, if the party questioning be sincere, and anxious for his welfare."

"I have long wished," said the blushing Ellen, "that I might see him of whom our evening's discourse hath, perchance, been too much conversant. I would not for worlds that he knew of my wish; but if I could see him once more, and know the bearing of his thoughts toward me, I could now, methinks, die content."

"This very night, then, let us consult the oracle," said Lady Gerard; "but there must not be any witness to our exploit: so while away your impatience as best you may, until I have made the needful preparations for our adventure."

Ellen could not repress her agitation when, after waiting alone for a little time, her kind hostess came to summon her to the trial. She was conducted up the staircase before mentioned, and through a corridor of some length. The lamp grew pale and sickly in the cold wind of the galleries they trod. Soon, however, they paused before a low door. Lady Gerard pressed her finger on her lip, in token of silence. She then blew out the light, and they were involved in total darkness. Taking hold of Ellen's arm, which trembled excessively, within her own, she opened the door, but not a ray was yet visible. She was conducted to a seat, and Lady Gerard whispered that she should be still. Suddenly a light flashed forth on the opposite side, and Ellen saw that it came from a huge antique mirror. A form in male attire was there discernible. With a slow and melancholy pace he came forward, and his lips seemed to move. It was—she could not be mistaken—it was her cousin William! She thought he looked pale and agitated. He carried a light which, as it glimmered on his features, showed that they were the index of some internal and conflicting emotion. He sat down. He passed one hand over his brow, and she thought that a sigh laboured from his lips; but as she gazed, the light grew dim, and, ere long, the mirror ceasing to be illuminated, again left them in total darkness. A few minutes elapsed, which were swollen to long hours in the estimation of the anxious and wondering inquirer. Her companion again whispered that she should await the result in silence. Suddenly the light flashed out as before, and she saw the dumb fortune-teller instead of the individual she expected. Her features were more writhen and distorted than ever; and she seemed to mutter (it might be) some malignant spell, some charm, the operation of which

was for some unknown and diabolical intent.—Ellen shuddered as the weird woman took a paper roll from her bosom. Unfolding it, there was displayed the figure of her lover, as she supposed, kneeling, while he held out his hands toward the obdurate heart which he in vain attempted to grasp.

"I have wronged him," said Ellen, in a whisper to her companion; "if I interpret these images aright, he now sighs for my favour; and—would that we had known each other ere it was too late!"

"He knows now," said lady Gerard; and immediately the dumb prophetess was at her side. She threw off a disguise, ingeniously contrived, and Ellen beheld her cousin William!

The magic mirror was but an aperture through the wainscot into another apartment; and the plot had been arranged in the first place by Mrs. Bridget, who had been confederate with the handsome, but somewhat haughty wooer, having for his torment a maiden as haughty and intractable as himself. Thus, two loving hearts had nigh been broken for lack of an interpreter.

William's absence had taken deeper hold on Ellen's finely-tempered frame than was expected; and it was with sorrow and alarm that he heard of her illness. His distant relative, Lady Gerard, to whom he had retired for a season, spake of the marvellous hand, which she was sure would cure any disease incident to the human frame. It was absolutely needful that a cure should be attempted, along with some stratagem, to conquer the yet unbroken obstinacy in which (as with a double panoply) Ellen had arrayed herself. The result of the experiment has been shown. She was united to her cousin ere a few months were old and the "merrie spring" had melted in the warm lap of summer.

WINTER CAROL.

Leaves are falling,
Birds are calling,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Winds are blowing,
Summer's going,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Flowers are dying,
Breezes sighing,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Fields once bloomy,
Now look gloomy,
Let us fly, let us fly.

From this bleak dominion, where winter waves his pinion,
To a sky that's brighter, on a breeze that's lighter,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Where the hours are fleetest, where the night is sweetest,
Where in gentler measure, life is linked with pleasure,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Why should we linger lonely, the two remaining only,
When here the storms pursue us, and there the sunbeams
woo us!

To that happy sky,
Let us fly, let us fly,

SUMMER CAROL.

Buds are springing,
Birds are singing,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Winter's going,
Spring is glowing,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Like a maiden,
Flow'rs array'd in,
Let us fly, let us fly.

See, the comer
Laughs, young summer,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Winter leaves the bow'r, that springing from his pow'r
Takes again its dow'r, bud, and bloom, and flow'r,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Laughing seasons woo us, storms no more pursue us,
Bending trees invite us, laving streams delight us,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Why linger we thus lonely, the two remaining only,
When every once loved pleasure, forms a glorious ter-
sure?

To that happy sky,
Let us fly, let us fly.

A DAY'S PLEASURE IN THE COUNTRY.

"THERE are a great many pleasures of which I have not the slightest comprehension. All those included under the names of rural enjoyments, unsophisticated tastes, country pursuits, are to me marvels and mysteries. All my plans for the diffusion of happiness have even to my own eyes been impracticable; for all the world cannot live in London. I am, I confess it, born and bred, in theory and in practice, a Cockney. I have no fancy for sitting in a punt, catching fish and cold together, and going home with three gudgeons and a sore throat. Neither do I desire to enact perambulating poulterer, accumulating landed property enough for a freehold, in the shape of mud on my boots; consigning in my secret soul every partridge to purgatory. I prefer a sofa to the most delicate green moss that was ever haunted by fairies. O, lakes that are so beautiful in poetry! O, prospects that are so lovely on paper! ye are about to lose for me all your charms—for I shall see them; and, alas! to see the beauties of nature is to reverse the old proverb, 'Seeing is not believing.'"

Frank Staunton was roused from his reverie by the loud blowing of a horn, on which the guard was expending breath enough to have lasted half an existence. Despite his soliloquy, he was fully alive to the exquisite though dusky landscape around: a purple shadow indicated the lovely lake of Ulleswater, upon which were flitting two or three scattered barks, with their phantom sails. Gleaming amid the trees, now in their thickest foliage, a light shone from every cottage: the moon was not up, but the evening star had many companions; and in the West one clear and lucid line, like melted amber, was yet bright with the memory of sunshine. The boughs of the hawthorn, on which the dew was just rising, swept against the coach as it passed rapidly by; and the fragrance on either side told that the hay was making in the adjacent fields. The mail stopped at the corner of a lane, amid the clamour of a dozen young voices, asking, in every variety of tone, if "their cousin was arrived." "How d'ye do's?" and "I am glad to see you's," were soon despatched:—so was supper. Frank saw that his female cousins were pretty, ill-dressed, and with louder laugh and voice than were admitted within his creed of lady-like. His uncle and aunt were of that denomination called respectable, worthy, matter-of-fact people, who have no nerves, and whose idealism has never been developed. "We have chosen your bedroom," said his eldest cousin, at parting, "because the nightingale sings in the tree opposite." The room was very low, and felt very hot—for the sun had been shining on it all day; and light and air were things never excluded from Ulleswater Cottage. Fatigued with his long journey, Frank hurried into bed; but the instant all became hushed, his ear was caught by "the mournful music" of the nightingale, whose sweet com-

plaint was now begun. "How very sweet!" exclaimed our hero—five minutes, ten, nearly a quarter of an hour; and though he at first concealed the fact from himself, that incessant "jug jug, trill, trill," was excessively tiresome. Now, Frank Staunton had really some poetry about him—nay, had published verses full of tenderness and feeling about moonlight, nightingales, roses, and recollections; he had, therefore, a character to support: but it was at last not to be borne; he jumped out of bed, dashed down the window, with an ejaculation of, "That cursed bird!" Among other metropolitan predilections, was that of late rising; but by five o'clock next morning all the house was in motion: the children ran overhead as if, like the lances of old, they were shod with iron; and every cousin that passed along the passage thought it an act of courtesy to knock at his door. He got up in self-defence; and as soon as he appeared, three parties at once contended for his company: his aunt wanted him to come and look at her turkeys—his uncle wanted him to see his pigs; while the boys were equally impatient that he should join their shooting party. As usual, clamour carried the day, and he was dragged off to the rookery. With Washington Irving strong on his memory, a rook-pie seemed little short of sacrilege. Such a waste of powder and noise as ensued! the rooks screamed, the children shouted, and every moment a gun went off close to his ear: and all this waste to be taken fasting. Long before the summons came to the breakfast-table, Frank had arrived at the second stage of fasting, viz. a sick distaste to food: an appetite is not, like grouse, the better for keeping. The rapid way in which breakfast was despatched, did not permit of the hospitable distress that would otherwise have been called forth by the sight of his undiminished pile of provisions?

There is a species of entertainments peculiar to our islands, called in Wales "grass parties," in Jersey "milk parties," and at Greenwich and Richmond "*pic nics*:" they are days devoted to all those inconveniences which at less-favoured periods would, to use an expressive Irishism, "set you mad." You give up the comforts of civilized life—tables and chairs are *de trop*—one glass does the work of many—and your dinner is spread on the grass, for the benefit of the ants, earwigs, and other insects. It was for the celebration of one of these mistakes (for they are called pleasure) that the Selby family assembled in a large cart, without springs, destined to traverse the roughest of roads that ever destroyed your nerves, and threatened your joints. Two young men joined the party, and, quite as matter of right, appropriated the seats by the two eldest girls; and Frank was jammed into an inconceivably small space between his uncle and his aunt, both of whom maintained an unceasing flow of discourse—one touching his turnips, the other

her turkeys; while the younger children kept up an incessant and Babelish din. At length they arrived at a nook in a small wood: the father and mother, with the four younger ones, stayed behind to get dinner ready, while they enjoined the others to go and walk for an appetite;—an injunction Frank, at least, thought very needless. However, off they went, under a broiling sun, over hedge, ditch, hill and dale; while to Staunton it was obvious that the two young men took an underbred pleasure in tiring, or trying to tire, the London stranger to death.

“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz walls I bent my way,”

thought Frank, as he toiled up the half-dozen hot hill, for the sake of the prospect, which he alone was expected to admire—the others, as they observed, having seen it so often. At length they returned to the little wood; the stump of an old oak looked very inviting, and there Frank was about to sit, when his second cousin, William, caught his arm, exclaiming, “Lord, mother! you have laid the cloth close by the wasp’s nest.” All hurried off—but not till Staunton’s left hand was as an armoury, in which a score of wasps had left their stings. All hurried off, two or three dishes and plates broken, also the gooseberry pie dropped in the scuffle; but as soon as they were seated, due attention was bestowed on Frank’s wounds: a key was produced from Mrs. Selby’s ponderous pocket, destined to extract the stings; and when, in spite of the universal declaration “that it was the best thing in the world,” he averred his conviction that it was the worst, and withdrew his hand, it had just the appearance of a honeycomb. Dinner proceeded; all seated themselves on the grass, nobody knowing what to do with their feet or their plates, Christians not being so handy as Turks. There was some romping, and a great deal of laughter excited by that local wit which is so utterly unintelligible to a stranger. Mr. Selby ate like an Abyssinian, and drank like a Saxon: he was one of those true-born Englishmen whose morality is beef, and whose patriotism is ale. The repast was concluded, and both he and his wife dropped off in their accustomed nap, with the mutual exclamation, “Frank, we have a water-party in store for you to-morrow.” The party dispersed: Staunton saw the receding figures of his two fair cousins with the two young men; one of whom was entertaining his companion with the history of his brown mare’s cold, and the other was being eloquent in praise of his liver-coloured pointer: the ladies, however, seemed very well entertained. The wind had changed, and it was one of those raw, piercing evenings which pay November the delicate flattery of imitation: there was a melancholy rustling in the leaves, a dim mist rising from the lake; and the visitor walked “the greenwood glade” alone, his teeth chattering, and a small chill rain beating in his face. This small rain gradually took a more decided form and became a heavy pelting shower. Mr. Selby’s voice was heard calling on the party to assemble together: they did so, and again the cart bore its

crowded company. Suddenly it was discovered that Staunton was missing. To make short of a long story, they called, they hunted, but in vain: it was now getting dark, and home they were obliged to go—but minus their cousin. One supposed he was drowned, and another that he had fallen into some old gravel-pits; a third suggested that murders had been committed ere now. The evening closed in on a collection of those lugubrious tales that are the delight of an English fire-side. But the next day they were, indeed, seriously alarmed; for notidings could be learned of Frank Staunton, a ghastly fear seized on the whole neighbourhood—he might have been Burked! Sacks and pitch-plasters were that day the sole topics of discourse in the neighbourhood of Ulleswater. Next morning, however, came the post, and with it a letter: it was from Frank Staunton, and ran thus:—

My dearest Aunt—There are some temptations that are irresistible; that of the London mail passing by my path, proved so to me. I called to the coachman, got up by the guard, and was miles on my journey before I remembered aught but the happiness of a return to town. I shall ever retain the most grateful recollection of your kindness; I will send my cousins the prettiest of the new *Annals* this year: but I’ve “made a vow, and registered it in heaven,” never again to stir beyond the bills of mortality.—Your affectionate nephew,

FRANK STAUNTON.

GARRICK'S PRECEPTS TO PREACHERS.

THE celebrated Garrick having been requested by Dr. Stonehouse to favour him with his opinion as to how a sermon ought to be delivered, the English Roscius sent him the following judicious answer:—“My Dear Pupil: You know how you would feel and speak in a parlour, concerning a friend who was in imminent danger of his life, and with what energetic pathos of diction and countenance you would enforce the observance of that which you really thought would be for his preservation. You could not think of playing the orator, of studying your emphasis, cadences, and gestures; you would be yourself; and the interesting nature of the subject impressing your heart, would furnish you with the most natural tone of voice, the most proper language, the most engaging features, and the most suitable and graceful gestures. What you would be in the parlour, be in the pulpit; and you will not fail to please, to affect, and to profit.

It is the power of attention which, in a great measure, distinguishes the wise and great from the vulgar and trifling herd of men. The latter are accustomed to think, or rather dream, without knowing the subject of their thoughts. In these unconnected roving they pursue no end; they follow no track. Every thing floats loose and disjointed on the surface of their minds, like leaves scattered and blown about on the face of the waters.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THAT grumbly postman o' the night,
The beetle sounds his eiry horn,
The lamb's last bleat comes frae the height,
She seeks her dewy bed till morn—
The harper kail has bumb'd his strings,
And labours at his uncouth strain;
While every note the blackbird sings,
I'm feared may be his last Amen.

Then what can all my bonny Jane,
Wha wou't to be sae kind to me,
That here she lets me bit me lane,
And strain my een out ower the lea?—
There's naught, I ken, sae hard to bide,
It racks the very soul within—
I'd rather watch on cauld hill side,
Or stand in water to the chin.

The heathcock's bay comes down the gate,
The glooming stern croops o'er the hill;
Ilk sangster cowers beside his mate,
And has o' dear delight his fill;
While I may sit an' glower till morn,
Nor hear a sound from tower or tree,
Except yon cralk's among the corn,
An' he has tint his love like me.

Poor bird, he's lonely in the dell,
And harps a note o' black despair,
And though forsaken like mysel,
I only laugh at him the mair.
His loss is but a motely quean,
Of cutty-tail, an' tawney hue;
But sic a flower as my dear Jane,
For love ne'er brushed the e'en'ing dew.

'Tis really mair than heart can bear,
I shall gang daft, ere it be day;
But yet the lassie is sae dear,
I downa bide to gang away.
Hush, Collie! hush! What's that I hear—
A smothered laugh ayant the tree?
There's some sweet pawky listener near,
The sweetest sound on earth to me.

"Ha! pawky Jane, how came ye here,
Round by the wrang side o' the knowe?
This night, some lither lad, I fear,
Has rowed ye in his plaid ere now."
"What's that to you? But I thought right,
To come an' tell you to gang hame;
I canna come to court the night,
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came."

"Provoking elf! come o'er the dike,
An' woo till day light ope her ee—"
"Na, thank ye, lad—befa' what like,
The wa' shall stand 'twixt you an' me;
I thought it hard that you should sit,
An' flite a' night sae gruff an' grum,
Sae I came ower on lightsome fit,
To tell you that I couldna come."

Out ower the dike I laup—I flew!
An' ere she gat a blink to chide,
I had her seated on the dew,
An' closely press'd unto my side.
But O! the taunts an' blither scorn
That I endured a while were sair,
Yet never till the break o' morn
Did she propose to leave me mair.

Love has a deal o' grief an' gloom,
Muckle to hope an' sma' to have;
Yet there are little blinks o' bloom
Sae sweet, the heart nae mair can crave—

Some little tints of loveliness,
Beyond what angels can enjoy—
O' earthly love they hae nae guess,
Though theirs is bliss without alloy.

And there's a joy without a sting,
With a dear lassie by your side,
A virtuous, lovely, loving thing,
Whom you intend to mak' your bride:
That is a bliss, befa' what may,
That makes man's happiness supreme—
It winna sing—it winna say,
But lasts like an Elysian dream.

From the London Literary Gazette.

USE OF PHRENOLOGY.

AWAY with all doubt and misgiving,
Now lovers must woo by the book—
There's an end to all trick and deceiving,
No men can be caught by a look.
Bright eyes or a love-breeding dimple
No longer their witchery fling;
That lover indeed must be simple
Who yields to so silly a thing.

No more need we fly the bright glances
Whence Cupid shot arrows of yore;
To skulls let us limit our fancies,
And love by the bumps we explore!
Oh, now we can tell in a minute
What fate will be ours when we wed:
The heart has no passion within it
That is not engraved on the head.

The first time I studied the science
With Jane, and I cannot tell how,
'Twas not till the eve of alliance
I caught the first glimpse of her brow.
Casualty finely expanding,
The largest I happened to see;
Such argument's far too commanding,
Thought I, to be practised on me.

Then Nancy came next, and each feature,
As mild as an angel's appears;
I ventured, the sweet little creature,
To take a peep over her ears:
Destructiveness, terrible omen,
Most vilely developed did lie!
(Though perhaps it is common in women,
And hearts may be all they destroy.)

The *organ of speech* was in Fanny:
I shuddered—'twas terribly strong!
Then fled, for I'd rather than any
Than that to my wife should belong.
I next turned my fancy to Mary—
She swore she loved nothing but me;
How the look and the index could vary!
For naught but *self-love* did I see.

Locality, silly betraying
In Helen a passion to roam,
Spoke such predilection for straying—
Thought I—she'll be never at home.
Oh! some were so low in the forehead,
I never could settle my mind;
While others had all that was horrid
In terrible swellings behind.

At length 'twas my lot to discover
The finest of skulls, I believe,
To please or to puzzle a lover,
That Spurzheim or Gall could conceive.
'Twould take a whole age to decipher
The bumps upon Emily's head;
So I said, I will settle for life here,
And study them after we're wed.

Original.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET was not that monster of cruelty he has been represented to be. He often showed mercy to the vanquished, and even forgave personal injuries. Oaab, son of Zohair, who had been one of his bitterest enemies, and for whose head a price had been offered, had the audacity to appear abruptly in the mosque of Medina, whilst Mahomet was there preaching to the people. Oaab recited some verses which he had composed in praise of the Prophet. He heard them with delight, embraced Oaab, and taking off his mantle put it upon the Poet. The mantle was bought from Oaab's family, by a Caliph, for the sum of twenty thousand drachmas, and became the most valued ornament of the Sovereigns of Asia, which they wore only at solemn festivals.

The last acts of Mahomet's life prove that his mind was far from being tinctured very deeply with cruelty. On the evening before his death he arose, repaired to the Mosque, leaning on the arm of Ali, ascended the desk, prayed, and addressed the audience in these words: "*Moslems, I am dying. None need longer fear me;—If I have struck any of you, let him come hither, and return the blows upon my back. If I have robbed any of his property, let him repay himself from this purse. If I have insulted any man, let him now, in his turn, insult me. I submit myself to you: do justice upon me.*" One man only stood forward, and demanded three drachmas. Mahomet paid him his demand, and would have added interest. He then tenderly bade farewell to those brave citizens of Medina by whose valour he had been defended. He set his slaves at liberty, and gave orders for his funeral. And although he maintained to the last the character of the Prophet, asserting, even in his dying agonies, that he conversed with the Angel Gabriel, he nevertheless shewed kind and melting affection to his daughter Fatima; his favourite wife, Airzha, and to Ali, and Omar, his disciples and friends. All in Arabia lamented him with deep sorrow, and assumed the garb of mourning upon his death. The people howled, and rolled themselves in the dust. Fatima died of despair.

The poison which put a period to the Prophet's days had been given him, some years before, by a Jewess, named Zainab, whose brother had been slain by Ali. This vindictive woman poisoned a piece of roasted lamb which she served up to Mahomet. Hardly had Mahomet tasted the first mouthful of the meat when he spit it out, and cried that it was poisoned. Yet so potent was the poison, that, although immediately rejected, it continued to afflict him through all his subsequent life, and he died of its effects, four years afterwards, in the sixty-third year of his age.

The inhabitants of the East continue to regard Mahomet with unbounded respect and veneration.

Their doctors assert that the world was made for him; that the first thing God created, was light; and this light became the substance of Mahomet's soul. Some maintain, that the Koran was uncreated: others have embraced an opposite opinion. Hence a crowd of commentators, and of sects; and hence religious wars, which have deluged Asia with blood.*

Mahomet possessed from nature the most splendid qualities—Valour, wisdom, eloquence, a graceful figure, every accomplishment that can win affection, or command respect. Among the most enlightened nations, he would have been a great man; to an ignorant and fanatic people he was naturally, and almost unavoidably, a Prophet.

Hitherto, the Arabian tribes, placed among Jewish, Christian, and Idolatrous neighbours, had professed a superstitious medley of these several forms of religion, intermixed with that of the ancient Sabæans. They believed in genii, dæmons, sorcery: they worshiped the stars, and sacrificed to idols. Mahomet passed the first forty-four years of his life in unnoticed retirement, in which he continued the new doctrines that he wished to propagate; and after persuading the principal men of his own family, (the Koresrites, keepers of the Cooba, the most considerable persons in Arabia,) began suddenly to preach a new religion, hostile to all that were before known, and formed to kindle the ardent genius of those people.

"Children of Ismael," said he, "I recall you to the religion which was professed by your father Abraham, by Noah, and by all the Patriarchs. There is but one God, who is the Sovereign of the universe, and is called the Merciful. Worship him only. Be charitable to orphans, to the poor, to slaves, to captives; be just towards all men; justice is the sister of piety. Pray, and give alms. Your reward shall be to dwell hereafter in the delicious gardens of Paradise. Fight with valour, against the incredulous and the impious; fight, conquer, and compel them to embrace Islamism, or to pay you tribute. Every soldier who falls in battle, goes to the immediate enjoyment of the treasures of God. Cowardice cannot prolong the term of life. The moment at which every one of us must yield to the stroke of the Angel of death, is written in the book of the Almighty."

These precepts, dictated in a language rich, figurative, majestic—embellished with the allures of verse, delivered from an Angel, by a prophet, who was at the same time a warrior, a poet, a legislator—to a people who were in their temper the most ardent in the world, the most passionately fond of the marvellous, of

* Histoire des Arabes: par Marginey. Vide Mahomet: par Savary. Bibliothèque Orientale, d'Herbelot.

pleasure, of valour, of poetry;—could not fail to be favourably heard. Mahomet gained many disciples; and their numbers were soon augmented by persecution. The prophet was driven by his enemies from his native city of Mecca, and forced to seek refuge in Medina. The date of his flight became the æra of his glory, Hegira of the Moslems.

Alms-giving is one of the precepts most assiduously inculcated by the Mahometan religion. It is recommended by various parables, and by one, among others, which is most particularly impressive.

"The Supreme Judge will, at the last day, bind upon him who has not given alms a terrible serpent, whose sting will incessantly wound the griping hand that was shut to the unfortunate."

MY LITTLE MAN.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!"—SHAKESPEARE.

THERE was nothing to me more abominable than the idea of a little man. I had been made miserable by little men—the odious creatures! I married a little man. Ridicule is the keenest weapon wherewith the feelings can be attacked, and mine were wounded deeply and severely by it. It was my misfortune to attract none but little men; wherever I went, into what society I passed, there was sure to be some little man start up, and endeavour to do the agreeable for my amusement. *Pour passe le temps* I encouraged one of these gad-flies, and at length found that what I undertook for amusement, mere pastime, assumed another aspect; and the little piece of humanity that I looked upon as a plaything, soon became the chief actor in something more than a little *affaire de cœur*. Well, "things change their titles as our manners turn;" instead of being annoyed, I became pleased with the attentions of "my little man;" and, at length, I gave my hand at the altar to my little man, and became *une femme*—a wife. I was the wife of my little man.

So far, all went pleasantly enough: but I do not know how it was—the *fraicheur* the novelty of matrimony, went off. I saw nothing but my little man day after day, and the honey-moon spent in the horrible seclusion of Rookery Park, was any thing but a month of sweetness. I was glad enough when it was over, for then I was enabled to return to the metropolis, and make one among the merry circles of fashion. But then, alas, alas! every thing wore a different aspect. I was no longer envied by the women, no longer the object of the men's devotion; a mere common-place salutation greeted me, and every body wished me joy, I and my "little man!"

Wherever I went, there also my little man followed me, of course; at the opera, beaux no longer fluttered round me like butterflies, attracted by my diamonds, (or my eyes, as they said,) rays; nobody was near me but my little man. He was a fond, kind creature; but that very fondness, that very kindness which induced him to be perpetually near me, proved any thing but pleasant to me; for I soon got tired of the eternal smiling looks, and kind words of my little man.

At the concert, my little man was my conductor, but he frequently made more discord than harmony: I used to return home in a dreadful state of *ennui*: nobody had told me that I looked beautiful that morning but my little man. I thought myself in a deplorable situation.

Then I went to Almack's: there I pictured a recurrence of old scenes, and prepared my arts of coquetterie accordingly. I was splendidly attired that night, and am sure that I looked divinely. Well, alas! the usual finale; in despite of my attractions, I danced with nobody but my little man. People did say that he was of a jealous turn, and therefore the men were fearful of incurring his displeasure. Dear, dear, what a sacrifice I thought myself to a little man! But I need not detail my sufferings; let it suffice, that wherever I went there I was sure to hear and see nothing but the little man. He was so cruelly attentive. We appeared so attached, that really we in the world's opinion exemplified connubial happiness. Happiness, indeed! Happiness with my little man? When we were beheld approaching, it was whispered, "Here comes ——— and her little man." Had I visitors, the first question after my own health was sure to be, "How is your dear little man." I would rather have heard inquiries after my poodle dog. Well, thus I passed through ten years of married life, a very unhappy miserable creature, because I was a fine figure myself, and had for my husband a very little man.

Alas! he died!—the fetters were suddenly dissolved, and I again became my mistress. My year of widowhood expired: I returned to the gay circles of society in all my wonted loveliness. I was then but eight and twenty, having married at eighteen. I had felt very lonely in retirement; but I ascribed that loneliness to the monotony of the scene wherein I was, as it were, confined. When I re-appeared in society, all the beaux came round me, as they had done ten years previously; the days of my girlhood were revived, and I was again the object of universal homage. Then I thought I should be happy;—for the moment I was so. But alas! the heart-dreariness which I experienced in my seclusion was but the first thrill of that anguish which I was afterwards to experience in fullness. As the amusements began to tire, I felt weary: there was no one near me then to speak in tones which only *one* can utter. When I returned home there was up one there to welcome me with kindness and affection. When I was happy, there was no one to share my joy, or when I was in sorrow, there was no one upon whose bosom I could lay my head, and find repose and rest. No; all had fled—all had passed away. I had no husband—my happiness had descended with him to his tomb.

I am a widow, young and beautiful—they tell me so—the men hover round me, and my own sex envy my attraction. Alas, alas! they little know the bitter grief of her who would resign every thing—state, station, splendour—could she but recall into existence her dear, though once neglected "little man!"

IRRITABILITY OF GENIUS.

La Harpe, an author by profession, observes, that as it has been shown that there are some maladies peculiar to artists, there are also sorrows which are peculiar to them, and which the world can neither pity nor soften, because they do not enter into their experience. The querulous language of so many men of genius, has been sometimes attributed to causes very different from the real one; the most fortunate live to see their talents contested, and their best works derided. An author, with certain critics, seems much in the situation of Benedict when he exclaimed—"Hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam!" Assuredly, many an author has sunk into his grave, without the consciousness of having obtained that fame for which he had in vain sacrificed an arduous life. The too-feeling Smollet has left this testimony to posterity—"Had some of those who are pleased to call themselves my friends, been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, I should, in all probability, have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone." And Smollet was a popular writer! Pope's solemn declaration, in the preface to his collected works, comes by no means short of Smollet's avowal. When employed on the Iliad, he found it not only occupy his thoughts by day, but haunting his dreams by night, and once wished himself hanged to get rid of Homer: and that he experienced often such literary agonies, witness his description of the depressions and elevations of genius:—

"Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows."

Thus must the days of a great author be passed in labours as unremitting and exhausting as those of the artisan. The world are not always aware, that to some, meditation, composition, and even conversation, may inflict pains undetected by the eye and the tenderness of friendship. When even Rousseau passed a morning in company he tells us it was observed that in the evening he was dissatisfied and distressed; and John Hunter, in a mixed company, found that conversation fatigued instead of amusing him. Hawkesworth, in the second paper of the Adventurer, has composed, from his own feelings, an eloquent comparative estimate of intellectual and corporeal labour. It may console the humble mechanic.

The anxious uncertainty of an author for his compositions, resembles that of a lover when he has written to a mistress not yet decided on his claims; he repents his labour, for he thinks he has written too much, while he is mortified at recollecting that he had omitted some things, which he imagines would have secured the object of his wishes. Madame de Stael, who has often entered

into feelings familiar to a literary and political family, in a parallel between ambition with genius, has distinguished them in this; "that while ambition perseveres in the desire of acquiring power, genius flags of itself. Genius, in the midst of society, is pain, an internal fever which would require to be treated as a real disease, if the records of glory did not soften the sufferings it produces."

The acquaintances of the poet Collins probably complained of his wayward manners and irritability; but how could they sympathize with the secret mortification of the poet for having failed in his pastorals, imagining that they were composed on wrong principles; or with a secret agony of soul, burning, with his own hands, his unsold but immortal odes? Nor must we forget here the dignified complaint of the Rambler, with which he artfully closes his work, appealing to posterity.

In its solitary occupations, genius contracts its peculiarities, and in that sensibility which accompanies it, that loftiness of spirit, those quick jealousies, those excessive affections and aversions, which view every thing as it passes in its own ideal world, and rarely as it exists in the mediocrity of reality. They have abandoned their country, they have changed their name, they have punished themselves with exile in the rage of their disorder. Descartes sought in vain, even in his secreted life, a refuge for his genius; he thought himself calumniated among strangers, and he went and died in Sweden; and little did that man of genius think that his countrymen would beg to have his ashes restored to them. The great poetical genius* of our times, has openly alienated himself from the land of his brothers; he becomes immortal in the language of a people whom he could contemn; he accepts with ingratitude the fame he loves more than life, and he is only truly great on that spot of earth, whose genius, when he is no more, will contemplate on his shade in anger and in sorrow.

Thus the state of authorship is not friendly to equality of temper; and in those various humours incidental to it, when authors are often affected deeply, while the cause escapes all perception of sympathy—at those moments the lightest injury to the feelings, which, at another time, would make no impression, may produce even fury in the warm temper, or the corroding chagrin of a self-wounded spirit. These are moments which claim the tenderness of friendship, animated by a high esteem for the intellectual excellence of the man of genius—not the general intercourse of society, not the insensibility of the dull, nor the levity of the volatile.

* BRAUN.—These remarks were of course, written during the life-time and voluntary exile of the noble poet.

I CAN NEVER LOVE YOU MORE; BARCAROLLE

From the Songs for the Crabs and the Cap.

BY T. H. BAYLY.

ALLEGRETTO PASTORALE.

p legato

mf

I ne'er will love you less, But I can - not love you more; Nor can I now pro-

p

fes To have warm - er vows in store:— Words may not quite ex - press, How sin-

ces . . . cen do

ritardando

cerely I a - dore, I can never love you less, I can ne - ver love you

fz fz

more.

mf

My love is now full grown, The in-fant at its birth Could never know, I

p

own, One quarter of your worth; But having learnt to bless Your

ritardando

virtues o'er and o'er, I can never love you less, I can never love you

fz *fz*

more.

mf

GRIEF OF HEART.

"————— There are griefs
That hunt like hounds our happiness away!"

L. E. L.

FULL well I remember the moments so gay,
When time flew unheeded and swiftly away;
And I fondly imagined there never could be,
In existence, a being more happy than me.
How delightful to picture a long scene of joy,
Of bliss and of rapture that never could cloy!
Reversed is that prospect for ever, and past
Is the vision of fancy, too brilliant to last.
It has faded like fairy-dreams—with it depart
Every hope of my soul, every wish of my heart,
Now cheerless must pass the remains of my youth,
For the lov'd one is false to her vows and her truth;
Those vows which she plighted, that truth which she swore,
Are broken, neglected, and heeded no more.
She is false! and creation can only appear
A cold blank.—Ah, what now can the lone world endear?
Though the sun darts refulgent his brilliant beam,
Though the moon sheds her soft placid light on the stream,
'Tis mock'ry to me—the abandon'd—fornic—
To my feelings more welcome the blast and the storm;
For the zephyrs of summer, soft, cheering, and mild,
Give the whirlwind of winter, dark, piercing, and wild!
But hold—I am maddening!—Oh, heavens that pain,
It shoots through my bosom—ascends to my brain!—
'Tis accomplished—'tis over—I sink on the earth,
More happy this moment than that of my birth;
My sorrows are ended—my course nearly run,
Come, ingrate, and view what thy falsehood hath done.
Shall I curse thee?—Oh no—in the last gasp of breath,
I must bless thee, thou dear one, lov'd even in death!

THE DEEP.

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

There's beauty in the deep;—
The wave is bluer than the sky;
And though the light shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And Sun and Moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep;—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.
There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep;—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave:
Above, let care and fear contend,
With sin and sorrow to the end:
Here far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep.

RECONCILIATION.

A SKETCH.

Stoics and prudes may lecture young people on the folly and absurdity of their falling in love; perhaps, were they to consult them, they never would: but, alas, we are not all wise, and who that has ever felt the first sense of "Love's young dream" will, for a moment, grant a listening ear to their abstract theory, which is in itself as poor and visionary, as the practice is absurd and impossible.

I do remember, when I was young, before the spring of life had lost one bud of freshness; before the mind's energies had fully expanded, and I was the veriest child of folly, then, and then only, was my heart touched with the beautiful fragrance of love, which, once lost, may never be regained.

I was about seventeen, and the object of my passion was two or three years my senior, but what was that in our eyes? We loved each other ardently and purely, and I must confess my vanity felt flattered by the preference shown to a "beardless boy," like myself, when I saw wealthier and likelier suitors rejected for me. Time travelled on, and some months had elapsed since our mutual and secret confession. We were revelling in bliss, pure and holy; our hearts insensibly grew together, and new beauties

seemed opening upon us, which, till then, we had known but by hearsay! Dreams of future happiness filled our minds, and every distant prospect, seen through "Hope's wizard telescope," was reflected with a brighter and a lovelier light than perhaps really belonged to it. But every one who knows any thing of the human mind, and of its pains and pleasures, will be well aware, that state was but one of those deceitful symptoms attendant upon that dangerous disease *amor primus*. But the smoothest streams are always rippled, even by the gentle wing of the light zephyr, as she skims on the surface. And so it was. Some trivial mistake; some slight misunderstanding about something I had said, took place, and we were—human!

Well do I remember, that she had written me a note, rather hastily, perhaps, in which she stated, that if what I said was what I really meant, she must consider the affection professed as untrue, and requested me to send back all her letters. As it happened, I had them all, both hers and my own, and she even insinuated that she feared I had gained them surreptitiously, as it were, to gratify my own ends. This was too much for my proud spirit to endure, and I returned all her letters and my own too, together

with a note, full of mingled pride and affection, explaining my conduct, and the true meaning of what I had said; but I added, if this was not sufficient to satisfy her, and if for some *unknown* reason she was still angry, I could urge no more; and that I could not think of presenting myself at a ball, which was to take place a few evenings afterwards, at her father's house in the country. But this was sufficient; hearts will not long rebel against themselves, and I received, almost immediately, a note full of tenderness and love; the kindest by far I had ever had, wherein she conjured me to burn, and, if possible, forget her rash note, and to come out as her "own dear Edward" had always come before. Love has good feelings—Could I—did I—refuse? No! I blotted, as well as might be, the unfortunate circumstance from the book of memory, and went to the ball.

It was an autumn evening; I rode over on horseback early enough, it must be allowed, before the guests had assembled. Soon after I arrived, one of her brothers told me Julia wished to speak with me. We met, and we were alone. She took my hand, and exclaimed—"Edward will you forgive me?" I pressed her to my bosom, and kissing her, I could only echo her own words, and said, "Julia, will *you* forgive me?" She pressed her lips to mine, and that kiss spoke more eloquently, and more truly our reconciliation, than even the language of Demosthenes when poured forth against the proud Macedonian. It was the language of the soul, in which the tongue but bore its part: the whole feelings were employed to give utterance to so sweet a truth, that we were even dearer to each other now than ever. I whispered, "It is so sweet a joy to reconcile two fond hearts, it might almost tempt us to estrange them to enjoy the reconciliation." "Ah! no, Edward," said she, "let us never be so foolish again as to part in present anger for the hope of future joy." Shortly after we descended to dancing, and I shall ever remember that evening as one of the happiest of my life.

In the course of some time our loves were divulged to the higher powers; we were scolded for our secrecy, and blamed for falling in love! but, ultimately, some years afterwards, I led Julia to the altar, my blushing bride. Many years have since rolled over us, and happy in our children, and still more so in each other, we are, perhaps, as really blest as is the lot of humanity. But we never can *feel* again as we *have* felt; and better fitted to prepare us for the holier state hereafter, I cannot, at times, help regretting, that our feelings must decay with our youth, and exclaim—

Alas! alas! that we grow old,
That love should ever leave us;
The joyous heart should grow cold,
Or fickle Hope deceive us!
That we should feel the woes of life,
Or if our love be carried,
Should lose the lover in the wife,
As soon as we were married!
Alas! alas!

The beautiful Spring in Summer dies,
And Autumn brings us pleasure,
And still beneath the wintry skies,
Wakes many a sleepy treasure.
But time, alas! can never bring
To age such flowers and feelings,
As still in youth and beauty cling,
In full and soft revealings.

Alas! alas! &c.

THE HUSBAND.

THE fond, protecting love of a devoted husband is like the tall and stately poplar, that rears its graceful foliage beside some happy cot, to which its leafy honours afford reviving shade; while its spreading branches shelter the melodious songsters of the verdant grove, who within its hallowed precincts nurture their callow brood, unmelodized by the wanton tyranny of school boy pranks.

Oh! 'tis the effulgent Egean shield, which casts far and wide its bright defensive rays around the timid, shrinking form of the best, most tenderly beloved object of his warm heart's pristine love and veneration.

The hallowed affection of such a husband, is the far-off goal to which the adoring wife's most ardent wishes fly, borne upon the strong, untiring pinion of woman's faithful and unending love. Chcered by the smile of such a faultless being, the envious summer's parching heat, the ruthless winter's pinching cold, to her impart no pang; they pass unheeded by her well-defended head, light as the fleecy cloud; unregarded as zephyrs balmy breath. Supported by his manly form, what sorrow can assail, what anxious care invade her bosom's calm repose? Serene as the smooth surface of the glassy lake, unruffled by the storm's rude blasts, her peaceful hours speed on pleasure's wing.

How beautiful is such a union! How much more rare than beautiful! Oh! 'tis a sight that Angels might delight to fix their lingering gaze upon, lost in mute rapture and admiring awe. Mutually giving and receiving strength, the blissful pair tread life's thorny path, on light fantastic toe, gaily tripping on, unmindful of all, of care or woe—his powerful arm each dangerous briar removes; her delicate fingers present to his refreshed senses each beautiful flower that sheds its perfume on their illuminated way.

LET us avoid being the first in fixing a hard censure. Let it be confirmed by the general voice, before we give in to it.—Neither are you, then, to give sentence like a magistrate, or as if you had special authority to bestow a good or ill name at your discretion. Do not dwell too long upon a weak side; touch and go away. Take pleasure to stay longer where you can commend; like bees, that fix only upon those herbs out of which they may extract the juice their honey is composed of. A virtue stuck with bristles is too rough for this age; it must be adorned with some flowers, or else it will be unwillingly entertained.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

VISITORS to Bonaparte's tomb, at St. Helena, describe the recent planting of a set of young willows around it, cuttings from the parent trees, by the present governor, as the two or three old ones are fast going to decay. Longwood is now a farm house, and no part but the former billiard room remains inhabitable, the other apartments being converted into stables, granaries, &c. The now Longwood House (an excellent dwelling) has never been occupied, and apparently is fast falling to decay.

Seneca has very elegantly said that "malice drinks one half of its own poison."

I see those who are lifted highest on
The hill of Honour, are nearest to the
Blasts of envious fortune; whilst in the low
And humble valley fortunes are far more secure.
Humble valleys thrive with their blossoms full
Of flow'rs, when hills melt with lightning, and
The rough anger of the clouds.

Cato pleaded four hundred cases, and gained them all.

In the pure heart of a girl loving for the first time, love is far more ecstatic than in man, inasmuch as it is unfevered by desire—love then and there makes the only state of human existence which is at once capable of calmness and transport!

"I never," said Voltaire, "was ruined but twice; once when I gained a law-suit, and once when I lost it."

It has been observed, and there is a world of homely, ay, and of legislative knowledge in the observation, that wherever you see a flower in a cottage-garden, or a bird-cage at the window, you may feel sure that the cottagers are better and wiser than their neighbours.

Opinion makes men brave—Nature forms them intrepid.

Some men are brave in battle who are weak in counsel, which daily experience sets before our eyes; others deliberate wisely, but are weak in the performing part; and even no man is the same to-day which he was yesterday, or may be to-morrow. "On this account," says Polybius, "a good man is sometimes liable to blame; and a bad man, though not often, may possibly deserve to be commended."

It is easier to admire than to imitate, and there is no error more common, than to imagine that talking of virtue is to practice it.

Man was made after the image of God, beasts after the resemblance of man; and in many beasts those two spirits appear to reign, but in that case they have little of the extraordinary one.

A man in prosperity forgets every one; and in adversity every one forgets him. In prosperity he appears to have lost his senses; and when loaded with misfortunes, he is said never to have had any. In his sudden elevation, he becomes discontented with all the world; and when hurled to the bottom of the wheel of fortune, all the world are discontented with him.

Swearing in conversation indicates a perpetual distrust of a person's own reputation; and is an acknowledgment that he thinks his bare word not worthy of credit.

A wise and benevolent man may reasonably wish for children, if able to maintain them; but perhaps he is neither very wise nor very benevolent if he suffers his deprivation to make him unhappy. What is it we admire or find interesting in children? Their beauty, innocence, helplessness, simplicity; but he is a selfish sot who cannot appreciate those qualities in the offspring of others as well as in his own; and who, having the power, wants the inclination to cherish and attract them to him.

Woman, whose love is so much the creature of her imagination, always asks something of mystery and conjecture in the object of her affection. It is a luxury to her to perplex herself with a thousand apprehensions; and the more restlessly her lover occupies her mind, the more deeply he enthral's it.

A wise man is like the back or stock of the chimney, and his wealth the fire; he receives not for his own need, but to reflect the heat to other's good.

The first minister of state has not so much business in public as a wise man has in private; if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature under his consideration.

Bad men are never completely happy, although possessed of every thing that this world bestows; and good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of every thing that the world can take away.

There were 28,163 christenings in the British metropolis last year, and 25,337 burials. The whole exertion of listening over deaths, in a population of 1,000,000, was, therefore, only 2,826.

He who, when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and has done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in low voice, and never ceases nibbling.



THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS IN HER WEDDING DRESS

As she appeared at Compeigne on the morning of her nuptials

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

FEBRUARY, 1833.

QUEEN OF BELGIUM.

LOUISE MARIE THERÈSE CHARLOTTE ISABELLE, the Queen of Belgium, is the eldest daughter of Louis-Phillippe, King of France: her mother is the daughter of Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, and grand-daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa. The Queen was born at Palermo, April 3, 1812, and is consequently now in the 21st year of her age.

The memoir of a young Princess who has passed her life in the bosom of her family, must necessarily be brief; indeed, it must almost entirely be confined to traits of mind and character.—Until the day of her marriage, this accomplished Princess devoted herself to her studies, which were continually to her a source of the greatest delight: she studied with the greatest assiduity the most important and profound works of philosophy and history, and attended the lectures of the different Professors, who are generally the first literary characters in France. In all her occupations, she proposed to herself the perfection of her own mind and character by moral improvement; and this line of conduct had an extraordinary influence even over all the persons of her household.

The Princess, for many years, kept a book in which she daily recorded passing occurrences, and her own reflections thereon: a record displaying her sound mind and vivacity of imagination.

The extreme beneficence of the Princess was the theme of general praise in France: the principal portion of her income was given to '*les pauvres inconnus*;' and from being in the habit, early in the morning, accompanied by a *Dame d'Honneur*, of visiting the poor and distressed, she was usually designated by them as *Notre Ange*.

In France, every person has the right of presenting petitions to the King in person: and considering the ambitious character of the people, and their desire for honours and advancement, these petitions, which may in a degree be regarded as of a private character, are very numerous. It was however, the confidence of King Louis Philippe in the talents and integrity of his eldest daughter, that to her he confided the office of investigating, annihilating, and reporting upon these documents, a responsible duty which she executed so as to give general satisfaction.

As a proof of the strength of her mind, and the firmness of her character, it may be observed that at one period, it was suggested that it would be as well to postpone the nuptials with King Leopold, until affairs should become more settled in Belgium; but to this the Princess observed, that having witnessed the revolution and political events in France, she could entertain no fears respecting other changes.

The regret of every one connected with the French Court, on her quitting France, was most marked. By the poor, and the household of her father, her loss will be severely felt: the former observed, that they were about to lose '*leur ange gardéant*.'

The reign of Maria Theresa is considered by the Belgians as the happiest epoch in their history: and their high respect for her memory is not less than that entertained in France for *Henri Quatre*.

Since her arrival in Belgium, the Queen has done all in her power to obtain the affection of every class of the people. Wherever she has been she has presented tokens of her satisfaction and kindness; and her gifts are invariably accompanied by letters to the parties, in her own handwriting.

On the morning following her marriage, she was in church at eight o'clock, accompanied by her *Dame d'Honneur*; and again at twelve, with all the Royal Family.

The engraving accompanying this sketch will give the reader an exact idea of the dress of her Majesty on the occasion of her marriage. She was besides, most superbly decorated with diamonds.

GOOD THOUGHTS.

HAVE you walked abroad into the fields? Have you surveyed the expanse of waters? Have you examined the earth, its structure, and its form—its surface, its mountains and vallies—its springs and its rivers—its medicinal waters—its plains, wide and extensive?—Have you attentively considered the structure and uses of vegetables and flowers?—Have you become familiar with Natural History—with the varieties of animals, birds, insects, and reptiles? Have you duly reflected upon the uses and phenomena of the atmosphere? Upon the changes of the seasons, and the vicissitudes of day and night?—Have you raised your wondering eyes to the heavens—have you considered the magnitude of the planets—their distance from us—the velocity and regularity of their motions—the awful magnitude of worlds upon worlds—the vastness of systems on systems? Have you done all this? And do you tell me that the result of your investigation is, that there *may* and *may not be* a God? No—if you have improved your opportunities, or exercised your powers of mind with any degree of faithfulness, the fact that there is a God has been riveted in your minds; and you cannot, if you would, get rid of it! If you have thought at all, you have felt the conviction, that your outgoing and incoming have been beneath the eye of Omniscience!

Original.

THE DROVER.

A TALE.

In a small village in the western part of England, there stood a little hostel, whose successive occupants, for a long course of years, dispensed the good things of this life to the gossips, the politicians, and the loiterers of the borough. It was also in high repute with many wayfarers, drovers especially, who, travelling to the inland markets for the sale of their live stock, and returning with well-lined pouch, met a cordial reception from the jolly host of the "Heifer." It is indeed said, that by way of compliment to these independent gentry, the ample sign presented its distant resemblance to the animal just named. Who the artist was, who had thus left a significant proof of his pictorial talent, has never transpired; it was indeed a subject of curiosity and ingenious speculation among the *virtuosi* of the village; but, except the very hazardous conjecture of its being justly fathered upon a "puir lean bodie," whose vocation was, and whose support depended upon whitewashing fences, houses, &c., no shadow of probability could lay this sin at the door of any other: and there swung upon its rotten gallows, the ancient and ghastly sign-board, and there perhaps it still swings.

But, avoiding unnecessary digression, we will introduce the reader to the inn itself, a compound of wood and stone of various forms and dates, of but one story, and containing under its ample roof several rooms beside the general sitting and drinking apartment, which was entered immediately from the front. This apartment, ornamented by its bar, its shining pewters, and the more shining face of the veteran tapster, offered at least one convenience at the season of which we write; the vast expanse of fire-place was piled with well dried faggots, that sent a roaring torrent of flame up the chimney, and diffused a cheerful gleam among the group that clustered around the hearth. It was a cold, frosty night in November; the moon careered in her silver chariot through a cloudless sky, and the cricket chirped in the corner, as if in unison with the old fashioned clock that everlastingly tick-ticked above its resting-place. There were ranged about the fire, four persons, (including mine host) whose features and expressions were fully revealed by the broad blaze, at which all gazed vacantly during a long pause in the conversation, only interrupted by a deep draught, and a long drawn sigh, as the liquor found its way to its destination.

"I say, old Harry, another flagon!" shouted one of the guests, into the ear of the nodding publican, as he despatched the contents of a huge measure, "another flagon! fore George, your malt has been well managed, old one."

The speaker was rather tall, and of a slender

though muscular frame; his hair, dark as the raven's wing, curled profusely over his head, and luxuriated in a formidable pair of jetty whiskers, his eye was deep, restless, and fiery, and his whole demeanour testified that he was better off than one half of the world, and as independent as the other. At his loud summons the host bustled about with habitual alacrity, and soon satisfied his obstreperous wants. Of the other two travellers, the one was a short and somewhat plethoric body, with reddish sandy hair, gray eyes, and a huge mouth armed with a complement of the finest ivory; unlike the careless and rather tawdry dress of the tall stranger, his dreadnought of stout woolly cloth, betokened a deal of respect for his personal convenience; and the grave and severe expression of his embrowned features was hailed with no pleasurable emotions by the third individual of the group.

"It's a brow night;" quoth he of the dreadnought, to the silent figure at his side, "ye ha doubtless travelled mony a mile in the twinkle o' the moon—ye ha maybe been aboon Lunnun wi' yer quadrupeds, and the journey is no that easy in these times?"

"And why not?—the roads are good, and the air makes one stir briskly, if he would not have his fingers chilled. But I did not say that I had been to London."

"Na—na—very true, but the bit whippie in your hand, wi' its knock down physiognomy, made me opine ye kened the distinction between a cow and a sheep, and ye lo'ed the gowd o' the Lunnuners o'er weel, not to take yer beasties there. A gude market is Lunnun?—if Ise mistaken, mayhap ye would inform me?"

"To this interrogatory, characteristic as it was of the nativity of speaker, the drover returned *no direct* answer. "I have heard it said, that one might meet with a worse sale for his cattle than in the great city, but there are many towns between this and there, where the folks do not expect to get what is good without paying for it."

The gentleman of the whiskers listened with interest to this cross questioning, but observing his object waxing uneasy, he at once put a stop to its continuance. "Let him alone, Sawney, have you no manners, hold that wagging tongue within its walls."

"As yer honour wulls; only I don't see the harm of speering at the truth, if a man be honest and worthy like."

"Thank ye, gentlemen," said the drover, as he finished his can of ale, "thank ye both, but I shall be under the necessity of pushing a few miles further before the little hours, and it is scarce nine o' the clock yet. A merry sitting to you, friends." So saying, he paid the reckoning,

whistled to his dog, that rose lazily from his snug corner, and left the house.

John Workman was one of those men, who, with a moderate degree of shrewdness, and an unwearied perseverance, have raised themselves from dependence and poverty to a competent livelihood, who are rich enough to be idle, but not too proud to labour. Long habitude in the occupation of a drover, had rendered its constant pursuit almost a matter of necessity; he seemed at a loss when unengaged in its duties, and he therefore continued to flourish his long-lashed whip, and shout forth commands to his obedient herds, as they proceeded to some populous city, even to the metropolis, there to satisfy the wants or luxurious whims of the purse-proud cits. It was indeed whispered that plodding John, (as he was familiarly called,) had other motives in visiting London than the mere sale of his live stock. The profits which previous industry had realized, were said to be vested in city property, and that he sometimes returned to his "grazing" with more money in his purse than all his horned cattle were worth, to improve his grounds, to enlarge his business, and increase the comforts of domestic life. One thing indeed was wanting, which money failed to obtain, and that was a wife. His frequent absences, his roving and precarious life, were no temptations to his former fair schoolmates, and though John had a near prospect of a gray head, and his fortieth year, none had ever heard him sigh for the pleasing charms of wedlock. It was indeed reported that a young damsel, now a doughty maiden of thirty-five, had received, and rejected his addresses, and that his heart had ever since remained proof against all amorous attacks. His only love, his most devoted attachment, was bestowed on his trade; his honesty, punctuality, and well-known responsibility, procured for him a large share of patronage. Unwearied and alone, he pursued his way over the greater part of England; alone, did I say? no; the only being for whom he evinced any extraordinary feeling—his faithful, old, and well-trained dog, trotted at his side, and momentarily cast a glance of affection towards his master.

In this way he left the hostelry of the "Heifer," reflecting seriously on the inquisitive curiosity of the Scot, and distrustful of the appearance of his companion. He had with him a large sum of money, chiefly in notes, and he felt desirous of reaching the next village, about ten miles distant, while the moon shone, and rendered the travelling comparatively safe. The atmosphere was beautifully clear, not a single cloud met his eye, as he threw a cautious glance around: the grass, the hedges, the trees, the very road, sparkled with hoar-frost, that seemed to reflect, as in unnumbered mirrors, the bright beams of the moon, and the glittering rays of the twinkling stars. Though he had travelled all the day, weariness did not oppress him, but his step was as elastic, and his eye as sprightly, as when he rose from his morning slumbers to commence the labours of the day. Nearly two hours had flown,

and yet the expected village was not in sight, the well-known spire did not rise from its embowering grove to cheer the lone traveller, and he beheld, with no ordinary anxiety, the moon gradually sinking behind the western hills. Fear—a strange and undefined sensation crept over his mind; horrid tales of highway robbers, and midnight assassins, rose from the recollections of his childhood, and though good fortune had ever spared him the displeasure of such an encounter, still, he verily believed that it might be his turn yet. To tell the truth, although John was usually undaunted in danger, he was now but illy prepared for a demonstration of his pugnacious qualities; darkness had succeeded the uncommon brilliancy of the night; the cold, before unfelt, while visible objects engrossed the attention, became piercing and painful; light fleecy clouds swept hurriedly over the face of Heaven, and the wind awoke with low and mournful music. John drew his upper garment more closely around him, and as he turned up its well-furred collar for the protection of his face against the driving snow, he muttered something of "snow-drifts, and the comforts of the chimney-corner," and then relapsed into silence. He had advanced but a short distance when he was startled by a low and rough growl, and passing, he saw the fiery balls of his companion's eyes gleaming fearfully through the gloom. Again he uttered a discontented whine; the drover strained his hearing, attempting to catch the sound of any approaching danger; but the gusts of wind constantly sweeping around, rendered every effort unavailing; suddenly, however, a rumbling sound broke on his ear, and the next instant his eye could distinguish a light, covered cart, flying against the storm, as swiftly as a feather might have been borne upon it. It was impossible to hail it, and perhaps useless; he therefore bade Tray keep quiet, and pursued his way with renewed confidence, which was greatly increased on discovering that his journey was nearly at an end, and his apprehensions entirely unfounded.

It was usual with him on arriving at this part of the road, to send Tray forward to his well-known stopping place to give notice of his coming; and calling the dog to him, he patted his head and bade him "hie on." The animal bounded forward as if perfectly conscious of the importance of his mission, but scarce had the sound of his feet died away, before his loud bark came redoubled and fiercely on the air as if in contest with some one. The drover hastened onward, and to his astonishment discovered a man in furious battle with the dog, with difficulty defending himself with a heavy cudgel from his incessant and spirited attacks.

"In the name of fury," shouted John Workman, the equilibrium of his usual calmness destroyed by this unexampled impudence on the part of Tray; "in the name of Satan—you whelp of the devil—down! down!—Ah! bite, will you?" and he interlarded these exclamations and interrogations with a few well applied blows with his

whip, that brought the animal crouching to his feet. "I ask pardon, friend," he continued, addressing the stranger, who stood leaning on his club, puffing and blowing from complete exhaustion, "has this unruly cur done you any injury?"

"The dog is a carnivorous animal," said the stranger, wiping his brow; "and his muscular conformation has been peculiarly adapted for seizing and retaining, *unguibus ac dentibus*, all soft and yielding substances."

"Cornif—ung—yes, yes, he *can bite*," observed the drover, doubtingly, and endeavouring to comprehend more fully the unaccustomed language of the tall and uncouth form before him.

"*Deo adjuvante*, as we of the rod say, our own arm hath helped us." Here he gave a swing and a flourish to his cudgel, by way of emphasis, and Tray, despite of his still smarting stripes, grumbled and writhed himself along the ground.

"Quiet! dog, quiet!" exclaimed the drover; "If I knew where to get such another, I might put an end to your marauding villainies; but be still now, and the halter may not fit you yet." At this apostrophe which may have been understood, the dog wagged his tail and fawned playfully on his master, who endeavoured to get rid of his importunities, to enquire the purposed destination of his unexpected companion. This opportunity was afforded by the stranger asking in more homely terms than at first, "how far distant it was to the next village?"

"Not more than half-an-hour's walk in this brisk breeze: if yonder post do not deceive me, it must be at the court-yard of Dame Williams' inn, from there we may soon reach B—; do you rest at B—to-night?"

"By the favour of the gods, as we say, scholastically, I do intend then and there to fix my nocturnal abode, that is to say, *vulgo*, to lodge for the night; when Phœbus wakes again, the road is before me, and business of ponderous import calls me to the Septentrional."

"The man *is out!*" thought the drover, utterly puzzled by this outlandish lingo. "The *what!*" said he aloud, "mayhap a plain man would better understand the king's English, if it is your condescension to be guilty of its use."

"Ay, ay; when we are at Rome, do as Romans do; but as the peasants of yonder domiciliary erection appear not to have retired to the arms of soporific Morpheus, let us exclaim with the Latin bard, *nunc est bibendum*, and to pursue the idea—Ah! I forgot; wilt empty a flagon by way of good company?"

"Now I understand you; and in truth the wind blows over cutting for a cold stomach, we will drink to better acquaintance, shall we not?"

"*Certe*, that is by all means; we shall, doubtless be better acquainted, but here we are at the very *Penates*—I beg pardon, at the threshold, and we may imbibe somewhat to melt the snow that—yes, let us enter."

They entered the tavern together, and drawing a small round table near the fire, called for a hot preparation of malt liquor, then much

approved as a calorific. The drover had now a fair chance for scanning his companion's appearance. He was above the ordinary height, well and strongly made; his features sallow, and rather disagreeable than otherwise; his eyes were concealed by a huge pair of green spectacles, above which rose a bold and not ill-formed forehead, shaded by long, dark hair. This figure was accoutred in a suit of rusty black that had evidently passed the climax of its charms, and contracted many blemishes incident to declining years; sundry spots and sutures bore certain testimony to this fact, not to speak of the almost total absence of buttons, and the uncertain tenure of the only surviving member of that once numerous and respectable family. Over all was thrown what had once been a cloak, if we are allowed to reason, as logicians say, "from the less to the greater;" its *breadth* sufficed to protect the upper limbs, but some unfortunate accident, or it may be, dire necessity had made off with full one half, and that the lower, so that the inferior extremities were exposed, guarded by a pair of huge jack boots, and covered with a mingled turgument of mud and dust. The whole man was surmounted by a brownish black conical figure, surmised to be a hat, whose crown, however, had felt the force of gravitation, urged, it may be, by an antagonist impulse to that which had flown away with the band and a large portion of the rim.

Such was the odd appearance that John Workman gazed at with wonder and pity, as they sat together advancing still deeper into the liquor, as into more open familiarity; now conversing of the usual topics of travellers, or discoursing of their respective occupations, in which, he of the spectacles was far more communicative than the drover, whose habitual wariness was not easily surprised into indiscretion.

"Whose health shall I drink?" said John, with that smirking expression of half soberness, which is peculiar to the unaccustomed reveller; "do you travel with a name, or not?—maybe like you can do as well without one;" eyeing the tattered garb of the stranger.

"*Consocie mei!* thou art in error; *gaudeo nomine Jeremie*, which is to say, they christened me Jeremy or Jeremiah, to which the *cognomen* is Birch, at your service, sir."

"Ay, yes—yes—Jeremiah Cognomy Birch—very pretty name—your very good health—might be a parson?—eh!—a wet one, though—my name is John—John Workman—ah—hiccup!"

"Thy health, good John—thou dealest in cattle? *mugunt vaccæ te greges centum circumque*; but it behoves not *in foro loqui*, which is to say, to cry out secrets in the public, we may talk of that as we pass along the highway."

"Shall we walk?" grunted the drover, in whose head the fumes of the liquor had condensed into a blinding cloud that quite obscured his vision, both intellectual and physical; "we lodge at the 'Keys,'—well, we must be a jogging—as—as it is raining very hard, and the beasts will be 'unco

tired,' as that imp—impertinent red headed Scotchman would say—you don't know him—well, never mind; there's a shilling, Dame, good night."

Plodding John could not divest himself of the idea that he was at the tails of a few score of cattle as of wont, and he brandished his long-lashed whip, shouting at the top of his voice, and apparently endeavouring as well as his irregular gait would permit, to keep them at a proper pace and in proper order of march. Suddenly requiring, as he imagined, the assistance of Tray, he whistled the well-known note, but was surprised to find it unanswered by the usual tokens of attention and obedience. Somewhat alarmed, his scattered senses by degrees returned, he rubbed his eyes, and as he looked upon the empty road before him, he felt shamefully conscious of the indiscretion into which he had been betrayed. His companion calmed his alarm by reassuring him that the dog could not be far off, though out of hearing, and John then recollected that he had sent him on to the village, although he did not remember his subsequent recall.

But his alarm was soon renewed and increased at a question propounded by his newly acquired friend, respecting the safety of travellers in this part of the country; "For," said he, "I have unfortunately been made the intermediate vehicle of a mercantile transaction, and bear an onerous burthen of the argenteary representative, which is *anglice*, bank-notes."

The drover completely satisfied with this proof of confidence, bethought him that a similar course on his part would enhance their mutual safety. "My good sir," said he, "your frankness is just to my liking, and we will stick by one another all the better for your being so well stocked, for you must know that I am as unlucky as yourself, and would be as unwilling to risk"—here he stopped; he had dropped his voice and looked around cautiously during the conclusion of his confession, and now his eye rested on the face of his companion. The spectacles had vanished—the shallow cheeks were covered with gigantic whiskers, and in the altered countenance he recognised the tawdry gentleman of the "Heifer." Dumb and aghast at this terrible discovery, he started back perfectly sobered—with difficulty he at length faintly exclaimed, "ruined! ruined!"

"Ruined, an' it so please ye," said a voice behind, in a tone of cruel mockery—"ye ha' a sonesie and a pleasurable stare, mon!"

"Have I?—then try if my kick is like it," said the drover, as he dashed his heavily shod foot against the leg of the speaker—"and now ye villains for life or death."

So saying, he hastily wrapped the lash of his whip about his hand and arm, and grasping it firmly, whirled it around his head, and then aimed its heavy handle full at the face of his only standing opponent. But the quick eye of the highwayman detected the intent, and by a sudden dart he eluded the tremendous sweep of the instrument, which, had it taken effect, must in-

evitably have equalized the combat, and placed one of the actors out of the power of resistance. But such success did not attend it, and the self-named Jeremy Birch was instantly on his guard, endeavouring to parry the blows which the drover dealt incessantly, with a powerful and skilful hand. The Scot, whose limb had been well nigh broken by the unexpected assault, attempted in vain to rise, but muttering in the intervals of pain the deepest curses, he dragged himself through the snow to assist his comrade in their nefarious design, for he saw the contest was of very doubtful issue. The robber, unable to cope with the nervous arm of the drover, and only avoiding his blows by surprising agility, appeared at length to waver; his antagonist perceiving the advantage, gathered all his remaining strength for a final and decisive stroke; grasping his weapon with both hands, he raised it high above his head, at the same time advancing his left foot; unfortunately it was not set down with sufficient firmness, it slipped; he strained to recover his posture, but tottered, and received a half spent blow that brought him to the ground. In the twinkling of an eye his foe was upon him, and the forms of both close intertwined like two serpents in deadly strife. Each one strove to gain the upper hand, but so swift were their involutions that neither retained the superiority for a moment. The Gael hovered around like an evil spirit, breathing blasphemy and vengeance; his eye flashed, and his upraised knife gleamed in the faint star-light; three times did his arm descend, and three times was it arrested in mid course; the danger of piercing his associate was as great as the chance of striking their common victim; at length the drover was above, his hand was clasped tightly on his adversary's throat, his strength was failing, for he heard the hoarse gurgle; the heaving and throbbing breast proclaimed the inward struggle for life; at the very moment of his victory the cold steel entered his back; his grasp relaxed, again the weapon was plunged into his flesh, and he felt the blood gushing from his wounds. In another moment he lay breathless and insensible, to all appearance dead. Even then the vengeful cruelty of his assassin was unquenched, and the senseless and bleeding body was mutilated and disfigured in a most horrid manner, after having been despoiled of every thing of the slightest value.

A long and imperfect existence followed this fearful proximity to death, and when Workman began to receive real and healthful impressions from outward objects, and his thoughts to perform their accustomed office, he was bewildered at finding himself in a neatly furnished chamber, that recalled some vague but pleasing sensations to his mind; he strove to rise, but his closely swathed limbs were so rigid as to forbid every attempt at motion; a well-dressed man was at his side, scarcely distinguishable, however, through the dim light; one hand held a watch at which he gazed with an air of deep anxiety, while the other rested on the patient's pulse.

"Good!" exclaimed the physician, "the fever

has abated, the prospect is more favourable." A deep drawn sigh caused him to start, and a smile of benevolence beamed across his fine features, as he congratulated the patient on the restoration of his reason.

"I have," said he, "for three long days, been balancing between hope and fear, and confess that a dread of serious result was enhanced by the wandering state of your mind; but thank heaven all is now well, enjoy a little more rest, and in the afternoon all shall be more fully explained."

As the sufferer began to reflect upon the past, he seemed to have been haunted by a horrid and painful dream: his brain had been filled with terrific images, and although he was unable to recal them distinctly, yet the bare and confused recollection caused an involuntary shudder. Reverting to more distant objects, the scenes of his misfortune rose strongly defined and coloured, and joy at his providential deliverance overpowering every other emotion, a gush of tears poured over his hollow and flushed cheeks, and relieved the unwonted pressure. A slight repast of nourishing food, served him by an attentive matron, revived him still more; and, when after a few hours the physician returned, he expressed a desire to hear all that had befallen him since his loss of consciousness.

A few words sufficed to explain. A passing carriage, which arrived immediately after the catastrophe, had discovered and borne him to the present shelter, where his wounds had been examined; and though they at first appeared mortal, yet, with attention and care their unfavourable symptoms declined: his recovery from the delirium which succeeded had been hourly watched with patience and anxiety, as well for the restoration of Workman's health, as also that he might best inform the outraged villagers of the perpetrators of the crime, for no clue was yet discovered to the really guilty, in despite of every precaution and minute enquiry. Certain foot-marks had been measured, and also a print in the snow of a human form, known from its size not to be that of the unfortunate drover. As the drover heard the narrative of the kind Providence that had interposed between him and destruction, and had snatched him from the strong grasp of death in his veriest extremity, his heart swelled within him, and overflowed with gratitude that he could not find words to express. Each day rendered the prospect of his recovery more cheering and certain, and, on the first opportunity, in an interview with an attendant officer of the police, he disclosed all the particulars of the transaction, from the time of his rencontre at the "Heifer," to the last scene in the appalling tragedy. It was done more for the sake of form than with any reasonable hope of success, especially as the evident disguise of the parties concerned, rendered a recognition extremely difficult and improbable. No pains, however, were spared to set on foot a legal investigation.

It now becomes necessary, for the sake of

brevity, to change the scene of our narrative to the metropolis, where an active and energetic police had already been possessed of the full particulars relative to the robbery and intended murder; and well knowing the course of conduct usually pursued by such villains, a silent but unremitting search had been instituted within the precincts of London. The only guide in the mysterious labyrinth that involved the whole affair, consisted simply of the following facts:—the description of the disguised individuals, and the measurement of the marks inprinted on the snow—both too insignificant to point suspicion in any definite direction. The landlord of the "Heifer," and the hostess, where the travellers had last been seen, were both interrogated, and their houses underwent the strictest scrutiny, but not the most trifling satisfaction was obtained. Both denied ever having seen the robbers before, and no proof could be adduced of the falsity of their testimony. In these embarrassing difficulties, it was thought proper to entrust the management of the business to a single man of tried courage, the most unyielding perseverance, and subtle cunning, investing him with plenary authority, and giving orders to spare no time or exertions, but confine his whole attention to this particular subject. Day after day passed in fruitless wandering among the herds of guilty wretches that infest the land, and defy the arm of justice in the concealments of the city; the gaming table, the theatre, all were searched in vain.

"A long and a short!" said Storming Willie, (as he was familiarly called) while he turned over his papers with a puzzled air; "a long—strong—thin; a short—thick—sandy—Scotch;—humph! many such here, but not the thing: here have I been three days hard at work, and no game:—let me see, 'twas done in the west—aye, well—yet they must be in town; it is the nature of the rogues to love company; money too—then they didn't walk—no, no, their laziness would rather be humoured—they will be for riding to London—in the coach it may be."

Full of a new idea, and as blithe as a hunter who has struck on the Fox's trail, he made haste to divest himself of his official appearance, and proceeded forthwith to one of the western stage offices where daily arrivals poured into the city. Here, on making the necessary inquiries as if for two of his friends, he was overjoyed at learning that as late as the day before, two persons of the appearance designated had arrived, and were set down at a quarter which was pointed out. Even the names under which they travelled he found no difficulty in obtaining, which, whether true or false, might prove of some utility. On the wings of hope, yet trembling with dread of disappointment, he flew to — street, after obtaining the proper papers; night had just set in, and seeing a house of entertainment close at hand, he bade his subalterns await his return, and entered, seating himself in a secluded corner and calling for a flagon of ale. Whilst endeavouring to mature a plan of operation, numerous

persons passed to and fro, of all ages and sizes, but none of that peculiar formation which he longed to lay his hands upon. Once indeed he started at hearing a rough voice calling for a "wee drappie of strong waters," but the countenance of open good nature from which this request proceeded, put the vision of success to flight. Almost in despair at not meeting the objects of his search, Willie began to button his great coat, and prepare for an out-of-doors reconnoitre. He had nearly reached the entrance, when his attention was arrested by a little girl of interesting appearance, who ran by him, holding a pitcher in her hand, and asked for "a quart of strong beer for Mrs. Holman."

"Holman!" muttered Willie, and he stopped short in his walk; in that moment he scarce knew how to act, but a consciousness of his conspicuous position at once determined him. He passed into the street, and impatiently awaited the return of the child. She passed—

"My pretty girl, stay a moment; I am looking for a friend of mine, a Mr. Holman, can you tell me does such a one live in this neighbourhood?"

"La, sir!" she replied, with the utmost simplicity; "that is my father, he has been away a long time, and only came home last night; if you come with me you shall see him."

"With all my heart, child; is any one with him?"

"No, sir, unless my mother; but, see we are at home, will you walk up stairs?"

Willie felt some secret qualms at trusting himself in the lion's den; but relying on his experience, he condescended a speech to address to his newly discovered friend, and then boldly entered the apartment shown by the child. The moment his eye rested on the figure which rose at his entrance, a firm conviction of his correct judgment settled on his mind—the tall—strong—thin was before him. Still more, and stranger; on a closer inspection he recognised features unseen for years, but distinctly remembered. In a moment his course was planned. "Good night, Mr. Holman," said he, "perhaps you do not remember me, Will Nixon, the old companion of your school hours and your plays."

Holman stared for an instant as if unsatisfied of his friend's identity, then starting forward, he grasped his hand warmly, and exclaimed, "Lord! Will Nixon, is this you? Heaven bless us man, how times have changed; yes, indeed, school days have done but little good for me; Latin and Greek don't help one to bear the kicks and cuffs of this rough world, and you look as if you had not escaped without your share."

"No, no; a sorry time enough I have had of it since we played at marbles together, and sometimes at fisty-cuffs, all out of pure good love. But what have you been at for these dozen or two years?"

"Oh! don't ask—but you have heard perhaps how I fell in with Lucy Brooks, the Squire's daughter; the old villain swore he would hang me for shooting on his manor, and — him, I fell in love with his only child, and married her out

of revenge; I sent him to his long home with sorrow, but not a bit of his land did I inherit; no, he left his daughter a shilling, and for me his bitter curse; sorely has it hung upon my head, turning my brightest hours to night—yes, it seems now to unnerve my arm, and make me care as little for the world and all that is in it, as for the sighing of this north wind. I bore up against it at first; poverty stared us in the face; my child, my fair-cheeked child, sickened, pined, and died. If I would live, I must work, and then they bade me tend the village school, but the curse haunted me even there, and I was on the wide world again; guilt tempted, dissipation seized me; I could wear a laugh upon my lips when my heart was bleeding tears; I was called a *joyial, happy fellow*—good God! what did that cost me—years flew—clouds gathered—I was—but no matter—no matter."

"Ah! your lot has indeed been pitiful. I am sorry, very sorry for it; but I must forget that you have been my friend."

"How—why?—are you too like the rest?"

"Yes; I must do my duty, though it go hard with me. You know the Scotchman—"

"Who—Tom Brown—what of him?"

"Yes, that is his name; have you seen him lately?—I forgot to say that I was of the police—you stand accused of his murder."

"Of the police—the devil!—so good a man in such a business!—Ha, ha, ha—accused of his murder!—well that is a good one—now are you serious? I came to town with him last night; he lodges in the next street; I suppose you can't take my word for it, however;—come with me and you shall see him as alive as either you or I."

"No, that would be too troublesome; just give me a direction, I will satisfy myself, and return to give you joy on the refutation of the charge."

Holman tendered this service with perfect indifference and unsuspecting, little knowing the snare which his artful friend was weaving about his feet. He sat down to await his return. Storming Willie almost intoxicated with joy at so unexpected a denouement, descended the stairs, giving strict orders to the officers to allow no egress from the house; then selecting several stout companions, he hastened to the lodging of the unsuspecting culprit; and came down upon the astonished Scot with the suddenness of lightning and the startling effect of thunder. He was about retiring to bed, when the door opened and his unwonted visitors burst into the room. Discharging a volley of invectives against the intruders, he hobbled forward to resist their further entrance; but in a moment he was convinced of the rashness of the attempt; submitting to his fate, not, however, without protesting his innocence most loudly, and denouncing vengeance on his captors. He was soon under the custody of the keeper of the prison, and allowed to vent his passion in solitude.

One of the supposed parties in the assault having been thus secured by a successful *coup de main*, it only remained to secure Holman,

and, at the same time, procure direct evidence of the crime; it was therefore determined to obtain access to the repositories of the suspected, by means of a search warrant. Supported by several men, well, but secretly armed, Willie proceeded once more to Holman's apartment; he found him traversing the floor with hasty and lengthened strides, his arms folded, and so absorbed in thought as not to notice their approach. The noise of their entrance at last attracted his attention, and pausing, he handed a chair to Nixon, and requested his companions to be seated. His features betrayed no anxiety nor fear, even when he demanded the success of the visit to — street.

"Entirely satisfactory—he is alive and well; but we are compelled to ask your permission for a search; our warrant is this paper." And he handed him a scroll containing a description of his person as a receiver of stolen goods.

"Upon my word, Nixon," said he, in a tone of displeasure, "you are carrying this joke too far; what have I to do with stolen goods? but here are the keys, look for yourself: as for this paper it is the work of some one who wills me harm; 'twill soon be disproved."

Meanwhile every nook had been searched minutely, but without success, when one of the men drew from beneath the bed a large bundle, apparently of clothing.

"What is this?" enquired Nixon.

"Nothing but the remnants of my pedagogue apparel," was the careless reply.

"Worn, though," said Nixon, unrolling it—"since beginning another trade—bah! what's here—a cloak—hat—blood on it!"

"Blood did you say?—then blood be it. Damnation seize you, give me the cloak;" and pale, staring, and wild, he endeavoured to gain possession of the garment; then, seizing a pistol concealed in his bosom, he pointed at Nixon and drew the trigger. It happily missed fire: in an instant it was wrested from his grasp, and after a few minutes of desperate struggling, he was hurled to the floor and securely pinioned. During this scene his wife and child, who had been alarmed by the uproar, entered the room, and supposing that the unhappy man was being murdered, rent the air with frantic shrieks, praying and beseeching with clasped hands and dishevelled hair, the life of a husband and a father. When they saw entreaty was vain, they flew to call assistance, and on returning found the chamber desolate, the object of their solicitude gone, they knew not whither. In a dungeon cold and dark, he inwardly cursed the treachery of his false friend, and his own confiding simplicity.

In vain did the myrmidons of the law test every expedient to extort a confession from either of the prisoners, no promises could persuade, no threats coerce them to compliance; both maintained a dogged obstinacy and defied the power of their enemies. The circumstantial evidence which could be adduced to confirm their guilt was very strong; but, to proceed to

extremities, a cause was wanting "more relative than this." Workman had sufficiently recruited his health to support the fatigue of a journey to the metropolis, and had already arrived. It was supposed that should the Scot but see him alive whom he doubtless supposed dead, and hear his avowal, that conscience would force from him an avowal of the attempted crime.

It was near midnight. The cell was dark and moist with drops that seemed to coze from its rock-built sides and vaulted roof, as if tears of pity for the sufferer beneath. On a rough table stood a small taper, flickering in the cold gusts that rushed through the close grating, and casting a doubtful light upon a low and rude couch where lay a form, short and stoutly built. His face was embrowned and furrowed, yet the blood had deserted it, and the pale forehead and colourless lips looked as if the finger of death had pressed upon them. The door opens; an emaciated figure supported between two officers of the prison, enters, and is seated beside the bed; he looks with pity on the sleeper, and passes his hand hastily across his moistened eyes. A slight noise causes the sleeper to be restless; he grasps the bed covering convulsively, and his lips move but without articulation.

The drover stooped down, and whispered a few words in the ear of the Scot. A cold sweat bedewed his face—he gasped for breath, and turned from side to side with a heavy groan:—then he lay perfectly still, almost ceasing to breathe, apparently striving to catch the drover's voice, then buried his face deep in the bed-clothes. Again the drover spoke, and louder—"Where did you murder him?"—The Scot started furiously from his recumbent posture, and flung his arms wildly in the air: he shrieked—"Murder him! ha! ha! ha! I swear I did not—look—look—how the white snow turns into blood—he is choking him—hush, hush—is he gone?—Oh God! oh God!" and with a thrilling shudder he awoke. The first object that he saw was Workman, close beside him. He shrunk and started back with horror; his trembling fingers pointed at him, and his body sunk backwards, while his mouth jabbered some unintelligible sentences, till fainting with excess of terror, he fell insensible into the arms of the attendants.

It was long before life was restored, and long before he could be convinced of the reality of the drover's existence; but when he was, his transports were beyond description; he wept, he danced, he sang, and was eager and impatient for his confession to be made. In this he declared that the intention of Holman and himself was only to deprive the drover of his money; that he had been decoyed into Dame Williams' for the purpose of being intoxicated, and that their worst enemy, the dog, might be made away with; that rage at the blow which he received, and fear of his comrade's death, had so maddened him as to render him incapable of reflection, and that then he had stabbed the drover; and, finally, that so great had been the excitement of the country, it was impossible to make any use of

their ill-gotten gain; and that it remained almost untouched in a place which he disclosed. Many a tear was shed, and many a heart-rending groan burst from his bosom during the recital; but when he had finished, a mountain seemed removed; he breathed more freely, and conversed more at his ease.

Let us not dwell on this sad conclusion. The accomplice, though at first denying all know-

ledge of the accusation made in the confession, persisted not, after being confronted with the living witness of his guilt.

The day of trial came—the one paid the forfeit of a long career of crime upon the scaffold; and the other, far from his native land, was compelled to herd with those whose crimes had driven them from the bosom of society.

Y. P.

THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. C. GORE.

Why does my mother steal away
To hide her struggling tears?
Her trembling touch betrays uncheck'd
The secret of her fears;
My father gazes on my face
With yearning, earnest eye;—
And yet, there's none among them all,
To tell me I must die!

My little sisters press around
My sleepless couch, and bring
With eager hands their garden gift,
The first sweet buds of Spring!
I wish they'd lay me where those flowers
Might lure them to my bed,
When other Springs and Summers bloom
And I am with the dead.

The sunshine quivers on my cheek,
Glim'ring, and gay, and fair,
As if it knew my hand too weak
To shade me from its glare!
How soon 'twill fall unheeded on
This death-dew'd glassy eye!
Why do they fear to tell me so?
I know that I must die!

The Summer winds breathe softly through
My lone, still, dreary room,
A lonelier and a stiller one
Awaits me in the tomb!
But no soft breeze will whisper there,
No mother hold my head!
It is a fearful thing to be
A dweller with the dead!

Eve after eve, the sun prolongs
His hour of parting light,
And seems to make my farewell hours
Too fair, too heavenly bright!
I know the loveliness of earth,
I love the evening sky,
And yet I should not murmur, if
They told me I must die.

My playmates turn aside their heads
When parting with me now,
The nurse that tended me a babe,
Now soothes my aching brow.
Ah! why are those sweet cradle-hours
Of joy and fondling fled?
Not e'en my parents' kisses now
Could keep me from the dead!

Our Pastor kneels beside me oft,
And talks to me of Heaven;
But with a holier vision still,
My soul in dreams hath striven:
I've seen a beckoning hand that call'd
My faltering steps on high;
I've heard a voice that, trumpet-tongued,
Bade me prepare to die!

THE HUNTER'S SERENADE.

Thy bower is finished, fairest!
Fit bower for hunter's bride—
Where old woods over-hadow
The green Savannah's side.
I've wandered long and wandered far,
And never have I met,
In all this lovely western land,
A spot so lovely yet.
But I shall think it fairest
When thou art come to bless,
With thy sweet eyes and silver voice,
Its silent loveliness.

For thee the wild grape glistens
On sunny knoll and tree,
And stoops the slim papaya
With yellow fruit for thee;
For thee the duck on glassy stream,
The prairie fowl shall die;
My rifle for thy feast shall bring
The wild swan from the sky;
The forest's leaping panther,
Fierce, beautiful, and fleet,
Shall yield his spotted hide to be
A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me,
Thy maiden love of flowers;
Ah! those that deck thy gardens
Are pale compared with ours.
When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The earth has no more gorgeous sight
To show the human eyes.
In meadows red with blossoms,
All summer long, the bee
Murmurs and loads his yellow thighs
For thee, my love, and me.

Or, would'st thou gaze at tokens
Of ages long ago?
Our old oak stream with mosses,
And sprout with mistletoe;
And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
The giant sycamore;
And trunks, o'erthrown for centuries,
Cumber the forest floor;
And in the great Savannah,
The solitary mound,
Built by the elder world, o'erlooks
The loneliness around.

Come, thou hast not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise quite,
With many blushes murmured,
Beneath the evening light.
Come, the young violets crowd my door,
Thy earliest look to win,
And at my silent window-sill
The Jessamine peeps in;
All day the red-breast warbles
Upon the mulberry near,
And the night-sparrow trolls her song
All night, with none to hear.

THE LAKE OF CANANDAIGUA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

Twenty years ago, the pretty village of Canandaigua, in the western part of the state of New York, with its white-washed cottages "bosomed soft" in accacias and roses, did not exist. But the shores of its beautiful lake had even then one sequestered mansion which might have vied in its sweet loneliness with the fairest dwelling that wood and water ever conspired to adorn. The spot is still one of the most admired in that land of bright air and sunny landscape; but then, it was lovelier still. No staring hotel rose to mar the soft harmony of the scene. The white cottage of Mrs. Hastings, with its festooned portico of flowering creepers, was the only object reflected from the bosom of the lake, that showed a trace of human workmanship. The first feeling, on looking at such a dwelling, must have been unmingled admiration—the second, perhaps, wonder, that any one possessed of the taste and familiarity with the luxuries of social life, which the air of the place indicated, could live so far remote from beings of the same order. But the situation of Mrs. Hastings was such as to make her choice of this residence perfectly natural. Three years before the date of the circumstances about to be related, she had banished herself from her native England, by contracting a marriage so imprudent as to offend every friend she had in the world. The extremely romantic turn of her mind caused her to find attraction in the very circumstances which, to her more reasonable friends, made her choice peculiarly objectionable. Mr. Hastings was the natural son of parents who had never acknowledged him: all he possessed was a person pre-eminently handsome, an affectionate heart, and most sweet temper. Some one, he knew not who, had kept him at school till he was seventeen, and then given him a pair of colours. Miss Weyland unfortunately met the young man at a ball, while his uniform was in its first blush and glory. Emboldened by the consciousness of being the most distinguished figure in the room, the young officer ventured to request an introduction, which, under other circumstances, he would never have dreamed of. The consequence was a hasty marriage, and emigration to America. With better fortune than such imprudence deserved, the two years that their union lasted were like "one long summer's day of idleness and love." Her fortune, which the mature age of twenty-one had placed at her disposal exactly one week before her marriage, sufficed to purchase three hundred acres on the lovely borders of the Canandaigua Lake; it cleared them, as acres there are seldom cleared; it built them a fairy palace, bought half a score of slaves, and put them in possession of enough stock to produce an income of a thousand dollars, which, with the produce of their little farm, made them quite as rich as they wished to be. Their neighbours were few, and widely

scattered. At five miles distance, lived a magistrate, (in the language of the country a squire,) who ground all the corn, and performed most of the marriages of the district. Three miles farther, dwelt an attorney who, whether he could "help it" or not, was assuredly "a special" one. He was appointed by the government to superintend the sale of land, and to collect the tax upon it; he was, moreover, intrusted with the important commission of negotiating for the purchase of an extensive Indian reserve in the neighbourhood, with the chiefs of the nation to whom it belonged. A few backwoodsmen, the hardy and enterprising pioneers of the vast rush of population which has since spread over the district, were scattered here and there; and amongst them "the Store," whence flowed the heterogeneous multitude of commodities which a hundred shops are thought hardly sufficient to furnish in a city. This important emporium raised an imposing front of yellow planks; and close beside it, in all the splendour of red ochre, stood the no less necessary "public" offering to the hard worked sons of the forest, their darling luxuries of whiskey and tobacco. Their nearest neighbours, however, were the inhabitants of the Indian village, which was the metropolis of the tribe above mentioned. They never experienced the slightest inconvenience from the vicinity, but on the contrary, carried on a very convenient traffic for venison, wild turkeys, and all the nameless varieties of forest dainties, which the Indians have at their command, with a certainty which might raise a sigh of envy in the most accomplished poachers of the old country. In a word, their existence might best be described by the expressive French phrase, "ils menait une vie bien douce." But, alas! at the end of two years, Mr. Hastings died of the autumn fever, so often bred on the enticing shores of a lake; and his widow was left with nothing to console her, but the persuasion that she had given him two years of happiness in exchange for what seemed likely to have been a long life of anxiety and privation. The first six months after she lost him, were spent in heart-felt and unmitigated sorrow; and if those which followed were less melancholy, it was only chance that made them so, by awakening that spirit of romance which had placed her in the wilds of America. The winter had passed dismally away; both cold and sorrow had chilled the heart of the solitary widow, and she felt persuaded that nothing could ever again restore the life and lightness of her spirit. But who or what can resist the first burst of the American spring? It comes not, as elsewhere, timidly, fearing the last parting blast of winter; but, bold and vigorous, starts into life and power, and only yields before the scorching splendour of the summer sun. The first time Mrs. Hastings had quitted her solitary heart, since she return-

ed from seeing her young husband laid beneath his favourite chestnut tree, was on a sunny morning, towards the end of April. Had she thought about going out, she would not have had courage to do it; but as she stood at the door of the pretty parlour that opened upon the lawn, she stepped out, rather from the animal instinct which led her to meet the soft breeze that rose from the lake, than from any premeditated hope of finding enjoyment. Yet still she wandered on, and with a sort of dreamy pleasure, felt the warm air upon her cheek, watched the gentle ripple of the lake, as it almost reached her footpath, and listened, though unconsciously, to the chirping concert which every bough sent forth.

At last she reached a spot, too well remembered to be seen without a pang. It was a lovely nook, at the most distant point of their "clearing," where they had suffered a few acres to retain their original wildness, excepting that, at one point, close upon the border of the lake, poor Hastings had reared a bower for his young wife, which he had delighted to make the prettiest toy in the western wilderness. It was here that, while he amused himself with his fishing-rod, she used to read to him, sing to him, talk to him. Often had the forest rung to the gay laugh of the married lovers; and often in that deep solitude had they repeated to each other the fond vow that they would not change their leafy paradise for the noblest palace in their native land. Never had she been more thoughtless and fearless of sorrow than the last evening they had passed together there—but within three hours after they quitted it, the young man was laid upon the bed from which he never rose again. Poor Mrs. Hastings sat down before the door, upon the very spot where, last she had seen him sit, and her tears flowed abundantly. While thus sadly occupied, and utterly unmindful of every thing but her sorrow, the sudden sensation of most violent anguish caused her to utter a sharp, loud scream, and almost in the same instant she perceived that a snake had settled on the hand which hung by her side, and that a young Indian girl, springing from among the forest trees, had seized the reptile just below its head, and with gentle dexterity caused it to quit its hold. She saw this, but she saw no more: pain and horror overpowered her, and she fainted. On recovering her senses, she found herself on her own bed, with several of her slaves about her; but the figure which immediately fixed all her attention, was that of the young Indian girl who had preserved her. It would be difficult to imagine a prettier picture. Her slight and delicate hands were crossed upon her bosom, her long, glossy, black hair was fastened back behind her head, so as to show the beautiful contour of her face and bust; her features were small, and exquisitely regular; and her eyes, the loveliest in the world, were beaming with the very soul of gentle kindness. The wounded hand had been enveloped with some application that had already eased the pain; and it was evident by the manner in which the

negroes stood apart, while the young Indian alone lunged over her, that she it was who had the charge of her at this critical moment. Had Mrs. Hastings not lived for two years on the borders of an Indian reserve, and thereby become familiar with the dress and figure of her neighbours, she might have been tempted to believe, during the first confused moments of returning reason, that the dark, but lovely girl was some spirit of the woods, who, by her magic touch, had stilled the throbbing agony, which had been the last sensation she was conscious of feeling. But she well knew that the reputation which the Indians bore for skill in herbs, was held in high reverence by the negroes, and doubted not that she now owed her life to the exercise of it. In a voice, feeble from recent suffering, she attempted to express her thanks; but her dark-eyed nurse pressed her finger on her lips, and with a smile of delighted success, said in broken English, but of most gentle accent, "Lady, no speak." She then tendered her a draught already prepared, and making a sign to the obedient negroes to leave the room, she closed the curtains around the bed, and placed herself beside it in silent watchfulness. The sure drug did not disappoint her; a long and quiet sleep was its effect; and in a few hours Mrs. Hastings awoke, with no other ill effect from the bite—though a most venomous one—than a trifling degree of stiffness in the arm. It was impossible to receive so important a service without wishing to reward the author of it; and of all people living, Mrs. Hastings was the least likely to be deficient in such a wish. Her first feeling was the desire to heap favours upon the pretty Yarro, beyond the possibility of her hope or expectation. It was much more easy to do this with a being whose wishes were so humble, and whose knowledge was so limited, than to satisfy the enthusiastic gratitude of her own heart. Yarro was just sixteen, and being an Indian, and the belle of her tribe, may reasonably be supposed to have been fond of finery. She had a darling brother, too, the prince of hunters, the scourge of panthers, and the glory of his race. But Yarro had received more articles of dress than her wigwam could hold; and her brother, Hawkes-eye, more rifles and ammunition than he could stow away; yet still Mrs. Hastings thought she had done nothing for them. There are some warm hearts, in whom the act of bestowing creates more affection than that of receiving favours. Our English exile was decidedly one of these. She had felt deeply grateful to the young Indian when she recovered from her accident; but, after she had petted and loaded her with presents for a week or two, she became so fond of her, that she was never contented in her absence. This arose partly from her own generous and loving nature, and partly from the manifold attractions and amiable qualities of her young favourite. When, in addition to these causes of attachment, it is remembered that Mrs. Hastings was in a state of the most desolate solitude, it will hardly appear surprising, that she should resolve to adopt and educate the

pretty Yarro. But here she encountered a difficulty which she did not expect. Hawkseye and Yarro had neither father nor mother—they were all in all to each other; and when she proposed to take the young girl into her family, and treat her as her child, she was answered by two words only, "Hawkseye die!" When the young man was consulted, he steadily refused to give any opinion, and only repeated, from time to time, in an accent of perfect tranquillity, "Yarro, choose!" Too affectionate in her own nature to be displeased by the same temper in others, Mrs. Hastings abandoned her project, and contented herself, as well as she might, with a daily visit from her forest friend. Just at this time a circumstance occurred, which not only made a change in the destiny of Yarro, but in that of the whole nation to which she belonged. Mr. Mansel, the attorney who was commissioned by the government to purchase from the Indians the fine tract of country which had been reserved to them in the neighbourhood of Canandaigua, had encountered many difficulties in the progress of his undertaking. The tribe he had to deal with were strongly attached to their lands; and he talked to them in vain of the hunters' paradise, which the loving kindness of their great father, the President, had prepared for them on the other side of the great river. Again and again, he assembled their chiefs in council; they listened, with the most impenetrable gravity, to the long harangues which Mr. Mansel uttered, and which the accomplished Pawtawako faithfully interpreted; but still they only answered, "No."

Mr. Mansel, however, was not a man to submit quietly to seeing the government contradicted by a few hundreds of red Indians. If they would not be persuaded in one way, they must another; the dignity of his country required it, and, moreover, he was to be paid handsomely for the job. At the next meeting in the senate grove of lofty beech trees, under whose shade all national measures were discussed, Mr. Mansel, after expressing his regret at the failure of a negotiation so greatly for their advantage, informed them that he was now come to take his leave, previous to his departure for Washington, whither he was going for the purpose of informing their great father that they had thought proper to refuse his offers. He held out the hand of peace to the chieftains, and waved a courteous adieu to the young men who stood outside the circle of the elders. In return, he received their simple, but sincere "Farewell!" He turned to go, and having loosened his horse from the tree to which he had fastened it, he asked two of the most distinguished among them to accompany him to the red tavern, to drink together a cup of peace and good-will, before he set off. To refuse this would have been uncourteous, and, truth to say, unnatural, in an Indian. Two horses were immediately prepared for them, and they set off with the friendly white man. Though Mr. Mansel did not speak their language with sufficient fluency to use it for an harangue uttered within

the shade of the Senate Grove, yet he was sufficiently acquainted with its quaint and simple idiom, to enable him to converse freely with his companions. He did so in a manner the most satisfactory. He spoke of the fame of their fathers, many of whom he mentioned by name; of their skill in the chase, their fleetness in the course: and as he did it, he looked at the gentle expression of their dark faces, marked the simple and innocent triumph that beamed from their deep-set eyes, listened to the kind feelings of their grateful hearts, and then laughed inwardly to think that such a race should strive to cope with him.

The Indians are said to be cruel in war; and their ferocity is the more conspicuous, because it is exercised in a way unknown in European warfare. It might, perhaps, be difficult to show that war, under any system, did not expose those concerned in it to the same charge. That increasing civilization introduces many courtesies which, when the field is over, calm the terrors of conquest, is most certain; but were this graceful gilding removed, (which Heaven forbid!) the European soldier would not be much less terrible than the Indian. In peace, no beings acting from the unchecked impulses of nature can show more amiable propensities; and were they suffered to remain on earth till the slow, but steadily advancing march of Christianity reached them, they might be added to the fellowship of the nations, giving another proof of the power and the blessings of its influence. But this is not to be. They are driven from their forest kingdoms, like the beasts that perish—not like men who wear the image of their Maker—and this too by a race who do not, even in fable, pretend to trace their origin from "the great spirit." Another fault attributed to the poor Indians is their proneness to intoxication. It is hardly fair that this should be urged against them by those who not only offer the cup, but do it with a hand that trembles from the use of it. Most true it is, that intoxication and the art of blasphemous swearing, is all of education that the red Indians have gained by the proximity of white men.

Before the party reached the red tavern, Mr. Mansel had succeeded in opening completely the easy hearts of his companions, and they followed him into it, with all the fearless confidence of brothers. Rum, whiskey, and tobacco, soon united to entrance their faculties; Mansel continued his cajolerics, and the poor Indians listened to him, till they could hear no more. Soon after the debauch had reached this point, the door of the room was suddenly opened, and the figure of a young Indian, with his hatchet slung across his shoulder, and his rifle in his hand, appeared at it. Hatred and suspicion glared from his dark eye, as he fixed it on the startled Mansel. A table stood before him, where, amidst the bottles, pipes, and glasses, he perceived paper, and the implements of writing. A suspicion of the truth flashed upon him. "What you do with this?" he said, taking up the pen, which, still wet with ink, lay upon the table, "I have

been writing a letter to my wife, that she may not expect me home to-night," replied the lawyer. "Take some rum: Hawkes-eye, your uncle there, lies fast asleep, you see; but he'll be none the worse when he wakes up, I expect: come, take some rum." Hawkes-eye stood silently holding the pen in his hand; the fierce expression of his countenance sunk into a look of the profoundest melancholy. He looked from the pen to his uncle, and then back again to the pen; he took no notice of Mansel, or his offered cup; he spoke not a word, but with the air of a man conquered and heart-broken, he turned, and left the room.

Mrs. Hastings had just entered her breakfast parlour, and was looking from the window in hopes of seeing her young favourite approach, to share, as she had often done, her morning meal, when she perceived—not the light figure she was looking for, but the tall and stately form of Hawkes-eye. Another glance showed that Yarro followed him, and the next moment they entered the portico together. Yarro looked pale and agitated; but her brother's brow betrayed no passion whatever. "Lady!" he said, "do you love Yarro still?" "Indeed I do, Hawkes-eye: I love her better every day." "And will you take her for your child?" "Gladly! if you will let me have her." Yarro stood behind him, but said not a word. He turned, and took her hand. "Take her, good lady—love her."

The muscles of the firm savage trembled. He turned to go. Then Yarro waked from the trance which seemed to have fallen on her, and laying her head on his bosom, she uttered, in her native tongue, some hurried words, whose meaning seemed almost to choke her. Hawkes-eye saw the wondering look of Mrs. Hastings, and, difficult as it was to him, answered his sister in English. "We must go, Yarro: they have sold the land. Hawkes-eye not see Yarro's feet torn in the long way. Good lady loves you. The father's bones lie near. Yarro weep by them." "What does this mean?" said Mrs. Hastings; "are your people going, Hawkes-eye?" "With to-morrow's sun, or the great father of Washington will hunt them." A livid paleness spread over his face, but it was from passion, not weakness. "Lady! you not the child of that great father; love Yarro! I go with my people; but in six moons come back to see poor Yarro." So saying, and as if fearing longer parley with the weeping girl, he left them. From Yarro, who was beginning to speak English with facility, Mrs. Hastings soon learnt the meaning of this scene. Mansel had contrived to get the mark of the two chieftains affixed to the deed of sale, before *credible witnesses*; nothing more was necessary to legalize the expulsion of the tribe by violence; and should they refuse to go, they would speedily, as Hawkes-eye expressed it, be hunted from their grounds. The manner in which this signature had been obtained, being neither new, nor even uncommon, the young Indian had interpreted the scene at the tavern without difficulty.

Before daylight the next morning the chiefs returned to their village, and were soon followed by official information of the deed they had done. It was impossible for an honest heart not to mourn over such a transaction, but the success of her darling scheme soon drew Mrs. Hastings' thoughts from every thing but the happiness of having obtained the object of her wishes; nor was it possible that the young Yarro should not soon find consolation amidst the many new pleasures that surrounded her. Great, indeed, was the change in her destiny. Every day some new acquirement drew her nearer to her patroness, and further from the untaught wildness of her forest home. With what eagerness did she enter upon her new, strange, but most delightful studies. She began learning to read, to write, to sew; but what was far beyond all else, as to the progress she made, and the delight she received from it, was the study of music. Of all Mrs. Hastings' numerous young-lady-like acquirements, music was the only one which she had not abandoned; and to teach the docile Yarro how to modulate her sweet and powerful voice, now became almost her only occupation.

It was about two months after Yarro had taken up her residence with Mrs. Hastings, that Colonel Weyland, her youngest brother, and the only one of her family who had taken any notice of her since her marriage, arrived with his regiment in America. At the conclusion of the peace which soon followed, he obtained leave of absence, and set off from New Orleans to visit his widowed sister on the Canandaigua lake. He arrived at her remote but beautiful residence on the evening of a sultry day, and meeting a negro servant at the gate which opened upon the lawn, he dismounted, and commending his weary horse to his care, directed his steps to the open windows of an apartment through which a stream of light issued. The sound of a rich and most sweet female voice singing, caused him to pause for a few moments in the portico before he entered. His sister sung, and sung well, but that voice was not hers. He drew near to the open window, and, sheltered by the profuse foliage of a magnolia, ventured to reconnoitre the apartment, in the hope of seeing the female whose voice had so enchanted him. Immediately opposite the window was his sister, seated at the piano-forte, with her fingers on the keys, as if in the act of playing—but no sound proceeded from the instrument. She was looking up in the face of Yarro, who stood beside her, pouring forth such a volume of delicious sound, as appeared either to defy her attempt at accompaniment, or so completely to engross her attention as to rob her of the power of continuing it. And the person of her who sang—how did it strike him? Perfectly unlike any form of beauty with which the young officer was familiar, yet, as he fancied, lovelier far than all others, she stood before him more like the creation of a dream, than an object seen in the sober reality of day.

Mrs. Hastings, who had not yet lost the fanciful romance of her character, delighted to dress

her favourite so as best to set off her uncommon beauty, and at the same time, by the whimsical style of the costume, to give her that foreign air, which, by showing she was not of the same race as her fair countrywomen, should prevent any comparisons being drawn to the disadvantage of her olive skin. Many an idle hour had she amused in planning and making the dresses of Yarro, and many more in admiring her young and graceful figure, after she had adorned it according to her fancy.

Some minutes elapsed before Colonel Weyland could break the spell that held him. At length the song ceased; Mrs. Hastings exclaimed, with the energy of real pleasure, "delightful," and her brother entered, repeating, with equal sincerity, "delightful, indeed!" "Dearest Harriet," he continued, "it is indeed a pleasure to me to see you once again, and still more to see you looking so well, and engaged so pleasantly."

Mrs. Hastings knew that it was her brother's intention to visit her before he returned to England, but she had not expected him so soon. The sudden emotion occasioned by his unexpected entrance, and the many sad recollections that crowded upon her as she looked at him, for a few moments quite overpowered her. She rose to meet him, but her limbs would hardly support her, and she dropped upon a sofa, not fainting, but trembling and hysterical. The frightened Yarro knelt before her, and loosened her dress, while Colonel Weyland sat down beside her, and by his affectionate caresses endeavoured to restore her composure. While they were thus occupied, Yarro looked up anxiously to the face of her friend, and in doing so encountered the gaze of her brother. One must have seen the melting softness of young Indian eyes to conceive their power. Not all the dazzling fairness of an English skin, not all the blue brilliance of an English eye, nor yet the graceful ringlets of the light brown hair, could send to the soul such a sense of beauty, as one glance of Yarro's full dark eye.

Tales of love have been so often told, that they will grow tedious, notwithstanding the endless variety of circumstances which may make each one appear something unlike the rest. Colonel Weyland scarcely remained a month with his sister, but that short period sufficed to create, nourish, and ripen to the strength of passion, the unbounded admiration he had conceived for the young Indian the first hour he saw her. Mrs. Hastings was not slow to perceive the state of her brother's heart; but far from opposing an attachment which the rest of his family would have treated as the vilest degradation, or the most wild insanity, she used her utmost efforts to promote it. Her fanciful brain immediately suggested the idea of her brother's marrying her protegee, and continuing with her for ever. With much unnecessary skill she displayed all the thousand nameless graces of her innocent Yarro. She made her dance, she made her sing, she made her utter, in her matchless voice, and in tones of the deepest feeling, the

most impassioned poetry. It was her hand that scattered over the breakfast table the richly scented flowers of the garden; it was she who presented to him, beneath the shadow of the locust trees that bordered the lake, the cool sangaree, or the refreshing water-melon. The young soldier felt as if spell-bound in a fairy palace. Every object seemed to aid the intoxication of his senses. The soft well-shaded lawn, the bright and tranquil lake, the sedulous attention of the quiet slaves, the music, the poetry, the beauty of Yarro, for ever before him; the gentle kindness, and renewed affection of the long-lost companion of his childhood, all seemed to "lap him in Elysium." Perhaps the very consciousness of the seductive softness of the scene, awakened in Colonel Weyland a salutary fear of himself. He was completely a gentleman, and a man of honour. The first prevented him from ever thinking for a moment of making the young Indian his wife, and the last gave him strength to fly, before he had poisoned for ever his own peace by destroying her innocence. Yet it was not without a most painful struggle that he tore himself away. His prudence had not always been so much stronger than his feelings, as to prevent his sometimes forgetting for a moment the restraint he had imposed upon himself. He feared, and with reason, that he had not always concealed his passion from the object of it, and it was almost impossible not to look into those gentle eyes to discover if it were returned. Alas! he could not doubt it, and his wayward but generous heart felt as much pain as pleasure in the discovery. He felt that it was time to go, but could not endure to pain a sister, whom he should probably never see again, by shortening the period he had named for his stay. Five days only of it remained, when the brother of Yarro was seen by Mrs. Hastings crossing, with his firm and measured stride, the path to the house. His appearance was much changed. He no longer wore the dress and the arms of his tribe, but was wrapped in a garment, something between a coat and a jacket, which, from being much too large gave him the appearance of thinness and misery. His lank and sable locks hung down below an old beaver hat, which was pulled forward over his eyes, and his whole person spoke poverty and suffering. Mrs. Hastings made an exclamation which caused Yarro to raise her eyes from her work: they followed those of her friend, and met the object which had produced it. For one short moment the change baffled the partial eye of affection. "No! it could not be Hawkes-eye," but the next saw her spring through the open window into the arms of her brother. Mrs. Hastings stepped out to greet him; the Colonel followed. Yarro, with that feeling so constantly found in affectionate tempers, of wishing that all they love, should love each other, took the hand of her brother, and led him to Colonel Weyland. There was much that was excellent in Colonel Weyland, but there was also a little touch of the world's hardness. He did not take the hand of Hawkes-eye, though he saw that the innocent

Yarro expected that he should—but he knew not the sick pang of wounded affection which this slight would give her. She turned from him, and, still holding the hand of her brother, went up to Mrs. Hastings and said, "The wigwam still stands, and I pass the day with Hawkes-eye." She kissed the hand of Mrs. Hastings, and still holding fast to her brother, retreated by the path which led to the forest. It is not necessary to repeat the sad occurrences of poor Hawkes-eye's life since he left his home, it is enough to say that the gentle Yarro forgot herself and all her own engrossing feelings, while listening to him.

Meanwhile, Colonel Weylahd took a solitary walk, in which he communed deeply with himself. The parting glance of Yarro pierced to his very heart—so fond, so gentle, yet so reproachful. And, oh! that dreadful brother! The very moment that he felt her power most, was that in which he was more than ever revolted by the idea of her condition. "I must see her no more," he exclaimed; while the life-blood almost stopped, as he made the resolution. "To bid her farewell would kill me!" With a hurried step he hastened back to his sister. "Harriet! forgive me the two days I take from my promised month; but reasons of great importance oblige me to leave you directly; it is better for us both that our parting should be shortened. Would I could persuade you to return to England with me." "Talk not of it, Frederick," she replied, "I am here, if not monarch of all I survey, at least of her condition. The young man turned his head aside, but could not avoid the searching eye of his sister: he therefore took courage to meet it, and looking steadily, but mournfully at her, he replied, "I will not blame you, Harriet, for the fearfully strong temptation you have thrown in my way, neither do you blame me for having resisted it; rather join me in thanking heaven that I alone am the sufferer; and now farewell! God bless you, dear sister, and since you will not return to us, may you find all the happiness in the society of Yarro—that I could dream, but dare not think of." Having uttered these words, he quitted the room, and, leaving all other cares of departure to his servant, mounted his horse, and rode sadly and heavily away.

The eyes of Mrs. Hastings were still wet with the tears this parting had cost her, when Yarro returned. She looked round the room, anxiously. "Where is he?" she said. "Gone, Yarro, gone for ever!" Bitterly did the feeling of self-reproach follow this hasty avowal. The poor girl turned deadly pale, and after the struggle of a moment, fell senseless to the ground. With tenderest care the imprudent Mrs. Hastings watched her returning senses, and conscious, too late, of the mischief she had caused, sat silently rubbing her temples, and pressing her cold hands, determined to utter no word that should pain or delude her farther. A very few moments sufficed to restore

the startled faculties of this child of the forest. The sudden blow had stunned her, but she had nerves, strong to endure; and kissing the hands which caressed her, she rose from the ground, and stood motionless and calm, like a silken lily after the hurricane has swept over it. She meant to speak, but for a minute or two felt it was impossible. A short low sob struck the ear of Mrs. Hastings. "Yarro, dearest Yarro!" she said, in accents of the tenderest pity. "I have walked far with my brother," she replied, "and I am weary; but I shall be better when I have slept. May I lie down on my own dear little white bed?" "I will lead you to it, my love," said her repentant friend. "No, no, not so, I must go alone." She did so, and did not appear again till at her usual hour of descending on the following morning. She then employed herself in executing her daily task of placing fresh flowers in the room. This done, she approached Mrs. Hastings, and, laying a hand on either shoulder, "she fell to such perusal of her face, as she would draw it." Then she kissed her forehead once, twice, thrice. "I must go to see my poor brother," she said. "Bring him here, dear Yarro," replied her friend. Yarro shook her head. "I will tell him," she said, and departed. She sought the sacred spot that sheltered the bones of their father, and Hawkes-eye stood there, not in his usual attitude, which was leaning upon his rifle, but with his arms "folded in that sad knot," which marks a dejected spirit. She sat down on the ground beside him, and made a sign that he too should sit. He did so, and the tender and pitying glance with which each read sorrow in the eyes of the other, softened their hearts. The tears of both flowed freely. "You look ill, Yarro," said her brother. "Yes, Hawkes-eye, I am ill—sick, sick to death; come with me, Hawkes-eye, to the water's edge;" and, hand in hand in hand, they reached the water's edge. They climbed a rising bank, one point of which jutted out over the lake; and here again the brother and sister sat down, side by side. For some time they sat looking at the beautiful expanse in silence. There is a passive quietness in the manners of the Indian race, both male and female, which lead many to believe that they are passionless and cold in temperament. But this manner is like the snow that covers Etna. Yarro loved the young Englishman with a fervour which, happily, his fair-haired country-women are not very apt to feel, and of which, in her case, he had not the slightest idea. Had he suspected it, his task would have been more difficult. She worshipped the ground over which his feet passed: the air he breathed was hallowed; the words he had spoken, and the songs he had listened to, were incantations of most blessed power, muttered a thousand times through the long nights that parted them. She had watched, with beating heart, the passion that flashed brighter and brighter from her lover's eyes, and smiled aside as her heart foretold the rapture of the moment when his tongue should find courage to utter it. No shade of fear mixed with her

fond impatience. *He loves as I do*, sounded within her heart, every time their eyes encountered—and that was so often, that confidence was only strengthened by delay. The destruction of this delicious dream withered her very soul: she could not bear it * * * * * Yarro turned her eyes from the bright bosom of the placid lake, to the melancholy face of her brother. "Son of my father," said she, pointing to the water, "let me rest in peace!" The stout hunter trembled, and springing to his feet, caught his sister in his arms, and endeavoured to carry her from the spot. "Hawkes-eye!—I cannot go! Brother! a gnawing serpent eats my heart—will you not help me?"

"Yarro! my dear Yarro!" "Look at that cool, smooth water, brother, and let me rest

beneath it." "No, Yarro! no." "By our father's spirit, deny me not—I pant, I thirst for it. Farewell, my father's son!" With sudden quickness she eluded his grasp, and the next moment the parting waves received her. He heard the splashing sound, and bent over the cliff from whence she sprung; but already had the peaceful waves closed over, and the aching heart of Yarro beat no more. The Indian watched the spot, till the last ripple of the waters died away; then turned away, to begin again the weary pilgrimage, which was to take him to a dwelling that was not his home, and to a land he loved not.

Mrs. Hastings returned to England with Colonel Weyland. She soon after married; so also did her brother. But neither of them ever forgot the Lake of Canandaigua.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

BY L. E. L.

Divinest art, the stars above
Were fated on thy birth to shine;
Oh, born of beauty and of love,
What early poetry was thine!

THE softness of Ionian night
Upon Ionian summer lay,
One planet gave its vesper light,
Enough to guide a lover's way;
And gave the fountain as it play'd
The semblance of a silvery shower,
And as its waters fell, they made
A music meet for such an hour:
That, and the tones the gentle wind
Won from the leaf, as from a lute
In natural melody combined,
Now that all ruder sound was mute;
And odours floated on the air,
As many a nymph had just unbound
The wreath that braided her dark hair,
And flung the fragrant tresses round.
Pillow'd on violet leaves, which prest
Fill'd the sweet chamber with their sighs,
Lull'd by the lyre's low notes to rest,
A Grecian youth in slumber lies;
And at his side a maiden stands,
The dark hair braided on her brow,
The lute within her slender hands,
But hush'd is all its music now;
She would not wake him from his dreams,
Although she has so much to say,
Although the morning's earliest beams
Will see her warrior far away:
How fond and earnest is the gaze
Upon those sleeping features thrown,
She who yet never d'red to raise
Her timid eyes to meet his own.
She bends her lover's rest above,
Thoughtful with gentle hopes and fears,
And that unutterable love
Which never yet spoke but in tears!
She would not that those tears should fall
Upon the cherish'd sleeper's face;
She turns and sees upon the wall
Its imaged shade, its perfect grace.
With eager hand she mark'd each line—
The shadowy brow the arching head—
Till some creative power divine
Love's likeness o'er Love's shadow spread.
Since then, what passion and what power
Has dwelt upon the painter's art!
How has it soothed the absent hour,
With looks that wear life's loveliest part!

From the Album of Lady Mary —

A LAY OF DEPARTED LOVE.

I THINK—I'm almost certain—that I love you now no more
My heart has ceased to flutter when the postman's at the
door;

I do not kiss your writing, as in folly *once* I did!
Nor are your notes (why send them?) in my jealous bosom
hid!

I do not idly fancy I read volumes in the seal,
Whose quaint device intends anything but—to conceal;
I don't perfume my paper when I scribble to you now;
Or use emboss'd, or tinted; and I scrawl, you best know
how.

I've cess'd presenting flowers, soft things silently to tell;
Since, for my cooler converse, *viva voce* serves as well.
I cannot, in the Ball-room, deem of belles yourself the
best,
And leave, deserted, pining, anxious, envious, the rest.

Nor do I, when I see you chatting with another beau,
Feel, as if I *must* destroy him, and my eyes could deal the
blow.

For I can flirt with fair ones, and without rememb'ring,
too,
That once I thought—frights—stupid—all who were not just
like you.

My serenades are over; ev'ry lyric to the moon,
Et cetera, burnt; my flute is crack'd, my voice gone out of
tune;

My gay guitar is broken; but you'd rather like to hear
That my brain was crack'd for you, and my heart broke too,
my dear.

I've lately slept quite soundly, quit of dreams that used to
be;

My appetite is charming—I can eat enough for three;
I sigh, from mere repletion, and oft muse; yet 'tis I vow,
On naught but cares and crosses—for, I do not love you
now.

I'm glad we did not marry, as I'm horribly in debt,
And you are not the 'Fortune' I'm resolved to capture;—
yet

'Twas pity you'd no money, for I reckoned that your
purse
Would long since have united us, 'for better or for worse.'

Still—still, had you ne'er flirted with ten coxcombs ev'ry
day,

To torture, torment, try me—and your sov'reignty display,
We might in time have wedded, with affection scarcely
cool'd;

But you mis-reckon'd sadly, in supposing I'd be fool'd!



THE MERMAID;
OR, MARTIN MEER.

THE MERMAID OF MARTIN MEER.

LITTLE needs to be said by way of introduction or explanation of the following tale. Martin Meer is now in process of cultivation; the plough and the harrow leave more enduring furrows on its bosom. It is a fact, curious enough in connexion with our story, that some years ago, in digging and draining, a canoe was found here. How far this may confirm our tradition, we leave the reader to determine.

Harrington, and his friend Sir Ralph, were spruce and well-caparisoned cavaliers, living often about court, towards the latter end of Charles the Second's reign. What should now require their presence in these extreme regions of the earth, far from society and civilization, it is not our business to enquire.

"How sweetly and silently that round sun sinks into the water!" said Harrington.

"But, doubtless," returned his companion, "if he were fire, as thou sayest, the liquid would not bear his approach so meekly; why, it would boil, if he were but chin-deep in yon great seething-pot."

"Thou art quicker at a jest than a moral, Molyneux," said the other and graver personage; "thou canst not even let the elements escape thy gibes. I marvel how far we are from our cousin Ireland's at Lydiate. My fears mislead me, or we have missed our way. This flat bosom of desolation hath no vantage-ground whence we may discern our path; and we have been winding about this interminable lake these two hours."

"Without so much as a blade of grass or a tree to say 'Good neighbour' to," said Molyneux, interrupting his companion's audible reverie;—"crows and horses must fare sumptuously in these parts."

"This lake, I verily think, follows us; or we are stuck to its side like a lady's bauble."

"And no living thing to say 'Good b'ye,' were it fish or woman."

"Or mermaid, which is both." Scarcely were the words uttered, when Harrington pointed to the water.

"Something dark comes upon that burning track left on the surface by the sun's chariot wheels."

"A fishmonger's skiff, belike," said Sir Ralph.

They plunged through the deep sandy drifts towards the brink, hastening to greet the first appearance of life which they had found in this region of solitude. At a distance they saw a female floating securely, and apparently without effort, upon the rippling current. Her form was raised half way above the water, and her long hair hung far below her shoulders. This she threw back, at times, from her forehead, smoothing it down with great dexterity. She seemed to glide on slowly, and without support; yet the distance prevented any very minute observation.

"A bold swimmer, o' my troth;" said Moly-

neux; "her body tapers to a fish's tail, no doubt, or my senses have lost their use."

Harrington was silent, looking thoughtful and mysterious.

"I'll speak to yon sea-wench."

"For mercy's sake hold thy tongue. If, as I suspect—and there be such things, 'tis said, in God's creation—thou wilt —"

But the tongue of this errant knight would not be stayed; and his loud musical voice swept over the waters, evidently attracting her notice, and for the first time. She threw back her dark hair, gazing on them for a moment, when she suddenly disappeared. Harrington was sure she had sunk; but a jutting peninsula of sand was near enough to have deceived him, especially through the twilight, which now drew on rapidly.

"And thou hast spoken to her!" said he gravely; "then be the answer thine."

"A woman's answer were easier parried than a sword-thrust, methinks; and that I have hitherto escaped."

"Let us be gone speedily. I like not yon angry star spying out our path through these wilds."

"Thou didst use to laugh at my superstitions; but thine own, I guess, are too chary to be meddled with."

"Laugh at me an' thou wilt," said Harrington: "when Master Lilly cast my horoscope, he bade me ever to eschew travel when Mars comes to his southing, conjunct with the Pleiades, at midnight—the hour of my birth. Last night, as I looked out from where I lay at Preston, methought the red warrior shot his spear athwart their soft scintillating light; and, as I gazed, his ray seemed to ride half way across the heavens. Again he is rising yonder."

"And his meridian will happen at midnight?"

"Even so," replied Harrington.

"Then gallop on. I'd rather make my supper with the fair dames at Lydiate, than in a mermaid's hall."

But their progress was ~~of~~ of no slight difficulty, and even danger. Occasionally plunging to the knees in a deep bog, then wading to the girth in a hillock of sand and prickly bent grass, (the *arundo arcnaria*, so plentiful on these coasts,) the horses were scarcely able to keep their footing—yet were they still urged on. Every step was expected to bring them within sight of some habitation.

"What is yonder glimmer to the left?" said Molyneux. "If it be that hideous water again, it is verily pursuing us. I think I shall be afraid of water as long as I live."

"As sure as Mahomet was a liar, and the Pope has excommunicated him from Paradise, 'tis the same still, torpid, dead-like sea we ought to have long since passed."

"Then have our demonstrations been in a

circle, in place of a right line, and we are fairly on our way back again."

Sure enough there was the same broad, still surface of the Meer, though on the contrary side, mocking day's last glimmer in the west. The bewildered travellers came to a full pause. They took counsel together, while they rested their beasts and their spur-rowels; but the result was by no means satisfactory. One by one came out the glorious throng above them, until the heavens grew light with living hosts, and the stars seemed to pierce the sight, so vivid was their brightness.

"Yonder is a light, thank Heaven!" cried Harrington.

"And it is approaching, thank you stars!" said his companion: "I durst not stir to meet it, through these perilous paths, if our night's lodging depended on it."

The bearer of this welcome discovery was a kind-hearted fisherman, who carried a blazing splinter of antediluvian firewood dug from the neighbouring bog; a useful substitute for more expensive materials.

It appeared they were at a considerable distance from the right path, or indeed from any path that could be travelled with safety, except by daylight. He invited them to a lodging in a lone hut on the borders of the lake, where he and his wife subsisted by eel-catching and other precarious pursuits. The simplicity and openness of his manner disarmed suspicion. The offer was accepted, and the benighted heroes found themselves breathing fish odours and turf smoke for the night, under a shed of the humblest construction. His family consisted of a wife and one child only; but the strangers preferred a bed by the turf embers to the couch that was kindly offered them.

The cabin was built of the most simple and homely materials. The walls were pebble stones from the sea beach, cemented with clay. The roof tree was the wreck of some unfortunate vessel stranded on the coast. The whole was thatched with star-grass or sea-reed, blackened with smoke and moisture.

"You are scantily peopled hereabouts," said Harrington, for lack of other converse.

"Why—ay," returned the peasant; "but it matters naught; our living is mostly on the water."

"And it might be with more chance of company than on shore;—we saw a woman swimming, or diving, there not long ago."

"Have ye seen her?" enquired both man and dame, with great alacrity.

"Seen whom?" returned their guest.

"The Meer-woman, as we call her."

"We saw a being, but of what nature we are ignorant, float and disappear as suddenly as though she were an inhabitant of yon world of waters."

"Thank Mercy!—then she will be here anon."

Curiosity was roused, though it failed in procuring the desired intelligence. She might be half woman, half fish, for aught they knew. She

always came from the water, and was very kind to them and the babe. Such was the sum of the information; yet when they spoke of the child there was evidently a sort of mystery and alarm, calculated to awaken suspicion.

Harrington looked on the infant. It was on the woman's lap asleep, smiling as it lay; and an image of more perfect loveliness and repose he had never beheld. It might be about a twelve-month old; but its dress did not correspond with the squalid poverty with which it was surrounded.

"Surely this poor imocent has not been stolen," thought he. The child threw its little hands towards him as it awoke; and he could have wept. Its short feeble wail had smitten him to the heart.

Suddenly they heard a low murmuring noise at the window.

"She is there," said the woman; "but she likes not the presence of strangers. Get thee out to her, Martin, and persuade her to come in."

The man was absent for a short time. When he entered, his face displayed as much astonishment as it was possible to cram into a countenance so vacant.

"She says our lives were just now in danger; and that the child's enemies were again in search; but she has put them on the wrong scent. We must not tarry here any longer; we must remove, and that speedily. But she would fain be told what is your business in these parts, if ye are so disposed."

"Why truly," said Harrington, "our names and occupation need little secrecy. We are idlers at present, and having kindred in the neighbourhood, are on our way to the Irelands at Lydiate, as we before told thee. Verily, there is but little of either favour or profit to be had about court now-a-days. Naught better than to loiter in hall and bower, and fling our swords in a lady's lap. But why does the woman ask? Hath she some warning to us? or is there already a spy upon our track?"

"I know not," said Martin; "but she seems mightily afeard o' the child."

"If she will intrust the babe to our care," said Harrington, after a long pause, "I will protect it. The shield of the Harringtons shall be its safeguard."

The fisherman went out with this message; and on his return it was agreed that, as greater safety would be the result, the child should immediately be given to Harrington. A solemn pledge was required by the unseen visitant, that the trust should be surrendered whenever, and by whomsoever, demanded; likewise a vow of inviolable secrecy was exacted from the parties that were present. Harrington drew a signet from his finger; whoever returned it was to receive back the child. He saw not the mysterious being to whom it was sent; but the idea of the Meer-woman, the lake, and the untold mysteries beneath its quiet bosom, came vividly and palpably on his recollection.

Long after she had departed, the strange events of the evening kept them awake. Enquiries were now answered without hesitation. Harrington learnt that the "Meer-woman's" first appearance was on a cold wintry day, a few months before. She did not crave protection from the dwellers in the hut, but seemed rather to command it. Leaving the infant with them, and promising to return shortly, she seemed to vanish upon the lake, or rather, she seemed to glide away on its surface so swiftly, that she soon disappeared. Since then she had visited them thrice, supplying them with a little money and other necessities; but they durst not question her, she looked so strange and forbidding.

In the morning they were conducted to Lydiate by the fisherman, who also carried the babe. Here they told a pitiable story of their having found the infant exposed, the evening before, by some unfeeling mother; and, strange to say, the truth was never divulged until the time arrived when Harrington should render up his trust.

Years passed on. Harrington saw the pretty foundling expand through every successive stage, from infancy to childhood—lovelier as each year unfolded some hidden grace, and the bloom brightened as it grew. He had married in the interval, but was yet childless. His lady was passionately fond of her charge, and Grace Harrington was the pet and darling of the family. No wonder their love to the little stranger was growing deeper, and was gradually acquiring a stronger hold on their affections. But Harrington remembered his vow: it haunted him like a spectre. It seemed as though written with a sunbeam on his memory; but the finger of Death pointed to its accomplishment. It will not be fulfilled without blood, was the foreboding that assailed him. His lady knew not of his grief-ignorant happily of its existence, and of its source.

Their mansion stood on a rising ground, but a few miles distant from the lake. He thus seemed to hover instinctively on its precincts; though, in observance of his vow, he refrained from visiting that lonely hut, or enquiring about its inhabitants. Its broad smooth bosom was ever in his sight; and when the sun went down upon its wide brim, his emotion was difficult to conceal.

One soft, clear evening, he sat enjoying the calm atmosphere, with his lady and their child. The sun was nigh setting, and the lake glowed like molten fire at his approach.

"'Tis said a mermaid haunts yon water," said Mrs. Harrington; "I have heard many marvellous tales of her, a few years ago. Strange enough, last night I dreamed she took away our little girl, and plunged with her into the water. But she never returned."

"How I should like to see a mermaid!" said the playful girl. "Nurse says they are beautiful ladies with long hair, and green eyes. But,"—and she looked beseechingly towards them—"we are always forbidden to ramble towards the Meer."

"Harrington, the night wind makes you shiver. You are ill!"

"No, my love. But—this cold air comes wondrous keen across my bosom," said he, looking wistfully on the child, who, scarcely knowing why, threw her little arms about his neck, and wept.

"My dream, I fear, hath strange omens in it," said the lady, thoughtfully.

The same red star shot fiercely up from the dusky horizon; the same bright beam was on the wave; and the mysterious incidents of the fisherman's hut came like a track of fire across Harrington's memory.

"Yonder is that strange woman again, that has troubled us about the house these three days," said Mrs. Harrington, looking out from the balcony; "we forbade her yesterday. She comes hither with no good intent."

Harrington looked over the balustrade. A female stood beside a pillar, gazing intently towards him. Her eye caught his own; it was as if a basilisk had smitten him! Trembling, yet fascinated, he could not turn away his glance; a smile passed on her dark red visage—a grin of joy at the discovery.

"Surely," thought he, "'tis not the being who claims my child!" But the woman drew something from her hand, which, at that distance, Harrington recognised as his pledge; his lady saw not the signal; without speaking, he obeyed. Hastening down stairs, a private audience confirmed her demand, which the miserable Harrington durst not refuse.

Two days he was mostly in private. Business with the steward was the ostensible motive. He had sent an urgent message to his friend Molyneux, who, on the third day, arrived at H—, where they spent many hours in close consultation. The following morning Grace came running in after breakfast. She flung her arms about his neck.

"Let me not leave you to-day," she sobbed aloud.

"Why, my love?" said Harrington, strangely disturbed at the request.

"I do not know!" replied the child, pouting.

"To-day, I ride out with Sir Ralph to the Meer; and, as thou hast often wished—because it was forbidden, I guess—thou shalt ride with us a short distance; I will toss thee on before me, and away we'll gallop—like the Prince of Trebizond on the fairy horse."

"And shall we see the mermaid?" said the little maiden quickly, as though her mind had been running on the subject.

"I wish the old nurse would not put such foolery in the girl's head," said Mrs. Harrington, impatiently. "There be no mermaids now, my love."

"What—not the mermaid of Martin Meer?" enquired the child, seemingly disappointed.

Harrington left the room, promising to return shortly.

The morning was dull, but the afternoon broke out calm and bright. Grace was all im-

patience for the ride; and Rosalind, the favourite mare, looked more beautiful than ever in her eyes. She bounded down the terrace at the first sound of the horses' feet, leaving Mrs. Harrington to follow.

The cavaliers were already mounted, but the child suddenly drew back.

"Come, my love," said Harrington, stretching out his hand; "look, how your pretty Rosalind bends her neck to receive you."

Seeing her terror, Mrs. Harrington soothed these apprehensions, and fear was soon forgotten amid the pleasures she anticipated.

"You are back by sunset, Harrington?"

"Fear not, I shall return," replied he; and away sprang the pawing beasts down the avenue. The lady lingered until they were out of sight. Some unaccountable oppression weighed down her spirits; she sought her chamber, and a heavy sob threw open the channel which hitherto had restrained her tears.

They took the nearest path towards the Meer, losing sight of it as they advanced into the low flat sands, scarcely above its level. When again it opened into view, its wide, waveless surface lay before them, reposing in all the sublimity of loneliness and silence. The rapture of the child was excessive. She surveyed with delight its broad unruffled bosom, giving back the brightness and glory of that heaven to which it looked; to her it seemed another sky, and another world, pure and spotless as the imagination that created it.

They entered the fisherman's hut; but it was deserted. Years had probably elapsed since the last occupation. Half-burnt turf and bog-wood lay on the hearth; but the walls were crumbling down with damp and decay.

The two friends were evidently disappointed. At times they looked out, anxiously—but in vain, as it might seem; for they again sat down, silent and depressed, upon a turf heap by the window, while the child ran playing and gambolling towards the beach.

Harrington sat with his back to the window, when, suddenly, the low murmuring noise he had heard on his former visit was repeated. He turned pale.

"Thou art not alone; and where is the child?" or words to this purport were uttered in a whisper. He started aside; the sound, as he thought, was close to his ear: Molyneux heard it too.

"Shall I depart?" said he, cautiously; "I will take care to keep within call."

"Nay," said his friend, whispering in his ear, "thou must ride out of sight and sound too, I am afraid, or we shall not accomplish our plans for the child's safety. Depart with the attendants; I fear not the woman. Say to my lady, I will return anon."

With some reluctance Sir Ralph went his way homewards, and Harrington was left to accomplish these designs without assistance.

Immediately he walked out towards the shore; but he saw nothing of the child, and his heart misgave him. He called her; but the sound

died, with its own echo, upon the waters. The timid rabbit fled to its burrow, and the sea-gull rose from her gorge, screaming away heavily to her mate—but the voice of his child returned no more!

Almost driven to frenzy, he ran along the margin of the lake to a considerable distance, returning, after a fruitless search, to the hut, where he threw himself on the ground. In the agony of his spirit, he lay with his face to the earth, as if to hide his anguish as he wept.

How long he remained was a matter of uncertainty. On a sudden, instantaneously with the rush that aroused him, he felt his arms pinioned, and that by no timid or feeble hand. At the same moment a bandage was thrown over his eyes, and he found himself borne away swiftly in a boat. He listened for some time to the rapid stroke of the oars. Not a word was spoken from which he could ascertain the meaning of this outrage. To his questions no reply was vouchsafed, and in the end he forbore enquiry—the mind wearied into apathy by excitement, and its consequent exhaustion.

The boat again touched the shore, and he was carried out. The roar of the sea had for some time been rapidly growing louder as they neared the land. He was now borne along, over hillocks of loose sand, to the sea beach, when he felt himself fairly launched upon the high seas. He heard the whistling of the cordage, the wide sail flap to the wind, with the groan of the blast as it rushed into the swelling canvas; then he felt the billows prancing under him, and the foam and spray from their huge pecks as they swept by. It was not long ere he heard the sails lowered; and presently they were brought up alongside a vessel of no ordinary bulk. Harrington was conducted with little ceremony into the cabin; the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in the presence of a weather-beaten tar, who was sitting by a table, on which lay a cutlass and a pair of richly embossed pistols.

"We have had a long tug to bring thee too," said the captain; "but we always grapple with the enemy in the long run. If thou hast aught to say why sentence of death should not pass on thee—ay, and be executed straightway too—say on. What! not a shot in thy locker? Then may all such land-sharks perish, say I, as thus I signify thy doom." He examined his pistols with great nicety as he spoke. Harrington was dumb with amazement, whilst his enemy surveyed him with a desperate and determined glance: at length he stammered forth,

"I am ignorant of thy meaning; much less can I shape my defence. Who art thou?"

The other replied, in a daring and reckless tone,

"I am the Free Rover, of whom thou hast doubtless heard. My good vessel, and her gallant crew, ne'er slackened a sky-raker in the chase, nor backed a mainsail astern of the enemy. But, pirate as I am—hunted and driven forth, like the prowling wolf, without the com-

mon rights and usages of my fellow men—I have yet their feelings. I *had* a child! Thy fell, un pitying purpose, remorseless monster, hath made me childless! But thou hast robbed the lioness of her whelp, and thou art in her gripe!"

"As my hope is to escape thy fangs, I am innocent of the crime."

"May be thou knowest not the mischief thou hast inflicted: but thy guilt, and my bereavement, are not the less. My child was ailing; we were off this coast, when we sent her ashore, secretly, until our return. A fisherman and his wife, to whom our messenger intrusted the babe, were driven forth by thee one bitter night, without a shelter. The child perished! and its mother chides my tardy revenge."

"'Tis a falsehood!" cried Harrington, "told to cover some mischievous design. The child, if it be thine, was given to my care—by whom I know not. I have nurtured her kindly: not three hours ago, as I take it, she was in yonder hut; but she has been decoyed from me; and I am here, thy prisoner, and without the means of clearing myself from this false and malicious charge."

The captain smiled incredulously.

"Thou art lord of yonder soil, I own; but thou shouldst have listened to the cry of the helpless. I have here a witness who will prove thy story false—the messenger herself. Call hither Oneida," said he, speaking to the attendants. But this personage could not be found.

"She is gone ashore in her canoe," said the pirate; "and the men never question her. She will return ere mid-watch. Prepare: thou showest no mercy, and I have sworn!"

Harrington was hurried to a little square apartment, which an iron grating sufficiently indicated to be the state prison. The vessel lay at anchor; the intricate soundings on that dangerous coast rendered her perfectly safe from attack, even if she had been discovered. He watched the stars rising out, calm and silently, from the deep: "Ere yon glorious orb is on the zenith," thought he, "I may be—what!" He shrunk from the conclusion. "Surely the wretch will not dare to execute his audacious threat!" He again caught that red and angry star gleaming portentously on him. It seemed to be his evil genius; its malignant eye appeared to follow out his track, to haunt him, and to beset his path continually with suffering and danger. He stood by the narrow grating, feverish and apprehensive; again he heard that low murmuring voice, which he too painfully recognised. The mysterious being of the lake stood before him.

"White man," she spoke in a strange and uncouth accent; "the tree bows to the wing of the tempest—the roots look upward—the wind sighs past its withered trunk—the song of the warbler is heard no more from its branches, and the place of its habitation is desolate. Thine enemies have prevailed. I did it not to compass thine hurt: I knew not, till now, thou wert in their power; and I cannot prevent the sacrifice."

"Restore the child, and I am safe," said Harrington, trembling in his soul's agony at every point; "or withdraw thy false, thine accursed accusations."

"Thou knowest not my wrongs, and my revenge! Thou seest the arrow, but not the poison that is upon it. The maiden, whose race numbers a thousand warriors, returns not to her father's tribe, ere she wring out the heart's life-blood from her destroyer. Death were happiness to the torments I inflict on him, and the woman who hath supplanted me. And yet they think Oneida loves them—bends like the bulrush when the wind blows upon her, and rises only when he departs. What! give back the child? She hath but taken my husband and my bed;—as soon might ye tear the prey from the starved hunter. This night will I remove their child from them—to depart, when a few moons are gone—it may be, to dwell again with my tribe in the wigwam and the forest."

"But I have not wronged thee!"

"Thou art of their detested race. Yet would I not kill thee!"

"Help me to escape."

"Escape!" said this untamed savage, with a laugh which went with a shudder to his heart. "As soon might the deer dart from the hunter's rifle, as thou from the cruel pirate who has pronounced thy death! I could tell thee such deeds of him and these bloody men, as would freeze thy bosom, though it were wide and deep as the lakes of my country. Yet I loved him once! He came a prisoner to my father's hut. I have spilled my best blood for his escape. I have borne him where the white man's feet never trod—through forests, where aught but the Indian or the wild beast would have perished. I left my country and my kin—the graves of my fathers!—and how hath he requited me? He gave the ring of peace to the red woman; but when he saw another, and a fairer one of thy race, she became his wife; and from that hour Oneida's love was hate!—and I have waited, and not complained, for my revenge was sure! And shall I now bind the healing leaf upon the wound?—draw the arrow from the flesh of mine enemies? Thou must die! for my revenge is sweet."

"I will denounce thee to him, fiend! I will reveal—"

"He will not believe thee. His eye and ear are sealed. He would stake his life on my fidelity. He knows not of the change."

"But he will discover it, monster, when thou art gone. He will track thee to the verge of this green earth and the salt sea, and thou shalt not escape."

With a yell of unutterable scorn she cried,

"He may track the wild bee to its nest, and the eagle to his eyrie, but he discerns not one foot-print of Oneida's path!"

The pangs of death seemed to be upon him. He read his doom in the kindling eye and almost demoniac looks of the being who addressed him. She seemed like some attendant demon, waiting to receive his spirit. His brain grew dizzy.

Death would have been welcome, in comparison with the horrors of its anticipation. He would have caught her; but she glided from his grasp, and he was again left in that den of loneliness and misery. How long, he knew not;—his first returning recollection was the sound of bolts, and the rude voice of his jailers.

In this extremity, the remembrance of that Being in whom, and from whom, are all power and mercy, flashed on his brain like a burst of hope—like a sunbeam on the dark ocean of despair.

"God of my fathers, hear!" escaped from his lips in that appalling moment. His soul was calmed by the appeal. Vain was the help of man, but he felt as if supported and surrounded by the arm of Omnipotence, while silently, and with a firm step, he followed his conductors.

One dim light only was burning above. Some half-dozen of the crew stood armed on the quarter-deck behind their chief; their hard, forbidding faces looked without emotion upon this scene of un pitying, deliberate murder.

To some question from the pirate, Harrington replied by accusing the Indian woman of treachery.

"As soon yonder star, which at midnight marks our meridian, would prove untrue in its course."

Harrington shuddered at this ominous reference.

"I cannot prove mine innocence," said he; "but I take you orb to witness that I never wronged you or yours. The child is in her keeping."

"Call her hither, if she be returned," said the captain, "and see if he dare repeat this in her presence. He thinks to haul in our canvas until the enemy are under weigh, and then, Yoh ho, boys, for the rescue. But we shall be dancing over the bright Solway ere the morning watch, and thy carcass in the de'il's locker."

"If not for mine, for your own safety!"

"My safety! and what care I, though ten thousand teeth were grinning at me, through as many port-holes. My will alone bounds my power. Who shall question my sentence, which is death!"

He gnashed his teeth as he went on. "And your balls shall be too hot to hold your well-fed drones. Thy hearth, proud man, shall be desolate. I'll lay waste thy domain. Thy race, root and branch, will I extinguish; for thou hast made me childless!"

The messenger returned with the intelligence that Oneida was not in the ship.

"On shore again, the —! If I were to bind her with the main chains, and an anchor at each leg, she would escape me to go ashore. No heed;—we will just settle the affair without her, and he shall drop quietly into a grave ready made, and older than Adam. I would we had some more of his kin; they should swing from the bowsprit, like sharks and porpoises, who devour even when they have had enough, and waste what they can't devour."

"Thou wilt not murder me thus, defenceless, and in cold blood."

"My child was more helpless, and had not injured thee! Ye give no quarter to the prowling beast, and yet, like me, he only robs and murders to preserve his life. How far is it from midnight?"

"Five minutes, and yon star comes to his southing," said the person addressed.

"Then prepare; that moment marks thy death!"

The men looked significantly towards their rifles.

"Nay," cried this blood-thirsty freebooter, "my arm alone shall avenge my child."

He drew a pistol from his belt.

"Yonder is Oneida," sung out the man at the main-top; "she is within a cable's length."

"Heed her not. When the bell strikes, I have sworn thou shalt die!"

A pause ensued—a few brief moments in the lapse of time, but an age in the records of thought. Not a breath relieved the horror and intensity of that silence. The plash of a light oar was heard;—a boat touched the vessel. The bell struck.

"Once!" shouted the fierce mariner, and he raised his pistol with the sharp click of preparation.

"Twice!"

The bell boomed again.

"Thrice!"

"Hold!" cried a female, rushing between the executioner and the condemned. But the warning was too late;—the ball had sped, though not to its mark. Oneida was the victim. She fell, with a faint scream, bleeding on the deck. But Harrington was close locked in the arms of his little Grace. She had flown to him for protection, sobbing with joy.

The pirate seemed horror-struck at the deed. He raised Oneida, unloosing his neckcloth to staunch the wound."

"The Great Spirit calls me," she spoke with great exertion: "the green woods, the streams, land of my forefathers.—Oh! I come!" she raised herself suddenly, and with great energy, looking towards Harrington, who yet knelt, guarded and pinioned—the child still clinging to him.

"White man, I have wronged thee, and I am the sacrifice. Murderer, behold thy child!"—She raised her eyes suddenly towards the pirate, who shook his head, supposing that her senses grew confused.

"It was for thy rescue," again she addressed Harrington, "The Great Spirit appeared to me: He bade me restore what I had taken away, and I should be with the warriors and the chiefs who had died in battle. They hunt in forests from which the red deer flies not, and fish in rivers that are never dry. But my bones shall not rest with my fathers!—I come.—Lake of the woods, farewell!"

She threw one look of reproach on her destroyer, and the spirit of Oneida had departed.

The pirate stood speechless and bewildered.

He looked on the child—a ray of recollection seemed to pass over his visage. Its expression was softened; and this man of outlawry and blood became gentle. The savage grew tame. The common sympathies of his nature, so long dried up, burst forth; and the wide deep flood of feeling and affection rolled on with it like a torrent, gathering strength by its own accumulation.

Years after, in a secluded cottage, by the mansion of the Harringtons, dwelt an old man and his daughter. She soothed the declining hours of his sojourn. His errors and his crimes—and they were many and aggravated—were not unrepented of. She watched his last breath; and the richest lady in that land was "THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER."

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

"There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit!"—GRAY'S LETTERS.

Oh! many a voice is thine thou Wind! full many a voice is thine,
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps, thou bear'st a sound and sign,

A minstrel, wild, and strong thou art, with a mastery all thine own;

And the spirit is thy harp, O wind! that give the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where shiver'd helmets lie,

And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a Clarion in the sky;

A rustling of proud banner folds, a peal of stormy drums—
All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their waste brought back

Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track,

The chime of low, soft, southern waves on some green, palmy shore,

The hollow roll of distant surge, the gather'd billows' roar.

Thou art come from Forests dark and deep, thou mighty rushing Wind!

And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined:

The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things and free

Of the dim, old, sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conquerer passing by,

Thou art wafting from their streets the sound of haughty revelry;

The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,
The far-off shouts of multitudes are in thy rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tomb and shrines, from ancient minsters vast,

Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing hath pass'd;

Thou hast caught the Anthem's billowy swell, the stately dirge's tone,

For a chief with his sword, and shield, and helm, to his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long forsaken homes, wherein our young days flew,

Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved, the kind, the true;

Thou callest back those melodies, though now all changed and fled—

Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead!

Are all these notes in thee, wild Wind? these many notes in thee?

Fay in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be:
Yes! buried but unsleeping there, Thoughts watches, Memory lies,

From whose deep Urn the tones are pour'd through all earth's harmonies:

FORSAKE ME NOT!

"——— Upon her cheek
The story liv'd, and shrinking shame was there—
Beseeching looks, painful humility;
And from her face was gone—*Nope*—save when she
Glanced in petitioning beauty to the skies,
Seeking relief or pardon!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

FORSAKE ME NOT—forsake me not,

I left my home for thee;
And wearily roamed through foreign lands,
And over the stormy sea:

I've been to thee for many a year,

A fond and faithful wife;
Have cheer'd thy hours of pain and care,
And encounter'd, with thee, all strife;

And now, though brighter may be thy lot—
Forsake me not—forsake me not!

For thee I left a father's arms—

I was his only pride!

He wept;—though grief and shame were great,

He blest his child and died!

His poor, his erring, wayward child,

Was blest too, and forgiven;

He raised his hands and his dying eyes,

And commended me to heaven!

It was for thee I left that cot,

And, now, I pray thee, forsake me not!

Thou know'st how happily I roam'd

Amid the flow'rets fair,

That bloom'd, like happiness around

Each bright and gay *parterre*;

Thou know'st that sorrow, pain nor cure,

E'er smote my guiltless breast;

And my heart was light as the floating air,

For I was beloved and blest:

Now I pray, by the joys of that hallow'd spot,

Forsake me not—forsake me not!

I listen'd to thy luring voice,

Believ'd each word as spoken;

And when my heart would most rejoice,

Alas—alas—'twas broken!

I follow'd thee, when the hand of fate

Threw thee back in life's career;

And when thine heart was desolate,

Mine too was in its ear:

Ah, can such moments be forgot?

I pray thee—I pray thee, forsake me not!

Thou hast call'd me "thy angel—thy wife!"

Realize but the word thou hast spoken;

And raise once again into life,

The spirit now blighted and broken;

Ah, think too of her who despised—

Scorn'd—hopeless—*thy victim!* Ah, dwell

On the madness—the death thou would'st bring

On the heart that still loves thee too well!

For the mercy of Heaven, reflect on my lot—

I pray thee—I pray thee, forsake me not!

MALAVOLTI.

A NEAPOLITAN STORY.

"I AM innocent—let that content you," said Malavolti.

"It does content *me*," replied Beatrice; "but will it content Heaven? Believe it not. The proud spirit sins deeply in the very act of denying sin; for who outlives but one rising and setting of the glorious sun, and does not, in thought or deed, offend the Almighty? Hear me, Malavolti—hear me, and heed me. You are doomed to die; all intercession, all the prayers and supplications of friends and kindred, have been cast back upon them; and I, your mother, pleaded for your life in nature's holiest accents, have wept and sneed in vain. Reason with your condition, then, as if disease or length of years had brought you to the grave; and do not, in scorn of worldly wrong, to wrong your eternal soul as to hazard imminently, if not surely to fling away, its salvation. You say you are innocent."

"I am! I am!" exclaimed Malavolti, impatiently.

"Ay," answered Beatrice, "of blood—of that one crime, for which, unjustly, you are to die; but not of all crime, and therefore not fit to die, till by meek repentance, and perfect faith in Christ's atoning sacrifice, you wash out every stain; for in the centre of the proudest heart the seeds of rottenness lie enshrined."

"True, most true," replied Malavolti, calmly. "And it is most true, too, that I am to die—but never on the scaffold. Fools! They think these fetters, and this dungeon, and their careful watch to keep from each implement of death, will achieve their triumph; as if steel, or poison, or the free use of hands, were all the means by which a man can escape from injustice. Oh, mother! do not weep, nor look upon me with such sorrow. I am so changed by what I am, that my heart aches not, as once it would, to see your tears, nor smites me with that remorse a son should feel, who makes a mother weep."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed Beatrice, sobbing piteously, "I can bear to lose you in this world, for I feel that our earthly separation will be short. But it is terrible to think that I must lose you for ever, Malavolti; and that when my own dying hour comes, its pangs will be mitigated by no hope of rejoining thee, my only one, 'the choice one of her that bare thee,' in the mansions of the blest, in the abodes of everlasting peace. Oh, God! what affliction it is to be a mother, when the child we cleave to is encompassed with trouble."

Malavolti bit his lip, which quivered with emotion, in spite of himself; and his eyes glistened with tears that he could not repress. There was a tone of such deep anguish in the voice of Beatrice, as she uttered the last words, such a truth of maternal suffering in them, that even the gaoler, who sat in one corner of the cell, felt a sort

of pity kindling in his rugged bosom, and he addressed Malavolti.

"Come, signior," said he, rising and advancing towards him, "don't be too obstreperous. You see what a way your poor mother is in, and it is not much she asks of you, methinks, when she only begs you to have a priest. What harm can he do you? You say you are innocent; but that does not make the matter either better or worse, as I can perceive; for, innocent or guilty, your head is to be chopped off, and so you ought to be shrived. You are not the first man by many, I can tell you, that I have had under my care, who has felt a little qualmish about confessing his guilt. According to their own account, indeed, very few of them deserved what they got; but what then? They were none the better for being innocent; so do what your mother wishes, send for a priest and confess your innocence to him. It will be a comfort to yourself: and I am sure this noble lady will be all the happier for it, when you are gone."

"My good fellow," replied Malavolti, who knew exactly what the gaoler meant to say, though his manner of expressing himself was neither very bland nor much adapted to his purpose,— "My good fellow, I'll talk with you upon this subject when we are alone—"

"Which we must soon be now," interrupted Verruchio, "for the evening gun went ten minutes ago; and by this time they are making preparations to lock up the outer prison gates for the night."

At these words Beatrice arose, and embracing her unhappy son, the wretched mother took her leave, imploring him to think of all she had said, and promising to return on the following morning at the earliest hour which the regulations for admitting strangers would permit. Malavolti kissed her tenderly, but made no reply; and when she had quitted the cell, he cast himself upon his litter of straw to brood in silence over his design.

Malavolti was a Florentine by birth, but a Neapolitan by education, and by all these relations, social, moral, and political, which constitute the affinity of country. His father was of patrician descent, though he inherited with the pure blood of his ancestors only a very slender portion of that wealth which in former times had ranked them with the princes of Italy. Still, however, the wreck of his patrimonial property, that had escaped public confiscation, and the waste of private prodigality, through the long course of three centuries, enabled him to maintain the independence, if not to assume the state, of his noble lineage. At an early age he married Beatrice Polenta, the youngest daughter of the Marquis Polenta, and of a family as noble, but as decayed as his own. The personal charms of the youth-

ful Beatrice, and the lofty qualities of her character, were her only dowry; but when she bestowed these, with her heart's first love, upon the father of Malavolti, she went to the altar rich in the costliest treasures of a bride. It was about two years after their marriage, and when Beatrice had given birth to the son whose doom she now bewailed so bitterly, that she accompanied her husband to Naples, where he had sought and obtained a civil office of considerable rank and emolument under the Neapolitan government. But he had scarcely entered upon its duties, and began to nourish hopes of future advancement, which lay fairly within the range of his position, when a malignant fever, whose fierce progress no skill could arrest, brought him to his grave in the short space of three days.

Beatrice idolized her husband. Every hour since their union had developed some fresh cause why she should do so. When the ardour of mere passion had subsided, instead of clinging to her only by the cold remembrance of expired or expiring sympathies, (that common though feeble link of conjugal attachment,) far nobler bonds succeeded. The lover, chosen by the heart alone, had grown into a being whose virtues kindled the devotion of the mind. And this love dies not, because it is inspired by that which partakes not itself of death. Memory retraces, in fleeting colours, that comeliness of the body which was pleasant to the eye, when the body lies in corruption; but the enduring record of departed goodness dwells in the soul, like the writing that is inscribed upon adamant.

There is in singleness of grief—in the rare privilege to sorrow, without the upbraiding consciousness of disregarding duties,—a refuge for the mourner. When we can say to ourselves, our tears hallow the dead, but wrong not the living; when we feel we are at liberty to consecrate our whole existence to the deep silent homage of the tomb, because we feel that all we have lived for has been taken from us, and that therefore all our thoughts may gather, unblameable round the past, and a mysterious and scarcely earthly repose, dwells within us. We shut out the world, and a calm solemn submission of the bereaved spirit seems to reconcile us to afflictions with which we are thus permitted to hold undisturbed communion. But this sabbath of the heart was denied to Beatrice. She had been a happy wife; he who had made her so lay feasting in his shroud; yet—she was still a mother, and her maternal yearnings gave eloquent language to the utter helplessness of her first-born. "Poor child!" she would exclaim, as she watched its placid slumbers, or gently wiped away the tears that had fallen on its orphan brow, "it were a cruel office for my hand to barb death's arrow afresh, and leave thee, like a thing of chance, to sink or swim, upon the waters of life. That thou art fatherless, is Heaven's will; but wherefore thou art so, concerns thy wretched mother less to know than it does to confess before Heaven the sacred duties she has to discharge towards thee! Yes, thou sleeping image

of him who sleeps in death!—thou strange and incomprehensible source of bright hopes and a laughing future, streaming across my dim path, like sunbeams irradiating the dark edges of a passing thundercloud, giving fair promise of a serener sky anon!—yes, thou secret spell, that canst make a mother's warm smiles glow within the cold, cold sepulchre of her widowed heart, I will bid sorrow be gentle for thy dear sake; and when my sad thoughts steal to thy father's grave, or linger there with fond recollections, summon them back to the cradle of our child, and make them obedient servants to thy happiness."

Beatrice kept faith with herself. As years rolled on, the prattling infant grew into the sturdy boy; and the sturdy boy ripened into the manly youth, in whose every look and feature, tone of voice, proud bearing, and impetuous spirit, she saw the exact counterpart of him whom in her youth she had loved to idolatry. Nor was the resemblance the self-created picture of a mother's partial eyes. Friends and kindred, nay even strangers, who knew the father, would dwell upon the extraordinary identity which shone forth in the younger Malavolti. Oh! how she would sometimes sit and gaze upon him, or mark his lofty carriage as he trode the earth, or listen to his full melodious voice as its tones deepened into manhood, and in the thrilling ecstasy of imagination forget that twenty years had passed away! In such moments, he was her own Malavolti, and she the Beatrice Polenta who had stood with him blushing at the altar, and weeping in the fullness of her joy. When the delusion vanished the charm remained, and the son was loved with feelings in which Beatrice unconsciously mingled the memory of her husband.

He was in his seven-and-twentieth year when the lamentable event occurred, which consigned him to a dungeon, with the sentence of a felon's death. Lamentable indeed it was in its consequences to Malavolti; but he was the victim of circumstances and not of premeditated iniquity. Without seeking it, and, in truth, without deserving it, he had drawn upon himself the enmity of a young Neapolitan nobleman, Count Britorno. The immediate cause of this enmity was jealousy; the imagined offence of Malavolti, a secret intrigue with his self-assumed rival's mistress, the beautiful Angelica Donzelli. But Malavolti was too proud an aspirant for woman's heart to dispute its possession. The loveliest of the sex, if she could balance between his pretensions and those of another, was disdainfully released by him from the perplexity of a choice; though, in a case where he had once been received, he would punish an intruder, while he relinquished with scorn the object of contention. This haughty feeling, which could be satisfied with nothing less than unquestioned and unquestionable supremacy, presented an insuperable barrier to what he would have considered the intolerable degradation of seeking to supplant another from whom the tenor of possession might be supposed to consist in the mercenary conditions of a stipulated price. Still more was it a defence against

the mean and pitiful ambition of declaring himself a suitor for the preference which had been already bestowed with the sanctity of love.

Brittorno, however, acting under the influence of seeming circumstances that warranted his suspicion, and ignorant of Malavolti's creed in matters of gallantry, had pampered his jealousy with what he deemed proofs of design, if not of success, in participating with himself in the favours of Angelica. But instead of making a direct accusation, he sought to involve Malavolti in a quarrel, by stinging insinuations or insolent taunts. Malavolti had noticed these splenetic efforts; but though a man of fiery character, and prone enough to dare the proudest he who ruffled his self-complacency by a look only that could be construed into a precursor of defiance, he held the mastery over his impetuous passions with too noble and dignified a spirit, to let them be played upon, or to suffer that they should be made the instruments of his own arrogance at the will of another. Hitherto, therefore, he had studiously parried, sometimes with raillery, sometimes with scorn, and sometimes with contemptuous silence, the repeated endeavours of Brittorno to provoke him into a feud; but the latter goaded on by his fancied wrongs, and mistaking the deliberate self-command of Malavolti for a taint of cowardice, angered him at last beyond the endurance of that habitual control which he had imposed upon his feelings in all their previous clashing. It was in the saloon of the Duke of Montrefelto, and in the presence of some of the most distinguished inhabitants of Naples, that Count Brittorno happened to encounter Malavolti on an evening subsequent to one in which he believed he had been serenading the fair Angelica under her garden window. Malavolti observed that his brow was more tempestuous than usual, and that the firm compression of his lips, and the scowling wrath of his eyes, indicated he was writhing under the torment of strong emotions. It so chanced, too, that Malavolti, who was a little flushed with wine, felt an inclination to sport with his moody humour; and advancing towards Brittorno, he remarked with a tone of careless freedom, that he had "never seen the incomparable Angelica look so lovely as when last he saw her at the opera. She seems passionately fond of Music."

"Yes," replied Brittorno, curling his lip into an expression of cold disdain, "so fond of it, that I believe she sometimes finds pleasure in the discordant twanging of a cracked guitar."

"I dare say," rejoined Malavolti: "for the soul holds intercourse with the divine melody of an air it knows, in spite of its bungling execution, as we can withdraw ourselves from the rant and monotony of a bad actor, and suffer the mind to settle upon the inspired conceptions of the bard whose language he profanes."

"You seem to understand the power of music over a heart susceptible of its charms," answered Brittorno.

"Oh!" replied Malavolti, gaily, "it is not the power of music only over susceptible hearts that

I understand. I have studied every avenue to them."

"And made yourself master of all, I doubt not," said Brittorno, ironically.

"And made myself master of all," repeated Malavolti, "from a burning look, and an inexpressible tender sigh at morning prayer"—

"To the lascivious treachery of a midnight serenade under a garden window," interrupted Brittorno, abruptly.

"Aye," said Malavolti, laughing; "an evening serenade by moonlight under your mistress's window, especially if you can find your way to her bed-room window, is our charming Italian method of delicately offering the homage of an impassioned heart to its refined idol. But for the grossness of what you call the 'lascivious treachery of a midnight serenade,' I am no follower of such pastimes. They are apt to give a man the quinsy: or, as it may chance, provide a grave for him before he has thought seriously of dying."

"And yet, signior," answered Brittorno, folding his arms in his mantle, while he fixed his eyes steadily on Malavolti, "there are fools in this city of Naples, who tempt the chance you mention."

"There are fools everywhere, as well as in Naples," retorted Malavolti, giving a marked emphasis to his words; "but the fool to wonder in my mind, is he who rashly seeks to play with a lion till he rouses him. Rousing him at once were better, if he have nerve for the encounter."

"Your pardon, signior," said Brittorno, with much caustic bitterness; "I can imagine a climax of folly beyond that, and my school-boy reading furnishes me with the example—the ass who clothed himself in the lion's skin, and thought he was a lion; but when he meant to roar he only brayed,—and laughter, not terror, was the consequence."

"Count Brittorno!" exclaimed Malavolti fiercely, stepping closer to him; "there is offence in your words. Am I their aim?"

"Signior Malavolti," replied Brittorno, sarcastically, "a Neapolitan does not ask that question. Or if he does, it is only for himself to be directed in his resolves by the answer. But you are a Florentine!"

"Enough!" said Malavolti.

"More than enough," replied Brittorno, contemptuously; "and yet, I dare say less than sufficient."

Malavolti's person seemed to dilate itself with indignation, as he glared upon Brittorno, and addressed him in a stern and angry voice:—

"Florentine, or Neapolitan,—either or both—for birth and breeding dispute the distinction in me,—the high blood of Italian nobility runs in my veins, and you have to learn I shall not dishonour it. *Why* you are my enemy, I know not: and because I know not, I have avoided being yours. For months you have crossed my path, at every turn meanly seeking to fasten a private quarrel upon me, and so make a cause of vindictive strife to hide the true one. Was this manly? If you could dare to think I had

wronged you you should have had the greater daring to tax me with the wrong, and not bait me with ambiguous taunts and obscure allusions, like a foul bird of ill omen, who shuns the light, but screams portentously, shrouded in darkness. I am choleric and proud enough to be stung with injury: and being chafed, as now I own myself to be, prompt enough to strike at my assailant. Follow me, Count Brittorno!" added Malavolti, pointing to his sword and retreating a few paces.

"If, as you say, signior," replied Brittorno, with an air of cold, insulting mockery, "it has taken months to chafe you, perhaps the noble heat that burns so fiercely at present will hardly cool before the morning. I have a pleasant appointment an hour hence, that might be marred were I to go forth with you now; but you know my retreat," he continued significantly, "the silvan villa where I sleep during these sultry nights of summer."

"It contents me," said Malavolti, after a pause. "Be it so." Then advancing to Brittorno, he added, "But, Count, that there be no mistake in this business when the morning comes, I I make my pleasant appointment with you, thus"—striking him gently on the arm with his gloves. He then turned on his heel, and quitted the room.

The blood flushed into the face of Brittorno; his sword was half out of his scabbard: and if those who were standing round had not held him back, the saloon of the Duke de Montrefelto would have been the scene of a sudden combat, where nothing less than the death of one or both of the combatants must have ensued.

That night, in repairing to his villa, Count Brittorno was way-laid and assassinated. He was discovered the following morning, at the foot of the steps leading up to the Marble Terrace, covered with wounds, as if he had either fought desperately with his murderers, or they had wantonly mangled his body with repeated stabs. There were stronger reasons for supposing, too, that the fatal encounter had not taken place where the body was found, but that it had been brought there after life was extinct; as there was a track of blood through the garden, and for a considerable distance along the unfrequented road which led to the villa.

Suspicion naturally fell upon Malavolti, who was immediately arrested. He denied the crime laid to his charge, and demanded to know the alleged proofs of his guilt. But the compendious principles of criminal jurisprudence which regulated the Neapolitan tribunals, were too well adapted for the gratification of powerful malignity, to protect less powerful innocence. The family of Brittorno was potent in its wealth, in its alliances, in its influence; and the trial of Malavolti was so conducted, as to secure that decision from his judges, which had been already bargained for by his prosecutors. He was found guilty upon the negative evidence of his own inability to disprove his guilt. Sentence of death was passed. Malavolti appealed to the superior court. Grey heads and wrinkled brows, clothed in scarlet and ermine, went through the solemn plausibility of

revising a decree which they never intended to reverse; and Malavolti had the consolation of knowing that all the forms of justice had been duly observed, in grave mockery of all its essential principles, and its fundamental spirit. He was ordered to be executed at the expiration of three weeks.

It was on the day this decision of the superior court had been officially notified, that his noble minded mother, resigned to part with him in this world, but deeply impressed with the awful necessity of religious preparation for the next, had vainly besought him to employ those means of eternal salvation, of whose efficacy she not only entertained a profound belief, but the rooted conviction, that without them the everlasting perdition of the soul was inevitable. Hence her entreaties; hence her imploring supplications to Malavolti, who resisted her prayers from no infidelity of the heart, nor from any lukewarm sentiments of devotional piety. But in his proud scorn of a malefactor's death on the scaffold—in the fierce resentment of his impetuous spirit at the iniquity of his sentence—and in the bitter repugnance he felt to furnish such a triumph to his enemies, had he conceived a purpose, the execution of which, while it dazzled his heated imagination by the heroic fortitude which it demanded, sternly admonished him, he must yield neither to the solicitations of filial love, nor to the sometimes importunate cravings of fainting nature, (which in the hour of death, doth ravenously hunger for the food of eternal life,) by admitting priestly counsel. If he would persevere to the end, he must hold no parley with creeds or dogmas. Therefore was his mother denied; though to deny her as he did, was a harder trial of his resolution than the stern purpose for which he denied her.

On the following morning Beatrice visited her son as she had promised to do. There were the visible traces in her countenance of much mental anguish, and much bodily suffering. She embraced Malavolti in silence; but there was a clinging tenderness in her embrace, as if she were loath to part with her treasure: and when she grasped his hand, the pressure of her own was a mute exhortation to be composed, which spoke to his heart.

"I have spent the live-long night in prayer for thee," said Beatrice, after a pause, "and my hope is strong that I have not humbled myself before God in vain; for, methinks I behold in thee, my son, the departing signs of that sore tribulation which so grievously oppressed me yesterday."

"Yes," replied Malavolti, calmly, "it is doubt, not certainty, that makes a steadfast spirit falter.—Till yesterday, life was a stake I played for; and though my chance was desperate, my feverish hopes hung trembling on the throw. To-day, I count the hours between me and the grave; and I thank the reverend council for their despatch. They might have clothed cruelty in the garb of mercy, and, by seeming to deliberate, mocked me with the belief that justice sat in her right hand, and that they could execute the judgment

of truth. Yesterday the terrors of death were upon me, because in my heart there still lingered the gladness which whispered to it, the light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eye to behold the sun; but to-day, the terror is gone, and I languish for the end."

"I grieve to hear thee say so," answered Beatrice; "for it is pride, not religion, that supports you; Pride, which is of this world only, who, when she plants her foot upon the sand, believes she treads upon a rock. I do not doubt you dare to die, but I dare not think of what it is you dare, when it is only death you are prepared for. It is a miserable vaunt, Malavolti, to boast your equality with the beasts that perish! Yet, you do no more, when you make your reason perform the office of their instinct, by exchanging the fear of death which should appal the most righteous, for the ignoble heroism of merely despising the body's sufferings."

"Would you have led me forth to execution, and see me mount the scaffold like the vilest criminal?" exclaimed Malavolti.

"No" answered Beatrice, firmly; "I would not lead you forth to execution—I would not behold you mount the scaffold—I would not see you die at all, if what I would were what I could. But, can you bid these stone walls yield you a free passage to liberty and life? Can you achieve the substitution of a just pardon for an unjust sentence? Oh, my son! can you—can you escape the scaffold?"

"Aye!" murmured Malavolti.

"How?" said Beatrice.

Malavolti was silent. Beatrice looked at him for a moment, and then advanced with a slow step and dignified air, "Proud man!" she exclaimed, "tremble at what you see! Behold your mother kneels to you!"

Beatrice knelt at the feet of her son. Malavolti covered his face with his hands.

"Hear me, Malavolti! When you were a cradled infant, your father died. I did not mourn as women do who shed brief tears upon a husband's grave, and balance the account of sorrow with the surplus of remaining joys. Mine was the condition, rather of a prosperous merchant, whose wealth is great indeed, but all, all embarked in one fair venture, which being wrecked, he is a very bankrupt, even to the beggary of hope. But what did I when the tempest came and stripped me of my wealth? Ah, my son! I forgot myself, and remembered you! I commanded back my tears—I stifled my sighs—I calmed my grief, divorced my sad thoughts from your father's tomb, and lived through many a grievous hour because thou didst live. Now, Malavolti, I demand sacrifice for sacrifice! Give me, in return for all the years I have been a weary pilgrim on this earth for thee, the few miserable days that stretch between the present one and that whereon it is appointed thou must die. Oh, God! the pang is sharp enough to look upon you, as now I do, and think how soon I *must* lose you; yet can I gather some consolation from the knowledge, that a thousand puny accidents in

life's daily course might have wrought the same calamity, with a suddenness, too, whose shock would have bruised my poor heart even worse than this that hath befallen. But my thoughts grow frantic, Malavolti, and my affliction is without hope, when I behold thee 'blotted out of the Book of Life, and not written with the righteous;' when the tremendous truth strikes me, 'that from beneath, hell is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming!'"

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Malavolti, in a voice suffocated with emotion, "spare me!"

"Son! son!" rejoined Beatrice, rising, "spare me and save thyself! Disrobe thy haughty spirit of those tinsel gauds of a mountebank world, whose vanities thou ne'er again must look upon; prepare for death, not as a pagantry, where man is to look on and call you noble, but as a sacrifice where the eternal God is to be appeased, and which the saints of heaven may offer up, with prayers upon their golden altars."

Malavolti, whose face was still covered with his hands, wept bitterly, and his sobs were audible.

"Blessed be those tears!" exclaimed Beatrice, in a voice of fervent zeal; "they are the gracious harbingers of contrition, the penitential waters of the soul, which cleanse it from its impurities. Oh, my son! child of my love! my only one! I never saw thee weep, till now, that sorrow, for thy sorrow, whate'er it was, did not make me prone to weep too. But this grief is holy; and with a joy as holy do I welcome it. The parched earth smiles not more gratefully when the gentle rains descend, than does my almost withered heart smile in gladness, refreshed by these precious drops thine eyes let fall."

She paused. But while she gazed at Malavolti, her features assumed an expression of divine sanctity, which seemed to heighten with her progressively deepening conviction that the moment of assured victory was near. Blended, however, with this saint-like ecstasy, there was a troubled air of chastened and subdued, though intense, melancholy, which told all the story of a mother's grief. Whatever might be the sublime consciousness of triumphant piety, it could not silence the voice of nature; and that voice eloquently revealed to the heart of Beatrice, that after all she had done, she had but brushed away a loathsome weed growing in the rank soil of a grave. The grave remained!

Malavolti, meanwhile, was fearfully agitated. The impassioned appeal of his mother had unnerved him. He spoke not, neither did he uncover his face. But his labouring chest, the trembling of his body, his deep-drawn sighs, and his convulsive sobs, denoted what a tempest raged within. Grasping the ponderous fetter that hung upon him, he arose, paced up and down his cell, and dashed away, with an impetuous hand, the tears that still gathered in his eyes. Beatrice uttered not a word. In anxious silence she watched the stormy conflict of his passions. It was to her the omen of a prosperous issue; for what alone she feared was that calm unruffled

spirit, which, in the beginning, had betokened so fixed, so deep, and so inexorable a purpose. Some minutes had thus elapsed, and the violence of Malavolti's emotion was gradually subsiding, when he approached Beatrice, took her hand, and, in a faltering voice, addressed her:

"You have prevailed!" said he. "Be satisfied! I am as innocent of this crime, mother, as when you bore me; doubt not that. But you shall see me mount the scaffold like a felon; and I will die—a murderer's death—and let a holy priest shrive me of my sin. All this I'll do, in poor requital of that weary pilgrimage you have borne for me. But oh! I did, indeed, meditate far other things! I did look to mock at my destroyers, and in such a way as would have told the world that Malavolti, who shrunk from the axe, had a fortitude to embrace a hundred deaths in shunning one—to die hourly, ay, hourly, though the space allotted him yet to live. But it is idle, to now, talk of cancelling oaths made to my own heart in the agony of shame, as I contemplated the ignominious scene of a public execution. Do with me as thou wilt."

Beatrice embraced her son, and wept upon his bosom. The feelings of both were at that moment beyond the reach of language; and even after their first vehemence had abated, silence was the sanctuary of their thoughts. The mind of Malavolti had undergone a complete revolution. He had a new character to play; new passions to control and guide; new duties to learn; and a new path to tread in his passage to the grave. Beatrice, on the other hand, now that the pressure of the greater evil was removed, felt with accumulated sharpness that which she fancied was entirely blunted, because its pain had been lost in the more acute anguish of one whose anticipation maddened her. She could now meditate upon the single grief of her approaching bereavement, and sorrowful enough were her meditations; but never once did she allow them to betray themselves by word, or sigh, or tear, or look, in the presence of Malavolti: No! This incomparable woman, with all the lofty spirit of the noblest matrons of ancient Greece and Rome, held her maternal grief in subjection, that she might the better comfort and sustain her son. It was only when she was alone, and in the solitude of her own thoughts, and unobserved of any, that she paid the natural tribute of the heart, and discharged it of its swelling burden.

Time passed on, and every day Beatrice was at her post. No sooner did the hour strike at which the outer gates of the prison were unlocked, than she presented herself for admission, and sought the gloomy dungeon of Malavolti. Sometimes she was accompanied by the venerable Padre Anselmo, who administered the holy offices of religion, and with pious zeal prepared her unhappy son for death. It was an inexpressible consolation to Beatrice herself to participate in these offices, to listen to the exhortations of the sacred apostle of grace, and to join her own fervent prayers with the appointed ones of the church, for the efficacy of their intercession. At other

times, when Anselmo was delayed or prevented in his attendance by duties elsewhere, she would sit for hours with Malavolti, discoursing of a world to come, with such calm earnestness of voice, and with such seeming tranquillity of spirit, that, but for the affectionate ardour of her manner, she might have appeared a kind friend only seeking to lighten the tribulation of a friend, instead of an anxious, heart-broken mother, supporting a beloved son under the trial of approaching death.

It was on the evening of the eighteenth day, and when only three more intervened before the day of execution, that Malavolti was awakened from a quiet sleep into which he had fallen, after the departure of Beatrice for the night, by the harsh grating of his cell door.

"Here is a holy father," growled Verruchio, "who says he must speak with you. He would not be denied; but by St. Agnes, it is as much as mine office is worth to let him in at this untimely hour.—You must be quick, friar, or come again in the morning, for I shall return speedily to conduct you forth."

The goaler retired, locking the door after him. Malavolti, in the dim twilight of his cell, could just discern the tall figure of a man, closely wrapped in the cowl and black drapery of a Franciscan monk, who listened a moment to the receding sound of Verruchio's heavy footsteps along the stone passage, and then striding hastily up to him, threw back his hood and cloak, exclaiming, "Fly! save your life!"

"Who are you?" replied Malavolti, raising himself from his straw.

"It matters not. I come to save you. There is no time for words. Put on this disguise. The gloom of evening will befriend you. Get beyond the prison walls. There you will find persons waiting to convey you from the danger of pursuit; and leave the rest to me."

"Why should I do this?"

"Tut! tut—ask questions, man, when you have leisure to be inquisitive. A moment's irresolution, and we fail. Here—hold your chains thus, and they will not clank: wrap yourself in this cloak, draw the cowl down round your face, and be sure you speak not, nor walk with too eager a step, till you are once fairly on the outside. Here—here."

"You come upon a thriftless errand, whoever sent you," said Malavolti, disengaging himself from the disguise which the stranger was placing upon him.

"Are you mad?"

"No; I am innocent!" replied Malavolti proudly.

"Granted; but your death is inevitable."

"I know it; and I will not avoid it by an act which would give every tongue in Naples a license to say I deserved it."

"By St. Francis!" exclaimed the stranger, "you amaze. But I have risked too much already, not to risk a little more. Consent to fly, or—"

"Or what?" interrupted Malavolti.

"Hark!—Verruchio returns. I hear his footsteps—quick! quick! I'll throw myself on this straw, while you, as the door opens, stand prepared to quit the cell, so that he may not enter himself and perceive the cheat. When you are safe, I know a way to save myself."

"You disturb me," said Malavolti. "Be quick yourself, rather, and resume, for your own secure return, the disguise that has enabled you to come safely hither. Whose'er you are, your motives claim my gratitude, though I disdain to use the means you proffer."

The next moment the key was heard in the door. The stranger instantly clothed himself in his monk's garb; as Verruchio entered, ejaculated in a low voice a pious *Benedicite!* and slowly followed him from the cell. Malavolti returned to his straw: but it was long before the perturbation which this mysterious scene had occasioned would allow him to sleep. There was no clue by which to unravel the interest any human being, except his mother, could be supposed to feel in his fate, sufficient to suggest such an enterprise; and he well knew it originated not with her. She had, all along, fixed his thoughts too steadily upon the fatal consummation of his iniquitous sentence; and was, besides, as incapable as himself of favouring a scheme, which, though it might save his life, would ratify his imputed guilt. Wearied with conjectures, he at length sunk into a feverish and disturbed slumber.

Not such was the slumber into which he sunk a few short hours before he went forth to execution. Beatrice had obtained permission to pass with him that last, that dreadful night. And she did so. At midnight, the good Padre Anselmo retired to seek a brief repose, promising to return at sun-rise. Beatrice sat by her son's side, supporting his head upon her bosom, and gazing wistfully at those features which had the paleness of long imprisonment upon them, but nothing else to wring her heart. Their expression was angelic, and shone with the sanctity of perfect resignation. As she parted the clustering raven locks that covered his fine open brow, she thought he never looked so much like his father, as she last remembered him, when he too in his dying hour reclined upon her bosom. And then unbidden recollections crowded fast upon her mind; step by step they carried her back through buried hopes, and bright dreams, that were, when all of present joy and all of future bliss, that beamed like sunny visions upon the sparkling tide of time, was precious to her, only because it was shared, or prophesied of being so, in years to come, with her much beloved son. The transition from these remembrances to the scene before her was dreadful. It pierced her very soul: and it was a relief from the torture of her own solitary thoughts while Malavolti slept, when the entrance of Anselmo called both herself and him to the solemn preparations for the scaffold.

The bell tolled! the assistants of the prison entered the dungeon to attire Malavolti in the

usual dress of a criminal who is to die for murder. A faint flush passed across his cheek during this humiliating ceremony, and he cast his eyes round his cell for his mother, as if he would have conveyed to her by one hurried look, all that his proud spirit then suffered as the price of yielding to her prayers. But she was no longer present. Firmly resolved to abide all, while she could be firm, she had found it impossible to witness this ceremony, and to take her last farewell, without betraying such emotions as might have unmanned Malavolti at the moment when he had most need of all his energies. She had, therefore withdrawn, unperceived, pronouncing no other adieu, than the mute one which was centered in the agonizing look she fixed upon him, as she hurried out of his presence for ever!

The procession began. Malavolti walked with a firm step, an erect figure, an air of conscious innocence, and with something of expressed contempt for the injustice he sustained, mingled with a profound character of religious awe at the solemnity of his situation. The scaffold was erected about a hundred yards from the walls of the prison. It was a beautiful summer morning, and the sun shone with all the brilliant radiance, and the air fanned upon his pallid cheek as he passed into it, with all the balmy softness of the Italian climate. The assembled crowd was numerous; but of the many thousands who were there collected, not one ventured to disturb the thrilling silence of the scene. Malavolti surveyed the multitude; and again his face was flushed for a moment, while his knitted brow and the haughty gathering up of his body proclaimed that one last struggle with himself—one expiring rally of mere earthly passion—was throbbing in his heart.—But it was soon over, and he ascended the scaffold with the calm demeanour of a man in whom the fear of death had passed away.

The last offices of religion were performed by Anselmo, who had retired a few paces from the block; the executioner stood ready with his axe—and Malavolti was in the act of kneeling down, after having requested the headman not to strike till he gave the signal by stretching forth his hand, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "Stop!" Malavolti either heard it not, or supposed it was some other cry; for he knelt down, while the assistants proceeded to place him in the proper position, when the same voice, in a louder and frantic tone, was heard again. "Innocent! Innocent!" it cried, or rather screamed. The words were instantly repeated by a thousand tongues, and the air resounded with tumultuous shouts of "Innocent! Innocent!" The scene that followed was at once sublime and terrific. Malavolti raised himself on one knee, and gazed wildly round, as if suddenly aroused from some frightful dream. The officers of justice, mistaking the confusion for a desperate attempt at rescue, laid hold of him, and endeavoured to force his head down again to the block, while the executioner, grasping the axe firmly in both hands, with a ferocious look, stood in an attitude to strike the fatal blow the moment there was room

for him to wield the instrument. The populace heeded, groaned, yelled—amid loud and louder cries of "Innocent! Murder! Brittorno! Brittorno!"

Malavolti, with a giant's strength, wrested himself from those who were struggling to hold him, and, like a maniac, sprang at the throat of the executioner, who had raised his axe to fell him where he stood. The people, bearing down all opposition, rushed forward; Malavolti and the executioner rolled together on the platform, the latter streaming with blood from a wound inflicted with his own axe in falling, when just at that moment a man was seen forcing his way through the crowd, and ascending the steps of the scaffold. It was the Count Brittorno himself! He was enveloped in a black cloak, his hat off, his features distorted with agony, and exclaiming, in a voice that resounded above the wild roar of the multitude, "Look on me! look on me!—I am Brittorno—Malavolti is innocent!" The eye of Malavolti caught one glimpse of his person, and bursting into an hysterical laugh, he swooned in the arms of the Padre Anselmo. A tremendous shout of exultation burst from the populace, which was repeated with deafening violence, when they saw the hand of Malavolti firmly grasped in that of Brittorno, who was kneeling by his side.

In a few moments, peace was restored; and though no one could explain the cause of what they had all witnessed, every one rejoiced in the miraculous preservation of a noble cavalier from an unmerited and shameful death. Malavolti, as soon as he recovered from his swoon, was conducted back to the prison amid the now silent sympathy of the thousands who had assembled to behold his execution. They gently blessed him as he passed, but abstained from all violent demonstrations of joy, with an instinctive delicacy of feeling, which animated the whole as if they were but one man, and taught them to reverence the grandeur of his situation.

And Beatrice! Where was she? Did no messenger of gladness pour the balm of joy into her sad heart? Was there no swift tongue to tell her she was still a mother? Oh, yes! Those shouts—that wild uproar—those straining notes that filled the very air with voices innumerable, crying aloud, "Malavolti! Innocent!" outran the sadder tidings of the good Anselmo, who sought the poor mourner in her desolate habitation. "I will praise the Lord as long as I live! I will sing praise to my God while I have my being!" was all she could say; when, with streaming eyes upraised to Heaven, she again folded in her arms her living son!

A few words will suffice to relate the circumstances which led to this extraordinary catastrophe. The Count Brittorno was the victim of his own snares. Believing that Malavolti was his secret rival in the affections of his mistress Angelica, he had resorted to the familiar practice of his country, and employed three desperate braves to prowl about the grounds of his villa,

and watch their opportunity for assassinating him, should he approach the house. These hired stabbers had been in his pay for several weeks; but as Malavolti was really no candidate for the lady's favours, they might have pursued their honourable calling for as many months without surprising their prey. It was to this secret ambush, however, that Brittorno alluded darkly, when (in his altercation with Malavolti, at the Duke de Montrefelto's) he retorted, that there "were fools in the city of Naples who tempted the chance he mentioned,"—that of being "provided with a grave before he thought seriously of dying." By what fatal mischance, or under what unforeseen circumstances it happened, was never known; but that very night Count Brittorno himself, repairing to his villa, was mistaken for Malavolti, set upon by his own blood-hounds, and left for dead, in the way already mentioned. At first, Brittorno believed that the persons who had attacked him were hired by Malavolti, who had taken that method to supersede the necessity of meeting him on the following morning. Hence his own willingness, and that of his family, to conceal the fact of his wounds not being mortal, in the hope that the convenient forms of Neapolitan justice would work out their revenge by sending him to a scaffold; while they knew it would be no inexpressible offence in the eyes of the majority of their countrymen, that Brittorno should afterwards appear. He would be rid of a detested rival at all events; and he did not despair of living down whatever odium the circumstance might at first excite. The scheme, therefore, was fully resolved upon, and adroitly managed. But in the interval, and while slowly recovering from his wounds, Brittorno received unequivocal proofs from his mistress, that his suspicions were utterly unfounded with regard to Malavolti, and he also learned who were his real assassins. It was then that something like compunction began to awaken in his breast for the impending fate of Malavolti. He would willingly have rescued him from it. But how could he do so without betraying his own unparalleled perfidy? His first contrivance was sending one of his myrmidons, disguised as a monk, to prevail upon Malavolti to escape from prison; but when this project failed, he knew not what to do. Base as he was, he could not reconcile, even to his conscience, the idea of sacrificing, not only an innocent man, but one who, he had ascertained, had never wronged him in the point where he was most sensitive. Still he could not resolve to make the sacrifice of himself in the only way that would enable him to do substantial justice. At length the day of Malavolti's execution arrived, and, impelled by a restless impulse, which he strove in vain to resist, he mingled with the crowd in disguise; but when he saw the guiltless Malavolti in the act of offering up a life he had not forfeited, his emotions became so violent and ungovernable, that he rushed forward to arrest the fatal catastrophe in the way described, though almost too late to give effect to his tardily awakened sense of honour.

TRAVELLING EQUIPAGES OF A PERSIAN PRINCESS.

In the very gray of the morning, before objects could be well distinguished at fifty yards distance, when the shades of the high towers and turreted walls were alone enough to hide whatever might be at their base, a procession was seen to issue from the lofty porticos of the royal Palace of Tehran. The principal object consisted in a richly equipped takhteravan, mysteriously curtained over with crimson cloth, embroidered in all its compartments with the royal insignia of Persia (the sun rising behind the back of a lion couchant,) and which covered a frame of gilded lattice-work. It was borne between two richly caparisoned mules, whose housing of red cloth covered them almost entirely, whilst tassels of various colours hung about their heads. Other mules equally caparisoned were in attendance, that they might be exchanged at pleasure, and so steady were the paces into which they had been trained, that they travelled for days together without breaking into a trot. The litter was spread with the softest mattresses and cushions, that no accidental jolt might discompose the person within, and the great care which was shown in properly conducting it over the most easy paths, disclosed how important it was thought that the occupant should be treated with the highest consideration. This conveyance was closely surrounded by several women on horseback, some clad in crimson cloth cloaks, having the privilege of exposing their faces, for such is allowed to ladies of the royal household, and others clothed from head to foot in impenetrable veils of white muslin. Some three or four led horses, richly caparisoned, were marshalled at some distance in front, whilst mules bearing rich yakdans or trunks were seen hastening at a distance from the line of march, the whole being marshalled by the royal eunuchs, who with loud shrill voices, and angry words and gestures, were casting about the eyes of watchfulness and suspicion, in order to discover any audacious trespasser who might have transgressed the awful Corook. The whole was closed by the person of the Khajeh Bashi or eunuch in chief, and a numerous suite, who were ready at the smallest signal to scour the country, and inflict immediate death on any unfortunate offender.

The mysterious individual who occupied the litter was no less a personage than the Princess Amima, niece of the king, whose charms we must for the present keep veiled from our reader, as they were in reality from all mortals, until they must of necessity be disclosed to him, and in the mean while we must allow the passage of the procession to produce that effect upon the country where the Corook was proclaimed, which it always did, namely, fear and curiosity. How every man's heart beat with desire, as the confused tread of the procession passed his gate; his imagination conjuring up to him, in the very name of the Banou, charms which none but a Houri of Paradise could possess! But again, it sunk when he reflected how near he was to death, should his curiosity prompt him to protrude even

the tip of his moustache through the chink of his fast closed shutter, to steal a look! And when the procession issued into the open country, instead of passing through an industrious peasantry enlivening the fields, this awful order produced an untenanted wilderness, for even if one unlucky wight was seen, it was in the act of flying for his life, as if he were pursued by a plague, or fearing the influence of the pestilential simoom.

The old draw-bridges creaked, as in succession the procession cleared first the ditch which immediately surrounds the ark, and then that which encircles the town, and having once passed the fortification, and got fairly into the sabara or the plain, as the day dawned, the individuals who composed it got into better humour; the women began to talk and to show off their horsemanship, and every thing promised a day of enjoyment—emancipation from the confinement of the walls of the harem being alone one of the greatest delights which a Persian woman can enjoy.

THE GRAVE.

O THE grave! the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; it extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and recollections; who can look down on the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those we love—what a place for meditation! Then it is we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—then it is we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn and awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all the stifled grief; its noiseless attendants; its mute watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love, the feeble fluttering. Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate!—There settle the accounts with thy conscience of every past endearment, unregarded, of that departed being, who never, never can return, to be soothed by contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a sigh to an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon the memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.—*Washington Irving.*



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

THE portrait of Napoleon, on the opposite page, will be generally recognized as a spirited and faithful likeness. The history of this wonderful and fortunate man is so familiar, that it would be trespassing unnecessarily upon the patience of our readers were we, in this place, to give more than a mere outline, furnishing a few facts and dates for convenient reference.

Napoleon Buonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, on the 15th August, 1769. His family had been of distinction in Italy, but removed to Corsica during the war between the Guelphs and Ghibellines. His father was an advocate of considerable reputation, and his mother, Lætitia Romolini, since so celebrated as Madame Mere, was remarkable for her personal beauty and the strength of her mind. On the morning of Napoleon's birth his mother had attended mass, and on her return was suddenly seized, and the future hero of his age came into the world, on a temporary couch, covered with tapestry representing the heroes of the Iliad. He was her second child. Joseph, the ex-king of Spain, for many years a respected inhabitant of this country, was the oldest. There were three younger brothers, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome, and three sisters, Eliza, Caroline, and Pauline.

In 1776, Napoleon was admitted into the military school of Brienne, where he was distinguished for his mathematical attainments; but was unapt in general literature. In 1783, on the recommendation of his teachers, he was transferred to the Royal Military school at Paris, an extraordinary compliment to the genius of a boy of fourteen. Here he spent nearly three years, devoted to mathematics and history, his chosen authors being Plutarch and Tacitus. In August, 1785, he obtained his first commission as Lieutenant of Artillery. In the beginning of 1792, he became Captain of Artillery, and witnessed, though he did not partake, the terrible revolutionary scenes of the 20th of June, and the 10th of August. His first military service was in Corsica in 1793, where he reduced a small fortress, in which he was afterwards besieged, and himself and his companions obliged to abandon it, and betake themselves to the sea. On the 18th December, 1793, Napoleon achieved his first memorable exploit in recovering Toulon, which had previously been in the hands of the English. From this time Napoleon advanced by rapid strides to greatness. He was directed to join the army of Italy, then stationed at Nice, with the rank of chief of battalion. Here he rendered good service; but after the fall of Robespierre, being suspected of having supported the party of that odious monster, he was for some time neglected. On the 4th of October, 1796, as commander of the forces of the National Convention, he achieved the triumph of that body, and laid the foundation of his own future greatness.

Within five days after this affair, he was named second in command of the army of the interior, and soon after became commander-in-chief. In 1796, Buonaparte married Josephine, and three days afterwards again joined the army of Italy, at Nice. In less than three months he fought and conquered at Monte-Notte, Millesimo, and Mendai, thus opening to himself the gates of Italy. At the bridge of Lodi, soon after, Napoleon distinguished himself no less by his skilful arrangements, than his personal courage. It was here, in consequence of his gallant behaviour, that the soldiery gave him the honorary nickname of the *The Little Corporal*. On the 14th of May, fourteen days afterwards, Napoleon entered Milan, of which he took military possession. As these were among the earliest of Napoleon's achievements, we have referred to them particularly: his subsequent progress during the remainder of this campaign was no less brilliant and rapid. He overran all Italy; compelled Venice and the Pope to submit to his victorious arms, and drove Austria into a treaty of peace, by which France was an immense gainer. Returning to Paris, where he was regarded with coldness by the Directory, his active mind planned the celebrated Egyptian expedition, on which he embarked on the 19th of May, 1798, taking with him 40,000 picked soldiers, and some of the ablest generals then in the French service. The events of that expedition need not here be recorded: they are among the darkest and brightest of Napoleon's eventful life, and are full of romantic interest. In little more than a year he returned to France, and availing himself of the agitations which his friends had created, overthrew the power of the Directory, and assumed the First Consulate. During Buonaparte's absence, Austria had re-conquered nearly all her Italian possessions, and one of the Chief Consul's first objects, after settling the internal government of France, was to break down the growing power of that nation. At the head of his army he effected the passage of the Alps, crossing the great Mont St. Bernard, the greatest exploit of modern warfare, and pouring down upon the plains, carried victory with him wherever he went. The surrender of Geneva and the triumph at Marengo, with the restoration of all that had been lost in his absence, brought Napoleon back to France covered with fresh glory. On the 15th May, 1802, he was proclaimed Consul for life. In 1804 he was endowed with the title and authority of Emperor of the French. The famous battle of Austerlitz in December 1805, established the imperial dignity, and from that time Premiers, Dukes, and Marshals were created, a magnificent court established, and all the ceremonies of royalty strictly observed. After four years passed in the construction and completion of the most mighty projects, both civil and military, the celebrated Code de Napoleon

—public works of all kinds—the invasion of Spain—new triumphs over Austria—Napoleon divorced Josephine and married the Arch-Duchess Maria Louisa, and on the 20th of April, 1811, had issue, the late Duc de Reichstadt, who soon after his birth was publicly proclaimed King of Rome. From this time forward Napoleon's fortunes seemed to decline. In 1812 he made his disastrous Russian expedition, from which he returned with a loss of 400,000 men, including forty-eight generals, and 3,000 regimental officers. Reverse followed reverse, until April, 1814, when the allied armies having previously entered Paris, he was compelled by his perilous position, to abdicate the

throne of France and Italy, and consent to a voluntary exile in Elba, retaining the empty title of Emperor, and a scanty establishment. In less than a year, Napoleon taking advantage of fresh discontents, returned to France, resumed the imperial government, and after a brief reign of an hundred days, was finally overthrown at Waterloo. His banishment to St. Helena, his employments on that desert island, and his death on the 5th of May, 1821, are all familiar.

In this brief sketch of the greatest man of modern times, we have purposely avoided all commentary, and only alluded to such events as were necessary to maintain the connexion of his history.

THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL.

The last, last tone hath died,
Oh! bid it wake once more;
Bid the glad harp again the swelling tide
Of stately music pour.
For sink we now beneath the saddening spell
Of our loved Minstrel's song that bade farewell,

We marked his kindling eye,
And there a holy fire
Ehoned as a day-beam from that light on high
Which angels doth inspire;
And his cheek flushed, as his proud song flowed free,
Like to the billows of a waking sea.

And firmer grew his hand,
More passionate his lay,
He bade his guardian angels bless his land,
So dear—so far away;
Until we caught the fervour of his tone,
And our heart's prayer made answer to his own.

Then came a softer strain
To fill the eye with tears,
And the soul's inner depths with mournful pain,
To linger there for years:
While breathless tremblings made the bosom thrill,
Lest his last music should too soon be still.

For we had loved him well,
Through many a changing day;
He was not with us as an ocean shell,
Cast up—then swept away:
But from a band of brotherhood it bore
Song, step, and smile—to bring them back no more.

And time had hastened by,
Strengthening the links which bound us;
And his bright spirit in the hour of joy,
Had evermore been round us:
Nor knew we, till that parting music died,
How sad a change must come—how dear a void!

Not sad for him—his tears
In the south land shall fall;
Where the tall cliff its vine-clad steep uprears
Above a peaceful vale:
There shall he meet his kindred—there shall tell
Of friends in distant isle who loved him well.

But eve—the bird is flown
That cheered us with its lay—
Eve hath come down to dim our hour of noon,
Our loved one passed away:
And we must grieve, as oft remembered rise
The speaking music of his melodies.

THE POET'S REQUIEM.

Peace! exalted spirit!
To thy tomb so lowly;
Thou, in mansions holy,
Blessings dost inherit;
Earth, unkind and cold,
Joy and hope denied thee,
Thee doth silence hold
Whom no kin-men weep;
Yet, where thou dost sleep
Let me rest beside thee.

What is life!—a fever;
Death!—a home of quiet,
Where the shout of riot
Comes intruding never:
Little heedest thou,
Through a world deride thee;
Heaven is round thee now;
I may shed a tear
Slander's words to hear—
Oh! to sleep beside thee;

Pure and generous nature,
O'er deceit compliant
Towering, as a giant
Of high heavenly stature:
Gold with splendid lure
Of rich promise tried thee;
How may fraud, secure
That his foe is gone,
Laugh thy tomb upon;—
Oh! to sleep beside thee!

Radiant heir of glory!
Genius unrequited,
Hope too early blighted,
Why was this thy story?
Why did cruel hands
From thy love divide thee?
Lo! to brighter lands
Thou didst soar away
From thy chains of clay;
Oh! to sleep beside thee!

In a world so weary
Would my path were ended!
For it lies extended
In perspective dreary,
Through the heartless throng,
From which the grave doth hide thee;
Gifted son of song!
Take a willing guest
To thy bed of rest;
Let me sleep beside thee!

THE FREEBOOTER OF LOCHABAR.

TOWARDS the end of the seventeenth century, there lived a certain notorious freebooter, in the county of Moray, a native of Lochabar, of the name of Cameron, but who was better known by his cognomen of *Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt*, which signifies, "Peter, the priest's son." Numerous were the creachs, or robberies of cattle, on the great scale, driven by him from Strathspey. But he did not confine his depredations to that country; for sometimes between the years 1690 and 1695, he made a clean sweep of the cattle from the rich pastures of the Aird, the territory of the Frasers. That he might put his pursuers on a wrong scent, he did not go directly towards Lochabar, but crossing the River Ness at Lochend, he struck over the mountains of Strathnairn and Strathdarn, and ultimately encamped behind a hill above Duthel, called, from a copious spring on its summit, *Cairn-au-Sh'uaran*, or The Well Hill. But notwithstanding all his precautions, the celebrated Simon Lord Lovat, then chief of Frasers, discovered his track, and dispatched a special messenger to his father-in-law, Sir Ludovick Grant, of Grant, begging his aid in apprehending Mac-an-Ts'agairt, and recovering the cattle.

It so happened that there lived, at this time, on the laird of Grant's ground, a man also called Cameron, surnamed Mugach-more, of great strength and undaunted courage; he had six sons and a step-son whom his wife, formerly a woman of light character, had before her marriage with Mugach, and, as they were all brave, Sir Ludovick applied to them to undertake the recapture of the cattle. Sir Ludovick was not mistaken in the man. The Mugach no sooner received his orders, than he armed himself and his little band, and went in quest of the freebooter, whom he found in the act of cooking a dinner from part of the spoil. The Mugach called on Padrig and his men to surrender, and they, though numerous, dreading the well known prowess of their adversary, fled to the opposite hills, their chief threatening bloody vengeance as he went. The Mugach drove the cattle to a place of safety, and watched them till their owners came to recover them.

Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt did not utter his threats without the fullest intention of carrying them into effect. In the latter end of the following spring he visited Strathspey with a strong party, and way-laid the Mugach, as he and his sons were returning from working at a small patch of land he had on the brow of a hill, about half a mile above his house. Mac-an-Ts'agairt and his party concealed themselves in a thick covert of underwood, through which they knew that Mugach and his sons must pass: but seeing their intended victims well armed, the cowardly assassins lay still in their hiding-place, and allowed them to pass, with the intention of taking a more favourable opportunity for their purpose. That

very night they surprised and murdered two of the sons, who, being married, lived in separate houses, at some distance from their father's, and, having thus executed so much of their diabolical purpose, they surrounded the Mugach's cottage.

No sooner was his dwelling attacked, than the brave Mugach, immediately guessing who the assailants were, made the best arrangement for defence that time and circumstances permitted. The door was the first point attempted; but it was strong, and he and his four sons placed themselves behind it, determined to do bloody execution the moment it should be forced. Whilst thus engaged, the Mugach was started by a noise above the rafters, and looking up, he perceived, in the obscurity, the figure of a man half through a hole in the wattled roof. Eager to despatch his foe as he entered, he sprang upon a table, plunged his sword into his body, and down fell—his step-son! whom he had ever loved and cherished as one of his own children. The youth had been cutting his way through the roof, with the intention of attacking Padrig from above, and so creating a diversion in favour of those who were defending the door. The brave young man lived no longer than to say, with a faint voice, "Dear father, I fear you have killed me!" For a moment the Mugach stood petrified with horror and grief, but rage soon usurped the place of both. "Let me open the door!" he cried, "and revenge his death, by drenching my sword in the blood of the villain!" His sons clung around him, to prevent what they conceived to be madness, and a strong struggle ensued between desperate bravery and filial duty; whilst Mugach's wife stood gazing on the corpse of her first born son, in an agony of contending passions, being ignorant, from all she had witnessed, but that the young man's death had been wilfully wrought by her husband. "Hast thou forgotten our former days?" cried the wily Padrig, who saw the whole scene through a crevice in the door; "how often thou hast undone thy door to me, and wilt thou not open it now, to give me way to punish him who has, but this moment, so foully slain thy beloved son?" Ancient recollections, and present affliction, conspired to twist her to his purpose. The struggle and altercation between the Mugach and his sons still continued. A frenzy seized on the unhappy woman. She flew to the door, undid the bolt, and Padrig and his assassins rushed in. The infuriated Mugach no sooner beheld his enemy enter, than he sprang at him like a tiger, grasped him by the throat, and dashed him to the ground. Already was his vigorous sword-arm drawn back, and his broad claymore was about to find a passage to the traitor's heart, when his faithless wife, coming behind him, threw over it a large canvas winnowing sheet, and, before he could extricate the blade from the numerous folds, Padrig's weapon was reeking in the best heart's blood of the bravest Highlander that Strathspey could boast

of. His four sons who had witnessed their mother's treachery, were paralyzed. The unfortunate woman herself, too, stood stupified and appalled. But she was quickly recalled to her senses by the active clash of the swords of Padrig and his men. "Oh, my sons! my sons!" she cried, "spare my boys!" But the tempter needed her services no longer—she had done his work. She was spurned to the ground, and trampled under foot, by those who soon strewed the bloody floor around her with the lifeless corpses of her brave sons.

Exulting in the full success of this expedition of vengeance, Mac-an-Ts'agairt beheaded the bodies, and piled the heads in a heap on an oblong hill, that runs parallel to the road on the east side of Carr Bridge, from which it is called *Tom-nan-Cean*, the Hill of the Heads. Scarcely was he beyond the reach of danger, than his butchery was known at the Castle Grant, and Sir Ludovick immediately offered a great reward for his apprehension; but Padrig, who had anticipated some such thing, fled to Ireland, where he remained for seven years. But the restlessness of the murderer is well known, and Padrig felt it in all its horrors. Leaving his Irish retreat, he returned to Lochabar. By a strange accident, a certain Mungo Grant of Muckrach, having had his cattle and horses carried away by some thieves from that quarter, pursued them hot on foot, recovered them, and was on his way returning with them, when, to his astonishment, he met Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt, quite alone, in a narrow pass, on the borders of his native country. Mungo instantly seized and made a prisoner of him. But his progress with his beasts was tedious; and as he was entering Strathspey at *Lag-na-caillich*, about a mile to the westward of Aviemore, he espied twelve desperate men, who, taking advantage of his slow march, had crossed the hills to gain the pass before him, for the purpose of rescuing Padrig. But Mungo was not to be daunted. Seeing them occupying the road in his front, he grasped his prisoner with one hand, and brandishing his dirk with the other, he advanced in the midst of his people and animals, swearing potently, that the first motion at an attempt at rescue by any one of them, should be the signal for his dirk to drink the life's blood of Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt. They were so intimidated by his boldness, that they allowed him to pass without assault, and left their friend to his fate. Padrig was forthwith carried to Castle Grant. But the remembrance of the Mugach's murder had been by this time much obliterated, by many events little less strange; and the laird, unwilling to be troubled with the matter, ordered Mungo and his prisoner away.

Disappointed and mortified, Mungo and his party were returning with their captive, discussing, as they went, what they had best do with him. "A fine reward we have had for all our trouble!" said one. "The laird may catch the next thief her nainsel for Donald!" said another. "Let's turn him loose!" said a third. "Ay, ay," says a fourth, "what for wud we be plagu-

ing oursel's more wi' him!" "Yes, yes! brave, generous men!" said Padrig Mack-an-Ts'agairt, roused by a sudden hope of life from the moody dream of the gallows tree, in which he had been plunged, whilst he was courting his mournful muse to compose his own lament, that he might die with an effect striking, as all the events of his life had been: "Yes, brave men! free me from these bonds! it is unworthy of Strathspey men,—it is unworthy of Grants, to triumph over a fallen foe! Those whom I killed were no clansmen of thine, but recreant Cameron's, who betrayed a Cameron! Let me go free, and that reward of which you have been disappointed shall be quadrupled for sparing my life!" Such words as these, operating on minds so much prepared to receive them favourably, had well nigh worked their purpose. "But, no!" said Muckrach, sternly, "it shall never be said that a murderer escaped from my hands. Besides, it was just so that he fairly spake Mugach's false wife. But did he spare her sons on that account? If ye then let him go, my men, the fate of Mugach may be ours; for what bravery can stand against treachery and assassination?" This opened an entirely new view of the question to Padrig's rude guards, and the result of the conference was, that they resolved to take him to Inverness, and to deliver him up to the sheriff.

As they were pursuing their way up the south side of the river Dulnan, the hill of Tom-nan-Cean appeared on that opposite to them. At sight of it, the whole circumstances of Padrig's atrocious deed came fresh into their minds. It seemed to cry on them for justice, and, with one impulse, they shouted out, "Let him die on the spot where he did the bloody act!" Without a moment's farther delay, they resolved to execute their new resolution. But on their way across the plain, they happened to observe a large fir-tree, with a thick horizontal branch growing at right angles from the trunk, and of a sufficient height from the ground to suit their purpose; and doubting if they might find so convenient a gallows where they were going, they at once determined that here Padrig should finish his mortal career. The neighbouring birch thicket supplied them materials for making a withe, and, whilst they were twisting it, Padrig burst forth into a flood of Gaelic verse, which his mind had been accumulating by the way. His song, and the twig rope that was to terminate his existence, where spun out and finished at the same moment, and he was instantly elevated to a height equally beyond his ambition and his hopes. —*Sir T. Lauder Dick's Account of the Moray Floods.*

No man rises to such a height as to become conspicuous, but he is on one side censured by undiscerning malice, which reproaches him for his best actions, and slanders his apparent and incontestible excellencies; and idolized on the other by ignorant admiration, which exalts his faults and follies into virtues.

HOME.

In this affectionate term is comprised all that is valuable in memory, and in imagination. As we look back to the early days, when youth and innocence smiled upon our pillows, wandered with us in the fields, climbed the mountains, and traced the cheerful rills that gladden our shores, the fountains of delight in our bosoms, which the hand of Time had half covered over with the moss and weeds of accumulating years, gush forth afresh; and association tunes her harp of a thousand chords, to emulate the melody that then gladdened our hearts with the joys of youthful satisfaction.

The love of home seems to form a constituent of the human mind. It has given vigour to the arm of the warrior, and animation to the song of the bard. "God, and our Native Land," has formed the watchword of battle, and been echoed in the death song of many a valiant heart. The hoary top of St. Gothard, and the long resounding cliffs of the Appennines, have listened to the Shepherd's song of home; while the less enthusiastic, but not less affectionate inhabitants of the hills of New England, and the sojourner who makes his abode in the far extended valleys of the West, has felt in his heart an increasing glow, as he has calmly, but exultingly thought—
"This is my own, my Native Land!"

So far from being a childish emotion, an affection for home has been a characteristic of some of the most eminent minds of ancient and modern times. The Emperor Vespasian loved to retire from the fatigues of war and state, to cultivate his Sabine farm. And he, who within the past thirty years shook more than half the thrones of Europe to their centre, remarked, that he could "find the way among his native hills blindfolded." Before Charles the Fifth retired to the Monastery of St. Justus, he went to visit the place of his nativity; and Henry the Fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp during the siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Volambra, where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with milk, cheese, and fruit.

To an inhabitant of the pleasant and peaceful villages of New England, a thousand delightful associations add their charms, to increase the love which we cherish for the land of our nativity. The three ever youthful and redolent daughters of Time—the Past—the Present—and the Future—in our ready imagination, seem to be hovering around our heads. We recal, with gratitude to our fathers, and to that Heaven which smiled upon their endeavours, the remembrance of those eventful times, when these shores were peopled, and when they were ransomed from the control of foreign domination. We picture to our delighted fancy, the time

When o'er these plains, with birch and maple crowned,
The wild deer wandered, and the red man frowned,
When the first glimpses of the morning broke
On vales of pine, and endless groves of oak,

From whose green vistas, bright with flowers and dew,
The wild bird sung, the wigwam glimmered through;
Here oft in chase the deer was seen to pant,
Plunge in the waves, or seek his wonted haunt.

On yon green hill, the Indian war whoop rung,
In yon green vale, the song of peace was sung.
When round the oak, conflicting chiefs were set,
To pour the horn, and light the calumet.
Then glowed the bosom of the dark-browed maid,
As in the green depths of the forest shade,
She wreathed with flowers the youthful chieftain's hair
And kissed his brow in silent gladness there.

Then rose, at eve, the Pilgrim's grateful song,
And his deep prayer rolled forth the woods along,
Then night came onward, and the sad voiced owl
Sent her lone cadence to the wolf's long howl.

And oft, at midnight, when the desert storm
Broke o'er the fields, their beauty to deform,
Hurling the branches of the oak on high,
Leaving the cottage roofless to the sky,
Or—worse than woes of elemental strife,
The savage death-shot, and the reckless knife,
Which knew no mercy, from the locks of gray,
To the fresh brow that in the cradle lay,
How shrunk the Pilgrim's heart, amid his care,
Lest God should give his labours to despair!
Those fears are over, with the Pilgrim's toll—
He sleeps in peace beneath the blood-drenched soil:

But while exulting in the Pilgrim's cause,
The voice of truth and justice bids us pause,
With heart-felt sympathy, to shed the tear
Above the red man's wrongs, and fate severe.
His were the happy shores our fathers found,
His, by God's gift, each hard fought battle ground,
He fought, as you would fight, with heart and hand
To ward destruction from his native land.
He bared his breast, and dared the manly strife
To save his sire, his daughter, and his wife.
Think ye he loved them?—Ask the fate he met,
How deep his heart on home and friends was set!
He raised no Christian prayer, that God would deign
To strew with Christian bones his native plain,
But the Great Spirit in the woods he sought,
And bowed his heart to God in prayer untaught.

He failed, and o'er his forest home
Towers the tall fabric, and the lofty dome.
On high the hand of art has sent
The column and the monument,
To tell the triumph and the pride
Of white men who in battle died,
And of their sons to whom is given
The treasures from the child of nature riven,
But through each wood, and o'er each battle ground,
No mark of Indian foot is found.
They died—and left no trace,
Or record of their valliant race,
Save that their conquerors record
The triumphs of their keener sword,
And bards relate, how in the forest gray,
Their last sad death-song died away.

We leave the red man to slumber in the forest, through whose recesses so often he chased the deer, and brought down the eagle from the mountain top. Our path is through pleasant villages, inhabited by men of another colour—another language—another faith. Beautiful houses, tenanted by white men, rear their shining walls amid fields of yellow grain and mellow fruit—and barns filled with the treasures of industry, and tall spires, shooting lightly toward heaven, from

whose altars the prayers of piety ascend in gratitude to the Giver of all good.

Our Independence is achieved, and we have not now to brighten our armour, and nerve our hearts for the conflict—but to recline in the repose of our sanctuaries—to sit in the shadow of our trees, with grateful voices to praise, and with cheerful hearts to enjoy the privileges and the blessings of our tranquil lot. Through the indulgence of a beneficent Providence, we have not now to “lie down, year after year, with lighted thunderbolts;” to watch the coming battle. Upon us have fallen the more agreeable duties of cultivating domestic peace, and social harmony. To enhance the civilities of polished life; to obliterate the records of error and of passion; to cherish the arts of peace, and foster the indications of genius; to indulge the delights of rational friendship, and the claims of neighbourly intercourse; to increase the amount of literary and mental excellence, and to promote the charities and the affections which flow from well regulated hearts.

But where is the Home of the Slave? For him no cheerful fireside is lighted—no roof spreads its genial shadow over his peaceful slumbers—no wife prepares his food, and smooths his pillow—no child extends its joyful arms to meet him with a smile. He is homeless—friendless—heartless. For him the sun shines not—the dew and the rain fall not. All the blessings of earth are for others, and himself is the property of the unfeeling and the tyrannical. When will those who exult in the excellence of our free government, be willing that all shall enjoy its benefits? When will Christians become indeed the disciples of Him who died for all, and extend to the slave the blessings of the gospel? When will the black man find a home, except in the grave, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest?”

ANOTHER NEW DANCE.

WE have received many communications respecting the new dance that has been introduced at a ball given by Lord Suffield, at Gunton Park, some of which speak highly in favour thereof, while others seem to think it can scarcely become popular from its complexity and machinery. We have made inquiries upon the subject, and learn that, with modifications, the new dance may be rendered a most amusing one. The following is a brief description of its present figures and arrangements, as introduced and danced at Gunton Park. The dance bears the old name of “Cotillon,” but the appellation should be altered; the dance itself being totally new. It begins by some six or eight couples waltzing; a chair is suddenly introduced into the centre, in which the first gentleman seats his partner. He then leads up and presents each of the other gentlemen in succession. If the lady rejects, the discarded retires behind the chair; but when “the right man,” as the old saying goes, arrives, she springs up, the tone and accent of the music

are accelerated, and off she waltzes with the elected—the rest seize their partners, and the circle is continued. All in turn go through the process. Three chairs are then placed. A lady (in succession) is seated between two bearers, who immediately solicit her reluctant regard, till at length she gives herself to one, and waltzing is resumed. A gentleman is then seated in a centre chair, hood-winked, and a lady takes the place on each side. In this perplexity of choice the Tantalus of the mirth remains, till by a sudden resolution he decides for right or left, uncovers the eyes, and waltzes away with the chance directed partner, followed as before by the rest. The chairs are now placed triangularly *dos a dos*, and three ladies are thus seated. The youths pace round them in a circle, till each of the fair ones throws her handkerchief, and away they again whirl. The men then appear to deliver to each, but to one alone is given, a ring, and the dance concludes by the ladies passing hand in hand through arches made by the extended arms of the gentlemen, and each seizes his partner, and once more swings round the circle. We have heard that this dance will be introduced at Almacks in the course of next season; we shall then have a better opportunity of noticing its merits.—*London Mag.*

THE WIFE.

How sweet to the soul of man (says Hierocles) is the society of a beloved wife, when wearied and broken down by the labours of the day: her endearments soothe, her tender cares restore him. The solicitude and the anxieties, and the heaviest misfortunes of life are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic cares at the same time to contend with. But how much lighter do they seem, when after his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home, and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes for his sake her share of domestic labours upon her, and soothes the anguish of his anticipation. A wife is not, as she is falsely represented and esteemed by some, a burden or a sorrow to man. No; she shares his burdens and she alleviates his sorrows; for there is no difficulty so heavy or insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual labours and the affectionate concord of that holy partnership.

RUSSIA, or whatever other power ultimately removes the carcass of Turkey from Thrace, may, perhaps, for a period bend under the burden; meet, at the commencement, with impediments *en masse*, encounter famine and sickness in its progress; but the event of a single pitched battle will be the *coup de grace* to Turkey, and the very fears of the invaded will accomplish the prediction of their expulsion from Europe. I never questioned a Turk on the stability of the empire, who did not state his conviction of the fulfilment of the prophecy, that the Giaours were to prevail over the true believers.

SQUILLETTI, THE CELEBRATED BANDIT.

SQUILLETTI was born about the year 1595, in the small territory of Catanzano, situated at the extremity of Italy, below the promontory of the gulf of Otranto, in the kingdom of Naples. He early became an explorer of the lonely woods, the hills and wilds, around the coast and in the vicinity of Mola de Gaeta. In his youth he was remarkable for his fiery and active spirit, combined with great intellectual acuteness; and, as he grew to manhood, he gave evidence of marked talent, as well as a frankness and boldness of demeanour, which produced a very favourable impression upon strangers, no less than on those who knew him. His habits, unfortunately, did not long keep pace with the improvement of his personal qualities and his mental capacity; he became vain and arrogant in his carriage, violent and quick in quarrel, in addition to a suspicious, sceptical, yet reckless turn of mind. He went with his father at an early age to Naples, where he entered the royal college, and prosecuted his studies with a view of pursuing a legal career. He made rapid progress; but this was interrupted by the untimely death of his father—the origin, most probably, of all his future errors and excesses, and but for which, with such talents, he might have become the boast and ornament, instead of the terror and execration, of his country. Instantly throwing up his former pursuits, he quitted Naples for Rome, where he was fortunate enough, at first, to meet with several eminent and respectable prelates, by whose persuasion he was led to complete the course of academical studies he had already entered upon. But the regard of some distinguished personages to whom he was subsequently introduced, proved by no means equally beneficial to him; for, under their patronage and encouragement, the worst features of his character took deeper root, and showed themselves in a strange combination of hardness and malignity of purpose. This was appreciated by the more abandoned of his noble associates; and he was soon employed in various secret and difficult undertakings: he was set as a spy upon the motions of their adversaries, and, by no wonderful transition, he thus became the fit tool of their most fearful and desperate designs. A faithful minister to the wants of powerful vice, he was, nevertheless, hated by his employers as the depository of their secret plots: and, aware of his own importance, his arrogance soon became intolerable to them. Playing a double game, he had, by the most artful means, gained the confidence of the exiled party; and this coming at length to the ears of his early patrons, they withdrew from him not only the conduct of their affairs, but the proceeds he had hitherto drawn from such a source; it being the custom of such lordly personages to seek out for ministers for their iniquitous views—to enforce strictest secrecy—and, when their objects shall have been fully accomplished, to

“whistle them down the wind, a prey to fortune.” This led Squilletti seriously to consider his position; he resolved to change his plans, and, under the veil of religion, to give a freer impunity to every species of extravagance and vice to which he was most addicted. Retiring at once from high company and from courts, he took upon himself the old hermit's penitential garb, and, with scandalous hypocrisy in a beginner, he withdrew into a small half-ruined church, which lay on the high road from Rome to Naples. There, instead of counting his beads, he noted the character of all those who went by; and when of sufficient wealth, or with other recommendations, he contrived to convey intelligence to the exiled parties, who took measures of vengeance, for plunder, or other enormities, which they perpetrated against their real or supposed enemies. The hermit-chief thus succeeded, by observing the most sanctified exterior, in reducing robbery and extortion to a complete system, till, growing insolent by success, he fell under the suspicion of a Roman noble, who had been plundered near the spot, and who communicated what he had observed to the pontifical court. It was directed that the proceedings of the new anchorite should be strictly watched; and, spite of his caution, it was proved that he was an accomplice in the daring attacks upon life and property that had created so much terror through the adjoining districts. But, informed of the impending danger by the counter-spies he employed, Squilletti suddenly threw off his hermit-garb, and with it the name of Fra Paolo, given him by the people in his penitential retreat. He betook himself to the mountains near Mola da Gaeta, extending his depredations to the confines of Naples and Rome; and, while pursuing the same career more openly, and in a wider field of operations, the ecclesiastical court offered an immense reward for his head, and despatched at the same time a captain of police, with forty men, the better to effect its object. Anticipating their approach, Fra Paolo, having given directions to his partisans, assumed the disguise of an aged shepherd, and went boldly to give his enemies the meeting, with the hope of betraying them into the hands of his exiled colleagues, lying in wait to fall upon them. Taking up his quarters at a neighbouring inn, he presented himself to the police on their arrival, as having just come from the mountains; and, finding the party much stronger than he had expected, he changed his design, and informed the captain that he would discover for him the abode of the whole band of exiles, whom he represented as being most formidable, and lying in ambush to receive him. The captain, without any suspicion, accepted the proposal, and, giving in to the snare, invited the feigned shepherd to take supper with him. Fra Paolo then retired; but, instead of going to rest, he put four gold pieces into the host's hands,

and, bidding him inform the captain that he whom he was in search of had paid for them both, and that a leader of police ought to know his man before he attempted to catch him, he hastened to rejoin his friends. The confusion and alarm created among the whole party on the delivery of this message were such, that the captain could not prevail on them to venture farther, from the dread of falling into the fatal ambush said to be laid for them by the exiles. He was thus compelled to abandon the expedition. Soon afterwards, apprehending the result of leaguings with some disaffected nobles of the kingdom, he abandoned both the Neapolitan territories and those of the church, and transferred the seat of his operations to Florence. He had taken the precaution, when at Rome, as well as at Naples, to supply himself with letters of recommendation from influential personages, mostly obtained by bribing their secretaries, especially those of the cardinals, and with them he confidently presented himself at the court of the Grand Duke, Ferdinand II. So well did he play his part, and, such was his plausibility and address in making himself both useful and agreeable, that he was soon taken into the ducal service; nor was he less a favourite with the ministers and ladies of the Florentine court.

Unfortunately, Fra Paolo knew better how to acquire than to merit good fortune; and he had no sooner succeeded in his object than his natural arrogance and love of intrigue armed against him some of the chief personages in Florence, whose faults or foibles he was imprudent enough to ridicule in the presence of the duke and his friends. The offence was mortal; his footsteps were dogged; and one day, as he was walking alone, in the vicinity of San Nicolo, he received the blow of a stiletto in the back, which had very nearly proved fatal. Sensible of the extreme peril he had thus incurred, and severely admonished at the same time by the duke, he no longer boasted his exploits; he gave up his correspondence with foreigners and exiles; and, apparently devoting himself with passion to literature, he printed a volume of his poems, dedicated to the charming Margherita Costa, his favourite, and a most accomplished woman. In 1643, the grand duke and the Collegati having taken up arms against the Barberini, the bandit-priest was made captain of a company of *Venturieri*, drawn for the most part from the kingdom of Naples and the territories of the church, and equipped solely at our hero's expense. With this force he was commanded to keep possession of some posts in the neighbourhood of Siena, in which he acquitted himself not only to the general's satisfaction, but with considerable credit. On the return of peace, in the subsequent year, Fra Paolo resumed his literary pursuits, by means of which he made himself favourably known to the Barberini, offering to devote his talents to the service of the family, and supplicating the cardinal to grant him absolution of all his former sins, with liberty, after adopting an irreproachable life, to re-visit the city of Rome. His request, seconded

by suppositious letters from different princes, was easily granted, upon obtaining which, he solicited his congee at the hands of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. This, at first, was denied him, his patron pointing out to him the danger he would incur, and the certain advantages he would sacrifice; but, still persisting in his solicitations, under plea of returning to his native place, they were at length complied with. On his arrival at Rome, he assumed the ecclesiastical habit—a habit quite indispensable to those who wished to figure in the papal capital, and in no long time began to distinguish himself in a manner which drew a wide line between his present and his former character, and raised him to honours that made it difficult to recognise him. Yet this rapid career, combined with other circumstances of a suspicious nature, attracted the curiosity of the people and the attention of the holy court. Doubts and suspicions were soon after turned into certainty; when, having appeared with striking *eclat* for a period of some months, he withdrew from ecclesiastical life with as much speed as he had entered upon it, and, resuming his military accoutrements, once more entered the duchy of Tuscany at the head of a small troop. On reaching Florence he understood that the duke was then residing at his villa Ambrogiana, on which he instantly put spurs to his horse, and, alighting at the palace-gate, required to be admitted to an immediate interview. This, the master of the ceremonies, a cautious man, prudently refused, stating that the grand duke would, on the morrow, hold an audience at Florence; and the new soldier was compelled reluctantly to retrace his steps, and await the hour assigned at the palace. It never came: the grand duke, hearing of Fra Paolo's strange importunity to be admitted, without stating his object, took the alarm; and gave orders for him to be instantly arrested. On the following morning, therefore, the captain of the guard, having meantime ascertained that the stranger had appointed to go to the shop of a certain *banderaio*,* situated in the district of Calimaruza, and, having disposed his attendants at different spots, saluted our hero just as he was about to enter, and, bidding him good day, laid his hand on him, informing him that he was the duke's prisoner. At the same moment his soldiers advanced with levelled pieces, surrounding him on every side, while the passengers and inhabitants hurried in terror from the spot. Casting one glance around him, to ascertain if any of his own party witnessed his capture, he quietly gave up his sword to the chief of the police, finding it would be utterly useless to contend against such fearful odds. This (for him) disastrous event, occurred in November, 1644, and when he was in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Having thus suddenly fallen from his loftiest hopes, into the hands of judicial power, the unhappy Fra Paolo found his lot still farther aggravated by being ordered into solitary confinement.

* "A furnisher of the pomp and pride of war."

On first recovering from the shock, he solicited the use of a pen and ink from his gaoler; and these were not refused him. He wrote to some of his most influential connexions, beseeching them to put some engine to work, in order to induce the duke to state his reasons for confining him; and, if possible, to set him at liberty. This was attended with no success; to every application made to him the uniform reply of the duke was, that he was fully acquainted with the extent of his prisoner's delinquencies, and knew what he was about;—an answer which closed the door to all farther intercession in his favour. Finding himself thus confined to a living tomb, after making some fruitless efforts to alleviate his sufferings, the intellects of the unhappy prisoner grew disordered; he furiously attacked his keepers, and, on partial recovery, felt himself heavily ironed, and secured with redoubled vigilance. His aliment consisted of the coarsest food, which he procured with four livres the day; a sum out of which he contrived to save sufficient to hire an attendant, whom, at length, he bribed to procure him some files. By such means he succeeded in liberating himself from his chains. He was already, also, in the act of making his way through the walls, when an alarm was given; he was again secured, and exposed to severer privations than before. A stone pillar, to which was attached an immense chain, was fixed deeply in the earth, and to this the wretched Fra Paolo was bound by an iron collar, while other irons were replaced upon his feet. As time elapsed, the grief and rage by which he had been before instigated, became more calm; hope yet whispered the possibility of escape; and the desire of vengeance, serving as a subject on which to brood, kept him from sinking into utter idiocy and raving. He succeeded so far as to bribe one of his attendants, by splendid offers, to convey letters for him to his former associates, acquainting them with his dreadful condition, and beseeching them to lose no time in devising some plan for his deliverance from the tortures he endured. Moved by this appeal from their old commander, they conceived it touched their honour to make the attempt;—each swore to stand by their leader and one another, and peril their lives for his. On the last day of June, twenty-five of the number agreed to enter Florence; and, the less to excite suspicion, they were to go separately, and as private individuals, each intent on his own business. At midnight they were to meet at an appointed spot, and proceed rapidly, joined by their brethren, towards the gates of the prison. Arrived from head to foot, they were to seize on the sentinel;—wrench from the gaoler the keys under penalty of his life; and, bursting into the prison, to rescue their chief from his terrific doom; and at the same time give freedom to the whole of the unhappy inmates of the place. By these they were to be supported in their retreat to one of the gates of the city, where a larger force was in readiness to give them support. Even had this wild and daring enterprise failed in the object

for which it was intended, it must, nevertheless, have excited the most serious alarm among the citizens, at the dead hour of night, sunk in slumber, and wholly unprepared for an invasion of the kind. They were spared the trial, by the act of a renegade to his honour and his band, who betrayed the plot to the government. Precautions were adopted; the unhappy prisoner was consigned, if possible, to still harder duress; he was prohibited the use of pen and paper, and condemned to the lowest felon's lot. The spirit of Fra Paolo was no longer proof against such a fatal reverse: he at first attempted to starve himself to death;—to beat his head against the walls of the prison;—but escape, even on these terms, was denied him; he was ordered to be chained down as a madman, and to be fed. He yet persevered—he succeeded in setting fire to his dungeon, but it was extinguished; and thenceforth, only iron utensils were placed within his reach. At length, the freedom which man and his own efforts denied him, age and wearied nature bestowed; exhausted by violent passion, by long suffering, and voluntary fast, Fra Paolo closed his strange misguided career—but not till he had reached the eighty-first year of his age. He had undergone three and thirty years of solitary confinement; and, doubtless, he died as he lived, a hater and despiser of princes, as he might well be—if not a contemner of all laws, whether human or divine. The crimes committed in his youth had been abandoned, if not deplored, and were fearfully expiated by long years of suffering and sorrow. The cause of his imprisonment was never made known; but, most probably, it consisted in the wounded pride or false alarm of the duke, who, having detected the imposition practised upon him, attempted rather to satiate his vengeance than to provide for his safety; inasmuch as, had his prisoner succeeded in escaping, he would, it is natural to suppose, have retaliated upon his ungenerous oppressor."

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND RELIGION.

THAT political economy should have been complained of as hostile to religion, will probably be regarded a century hence—should the fact be then on record—with the same wonder, almost approaching to incredulity, with which we of the present day hear of men sincerely opposing, on religious grounds, the Copernican system. But till the advocates of Christianity shall have become universally much better acquainted with the true character of their religion than universally they have ever yet been, we must always expect that every branch of study, every scientific theory, that is brought into notice, will be assailed on religious grounds by those who either have not studied the subject, or who are incompetent judges of it; or, again, who are addressing themselves to such persons as are so circumstanced, and wish to excite and to take advantage of the passions of the ignorant.—*Lectures delivered at Oxford, by Dr. Whaley Archbishop of Dublin.*

From Turner's Sacred History of the World.

THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE.

NOTHING seems more clear to our perception, when we allow no previous theory or prepossession to obscure its discernment, than the fact already mentioned, that life is not the material frame which it animates. From our consciousness of ourselves, from our observation of others, and from the phenomena which the living principle exhibits in all the departments of nature we have examined, the grand physiological principle emerges to our view. I feel it most satisfactorily in myself; and the more strongly, as my body becomes weaker, more infirm, and inefficient, while my mind retains all its faculties, activities, and power of operation. What is thus true life, wherever we can adequately discriminate it, we may consider it to be so in each of its forms and abodes, where we can less investigate it; and, therefore, in plants, as well as in animals, and in these as well as in man. Life, I would, therefore, assume to be a principle in vegetation distinct from its material substance, and additional to it. But to live is to be. Life is being. Vegetables, from having it, are, therefore human beings; living in those peculiar configurations which distinguish their different classes.

But by a living being we usually mean, a living personality of some sort or other; that which feels, and thinks, and wills. Are vegetables living beings of this description?

All animals that feel have a nervous organization by which their sentiments occur to them. Plants have a medulla, or pith, which ramifies into their most important functions, and which seems to be essentially operative in their growth and vigour; but pith is not nervous matter. On this there can be no mistake; the eye and touch, as well as the chemist's decomposition, prove their dissimilarity. Pith, therefore, cannot be attended with the same effects to vegetables which their nerves occasion to the animal classes. It is thus manifest, at once, that plants cannot possess nervous sensitiveness.

The principle of life within human beings, and, apparently, in most animals, is attended with the feeling of pain or pleasure; with the perception of external objects; and with a power of associating, remembering, comparing, and judging of the sensations and ideas which occur. Were plants created to have such sensibilities, or have they acquired them since their primitive formation? The first president of the Linnæan Society, and chief founder of our botanical school, was inclined to allow them a sort of conscious sensitivity. Dr. Darwin, their elaborate poet and enthusiastic friend, went much farther, and gave them not only sensitivity and organs of sense, but also a passion of love, a common sensorium, dreams, ideas, and self-consciousness. The calmly-reasoning Dr. Hartley thought, that their sensations could not be disproved.

We may unhesitatingly answer, on this inquiry, that, as plants have not nervous sensitivity, they cannot have the animal feeling of pleasure and pain; and, as they have not the animal eye or ear, they cannot have his perception from what he sees and hears, and, therefore, not his ideas, nor any such intellectual materials as he has for his capacity to act upon. Whatever faculties they may have, they cannot have animal sensations, perceptions, ideas, images, or emotions.

Yet a living being may be a living personality without these. All these arise to the animal and to ourselves from our nervous organization, and principally from those of our eyes and ears. But, without either of these, the animal mind would be what it is, independent of these, and what it was before they accrued to it. So the vegetable mind, whatever it be, and whether its living principle deserves such a name as mind or not, must be what it is, though it has none of the ideas and sensations of the animal. It will subsist with its own original and essential qualities and properties, such as they are, and whatever they may be found ultimately to be.

But, to have a personality of mind and character, plants must have the faculties of self-consciousness, moral sensitivity, moral perception, and moral volition. They must feel that they exist; they must be sensible of a difference in actions, as to their rightness or wrongness; they must be able to discern which is either of these; and they must spontaneously direct their will, and that by their conduct, according to their feelings of judgment.

All moral beings must have sufficient liberty of agency on their moral perceptions and volitions, or they can do no moral actions, or exhibit a moral character; and they must be in a society of other beings who will be affected by their conduct, or occasion their moral principles to be in application and operation. Plants have not this freedom of action, nor this social state. Each is insulated from the other, without needing or giving any mutual assistance; neither acts on the other; and their living principle is in fixed and rigid frame which it cannot move out of its rooted position. All its shoots and fibres are of the same character. It can fan the air with its leaves, but it is under the strictest confinement of material necessities, and can only be what it is, and live as it does; acting in its interior functions, and vasculature, but passive and inactive as to every other being in nature, except as it exhales its fragrance, and presents its flowers and fruits to all that approach. The plants have no actions towards others to perform, no duties, and no social offices; have no moral choice to make, no moral knowledge to acquire, and no moral agency to exert. Plants, therefore, are not made or meant to be moral beings,

and cannot, from any of their qualities, attain or exhibit a moral character. Hence their principle of life has not this species of personality; they are not moral persons; nor can their living principle love, dream, feel, or think as animals do.

But may not plants have that personality which arises from self-consciousness, though without any other intellectuality, and without any communication of the perception to others? They are not more fixed in their localities than the oyster, nor so denuded of vascular mechanism as the polype, nor more apparently insensate than the animal sponge. Can we grant to either of these a perspective consciousness of its own existence, and deny it to the vegetable?—Perhaps not. We can only say, that the sensitive consciousness of the plant, however analogous to the personal entity, must be very unlike in the sensation. It cannot be that nervous feeling, which, in animals, accompanies their nervous organization. It must be in the plant, if it exist at all; and, if any enjoyment follow from it, it must be of a kind peculiar to itself, and known only by itself; which no animal sensitivity resembles, and of which, therefore, we, from the want of an original sensation of it, can form no image or idea. That it has very active energy is evident from its power of forming the substance of its own body out of the unlike elements of nature.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE total amount of known British insects (according to the last census) is 10,012, which is nearly twice the number of ascertained birds, and more than ten times the number of ascertained quadrupeds throughout the whole world. Mammiferous animals, in general, that is to say, quadrupeds and whales, may be located over the earth's surface (approximate) as follows:—There are about 90 species in Europe; 112 in Africa; 30 in Madagascar and the Isle of France; 80 in Southern Asia and Ceylon; betwixt 50 and 60 in the islands of the Indian Archipelago; from 40 to 50 in Northern Asia; above 100 in North America; nearly 190 in South America; and 30 to 40 in New Holland and Van Dieman's Land. Thirty species of seal and cetace inhabit the northern seas; 14 the southern; and about 28 of these species occur in the intermediate latitudes. There are probably about 60 species which are chiefly aquatic, viz. the cetacea; 20 species, such as the seals and morses, may be called amphibious, in as far as they come frequently on shore, although the saline waters of the ocean are their more familiar and accustomed homes; about 100 are able to support themselves in the air with bat-like wings; perhaps a dozen more can skim from a greater to a lesser height, as it were upon an inclined plane, by means of the extended fulness of their lateral skin; 15 may be said to be web-footed, and inhabit, for the most part, the waters of lakes and

rivers; nearly 200 dwell among trees; 60 are a subterranean people, and dwell in the crevices of rocks, or in the holes of the earth; about 120 ruminating and pachydermatous, and more than 150 of the carnivorous and gnawing tribes (glires) wander through the forest without any particular or permanent habitation, and are generally endowed with the power of rapid movement. In relation to their nourishment there are about 330 mammiferous animals of an herbivorous or frugivorous disposition; about 80 whose habits are omnivorous; 150 which are insectivorous, and 240 carnivorous degrees.

THE FRAIL FLOWER.

MEMORY goes back like a weeping mourner, and brings up from the unreturning tomb the precious forms that have long rested in its deep shadows. Sweetly the dead obey our commands, and come up at our bidding, and we see them beautiful as they once were, or pale and lifeless as last we saw their cold remains.

Sometime in the autumn of 18—, the writer, then a mere youth, was walking in one of the mountain towns of Vermont, with one of the most amiable youths of that section of country. His name was James Manning Hall, of an excellent family, and breathing, in the height of his worldly bliss, the balmy air of the twelfth year of his existence. We remember well the affectionate dignity of this generous and noble-minded little man.

The sun was going down with a lustrous splendour over the ridges of the Green Mountains as we separated. We shook hands, repeated the words *good night! good night!* an unusual number of times, and then stood looking after each other with smiles. We little thought that our separation was, as it regards this world, a final one.

The next morning, the beautiful, the benevolent, the sober-minded, and the intellectual James Manning Hall was an inanimate image of clay. He had thoughtlessly ascended the ladder of a cart-body which was leaning against the fence, and when he had nearly gained the top, it fell over upon him, and crushed his skull. His death was instant.

A whole community were in tears. My heart was broken. Long years of sorrow and the rush of a thousand stirring events through my bosom have not effaced his dear image from my memory. I can still see the smile of his last *good night!*

WHEN I see leaves drop from trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the cups of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy who hath no need of his friends.

THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

The Words by Lord Byron—the Music by George M. Coghill,

OF CHARLESTON, S. C.


ANDANTE.



There be none of beauty's daughters, With a ma - gic like thee, And like



mu - sic on the waters, . . Is thy sweet voice to me, And as



if its sound were cau - sing, The charm'd ocean's pau - sing, The



waves lie still and gleaming, And the lulled winds seem dream-ing.



ad lib.

II.

And the midnight moon is weaving,
 Her bright chain o'er the deep;
 And its breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's sleep—
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee!
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of summer's ocean.

LA NAPOLITAINE.

Oh, Napolitaine! does the gondola glide
 In thy bright sunny land, o'er the blue summer-tide?
 Does it fling the white foam in defiance around,
 Does it break the stream's slumber, and wake the low sound,
 That will rise from the waters, and float like a tune
 'Neath the stars of thy heaven, and the light of thy moon?
 O'er thy river of gold, doth it bound in its pride,
 Fit home for a lover—fit bark for a bride?
 Till the oars play no longer—the anchor is cast
 In the bed where it seeketh its true rest at last?
 Some say it resembles a young flying dove,
 Or a white summer-cloud that is floating above—
 Or a bird on the wing—or a swan on the stream—
 Or the light fairy forms of a beautiful dream—
 Or the dolphin that glideth along the calm sea—
 But, Napolitaine! I compare it to thee!
 They say it is musical—surely the fall
 Of thy foot 'mid the stillness that hushes the ball,
 And the echo it wakes, is more musical still!
 Than the dash of the oar or the tune of the rill!
 They say, little fairy! they say it is light,
 But have we not gazed on thy dancing to-night?
 The rose on thy young cheek, the laugh on thy face,
 Thy figure, that moves like a spirit of grace;
 And do they not tell us, no bark of the sea
 Boundeth on to its haven more lightly than thee?
 And, lastly, they say, that its anchor is cast
 Where the gondola seeketh its true rest at last.
 And hast thou no anchor of joy too, sweet maid!
 To cling to when brighter and fairer things fade?
 Have they smoothed thee no pillow, as soft or as dear,
 When thy dancing is past, and thou leavest us here?
 Oh, yes! thou shalt flee on the wings of a dove,
 And find in thy bright home a haven of love;
 And thy pillow of beauty—thy harbour of rest—
 Shall be what thou seekest—a young lover's breast!

THE EARLY DEAD.

He rests—but not the rest of sleep
 Weighs down his sunken eyes,
 The rigid slumber is too deep,
 The calm too breathless lives;
 Shrunken are the wandering veins that streak
 The fixed and marble brow,
 There is no life-flush on the cheek—
 Death! Death! I know thee now.

Faie King of Terrors, thou art here
 In all thy dark array;
 But 'tis the living weep and fear
 Beneath thine iron sway—
 Bring flowers and crown the Early Dead,
 Their hour of bondage past;
 But wo, for those who mourn and dread,
 And linger till the last.

Spring hath its music and its bloom,
 And morn its glorious light;
 But still a shadow from the tomb,
 A sadness and a blight
 Are ever on earth's loveliest things—
 The breath of change is there,
 And Death his dusky banner flings
 O'er all that's loved and fair.

So let it be—for ne'er on earth
 Should man his home prepare;
 The spirit feels its heavenly birth
 And spurns at mortal care.
 Even when young Worth and Genius die
 Let no vain tears be shed,
 But bring bright wreaths of victory
 And crown the Early Dead.

THE SMUGGLER'S ESCAPE.

The sky grew dark, the dim moon waned,
 The sea rose with the blast;
 The canvas broad the cutter strained,
 Loud creaked the quivering mast.
 A flint-lock flashed along the gale,
 It roused the watch on shore:—
 The rovers furled their gleaming sail,
 And piled the muffled oar—
 A rock beneath, stood the Rover Chief,
 Away from his ocean band;
 That signal shot soon brought relief,
 For the boat was ably mann'd.
 A beacon light blazed o'er the dark,
 From the cliffs the guards emerge;
 The smuggler saw his own wild bark,
 Like a sea-bird on the surge.
 Within the deadly carbine's reach,
 The long black boat lay to—
 Then bounding down the dusky beach
 Rush'd the leader of the crew;
 He sprang—he almost touched the wave,
 When a foeman crossed the sand,
 The crew strained every nerve to save—
 They were struggling hand to hand.
 The coast guard hurried on either side
 When blood from the heart was spilt;
 The smuggler sprang knee-deep in the tide,
 With his sabre stained to the hilt;
 Shots poured around—slugs plashed the foam
 As the seaboard dashed afar:
 Three cheers for the reckless hearts that roam
 The deep by the midnight star.

A SYBILLINE LEAF.

Thou askest thy Fate? No astrologer I,
 To read what they tell us is writ in the sky—
 Yet thy fortune, sweet Ella, I know I can trace
 While the lore of the heavens I read in thy face.

“Bright—bright as the splendour of tropical skies,
 “Or the soul that beams out from those love-lighting eyes,
 “Will sparkle the stream of thy life's happy hours,
 “Like a brook which sings through one long summer of
 flowers.”

This, this I know,
 But still there's something darkly hid,
 At times beneath that pensive lid,
 That says 'twill not be so;
 Yet, lovely girl, do not reverse,
 As truth, these idle bodings here.
 “Rashly, rashly, wilt thou give
 “That young heart away,
 “Sadly, sadly, wilt thou live,
 “Through each weary day.
 “Watching wilted hopes to bloom,
 “That never will;
 “Disbelieving half thy cruel doom,
 “Still, oh still,
 “Thou wilt love as woman loves.
 “Fondly and true,
 “Blindly as woman trusts,
 “Wilt thou trust too.
 “Thou wilt be loved as men love
 “Lightly alone—
 “Thy joys be shared by others,
 “Thy griefs be all thine own.”

FASHIONABLE TACTICS.

THE CRUSADE OF THE SPONGES.

“Town is growing lamentably thin, my love,”
 cried Lady Sponge to Sir Simon, as they lounged
 together, yesterday morning, over their scanty
 breakfast-table. “One may count the hammer-
 cloths in the park. Nothing left, in fact, but a
 little knot of the superfine, who have nothing to
 say to us, and a horde of nobodies, without an
 establishment, to whom we have nothing to say.”

“Perhaps you had better find something. All
 our dinner-giving friends are gone:—it is conve-
 nient enough to have a few acquaintances on
 whom one can drop in to tea. I am told Lady
 Lad gives little supper parties, after cards. Call
 upon her this morning, and see what is to be done.”
 “I have never been near her the whole season:
 and she is as touchy as a Turk! Really, my dear,
 I have no face to go!”—“Pho—pho!—with your
 face you may do anything. But I see how it is.
 You want to be moving;—you want to go to one
 of those confounded ruinous watering places;
 though you know I have not had a shilling of
 rent from my Norfolk estates these two years
 past.” “Hush!—hush!—Doyou take me for one
 of your creditors, that you put me off with that
 favourite romance of real life?”

“Lady Sponge!”

“My dear Sir Simon, let us understand each

other. We shall find the expense of remaining
 in town enormous, now that every body is gone;
 —no one is left to drive with;—no one is left to
 dine with;—people are shabby enough to send all
 their private boxes to market at Eber's when
 they go away; and, next Sunday I shall actually
 be obliged to give a shilling for my seat in church!
 —This will never do!—The only question is
 where our friends muster strongest; that we may
 put ourselves in the way of enjoying a little
 agreeable society;—(and getting rid of each
 other.)”

“You talked of going into Northamptonshire,
 to your cousins, the Squanders?—Excellent quar-
 ters for the autumn!—best venison in England;
 —fresh Providence pines for tiffin, dinner and
 supper;—saddle horses for twenty friends;—and
 as many carriages as the Baker street bazaar!”

“Very true!—but the Squanders are such
 foolish, pleasure-hunting people!—Depend on it
 they will be off to some music meeting, or Don-
 caster races, before we have lived out the amount
 of our post-horses at Squander Park. No! if we
 are to take to the country-visit system, let us
 begin with some respectable stationary family.
 The Crumpes, for instance!—Lord Crumpe
 never stirs out of his easy chair; and Lady C.

will consider it a favour on my part to stay at the Hall and nurse him, while *she* takes the girls to Tunbridge or Ramsgate. Crumpe hill is only two-and-thirty miles;—no sleeping on the road;—only 3*l.* 4*s.* post-horses, (and the first two stages on the Dover road, you know, posting is reduced—so we may say *fifty* shillings.) William and Faddlefield will go with us;—and half-a-guinea a-week to old Cullender for board wages and taking care of the house, will get us on for the next six weeks, for less than six guineas!—*I* am decidedly for going to the Crumpes."

"Remember, I am obliged to play at backgammon with the old fellow, and seldom lose less than three guineas a week."

"That is a consideration. What do you think of trying the western road? We might begin with a week at the Fledgelings at Berkhamstead."

"I hate the Fledgelings!—They make the plea of "cottage fare," an excuse for giving one stale fish and Wright's champagne."

"And clean linen at the rate of two towels per week! Well!—we can pass on direct to the Somerfields, in Wiltshire. There are four families in that neighbourhood who have invited us; and both the Somerfields and Walkers send us on a stage with their own horses. I really think, on the Western road, we might make our way very well till Christmas; and then, you know, your uncle will be at Bath, keeping open house."

"To say the truth, I gave a little hint to Lady Somerfield at the last Almack's; talked to her about her hospitable mansion; the woodcock shooting on Somerfield Moor, and a *puree d'anchois*, for which her cook was celebrated when we were last in Wiltshire."

"Well?"

"The woman turned her full moon of a face upon me, evidently with an attempt to look facetious, and told me, in the driest possible way, that the cholera had broke out in her neighbourhood, and that she could not find it in her conscience to admit visitors at Somerfield for six months to come!"

"Impertinent woman!—when I know that all the Bartons are going there for the Archery Meeting."

"After all, the winter in Bath would have been a bad look out. My uncle's whist is much too high for *my* finances."

"Very true!—And I could not have worn out my old London finery. At Bath or Brighton, one is obliged to mount a regular winter toilet; furs and velvet, and all that sort of thing."

"Upon my life, I think we had better stay in town. The Carmychaels are going to Paris; perhaps they would lend us their villa at Fulham?—You know they keep up a regular establishment there, for the daughter, who has been on an inclined plane for the last fifteen years."

"If I were to say a word on the subject, I don't see how Mrs. Carmychael could refuse. I have saved her a fortune in milliners' bills this spring, by making up all her old faded tissue scarfs into turbans; and you know how we used

to have that horrid boy Dick of her's home to dinner of a Sunday from Dr. Everard's, last winter, at Brighton."

"'Love me, love my school-boy!' used to be Mrs. C.'s motto. 'Love me, lend me your villa,' shall be ours."

"Remember, we shall be terribly fleeced in fees to the servants! It is always the custom in those vulgar Nabob families."

"True, my dear! By the way, I have a little scheme which, perhaps, might turn out agreeable for both of us. Lord Aiguillette has invited me to go with him to these Prussian reviews."

"Prussian reviews!—Why, the journey would cost you a fortune!"

"Not a *kreuzer*. As Scott says, 'where McCallumore travels, he pays all.' Aiguillette, like Lord Hertford on a pic-nic party, finds every thing; and I, in return, am to find him in German, of which he does not know a syllable."

"Umph!—You are to go then as courier, and save him the trouble of swearing at the post-boys?—A very creditable mode of paying your expenses."

"As creditable as tickling up turbans for Mrs. Carmychael! And while I am gone, (we shall be away a month,) you, my love, can pay a little quiet domestic visit to your mother and sisters at Hornsey."

"At Hornsey!—when you know I have seen nothing of them for the last year."

"But you could write them a civil reconciliation letter."

"Could I?—I am sure I will do no such thing. No, my love! if *you* go to Prussia, I will not encounter all the anxieties of your absence at a dull, uninteresting place, like my mother's citizen box. I will pass the time at Cheltenham; the waters will be of service to me, and—"

"Pray how do you imagine *I* am to stand the expense of such an expedition?—All our economy of the season would be thrown away in one week at the Plough!"

"My dear Sir Simon! What a notion you seem to have of my principles! Can you for a moment suppose that I thought of going there at our own expense?—No, no! I hope I know better. The old Dowager, Lady Trembleton, sets off at the end of the week. She would be delighted to have me; and I know her only scruple about inviting us both was, her dread of *your* claret. I will speak to her directly. We shall have a charming autumn, without the expense of a five-pound note. *You* shall write to me once a week by the Brussels bag, and give me all the news of the camp; and I will dispatch you the Cheltenham scandal in return. Exchange no robbery!"

"An excellent plan!"

—
 OLD age seizes upon a great and worshipful sinner, like fire upon a rotten house; it was rotten before, and must have fallen of itself; so it is no more but one ruin preventing another.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is none so bad to do the twentieth part of the evil he might, nor any so good as to do the tenth part of the good it is in his power to do. Judge of yourself by the good you might do and neglect—and of others by the evil they might do and omit—and your judgment will be poised between too much indulgence for yourself, and too much severity on others.

A merchant who always tells truth, and a genius who never lies, are synonymous to a saint.

"Thus, as now you see it,
Yon pile hath stood, in all its stony strength,
Through centuries forgotten. Ruinous Time,
The outrageous thunder, and all wasting storms
Have striven to drag it down: yet, still it stands
Enduring, like a truth, from age to age."

Friendship stands in need of all help, care, confidence and complaisance; if not supplied with these, it expires.

Virtue has this happiness, that she can subsist of herself, and knows how to exist without admirers, partisans and protectors; want of assistance and approbation does not only not affect her, but preserves, purifies, and renders her more perfect.

Hate makes us vehement partisans, but love still more so.

Ordinary people regard a man of a certain force and inflexibility of character as they do a lion. They look at him with a sort of wonder—perhaps they admire him—but they will on no account house with him. The lap-dog, who wags his tail, and licks the hand, and cringes at the nod of every stranger, is a much more acceptable companion to them.

Playing cards were first invented in France as an amusement for Charles VI.

To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our councils, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.

The portable quality of good humour seasons all the parts and occurrences we meet with, in such a manner, that there are no moments lost: but they all pass with so much satisfaction, that the heaviest of loads (when it is a load) that of time, is never felt by us.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

The good parishioner accuses not his minister of spite in particularizing him. It does not follow that the archer aimed, because the arrow

hit. But foolish hearers make even the bells of Aaron's garments "to clink as they think."—And a guilty conscience is like a whirlpool drawing all in to itself, which would otherwise pass by.

We cannot be too jealous, we cannot suspect ourselves too much to labour under the disease of pride, which cleaves the closer to us by our belief or confidence that we are quite without it.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

He lives long that lives well; and time mispent is not lived, but lost. Besides God is better than his promise, if he takes away from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a better value.

He who loves to such a degree as to wish he were able to love a thousand times more than he does, yields in love to none but to him who loves more than he wishes for.

There is some pleasure in meeting the eye of a person whom we have lately obliged.

Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home, it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.

Let the passion for flattery be ever so inordinate, the supply can keep pace with the demand, and in the world's great market, in which wit and folly drive their bargains with each other, there are traders of all sorts.

He must be very indifferently employed, who would take upon himself to answer nonsense in form; to ridicule what is of itself a jest; and put it upon the world to read a second book for the sake of the impertinences of a former.

Carving in marble was invented in 772, before Christ.

"A lady should not scorn
One soul that loves her, howe'er lowly it be.
Love is an offering of the whole heart, madam,
A sacrifice of all that poor life hath;
And he who gives his all, whate'er it be,
Gives greatly, and deserveth no one's scorn."

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity were he a rich man.

There may be a friendship existing between persons of different sexes; yet a woman always looks upon a man as a man; and so will a man look upon a woman as a woman. This engagement is neither passion nor pure friendship: it is of another kind

THE PAINTER OF VENICE
OR THE PORTRAIT OF DONNA CENARA.



Engraved expressly for the Ladies Book
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THE LADY'S BOOK.

MARCH, 1833.

THE VENETIAN ARTIST, OR THE PORTRAIT OF DONNA CHIARA.

It was a rich, warm, splendid Italian evening, when the young artist, Leonzio Giordano left his palettes and pencils, after a whole day spent in the service of his art, and threw open the window of his atelier, to luxuriate in the fresh breeze. As it played over his heated temples, and lifted the curls of his hair, what beautiful imaginings did it not bring to the young painter's heart! As he looked out over the calm Adriatic, mingled with the sunset sky, in one broad rich crimson tint, and its thousand sails, and gondolas floating about, and listened to the distant fitful sound of the gondoliers' wild songs, accompanied with the plashing of their oars at intervals, and then turned to survey the magnificent buildings, and towering cupolas of Venice—he felt that he was happy, he felt that *he lived*. There were, indeed, few in Venice's most lordly palaces who had a happier life than the poor artist, Leonzio Giordano.

It has been said, that he approaches the nearest to perfect happiness, who has the fewest desires to gratify. This was not the case with Leonzio; his was not that dull, grovelling happiness, whose pleasure consists only in the absence of pain. His ambition and his desires were few; but they absorbed and engrossed his whole being, and things that to others would have appeared of little or no importance, were to him sources of the most exquisite pain or pleasure. He was enthusiastic in the pursuit of his art, and hitherto, that pursuit had brought him nothing but success and pleasure. He lived a life of constant hope, and hope seldom disappointed; for, with that noble timidity which so often accompanies genius, his hopes never went so far as the reality—his anticipations never equalled the success he obtained. Besides this, the means themselves, and not the end, were a source of happiness to him; he loved the art for its own sake, and not for the applause of men. The intensity of his genius was, as it were, a companion to him, another soul in itself: he looked not upon its vivid perceptions, and the delight they afforded him, with pride and vanity; but it seemed to him a gift, a thing distinct from himself. He wanted not a beautiful prospect, or a fine face, to enjoy the beauties of nature and form: in his own study he had collected what were to him an inexhaustible field of delightful contemplation. There was "the statue that enchants the world." The Laocoon—the dying Gladiator—the Apollo—the Vesta—an assemblage, in short, of most of the *chef-d'œuvres* of sculpture and painting, in copies

that emulated the originals in correctness. With these he lived and communed, and taste, that sixth sense of refinement, taught him to enjoy and appreciate them. Yet, even had these been wanting, the eye of the enthusiastic artist could find elsewhere enough to delight it. He sought everywhere for the *poetry of form*, and could look sometimes with a delight scarcely comprehensible to any but an artist, on the peculiar folds in the drapery of the crimson curtain that shadowed his window as the light fell on it, in a picturesque manner.

With so many more sources of enjoyment than the rest of mankind, with one absorbing and beloved pursuit—a pursuit in which all the powers, genius, wishes, and happiness of his mind were concentrated, and that pursuit crowned with success—who could be happier than the young Leonzio? So he thought, and so he dreamed in his overflowing heart, as he leaned over his easement to catch that evening the Adriatic breeze. He was interrupted from his flood of reveries by the opening of the door, and a footstep advancing through his gallery. He thought it was his servant Giannetto, and, without withdrawing his head from the window, desired him to go, in a tone of impatience different from his usual kindness. He felt an indescribable chill come over his heart and imagination, to be thus rudely aroused from one of his loveliest dreams. It was like the presentiment of evil, of such an interruption to the happy tranquillity of his life. The steps still advanced, and he turned round at length; it was not Giannetto, but a stranger, who stood before him, and broke the silence, at last, by saying: "I presume I am speaking to Messer Leonzio Giordano, with whose works every one is better acquainted than with himself. Pardon this intrusion, but I knocked several times at the door of your gallery, and at last ventured to come in."

Leonzio bowed slightly, and seemed to wait for a farther explanation. The stranger was enveloped in an ample cloak, and though his figure was concealed, what could be seen of his features, by the dim light of evening, showed him to be young, handsome, and distinguished. He walked several times before the pictures in the gallery, as if he were examining them, though it was too dark to distinguish the colours.

"I wish," said he at length to the artist, "to possess some works of your's; one that you consider your *chef-d'œuvre*."

"You do me honour, signor; it is not I that

can judge; you should choose one yourself, in a more favourable light; but I have few works that are finished."

"Never mind," said the stranger, send it me or finish it when you will; I shall depend upon your choice, and allow me to give you this payment in advance:" and in thus saying, he presented a purse full of sequins to the astonished artist, who, putting it back hastily, replied:

"It is impossible, signor, to judge of the merit or the price of a work, until it is completed. I cannot accept of this kind of payment; return here to-morrow in the daylight, and then, if there be any one of my works worthy your notice, you can choose."

The stranger smiled haughtily, and regarded Leonzio with a penetrating and sarcastic glance. "This is not the way of the world, Messer Leonzio," said he; "but you will learn to know it better. I shall not be here to-morrow; and now hear what I would have done, and tell me, without torturing me with suspense, tell me if it be in the power of your heart to compass it. There is something in your countenance, (even in this dim twilight I can see it,) that tells me you will not abuse the confidence I am going to repose in you, a perfect stranger to me."

He paused a moment, then continued with an affected carelessness:

"You excel in portraits, I think; how I wish you had arrived at the art of painting from description! but that is impossible; the nearest to it is from memory. Do you think you could paint a portrait, an exact resemblance, without a regular sitting, only from seeing the person once and by stealth?"

The romance of Leonzio's disposition caught fire at the singularity of this proposal.

"It would depend," said he, "greatly on the person, and the opportunities I might have for observation. I have never made the experiment, but if the features were sufficiently striking to fix themselves in my memory, I think I could undertake it."

"My dear Messer Leonzio," rejoined the stranger, "you will make me the happiest of men; I hardly dared to believe the thing possible; but you must see her for a moment, and there is no fear of your ever forgetting her. The lady whose portrait I would have is more beautiful than the hand of a painter has ever portrayed, or the mind of a poet ever imagined. Graceful and enchanting as a nymph, she is severe and modest as a vestal. Her eyes—no, it is impossible to look on those eyes and expect to paint them on an inanimate canvas."

"But how, signor," said the artist, "how and when am I to see this peerless beauty?"

"That is the misfortune," returned the stranger. "I can devise no means for you to see her; she goes very seldom from home, and has an uncle more vigilant and jealous over her than Cerberus himself. I can scarcely myself get a sight of her, and much less introduce another. We must think of it; in the mean time you have conferred an inexpressible obligation on me by

undertaking what I require; I hope we shall be friends, and see more of each other; my name I cannot now disclose to you, only remember, I may be a powerful friend and a most dangerous enemy."

With these words he left the apartment, leaving Leonzio with his mind strangely troubled and perplexed at the singularity of the adventure. He heard no more of his mysterious visitor for several days, and had almost forgotten the circumstance, when, looking over a small table he had not touched since the evening of the visit, he saw something glitter, which, on examining, proved to be a diamond ring of great magnificence. He thought it must have been dropped accidentally by the stranger, but there was not the least clue by which to discover, or return it to the owner; he did not even know any name by which to inquire for him. As he was that day employed at his easel, the mysterious visitant again stole into his gallery, and came up to him with the air of a man who confers a favour by being familiar.

"Well, Messer Leonzio," said he, "I am sorry to say, I come not with better success than when I was here before. So far from being able to give you any farther account of the lady, I have lost her entirely. Ycs," said he, clenching his hands, and speaking inwardly, "she is gone from me now; but if the world holds her, I shall find her—she shall be mine, her portrait and herself."

"How!" said the artist, "is the lady gone, say you, and is there no trace of her flight?"

"No more than there is of the arrow that cuts the air, or the gondola that skims the water. But I shall find her, I shall not sleep till I find her."

Leonzio restored the ring to its owner, but he forced it back on the artist, with the air of one not accustomed to be denied.

"What," said he, "you refuse this slight token of my friendship! you know not whom it is you thus risk to offend, or of what use my protection may be to you hereafter. But go on with your work, and permit me to remain by you, and to examine some of your performances."

"No," said Leonzio, "I cannot rest thus in ignorance; take back your ring, I entreat you, noble stranger; I would serve you to the utmost of my power, but not for any other reward than your friendship. If I must have a remembrance, give me that little signet ring on your finger, and take back this."

"Then let it be so, if you will," said the stranger, putting it on his finger: "but do not use it as a signet; it might occasion mistakes. But let me talk of the portrait. If I find the lady of my love, there will still exist the same difficulty for a sitting; you must steal her portrait; and even were there not that difficulty," he added, looking at the young painter with a scrutiny that made him blush, "I would rather you should look on her without being seen yourself."

And Leonzio Giordano was a youth who might well have awakened jealousy in the bosom of a lover, with less cause of distrust than the one

before him. His countenance was one of singular beauty, and his form, though rather too thin and tall for perfect symmetry, was moulded with the grace of an Apollo. His forehead high, clear, and thoughtful, was shaded by a profusion of dark curls; his eye dark, bright and beaming, seemed the very home of genius and feeling; and if there was too much of pride in the curl of his lip, it vanished all before the peculiar sweetness of his smile. There was a fascination too in his manner, that was irresistibly attractive: he spoke little, for the solitariness of his life and occupation had given him a habit of abstraction and reverie; but when any thing interested him, the natural eloquence of his genius broke forth from his lips like inspiration.

The mysterious stranger seemed to feel forcibly the charm of his presence. He often and often came to the atelier of young Leonzio, and their intimacy and the pleasure they took in each other's society, increased with every visit. The stranger spoke as one who had been accustomed to be listened to and applauded; but, as if convinced by the pure force of nature, he listened with admiration and delight to the young artist's original turns of thought and natural eloquence. His own constant theme was the praise of his lady "*Mia donna*," for never in a moment of forgetfulness did he disclose her name or his own, or could Leonzio ever discover whether the passion he expressed for her was returned. The cavalier, for it was only thus Leonzio distinguished him, expressed the warmest friendship for the young artist. He purchased, or, as he said, caused to be purchased among his friends, as many of his paintings as he could finish, and his fortunes prospered rapidly under so powerful a patronage.

Beautiful Rome! Eternal city! the tomb of ancient beauty, yet beautiful in the splendour of thy decay! who can wander through thy deserted temples and ruined palaces, nor feel his mind elevated with thoughts of the magnificent works of men, and at the same time depressed by their instability! Yet even their duration is an eternity compared to the lives of those who reared them, or whose minds first conceived their beauty; and that duration will be infinitely less, oh, how infinitely less! than those short lives, compared with the *real* eternity. Many reflections such as these came crowding on the mind of the young Leonzio Giordano, as he found himself within the gates of Rome. He had occupied himself in studying from the works of the old masters, and a feeling of depression at his own littleness in comparison to them, for a while damped his ardour. He had more satisfaction in studying from living models, where he seemed to create the picture, than from works, whose excellence consisted in their conception. To copy from nature is invention, because it is impossible ever to imitate her entirely, and the nearer we approach to her, the more elevated we are: to copy even from the noblest works of man is still humiliating. Leonzio was painting a portrait of a certain Signor Degli Orsini, an old

gentleman, whose chief characteristic expression was, that he was a gentleman of the old school, and had an air of faded nobility and a certain sternness of eye and lip that were valuable, in point of character, to an artist. One morning Leonzio went rather earlier than usual to the house of the old count, which was in one of the suburbs of Rome. On entering the apartment, he found, not Orsini, but a lady who appeared to be attentively examining the picture as he had left it. Her back was towards him, and he had walked close up to her without her perceiving him. At length she turned round, and a face and form of such surpassing loveliness met his view, that he thought then, for the first time, he knew what beauty was. She blushed, and looked confused, and seemed scarcely to know whether to retreat or to remain—it was only for a moment, for, with the ease and perfect freedom from affectation so natural to the women of Italy, she recovered herself, and after some words of praise and admiration on the work before her, she added, "I shall begin to think my uncle handsome, he is so like this, and this is so fine a picture."

The young artist had never been so confused at the sound of his own praises. The uncle, however, was not long in making his appearance, and, with a frown of most portentous import, signed to the young lady to quit the room. She retired, and the frown had not left the features of the old man when he placed himself for the portrait. The artist, too, was thoughtful and absent, and had this day no light converse to call forth a smile. At last he threw down his pencil and said,

"I wish, signor, you would smile."

"That is not in my power," returned the old man; "I have little to make me smile, and many things I could weep at. Cannot you talk and amuse me?"

This was as ineffectual a request as the desiring the count to smile.

"If you had any friend, signor, whose company would entertain you, it would be of inestimable value to your portrait."

Degli Orsini thought awhile, and then said:

"You saw that young lady who was in the room when you came?"

"I did see her."

"I am sorry for it; but since it is done, there can be no recalling the sight of the eyes. Listen to me, young man; it is of the utmost, the most vital importance that you never mention to living souls that you have seen such a person, or where. If you promise me this, and I depend on your ~~secrecy~~ ^{word} of little consequence that you have chanced to see her. There can be no danger, if you are discreet."

Alas! the real danger, which was to the young painter's heart, was what the old gentleman least thought of. From that time, however, the beautiful Chiara Del Castelli was constantly in the room during her uncle's sittings; she talked to him, she laughed, she sang, she related stories—the painter had no longer to complain of want

of amusement or animation in the subject, though it must be confessed the picture was far from advancing more rapidly; on the contrary, like Penelope's robe, the artist seemed one day to undo what he had finished on the former. He could not please himself, and there was always something to be retouched at another sitting, and Donna Chiara had always some fault to find, something that required altering. Never had Leonzio been so long about any of his works, he whose rapidity of execution was one of the chief characteristics of his genius, and, what is more strange, never had he had so little wish to finish a picture.

It was for Donna Chiara this picture was destined, as a present, when (as he gathered from the discourse of the uncle and niece) she left the world for the seclusion of a convent. The hours Leonzio passed in the society of Count Degli Orsini and his beautiful niece, were delightful indeed! They ever discoursed on a variety of subjects, and each subject reflected the talent, grace, and information of the fascinating Chiara. At last, however, the picture must be finished: Leonzio had no longer an excuse for his visits. There was one more chance for him, and that he resolved to try; and, in making a request which from any other, would have been more to confer a favour than receive one, the young artist seemed as if he were going to receive a sentence of life or death. His request was, that, in return for the delightful hours he had spent in their society, Donna Chiara would allow him to take her portrait, that she might present it to her uncle in return for his. Chiara blushed, and looked towards her uncle. "Should you not like to have my resemblance when I shall be away from the world, in my silent cell at the convent, dear uncle? When you see me with my hair short, and in the coarse dress of a nun, and my skin yellow and faded with confinement and fasting, will you not like to have a memento of what Chiara once was?"

"Alas! Chiara mia, I must hide it from all eyes as carefully as I do the original; but if you wish it, and Messer Leonzio will undertake the task, it will be a gift of inestimable value to me."

The vivacity of young Leonzio's thanks might have awakened the count's suspicions, had he been of a suspecting nature, but this was not his failing; and, though he was always in the apartment while Donna Chiara sat for her portrait, the fire that glanced in the young painter's eye as he gazed on his beautiful model, and the conscious blush of the maiden as she met that ardent gaze, he attributed to natural modesty in the one, and enthusiasm for his art in the other. He saw not that the lady had turned from his gaze sometimes in a different attitude from that of his picture; he saw not how often the artist had thrown down his pencils; and how useless they were in his trembling fingers, and how he gazed on her without thinking of his canvas; he heard not the low deep sigh that burst from his bosom as he resumed them; he heard not the still fainter echo of that sigh that escaped sometimes

from Donna Chiara. All this time, if the portrait advanced still more slowly than the former one, it was multiplied a thousand times by the artist, and with more success, from memory. Every imagination of Leonzio was become a repetition of Chiara's features. Now he portrayed her with her beautiful dark ringlets smoothed on her forehead, and her eyes of light cast down like a meek Madonna. Now they sparkled and beamed and glowed on the living canvas as a Venus or an Armida. But the one in which he had caught the most perfect resemblance was as a nymph of Diana: there was an exultation of youth, beauty, and purity, and a glow of life about this picture, which cast an undefinable charm around it; the artist had introduced a figure in the background of a satyr, to whose features he had involuntarily given a resemblance of his mysterious visitor and friend, the Venetian Cavalier.

In the mean time, if Leonzio had been happy in his pursuits before, he felt at that moment he had never lived till now. All which he had before made the end of his efforts and his ambition, seemed now scarce worth the wishing for. His genius, his hopes, his wishes, his happiness, all were absorbed in one object. Who does not know that words are but the *least* required in Love's communion?—who does not know how much may be asked and given, and said, and promised, before the lips have uttered one word or vow? So it was with Leonzio and Chiara: always in the presence of the count, they conversed with freedom and open-heartedness on all subjects, and thus learned to be intimate with each other's thoughts; and yet the only theme on which they did not speak was precisely the one in which each felt the deepest skilled in the other's feelings. No vow, no word of love, had passed their lips, yet each felt convinced of the other's affection. There was a sort of mute intelligence established between them. If Leonzio related a story or repeated verses that expressed his own feelings, Chiara's blush and glance told that she understood it. If she might be accused of giving her heart, or at least of letting it be seen that she had given it too easily, let it be remembered, that, having been intended from her infancy for the cloister, she had seen very little of the world, and was entirely without coquetry. Sincerity with her was a virtue, not only of disposition but of conscience, and in proportion to the purity of her feelings was her indulgence of them. She reproached herself for the deception she almost involuntarily practised towards her uncle as a crime; but when on the point of confiding to him her feelings, she was always stopped by the timidity of her nature, and the fear that such a confidence might put an end to the happiness she was enjoying in the society of Leonzio. So they went on loving and being beloved, neither hoping nor fearing, neither dwelling on the past, nor looking to the future: to them there was no past, no future—there was nothing but the present; their life was, indeed, "*chiusa in cose breve spaiço*."—Oh, if any part

of their lives deserved to be called happy, it was then!

"A thousand and a thousand thanks, Leonzio mio, my faithful and active friend! you have done more for me than I could have hoped or expected. To repay you one millionth part of the debt I owe you is impossible. I can forgive your resemblance of me as the satyr—it is enough that you have put us in the same canvas. I have taken what you no doubt destined for me, and shall remain eternally your friend.

"IL CAVALIERE."

This was the note Leonzio found on his table one evening on his return from the count's. His *wood nymph* had disappeared, and in its place remained a packet containing the above letter and two thousand sequins. He had almost forgotten his mysterious friend, but he had been there! What was he to think of the manner of his visit? Giannetto told him, that the cavalier had asked for him; and when he took away the picture and left the packet in its stead, of course he concluded his master knew of the exchange. Part of the truth flashed across his mind at once, but it was still enveloped in impenetrable mystery. The lady whose charms had been so often the theme of the cavalier's discourse, could be no other than Donna Chiara; and on seeing the picture he must have concluded it his own property. But why this mystery? And Chiara, perfidious Chiara—she who that very morning had permitted a hope, a rapturous hope, to enter his breast, that if there was any thing in the world she would regret leaving, it would be himself—why did she in cruelty permit that hope? When, in the forgetfulness of his passion he had dared to ask her, if, in the holy meditations of her monastic life, she would sometimes allow a thought to stray towards one who, in losing her, would lose more than a world, more than heaven itself! what meant those tears that gushed from her eyes as her only answer, which she vainly strove to hide with her delicate hand? And why did she not withdraw that hand when the young Leonzio, who had thrown himself at her feet, kissed away the tears that fell upon it, and held it to his heart, his lips, and to his brow with such passionate fondness? All this passed in a moment—for it was only a moment by chance the uncle had left them alone—but it was one of those moments which are an eternity to lovers; and yet, when they are past, seem still less than a moment. In that instant he knew, or at least, he thought, that he was beloved by Chiara. Oh! exquisite, rapturous thought! with what a buoyant step and happy eye he returned home that day! and to what a depth of despair he fell at the disappointment that awaited him! Who was this cavalier, so magnificent in his wealth and power, yet so mysterious in his actions? He exhausted himself with a thousand wild conjectures; but still the end of them all was, that Chiara's heart was not for him—that she had deceived him; yet what had she said to deceive him? Nothing—and yet every thing. He dashed to the ground and trampled under foot the purse

of gold the cavalier had left. "Deceived too in him, who, in spite of his mystery, I thought my friend! Base, sordid mind, to think to repay me with gold for what is dearer to me than a thousand worlds! He shall return it. I will seek him through the world till I find my Chiara's image. That, at least, will not betray me—that shall be my consolation—that shall still smile on me. Alas! what do I say? it smiles on him now as she does."

There was no more peace for the young Leonzio; he passed the night in feverish agitation, and the morning brought no repose to his troubled spirit! He determined to leave nothing undone to find out the retreat of the mysterious cavalier, and cause him to restore the picture; but in what way to discover that retreat he was totally at a loss. The cavalier had arrived in a plain carriage; and when he returned, Giannetto thought not of tracing it. Perhaps he would come again, but to await that was intolerable. He must pursue him; and where would he be most likely to meet or hear of him than at the count's? Chiara must have known of his arrival even if it were possible he had not yet discovered the place of her abode. He remembered now, with an additional pang of self-accusation for his carelessness, that he had left a card with Count Degli Orsini's name and place of abode on his table, which, together with the picture, was gone when he returned. He might thus have unwittingly furnished a clue to the discovery of Chiara, if, as he hardly dared to hope, the pursuit of the cavalier were unwelcome to her. He then hastened towards the suburb where the Count Degli Orsini dwelt, his heart swelling with various feelings, now of involuntary tenderness towards Chiara, all deceitful as he thought her, and now of indignation towards his friend; then again feelings more of sorrow than of anger came over him. What could he reproach them with? the cavalier for loving Chiara, when he felt in his own heart it was impossible to see and not love her. And Chiara, if she had been unfaithful, was it not rather the cavalier who had most right to complain? Still he must see Chiara; he must hear the explanation of these mysteries from her own lips. He hastened to Count Degli Orsini, with a feeling of desperation that made him look forward to his arriving there as the end of his intolerable suspense; he should then know his fate. How his heart beat as he turned down the unfrequented court-yard of the house; he knocked at the door impatiently, but no one came for a length of time; he knocked again, and at last pushed open the door; finding it unfastened, he went up to the room in which he usually found Degli Orsini and his niece sitting. No one was there, no servant in the ante-chamber, no sound of a living creature about the house. The rooms were in confusion, as if there had been a hasty departure. The books and some of the smaller furniture were gone, and the rest left in disorder. There was a lamp just expiring, that had been left burning all the night, before an inkstand with the pen in it, and

paper by it. The picture, the unfinished picture, was left, and near it had fallen a bouquet of roses and jessamine, now faded and withered, that Donna Chiara wore the day before. One overwhelming idea took possession of Leonzio's mind, and would not be repelled. Chiara had fled, and none could be the companion of her flight but the cavalier. He threw himself on a chair opposite the picture, and gave himself up to the bitterness of grief. Suspense was at an end, and there seemed nothing for him but the dreadful certainty. In the last four-and-twenty hours how many changes had taken place in his feelings; one moment raised to the highest pinnacle of felicity, a felicity he had hardly dreamed he might dare to hope; the next an overwhelming and sudden calamity, overthrowing all his bright visions, and that by the concurrence of two persons whom he had never thought of together, though now he recollected the cavalier's glowing descriptions of his unknown fair one, and wondered at his blindness, that, on seeing Chiara, he should fancy for a moment there could be two in the world like the cavalier's Donna and his Chiara. He did not make all those reflections then; he threw himself on the chair, and remained with his eyes fixed on the seat Chiara used to occupy, in a stupor of grief. He knew not how long he continued in this state: at length the faded flowers attracted his eye; he took them up, and a tear, a bitter tear, fell on their withered leaves; it revived him to consciousness and to himself. In lifting up the bouquet, he found it had concealed a letter addressed to himself, in Chiara's own hand-writing. It need not be told with what trembling anxiety Leonzio broke the seal, or how often and how rapturously he kissed the precious characters.

DONNA CHIARA TO MESSER LEONZIO GIORDANO.

“Long as I have been the sport of fortune, and the child of grief, I did not think to have had this to bear, to be betrayed where I had placed my surest trust *on earth*. I do not reproach you, Leonzio, I leave that to your own heart; even now I cannot bring my mind to understand the dreadful certainty that it is *you* who have been all this time planning my destruction. Your attempts *now* to find out my retreat will be unavailing. We shall never meet again, never! I repeat, I will not reproach you, but I will tell you what you have done. You have not perhaps—I *hope* you have not—any idea how deeply you have wronged me; you never can know entirely, because you never can know what it is to love as I have done—to love as I have loved *you*. I blush not to make this confession now, it is for you to blush, that could so deceive me. Young as I am, I had found so little in this world to attach me to it, that I looked forward with hope and joy to the period when I should renounce it entirely, and bind myself by my vows to a life of heavenly meditations, and peace and happiness; my thoughts and hopes were fixed on heaven, till I saw you; then it was I first felt there was something to be regretted in the world.

This feeling was, at first, undefined and uncertain. I was troubled and perplexed in my meditations and prayers; I could not as before retire to my closet, and shut out all the world from my thoughts; there were feelings that pursued me, and an image that haunted me even in the inmost sanctuary of my own heart; I could not escape from it. I sighed *not now* for the peace of my cloister; I was become worldly-minded, and yet it was not the world I sighed for; I knew not what I wished; all my prospects seemed changed, and I had no hope for the future; still there were moments when I enjoyed the present, and thought neither of my former days of peace, now gone, nor my future hopes, now changed; those moments were when I was with you; they were worth all I had lost of peace and hope. I confess it to you now; this humiliation is the least of what I deserve; already are my sins visited upon me; may that heaven I have so grievously offended enable me to bear the chastisement inflicted! Oh! any thing but this I could have borne without repining. I had vainly and impiously set up in my heart an idol, a human idol—fondly I worshipped it, forgot for it my vows, my prayers, my hopes, every thing!—that idol was thine image, Leonzio—a fair image of virtue and goodness. It has been rooted up, and torn from my heart, by the discovery of thy perfidy:—it was not thee, but the creation of my own fancy I loved: that is destroyed—but with its destruction, my heart, my soul is left desolate. O Leonzio! I would paint to you what I *was*—persecuted and helpless, yet having a peace within that set me above all worldly persecutions—couldst thou see me as I *am*, as *thou* hast made me, desolate, despairing, with the light that was within me turned to darkness—thou, even thou, wouldest pity the wretched

CHIARA.”

On the evening of Leonzio's last visit to Count Degli Orsini, Chiara was leaning over the balcony, half concealed by the blinds, watching the last glimpse she could catch of his figure as he turned up the long quiet street, when she observed an old monk, with tottering steps seemingly trying with his staff to grope his way up to the gate of the court-yard. Her compassion was awakened and her curiosity somewhat excited: as he seemed approaching the door of the house, she spoke to him from the balcony, and asked what was his errand. The old man did not look up, but with his head still more buried in his cowl, lifted up his hands towards her, crying, “*Carita, carita, in nome Dio carita!*” At this appeal Chiara retreated from the window for her purse, and sent down by the servant some money. She went no more to the window, but was surprised by the servant returning to tell her, in a whisper, that the mendicant monk wished to speak to her alone on something that might be of importance. The count was at the other end of the room, and observed not what was passing. Chiara hastily rose and went into the corridor where the monk awaited her. “What would you with me, Padre?” said Chiara.

"We are not alone," said the monk, pointing to an open door.

"I cannot wait; if it is any thing in which I can assist you, speak it here."

"Alas! Bella Signora, what can you fear? I have a tale of distress, indeed, but it must be for your private ear; it is a case of life and death; you can speak the word, and—"

Chiara trembled involuntarily, and led the way to an apartment on the ground floor. The monk shut the door carefully, and then remained some time silent, and at length kneeled at the feet of Chiara, in an attitude of the deepest veneration.

"Padre, rise, I beseech you," said the lady. "It is not to a sinner like me, that a holy man should bend the knee: speak, what is it I can do for you?"

The monk still remained prostrate. "Signora," at length said he, "I ask of you life, ay, more than life, happiness; speak the word, for never will I rise till you grant my request. How long have I sought for this moment, and sought for you and have not found you! Lady, you know what I would ask—look on me!"

He had thrown off his cowl and hood. He resumed his natural voice, which no longer trembled indeed with age, but with the agitation of youthful passion. She uttered a cry of astonishment and alarm, and rushed towards the door. "Again, again art thou there, destroyer? whither shall I flee from thy persecutions? why wilt thou not leave me in peace?"

"Oh, call them not persecutions!" said the cavalier, for it was himself; "or, rather say anything, anything, so that I hear once more the sound of that heavenly voice. Reproaches, themselves, sound sweet to me from your lips. Stay!" continued he, forcibly detaining her, as she was attempting to leave the room; "I have not sought you so long, to leave you again at a word and a sign, as I have done: hear me, only hear me."

"Leave me, leave me!" said Chiara. "Dare not to detain me: my uncle, my—"

He held her hands firmly, but gently, in his own, while he still continued on his knees before her. "Hear me, Donna Chiara," said the cavalier; "nay, you *shall* hear me. I come not now to persuade, but to convince; I come not a suppliant, but a penitent, a sincere, but almost a despairing penitent. Chiara, I have sought you thus long and restlessly, and you see that no retreat, no flight can hide you from me. There is no place I would not penetrate and search to find you; you cannot escape me—you know my power, my influence, the number of my agents. If I spoke the word, nothing you could do or say could be of any avail: you are mine. Nay, turn not pale, lady; I only tell you what I *could* do. I have offered you riches, power, splendour, liberty, and, above all, a heart devoted to you for ever—a heart that many a proud dame would not have spurned as you have. You have even preferred to all this a living death, a cloister; you would give up all this world's present joys for a chimera, an uncertainty, and a superstition. I

could say much, I have said much, on this subject; but this is not what I ask. Chiara, I offer you my *hand*, my liberty, which I have sworn never to give to any woman's keeping. You, you alone, Chiara, have overcome all my repugnance; you would not of my love, of my vows. I again repeat it, Chiara—you are in my power; but, but I am more in your's."

The cavalier had no need to retain Chiara's hands; they fell cold and motionless by her side, and she stood before him like a statue, as he proceeded. She knew the extraordinary person before her; she knew his rank, and more than rank, she knew the extent of his power, and the mysterious, fearful influence he possessed. She knew the extent of the sacrifice he was making, the exalted dignity he offered her. She was silent, she remained long silent, and he hoped everything. He again took her passive hand. "Chiara *vita mia*, speak to me, or rather speak not, and I will believe your silence. You do not reject me; lead me this moment to your uncle. I will inform him of the change in our prospects."

He took her hand and raised it to his lips; she burst from him, and without speaking, ran up the stairs to the apartment where she had left her uncle. She threw herself on her knees before him, raised her clasped hands towards him—"Save me, dear uncle!—do not condemn me," she exclaimed at length, and a flood of tears relieved her suffering heart.

The old count had not time to recover from his surprise at this unexpected scene, when the cavalier, with his monkish dress hanging about him, followed Chiara into the room, and stood before him. There was about him that ineffable pride of high dignity that *could* not kneel, but he held out his hands towards Chiara kneeling at her uncle's feet, and looked at the count with an air of appeal and supplication, as if to join his prayers with her's. Yet still there was triumph, a "laughing devil" in his eye, that exulted in seeing Chiara, the proud Chiara, humbled for him; for *his* sake, who had often knelt in vain to her.

He stood there enjoying his exultation for a moment, in too great happiness to break the silence. Chiara's continued agonized sobs at length roused him.

"Count Degli Orsini," said he, "console your niece: she asks but a word from you—I ask but for a word. Make us happy—make her mine."

Degli Orsini rose with his habitual respect to high rank, but with a countenance flashing with indignation. "What, are we not at peace here? take our lives since they are in your power, but cease to insult us thus."

"Piano, piano, amico mio," said the cavalier; "hear me, hear your niece."

Chiara still kept her arms clasped round her uncle as if for protection. "Oh hear him not! listen to him not! think of my despair, my dear uncle."

"She raves," said the cavalier; "excess of joy has turned her brain. Count Degli Orsini, in one word I offer to Donna Chiara my hand; you

know how much that sacrifice implies. I ask but your consent; see Chiara at your feet; can you resist *her tears*, her supplications added to mine?"

"Do I hear aright," said the count, "or is it a dream. You, you the husband of my Chiara! Impossible! and can she doubt my acquiescence? my dear Chiara, what can you fear?"

Chiara rose, and stood erect and proudly "severe in youthful beauty."

"I did fear," my uncle, "I did fear your acquiescence; more I feared your commands that I should consent; but no, you are too kind, too proud to suffer me to think for a moment of such an alliance, such a humiliation; for so I should consider an union with a man, however exalted in rank, who has ever dared to ask that I should be his on any other terms."

Her bright dark eyes flamed, and her cheeks glowed with enthusiasm as she said this. The cavalier was for a moment struck dumb with surprise.

"What," said he at length, "what can this mean? is there any thing else besides virtue that is powerful enough to resist me? Cold-hearted, cruel Chiara, is it that you hate me so much, that misery and poverty, every thing seems preferable, to all that life can offer of delight with me? I had fondly thought it was only that chimera you call virtue, which stood in the way of my happiness; but now that is removed, I find you as far from me as ever." His eye glanced on the unfinished portrait—"Ha!" said he, "another portrait! what means this? surely this is the work of Giordano—Has he been unfaithful to me!"

It was now Chiara's turn to listen in breathless astonishment.

"Leonzio Giordano! do you know him then?"

"You know him, signora, it seems: has he been here, has he taken that portrait? He painted for me that inestimable portrait, for which I shall never be able sufficiently to repay him. Did he take it with your consent, and from life?"

Chiara turned deadly pale; she pressed her hands to her forehead, and felt as if bewildered by the new and unexpected suspicions that crowded on her mind.

"Was Messer Leonzio then an emissary of yours?" said the count, for Chiara could not speak.

"He is my friend, count; it was through him I discovered your retreat: I at least thought him my friend; if he has not"—and his eyes flashed and his lips quivered as he said it; "if he has betrayed me, and stolen the heart when I only told him to steal the countenance—If it were so, if it were possible—" and he paced the apartment with hasty strides.

"Do you suppose it possible, then, that the proud daughter of the Castelli, that my niece could so far condescend for an instant, as to think of an artist like Giordano?" said the count.

The cavalier answered him not, and Chiara had sunk on a chair pale and motionless. Her

illustrious suitor, her uncle, her fears, her anxiety, every thing had disappeared from her mind. Leonzio unfaithful, a minister, an agent to the licentious pursuits of the cavalier, sent by him to ensnare her! he whom she had thought the personification of all nobleness and virtue, he, an emissary of vice! Where then was virtue to be found on earth, if its semblance could be so counterfeited? Powerful, mysterious man, everywhere his agents surrounded her, everywhere persecuted her; where could she escape from him, where from herself, her misery? They spoke to her, her uncle, her lover, but she heard them not—she answered them not: plunged in a stupor of despair, she could not think, she could not combine the circumstances of her unhappy fate, she could only feel Leonzio was a deceiver.

"*Addio, Vita mia*, I shall return to-morrow!" were the words that awakened her from her trance, and the cavalier kissed her cold hand as he departed. She felt the necessity of exerting herself, and the words *I shall return to-morrow*, sounded in her ear like a knell.

The old count had gone to conduct their illustrious visitor to the door; when he returned, he went up to his niece, and could not conceal the joy and exultation of his heart. "Well, *Chiara mia*," said he, "no more tears and misery now—this is indeed a triumph of beauty and virtue! who would have thought it possible! what happiness, *Principessa mia*!"

"My dear uncle, do not call me so—do not grieve me with your joy. Listen to me; be not offended with your poor Chiara; you have been a father to me, and never yet have controlled my inclinations, never contradicted me in anything. I have hitherto brought you nothing but misery and disasters; for, but for me, to save me from the pursuit of a libertine, you would not have been forced to leave your native country, to conceal yourself in holes and corners, and live like a banished man. I never can repay the debt of gratitude I owe you, never! You ask me to repay it with my life, and perhaps I ought not to hesitate; but dear uncle, *will* you require such a sacrifice of me? I feel I cannot live if you force me to marry that person, whose very name I dare not breathe, lest some of his secret and all-powerful agents should be near to hear it. Speak, uncle, do you require this sacrifice of me?"

"My child, you know not what you say or what you refuse. There is no woman, not only in Italy, but in all Europe, who would for a moment hesitate; and do you call it a sacrifice?"

"To me it is a sacrifice of honour, of virtue, and of pride; it will be one of life. I feel it—but nevertheless, if you will, I must submit."

"But his wife, Chiara, think of that! he asks you to be his wife!"

"Uncle, I have not seen much of the world, but all that I have seen is deceitful and faithless."

If Leonzio can be a betrayer, she might have added, who is there that we can trust? This thought only rose to her lips in a deep but sup-

pressed sigh. She continued: "How are we sure this is not some new artifice of the cavalier? Is it likely that I, a subject, though of noble blood, could presume to suppose he would choose me, and raise me to his dignity? Then even if he were sincere, his principles—would you make me the companion of such a man?—No, better were it to be immured in the darkest and most lonely cell of some obscure convent, where he will never find me out—where I may meet with no false friends to betray me into his power."

"Chiara, do with me as you will: if you really would reject this brilliant alliance—but I do not see the possibility. We cannot resist him—I dare not refuse; you know his power, and you also know that he is restrained by no principle."

"And is it to such a man you would see me united! Oh, dear uncle, let us fly while there is yet time; he will be here to-morrow, and I feel with you to refuse him openly would be but to provoke further persecution; flight is our only resource. This time it will be unexpected. I think I have a plan to elude his vigilance, and a retreat that will be secure: you shall return to our beautiful Venice. It was from thence indeed we were obliged to fly to this place, and I think he will for that reason be less likely to pursue us thither."

"Strange girl, you lead me as you will; but if you seek to elude him, there is no place so secure as a convent; the veil will at least protect you from him. Till now you have always been imploring my consent to this retreat from the world. I now think it is the best thing that remains for you; it would be selfish in me to withhold my consent to it any longer. Alas! how shall I spare you in my old age!"

Chiara blushed deeply, and replied—"Dear uncle, I do not think of it; I dare not think of it now. Alas! there is indeed nothing in this troubled world to attract me, or to hold me but you." She blushed still deeper as she said this; she felt she was not expressing her real sentiments. "But still, uncle, I cannot leave it without some preparation, and some more decided vocation for a monastic life. We will talk of this hereafter, but now we must think of our preparation for flight. How can I sufficiently thank you, dearest uncle, for your indulgence towards me. Heaven grant that I may no more involve you in my misfortunes."

Every thing was in readiness at the dawn of day for their departure. Chiara took no rest, the only rest she found for her distracting thoughts was in bodily activity and exertion: she was in a fever of mental excitement; she was under the influence of two opposing powers. She thought of Leonzio, Leonzio the betrayer, and a despairing chill came over her whole faculties; she cared not what became of her in the world: her hands fell powerless by her side, she wished only to be left to her bitter grief. Then would the words sound in her ear, "*I shall return to-morrow*," and she would start up with awakened energy to fresh exertion, with the

feeling that there was yet a misfortune to dread beyond what she had already suffered. Sometimes she thought she would wish to see Leonzio once more, and reproach him with his perfidy. Then again she saw before her his bright open countenance, that looked so much like Heaven; his fine thoughtful brow, and his sunny smile—was it possible he could be a deceiver? Yet it was so; there was no room for doubt. He had painted her portrait only to give it to his hated employer; he had done this for gain—he had betrayed to him their place of abode. She could not, however, leave the house, without letting him see the extent of the wrongs he had done her. She wrote to him. She doubted not he would return the next day exulting in his successful villany. She felt humbled to the dust by such a confession; but she felt it must reach his heart and his conscience to know how deeply he had betrayed her, how deeply she had loved him. She felt it a sort of penance she deserved, for suffering him to usurp so much of a heart and mind she had wished to dedicate to her God. With these bitter despairing feelings she wrote the before-mentioned letter, and placed it where the person to whom it was addressed seized it with such rapturous avidity.

There was a brilliant fete given at Venice during the Carnival by one of the principal nobles, and as the company were masked, and the greatest liberty reigned at the time, the number of those that went far exceeded those who were invited.

Magnificent halls and suits of rooms were opened, and there was music, dancing, light converse and games: you would have thought from the happy sounds and gay pageantry, not a feeling was there admitted but joy and revelry. Yet there was many a gay mask covering a sad countenance; and there was intrigue, and hatred, and jealousy, and envy, under many a gay garment. Among all the revellers, there was one mask who seemed to take no part in what was going on. He wandered about from one apartment to another like a restless spirit; he spoke to none, sought none, and seemed interested in nothing.

It was Leonzio Giordano, this restless wanderer. "Why am I here?" said he to himself, "in this revelry? what have I to do with it? Yet, what have I to do elsewhere? My life is passed in seeking what, if found, would be perhaps but bitterness and misery to me!" He sighed deeply, and his sigh was echoed by some one behind him; he started, turned round, and found it proceeded from a masked lady who was hanging on the arm of an old man. They had both ample domino robes, whose folds were drawn over them studiously concealing their figures. They were standing in a recess of a window near Leonzio, and seemed to take as little part in the revelry as he did. These three masks were not allowed long to remain undisturbed. A young dancer and his partner came into the recess, and after some of the common conversation usual on such occasions in Venice,

as well as elsewhere, their attention was forcibly arrested by the conversation they involuntarily heard pass between the dancers.

"Is it true," said the lady, "that the Prince di Castiglione is here to-night? He must have returned very suddenly to Venice—it was but the other day he was at Rome."

"It is difficult," returned her partner, "to account for his movements, and to say where he is, and where he is not: he seems to have the faculty of ubiquity."

"I know not how it is he obtains such power over every one that approaches him; but I know," said the lady, "I would give the world to see him; they say he is the handsomest man in all Venice, and quite irresistible."

"Too much so," said the young man; "his power seems to be unbounded. If we lived in the days of sorcery and magic, one should be tempted to suspect he had other agents besides those he employs. These are, however, powerful enough for any purposes of his. He has been known to boast that he never met with the being he could not conquer. It is well known that in his early youth he passed much of his time with the condottieri and banditti, and it is shrewdly suspected that, advanced to the highest dignities of the state as he is, it is to the influence he still holds over them, or perhaps they over him, he owes much of his present mysterious power."

"Hush!" said the lady, "speak lower; no one ventures to breathe his name out of a whisper, lest some of his myrmidons should be near."

"Or himself," continued the young man; "he delights in assuming all kinds of disguises; and to carry his point, either of revenge or intrigue, neither principles of good nor fear of evil will arrest him. Did you ever hear the story of Donna Chiara di Castelli?"

"Yes," said the lady, "something of it; he introduced himself to her in some disguise, and persuaded her to marry him secretly, and then shut her up in a dungeon from which she escaped—"

"No, no, that is not the right story," interrupted the dancer; "he paid his addresses to her, as he had to every beauty in Venice, but with no success. It is singular that there should be such an infatuation about every one whom he approaches, that even the proud, the high-born beauties of Venice seem to think it an honour rather than a disgrace to listen to discourses from this man, which no other would have dared to address to them. Even the Doge's daughter herself, they say—But to return to Donna Chiara: the story is, that she alone resisted his eloquence; whether for some more favoured lover, or her determined predilection for a convent, is not known. To elude his persecutions, she left Venice with her uncle; and the prince, more determined than ever in his pursuit, at last discovered her at Rome, and, finding her favour could not be obtained on any other terms, offered to make her his wife."

"What! Princess di Castiglione! to share his unbounded wealth and dower, and, above all, to

have the glory of fixing the heart of such a man? She did not refuse, surely?"

"I am afraid there are too many who would not, signora," said the young man with an air of pique, "but *she did refuse*, from what motives I know not; but she again escaped from Rome, and the prince has not been able yet to discover her. It is said that his late excursion under the commission of the senate against the Condottieri, had not for its sole motive his zeal for the service of the State. There is a singular story too of young Giordano, the celebrated painter, being employed by the prince to take Donna Chiara's portrait, and by that means giving him notice of her retreat, and—"

"It is false! by Heavens, it is false!" exclaiming Leonzio, rushing forward, no longer able to contain himself at this recital in which he was so deeply interested; he recollected himself, however, and said, with an effort at calmness, while his mask concealed the perturbation of his countenance, "pardon me, signor; do you know the artist Giordano?"

"Only by his works, and my infinite regret that for some reason or other his genius, which seemed to be of such surpassing promise, should have been suddenly extinguished. He studied at Rome, and there produced several fine works, but since that time he has never been heard of; and it is much to be feared he may have shared the fate of many who have been subject either to the power or the revenge of the Prince di Castiglione. I can scarcely believe that so sublime a genius as his works demonstrated, can be compatible with the base mind of an emissary to such purposes as those of the prince. Do you know aught of him, signor?"

"He was my friend," returned Leonzio: "I knew him even as myself, but he is so changed within these few years, that I should scarcely know him, were I to meet him. He may be dead; he is at least dead to genius and the arts. What was before the height of his ambition and hopes, is now nothing to him. There are but two things he seeks in the world, and then he can die in peace. Revenge on the Castiglione, and justice from Donna Chiara."

"What!" asked the young man, "was it not then Giordano who betrayed her to the prince?"

"No, by my soul!—no, by my hopes of Heaven I would die a thousand deaths to save her from him. But where is Castiglione? he is masked, and I cannot discover him in this crowd; but I will find him, and he shall find—"

He was interrupted by the exclamation of the elder mask of the two who had also remained in the recess, as he attempted to support the lady to a window. She hung heavily on his arm, incapable of moving, but with still enough of consciousness to resist their attempts to take off her mask, that she might breathe more freely. "Oh! let us go," said she, faintly, but anxiously; "I am quite well, take me away from hence. Oh! why did you make me come?" That voice, faint as it was, had penetrated to the depths of Leonzio's heart, every thing had disappeared

before him but Chiara, for it was, indeed, herself he saw before him. "Chiara," said he, springing forward and taking her hand, "*Anima mia, have I found you?*"

"Hush, hush!" said she wildly; "breathe not my name; he is here, he will hear you. But you have betrayed me to him once, have you not? You say you have not. Oh! say it again; let me hear it from your lips, and I shall believe it!"

Leonzio was pouring forth the most earnest protestations, the tenderest assurances. This moment had repaid him for all his sufferings; Chiara forgot her fears, her anxiety, her doubts, every thing in the delight of hearing again Leonzio plead his love, his faithfulness; and the old count remained too much astonished at the suddenness of this scene to attempt to interrupt it. It was interrupted at last by a voice too well known to all the party. That voice exclaimed in a tone half ironical, half triumphant, repeating the words of Leonzio—" *Chiara, anima mia, have I found you!*" They all looked round to see from whence that voice proceeded. But before a single movement could be made, Leonzio and Chiara found themselves seized without a possibility of resistance, by a party of masks who had surrounded them during their unexpected and interesting recognition. Chiara, half fainting with surprise and terror, was unable to speak. But Leonzio exclaimed wildly, "Where is the prince, the cavalier? or by whatever name he calls himself: what right has he to molest the free subjects of Venice?"

"The right of power," said the same voice in a whisper close to his ear.

They were by this time in the street, or rather in a kind of garden belonging to the palace, which they must go through to arrive in the open street. All the masks retired at the command of one. It was the prince. Leonzio was the first that broke the silence: and it was with words of high defiance towards Castiglione. The prince heard him coolly, and then said, "Provoke me not more, young man; you are in my power. You may learn by experience, better than you seem to know, what that power is. You have betrayed me—my friendship for you, my affection, more than ever I felt before towards any man, you have betrayed. The treasure I hold, the dearest in a thousand worlds, you have stolen—the heart of Donna Chiara. But I forgive you; I am too happy now to gain thus unexpectedly what I have sought so long and fruitlessly, to find room in my heart for aught but joy. But here, where I may command," continued he, turning to Chiara, "here I am still a supplicant. You see," continued he, "*Bel Idol mio*, there is a fate that seems to frustrate all your schemes to avoid me. I ask you again, I again repeat the solicitations I made when we last met, and which you then did not seem so utterly to disregard. Speak—will thou be mine?"

"Never," said Chiara, "while I have life!"

His lips quivered with concentrated rage as he said, "Before you answer thus decidedly, where

you have perhaps so little power to decide, signora, let me ask you one question. Nothing, I am sure, but prepossession in favour of another, could choose the alternative of what I *might* do, to what I offer. Who but a madman would provoke the lion in his den, when with one word he might lead him to crouch at his feet. You love another, signora; answer me, is it Leonzio Giordano?"

Chiara felt on her answer depended Leonzio's fate as well as her own. She was silent a moment, and Leonzio, who had been scarce able to control his feelings during the prince's speech, now advanced to Chiara: "Lady," said he, "answer him; say only that you do, let me hear it from your lips, and I defy the whole world to wrest you from me."

"Peace, Leonzio!" said the prince: "you may defy the whole world, but not me; at least not now. I speak but the word, and you are carried off to unknown dungeons and distant fortresses, where you may languish out your days in silence and forgetfulness. Who is there, think you, would care what was become of the poor artist? Speak, Donna Chiara," said he, maliciously observing her change of countenance, "would you grieve for his fate? or would you not, if it were in your power, avert it?"

Chiara was aware that he sought only to force an avowal of her sentiments; she answered in a voice that she strove in vain to render calm: "I would do all in my power certainly, I would even die to save him, or any other of my fellow-creatures to whom life would be a more valuable gift than to me."

"Ha! is it so?" returned the prince; "does your Christian charity extend so far? I am happy to have it in my power to do your bidding. His fate is in your hands; speak the word. It is not asked of you to sacrifice your life for him—only, only say you will be mine, and he is free; refuse me again, and——"

"No, no, never—impossible! say not the word. I will die a thousand deaths rather," exclaimed Leonzio.—"Prince, I know not by what right you thus dispose of our lives and inclinations. Is there no justice in the free State of Venice? is there not a tribunal, or think you there is not an arm that will defend a helpless woman from thy threats? Nothing but the respect due to her presence has withheld me thus long; but now defend thyself, and meet me as a man."

His sword flashed in his hand, and his eye flamed with indignation as he threw himself upon the prince; but the latter stepped back, and in a moment the same masks, who were only at a little distance, again advanced, seized, and disarmed him.

"See now," said the prince, "the use of your resistance; see, Donna Chiara, how entirely you are both in my power."

There was a silence of a few minutes, and then Chiara threw herself at the feet of the prince. She stretched out her clasped hands towards him; her mask had fallen off in her agitation. She raised her eyes streaming with tears to his

face—"Spare him, save him!" was all she could utter.

"You consent then to be my wife? you are mine, beautiful, angelic Chiara, that you should kneel to me!" and he would have raised her, but she sank again on the ground, and cried out—

"Oh! no, no, never! hear me, ask me any thing but that, and save him; but I cannot be yours. If it will satisfy you to bind myself never to be another's, never to be his, I will gladly do so; but yours I cannot be."

"You speak the word, then, for his fate. Leonzio, it is not I, but Chiara, that decides your death."

"O that my death could save her from you, and I would covet it as the choicest blessing! Beloved Chiara, make that a condition, if indeed there is a spark of honour or virtue left in that tyrant's breast—leave me to the direst fate he can invent; but stipulate that he place you in some sanctuary, where—"

"Hold! and dictate not to the lady. Signora, you that are to decide on both our fates, on whose breath we hang, keep not that humiliating posture; rise, rise, I beseech you."

But Chiara had no power to obey him: the conflicting anguish of the last few minutes had at length overcome her energy—she had fallen senseless at the feet of the prince.

"Barbarous tyrant, you have killed her! but in death she shall be mine!" and, with an effort almost superhuman, Leonzio tore himself from the grasp of his guards, snatched up the senseless Chiara in his arms, and with the rapidity of lightning had rushed out of the garden, and had turned down a street before his pursuers had recovered sufficiently from the surprise occasioned by the desperate and unexpected effort, to think of overtaking him. Whether he had obtained too far an advance upon them, or whether the prince might have deemed so public a pursuit imprudent, certain it was, that, surprised at his own success, the young Leonzio found himself arrived at the sanctuary of San Giovanni, where he hastened to obtain assistance and security for his beloved Chiara.

The sun was just setting behind the majestic Apennines, leaving streaks of gold light upon the thin clouds that rested on their summits; every thing around breathed of peace and beauty. That peace and beauty was felt as a relief to the party in a travelling carriage, which, from the fatigue of the horses, who seemed to have been urged to the utmost of their speed, was now obliged slowly to ascend the hill and give the travellers time to enjoy the tranquillity of the evening.

"I am afraid, signor," said the postillion to one of the travellers, "we shall not be able to get on to the next town with these horses. They are not fit for much more such hard driving."

"Is there no place then nearer where we can procure other horses?"

"No, signor, but there is a small convent just on the borders of the forest we are coming to, where you might perhaps remain for the night;

besides, signor, without an escort you would not like to go through the wood so late. They say these parts are infested with banditti."

"Oh, never mind the banditti, uncle," said a sweet voice which could belong to no other than Donna Chiara, "what we have to fear in being overtaken is far more dreadful than any banditti."

"But if we were to meet any of them and they detain us? I think, my dear Chiara, we had better make up our minds to remain here for to-night, and ask for accommodation at the convent; you will be safe there; you cannot conceal from me that you are almost overcome with the fatigue of our hurried journey. We travelled all last night, and surely we are far enough now from pursuit; we shall soon arrive at Liverna, and then, once embarked for Marseilles, we shall at last be safe and happy, *non e vero Chiarina mia?*"

A deep sigh was Chiara's only answer. Alas! in leaving Italy, if she left behind the causes of her disquietude, she left also every hope of happiness. Leonzio, to whose courage and affection she owed her present safety, whom she had but just discovered so worthy of her love and gratitude, she had parted with for ever. The count, though he acknowledged their obligations to him, could not so far forget his aristocracy as to think for a moment of an artist as a husband for his niece. Chiara, worn out by so many months of suffering and anxiety, submitted in silent dependency. They had met so unexpectedly and parted again so suddenly, she could hardly recover from the stupefaction of her faculties, but the more vividly her recollection returned, the more keenly she felt her misery.

"We remain, then, at the convent to-night," said she. "Heaven grant that we may not be overtaken before morning?"

"Never fear, child; if we are surprised it will be by the banditti, for the prince will never trace our route. And what if he did? Chiara, I confess I think I indulge your whims too much, in suffering you to retuse the prince. As to that Giordano, I certainly ought to have known better than to allow so handsome a young man and you to sit looking at each other so many hours in the day. I cannot wonder at it: if he were but noble, he would be every thing I could wish."

Chiara sighed again and they relapsed into silence. "I wish," said the count, at length, "we had an escort; I do not half like that strange courier, (we have only him.) and though he looks fierce enough with his dark eyebrows and mustachios, I observe he never looks at one in the face; see now how he is riding and trying to look into the carriage."

"Can you doubt him for a moment, dear uncle?" said Chiara, "when he was so strongly recommended by —" She faltered, and a faint blush tinged her pale cheeks as she pronounced the name of Giordano.

There was certainly something singular in the deportment of the man; and the recollection of her former unjust suspicions of Leonzio's faith

crossed her mind more than once when she considered his strong recommendation of the courier.

The evening was so fine that Chiara proposed to her uncle to walk on the side of the road towards the convent, both for the sake of relieving the horses, and to enjoy the evening air more freely. He assented, but was soon fatigued, and wished to return to the carriage; while Chiara, who felt herself revived and invigorated by the air and exercise, obtained permission to extend her walk, and the courier, Pascal, was enjoined to remain near her as a protection and guard. He led his horse and walked close behind her. They were in sight of the little monastery which rose on the side of the forest, with its humble turrets and spire contrasting with the bold, majestic mountains behind. Chiara looked at it as on a spot where there was at least peace to be found, if not happiness, and she was half inclined to wish to take up her abode there for the rest of her days. But her heart was no longer sufficiently her own to hope yet to dedicate it to Heaven. She felt she was yet too much attached to the world, and that attachment to the world, in the person of Leonzio, she could not even wish to conquer.

She was interrupted in this reverie by a voice that made her start: it was the voice of Leonzio. She looked round, and there was no one near her but the courier Pascal. She walked on, and concluded it must be her own imagination, that, so impressed with his image, had converted every sound into the voice of Leonzio. They had by this time lost sight of the carriage; it grew darker, and she quickened her steps, and in her haste, treading on a loose stone, sprained her ankle. She was forced for a moment to stop from the pain; when she tried to proceed, she found herself unable to walk without the aid of the courier, who eagerly offered his arm to support her, which she was obliged to accept. She felt his arm tremble beneath her slight weight as she leaned on it, but he spake not a word of civility, though she could not help fancying his manner was very different from that of a common domestic. She wished she were in the carriage again as she found herself alone with her strange companion, and her foot became more and more painful as she walked. Her alarm increased by the strange manner of her servant, who, as if involuntarily, caught the hand that rested on his arm, and pressed it to his heart.

"Good Heavens, Pascal!" said she, in the greatest alarm.

"Be not alarmed, dearest, best beloved!" said he, at length supporting her in his arms; "though forbidden by your uncle to accompany you, I could not let you go without protection. In this disguise I intended to have concealed myself, till I saw you safely embarked. Chiara, will you forgive your own Leonzio!"

It is needless to say that the lady was no longer so much offended at the tender attentions of her supposed domestic, nor was she in such haste to overtake the carriage. They walked on slowly,

discussing on their future plans and prospects, nor heeded they the deepening gloom of the evening. They were now almost at the gate of the convent, and a sudden turn of the road brought them close to the count's travelling carriage, when, what was the terror and dismay of Chiara to see it surrounded by a troop of banditti.

The robbers must have supposed the carriage was only by accident separated from its escort, which could not be far distant, by the silence and caution of their movements; for when Chiara and the supposed courier came within sight, it was too near for either party to attempt a retreat. Leonzio's first thought was to conceal Chiara and defend her, but she cried out—

"My uncle! oh! what is become of him; they will murder him. Do not think of me, go and see what is become of him—yet stay, Leonzio, they will kill you—stay!"

They had, however, on perceiving Chiara, left the carriage and advanced towards her, as she clung tremblingly to Leonzio's arm for protection, who put himself in a posture of defence. They appeared to approach, however, with no hostile intentions, and the foremost of the band advancing, said—

"Signora, there is no cause for alarm; and resistance, you see, would be useless; your courier, there, might have saved himself the trouble of drawing his sword. The old gentleman in the carriage is quite safe, as well as his gold and jewels. You, I presume, are the jewel we seek."

He dismounted from his horse, and would have seized Chiara's hands to drag her away; but Leonzio struck him down with his sword, and having made good a retreat towards a niche in the garden-wall of the monastery, in which he placed Chiara, he continued to defend her with the most desperate courage against the numbers that assailed him; while she, more dead than alive, supported herself with her arms round a stone statue of St. Ursula, that was placed in the niche, and hid her face from the sight of this dreadful scene. Three of the robbers had fallen before the deadly stroke of Leonzio, and the rest began to retreat; when another party of horsemen advanced from a turn in the road, and one of them furiously galloped towards the spot, crying out in a voice that made the heart of Chiara die within her—"Caitiffs, villains, stand off!—Leave that lady, and at your peril lift another hand." It was the voice of Castiglione.

The unconcern with which the robbers obeyed his voice, and the opportune rencontre, convinced Leonzio that their implacable enemy had concerted the whole plan of the attack and rescue. His arm doubly nerved by indignation, he sprang upon the prince, who had dismounted from his horse, and a deadly strife ensued. It was not of long duration: the weapon of Castiglione had pierced Leonzio's faithful heart, and he fell without motion at the feet of Chiara. There was one deep, struggling groan; he breathed her name, and all was over. There was a dead silence, a horrible pause: then a shriek wild, piercing, and long, broke from the

agonized Chiara. She threw herself on the lifeless body of her defender in passionate grief; then, as if a sudden hope came over her, she seemed to wait in terrible silence if there was yet any sign of life. It was the awful silence of agony—every one respected it; she pressed her lips to his, she laid her hand on his heart, there was no beating; his fine countenance, beautiful even in death, lay there white and still under the glancing moonbeams. She gazed on him with the fixed calmness of despair; and then turned towards the prince, who—not having known Leonzio in this disguise, and in all his threatenings meaning rather to terrify Chiara into compliance, than any real harm to her lover—remained motionless with surprise and horror. "Look there," said she, "destroyer! behold thy work, and be satisfied that thou hast destroyed us both. I am in thy power, if thou wilt, for my life; behold the Princess di Castiglione!" And with these words she burst into a wild, unnatural, and fearful laugh, that struck horror into all present. The prince had not foreseen this tragical conclusion to what he looked on only as an adventure of gallantry, and was shocked and

grieved at what had happened. To think of soothing or comforting Chiara he felt would be impossible; he felt he could never behold her without the recollection of the death of Leonzio; and she—could she ever behold him without horror? He gave orders to his people, the robbers having dispersed, to take charge of her and the count to the Ursuline monastery, and then he returned to Venice.

Poor Chiara! The intense agony of that hour, together with her previous anxiety and suffering, threatened soon to curtail her earthly miseries. Her senses had forsaken her; and in the delirium of a fever, brought on by the sudden shock of grief, she fancied every one who approached her a Castiglione, and that she was defending the life of Leonzio from his sword. They were obliged to use force to tear her from the dead body: and when at last the unremitting care and attentions of the Ursuline sisters had restored her to health, she felt no inclination to leave their humble roof. Leonzio was buried in their chapel, and Chiara passed a few more years in weeping and praying over his tomb, and then her gentle spirit fled for ever.

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE?

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Where shall we make her grave?
Oh! where the wild flowers wave
In this free air!
Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill:
Low on sweet nature's breast.
Let the meek heart find rest.
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters by!
Faint gales with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain,
Falls now the bright spring rain,
Plays the soft wind;
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind!

Therefore let song and dew
Thence in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow!
And o'er that holy ear
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go!

Oh! then where wild flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave,
In the free air!
Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There, lay her there!

From the Messiah.

OUR LORD'S FIRST MIRACLE.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

But now the banquet; such as lowly roof
Demanded, and with simple manners claimed:
O'er milk and honey, rice and kneaded flour,
And water, cool as mountain-well contained,
When consecrating prayer arose, for Heaven's
High blessing—then the marriage-feast began.
But soon to Jesus, Mary's asking eye
Was turned, and meekly for the aidless want
Of friends beloved, a miracle she hoped;
But thus was answered:—"Woman!—unarrived
My dawn of glory: what have I to do
With thee?"—Oh! think not from that sinless mouth,
Annihilating words of harshness came;
The pity, not the anger, of rebuke
Was there!—Six stony water-pots antique,
For pure lavation, such as holy rite
Demanded, in the nuptial chamber stood;
And each, obedient to Messiah's voice,
With gushing water to the brim was filled;
When lo! the element, by power subdued,
Blushed into wine, and glowed beneath its God!
And when the ruler of the rustic feast
Admiring drank this new-created wine,
A miracle stood forth!—as shines a star
Clear, round, and large, the only one in Heaven!
Each heart beat louder; on the lifted brow
O. mute-struck guests, divine amazement sat;
And from the eyes of new disciples flashed
The fire of faith! that eloquence of soul,
While ecstasy is dumb. And when at night,
By torch and timbered home the vested train
Returned, amid the hymeneal song
Of sweetest rapture; while each bridal robe
Like snow in moonlight glittering shone
The holy mildness of thy deep-toned voice,
Redeemer! still in hearts its echo ring—
Though vaster miracles Thy name enthroned,
In this omnipotently tender shine
The rays of love; congenial, calm, and bright,
They dazzle not, but still thy power declare.

SUPERSTITIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

NO. 2.

WHETHER it is that the human mind delights in cherishing the impressions which most affected it in infancy; or that from habits of indolence we neglect the means that would free us from their influence, and thus subject ourselves to feelings whose causes are indefinite, and whose effects are sometimes ridiculous—often fatal, certain it is that the legends of childhood are often verified in age by the very influence which these fables exercise upon our minds; and those who have sacrificed whole fortunes to the delusive promises of some pretended alchemist, or juggling astrologer, have not been beguiled more by the tempting lure of the gilded bait, than by the greedy bankings of a morbid appetite, which would seize even the unbaited hook. It is a fact, which speaks, perhaps, something in favour of the goodness as well as the weakness of the human heart, that in all cases of gross and general deception, the deceived, themselves, so far from being passive, contribute more than the deceiver to their own delusion.

The good people of the old colony have from time immemorial been more or less influenced by the predictions and warnings of some old sybil, who pretended to peep into fate through the bottom of a tea-cup, and discern the movements of the heavens by the settling of her coffee grounds.

One of these beldames had for many years inhabited a hovel, which had before been distinguished in the more dignified use of a fish-house, seated near the extremity of a small promontory, which overhung the centre of Plymouth bay. The ease with which she could derive subsistence from the shores, and in the season, from the neighbouring fish lakes, had probably induced the Pythoness to establish herself in so dreary a domicile, and the profit she derived from predicting fair winds and favourable weather, did much towards conciliating the affection of the owner for her otherwise unpromising habitation.

So long and so successfully had Rachel foretold to the inquiring seamen, the weather of the coming day, (an art which those who live upon the seaboard know to be easily acquired,) that they almost felt that she had an influence in the fulfilment of her own predictions, and not one was ever known to calculate a voyage into the outer bay without consulting "Aunt Rache" upon the morrow's weather, nor on their return did any neglect to leave a portion of their *takings*, for a reward to her who had predicted or perhaps secured their success.

There were, indeed, a few in the village who affected to deride the talents of Rachel, and sneer at those who were influenced by her predictions, but it is said that even these, the minister, the schoolmaster, and physician, were always able to find an excuse for delaying an

expedition, the event of which she might have pronounced against. And I myself recollect, when a certain ordination lacked one of its counsel by the officious boldness of this propheticess of the storm.

The pleasure which Rachel found in the solitude of night, in watching the flux of the sea as it cast its intrusive wave farther and farther upon the sand, served, if indeed any thing was necessary, to add to the awe with which her neighbours contemplated her character.

She was met in one of her midnight rambles by a party preparing for an early departure for the outer bay fishing, who anxiously inquired the probability of the morrow's weather.—"Fair," said she, "fair—to-morrow sees neither rain nor wind; the minister must have less corn in his own field to make his prayers available."—"But, aunt Rachel (they always put the last syllable to her name when they spoke to her at night,) do you see yon cloud in the west?"—"What have I to do with west or south," said she: "I have promised fair, though you might have chosen a better day than *Friday*, considering you make but one voyage in a year." Just then a large vessel hove in sight. By the pale light of the moon, it was impossible to distinguish the class to which she belonged. "She will come in," said Rachel, "and for no good—we do not hear the sound of church bells at midnight for nothing."—"But, that was Plymouth clock striking twelve," said one of the company.—"Do we hear clocks," said she, "four miles against the wind? and Plymouth clock too, a wooden rattle, with scarcely more work on it than the windlass of yonder chebacco boat?"

Before the party had prepared for their departure, the vessel, a large brig, had *come to*, and anchored near the shore. This vessel, owned in that place, and loaded with sugar by a Boston merchant, had put into the harbour to effect some trifling repairs to her spars. One only of her crew was a native of the village, and he on the following day conducted his messmates to Rachel's hovel, to inquire into the prospects of their voyage.

"John Burgis," said the augurers to her townsman, as the party crossed the threshold, "have you done well in entering the Betsy? The poor man's curse is on her. Think you, the vessel paid for in exchange notes will make a voyage?"—"But, aunt Rachel," interrupted the sailor, evidently wishing a better reception for his comrades, "we did not build her."—"If you would not have her fortune, flee her company. And is it for this, John, (continued the old woman.) is it for this, your father, the deacon, has prayed, that your mother has wept, that the blessing of the minister was given to your departure, to be found with wretches like these, land sharks, moon

curser!"—"Avast there, old granna," said one of the strangers; "give us none of your slack, or we will put a stopper upon your gab." A beam of fire seemed to flash from the old woman's eyes as she rose from her bench, and threw down the coarse table on which she had been leaning. "You are known," said she; "there's not a mother's son of you that was not swaddled in the ruins of a wreck."—"Damned hag!" said the oldest—but interruption was vain; the worst feelings of Rachel were roused, and her most painful recollection excited; the volubility of her tongue expressed the intensity of her feelings. "There's not a moon curser of you all that has not braved the north-easter to fix a light upon a pole to mislead the pilot, and wreck his ship for depredation, when you would not wet a foot to save a seaman's life. And who, you children of devils incarnate, who, but your fathers and mothers fastened the lantern to a horse's head, and thus in a storm wrecked the brig upon your cursed sands that left me childless and a widow? May he who rides upon the pale horse be your guide, and you be of the number 'who follow with him.'"

The last imprecation scarcely reached the object of her curse. They went to their vessel and meditated a revenge every way worthy of the conduct that Rachel had charged them with.

The next night about 10 o'clock, the village was alarmed by a strong light, at or near the wharf. In less than twenty minutes, every inhabitant but the infant and the decrepid was at the place, and Rachel, half wrapped in the remains of an old sail, which had served as a bed-curtain, was seen rushing from the burning hovel. No language could do justice to the looks and gestures of this infuriated wretch. She ran round the scene of conflagration with the actions of a fury, howling her imprecations upon the cause of her new calamity. Her gray hair was flying in the winds, and as she stood between the strong light of the blaze and the spectators, its upturned points seemed tipt with living flame.

The next morning the brig prepared for sailing, and many of the inhabitants, either to see the ruins of Rachel's hut, or to watch the vessel's departure, flocked to the wharf, although it was Sunday.

The brig got under weigh, with a fine wind against the tide, and as she made her way smoothly down the channel, the attention of the spectators was invited to Rachel. She had seated herself upon a rock, which elevated its top considerably above the waves, although it was entirely surrounded by the tide.

The hollow moan which she had uttered was lost in the rushing of the waves upon the pebbly shore, and indeed she had scarcely been noticed in the bustle of preparing the vessel. When she was observed, the owner of the vessel attempted to offer her some consolation for the loss of her house—she replied, without once withdrawing her eyes from the receding vessel—"You need not comfort me—every barn could give me shelter if I should need it; but in three days I shall

be tenanted in the narrow house which yonder wretches cannot burn. But you! who shall console you for the loss of yon brig? Think you that she can swim loaded with the curses of the poor? with my curses, which have never yet been vain."—"She has passed *Brown's Island*," said the owner, evidently affected by the vehemence of her manner, "and that is the worst shoal in the bay." Rachel grew more furious as the brig passed in safety any point or shoal which was considered peculiarly dangerous—and as the breeze freshened, her matted hair floated out like streamers upon the wind; her long bony arms were extended with imprecating gestures, and she appeared as she poured out her maledictions upon the authors of her calamities, like the evil spirit of the ocean chiding forth the storms as ministers of her vengeance.

When the vessel had passed *Beach Point*, the last obstruction to navigation in the harbour, and forming the extreme southern capc, which protected the whole bay, the owner, relieved from the anxiety which the difficulty of the navigation naturally inspired, and which, perhaps, the ravings of Rachel increased, turned to the old woman, and again offered to console her for the loss of her house, and even tendered the use of another habitation, but she was raving in all the impotence of disappointed madness; her voice was inarticulate, she foamed at the mouth, and howled in most diabolic accents. Her face, and swollen eyes, seemed almost starting from their sockets, were bent upon the single object of her curses, when suddenly her voice ceased, and she leaned forward in the very ecstasy of expectation. The eyes of the company following the bent of hers, were fixed upon the brig; her sails were shivering in the wind, and all seemed hurry and confusion upon her deck.

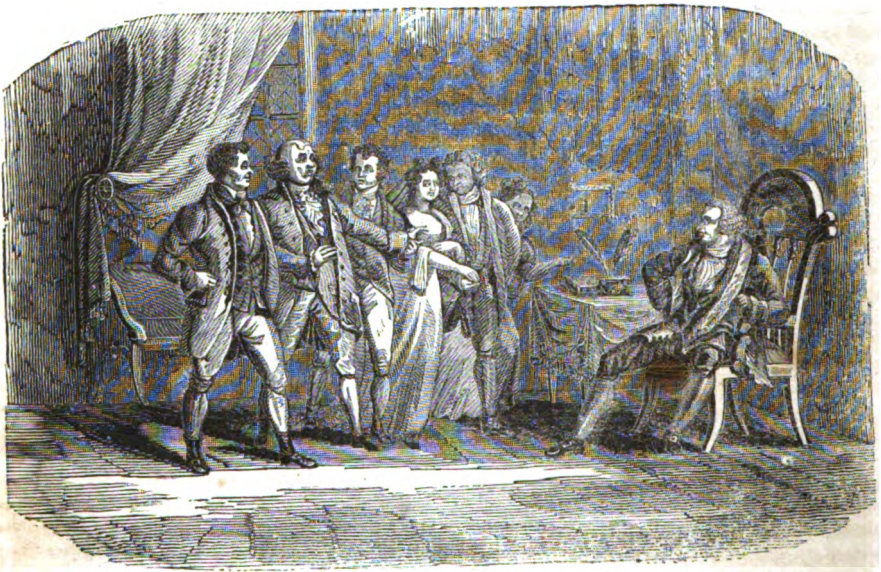
In a few moments she slowly sunk from the view of the spectators, and nothing of her was to be seen but a part of her topgallant mast standing above the waves.

Rachel pitched forward into the waters as she saw the vessel sink, and as the people were engaged in preparing boats to go to the vessel, she died unnoticed.

The brig, which had struck upon a sunken and unknown rock, was afterwards raised with the loss of nearly her whole cargo and one man, the very one it is said, who had put fire to the house.

The body of Rachel was found and buried on the spot where her house had stood. The rock on which the vessel struck is now called *Rachel's Curse*—and the grave on the promontory serves to this day as a land-mark for the channel.

Two years after the American Revolution, (1785) the military establishment of the United States was reduced to and fixed at *eight hundred* men: one regiment of infantry, and two companies of artillery, so jealous were the people of the military power, although that power was in their own hands, that is, the Continental Congress.



THE MAID'S STRATAGEM;
OR, THE CAPTIVE LOVER.

THE MAID'S STRATAGEM, OR THE CAPTIVE LOVER.

"**THERE** be more fools than farthingales, and more braggarts than beards, in this good land of ours. A bald-faced impertinent! it should cost the grand inquisitor a month's hard study to invent a punishment for him. This pretty morsel! Hark thee, wench; I'll render his love-billet to thine ear. Listen and be discreet.

"If my sighs could waft the soft cargo of their love to thy bosom, I would freight the vessel with my tears, and her sails should be zephyrs' wings, and her oars love's fiercest darts. If I could tell but the lightest part of mine agony, your heart, though it were adamant, would melt in the furnace of my speech, and your torture should not abate till one kind glance had irradiated the bosom of your most unhappy, and most wretched of lovers,

ANTONIO.'

"Now for the *post scriptum*. If thy sighs be as long as thine ears, — help the furnace they are blown through. Again,

"If one ray of compassion lurks in your bosom, lady, let those radiant fingers illuminate your pen, touching one little word by way of answer to this love-billet, though it were but as a rope thrown out in this overwhelming ocean of love, to keep from sinking your unhappy slave. These from my dwelling at —."

"O' my troth, answer thou shalt have, and that quickly, on thy fool's pate. Dost' think, Marian, it were not a deed worth trying, to quell this noisome brute with a tough cudgel?"

"It were too good for him," replied the maid; "but if you will trust the rather to my conceits, lady, we will make this buzzard spin. He shall dance so rare a coarnto for our pastime; beshrew me, but I would not miss the sport for my best holiday favours."

But we leave the beauteous Kate and her mischief-loving maiden, to plot and machinate against the unsuspecting lover.

Master Anthony Hardcastle was the only son of a substantial yeoman of good repute long resident in —. Dying, he left him, when scarcely at man's estate, the benefit of a good name, besides a rich store of substance, in the shape of broad pieces, together with lands and livings. — Fond of dress and a gaudy outside, he aimed at ladies' hearts through the medium of silken cloaks, and ponderous shoe-buckles; — designing to conquer not a few of the fair dames with whom he associated. But, alas! the perversity of woman had hitherto rendered his efforts unavailing; still an overweening opinion of his own pretensions to their favour, prevented him from giving up the pursuit, every succeeding mishap in no wise hindering him from following the allurements of the next fair object that fluttered across his path. He had heard of the wit and beauty of Kate Anderton, only daughter to Justice Anderton of Lostock, a bluff and honest

squire, who spent his mornings in the chase, and his evenings in the revel incident thereto.

Master Anthony, after secretly beholding her, moved to the exploit of winning, and wearing in his bosom so precious a gem, which many a high-flown gallant had essayed to appropriate. He began the siege by consulting the most approved oracles and authorities of the time, for the construction of love-billets. The cut and fashion of the paper, too, were matters of deep and anxious consideration. Folded and perfumed, the missile was despatched, and the result was such as we have just seen.

Upon this memorable day, it then drawing on towards eventide, Anthony, full of solicitude, and musing on the fate of his billet, was spreading himself out, like a newly feathered peacock, in the trim garden behind his dwelling. A richly embroidered Genoa silk waistcoat, and amber-coloured velvet coat, glittered in the declining sun, like the church weathercock, perched just above him at a short distance from the house.

The mansion of Squire Anderton lay a few miles off; yet there had been sufficient time for the return of his trusty valet, who was the bearer of this love-billet. Several times had he paced the long straight gravel walk stretching from the terrace to the Chinese temple, and as often had he mounted the terrace itself, to look out for the well-known figure of Hodge, ere the hind was descried, through a cloud of hot dust, urging on his steed to the extremity of a short but laborious trot. Needless were it to dwell upon the anxiety and foreboding with which he awaited the nearer approach of this leaden-heeled Mercury. To lovers the detail would be unnecessary, and to others description would fail to convey our meaning.

"I ha' t measter."

"What hast thou brought, Hodge?"

"A letter!"

"Quick—quick, fellow. Canst not give it me?"

"Ay, i' fackens; but where is it?"

Great was the consternation depicted in the flat and vapid face of the boor, as he fumbled in his pocket, turned out the lining, and groped down, incontinently, "five fathom deep" into his nether appendages; but still no letter was forthcoming.

"She gi'ed me one, though; an' where it is — Ise sure it waur here, an' — Bodikins if those de'ilments hanna twitched it out o' my — Those gigglin' wenches i' th' buttery took it, when I waur but putting my nose to the mug the last time, for a lift i' the stirrup."

Terrible was the wrath and disapprobation evinced by Master Anthony at this disaster. He had nigh despoiled the curls of his new wig, which were become twisted and awry with cholera.

Patiently to endure was the business of Hodge; and, his master's fury having "sweeled" down into the socket, a few hasty flashes just glimmered out from the ignited mass, ere it was extinguished.

"Rut thou hadst a letter—dolt —!"

"Ay, master, as sure as I am virtuous and well-favoured."

"Then is the lady kindly affected towards my suit? But oh, thou gull—thou underpate—thou losel knave, to lose one line moved by her sweet fingers. Get in;—I'll not defile my rapier with beating of thee. Thanks to the lady thou hast just left! her condescension so affecteth my softer nature, that I could not speak an angry word without weeping. March, rascal, and come not into my presence until thou art bidden, lest I make a thrust at thee with my weapon. Oh! Katherine, my life—my love;—my polar star, my axle; where all desire, all thought, all passions turn, and have their consequence."

Anthony had picked up this scrap from the papers, with whom he had smoked, and committed the usual delinquencies, not peculiar to that age of folly and licentiousness.

"I'll go dream of thee, where there be a bank of flowers. Here let me lose myself in a delirium of sweets."

Choosing a fair position, he squatted down upon a ripe strawberry bed, and great was the dismay with which he beheld the entire ruin of his best puce-coloured breeches. So sudden was the dissipation of his complacency, that he determined to beat Hodge forthwith; to which thrifty employment we commend him, whilst we address ourselves to the further development of our story.

Near to the lower extremity of the village, dwelt a maiden, whose bloom had been wasted, and whose matchless hopes were always frustrated ere their accomplishment. Many a simpering look had she cast towards the godly raiment of Master Anthony, and some incipient notion was entertained, that the indweller at the big house was not averse to a peep, now and then more tender than usual, at the window of Mrs. Bridget Allport.

Distantly related to the family, she sometimes visited Lostock Hall; and, at the period when our narrative begins, she was located therein.

Kate had long been aware of her likings and mishaps, and was no stranger to her predilection for Master Anthony Hardcastle.

The first overt act of mischief resulting from the plots of Kate and her maid, was a smart tap at the door of Mistress Bridget's bedchamber, where she was indulging in reverie and romance; but the day being hot, she had fallen asleep, and was dreaming of "hearts, darts, and love's fires." She started from this mockery of bliss at the summons.

"Prithee, Marian, what is it?"

"A billet from—I don't care to tell who!"

"A billet, sayest thou?—ch!—who can it be? What! It is — Go away, my good Marian; I cannot — Oh! when will my poor heart —"

'*Waft a cargo of love to thy bosom.*' '*Melt in the furnace.*' Dear delightful passion! How pure! Just like mine own, I declare. '*Harder than adamant.*' Nay, thou wrongest me. Prithee, Marian, who—where is he?"

"A trusty messenger is below." She dropped a handsome courtesy.

"Give me my tablets and my writing stool. Oh, Marian, little did I think of this yesterday. When I was telling thee of — of — Oh, I am distraught."

She commenced a score of times, ere something in the shape of a communication could be despatched.

"There—there; let it be conveyed quick. Nay, I will see him myself. Lead me to him, girl, I will say how—and yet, this may look too bold and unmaidenly. Take it good girl, and say — what thou thinkest best."

Lightly did the laughing maiden trip through the great hall into the buttery, where Hodge was ambushed, along with a huge pye, fast lessening under his inspection. Her intention was not to have given him the billet, but she was suddenly alarmed at the approach of Mistress Bridget. Fearful lest the deception might be discovered, she hastily gave Hodge the precious deposit, trusting to some favourable opportunity when she might extract the letter from his pouch. An occasion shortly occurred, and Hodge was despatched, as we have seen, billetless, and unconscious of his loss.

The lover was sore puzzled how to proceed. It was possible, nay more than probable, that the message might have appointed a meeting; or twenty other matters, which he was utterly unable to conjecture, woman's brain being so fertile in expedients; and if he obeyed not her injunctions it might be construed amiss, and unavoidably prove detrimental to his suit. Should he send back the messenger? She would perhaps laugh at him for his pains; and he was too much afraid of her caprice, to peril his adventure on the issue. A happy thought crossed his brain; he capered about his little chamber, and could hardly govern himself as the brilliant conception blazed forth on his imagination. This bright phantasy was to be embodied in the shape of a serenade. It would be more in the romantic way of making love.

"To-morrow night," said he, rubbing his hands, and stroking his soft round chin, for he it understood, gentle reader, the youth was of a tender and fair complexion, with little beard, save a slight blush on his upper lip. He was not ill-favoured, but there was, altogether, something boyish and effeminate throughout his appearance, which seemed not of the hue to win a lady's love. He could twang the guitar, and had at times made scraps of verse, which he trolled to many a damsel's ear, but, to little purpose hitherto.

On the morrow, he watched the sun creep lazily up the sky, and more lazily down again. The old dial seemed equally dilatory and unwilling to move. He ~~had~~ sorted out his beat and most ardent love sonnet, and strummed as many

jangling tunes as would have served a company of morris-dancers and pipers for a May festival. Twilight came on apace. The moon was fast mounting to her zenith. No chance of its being dark; so much the better; it would enable the lovers to distinguish each other more easily.

Hodge had long been ready, and the steeds duly caparisoned. At length, reckoning that his arrival would take place about the time the lady had retired to her chamber, he set forth, accompanied by his trusty esquire.

Their journey was accomplished in comparative silence, until a short ascent brought them to a steep ridge, down which the road wound into the valley. It was a scene of rich and varied beauty, now lighted by a bright summer moon. A narrow thread of light might be seen, twining through the ground below them, broken at short intervals, then abruptly gliding into the mist which hung upon the horizon. Lights were yet twinkling about, where toil or festivity held on their career unmitigated. A mile or two beyond the hill they were preparing to descend, lay a dark wood extending to the shallow margin of the adjacent brook; above this rose the square low tower of Lostock Hall: clusters of long chimneys, irregularly marked out in the broad moonlight, showed one curl of smoke only, just perceptible above the dark trees, intimating that some of the indwellers were yet awake. Ere long, a by-path brought them round to a fence of low brushwood, where a little wicket communicated with the gardens and offices behind.

"Here stay with the beasts, until I return," said Anthony, deliberately untying the cover wherein reposed his musical accompaniment.

"And how long may we kick our heels, and snuff the hungry wind for supper, master?"

"Until my business be accomplished," was the reply.

Master Anthony commenced tuning, which aroused the enquiries of several well-ordered and decently disposed rooks, who were not given to disturb their neighbours at untimely hours, and were just at the soundest part of their night's nap.

"These villanous bipeds do fearfully exorbitate mine ear," said the agonised musician.— "Tis not in the power of aught human to harmonise the strings."

The clamour increased with every effort, until the whole community were in an uproar, driving the incensed wooer fairly off the field. Trusting that he should be able to eke out the tune, in spite of these interruptions, he hastened immediately to his destination. He crossed a narrow bridge, and passed through a gap into the garden, taking his station on one side of the house, where he commenced a low prelude, by way of ascertaining if the lady were within hearing, and likewise the situation of her chamber. To his inexpressible delight, a window, nearly opposite the tree under which he stood, was gently moving, and he could distinguish a figure in white, moving gently behind the drapery. He determined to try the full power of his voice; and war-

bled, with no inconsiderable share of skill and pathos, the following ditty:—

"Fair as the moon-beam,
Bright as the running stream
Sparkling, yet cold;
In Love's tiny fingers
A shaft yet there lingers,
And he creeps to thy bosom, and smiles, lady.
Soon his soft wings will cherish
A flame round thine heart
And ere it may perish,
Thy peace shall depart.

O listen, listen, lady gay;
Love doth not always sue;
The brightest flame will oft decay.
The fondest lover rue, lady!
The fondest lover rue, lady!"

At the conclusion he saw a hand, presently an arm, stretched out through the casement. Something fell from it, which glistened with a snowy whiteness in the clear moonlight. He ran to seize the treasure—a scrap of paper neatly folded—which, after a thankful and comely obeisance towards the window, he deposited in his bosom. The casement was suddenly closed. The lover, eager to read his billet, made all imaginable haste to regain the road, where mounting his steed, he arrived in a brief space, almost breathless with anticipation and impatience, at his own door. The contents of the despatch were quickly revealed, in manner following:—

"I know thine impatience; but faith must have its test. Send a message to my father; win his consent to thy suit; but as thou holdest my favour in thine esteem, come not near the house thyself ere one month have elapsed. Ask not why; 'tis sufficient that I have willed it. Shouldst thou not obey, I renounce thee for ever.

"This shall be the test of thy fidelity.

"KATHERINE."

He kissed the writing again and again: he skipped round the chamber like unto one demented; and when the old housekeeper, who was in a sore ill temper at being deprived of her accustomed allowance of rest, came in, to know his intentions about supper, he bade her go dream of love, and give supper to the hogs.

The morning found Anthony early at his studies. A letter, painfully elaborated, was despatched in due form "To Master Roger Anderton, these;" and the lover began to ruminate on his good fortune. The terms were hard to be sure, and the time was long; but women, and other like superior intelligences, will not bear to be thwarted.

The same day an answer was received, briefly as follows:—

"Thou, thy person and qualifications be unknown to me, yet have I not been ignorant of the respect, and esteem which thy father enjoyed. Shouldst thou win my daughter's favour, thou shalt not lack my consent, if thou art as deserving as he whose substance thou hast inherited."

Leaving to Anthony the irksome task of minuting down the roll of time for one unlucky month, turn we to another personage, with whom

it is high time the reader should be acquainted. At Turton Tower, a few miles distant, dwelt a cavalier of high birth, whose pedigree was somewhat longer than his rent-roll. To this proud patrician Kate's father had long borne a bitter grudge, arising out of some sporting quarrel, and omitted no opportunity by which to manifest his resentment. Dying recently, he had left an only son, then upon his travels, heir to the inheritance, and the feud with Anderton.

Shortly after his return, Kate, being on a visit in the neighbourhood, saw him; and as nothing is more likely to excite love than the beholding of some forbidden object, unwittingly, in the first instance, she began to sigh, and with each sigh came such a warm gush of feeling from the heart, as did not fail to create a crowd of sensations altogether new and unaccountable. On his part, the feeling was not less ardent, though less inexplicable, at least to himself, and a few more glances fixed them desperately and unalterably in love. Hopeless though it might be, yet did the lovers find a sad and mournful solace in their regrets, the only sentiment they could indulge. They had met, and in vows of secrecy had often pledged unintermitting attachment.

Love at times had prompted some stratagem to accomplish their union, for which the capricious and unforgiving disposition of the old gentleman seemed to afford a fair excuse. It is a most ingenious and subtle equivocator that same idle boy, and hath ever at hand palliatives, and even justifications, in respect to all crimes done and committed for the aiding and comforting of his sworn lieges. And thus it fell out, Kate's wits were now at work to make Anthony's suit in some way or another subservient to this object.

The month was nigh spent, when Hodge, one morning, entered the chamber of his master, who sat there dribbling away the time over a treatise on archery.

"How now, sirrah?"

"Please ye, master, Mistress Kate is to be wed on the feast of St. Crispin; an' I'm a thinking I've no body-gear fitting for my occupation."

"Married, sayest thou?—to whom?"

"Nay, master, an' ye know not, more's the pity if it be not to your honour."

"To me, sayest thou?"

"They ha' so settled it, belike; and I thought, if it would please ye, to order me new boots and a coat for the wedding."

"Peace!—where gattest thou the news?"

"At the smithy. I was but just getting the mare shod, and a tooth hammered into the garden rake."

"It is wondrous strange!" replied Anthony, musing; "but women are of a subtle and unsearchable temper. She did appoint me a month's abstinence. Sure enough, the feast thou hast named happeneth on the very day of my release. She hath devised this plot for my surprise! Excellent! and so the rumour hath gotten abroad? Now, o' my troth, but I like her the better for't. Go to; a new suit, with yellow trimmings, and

hose of the like colour, shall be thine: thou shalt be chief servitor, too, at my wedding."

Anthony seemed raving wild with delight. He resolved that the jade should know of his intelligence, and he would attack the citadel by a counterplot of a most rare and excellent device. To this end he resolved on going to the hall the night preceding his appointment.

With the evening of an unusually long and tedious day, whose minutes had been spun to hours, and these hours into ages, did Master Anthony Hardcastle, accompanied by his servant, set forth on this perilous exploit. Upon a rich and comely suit, consisting of a light blue embroidered vest, and a rich coat of peach-coloured velvet, with bag-wig and ruffles, was thrown a dark cloak, partly intended as a disguise, and partly to screen his gay habiliments from dust and pollution.

They passed slowly on for an hour or two, dropping down to the little wicket as aforetime, above which the crows were again ready with the usual enquiries. The squire being left with the steeds, Master Anthony once more scrambled over the garden hedge, and sustained his person in a becoming attitude against the pear-tree, whence he had so successfully attacked and carried the citadel on his former visit. He now beheld, with wonder, lights dancing about in the house, frisking and frolicking through the long casements, like so many Jack-o'-lanterns. Indeed, the greater part of the mansion seemed all a blaze, and of an appalling and suspicious brightness. Sounds, moreover, of mirth and revelry approached his ear. He would instantly have proceeded to ascertain the cause of this inauspicious merry-making, had not Kate's injunction kept him aloof. The noise of minstrelsy was now heard—symptoms of the marriage-feast and the banquet. More than once he suspected some witchery, some delusion of the enemy to beguile him by enchantments. However, he resolved to be quiet; and, for the purpose of a more extended vision, he climbed or rather stepped into the low huge fork of the tree.

A white cur now came snarling about the bushes; then, cautiously smelling his way to the tree, suddenly set up a yell, so deafening and continuous, that he roused some of the revellers within. Two men staggered from the house, evidently a little the worse in their articulation by reason of the potations they had taken.

"Quiet, Vick!—Hang thy neck, what's a matter? Eh! the pear-tree?—It's the thief again—and before the fruit's ripe.—Bodikins! but we'll catch thee now, 'r lady. We'll have a thong out of his hide."

The men approached as cautiously as their condition would permit; while Anthony over-hearing the latter part of their dialogue, sat somewhat insecurely on his perch.

"Dan, get th' big cudgel out o' t' barn. I see 'em at black like, an' fearsome, i' th' tree."

Probably they had imbibed courage with their liquor, otherwise they would have been "somewhat" in the

tree might have indisposed them for this daring attack.

"I'll have a blow at it, be't mon or devil, hang me."

Anthony pulled his cloak tightly about him; and while the weapon was providing, he entertained serious thoughts of surrendering at discretion; but the effect which this premature disclosure might have on his mistress's determination towards him, retarded the discovery; and he was not without hope of eluding the drunken valour of the brutes.

"Now gie't me, Dan.—Tol de rol.—

"An' back an' aides go bare, go bare."

Approaching to the attack, Barnaby brandished his cudgel to the time and tune of this celebrated alehouse ditty. The concluding flourish brought the weapon waving within a very concise distance of the goodly person of Master Anthony Hardcastle.

"Murder!—Villains!" cried the terrified lover, unable to endure the menacing aspect of this fearful invader; "I'm Master Anthony, ye sots, ye unthrifts—your master, is to be; and I—I'll have ye i' the stocks for this."

"Bodikins and blunderkins! hear'st him, Dan? Why, thou lying lackpenny, I'll soon whack the corruption out o' thee. Master Anthony, indeed! he be another guess sort o' thing to thee, I trow. Thee be'st hankering after the good things here-about; but I'll spoil thy liquorish tooth for tasting. Come, unkenneled vermin!"

"I'm Master Anthony, friend. If thou lackest knowledge, go ask Hodge with the horses at the back gate."

"Then what be'st thou for i' the pear-tree?—Na, na! Master Anthony is gone home a great while back. He's to marry young mistress i' the morn, an' we're getting drunk by participation.—There's for thee; I talks like o'ud Daniel the schoolmaster."

Sorely discomposed with the infliction of this vile contumely, Anthony was forced to descend. Nothing, however, would convince the clowns of their mistake. He showed them his glossy raiment; but their intellects were too confused for so nice a discrimination; they consequently resolved to hold him in durance until the morrow, when their master would bring him to account for this invasion of his territory. But who shall depict the horror and consternation of the unhappy lover, on finding them seriously bent on his incarceration in a filthy den, used heretofore as a receptacle for scraps and lumber, near the stables. Remonstrance, entreaty, threats, solicitations, were equally unavailing. He demanded an audience with the justice.

"Thee'll get it soon enough, I warrant thee. And thee may think well o' the stocks; but th' pillory is no more than I'll be bound for. The last we caught, Jem Sludge, we belaboured in such fashion, as I verily think he waur more like a middin' nor a man when he got his neck out o' th' collar.—Come along—it's not to th' gallows, this bout, my pretty bird.—Lend him a whack behind, Dan, if he do not mend his pace."

A rude blow was here administered to the unfortunate captive. He cried out lustily for help; but the enquirers from the hall made merry at his captivity, rejoicing that the thief was now safely in the trap.

On the following morning, the eventful day of his daughter's bridal, the justice rose earlier than he was wont. His features wore a tinge of anxiety, as he paced the room with sharp and irregular footsteps. Suddenly he was disturbed by approaching voices, and a sort of suppressed bustle along the passage. On opening the door, he saw Daniel and his doughty companion, Barnaby, whose red eyes and hollow cheeks betokened their too familiar indulgence in past festivities.

"We've caught him at last, master."

"Who?—What dost stand agape, for?"

"Why—a rogue 'at was robbing the gardens."

"A murrain light on both of ye!—I cannot be chafed with such like matters now."

"But, your worship," cautiously spake Dan, "he be the most comical thing you ever clapped eyes on. He says he be Master Anthony, your worship's new son that is to be to-day."

"How sayest thou?—I think thy wits are the worse for bibbing o' yesternight."

"Nay, your worship's grace, but we'll e'en fetch him. He's pranked out gaily; and a gay bird he be for your honour's cage."

Two or three domestics now entered, leading in their prisoner. His woe-begone looks were angrily bent on his conductors. He shook off their grasp, approaching the owner of the mansion where he had been so evil-entreated. His hair, released from its bonds, dangled in primeval disorder above his shoulders. His goodly raiment, no longer hidden, was rumpled and soiled, like the finery of a stage wardrobe.

"How now, braggart?—What evil occupation brings thee about my house?—What unlucky hankering, sirrah, brings thee, I say, a robbing of my grounds and poultry-yards? Methinks thou hast but a sorry employment for thy gingerbread coat."

"I came, sir, to wed your daughter," replied Anthony, simpering, and with great modesty.

"My daughter," cried Anderton, in a voice of thunder; "and pray may I enquire to whom I am beholden for this favour?"

"To Master Anthony Hardcastle," said the lover, drawing himself up proudly, and casting a glance of triumph and defiance at his tormentors.

"Whew!" cried the other; "why, Master Anthony is no more like thee, thou tod-pate, than thou to St. George, or the dragon of Wauley.—A rare device, truly—a cunning plot—a stage-trick to set the mob agape!—Why, thou puny-legged Tamburlane—thou ghost of an Alexander!—how darest thou confront me thus?—Now, i' lady, but I've a month's mind to belabour the truth out o' thee with a weapon something tough and crabb'd i' the tasting."

Anthony's face lengthened inordinately at this unexpected rebuke, and a latent whimper qui-

vered about the corners of his pale and pearly mouth. Sobs and protestations were useless; there seemed a base conspiracy to rob him even of his name and identity. He vowed, that the period of his proscription being past, Kate was hourly expecting him, and his appearance overnight was but to execute a little stratagem for her surprise. This explanation but served to aggravate; and in vain did he solicit an interview with the lady, promising to abide by her decision.

"Why, look thee," said the justice; "Anthony Hardcastle, whom thy lying tongue and figure most wofully defame, hath been our guest oftentimes during the past month, and truly his gallant bearing and disposition have well won my consent. No marvel at my daughter's love!—But thou!—had she stooped from her high bearing to such carrion, I'd have wrung your necks round with less compunction than those of two base-bred kestrels."

Anthony was dumb with astonishment. The whole transaction had the aspect of some indistinct and troubled dream, or rather some delusion of the arch enemy, to entangle and perplex him. At this moment tripped in the pert maiden, whose share in the machinations we before intimated. She looked on the bewildered lover with a sly glance. Craving permission to speak, she said—

"'Tis even so, your worship; this interloper is none other than the very person he represents; and here come those who will give the riddle its proper answer."

Immediately came in the blushing Kate, led by a tall and comely gentleman, whom her father recognised as the real Anthony.

"We come but to crave your blessing," said this personage, bending gracefully on his knee, whilst Kate seized the hand of her parent.

"Forgive this deceit!" she looked imploringly at the old man, who seemed too astonished to reply. "It was but to win my father's knowledge and esteem for the man to whom my vows are for ever plighted."

"Nay, start not," said the bridegroom; "I but borrowed this ill-used gentleman's name, as I knew none other mode of access to your presence than the disguise that his *suit* afforded; and from him I now crave forgiveness."

"And I knew," said Kate glancing round towards the real Anthony, "that the man of my choice would be yours, could I but contrive you should hold a fair judgment between them, as you now do this day."

A reconciliation was the result; but, ere a "little month was old," were seen at the same altar, and with the same object, Master Anthony Hardcastle and Mistress Bridget Allport.

THE OAKS.

BY KORNER.

'Tis evening; all is hush'd and still;
The sun sets bright in ruddy sheen,
As here I sit, to muse at will,
Beneath these oaks' umbrageous screen;
While wand'ring thoughts my fancy fill
With dreams of life when fresh and green,
And visions of the olden time
Revive in all their pomp and shine.

While time hath call'd the brave away,
And swept the lovely to the tomb;
As yonder bright but fading ray
Is quench'd amid the twilight gloom:
Yet ye are kept from all decay,
For still unburt and fresh ye bloom,
And seem to tell in whispering breath,
That greatness still survives in death!

And ye survive!—'mid change severe,
Each aged stem but stronger grows,
And not a pilgrim passes here,
But seeks beneath your shade repose.
And if your leaves, when dry and aere,
Fall fast at Autumn's wintry close,
Yet every falling leaf shall bring
Its vernal tribute to the spring.

Thou native oak, thou German tree,
Fit emblem too of German worth!
Type of a nation brave and free,
And worthy of their native earth!
Ah! what avails to think on thee,
Or on the times when thou hadst birth?
Thou German race, the noblest eye of all,
Thine oaks still stand, while thou, alas! must fall.

SHALL I, LIKE A HERMIT.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I like a hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it, where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be.

Were her tresses angel gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And with little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be.

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hairs or precious eyes;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manners' sake;
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be.

No, she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show,
Warning but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire by burning too;
But when she by chance hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whoso'er she be.

THE POLE.

It was in the early part of the month of February, of the year 1831, near the close of day, that a travelling caleche, coming from Rome, was seen approaching, at full gallop, towards Mola di Gaeta. The road leading to the inn is rocky and narrow; on one side is an orange grove, extending to the sea; on the other an old Roman wall, overgrown by blossoming shrubs, enormous aloes, floating tangles of vines, and a thousand species of parasite plants peculiar to the South. Scarcely had the caleche entered this defile, when the careless postilion drove one of the wheels over a protruding ledge of rock, and overturned it; and in the next moment a crowd of people came running to the spot. Not one of them, however, thought of relieving the traveller within the fallen vehicle; but, with violent gestures, and loud outcries, began to examine what damage the caleche had sustained, and what profit they might derive from it. The wheelwright declared every wheel was shattered; the carpenter that the shafts were splintered; whilst the blacksmith passing and re-passing under the carriage, tugged at every clamp and screw and nail, with all the violence necessary to ensure himself a handsome job. The traveller it contained having quietly disengaged himself from various cloaks, books, and maps, now slowly descended, and for a moment the busy crowd forgot their restlessness, to gaze with admiration upon the noble figure of the stranger. He seemed to be scarcely two-and-twenty. In stature he was sufficiently tall to give an idea of superiority to his fellow mortals; and his form was moulded in such perfect proportions, that it presented a rare combination of youthful lightness and manly strength. His countenance, had you taken from it its deep thoughtfulness, and its expression of calm, intrepid bravery, might have belonged to the most lovely woman, so transparently blooming was his complexion, so regular his features, so blond and luxuriant his hair. Of all those present, he seemed the least concerned at the accident; he neither looked at the caleche, nor paid any attention to the offers of service that were screamed from a dozen mouths; but, drawing out his watch, asked his servant if the carriage was broken.

"Pann,* the shafts are snapt, two of the springs are injured, and the linch pin has flown."

"How long will it take to repair them?"

"Twenty-four hours."

"It is now four o'clock. See that every thing be in order again by to-morrow's day-break."

"Pann, with these lazy Italians, I fear it will be impossible ***."

"Ya paswalam,"† replied the traveller, coldly, but decidedly. "Pay double—triple—what you will, but let all be ready for the hour I have mentioned."

Without another word, he walked towards the inn, followed by the crowd, teasing for alms. A few seconds ago, they had all been active and healthy beings, so full of employment they could not afford to mend his caleche, unless tempted by some extraordinary reward: now the men declared themselves cripples and invalids, the children were orphans, the women helpless widows, and they would all die of hunger if his Eccellenza did not bestow a few *grani*. "What a tedious race!" exclaimed the traveller, casting a handful of coins upon the ground, which caused a general scramble, and enabled him to proceed unmolested. At the inn new torments awaited him; a fresh crowd, composed of the landlord, the landlady, and their waiters and hostlers, gathered round, and assailed him with innumerable questions. The landlord hoped none of his limbs were broken, and begged him to consider himself master of the house; the waiters desired to know at what hour he would sup, what fare he chose, how long he intended to stay, where he came from, whither he was going; and the landlady led him, ostentatiously, through all the rooms of the inn, expatiating endlessly upon the peculiar and indescribable advantages of each. Ineffably weary of their officiousness, the traveller at last traversed a long and spacious hall, and took refuge in a balcony that looked upon the bay of Gaeta.

The inn is built upon the site of Cicero's Villa. Beneath the balcony, and on each side, along the whole curve of the bay, stretched a thick grove of orange-trees, which sloped down to the very verge of the Mediterranean. Balls of golden fruit, and blossoms faint with odour, and fair as stars, studded this amphitheatre of dark foliage; and at its extremity the liquid light of the waves pierced the glossy leaves, mingling their blue splendour with earth's green paradise. Every rock and mountain glowed with a purple hue, so intense and soft, they resembled violet vapours dissolving into the pale radiance of the evening sky. Far away in the deep broad flood of the ocean, rose the two mountain islands of Ischia and Procida, between which Vesuvius thrust in his jagged form, and his floating banner of snow-white smoke. The solitary heaven was without sun or moon, without a star or cloud, but smiled in that tender vestal light, which speaks of eternal, immutable peace.

It would be difficult to define the feelings of the traveller as he gazed on this scene: his countenance, uplifted to heaven, was animated with a profound and impassioned melancholy, with an expression of an earnest and fervid pleading against some vast and inevitable wrong. He was thinking probably of his country; and whilst he contrasted its ruined villages and devastated fields with the splendour and glow of the fair land before him, was breathing inwardly a passionate appeal against that blind and cruel

* My Lord, in Polish.

† I will, in Polish.

destiny which had consigned Poland to the desolating influence of Russian despotism. His reverie was interrupted by the sound of a female voice singing in Polish among the orange trees at his feet. The singer was invisible; but the sweetness of her voice, and the singular reference of the words (the following prose translation conveys their meaning) to the thoughts of his own mind, filled the traveller with surprise:

"When thou gazest upon the azure heaven, so mighty in its calm, do not say, O bright enchantment, hast thou no pity that thou dawnest thus in unattainable loveliness upon my world-wearied eyes.

"When the southern wind softly breathes, do not say reproachfully, thy cradle is the ether of the morning sun, thou drinkest the odorous essence of myrtle and lemon blossoms; thou should'st bear upon thy wings all sweet emotions, all soft desires; why bringest thou then no healing to the anguish I endure?"

"Neither in the dark hour, when thou thinkest upon thy country and thy friends, say not with grief, They are lost! They are not! Say rather with joy, They were illustrious, and it is bliss to know that they have been!"

It were wise in me to obey thy lesson, sweet songstress, thought the traveller; and, revolving in his mind the singularity of the serenade, he continued to gaze upon the trees below: there was no rustling amid their branches, no sound which told a human being was concealed beneath their foliage; nothing was heard beyond the almost imperceptible breathings of the evening air. Did such things exist any where but in the imagination of the poet? He could almost have believed that the spirit of that divine scene had assumed a human voice and human words, to soothe his melancholy, so floating and airy had been the strain, so deep the silence that succeeded it. One moment more, and there arose from the same spot cries for help, uttered in Italian, and shrieks of distress, so piercing, they made the traveller fly with the speed of lightning through the great hall, down the staircase into the garden. The first object that met his eyes was the figure of a girl about sixteen, her one arm tightly embracing the stem of a tree, her other angrily repelling a young man who was endeavouring to drag her away. "I will not go with you—I love you no longer, Giorgio—and go with you, I will not," shrieked the girl, in tones of mingled violence and fear. "You must—you shall," retorted her aggressor, in a voice of thunder. "I have found you again, and I won't be duped by your fooleries, Marietta * * * * * And who are you, and who begged you to interfere?" added he, turning fiercely upon the traveller, whose strong grasp had torn him from Marietta. "An officer, as it should seem by your dress;—be pleased to know that I am also an officer, and risk my displeasure no further."

"No officer would ill-treat a defenceless girl," the Pole replied, with quiet contempt.

At this taunt Giorgio quivered with rage. His

features, handsome and regular as those of Italians generally are, became quite distorted. His hands, with convulsive movements, sought about his breast for the dagger that was concealed there, his dark flashing eyes fixed intently at the same time upon his adversary, as if he hoped the fiendish spirit that burned within them might previously annihilate him.

"Be on your guard—he is a perfect wretch," cried Marietta, rushing towards her protector.

The arrival of several servants from the inn dispelled all idea of present danger: they dragged off Giorgio, telling him that, although the girl was his sister, he had no right to separate her from the *corps d'opera*, with whom she was travelling through Gaeta.

"*E vero, e verissimo*," cried Marietta with joyful triumph. "What is it to him if I like my liberty, and prefer wandering about, singing here and there, to being his unhappy par—"

"Marietta! beware! dare not to speak ill of me!" screamed the retiring Giorgio, looking back over his shoulder, and accompanying his words with a look of such frightful menace, as completely subdued his sister.

She watched in anxious silence till he had disappeared, and then, with affectionate humility and a graceful quickness that allowed not of its prevention, knelt lightly down, and pressed the stranger's hand to her lips. "You have more than repaid me for the song I sang to you," she said, rising and leading the way to the inn, "and, if you like it, I will sing others to you, whilst you sup."

"Are you a Pole?" enquired the traveller. "A fine demand! how can I be a Pole? Did you not say yourself there was no longer any such country as Poland?"

"I? not that I recollect."

"If you did not say it, confess, at least, that you thought it. The Poles are all become Russians, and for nothing in the world, Signor, would I be a Russian. Why, in all their language they have no word that expresses *honour*.* No, rather than be a Russian, much as I hate it, I would go with Giorgio."

"Are you an Italian?"

"No—not exactly."

"What are you, then?"

"Um! I am what I am, who can be more? But, Signor, one thing I must beg of you, do not ask me any questions about myself, nor any about Giorgio. I will sing to you, talk to you, wait upon you—any thing of that kind you please, but I will not answer questions on those subjects."

Seating herself upon a stool, in a dark corner of the traveller's apartment, as far removed as possible from him, and all other interruptions, Marietta passed the evening in playing on her guitar and singing. She was a most accomplished singer, possessing and managing all the intricacies of the art, with perfect ease, but this scarcely excited admiration in comparison with the natu-

*This is true. The Russian language is without that word.

ral beauty of her voice. There was a profound melancholy in its intense sweetness, that dissolved the soul of the traveller in grief. All that was dear to him in the memory of the past, the joys of home and childhood, the tenderness and truth of his first friendships, the glow of patriotism; every cherished hour, every endeared spot, all that he had loved, and all that he had lost upon earth, seemed again to live and again to fade, as he listened to her strains. Without paying any attention to him, and apparently without any effort to herself, she breathed forth melody after melody for her own pleasure, like some lone nightingale, that, in a home of green leaves, sings to cheer its solitude with sweet sounds. Her countenance and figure would have been beautiful, had they been more fully developed. They resembled those sketches of a great artist, in which there are only a few lightly-traced lines, but those are so full of spirit and meaning, that you easily imagine what a masterpiece it would have been when finished.

The first visit of our traveller, on arriving, next day, at Naples, was to the Princess Dashkoff. She was a Russian lady, whose high birth, immense wealth, and talents for intrigue, had procured for her the intimacy of half the crowned heads of Europe, and had made her all powerful at the Court of St. Petersburg. Detesting the cold barbarism of her native country, she had established herself at Naples, in a splendid mansion, near the Strada Nuova; and affecting an extravagant admiration for Italy, by her munificent patronage of the arts and artists, and by perpetual exhibitions of her own skill, in drawing and singing, dancing and acting, had obtained the name of the Corinna of the North. Her *salon* was the evening resort of the wise, the idle, the witty and the dissipated. Not to know Corinna, was to be yourself unknown; and not to frequent her *conversazioni* was, as far as society was concerned, to be banished from all that was fashionable or delightful in Naples.

It was the hour of evening reception. The Pole burned with impatience to speak to the Princess, for on her influence at Petersburg, depended the fate of a brother, the only being in existence he now cared for. A splendid suite of apartments, blazing with lights, crowded with company, and furnished with the munificence of an Eastern harem, lay open before him; without allowing himself to be announced, he entered them. When an highly imaginative mind is absorbed by some master feeling, all opposing contrasts, all glowing extremes, serve but to add depth and intensity to that feeling. The festal scene of marble columns, garlanded by roses, the walls of Venetian mirror, reflecting the light of innumerable tapers, and the forms of lovely women and gay youths floating in the mazy dance, seemed to him deceitful shows that veiled some frightful sorrow; and with eager, rapid steps, as if borne along by the impulse of his own thoughts, he hurried past them. Scarcely knowing how he had arrived there, he at length found himself standing beside the Princess, in a

marble colonnade, open above to the moonlight and the stars of heaven, and admitting at its sides the odorous air and blossoming almond-trees of the adjacent garden.

"Ladislas!" exclaimed the lady, starting, "is it possible—to see you here almost exceeds belief."

After remaining some moments in deep silence, collecting and arranging his thoughts, the Pole replied. A conversation ensued, in so low a voice as to be only audible to themselves; from their attitudes and gestures it might be inferred that Ladislas was relating some tale of deep anguish, mixed with solemn and impressive adjurations to which the Princess listened with a consenting tranquilizing sympathy.

They issued from the recess, walked up the colonnade, and entered a small temple that terminated it. From the centre of its airy dome hung a lighted alabaster lamp of a boat-like shape, beneath which a youthful female was seated alone sketching a range of moonlight hills that appeared between the columns.

"Idalie," said the Princess, "I have brought you a new subject for your pencil—and such a subject, my love—one whose fame has already made him dear to your imagination; no less a person than the hero of Ostralenka,* the Vistula, and the Belvedere.† So call up one of those brightest happiest moods of your genius, in which all succeeds to you, and enrich my album with his likeness," spreading it before her.

It is difficult to refuse any request to a person who has just granted us an important favour. Ladislas suffered himself to be seated, and as soon as the Princess had quitted them, the gloom which had shadowed his brow at the names of Ostralenka, the Vistula and the Belvedere, vanished. The surpassing beauty of the young artist would have changed the heaviest penance into a pleasure. She was lovely as one of Raphael's Madonnas; and, like them, there was a silent beauty in her presence that struck the most superficial beholder with astonishment and satisfaction. Her hair, of a golden and burnished brown, (the colour of the autumnal foliage, illuminated by the setting sun,) fell in gauzy wavings round her face, throat, and shoulders. Her small clear forehead, gleaming with gentle thought;

*At Ostralenka, the Russian and Polish armies were in sight of one another. The destruction of the Poles seemed inevitable; not expecting the attack, their lines were not formed, and the Russians were triple in number, and advancing in the most perfect order. In this emergency, three hundred students from the University of Warsaw drew hastily up in a body, and, devoting themselves willingly to death, marched forward to meet the onset of the enemy. They were headed by a young man who distinguished himself by the most exalted courage, and was the only one of their numbers who escaped. He stationed his band in a small wood that lay directly in the path of the Russians, and checked their progress for the space of three hours. Every tree of that wood now waves above a patriot's grave. In the meantime the Polish army formed, bore down, and gained a most brilliant victory.

†The palace at Warsaw, in which the attempt to assassinate the Grand Duke Constantine was made by a party of young men.

her curved, soft, and rosy lips; the delicate moulding of the lower part of the face, expressing purity and integrity of nature, were all perfectly Grecian. Her hazel eyes, with their arched lids and dark arrowy lashes, pierced the soul with their full and thrilling softness. She was clad in long and graceful drapery, white as snow; but, pure as this garment was, it seemed a rude disguise to the resplendent softness of the limbs it enfolded. The delicate light that gleamed from the alabaster lamp above them, was a faint simile of the ineffable spirit of love that burned within Idalie's fair transparent frame; and the one trembling, shining star of evening that palpitates responsively to happy lovers, never seemed more divine or more beloved than she did to Ladislas, as she sat there, now fixing a timid but attentive gaze upon his countenance, and then dropping it upon the paper before her. And not alone for Ladislas, was this hour the dawn of passionate love. The same spell was felt in the heart of Idalie, veiling the world and lifting her spirit into vast and immeasurable regions of unexplored delight. One moment their eyes met and glanced upon each other, the look of exalted, of eternal love, mute, blessed, and inexpressible. Their lids fell and were raised no more. Rapture thrilled their breasts and swelled their full hearts, a rapture felt but not seen; for motionless, and in deep silence, as if every outward faculty were absorbed in reverence, they continued, each inwardly knowing, hearing, seeing nothing but the divine influence and attraction of the other.

I know not if the portrait was finished. I believe it was not. Noiselessly Idalie arose and departed to seek the Princess, and Ladislas followed. "Who is that lovely being?" enquired an English traveller sometime afterward, pointing out Idalie from a group of ladies. "A Polish girl—a protegee of mine," was the reply of the Princess; "a daughter of one of Kosciusko's unfortunate followers, who died here poor and unknown. She has a great genius for drawing and painting, but she is so different in her nature from the generality of people, that I am afraid she will never get on in the world. All the family are wild and strange. There is a brother, who they say is a complete ruffian; brave as a Pole, and unprincipled as an Italian; a villain quite varnished in picturesque, like one of your Lord Byron's corsairs and gjaours. Then there is a younger sister; the most uncontrollable little creature, who chose to pretend my house was insupportable, and ran away into Calabria or Campagna, and set up as a *prima donna*. But these, to be sure, are the children of a second wife, an Italian; and Idalie, I must confess, has none of their lawlessness, but is remarkably gentle and steady."

Disgusted with this heartless conversation, which disturbed his mood of ecstasy, Ladislas hastily quitted the Dashkoff palace, and entered the Villa Reale, whose embowering trees promised solitude. Not one straggler of the many gay crowds that frequent this luxurious garden from morning till midnight was now to be seen.

With its straight walks buried in gloom and shadow; its stone founts of sleeping water; its marble statues, its heaven-pointing obelisks, and the tingling silence of its midnight air, it was holy and calm as a deserted oratory, when the last strain of the vesper hymn has died away, the last taper has ceased to burn, the last censer has been flung, and both priests and worshippers have departed. Ladislas cast himself upon a stone seat, in the ilex-grove that skirts the margin of the bay. "I dreamt not of love," he exclaimed, "I sought her not! I had renounced life and all its train of raptures, hopes, and joys. Cold, and void of every wish, the shadow of death lay upon my heart; suddenly she stood before me, lovely as an angel that heralds departed spirits to the kingdom of eternal bliss. Fearless, but mild, she poured the magic of her gaze upon my soul. I speak the word of the hour. She shall be mine—or I will die!"

Reclining in the ilex-grove, Ladislas passed the remaining hours of that too-short night, entranced in bliss as if the bright form of his beloved were still shining beside him. Gradually, every beauty of the wondrous and far-famed bay of Naples impressed itself upon his attention. The broad and beamless moon sinking behind the tall elms of Posylippo—the broken star-light on the surface of the waves—their rippling sound as they broke at his feet—Sorrento's purple promontory, and the gentle wind that blew from it—the solitary grandeur of Capri's mountain-island, rising out of the middle of the bay, a colossal sphinx guarding two baths of azure light—Vesuvius, breathing its smoke, and flame, and sparks, into the cloudless ether—all became mingled in inexplicable harmony with his new born passion, and were indelibly associated with his recollection of that night.

The next morning Idalie was sketching in the Villa Reale. She had seated herself on the outside of a shady alley. Two persons passed behind her, and the childish, petulant voice of one of them drew her attention. That voice, so sweet, even in its impatience, certainly belonged to her fugitive sister. "It is she!" exclaimed Idalie, gliding swift as thought between the trees, and folding the speaker to her bosom. "Marietta—my dear little Marietta! at last you are come back again. *Cattivella!* now promise to stay with me. You know not how miserable I have been about you."

"No! I cannot promise any thing of the kind," replied Marietta, playing with the ribbons of her guitar. "I choose to have my liberty."

Idalie's arms sunk, and her eyes were cast upon the ground, when she heard the cold and decided tone in which this refusal was pronounced. On raising the latter, they glanced upon the companion of her sister, and were filled with unconquerable emotion at discovering Ladislas, the elected of her heart.

"I met your sister here a few minutes ago," explained he, partaking her feelings; "and having been so fortunate the other day as to render her a slight service—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Marietta; "I sung for him a whole evening at Gaeta. It was a curious adventure. His carriage was overturned close to the inn. I had arrived there half an hour before, and was walking in an orange-grove near the spot, and saw the accident happen, and heard him speak in Polish to his servant. My heart beat with joy to behold one belonging to that heroic nation. He looked wondrous melancholy: I thought it must be about his country, so I crept as softly as a mouse among the trees under his balcony, and sung him a salve-song in Polish. I *improvised* it on the spur of the moment. I do not very well recollect it, but it was about azure heavens, southern winds, myrtle and lemon blossoms, and the illustrious unfortunate; and it ought to have pleased him. Just as I had finished, out starts our blessed brother, Giorgio, from the inn, and began one of his most terrific bothers. Imagine how frightened I was, for I thought he was gone to Sicily with his regiment. However, they got him away, and I followed this stranger into his room, and sang to him the rest of the evening. All my best songs, the *Mio ben quando verra*, *Nina pazza per amore*, the *All' armi* of Genrali, the *Dolce cara patria*, from Tancredi, the *Deh calma* from Otello—all my whole stock, I assure you." Thus rattled on Marietta; and then, as if her quick eye had already discovered the secret of their attachment, she added, with an arch smile, "but don't be frightened, Idalie, though his eyes filled with tears whilst I sung, as your's often do, not a word of praise did the Sarmatian bestow on me."

"Then return and live with me, dear Marietta, and I will praise you as much, and more than you desire."

"*Santa Maria del Pie di Grotta!* What a tiresome person you are, Idalie. When you have got an idea into your head, an earthquake would not get it out again. Have I not told you that I will not. If you knew the motive, you would approve my resolution.—I said I liked my liberty, and so forth, but that was not the reason of my flight. I do not choose to have any thing to do with Giorgio and the Princess; for, believe me, dearest Idalie, disgraceful as my present mode of life seems to you, it is innocence itself, compared with the crimes they were leading me into."

"Some suspicion of this did once cross my mind," her sister replied, with a sigh, "but I rejected it as too horrible. Dear child, think no more about them. Do you not know that I have left the Princess' house, and am living by myself in a little pavilion, far up on the Strada Nuova. There you need not fear their molestations."

"Is not Giorgio, then, with you?"

"No, I have not seen him for some time. I doubt if he be in Naples."

"So, Messer Giorgio, you have deceived me again. But I might have known that, for he never speaks a word of truth. Be assured, however, he is in Naples, for I caught a glimpse of him this morning, mounting the hill that leads to the barracks at Pizzofalcone, and he is as in-

timate with the Princess as ever, though she pretends to disown him. As for me, I am engaged at San Carlos; the writing is signed and sealed, and cannot be broken, without forfeiting a heavy sum of money; otherwise I should be happy to live peacefully with you; for you know not, Idalie, all I have had to suffer; how sad and ill-treated I have been! how often pinched with want and hunger; and worse than that, when Giorgio takes it into his head to pursue me, and plants himself in the pit, fixing his horrible looks upon me as I sing! how many times I have rushed out of the theatre, and spent the nights in the great wide Maremma, beset by robbers, buffaloes, and wild boars, till I was almost mad with fear and bewilderment. There is a curse upon our family, I think. Did not our father once live in a splendid castle of his own, with an hundred retainers to wait upon him; and do you remember the miserable garret in which he died? But I cannot stay any longer. I am wanted at the rehearsal: so, farewell, dearest Idalie. Be you at least happy, and leave me to fulfil the evil destiny that hangs over our race."

"No! no!" exclaimed Ladislas, "that must not be—the writing must be cancelled,"—and then, with the affection and unreserve of a brother, he entered into their sentiments; with sweet and persuasive arguments overcame their scruples of receiving a pecuniary obligation from him, and finally, taking Marietta by the hand, led her away to San Carlos, in order to cancel her engagement.

And in another hour it was cancelled. Marietta was once more free and joyful; and, affectionate as old friends, the three met again in the little pavilion, which was Idalie's home. It stood alone in a myrtle wood, on the last of the green promontories, which form the Strada Nuova, and separate the Bay of Naples from the Bay of Baia—a lonely hermitage, secluded from the noise and turmoil of the city, whose only visitors were the faint winds of morning and evening, the smiles of the fair Italian heaven, its wandering clouds, and perchance, a solitary bird. From every part of the building you could see the Baian Ocean, sparkling breathlessly beneath the sun; through the windows and the columns of the portico you beheld the mountains of the distant coast shining on, hour after hour, like amethysts in a thrilling vapour of purple transparent light, so ardent, yet halcyon, so bright and unreal, a poet would have chosen it to emblem the radiant atmosphere that glows around Elysium isles of eternal peace and joy. Marietta soon left the building to join some fisher boys who were dancing the tarentalla upon the beach below. Idalie took her drawing, which was her daily employment, and furnished her the means of subsistence, and Ladislas sat by her side. There was no sound of rolling carriages, no tramp of men and horse, no distant singing, no one speaking near; the wind awoke no rustling amid the leaves of the myrtle wood, and the wave died without a murmur on the shore. Ladislas' deep but melodious voice alone broke the crystal silence of the noon-day air.

Italy was around him, robed in two splendours of blue and green; but he was an exile, and the recollections of his native land thronged into his memory, and oppressed him with their numbers and their life. During the three months it had taken him to effect his escape from Warsaw to Naples, his lips had been closed in silence, whilst his mind had been wrapt in the gloom of the dreadful images that haunted it. In Idalie's countenance there was that expression of innocence and sublimity of soul, of purity and strength, that excited the warmest admiration, and inspired sudden and deep confidence. She looked like some supernatural being that walks through the world, untouched by its corruptions; like one that unconsciously, yet with delight, confers pleasure and peace; and Ladislas felt that, in speaking to her of the dark sorrows of his country, they would lose their mortal weight and be resolved into beauty, by her sympathy. In glowing terms he described the heroic struggle of Poland for liberty; the triumph and exultation that had filled every bosom during the few months they were free; the hardships and privations they had endured, the deeds of daring bravery of the men, the heroism it had awakened in the women; and then its fall—the return of the Russians; the horrible character of Russian despotism, its sternness and deceit, its pride and selfish ignorance: the loss of public and private integrity, the disbelief of good, the blighted, hopeless, joyless life, endured by those whom it crushes beneath its servitude.

Thus passed the hours of the forenoon. Then Ladislas fixing his eyes upon the coast of Baia, and expressing, at the same time, his impatience to visit that ancient resort of heroes and of emperors, Idalie led the way by a small path down the hill to the beach. There they found a skiff dancing idly to and fro upon the waves, and unmooring it from its rocky haven, embarked in it. It had been sweet to mark the passage of that light bark freighted with these happy lovers, when borne by its sails it swept through the little ocean-channel that lies between the beaked promontories of the mainland and the closing cliffs of the island of Nisida; and when, with gentler motion it glided into the open expanse of the bay of Baia, and cut its way through the translucent water, above the ruins of temples and palaces overgrown by sea-weed, on which the rays of the sun were playing, creating a thousand rainbow hues, that varied with every wave that flowed over them. In all that plain of blue light it was the only moving thing; and, as if it had been the child of the ocean that bore it, and the sun that looked down on it, it sped gaily along in their smiles past the fortress where Brutus and Cassius sought shelter after the death of Cæsar; past the temples of Jupiter and Neptune; by the ruins of that castle in which three Romans once portioned out the world between them, to the Cumean hill that enshadows the beloved Linturnum of Scipio Africanus, and in which he died. The whole of this coast is a paradise of natural beauty, investing with its own loveliness the time-eaten wrecks

with which it is strewn; the mouldering past is mingled with the vivid present; ruin and grey annihilation are decked in eternal spring. The woody windings of the shore reveal, in their deep recesses, the gleaming marble fragments of the abodes of ancient heroes: the verdurous hues of the promontories mingle with the upright columns of shattered temples, or clothe, with nature's voluptuous bloom, the pale funereal urns of departed gods; whilst the foliage, and the inland fountains, and the breaking waves upon the shore, were murmuring around their woven minstrelsy of love and joy. Earth, sea, and sky, blazed like three gods, with tranquil but animated loveliness; with a splendour that did not dazzle—with a richness that could not satiate. The air on that beautiful warm coast was as a field of fragrance; the refreshing sea-breeze seemed to blow from Paradise, quickening their senses, and bringing to them the odour of a thousand unknown blossoms. "What world is this?" exclaimed Ladislas in a tone of rapture that nearly answered its own question. "I could imagine I had entered an enchanted garden; four heavens surround me: the one above; the pure element beneath me, with its waves that shine and tremble as stars; the adorned earth that hangs over it; and the heaven of delight they create within my breast. 'Morning is here a rose, day a tulip, night a lily; evening is, like morning, again a rose, and life seems a choral-hymn of beautiful and glowing sentiments, that I go singing to myself as I wander along this perpetual path of flowers.'"

It was night ere they again reached the pavilion. It stood dark and deserted in the clear moonshine; the door was locked; the windows and their outer shutters had been closed from within, so securely as to deny all admittance, unless by breaking them open, which the solid nature of the shutters rendered almost impossible. After calling and knocking repeatedly, without obtaining any answer, it became evident that Marietta had quitted the dwelling. In the first moment of surprise which this occurrence occasioned, they had not observed a written sheet of paper, of a large size, which lay unfolded and placed directly before the door, as if to attract attention. Idalie took it up and read the following lines, traced by Marietta:

"Oh, Idalie! what a fiendish thing is life. But a few hours ago, how calm and secure we were in happiness—now danger, and, perhaps, destruction is our portion. One chance yet remains, the moment you get this, persuade—not only persuade—but compel—that adorable stranger to fly instantly from Naples. He is not safe here an instant longer. Do not doubt what I say, or his life may be the forfeit. How can I impress this on your mind. I would not willingly betray any one, but how else can I save him? Giorgio has been here. Oh! the frightful violence of that man. He raved like an insane person, and let fall such dark and bloody hints as opened worlds of horror to me, I am gone to discover what I can. I know his haunts, and his associates,

and shall soon find out if there be any truth in what he threatens. I could not await your return, neither dare I leave the pavilion open. Who knows if, in the interval between my departure and your return, an assassin might not conceal himself within; and your first welcome be to see the stranger fall lifeless at your feet. His every step is watched by spies armed for his destruction. I know not what to do—and yet it seems to me that my going may possibly avert the catastrophe.

MARIETTA."

Ladislas listened to these lines unmoved; but the effect they produced on Idalie was dreadful. She gave implicit credence to them, and every word sounded as a knell. She lost all presence of mind; every reflection that might have taught her to avert the stroke she so much dreaded, was swallowed up in anguish, as if the deed that was to be consummated were already done. What task can be more difficult than to describe the overwhelming agony which heavy and unexpected misery produces. To have lived the day that Idalie had just lived—a day in which all the beauty of existence had been unveiled to its very depths; to have dreamt as she had done, a dream of love that steeped her soul in divine, and almost uncommunicable joy; and now, to sink from this pinnacle of happiness into a black and lampless cavern, the habitation of death, whose spectral form and chilling spirit was felt through all the air! This is but a feeble metaphor of the sudden transition from rapture to misery, which Idalie experienced. She looked upon Ladislas, and beheld him bright and full of life; the roseate hues of health upon his cheek, his eyes beaming with peaceful joy, his noble countenance varying not in the least from that imperturbable and godlike self-possession which was its habitual expression. And as her imagination made present to her the fatal moment, when beneath the dagger of the assassin this adored being should sink bleeding, wounded, and then be ever lost in death, her blood rushed to her heart, a deadly pause ensued, from which she awoke in a bewildering mist of horror. The still air and quiet moonshine to her seemed brooding mischief; a thousand shadows that proceeded from no one, but were the creatures of her distressed brain, flitted around, and filled the empty space of the portico. Poor Idalie! an eternity of bliss would have been dearly bought at the price of that moment's overwhelming anguish! Ladislas beheld her excess of emotion with pain, in which, however, all was not pain, for it was blended with that triumphant exultation, that a lover ever feels when he for the first time becomes assured that he is beloved by the object of his love with an affection tender and intense as his own.

As soon as Idalie recovered some presence of mind, with passionate supplications she entreated Ladislas to leave her, to fly this solitary spot, and to seek safety amid the crowded streets of Naples. He would not hear of this; he gently remonstrated with her upon the unreasonableness of her terrors, urging how little probable it was that his passing rencontre with Giorgio at

Gaeta could have awakened in him such a deadly spirit of revenge as Marietta represented. He viewed the whole thing lightly, attributing it either to the vivacity of Marietta's imagination, which had made her attach a monstrous import to some angry expressions of her brother, or looking upon it as some merry device which she had contrived, in order to frighten them; and tranquillized Idalie, by assurances that they would shortly see her wild sister return laughing, and full of glee at the success of her plot. In this expectation two hours passed away, but still no Marietta appeared, and it had grown too late to seek another shelter, without exposing Idalie to the slander of evil-minded people. They passed the rest of the night, therefore, in the portico, Idalie sometimes pale and breathless, with recurring fears, and sometimes calm and happy, as Ladislas poured forth his tale of passionate love. His feelings, on the contrary, were pure and unalloyed. Where Idalie was, there was the whole universe to him; where she was not, there was only a formless void. He had an insatiable thirst for her presence, which only grew intenser with the enjoyment of its own desire; and he blessed the fortunate occurrence that prolonged his bliss during hours which otherwise would have been spent pining in absence from her. No other considerations intruded. Blessings kindled within his eyes as he gazed upon that lovely countenance and faultless form, and angels might have envied the happiness he felt.

Morning came, bright and serene; the sun arose, the ocean and the mountains again resumed their magic splendour; the myrtle-woods and every minuter bloom of the garden shone out beneath the sun, and the whole earth was a happy form, made perfect by the power of light. They recollected that they had promised to join the Princess Dashkoff, and a large party of her friends, at eight o'clock, in an excursion to Pœstum. The point of meeting was the shore of the Villa Reale, where the numerous guests were to embark in a steamer which had been engaged for the occasion. In Idalie's present homeless and uncertain condition, this plan offered some advantages. It would enable them to pass the day in each other's society, under the auspices of the Princess, and it was to be hoped that, on their return, the mystery of Marietta's disappearance would be unravelled, and Idalie find her home once more open to her. They had scarcely settled to go, ere one of those horse calessini which ply in the streets of Naples, was seen coming towards them. Its driver, a ragged boy, sat on the shaft, singing as he drove; another urchin, all in tatters, stood as lacquy behind, and between them sat Marietta; the paleness of fear was on her cheeks, and her eyes had the staggered, affrighted look of one who has gazed upon some appalling horror. She hastily descended, and bade the calessino retire to some distance, and await further orders. "Why is he yet here?" said she, to her sister. "You foolish, blind Idalie, why did you not mind my letter—too proud, I suppose, to obey any but

yourself; but mark, you would not hear my warnings—we shall lose him, and you will feel them in your heart's core." She then, with all the violent gesticulation of an Italian, threw herself at the feet of Ladislus, and, with a countenance that expressed her own full conviction in what she said, besought him to fly instantly, not only from Naples, but from Italy, for his life would never be safe in that land of assassins and traitors. With entreaties almost as violent as her own, Ladislus and Idalie urged her to explain, but this only threw her into a new frenzy; she wept and tore her hair; she declared the peril was too urgent to admit of explanation—every moment was precious—another hour's stay in Naples would be his death.

The situation of Ladislus was a curious one. He had served in the Russian campaigns against Persia and Turkey, and had been there daily exposed to the chances of destruction; in the late struggle between Poland and Russia, he had performed actions of such determined and daring bravery, as had made his name a glory to his countrymen, and a terror to their enemies. In all these exploits he had devoted himself so unreservedly to death, that his escape was considered as a miraculous interposition of heaven. It was not to be expected that this Mars in a human form, this Achilles who had braved death in a thousand shapes, should now consent to fly before the uplifted finger and visionary warnings of a dream-sick girl, for such Marietta appeared to him to be. He pitied her sufferings, endeavoured to soothe her, but asserted he had seen no reason that could induce him to quit Naples.

A full quarter of an hour elapsed before an explanation could be wrung from Marietta. The chaos that reigned in her mind may easily be imagined. She had become possessed of a secret which involved the life of two persons. Ladislus refused to save himself, unless she revealed what might place her brother's life in jeopardy. Whichever way she looked, destruction closed the view. Nature had bestowed on her a heart exquisitely alive to the sufferings of others; a mind quick in perceiving the nicest lines of moral rectitude, and strenuous in endeavouring to act up to its perceptions. Any deviations in her conduct from these principles had been the work of a fate that, strong and fierce as a tempest, had bent down her weak youth like a reed beneath its force. She had once loved Giorgio; he had played with and caressed her in infancy—with the fond patronage of an elder brother had procured her the only indulgences her orphaned childhood had ever known. Fraternal love called loudly on her not to endanger his life; gratitude as loudly called on her not to allow her benefactor to become his victim. This last idea was too horrible to be endured. The present moment is ever all-powerful with the young, and Marietta related what she knew.

Well might the poor child be wild and disordered. She had passed the night in the catacombs of San Gennaro, under Capo di Monte. In these subterranean galleries were held the

nightly meetings of the band of desperate *bravi* of whom Giorgio was in secret the chief. The entrance to the catacombs is in a deserted vineyard, and is overgrown by huge aloes: rooted in stones and sharp rocks, they lift their thorny leaves above the opening, and conceal it effectually. A solitary fig-tree, that grows near, renders the spot easily recognisable by those already acquainted with the secret. The catacombs themselves are wide winding caves, the burial-place of the dead of past ages. Piles of human bones, white and bleached by time, are heaped along the rocky sides of these caverns. In one of these walks, whilst they were friends, Giorgio had shown the place to Marietta. In these days he feared not to entrust his mysterious way of life to her; for although in all common concerns she was wild and untractable, yet in all that touched the interests of those few whom she loved, Marietta was silent and reserved as Epicharis herself. The menaces Giorgio let fall in his visit on the preceding forenoon had excited her highest alarm, and she determined, at any risk, to learn the extent of the danger that hung over the stranger. After waiting in vain for Idalie's return till the close of evening, she had hastened to Capo di Monte, entered the catacombs alone, and, concealed behind a pile of bones, had awaited the arrival of the confederates. They assembled at midnight. Their first subject of consultation was the stranger. Giorgio acquainted them with his history, which he told them had been communicated to him that very morning, by a Russian lady of high consequence, who had likewise charged him with the business he had to unfold to them. He described Ladislus as a fugitive, unprotected by any government; he bore about his person certain papers which had been found in the palace of Warsaw, and were the confidential communications of the Russian Autocrat to his brother, the Viceroy of Poland, and were of such a nature as to rouse all Europe in arms against their writer. These papers had been entrusted to Ladislus, whose intention was to proceed to Paris, and publish them there. Private business, however, of the greatest importance, had forced him to visit Naples before going to Paris. The Russian government had traced him to Naples, and had empowered a certain Russian lady to take any step, or go any lengths, in order to obtain these papers from Ladislus. This lady had made Giorgio her emissary; her name he carefully concealed, but Marietta averred, from his description, that it could be no other than the Princess Daahkhoff. After much consulting among the band, the assassination of the Pole had been decided upon. This seemed to be the only sure method, for he carried the papers ever about his person, was distinguished for his bravery, and, if openly attacked, would resist to the last. Giorgio was no stickler in the means he employed, and told his companions he had the less reason to be so in this case, as he had received assurances from the highest quarter, that his crime should go unpunished, and the reward be enormous. Ladislus was almost un-

known in Naples; the government would not interest itself for a fugitive, without passport, country, or name; and what friends had he here, to inquire into the circumstances of his destruction, or to interest themselves to avenge it?

Such was Marietta's tale, and Ladislas instantly acknowledged the necessity of flight. He was too well acquainted with the perfidy and barbarism of the Russians, to doubt that even a lady of a rank so distinguished as the Princess Dashkoff, might be induced to undertake so foul a task as that attributed to her by Marietta. The worldly and artificial manners of this lady, in an Italian or a French woman, would only have resulted from habits of intrigue; but a Russian, unaccustomed to look on human life as sacred, taught by the government of her own country that cruelty and treachery are venial offences, wholly destitute of a sense of honour, concealed, under such an exterior, vices the most odious, and a callousness to guilt unknown in more civilised lands. Ladislas knew this; and he knew that the badness of the Neapolitan government afforded scope for crime, which could not exist elsewhere; and he felt that, on every account, it were better to withdraw himself immediately from the scene of danger.

While musing on these things, Idalie's beseeching eyes were eloquent in imploring him to fly. He consented; but a condition was annexed to his consent, that Idalie should share his flight. He urged his suit with fervour. It were easy for them, on a very brief notice, to seek the young lady's confessor, induce him to bestow on them the nuptial benediction, and thus to sanctify their departure together. Marietta seconded the young lover's entreaties, and Idalie, blushing and confused, could only reply—"My accompanying you could only increase your danger, and facilitate the bravo's means of tracing you. How could I get a passport? How leave this place?" "I have a plan for all," replied Ladislas; and he then related that the Sully steam-packet lay in the harbour of Naples, ready to sail on the shortest notice; he would engage that for their conveyance, and so speedily bid adieu to the shores of Naples, and all its perils. "But that boat," exclaimed Idalie, "that steam-packet is the very one engaged by the Princess for our excursion to Pœstum, this morning."

This, for a time, seemed to disarrange their schemes, but they considered that no danger could happen to Ladislas, while one of a party of pleasure with the Princess, who from this act of his would be quite unsuspecting of his intended departure. At night, upon their return from Pœstum, when the rest of the party should have disembarked at Naples, Ladislas and Idalie would remain on board, and the vessel immediately commence its voyage for France. This plan thus assumed a very feasible appearance, while Ladislas, in accents of fond reproach asked Idalie wherefore she refused to share his fortunes, and accompany him in his journey; and Marietta, clapping her hands, exclaimed, "She consents! she consents! Do not ask any more, she has

already yielded. We will all return to Naples. Ladislas shall proceed immediately to seek out the captain of the Sully, and arrange all with him; while, without loss of time, we will proceed to the convent of Father Basil, and get every thing ready by the time Ladislas shall join us, which must be with as much speed as he can contrive." Idalie silently acquiesced in this arrangement, and Ladislas kissed her hand with warm and overflowing gratitude. They now contrived to stow themselves in the little calesino, and as they proceeded on their way, Ladislas said: "We seem to have forgotten the future destiny of our dear Marietta, all this time. The friendless condition in which we shall leave her fills me with anxiety. She is the preserver of my life, and we are both under the deepest obligations to her. What shall you do, Marietta, when we are gone?" "Fear not for me," exclaimed the wild girl, "it is necessary I should remain behind to arrange those things which Idalie's sudden departure will leave in sad disorder: but you will see me soon in Paris, for how can I exist apart from my sister?"

When near to Naples, Ladislas alighted from the calesino, and directed his steps towards the port, while the fair girls proceeded on their way to the convent. What the bashful conscious Idalie would have done without her sister's help, it is difficult to guess. Marietta busied herself about all; won over the priest to the sudden marriage, contrived to put up articles of dress for the fair bride's journey, and thinking of every thing, with far more watchfulness and care than if her own fate had depended on the passing hour, seemed the guardian angel of the lovers. Ladislas arrived at the convent; he had been successful with the master of the steam-packet, and all was prepared. Marietta heard this from his own lips, and carried the happy news to Idalie. He did not see her till they met at the altar, where, kneeling before the venerable priest, they were united for ever. And now time, as it sped on, gave them no moment to indulge their various and overpowering feelings. Idalie embraced her sister again and again, and entreating her to join them speedily in Paris, made her promise to write, and then, escorted by her husband, proceeded to the Sully, on board of which most of the party were already assembled.

The smoke lifted its stream of dishevelled tresses to the wind, which was right aft; the engine began to work, and the wheels to run their round. The blue wave was disturbed in its tranquil water, and cast back again in sheeted spray on its brother wave. Farewell to Naples! That Elysian city, as the poet justly calls it; that favourite of sea, and land, and sky. The hills that surround it smooth their rugged summits, and descend into gentle slopes, and opening defiles, to receive its buildings and habitations. Temples, domes, and marble palaces, are ranged round the crescent form of the bay, and above them arise dark masses, and wooded clefts, and fair gardens, whose trees are ever vernal. Before it the mighty sea binds its wild streams, and

smoothes them into gentlest waves, as they kiss the silver, pebbly shore, and linger, with dulcet murmur around the deep-based promontories. The heaven—who has not heard of an Italian heaven?—one intense diffusion, one serene omnipresence, for ever smiling in inextinguishable beauty above the boundless sea, and for ever bending in azure mirth over the flowing outlines of the distant mountains.

The steam-boat proceeded on its equal and swift course along the shores, each varying in beauty, and redolent with sweets. They first passed Castel-a-Mare, and then the abrupt promontories on which Sorrento and ancient Amalfi are situated. The sublimity and intense loveliness of the scene wrapt in delight each bosom, not inaccessible to pure and lofty emotions. The hills, covered with ilex, dark laurel, and bright-leaved myrtle, were mirrored in the pellucid waves, which the lower branches caressed and kissed as the winds waved them. Behind arose other hills, also covered with wood; and, more distant, forming the grand back-ground, was sketched the huge ridge of lofty Appennines, which extends even to the foot of Italy. Still proceeding on their way to Pæstum, they exchanged the rocky beach for a low and dreary shore. The dusky mountains retired inland, and leaving a waste, the abode of malaria, and the haunt of robbers, the landscape assumed a gloomy magnificence, in place of the romantic and picturesque loveliness which had before charmed their eyes. Ladislas leaned from the side of the vessel, and gazed upon the beauty of nature with sentiments too disturbed for happiness. He was annoyed by the unpropitious presence of the idle and the gay. He saw Idalie in the midst of them, and did not even wish to join her while thus situated. He shrank into himself, and tried, forgetting the immediate discomforts of his position, to think only of that paradise into which love had led him, to compensate for his patriotic sorrows. He strove patiently to endure the tedious hours of this never-ending day, during which he must play a false part, and see his bride engaged by others: While his attention was thus occupied, the voice of the Princess Dashkoff startled him, and, looking up, he wondered how a face that seemed so bland, and a voice that spoke so fair, could hide so much wickedness and deceit. As the hours passed on, his situation became irksome in the extreme. Once or twice, he drew near Idalie, and tried to disengage her from the crowd; but each time he saw the Princess watching him stealthily, while his young bride, with feminine prudence, avoided every opportunity of conversing apart with him. Ladislas could ill endure this. He began to fancy that he had a thousand things to say, and that their mutual safety depended on his being able to communicate them to her. He wrote a few lines hastily on the back of a letter, with a pencil, conjuring her to find some means of affording him a few minutes' conversation, and telling her that if this could not be done before, he should take occasion, while the rest of the company

were otherwise occupied, to steal from them that evening to the larger temple, and there to await her joining him, for that every thing depended on his being able to speak to her. He scarcely knew what he meant as he wrote this; but driven by contradiction and impatience, and desirous of learning exactly how she meant to conduct herself on the Princess's disembarking at Naples, it seemed to him of the last importance that his request should be complied with. He was folding the paper, when the Princess was at his side, and addressed him. "A sonnet, Count Ladislas; surely a poetic imagination inspires you; may I not see it?" And she held out her hand. Taken unawares, Ladislas darted at her a look of indignation and horror, which made her step back trembling and in surprise. Was she discovered? The idea was fraught with terror. His revenge would surely be as fierce as the wrongs he suffered might well inspire. But Ladislas, perceiving the indiscretion of his conduct, masked his sensations with a smile, and replied—"They are words of a Polish song, which I wish Idalie to translate for the amusement of your friends;" and, stepping forward, he gave Idalie the paper, and made his request. All pressed to know what the song was. Idalie glanced at the writing, and changing colour, was scarcely able to command her voice to make such an excuse as the imprudence of her husband rendered necessary. She said that it required time and thought, and that she could not at the moment comply; then crushing the paper between her trembling fingers, began confusedly to talk of something else. The company interchanged smiles, but even the Princess only suspected some loverlike compliment to her protégée. "Nay," she said, "we must at least know the subject of these verses: what is it? tell us, I entreat you." "Treachery," said Ladislas, unable to control his feelings. The Princess became ashy-pale; all her self-possession fled, and she turned from the searching glance of the Pole, with a sickness of heart which almost punished her for her crimes.

They were now drawing near their destination. Idalie, grasping the paper, longed to read it before they should reach the shore. She tried to recede from the party, and Ladislas, watching her movements, in order to facilitate her designs, entered into conversation with the Princess. He had effectually roused her fears and her curiosity, and she eagerly seized the opportunity which he offered her of conversing with him, endeavouring to find out whether he indeed suspected any thing, or whether her own guilty conscience suggested the alarm with which his strange expression had filled her. Ladislas thus contrived to engross her entire attention, and led her insensibly towards the stern of the vessel; and as they leant over its side, and gazed on the waters beneath, Idalie was effectually relieved from all observation. She now disengaged herself from the rest of the party, and walking forward, read the lines pencilled by Ladislas. Then, terrified by the secret they contained, and unaccustomed to bear the weight of concealment—she tore the

paper, as if fearful that its contents might be guessed and was about to throw the fragments into the sea, when gazing cautiously round, she perceived the position of the Princess and Ladislus, and was aware that the lady's quick eye would soon discern the floating scraps, as the boat passed on. Idalie feared the least shadow of danger, so she retreated from the vessel's side, but still anxious to get rid of the perilous papers, she determined to throw them into the hold. She approached it, and looked down. Had the form of a serpent met her eye, she had not been more horror-struck; a shriek hovered on her lips, but with a strong effort she repressed it, and, staggering on, leant against the mast, trembling and aghast. She could not be deceived; it was Giorgio's dark and scowling eye that she had encountered; his sinister countenance, upturned, could not be mistaken. Was danger, then, so near, so pressing, or so inevitable? How could she convey the fatal intelligence to her husband, and put him on his guard? She remembered his written request, with which she had previously determined in prudence not to comply. But it would now afford her an opportunity, should no other offer, of informing him of the unexpected mesmate which the crew had on board.

Thus perfidy, dark hate, and trembling fear, possessed the hearts of these human beings, who, had a cursory observer seen them as they glided over that sea of beauty, beneath the azure heaven, along that enchanted shore, attended by every luxury, waited on by every obvious blessing of life—he would have imagined that they had been selected from the world for the enjoyment of perfect happiness. But sunny sky and laughing ocean appeared to Idalie only as the haunt and resort of tigers and serpents; a dark mist seemed to blot the splendour of the sky, as the guilty souls of her fellow-creatures cast their deforming shadows over its brightness.

They had now arrived close on the low shore, and horses and two or three light open carriages were at the water's edge to convey them to the temples. They landed. Ladislus presented himself to hand Idalie across the plank, from the vessel to the beach. "Yes?"—he asked her in a voice of entreaty, as he pressed her hand. She softly returned the pressure, and the word "Beware," trembled on her lips, when the young Englishman who had before admired her, and had endeavoured to engross her attention the whole day, was again at her side, to tell her that the Princess was waiting for her in her carriage, and entreated her not to delay.

The party proceeded to where those glorious relics stand, between the mountains and the sea, rising like exhalations from the waste and barren soil, alone on the wide and dusky shore. A few sheep grazed at the base of the columns, and two or three wild-geese, men, clothed in garments of undressed sheep-skin, flitted about. Exclamations of wonder and delight burst from all, while Ladislus, stealing away to the more distant one, gladly escaped from the impertinent intrusion of the crowd, to indulge in lonely reverie among

these ruins. "What is man in his highest glory?" he thought. "Had we burst the bonds of Poland: and had she, in her freedom, emulated the magical achievements of Greece; nevertheless, when time, with insidious serpent windings, had dragged its length through a few more centuries, the monuments we had erected would have fallen like these, and our monuments, a new Pæstum, have existed merely to excite the idiot wonder and frivolous curiosity of fools!"

Ladislus was certainly in no good humour while he thus vented his spleen; but was annoyed by two circumstances, sufficient to irritate a young philosopher: he beheld a scene, whose majestic beauty filled his soul with sensibility and awe, in the midst of a crowd of pretenders, more intent on the prospect of their pic-nic dinner, than on regarding the glories of art; and he saw his bride, surrounded by strangers, engrossed by their conversation and flattery, and unable to interchange one word or look of confidence with him. He sighed for the hours passed under the portico of Idalie's solitary pavilion, and the near prospect of their voyage did not reconcile him to the present; for his soul was disturbed by the necessity of interchanging courtesies with his enemy, and haunted by images of treacherous attempts, from which his valour could not protect him.

It had been arranged that the party should dine at the archbishop's palace, and not embark again until ten o'clock, when the moon would rise. After a couple of hours spent among the ruins, the servants informed them that their repast was ready; it was now nearly six o'clock, and, after they had dined, more than two hours must elapse before they could depart. Night had gathered round the landscape, and its darkness did not invite even the most romantic to wander again among the ruins: the Princess, eager to provide for the amusement of her guests, contrived to discover a violin, a flute, and a pipe, and with the assistance of this music, which, in the hands of Italian rustics, was as true to time and expression as if Weipert himself had presided, they commenced dancing. Idalie's hand was sought by the Englishman; she looked round the room Ladislus was not there; he had doubtless repaired to the temples to wait for her, and, ignorant of the presence of Giorgio, wholly unsuspecting and off his guard, to what dangers might he not be exposed? Her blood ran cold at the thought; she decidedly refused to dance, and, perceiving the Princess whirling round in a waltz, at a distant part of the room, she despatched her officious admirer on some feigned errand for refreshment, and hastily quitting the house, hurried along over the grass towards the temples. When she had first emerged into the night, the scene seemed wrapped in impenetrable darkness, but the stars shed their faint rays, and in a few moments she began to distinguish objects, and as she drew near the temple, she saw a man's form moving slowly among the columns: she did not doubt that it was her husband, wrapped in his cloak awaiting her. She was hurrying towards him

when, leaning against one of the pillars, she saw Ladislas himself, and the other, at the same moment, exchanging his stealthy pace for a tiger-like spring. She saw a dagger flashing in his hand; she darted forward to arrest his arm, and the blow descended on her; with a faint shriek she fell on the earth, when Ladislas turned and closed with the assassin; a mortal struggle ensued; already had Ladislas wrested the poignard from his grasp, when the villain drew another knife. Ladislas warbled off the unexpected blow aimed at him with this, and plunged his own stiletto in the bravo's breast; he fell to the earth with a heavy groan, and then the silence of the tomb rested on the scene; the white robe of Idalie, who lay fainting on the ground, directed Ladislas to her side. He raised her up in speechless agony—as he beheld the blood which stained her dress; but by this time she had recovered from her swoon; she assured him her wound was slight, that it was nothing; but again sank into his arms insensible. In a moment his plan was formed; ever eager and impetuous, he executed it ere any second thought could change it. He had before resolved not to rejoin the party in the archbishop's palace, but after his interview with Idalie, to hasten on board the steam-boat; he had therefore ordered his horse to be saddled, had led it to the temple, and fastened it to one of the columns. He lifted the senseless Idalie carefully in his arms, mounted his horse, and turning his steps from the lighted and noisy palace, wound his way to the lonely shore, where he found the captain and his crew already preparing for their homeward voyage. With their help Idalie was taken on board, and Ladislas gave orders for the instant heaving of the anchor, and their immediate departure. The captain asked for the rest of the company. "They return by land," said Ladislas. As he spoke the words he felt a slight sensation of remorse, remembering the difficulty they would have to get there; and low, during the darkness of night, they might fear to proceed on their journey on a tract of country haunted by banditti; but the senseless and pale form of Idalie dissipated these thoughts: to arrive at Naples, to procure assistance for her, and then if, as he hoped, her wound was slight, to continue their voyage before the Princess Dashkoff's return, were motives too paramount to allow him to hesitate. The captain of the Sully asked no more questions; the anchor was weighed, the wheels set in motion, and a silver light in the east announced the rising of the moon, as they stood off from the shore, and made their swift way back to Naples. They had not gone far, before the care of Ladislas revived his fair bride. Her wound was in her arm, and had merely grazed the skin. Terror for her husband, horror for the mortal strife which had endangered his life, had caused her to faint more than pain or loss of blood. She bound up her own arm, and then, as there appeared no necessity for medical aid, Ladislas revoked his orders for returning to Naples, but stretching out at once to sea, they began their voyage to Marscilles.

Meanwhile, during a pause in the dance, the absence of Ladislas and Idalie was observed by the feasters in the archbishop's palace. It excited some few sarcasms, which, as it continued, grew more bitter. The Princess Dashkoff joined in these, and yet she could not repress the disquietude of her heart. Had Ladislas, alone, been absent, her knowledge of the presence of Giorgio and his designs, had sufficiently explained its cause, and its duration, to her; but that Idalie, also, should not be found, might bring a witness to the crime committed, and discover her own guilty share in the deed of blood perpetrated at her instigation. At length the rising of the moon announced the hour when they were to repair to the shore. The horses and carriages were brought to the door, and then it was found that the steed of Ladislas was missing. "But the Signora Idalie, has she not provided herself with a palfrey?" asked the Englishman, sneering. They were now about to mount, when it was proposed to take a last look of the temples by moonlight. The Princess opposed this, but vainly; her conscience made her voice faint, and took from her the usual decision of her manner; so she walked on silently, half fearful that her foot might strike against some object of terror, and, at every word spoken by the party, anticipating an exclamation of horror; the fitful moonbeams seemed to disclose here and there ghastly countenances and mangled limbs, and the dew of night appeared to her excited imagination as the slippery moisture of the life-blood of her victim.

They had scarcely entered the temple, when a peasant rushed in with the news that the steam-boat was gone:—he brought back Ladislas' horse, who had put the bridle into the man's hands on embarking; and the fellow declared that the fainting Idalie was his companion. Terror at the prospect of their dark ride, indignation at the selfish proceeding of the lovers, raised every voice against them; and the Princess, whom conscience had before made the most silent, hearing that the Pole was alive and safe, was now loudest and most bitter in her remarks. As they were thus all gathered together in dismay, debating what was to be done, and the Princess Dashkoff, in no gentle terms, railing at the impropriety and ingratitude of Idalie's behaviour, and declaring that Poles alone could conduct themselves with such mingled deceit and baseness, a figure all bloody arose from the ground at her feet, and, as the moon cast its pale rays on his yet paler countenance, she recognised Giorgio: the ladies shrieked, the men rushed towards him, while the Princess, desiring the earth to open and swallow her, stood transfixed as by a spell, gazing on the dying man in terror and despair. "He has escaped, lady," said Giorgio, "Ladislas has escaped your plots, and I am become their victim:" he fell as he spoke these words, and when the Englishman drew near to raise, and, if possible, assist him, he found that life had entirely flown.

Thus ended the adventures of the Pole at Naples. The Countess returned in her calèche

alone, for none would bear her company; the next day she left Naples, and was on her way to Russia, where her crine was unknown, except to those who had been accomplices in it. Marietta spread the intelligence of her sister's marriage, and thus entirely cleared Idalie's fair fame; and quitting Italy soon after, joined the happy Ladislas and his bride at Paris.

CHINESE DANDYISM, &c.

MANY persons have supposed (who only know the Chinese superficially) that a nation so grave, sedate, and monotonous, cannot include either fops or *bons vivans*. They are, however, mistaken; few countries possess more of those worthies than China, though perhaps their talents are not carried to so great an excess as in other parts of the world. The dress of a Chinese *petit maître* is very expensive, being composed of the most costly crapes or silks; his boots or shoes of a particular shape, and made of the richest black satin of Nankin, the soles of a certain height; his knee-caps elegantly embroidered; his cap and button of the neatest cut; his pipes elegant and high priced; his tobacco of the best manufacture of Fokien; an English gold watch; a tooth-pick hung at his button, with a string of valuable pearls; a fan from Nankin, scented with chulan flowers. Such are his personal appointments. His servants are also clothed in silks, and his sedan-chair, &c. &c. all correspondingly elegant. When he meets an acquaintance, he puts on a studied politeness in his manners, and gives himself as many airs as the most perfect dandies in Europe, besides giving emphasis to all those fulsome ceremonies for which the Chinese nation is so remarkable.

The rich Chinese, who are cleanly, are all fond of dress; though some, from avarice, attend only to outward show, whilst the shirt and undergarments remain unchanged for several days, and expose, at the collar and sleeves, the dirty habits of the master through his splendid disguise. Those who are in the habit of mixing with Europeans are more attentive to cleanliness; but, generally speaking, the Chinese are certainly not so clean in their persons as one would expect from the inhabitants of a warm climate.

Women in China are not even taught to read and write; needle work, and music (if it deserves the name) are their only accomplishments. To kill time they play at cards and dominoes, and smoke incessantly.

Men and women of the better classes never mix in society; it is considered disgraceful to eat with their wives, they do not even inhabit the same side of the house. I have, however, known some who broke through this custom, and who have assured me they found much pleasure in dining with their wives. Polygamy has certainly done a great deal of mischief in the way of morals. Some men, even at an advanced age, continue to increase their stock of wives when they have already sons grown to manhood. I

have been confidently informed that intrigues between those sons and the younger wives, or concubines of the father, are not uncommon.

SPRING FLOWERS.

"The wise
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry."

I LOVE the fair and beautiful blossoms, that are scattered so abundantly in the spring season over the field, and by the quiet edges of the wood, or when their sunny petals tremble to the pleasant murmuring of the streams, that go by like merchantmen trafficking their melody for gales of odour. I would not gather the first flowers that lift up their delicate heads to meet me in my spring path;—it seems to me almost as if they were gifted with a feeling, and a perception of the loveliness of nature, and I cannot carelessly pluck them from their frail stems and throw them aside to their early withering—'tis like defacing the pages of a favourite book of poetry, round which the spirit of the bard seems hovering still in a preserving watchfulness.

Beautiful flowers! they are the "jewelry" of spring, and bravely do they decorate her laughing brow, gladdening all hearts with her exceeding loveliness. But no! there are some hearts for whom her voice has no cadences of joy, her beauty no power to hasten the lagging pulses. How can the glorious spring speak rejoicingly to those over whose degraded brows the free gales seem to breathe revilings, instead of peacefulness and high thoughts, and for whose ears the gush of melody seems only to syllable one reproachful name? Gladness and beauty are not for the sympathies of the wretched, and far better than the brightness of the vernal sunshine does the dreariness of winter harmonize with the desolate spirit of the slave.

Oh, that the warm breathings of universal love might drive out from the bosoms of men, the cold unfeeling winter of indifference, with which they have so long regarded the sufferings of their oppressed brethren! that the beautiful blossoms of christian compassion and holy benevolence, springing up in their hearts, might shed over them the fragrance of the memory of good deeds! Then should the benediction of those that were ready to perish, come upon them like the blessing of "the early and the latter rain," and the grateful tears of the forlorn ones rest on them as a fertilizing dew, clothing them with happiness like a thick mantle of summer verdure.

ZIMMERMAN, who was physician to the king of Prussia, and lived at court, has written a vast deal of nonsense about solitude. The wish to be always alone shows the disposition of a ferocious beast of prey, and carries with it the melancholy darkness of the tomb. The effect is described in the ancient phrase, "*Cor sum edens*," eating his own heart. Man is too feeble, too dependant a being to subsist by himself.

BETTER DAYS.

STRANGER, thrice twenty years have fled,
 Since first these eyes beheld the light;
 Friends, parents, kindred, all are dead!
 Day seems but like a second night.
 Yet ah! not always bath the morn
 Thus cold and shadowy met my gaze;
 I knew a time when joys were born,
 But that was in my better days.

A cot stands by the village brook,
 Half-shadowed by an alder-tree,
 Where roses through the casement look,
 And lingers near the summer bee;
 And from the vale—how pleasantly!—
 The flowers shine like a thousand rays:
 Once such a home remain'd for me,
 But that was in my better days.

Some spell returns my aged sight;
 A mirror of the past I view,
 An inward vision of delight,
 As beautiful as true!
 A girl steps from that cottage door,
 A world of brightness she surveys;
 Ah! such a world was mine, before
 I lost the charm of better days.

I hear sweet bells upon the air—
 I see a glad and youthful band,
 A village bride and bridegroom there
 Before the holy altar stand!
 When, when shall Time's bereaving wave
 The memory of that morn erase?
 Within the shadow of my grave,
 I muse upon those better days.

It was no passion frail and fleet;
 No idle fancy of the heart:
 We knew but one delight—to meet!
 We felt but one regret—to part!
 He was the heaven of my soul,
 The light which love alone conveys;
 My heart could scarce contain the whole
 Deep earnest bliss of better days.

He spoke not, though his spirit fell
 Beneath the darkness of decline;
 He would not, could not bear to tell
 Aught that might grieve one thought of mine;
 But ah! a wife's fond glance too soon
 Will mark the startling hue which preys
 Upon the grace of manhood's noon,
 And darkens all life's better days.

I heard his voice, the rich and deep!
 Die in so sadly sweet a lay,
 As though the tones were tears to weep
 The passing soul away!
 Then I had given worlds for one—
 For one, but one of all Hope's rays!
 But Death stood by my side alone,
 And buried low my better days.

A widow with two orphans pale,
 Sits mourning near a new-raised mound;
 The wintry winds around her wall,
 She hears, but 'tis a wider sound!
 The hollow murmur of the tomb—
 The "dust to dust" her ear delays;
 She turns, but, wrecked amidst the gloom,
 Where may she seek for better days?

Like buds which 'open to the eve,
 And flourish 'midst the sunless dew;
 As willows that must bend and grieve,
 Rise levelled and stronger too;

So beautiful the orphans grew!
 A sweetness youth alone displays;
 And oh! their father's eyes of blue
 Recalled the dreams of better days.

It was a sinful act to pine,
 When God had left my children still;
 But little could I then divine
 The coming dawn of deeper ill.
 My boy from infancy had loved
 The ocean's stern and stormy ways:
 Alas! that early passion proved
 Another bane to better days.

'Twas pain to see his cheek grow pale,
 And, know the cause was love for me;
 And I—I gave him leave to sail
 Across the wide un-paring sea!
 And long I paced the lonely shore,
 And prayed to Him whose mandate sways
 The mighty deep for evermore—
 To Him who gave my better days!

Once more I sought my home in tears,
 And deemed the worst of woe begun;
 Ah! Stranger, it is sixteen years,
 Long years, since I beheld my son!
 But now my soul with prayer is meek,
 And humbly God's behest obeys;
 Yet 'tis my love, my joy to speak
 Of other times, of better days!

I had a dream, but dreams are frail,
 Too frail for hope, however light;
 'Twas of a small and homeward sail,
 That seemed to linger in my sight—
 One of those bright and pictured leaves
 Which slumber to the old displays;
 A vision which the heart receives
 As harbinger of better days.

But never more my hope, my pride,
 Will here return to bless my gaze!
 "He is returned," the stranger cried—
 "Returned, to bring thee better days!
 Thy soul shall lose its sad alarms—
 A haven for thine age is won!"
 She caught the stranger in her arms—
 She clasped her loved, her long-lost son!

TO HIM I LOVE.

If ever the dew-drop was loved by the flower,
 When panting it droop'd in its hot summer bower;
 If e'er the peasant soft evening was dear,
 When his calm cottage home in the valley was near:
 If ever the heather was sweet to the bee,
 Beloved! thy affection is dearer to me!

If ever the eagle was proud of his might,
 As his eye met the sun in his heavenward flight;
 If ever old ocean was proud of his waves,
 As foaming they roll'd over brave seamen's graves;
 If captive e'er triumph'd when ransom'd and free,
 I am proud of thy truth—thy devotion to me!

If ever the exile on far foreign shore
 Sigh'd for friendship's kind smile, he might never see ^{more!}
 If e'er the sweet nightingale wait'd in the grove,
 When she miss'd the soft call of her answering love,
 I pine for thy presence so blessed to me,
 And waste my young spirit in weeping for thee!

But still in my sorrow one ray pours its light,
 Like the moon when it bursts on the darkness of night;
 If ever the bow spann'd in glory the heaven,
 If ever the bark through the blue deep was driven,
 If ever the summer brought calm to the sky,
 Our souls are unchanged in their faith till we die!

TALLEYRAND.

CHARLES-AURICE-TALLEYRAND DE PERIGORD, the present representative of the King of the French at the Court of St. James, was born at Paris on the 7th of March, 1754. This highly talented man, whose political career is, perhaps, unequalled in the annals of history, is descended from one of the most ancient families in France. He is the eldest son of a younger branch of the Counts of Perigord, who, three centuries ago, were sovereigns of a country in the south-western part of France, still called Perigord; while the celebrated Princess des Ursins, who, during the war of the Succession, played so prominent a part at the court of Philip V., was among his ancestors on the maternal side.

Being what is commonly called club-footed from his birth, he became an object of dislike, and a sort of outcast. He was never suffered to enjoy the comforts of living in his father's family. It is said he never slept under the paternal roof. He was educated at the seminary of St. Sulpice at the same time with the Abbe Sieyes, and was there remarked only as a silent and haughty youth, who passed all his time among his books. At the proper age he was compelled to embrace the ecclesiastical profession, in opposition to all his own wishes. These early facts are the more necessary to be noticed, seeing that such irreparable injustice cannot fail to have given a powerful bias to a naturally strong character.

At the usual age, however, he took orders; and his splendid talents, backed by the interest of his family, procured him rapid advancement. The Abbe de Perigord was only in his twenty-sixth year when he was nominated agent-general of the clergy; but in this important post he displayed as much aptitude in practice as he had before evinced ability in theory. It was in this distinguished situation that he addressed to the clergy his famous "Discours sur les Loteries," which first announced his talents to the world, and opened to him the highest dignities of the church. In surveying the moral and political horizon, he clearly perceived that a mighty change was at hand; and whether that change was to be effected by a violent convulsion, or by the slower influence of opinion, he resolved to direct it to his own purposes. Adapted for any part in the great drama, he watched the progress of events with a calmness inspired by the confidence which he felt in his own powers. His future eminence was predicted by those who could best read human nature. Even at this early period, his friend and companion Mirabeau designated him, in his correspondence with Berlin, as "one of the most subtle and powerful intellects of the age."

The laxity of his opinions on certain tenets of the Roman Catholic religion, which the Abbe did not at all affect to disavow, might have been expected to impede, if not destroy, his hopes of advancement in the church. Such, however, was not the case. He belonged to a political party

which, at the time, was very powerful at court, and clamorous for his promotion. Louis XVI. objected to his consecration as a prelate; but in spite of royal opposition, the Abbe de Perigord found himself, at the age of thirty-four, Bishop of Autun.

After a lapse of nearly two hundred years, the States-General met at Versailles, in May, 1789, and M. de Talleyrand was returned thereto by the clergy of his diocese. The superiority of his genius, and the uncommon dexterity with which he handled the most momentous subjects, greatly extended his popularity among all who wished well to the revolutionary cause. The youthful bishop was not satisfied with foreseeing; he was anxious to hasten what he considered to be inevitable.

In July of the same year he voted that the clergy should be united with the communes, which had just been formed into a National Assembly; and in August he proposed that every citizen, without distinction or exception, should be admissible to public employments. As a member of the committee of government he also proposed the abolition of tithes, and, with a zeal not exceeded by the most violent of his coadjutors, he would have the vote pass unanimously. In November he brought forward in the National Assembly his memorable project for the confiscation and sale of the property of the French clergy, which, after a debate of ten hours, was carried by a large majority. In vain did that body, and especially the priests of his own diocese, petition and remonstrate. He saw that the measure must eventually be passed, and he was determined to have the credit of introducing it.

He now turned a deaf ear to complaints of every kind and from every quarter, and pursued his own path unmoved amid the storm which surrounded him. The numerous reforms which he projected, the many reports which he delivered on the state of the finances, and the system of organization which he recommended in that and in other departments, prove the astonishing versatility of his talents. In December he was appointed by the assembly one of its commissioners to examine into the situation of the *Caisse d'Escompte*, or discount bank, established by M. Necker during the American war. In January, 1790, he became a member of the committee of imposts, in which capacity, Madame de Stael says, he was "decidedly averse to lotteries as the means of raising a supply for the service of the state, from its being a mere game of chance;" and in February he was called to the chair of the presidency, and drew up the famous address to the French nation, which the assembly ordered to be published, to remind the people of what its patriotic labours had already effected for them, and the grand achievements it was still preparing. This address is extremely curious and instructive, whether considered with regard to the subsequent career of its distinguished author, or the

very brilliant oration of all these external institutions" which he then held out as so many "invaluable" blessings to the nation.

In June, M. de Talleyrand gave in to the assembly the project of a decree for establishing a uniform system of weights and measures, and a second relative to the mode of celebrating the federation of the 14th of July, at which religious ceremony he was deputed by the municipality of Paris to officiate pontifically. The assemblage of the national militia was to take place in the Champ de Mars; and it being necessary to erect around this extensive space eminences of green turf to contain the spectators, "such," says Madame de Stael, "was the patriotic enthusiasm, that women of the first rank were seen joining the crowds of voluntary labourers who came to bear a part in the preparations for the fete."

On the appointed day all Paris moved in a mass to the federation, just as it had moved the year before to the destruction of the Bastille. In a line from the Military School steps had been raised, with a tent to accommodate the king, queen, and court: at the other extremity was seen an altar prepared for mass, where M. de Talleyrand appeared at the head of two hundred priests, dressed in white linen, and decorated with tri-coloured ribands. When about to officiate, a storm of wind took place, followed by a deluge of rain; but, heedless of its peltings, the Bishop of Autun proceeded in the celebration of the mass, and afterward pronounced a benediction on the royal standard of France, and on the eighty-three banners of the departments which waved around it before the altar.

Among the other ceremonies of the day of federation, M. de Talleyrand administered to the representatives of the people a new oath—the fourth within the twelvemonth—of fidelity to the nation, the king, and the law. He also consecrated, shortly after, in the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, the constitutional bishops—a step which brought forth a monition from the pope, complaining loudly against him as "an impious wretch who had imposed his sacrilegious hands on intruding clergymen," and declaring him excommunicated, unless he recanted his errors within forty days. Upon this he resigned his bishopric, and directed his whole attention to secular affairs.

In March, 1791, M. de Talleyrand was chosen a member of the departmental directory of Paris, in which situation he proved himself the warm friend of religious toleration, and drew up an address on the subject, which was greatly admired for its eloquence and reasoning. In April he was called to the sick bed of his friend Mirabeau, and received nearly the last words of that extraordinary man. "The National Assembly," said the dying orator, "is occupied in discussing a law concerning wills. I have for some time been employed in composing a speech on testamentary devises, and I bequeath to your friendship the trouble of reading it at the tribune." M. de Talleyrand lost no time in complying with this injunction. In September he made, in the

name of the Constitutional Committee, his celebrated reports on the subject of public instruction, which were afterward printed in pursuance of a decree of the assembly. It was about this time, also, that he projected a National Institute, for the promotion of arts and sciences, and, five years after he had the satisfaction of seeing most of his suggestions carried into effect by the Directory.

In May, 1792, Louis XVI. appointed M. Chauvelin minister at the British court, and united M. de Talleyrand in the mission. Upon this occasion the monarch addressed a confidential letter to the King of England, in which, after thanking him for not becoming a party to the plans concerted against France, he solicits the mediation of his majesty, and proposes an alliance between two sovereigns who had distinguished their reigns by a constant desire to promote the happiness of their subjects. "I have every reason," he adds, "to be satisfied with your majesty's ambassador at my court. If I do not give the same rank to the minister whom I have sent to yours, you will nevertheless perceive, that, by associating with him M. de Talleyrand, who by the letter of the constitution can sustain no public character, I consider the success of the alliance, in which I wish you to concur with zeal equal to my own, as of the highest importance.

M. de Talleyrand assisted M. Chauvelin in drawing up his official notes, and was admitted to several interviews with Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville: but his situation at this time was not enviable; for, while the emigrants on this side the channel represented him as a jacobin, the republican party in France denounced him as a royalist. He was even charged in the convention, by a deputy named Rullu, with belonging to the Orleans faction, and being in the pay of that prince; in consequence of which an act of accusation was passed against him in December, and his name was inscribed on the list of emigrants.

M. de Talleyrand remained in England till April, 1794, when, with many others, he was ordered to leave the country within twenty-four hours. He saw the blackening of the thundercloud in France, and he dared not return. He therefore embarked for the United States, and thus escaped the fury of Robespierre and his accomplices.

In 1795, when the reign of terror was at an end, he petitioned to be allowed to re-enter his native country. His friends, and more especially Madame de Staël, exerted themselves with the new government to procure his recall; and, at the request of the lady, the poet Chenier made a motion to that effect in the convention. To the objections urged by the republicans against the exile, Chenier opposed his great talents, his numerous services to the cause of liberty, and the further and still more important benefits which he might hereafter render it. The convention consented to annul the decree of accusation, and his name was struck off the list of emigrants. No sooner was he made acquainted with the fa-

valuable result of his friends' application on his behalf than he hastened to embark, and landed at Hamburg, where he remained for some months, and formed a connexion with Madame Grant, the lady whom he afterwards married.

Shortly after his arrival at Paris, M. de Talleyrand was chosen first a member, and afterwards secretary of the National Institute, to which he presented an essay, written with great ability, entitled "Des Travaux de la Classe des Sciences, Morales, et Politiques," in which he endeavoured to show the advantages of the sciences and of liberty, and recommended the continuance of a republican government, with an elective executive and legislature. His next production was an essay "Sur les Colonies," containing a deduction of the advantages which would accrue to France, from a careful attention to the colonial system, and pointing out the principles which should guide her in the formation of new settlements. He also read at the Institute, about the same time, a memoir "Sur les Relations Commerciales des Etats Unis avec l'Angleterre," written with the view of recommending, by a practical exemplification, the genuine principles of colonization. He asserts, as a truth beyond dispute, that, "sooner or later, the emancipation of the negroes must overthrow the cultivation of the sugar colonies." The result of the inquiry is an inference in favour of agricultural settlements, in which the natives of the soil shall be able to cultivate it, and a warning against all such schemes as those to which the negro system owes its origin. He evidently points to Egypt as the proper spot where these plantations should be settled; and it is worthy of remark, that the French expedition to that country was undertaken a few months after this memoir had been read before an assembly at which the great captain of the enterprise assisted, and that the author of the piece was actively engaged in the government which planned the conquest.

Though M. de Talleyrand had now been a twelvemonth returned from America, so powerful were his enemies that he remained unemployed. At length, the well-disposed part of the nation becoming desirous of peace with Europe, it was thought that the author of memorials at once distinguished for the force and eloquence of their style, and for their more substantial merits as sound and ingenious speculations on subjects of difficulty and importance, could not but be an able negotiator. M. de Talleyrand seemed, then, the best possible choice for the department of foreign affairs; and the daughter of Necker served him effectually in this respect, by procuring for him an interview with Barras, to whom she had strongly recommended him. "He wanted aid," says the lady, "to arrive at power, but, being once there, he required not the assistance of others to maintain him in it."

In 1797 he was accordingly appointed to the important situation; and shortly after, as we are instructed by the journals of the day, a ludicrous scene occurred in the hall of the Directory, when the ex-bishop of Autun, habited in the blue Na-

tional uniform, with a sword by his side, presented to his masters, on one and the same morning, the nuncio of the Pope and the ambassador of the Grand Seigneur. It fell also to his lot to introduce Bonaparte himself to them, on his return from dictating peace at Campo Formio. In his address upon the occasion he termed him "the liberator of Italy and the pacificator of the Continent; and he assured them that the general detested luxury and splendour, the miserable ambition of vulgar souls, and loved the poems of Ossian, because they detach us from the earth!"

M. de Talleyrand had not been long in office before an outcry was raised against the appointment, by those who dreaded his power; and, so strong did he find the opposition, that in July, 1799, he gave in his resignation, but not before he had published a tract, entitled "Eclaircissements donnés par le Citoyen Talleyrand a ses Concitoyens," in which he laid down his political creed, and repelled, by arguments and facts, the charges adduced against him.

On his return from Egypt, Bonaparte, finding this dexterous politician at variance with the Directory, readily passed over some personal grounds of ill humour against him, and replaced him in his former situation, where he soon became the soul of the consular government. He perceived that the country had need of peace, and he obtained it with Austria at Luneville, and with England at Amiens.

He was not, however, so absorbed in public business as to be entirely unmindful of his own domestic concerns. At the time of the concordat, Napoleon wished to make him a cardinal, and to place him at the head of ecclesiastical affairs; but his aversion to the profession was unconquerable. Having, however, signified to Pius VII. his desire to be readmitted into the bosom of the Catholic church, his holiness, in June, 1802, sent forth a brief directed to "our very dear son in Christ, Charles Maurice Talleyrand," annulling the excommunication, but enjoining him, as the price of reconciliation, to give certain alms to the poor of the diocese of Autun. Being thus restored to secular life, the first use which the ex-prelate made of his liberty was to enter into the matrimonial bond with Madame Grandt, the beautiful lady with whom he had been so long connected.

About this time the treachery of one of his secretaries had nearly proved fatal to the minister. A treaty had been concluded between the First Consul and Paul of Russia, the conditions of which were to be carefully concealed from England. The ratifications were, of course, deposited in the foreign office; but what was Bonaparte's surprise upon Fouché's presenting him with an exact copy of the treaty, which he said he had received from one of his agents in London! His first impulse was to arrest M. de Talleyrand; but an investigation being set on foot, it was discovered that one of his clerks had copied the document, and sold the secret for thirty thousand francs. It is, however, generally believed, that the whole was a contrivance of the artful police

minister, to remove the man of whose genius and influence he stood in constant dread.

M. de Talleyrand's ascendancy with the First Consul, which had gone on increasing since the peace of Amiens, was become so powerful that it decided the disgrace of Fouché and the suppression of the odious ministry of police. When, in 1804, the nation conferred on Napoleon the imperial title, he was made grand chamberlain of the empire, and, in 1806, he was raised to the dignity of sovereign Prince of Benevento, but still retaining the portfolio of foreign relations.

Napoleon, in the spring of 1806, having evinced a disposition to make peace with England, M. de Talleyrand neglected nothing for the attainment of that object. Knowing that Lord Yarmouth* was in Paris, he sounded the inclination of the noble earl to become the bearer of pacific overtures. For some time hopes of a satisfactory result were entertained; but on the death of Mr. Fox the conferences were broken off. The bitterest enemies of M. de Talleyrand acknowledge, however, that he "urged things forward with the utmost activity, and assured all who would listen to him, that, without peace, there was no security for the emperor."†

Soon after this, his credit with Napoleon declined; until, in August, 1807, he was unexpectedly deprived of his situation, but raised to the dignity of vice-grand-electoral, a post which gave him the entree of the council. By his friends his disgrace was attributed to his opposition to the meditated Spanish usurpation; while his enemies asserted, that, so far from being opposed to it, he dictated all the preliminary steps; and it was charged against him, that, at the very conjuncture when Napoleon had most occasion for the resources of his great mind, he had voluntarily retired from public affairs.

From this moment a sort of warfare commenced between the emperor and the ex-minister, of which *salons* were the theatre, and rallery and epigram the artillery, and in which the conqueror of Europe had generally the mortification to see himself vanquished. He took pleasure in insulting him before the whole court, and would say the most galling things to him; but the wary diplomatist watched his opportunity, and when he had found out the flaw in the armour, took ample revenge on his assailant by a few flashes of wit which stung the mighty emperor to the quick. On hearing that M. de Talleyrand continued to speak of the war with Spain in terms of disapprobation, Napoleon, "from a kind of spite,"‡ sent the Spanish princes to reside at his chateau of Valencay, and made its owner their jailor.

The Prince of Benevento, now subjected to the surveillance of the police, no longer appeared at court, except when the duties of his high office required his presence; but such was the opinion entertained of his high talents, that he was frequently consulted on matters of difficulty, and many were anxious for his return to the foreign

department. Early in 1813, after the disastrous campaign in Russia, the situation was again offered him, on the condition that he should resign his office of vice-grand-electoral; but he alleged, that to diminish his consideration, on giving him a place to which he was recalled at a moment when it was more difficult than ever to discharge its duties, was to deprive him of the means of usefulness. He therefore hesitated, and the emperor came to no conclusion. At the interview which took place upon this occasion, he told Napoleon some home truths. "Here," said he, "is all your work destroyed! You have no alternative but to treat without loss of time. A bad peace cannot be so fatal as the continuance of a war which must be unsuccessful." On Bonaparte's return from Leipsic, in the November following, M. de Talleyrand again implored him to make peace. "I must," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "do him that justice. He uniformly maintained, that I deceived myself with respect to the energy of the nation, and that it was requisite for me to arrange my affairs by every possible sacrifice."§

Finding his imperial master thus resolutely bent on his own overthrow, M. de Talleyrand gave up all for lost, and began to speak out. "Scarcely a day passed," says the police minister, "without some guilty expression reaching the emperor's ears." An officer, in alluding to the confusion which then reigned in every branch of the government, having observed that he could not comprehend what was going on, Talleyrand replied, "C'est le commencement du fin." On other occasions he would exclaim, "Well! it is not to be expected that one should remain in a house that is on fire." "It must be owned we are losing the game with fine cards in our hands!" "The emperor would have done much better to have spared me his insults." The following is a characteristic instance of his tact. Being, at this time, desirous of sounding the opinion of M. Decres, he one day drew that minister towards the chimney, and, opening a volume of Montesquieu, said, in the tone of ordinary conversation, "I found a passage here this morning which struck me in a remarkable manner; here it is: 'When a prince has raised himself above all laws, when his tyranny becomes insupportable, there remains nothing to the oppressed subject except'— 'Quite enough!" said Decres, "I will hear no more: shut the book." And M. de Talleyrand closed the book, as if nothing had happened.||

"In short," says the Duke of Rovigo, "I now began to watch him narrowly; for he spoke a language adapted to the sentiments of every one, and was, besides, the focus of attraction for men disposed to create a convulsion"¶ On one occasion, a short time before the emperor's departure for the army, in January, 1814, addressing M. de Talleyrand, in the presence of several of the ministers, he said, "I think, for my own se-

* The present Marquis of Hertford.

† Duke of Rovigo, vol. i. p. 171.

‡ Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 35.

§ Las Cases, vol. iii. p. 189.

¶ Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 257.

‡ Memoires, vol. iii. p. 233.

curity, I ought to send you to Vincennes, for your conduct is very equivocal." Nevertheless, on leaving Paris, Napoleon thought it better to affect a confidence which he did not feel, and appointed the prince a member of the council of regency.

That M. de Talleyrand was deeply instrumental in the restoration of the Bourbons, is undoubted. A note from him was delivered to the Emperor Alexander, just before the final rush on Paris: "You venture nothing," said this laconic billet, "when you may safely venture every thing; venture once more." One of the czar's first questions, on reaching the capital, was, where, M. de Talleyrand was, and how he was disposed to act? and he sent a message to say, that he would take up his quarters at his hotel.

When the allies entered Paris, this accomplished politician was nominated president of the provisional government; and, in this elevated station, he succeeded in drawing all who had any influence to the new order of things. He laboured incessantly to convince the royalists, that the king must purchase the recovery of his authority by consenting to place the monarchy on a constitutional footing; and to persuade another class, that the restoration of the Bourbons was the most favourable chance for the settlement of a free system of government. In the language of Sir Walter Scott, "to the bold, he offered an enterprise requiring courage; to the timid, he showed the road to safety; to the ambitious, the prospect of gaining power; to the guilty, the assurance of indemnity and safety." Upon this occasion "he even obtained," says Madame de Stael, "the cry of *Vive le roi!* from men who had voted the death of Louis XVI." When the Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., made his public entry into Paris, it was M. de Talleyrand who harangued him in the name of the provisional government; and it was in answer to this address that the count uttered the memorable words, considered at the time as of such good augury, and since so often referred to, and so severely commented upon—"Nothing will be changed: there is only one more Frenchman among you!"

On handing over the supreme authority to Louis XVIII., M. de Talleyrand was restored to his old situation at the foreign office. In June he was created a peer, by the title of Prince de Talleyrand; and, towards the close of the year, he was sent as ambassador to the congress assembled at Vienna. He was there in 1815, when Napoleon so unexpectedly landed at Cannes, and drew up the declaration of the allies against the usurper.

On the second restoration of Louis, he was again intrusted with the foreign portfolio; but he did not long remain in office. As he considered it his duty to withhold his signature from the treaty of 1815, he sent in his resignation, and was made king's chamberlain. He did not, however, retire until, after a severe struggle, he had succeeded in procuring the ordinance of the 24th of July, by which the list of proscribed individuals was reduced from two thousand to thirty-eight.

He would often say of the Bourbons, that, during their five-and-twenty years' exile, "ils n'avoient rien appris, comme ils n'avoient rien oublié." He never advocated the cause of any ultra party, but uniformly supported the charter as it stood.

During the reign of Charles X. he wholly abstained from interfering in public affairs. He disapproved of the system of rule adopted by that monarch, and, not being sufficiently powerful to reform it, was contented to retire into the privacy of a quiet life. At court, he was always looked up to as a sort of controlling satirist, and we are told that he sometimes indulged in that good-natured, yet poignant irony, "which, while it stung, did not poison, and while it pricked, did not wound."* He ridiculed the idea of returning to the ancient regime, and laughed when they talked to him of *coups d'état*, and of a system of ordinances. Upon the abdication of Charles, he lost no time in giving in his adhesion to the government of Louis Philippe. On taking the necessary oath, he is said to have exclaimed, "This is the *thirteenth*: pray God it may be the last!"

Much, at different periods, has been written concerning this distinguished individual, but on very questionable authority: indeed, several publications, professing to be memoirs of him, are now known to be scandalous fabrications. The truth is, that Prince Talleyrand's career has been remarkably free from violence; and that he has swayed the destinies of France not by terror, but by the sheer strength and promptitude of his talents. It has been his constant aim to direct, not to oppose, public opinion. In a remarkable speech which he made in the Chamber of Deputies, he expressed, in a single phrase, the whole spirit of his policy—"I know," he said, "where there is more wisdom than is to be found in Napoleon, or Voltaire, or any minister, past or present—in public opinion."

While others have waded through blood to attain the object of their ambition, the career of M. de Talleyrand has been unstained by such excesses. It has, indeed, been charged against him, that the Duke d'Enghien penned a letter to Bonaparte, which letter, though it would have procured his pardon, was detained by the minister until the writer was no more; but De Bourrienne pronounces the charge "an atrocious absurdity," and asserts, on the authority of the unfortunate duke's aid-de-camp, who never quitted him till the last moment, that no such letter was ever written. "Every one," he adds, "who has had any connexion with Napoleon, knows how he was served; and I dare affirm, that no one would have ventured to delay the presentation of a letter on which the fate of so august a victim depended."

Bonaparte often complained of certain persons

* "He, with a sly, insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found,
And tinkle, while he gently probed the wound."

about him, that they were gifted with such a mischievous zeal, that they allowed him not a moment for reflection; so that when he would have recalled his orders in the calmer moment of reflection, it was too late. The conduct of M. de Talleyrand was very different. When Napoleon gave direction, "Write so and so, and send it off instantly by an extraordinary courier," he would, where duty required it, take his time. His secretary says, he has a hundred times heard the emperor exclaim, "Talleyrand understands me: it is thus I should be served; others leave me no time for reflection; they are too prompt." The same authority states, that of all Bonaparte's ministers, whether as consul or emperor, Talleyrand was nearly the only one who never flattered him.*

The countenance of the prince has been described as so immovable, that nothing can be read in it. Murat used jocularly to say of him, that if, while he was speaking to you, some one should come behind him, and give him a kick, his visage would betray no indication of the affront.

In his domestic habits he is said to be mild and amiable. The individuals in his employ are devotedly attached to him. Among his intimate friends he good-humouredly talks of his ecclesiastic profession. He one day expressed his dislike of a tune which was played in his hearing, as it recalled to his recollection the time when he was obliged to practice church music, and to sing at the desk. On another occasion, one of his intimate friends was telling a story during supper, while M. de Talleyrand was engaged in thought. In the course of it, the speaker happened to say, in a lively manner, of some one whom he had named, "that fellow is a comical rogue; he is a married priest." Talleyrand, roused by these words, seizing a spoon, with a threatening aspect, called out to him, "Mr. Such-a-one, will you have some spinnage?" The person who was telling the story was confounded, and all the company burst into a fit of laughter, M. de Talleyrand as heartily as the rest.

The reports of his great wealth, there is reason to believe, are wholly erroneous. By the failure of his banker he lost about 60,000*l.* sterling, and his revenue was scarcely sufficient to pay the interest of the money owing to his creditors. According to Savary, who diligently watched over his motions, he was so poor, after his retirement from the ministry, as to be compelled to dispose of his residence, formerly the hotel Valentinois.

Prince Talleyrand has for some time been occupied in the composition of his political memoirs; but they are not to be given to the world until after his decease. Those of his contemporaries to whom portions of the manuscript have been read, report them to be as amusing as Gil Blas, and that the ex-bishop has drawn a most admirable picture of the court of Louis XVI., from 1775 to 1789, and of the state of society

during that period. They already extend to many volumes; and the recent appointment of the distinguished subject of them to the high situation of ambassador plenipotentiary to the court of William IV. will doubtless furnish materials for a new, and perhaps not the least important, chapter. The following is the speech made by the prince at his audience of presentation to the King of England:—

"Sire—His majesty the King of the French has made choice of me as the interpreter of the sentiments with which he is animated towards your majesty. I have accepted with joy a mission which formed so noble a termination to the last steps of my long career. Sire, of all the vicissitudes which my great age has gone through—of all the various fortunes which forty years, so fertile in events, have given to my life—nothing, perhaps, so completely satisfied my desires as the choice which brings me back to this happy country. But what a difference between the periods! The jealousies, the prejudices which for so long a time divided France and England have given place to sentiments of an enlightened and affectionate esteem. A similarity of principles now draws still closer the relations of the two countries. England, in her foreign policy, repudiates with France the principle of intervention in the internal affairs of her neighbours, and the ambassador of a royalty, voted unanimously by a great people, feels himself at ease in a land of liberty, and near a descendant of the illustrious house of Brunswick. I solicit with confidence, sire, your kindness in the relations which I am charged to maintain with your majesty, and I entreat you to accept the homage of my profound respect."

WOOD ENGRAVING.

THE first engraving on wood, of which there is any record in Europe, is that of "the Acts of Alexander," by the two Cunio's, executed in 1285 or 1286. The engravings are eight in number, and in size about nine inches by six. In a frontispiece decorated with fanciful ornaments, there is an inscription which states the engravings to have been by "Alessandro Alberico Cunio Cavaliere, and Isabella Cunio, twin brother and sister, first reduced, imagined, and attempted to be executed in relief, with a small knife on blocks of wood, made even and polished by this learned and dear sister; continued and finished by us together at Ravenna, from the eight pictures of our invention, painted six times larger than here represented; engraved, explained by verses, and thus marked upon the paper to perpetuate the number of them, and to enable us to present them to our relations and friends in testimony of gratitude, friendship, and affection.—All this was done and finished by us when only sixteen years of age." This account, which was given by Pappillon, who saw the engravings, has been much disputed; but Mr. Otley, in his late valuable work, deems it authentic.

* De Bourrienne, tom. v. p. 133.

THOMAS WESTON—A TALE.

FROM SUPERSTITIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

THE enemies of our holy religion sometimes imagine that they derive an argument against it, from the effect it has been known to work upon weak or uncultivated minds.—They watch with care the movements of a professing Christian, that they may seize upon some discrepancy as a loop to hang a scorn upon. The infidel lays in wait for some eccentricity in the new disciple that he may impeach the motives of his actions: and, above all, the effects which strong doubts or highly inspired hopes, have wrought upon the convert, have furnished forth ample cause for the scoffs and sneers of the sceptic or infidel, who is ever too ignorant of the heart to know, that when the human mind is neutralized by a purer and a purifying influence, there must necessarily be a powerful effervescence. That zeal, however, which is not according to knowledge, has ever been productive of deleterious effects, wherever exercised. Fleeing, as did the settlers of Plymouth Colony, from what they denominated the lukewarmness of Erastian Christians, as well as from the scourge of intolerance, it is not strange that they should endeavour to transmit to their successors the principles for which they had suffered the persecution of man, and braved the war of the elements. They therefore impressed it upon the minds of their offspring, that they should serve the God of their fathers; and, withal, they were not unmindful of the *mode*. And this zealous adherence to their own forms, even to the persecution of other sects, has purchased for them the censure of those who wish to be considered impartial historians. And the present generation affect to contemplate with horror the rigour which the *forefathers* exercised towards their brethren of different denominations. For them, however, let it be said, in extenuation, that they had suffered the scourge and banishment, that they had buffeted the storm, and repelled the savage, to establish in a wilderness the *form* of worship, and enjoy the *peculiarities* of a faith which they believed once delivered to the saints; and when strangers intruded themselves unbidden guests, it was natural for them to enquire for the “wedding garment.” It was to be expected that they would guard with eager jealousy the entrenchments of their orthodoxy; and suffering, as they had, from those who sat in high places, they justly dreaded the influx of an heresy; and prudently, if not wisely, determined to crush the embryo of that opposition, which they had so severely felt. They therefore, while they cultivated in their offspring all the stern dictates of Calvinism in doctrine, took care to purge the lands of opposing forms by something more than words.

The old colonists in the immediate vicinity of the place of landing of the pilgrims, have ever retained a strong predilection in favour of the

doctrines and habits of their pious ancestors, and occasionally furnish conclusive evidence that the opinions and zeal which inspired their fathers, are not entirely adapted to the present state of society.

The following narration will serve to illustrate one of the peculiarities which strongly characterized the opinions of the pilgrims and their descendants:—

The town of Kingston, situated upon Plymouth bay, was visited by what is termed a revival in religion;—the influence of this new incentive was not confined to those who had been long professors, and who now felt awakened to a new exercise of feelings and duties; but men and women who had, hitherto, been careless of the “one thing needful,” now sought to possess themselves of “the pearl of great price.” Among those who had evinced the clearest evidence of a renewed heart, was a young man named Thomas Weston. The various exercises of his vigorous and enthusiastic mind, were peculiarly pleasing to those whose delight it was to watch the upshootings of grace in the heart, to see the being made in the image of his Maker

“Turn from the grovelling cares of earth,
And heavenward wind his way.”

After some months had been spent in a constant exercise of those feelings, which appeared to form his new existence, and in a preparation for a matrimonial connexion, which promised, from the congeniality of disposition, feelings, and professions of the object, to afford every happiness that he could ask on earth, it was observed that Weston did not exhibit those lively tokens of spiritual felicity which had distinguished his early professions. The prayer which had so often ascended in holy confidence, and which had awakened the slumbering piety of age, by its glowing fervency, was now checked and cold, and scarcely audible. At length he ceased to participate in the service of those social meetings, which are thought to promote, in an eminent degree, the “life of piety in the soul.” He was, indeed, seen occasionally in some retired corner, shrinking from observation, and almost from himself. And, as a neglect of his ordinary occupations was equally visible, it was thought prudent to inquire into the cause of this falling off in spiritual and temporal duties. It was evening when the persons delegated to this important and delicate trust, entered the house of his anxious mother. “Thomas,” said the matron, “the deacon, and our worthy neighbour, the school-master.” Weston raised himself from habitual respect, and turned his heavy black eye upon them, in token of recognition, then sunk again into his chair. When the prayer—the Alpha and Omega of all Old Colony meetings—was finished the elders entered upon the especial part

of their errand. Weston shrank, at first, from the close intimacy which they sought with his soul. He felt that feelings like his should be secret, because he knew them undefined and undefinable. They, however, succeeded in learning that he had sunk—an almost necessary consequence of too highly wrought feelings—into a state of wretched despondency. That he not only had lost his "first love," but he was also tortured by the fear that he was under the curse of that sin which cannot be repented of.

The teacher endeavoured to soothe his mind, and awaken him to the comforts of the gospel, by directing him to the experience and examples of others; but in vain, for the mind that finds no balm for its wounds in the scriptures, *dares* not seek it from an earthly source. Finding that the soothing which were offered by the school-master were unavailing, the other visitor deemed it just to resort to different means—He warned the wretch of the danger of such a state of mind. "The enemy of mankind," said he, "seeks the gloomy, the doubtful, and the wavering, as fittest instruments for his designs. The mind that refuses to rest upon 'the rock of ages,' will, when the storm shall come, find its resting place the unstable sands of the shore: Where will be *your* hopes in such an hour?"

"The storm has come," said Weston, without moving his eye from the object on which it rested, "the storm has come, and the winds have beat vehemently upon the slender roof of my hopes, and great and ruinous has been its fall."

"These ideas," said the deacon, "are not to be indulged—Satan, who is unwearied in his search for souls, may form with yours, a league, which shall be its eternal perdition."

"Do you believe," asked Weston, with energy, and raising his eyes for the first time, "do you believe that the 'evil one' can form a compact with the soul, without a mutual and conscious agreement?"

"In a state in which the mind appears much alienated from its ordinary habits of exercise, and consequently, not able to judge of the power or resources of an assailant, there may be wrested from it certain concessions of which it will remain unconscious until it experiences its effects."

"But I have understood," replied Weston, with increasing interest, "that when any being has covenanted with the devil, he is possessed of some peculiar powers, and allowed the exercise of certain privileges, otherwise unattainable. I remember poor Charles Jones, whose death is yet unaccounted for, it was said of him that he could command the wind and tides. Certain it was, that space and distance formed no obstacles to his journey. Was he not in Duxbury at eight o'clock, and was he not seen in Plymouth at nine, the same evening? and surely merely mortal power does not perform that task. And I myself have thought that I possessed some unusual influence, for I have seen the children of late suspend their amusements as I approached them, and gaze upon me as if they did not know my person, or were jealous or fearful of my power!"

His mother groaned audibly, and the school master shed tears over the misery of the unhappy youth. The deacon, however, believed it proper to continue the advantage which he supposed he had gained, by exciting the fears of Weston.

"Young man," said he, "the enemy of souls is wary of his bargains, and the privileges which he grants are in proportion to the resistance made to his influence; and remember, Weston, that the league once made, the compact once formed, tears, and prayers, and repentance, will avail you nothing. Even the blood that was shed for the remission of sins, will not absolve *that* contract." Weston groaned aloud, and the deacon auguring favourably from the excitement of his feelings, pursued his lacerating harangue.

"No being who has formed the soul condemning contract, can hope for relief. The miserable advantage which his superior powers imparts, is lost in the horrid remembrance of its immense price; and in no instance has the deluded wretch dared to exercise the extent of his abilities; and, disgusted with a life in which he appeared to stand alone, every unhappy victim of Satan's league has been known to finish with his own hands an existence, the imaginary advantages of which he had purchased at the expense of eternal salvation."

"At least," groaned Weston, "I will not commit murder."

The deacon shrank from him at this unexpected application of the character to himself—and the horrid conviction, for the first time, flashed upon the agonized mother, that her darling, her only son, had sold himself for naught.

"Let us pray," said the master—the auditors stood erect, while the good man man invoked upon the house of affliction the *comforter's* return. "May the decaying cruise of the widow," said he, "be renewed, and may the oil of comfort abound. And, though lover and friends be put far from her, and her acquaintance into darkness, may she carry her confidence to 'the rock of ages, and lean on Him who is mighty to save.'"

However delicate may have been his feelings for Weston, he could not dissemble in the immediate presence of Omnipotence: he therefore prayed that he might not be of the number of those of whom the Saviour had said, "I pray not for them." The elders departed with a blessing, and the family retired to rest.

The next morning Weston was missing. The family gave the alarm to the neighbours, who immediately went in search of him. He was found perched upon the summit of a rock, that projected over the bay; and, when first discovered, it was thought that he was in company with some other person, but as none was found with him, and as none could escape unobserved, it was supposed by some that it was only a wreath of fog which the rising sun was dispelling. There were, however, some who had never seen the fog assume so palpable a form, and who did not fail to remark, at the same time, that the rock on which he was found, had been the favourite resort of one Standish, who had been more than

suspected of intercourse with the "evil one," and who had ultimately precipitated himself from the summit, and been dashed to pieces upon the half sunken rocks below.

Weston returned to the house with his companions, but he "returned not as at other times." The gloom of melancholy which had marked his features, was exchanged for the vividness of despair; the eye which had been bent in sorrow, in doubt, and humility, now flashed with the intensity of intellectual certainty—but a certainty of pain, and anguish, and remorse. His feelings, affections, and habits seemed abstracted from the usual objects, and he no longer appeared to notice the awe which his presence inspired among the younger part of the community. He conversed with no person, though he was frequently heard in low and urgent conversation with himself, in which it appeared as if he replied to certain arguments of his own suggestion. There are those who could name a companion for these solitary hours, who even delight, at this day, in describing certain wonderful movements of the smitten subject of my tale. They believed to see in his abstracted manner a distaste for the lower acquirements and trifling amusements and vocations of those around him, who possessed merely earthly knowledge and earthly feelings. But none, not one, even while they believed that he could control the elements, while they felt that space and time yielded to his wish—not one of them could envy him his power. The sunken eye, the sallow cheek, and the blanched locks of his once raven hair, told too plainly of the source and result of his fatal acquirement.

The rock, which I before mentioned, was his favourite retreat. Indeed, it was a place calculated to awaken feelings and desires more pure and holy than he was supposed to possess.—The capacious bay lay before him, of which the smooth expanse was as tranquil as the clear sky above, whose ethereal blue was reflected from its peaceful bosom. Far to the right was the high lands of the pine covered Monument hills. Nearer, in the same direction, Plymouth beach presented its front as a defence for the landing place of the pilgrims. At the left, but nearly in front, rose the noted height of Duxbury, whose pointed summit was ornamented with the telegraph of Mr. Grout, the gaze and admiration of the surrounding inhabitants, which, perhaps, like its inventor, conveyed its information from such a distance and in such a questionable form, that it was left to thankless and unmerited neglect.

This scene, however soothing to the mind of another, appeared to have left no effect on that of Weston, and it was supposed that he sought the spot only for solitude—or for one *other* and almost unspeakable purpose.—The curling mists of morning, as they reflected back the rays of the rising sun, had other and strange offices in the minds of the fearful and superstitious; and the sounds which were occasionally wafted from the top of this imagined sanctuary of unhallowed and unearthly revels, were thought too mingled and various for a single voice.

Weston's form gradually wasted, and he appeared daily to participate less in the feeling and sympathy of life; he followed his heart-broken mother to the grave, without a single tear or groan. It was said, however, by some, that grief had long since dried up the fountain of his eyes, and that groans and sighs were too feeble for one who lived a life of pain, and deprivation, and woe. And, indeed, scathed as he had been by the sweeping tempest of an undefined passion, it may be supposed that the source of all tears was as dry as the desert, when the blasting simoom had passed over it, prostrating all of animal or vegetable life which it might contain, leaving all a scorching waste, where no herbage can obtain a root, nor a flower lift its head to bless the surrounding desolation.

After one or two days, which it was thought Weston had spent upon the rock, it was proposed by some of the sympathizing inhabitants of the place, to ascend this fearful retreat; they waited until noon for the mists to dissipate, and made the dreaded ascent; but the object of their solicitude was not there; they dragged the channel in vain for his body. A handkerchief, known to have been his, was sometime afterwards found upon the shore, and this was the only memorial of the unfortunate Weston.

There is another, who was connected with the subject of this story, the female whom Weston was to have married, whose patient suffering asks the sympathy of every feeling heart. Let her grief, as she yet lives, be as sacred as it is unobtrusive. The comforts of religion have supported this constant mourner in a life of celibacy, dedicated to God by the exercise of every religious duty; though her broken spirit and bended form show that she yet suffers from

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak ill alike o'er her joys and her woes;
Than which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, nor affliction a sting."

FRENCH SERVANT MAIDS.

Look at the mode in which the French treat their servants! If a French maid-servant has a love affair, she consults her mistress about it, and debates all the pro's and con's with her; the natural emotions of the heart are not stifled; the mistress feels interested in the welfare of her dependent; she advises her, and promotes her happiness, because she feels that she is part of her own family, and the gratitude of the servant for the sympathy of her superior is mostly unbounded. Owing to the want of sympathy in the treatment they experience from their masters and mistresses, English servants care for nothing except their own pecuniary and sensual interest. Like the rats from a falling house, they slink away the moment a family begins to show signs of poverty. Not so in France and Spain. Many instances might be adduced of kindly attachment from servants, when their protectors are no longer able to protect them, which would draw tears from the eyes of the feeling.—*Tatler*.

COME DWELL WITH ME.

A BALLAD.

The Poetry by Thomas Wagne Bayley, Esq.—Music by Alexander Lee.

ANDANTE.

The musical score is written for piano in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of six systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Come dwell, come dwell with me'. The third system continues the vocal melody with 'And our home shall be, our home shall be A'. The fourth system continues with 'pleasant cot, in a tranquil spot, With a distant view of the changing sea, My cottage is a magic'. The fifth system continues with 'scene, The sheering boughs seem ever green, The streamlet as it flows a - long, is'. The sixth system is an instrumental conclusion. Dynamics include *pp* and *f*. The tempo is marked *ANDANTE*.

Come dwell, come dwell with me And our home shall be, our home shall be A

pleasant cot, in a tranquil spot, With a distant view of the changing sea, My cottage is a magic

scene, The sheering boughs seem ever green, The streamlet as it flows a - long, is

murmuring a fairy song, The streamlet as it flows a - long, Is murmuring a fairy

song, Come dwell with me, Come dwell with me, Come, come, come, come,

cres. dim.

Dwell with me, Come dwell with me, Come dwell dwell with me.

SECOND VERSE.

The tendrils of a purple vine, A - round the rattle porch shall twine, The woodbine and the wild rose

haw, Will make each moment seem a day, I will not let thee once regret The gay saloons where first we

met, 'Twill be my pride to hear thee say, Love makes this valley far more gay, 'Twill be my pride to hear thee

say, Love makes this valley far more gay, Then dwell with me, Come dwell with me,

Come, come, come, come, Dwell with me, Dwell with me, Come dwell, dwell with me.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

Among the sources of those innumerable calamities, which from age to age have overwhelmed mankind, may be reckoned as one of the principal, the abuse of words.

Nothing does more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise ones.

Man has 246 bones: the head and face 63, the trunk 39, the arms 64, and the lower extremities 60. There are in man 201 muscles or pairs of muscles.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.

An accomplished man will shine more than a man of mere knowledge, as brass polished has more lustre than unpolished gold, although the latter is intrinsically so much the more valuable.

What is called the law of nature is made up simply of two things—self-interest and reason.

He who has had the experience of a great and violent love, neglects friendship; and he who has consumed all his passion upon friendship, is nothing advanced towards love.

Be children in malice, but in understanding be men.

Courts can give nothing, to the wise and good,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude;
High stations tumult, but not bliss create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is bless'd;
On every thorn, delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill, a sweet instruction flows.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in every thing.

The beauty of a religious life is one of its greatest recommendations.—What does it profess?—Peace to all mankind—it teaches us those arts which will render us beloved and respected, which will contribute to our present comfort as well as our future happiness. Its greatest ornament is charity—it inculcates nothing but love and simplicity of affection; it breathes nothing but the purest spirit of delight—in short, it is a system perfectly calculated to benefit the heart, improve the mind, and enlighten the understanding.

Hypocrisy, of course, delights in the most sublime speculations; for never intending to go beyond speculation, it costs nothing to have it magnificent.

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.

No man is bless'd by accident or guess;
True wisdom is the price of happiness;
Yet few without long discipline are sage,
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.

There is nothing so ridiculous, that has not at some time been said by some philosopher. The writers of books in Europe, seem to themselves authorised to say what they please: and an ingenious philosopher among them (Fontenelle) has openly asserted that he would undertake to persuade the whole republic of letters to believe, that the sun was neither the cause of light nor heat, if he could only get six philosophers on his side.

Grief shortens life. Joy also shortens life by whirling away the hours with a rapidity that surprises the traveller on the road of existence.

The cost of Anchors for the British Navy is immense; to supply it once only, requires a sum above £500,000. Each first rate anchor employs twenty men forty days; forty per cent. of metal is wasted in the forging, and the cost of such an anchor is £400.

When we think of Bacon, who, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, indicated to the human mind the plan to be pursued in order to re-construct the edifice of the sciences, we can hardly feel admiration for those great men who have succeeded him; such as Boyle, Locke, &c. He lays out the ground for them, or marks the spots that are to be cultivated or taken possession of, like Cæsar, who, being master of the world after the battle of Pharsalia, gave away kingdoms and provinces to his partisans or to his favourites.

Just as the hinder of two chariot wheels
Still presses closely on its fellow's heels,
So flies to-morrow, while you fly as fast,
Forever following and forever last.

R. says he has been acquainted with women from every country in Europe: the Italian thinks she is beloved only when her lover is capable of committing a crime for her; the English woman she is ready to perform a rash act; the French woman a silly one.

Persons are often misled in regard to their choice of dress, by attending to the beauty of colours, rather than selecting such colours as may increase their own beauty.

yes yes



Evening Dress.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

APRIL, 1886.

LATEST FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.—Dress of Chaly, printed *a colonnes*, high body, with crossed plaits, plain back, laced; large full sleeves, tight to the elbow. Apron of black gros de Naples, embroidered with a wreath of *sweet peas*; epaulettes on the shoulders embroidered also; cap of Brussels lace, trimmed with *mais* gauze riband.

WALKING DRESS.—Dress of blue *saphire* satin, plain body; tippet of black velvet *a godets*, and long ends; blonde ruff, with a bow of *mais* gauze riband; capote of *mais* terry velvet, lined with black velvet, and plait of velvet to mix in the curls; trimmed with a *mais* and black *cerbere* feather and *mais* gauze riband.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of white Cachemire *a colonnes*, alternately high *corsage drape*, with borders to correspond with the pattern of the dress; short sleeves of white gros de Naples under long *crapelisse* sleeves; hat of *grenat* velvet trimmed with *torsades* of velvet and a green bird of Paradise.—See *Engraving*.

Original.

THE CHEST OF BONES.

BY MRS. TOWNSHEND STITH.

What power delights to torture us? I know
That to myself I do not wholly owe
What now I suffer, though in part I may.—SHREVEY.

THE circumstances by which I became acquainted with the particulars of the following story, were somewhat singular. They are still fresh in my memory, as a thing of yesterday—though years have rolled by since their occurrence, and many more had elapsed since the events transpired to which I am about to refer:

In Italy, near the richly wooded and winding banks of one of her beautiful and classical streams, stands the castle of the Lady Montoni. The gloomy and ascetic life which this lady rigidly pursued—her cold and abstracted manner, the fixed melancholy that ever reposed upon her countenance—seemed to denote the victim of some painful superstition, or withering disappointment; or it might be, the memory of some untold crime. She sought no society—scarcely permitted any, save that of her confessor (the Prior of a neighbouring convent,) and even her dependants, or those whom accident, her station, or the duties of hospitality, brought into collision with her, saw little to induce a desire that the interview might be repeated. She might be the slave of some solemn penance, or one whom delicacy should leave to the sacredness of grief. Yet ascetic as she was, her character was unstained with cruelty or oppression. Far from it—the sufferer never went unrelieved from her door; the boon was seldom denied, and the tale of woe was hushed as soon as heard.

It was in the summer of —, that, in pursuit of health for one whose health to me was precious as the breath of life, I sought the breezes

of this delightful climate. Alas! they but fanned the flowers which bereaved affection had planted on his grave, and bore away the sighs of a desolate mourner.

It was evening—it had rained violently—the path was slippery and dangerous—the sun, which looked out in crimson light for a moment, from the ridges of the western hills, now sunk behind them; while the upper heaven, dark with the fragments of the recent thunderstorm, portended the speedy close of a dreary and starless night. My companion's health became worse: he called me to his side, and in a faint voice said, "Julia—I cannot proceed—we must seek some shelter.—You observe a light glimmering through yonder opening. It seems to proceed from a chateau: let us seek it, and try the hospitality of its inmates." My anxiety was greatly increased, and I readily consented. A few minutes brought us in full view of the building. It was spacious, gloomy, and solemn; yet wearing an air of departed grandeur—the pomp and majesty of days gone by.—Suddenly our guide turned to us and exclaimed—"It is the castle of the Lady Montoni—now I know the way—the path lies to the left—your Excellency had better proceed—"

"No: we must seek admittance here."—"Indeed your Excellency had better go on—'tis only this turn—"

Upon being ordered peremptorily to lead to the castle, the man resumed his station, sullen and muttering.

After a few moments' reflection, as we pur-

sued our way, the evident unwillingness of the guide to seek the shelter before us, struck me as singular, and riding up, I accosted him, "But Guiseppe, why do you dislike stopping at this mansion? One would think you might rejoice at this opportunity of rest and refreshment; for surely we shall be well received in this noble building."—"I am both weary and hungry, Signora; but there are strange tales about this castle and the Lady Montoni—all is not right; and none like to stop here who can avoid it."

His words made some impression on me; but by this time, we had arrived at the outer gate. Our ring was promptly answered; on demanding to see the lady of the mansion, we were conducted, with few words, by an old domestic, into the court-yard fronting the castle, and our horses being committed to the care of Guiseppe and a younger servant who appeared, we were ushered into the drawing room, to await, for a few moments, the appearance of the lady.

She entered: it was the Lady Montoni. We were both much struck with her appearance, ere yet we had time to observe her countenance—her step and manner were imposing—even to majesty. She was enveloped in a long dark robe, which concealed the outlines of a form unusually tall and commanding. We arose on her entrance, and briefly made known our situation and our wants. She welcomed us with an air of that distinguished politeness, which is the inimitable prerogative of noble birth and breeding—but at the same time, with the coldness of one long unused to be interested in the minor courtesies of society. Yet there was something almost of benevolence in her aspect as she turned to the suffering invalid, and kindly offered such inquiries as his situation evidently demanded. A small bell which stood on a table of black marble, in the centre of the apartment, summoned a female domestic, whom I imagined to be the housekeeper, and whom she addressed by the name of Agatha, to her presence. The necessary instructions were given with dignity and precision; refreshment was ordered; and seating herself beside the table, she led the way to such general conversation as politeness required.

I had now, for the first time, an opportunity of studying her countenance, as she rested with her arm on the marble slab beside her. To describe it would be a task better suited to the pencil than the pen.

The features were regular and eminently noble, and though attenuated by penance or suffering, still bore the traces of that fine chiselling with which nature marks her nobler children. There was still an expression of determination about the mouth, which indicated a character that had once possessed both energy and passion; nor was this contradicted by the dark and searching eye. A fixed melancholy seemed to repose upon the lofty brow, and the impression conveyed by the whole aspect, to an attentive observer, was that of a powerful mind habitually subduing intense grief.

After the lapse of a short time, we were usher-

ed into an adjoining room, where an elegant repast was provided. We partook sparingly and returned to the drawing-room. After an absence of about an hour, our hostess entered, and presently observed, that possibly my companion's situation might require repose, and that all the necessary arrangements had been made. The offer was readily accepted; an attendant ushered him to his apartment, and I was committed to the care of the good Agatha. My adieux for the night were politely returned, though I fancied I saw an expression of melancholy pass over the face of the Lady Montoni, as I retired.

Agatha was, in character, the reverse of her mistress. She was a woman in the decline of life. Reserve was no part of her disposition, and as she led the way, she used the privilege of an old domestic, and prattled incessantly. She expressed her delight at seeing a stranger, complained of the solitude of the castle, spoke of the length of time she had been in the service of the family, &c.

She conducted me along a passage of considerable length, and we ascended a flight of marble steps. On the landing, she paused, and turning to me said—"I hope your ladyship will find your chamber comfortable. I have done what I could, and had the room well aired. But no one sleeps in this part of the castle. My lady has never visited it since the death of my young mistress. The servants come here as seldom as possible. They have some foolish stories, about lights and noises in the picture gallery. Simple creatures! but I don't believe a word of it." As we proceeded a few steps, the passage opened into a sort of gallery, or rather hall, floored, as I observed, with black marble, and hung round with portraits. The effect of these, as the light flashed suddenly upon them, was striking; and where the rays of the lamp were lost in the distance of the further extremity, the darkness seemed peopled with faces of sad and solemn aspect. Along the circuit of the gallery, to our left, were several doors, perfectly similar in appearance, nor easily distinguished, and apparently opening into chambers.

"This then, is the picture gallery," I said, as I paused, wishing to contemplate the silent assembly by which we were surrounded: "and these are the ancestors of the family."—"Yes, your ladyship," said Agatha, yet hurrying forward with the light—"but you can see them by daylight—it is a dreary place by night—and yonder is your chamber."

I followed her and we entered. It was a spacious and convenient apartment, furnished for comfort, and with little ornament. The window seemed to look out into a sort of court, and drawing aside the curtain, I gazed for an instant on the moon, now high in the heavens, struggling through the flying masses of dark clouds which were borne onward—though as if their heavy volumes moved reluctantly—by the impetuous night-blast. Closing the curtain, I expressed my thanks to our hostess, and my gratitude to heaven, at having been so fortu-

nately provided with such a shelter from the gloomy and threatening night without.

As Agatha was offering her services to assist me in undressing, my attention was attracted by a veiled picture which hung in the centre of the wall, opposite to me. "And what picture is this, Agatha?" said I, advancing towards it.—"Ah! my lady, 'tis the portrait of my dear young mistress. It is long—many years since I have seen it. I have never had courage to raise the veil." And turning to her, I perceived that the good creature's eyes were filled with tears.

"But I may look at it—may I not, Agatha?" She expressed no dissent, and, as I attempted to draw aside the veil, the fastenings, which were slight and perhaps loosened by time, gave way; the veil fell, and exposed to my view a face and form of such surpassing loveliness, that I was rivetted for a moment, in wonder and delight.

As a work of art, it was evidently from the pencil of one of the first masters: but every shade and lineament was animate with the truth of nature. It was evidently the picture of a very young girl—taken at that happiest period of life, when existence is a fairy dream. The features were of exquisite regularity; the complexion rich and transparent; and the thick auburn ringlets fell, after the fashion of girlhood, around a neck of pure and unadorned whiteness. But the charm of the face lay in its full and perfect expression of intense and almost infantine joyousness. The large dark eye—so like, so very like the life—seemed brimful of delighted sensibility—and the small, delicate mouth—the coral lips parted by rich smiles, made the beholder happy as he gazed.

"And this then," said I, turning reluctantly from the lovely portrait, "is your young mistress. Is it possible so exquisite a creature is now but a tenant of the tomb? tell me of her, Agatha—tell me her fate."

"Alas! lady," she replied, while the tears streamed faster and faster down her cheeks—"it is a long and dreadful story. My mistress does not like me to speak of the affairs of the family; but I could tell you such —" At this moment a bell rang loudly.—"It is my mistress's bell—she summons me. I must leave you now. Pray, say nothing of this to the Lady Montoni."—And she abruptly left me.

I continued gazing alone for some time, on the beautiful portrait, and then wearied in spirits, and anxious in mind, I threw myself on the bed. My anxieties had made me feverish, and a crowd of gloomy reflections and "thick-coming fancies" conspired to forbid repose; or, if I forgot myself for a moment, from the effects of bodily fatigue, it was in that imperfect and distressing slumber which harasses rather than relieves. On one occasion, after awakening from one of those intervals of distempered sleep, I thought I heard a step, light and stealthy, traversing the gallery without. I arose, and approaching the door, listened intently, but not the smallest noise answered my attention, and I was almost in-

stantly convinced it was but fancy. Still I felt even less disposition to sleep than before; the fever of my mind increased; and I traversed the apartment uneasily, panting for some means of employment, to beguile the tedious hours. There were neither books nor writing materials in the room, and I dreaded the company of my own thoughts. At last an idea struck me: I bethought me of the picture gallery, and recollecting the housekeeper's observation that this part of the building was untenanted by the family, (and therefore I should be likely to disturb no one,) I determined to venture forth and seek a transient diversion of mind, in contemplating these memorials of the departed. Taking the lamp, I did so, timidly at first, but more boldly as I proceeded. I studied the portraits one by one, and indulged in the reflections to which they gave rise. They all bore certain traits of resemblance; the features were peculiar and aristocratic; I thought I recognised certain expressions of the Lady Montoni in the countenances of her haughty ancestors. When I had been thus employed for some time, and made a considerable circuit of the gallery, my attention was attracted by a portrait which hung apart from the rest, and which bore little resemblance to those which I had been contemplating. It was indeed a dark and striking countenance. Beneath it was inscribed the word *Rospiglia*. While I stood absorbed in contemplating this remarkable face, till the full dark eye seemed with actual life to answer my fixed gaze, the bell of the castle, pealing out suddenly as it seemed from above me, told the hour of one. Abstracted as I was, the sound, of dreadful loudness in that lonely place, struck me as with a sudden shock. I started convulsively—the glass lamp, which I held but loosely, fell from my hand, and was extinguished and dashed to pieces on the marble floor. The crash vibrated, and was echoed with fearful distinctness from the deserted hall: and seemed prolonged, while I stood for a moment, in utter terror and helplessness, amid the total darkness. As soon as I recovered from the first moment of dismay, I endeavoured to collect myself, to laugh at my own fears, and return to my chamber. But this was no easy task. I was bewildered, and knew not the direction of the door. I determined to grope my way around the walls, till I arrived at the door I sought. I made the attempt: but unsuccessfully. It seemed to me that I had already compassed the whole circuit of the hall more than once; till at last in despair and an agony of terror, I leaned, almost fainting, against the wall. After remaining in this painful state for some time, it appeared to me that my cheek was fanned by a breath of air, which must proceed from some opening or entrance close by.

I moved in the direction from which it seemed to proceed: it became more sensible, and my hand was presently arrested by a half open door. I entered a narrow passage, which I followed, in the hope that it might conduct me to some outlet, or some portion of the building

inhabited by the family, where I might call assistance. After groping my way cautiously, for a few paces, I came to a flight of steps. I descended; they were about ten in number. At the foot, I entered upon another passage, equally narrow. Proceeding along this a greater distance than before, I arrived at another flight. This seemed to be a winding stair. I descended for a long time; the passage into which it opened was still narrower than that I had left. This I followed with rapid steps. As I went on, the walls seemed to become more damp and clammy, the air more confined, and finally the passage widened, and I continued to grope along the wall to my right. At once the thought occurred to me that I might have found my way into the vaults of the castle. Half frantic, and unable to retrace my steps, I flew onward, not knowing whither. In the distance before me, I beheld the glimmering of a light. I increased my speed; it became distinct, and seemed the light of a torch or candle. Again it was hidden, by some obstacle jutting out from the wall. I rushed forward—turned the projection—the light came full in view, within a few yards of me, and the objects which I beheld fixed me breathless to the spot, in terror and amazement. It was evidently a vault—a funeral vault: I was in one of those subterranean chambers of the dead. The object which had obstructed the light, and against which I now leaned was a coffin, but I heeded it not—the scene before me absorbed my faculties. In a niche or recess opposite me was a sort of altar, covered entirely with black. It had no ornament but a large wooden crucifix, beside which the dim lamp burned. On a step facing the altar was an object covered also with a black pall, resembling a chest. Before this knelt a tall female figure, enveloped in coarse white drapery. It was the form of the Lady Montoni. Her face was buried in her hands—she was motionless, and seemed fixed in some intense abstraction, of prayer or passion. Still I heard her heavy and half-smothered sighs break forth. As I gazed, she removed her hands, and arose; by a slight movement, her face came in view, and I recognized the well remembered features I had contemplated the evening before. She displaced the dark covering of the chest, raised the lid, and drew forth something which I could not distinguish for her intervening form; but which, I observed, she pressed to her lips. It was replaced; she drew forth another, and this time I remarked, as the light fell upon it, that it had the resemblance of a human bone! My suspicion was confirmed, as the third object which she drew forth and kissed in like manner, bore the distinct resemblance of a skull. I was congealed with horror; yet withal agitated by an undefinable interest. She then closed the lid, and kneeling again, placed her right hand upon some article beside her, while with the left, she seemed to loosen the fastenings of the robe which covered the shoulders. I perceived that she held a scourge! I could contain myself no longer. Believing that she was about to inflict upon her-

self one of those dreadful penances, with which, as I had heard, the votaries of wild enthusiasm are wont to torture themselves, I made an effort to spring forward and arrest her arm. At that moment, I felt my wrist grasped, and by an iron hand. I turned, and a figure of uncommon height, presented itself to my reeling senses. I uttered a shriek, and fell senseless to the ground.

* * * * *

When I recovered my reason, I found myself in bed—in the self same chamber I had left. I seemed to awake from a long, deep sleep. It was day: but the curtains of my window were crimsoned with the rich light of sunset, and the sweet birds carolled their evening song from the ivy by which it was embosomed. Their music, after the terror and agony I had endured, went to my soul like an angel's voice, and affected me to tears. By the window sat the good Agatha, watching my countenance. She arose and approached the bed-side. I attempted to speak. "Hush, my dear lady," said she; "you have been very ill: the physician says you must be kept perfectly still—he will be here presently—and my Lady Montoni will see you this evening."—At that name, memory seemed to act again. I closed my eyes to recollect myself. The whole scene I have described seemed a dark and terrible dream. I believed it such; and I had a dim reminiscence of other imperfect visions, still more recent, which perplexed and bewildered me. I again opened my eyes and attempted to ask an explanation: but Agatha enjoined silence. I felt the debility consequent upon a fever, and the confusion that succeeds a strong opiate: and sinking back I resigned myself to my thoughts, which vainly sought to solve the mystery that perplexed me. At length the physician entered. He smiled benignantly, as he felt my pulse, and remarked the favourable change, and after a few directions to Agatha, and enjoining that I should be kept from agitation, departed. I silently took the cup which was offered me, and after swallowing its contents, relapsed into a gentle slumber. When I awoke the candles were burning in the chamber, and Agatha was still at my side. I was sensibly better and less confused. She remarked it, in the few questions I put, but told me that her mistress would soon see me, and explain all. "Indeed, my lady," she added, "I know nothing, but that you have been very ill and delirious all day, and that I was called to attend you very early this morning."

"But my —"

"He is better, but very anxious on your account. He wishes to see you: but the physician will not permit it. You shall see him to-morrow."

After a short time the Lady Montoni entered. She approached the bed-side, with evident anxiety. Her face was calm and sorrowful; but it seemed to have lost all its haughty expression in one of kindness and pity. She took my hand, and with something almost of tenderness, inquired how I was. I answered: and my eyes, rather than my lips, besought her to explain to

me the mystery of my situation, and the fearful scene which had preceded it.

"Compose yourself, my dear," she said kindly but sorrowfully, "when you are restored you shall know all. Do not now distress yourself with these dark thoughts. Your companion is urgent to see you, and will not be denied. You may see him, but only for ten minutes."

The interview which was permitted, did much to restore my spirits. I became more composed, and from that hour I recovered rapidly.

It was on the morning of the third day following, when I was permitted to leave my bed, but not my apartment, that the Lady Montoni had promised to reveal to me the subject of my earnest curiosity.

Seating herself with a forced composure beside me, as I leaned upon my pillow, she commenced:—

"The extraordinary scene which you witnessed in the vault, has naturally shocked and agitated you. It is as natural that you should desire to have it explained. But I must begin by imparting to you my sad history. It is long since I have sought sympathy, by speaking with a human being of my sorrows, or the errors which caused them: but accident has introduced you to my confidence, and I feel that it will not be misplaced. My heart, too, is humbled now."

After a pause, she resumed, turning to the unveiled picture, which still hung opposite the bed, and seemed smiling, in its loveliness, upon us—"That was my daughter: that was (with convulsive emphasis upon the word) my dear *Ginevra*."

Here she was utterly subdued. She made a strong effort to command herself: but all-powerful nature triumphed; the haughty and governed features of the Lady Montoni relaxed—became convulsed—quivered—and she burst into a passion of tears.

The agony of the calm and powerful is positively dreadful. I seized her hand; I kissed it; and while the hot gushing tears chased each other down my cheeks, I besought her, by every tender epithet which my excited feelings supplied, to tell me all her grief—to unburthen her heart to me, and I would answer it with a sister's love. She wept on my bosom like a beaten child. I hailed the sign with hope—for the grief that is unexpressed, alone is fatal. I permitted her passion to have full way, and at length succeeded in soothing her into more tranquillity.

"It is long—very long," she observed, "since I have shed such tears as these. They have relieved this bursting heart"—and she commenced her narrative with something like composure.

Without pretending to repeat the language, I present the substance of what I gathered from this conversation, and others subsequent; together with those I afterwards had with *Agatha*, as well as from other sources.

Ginevra was an only daughter of the Count and Lady Montoni. Her father was a man of gentle and affectionate disposition; but she had the misfortune to lose him, almost in her infancy.

With his dying breath he resigned her to the care of her mother—at the same time that he besought her kindness and protection for his young charge *Albert*—then quite a boy, and but a few years the senior of his child. *Albert* was the only son of a near relative, whom he had tenderly loved, and who being a younger son and a soldier, had left his child no inheritance but the friendship of *Montoni*.

The children grew up together. They were companions in childhood, and all its innocent sports; and their early years were passed, in rapid happiness, under the sole guardianship of the Lady Montoni. But she was, in character, unhappily the reverse of her lost husband: although she had ever evinced to him the duties and affection of a wife. Of powerful and lofty intellect, her engrossing fault was pride—her one passion was ambition. Yet she wanted not a mother's feelings; she doted on her daughter with an excess of affection that ever distinguishes the attachments of strong characters—intense as they are rare. To *Albert*, too, she was not deficient in kindness. He was indeed a noble boy—full of the promise of manly strength and manly virtues; and with one of a nature less concentrated, or of more diffusive affections, might have won an almost equal share of love. She marked the evident attachment of the children for each other, with indulgence and without suspicion. Their age precluded the idea of serious passion: and in this, she probably shared the common ignorance, or rather forgetfulness, of persons in mature life, of how early the heart becomes sensible—how deep—and difficult to break—and vital are the affections, like the prejudices of our very childhood; paving the way to more lasting and passionate feelings of after life.

It was indeed a beautiful sight, to mark the innocent and complete affection of these lovely children—to see them walking in the garden hand in hand—sporting among the flowers of the meadow, or climbing the green hills together. They had no differences: their spirits were one.

In all the little rambles of *Ginevra*, through the adjacent country, *Albert* was her constant companion and protector. He would always walk between her and the river's bank or the precipice's edge, and where there was danger or alarm, he was in an instant at her side. He would have stood between her and a famished wolf.

But years rolled on. The children had arrived at an age when it became prudent to separate them, and necessary that *Albert* should be removed for the purpose of education. The Lady Montoni, in suffering the intimacy of these children, had not been deficient in foresight. But the period during which she judged it harmless had almost past: she had high views for her daughter; and it was her purpose that *Albert* residing abroad for some years, should not be furnished with the temptation or the opportunity of having it renewed. Accordingly, *Albert* departed for a seminary in Spain; it being understood that he was to return at the expiration of

the year, and that the annual vacations were to be past in a visit to the castle. His parting with Ginevra was like that of other children, accompanied with tears, and succeeded by some weeks of depression; but soon forgotten in the buoyancy of heart, which is the distinction of that happy age. Yet the impression left on the mind of Albert by his young and lovely companion, was deeper than might have been expected from his years; and though seemingly obliterated for the present, amid change of scene and the occupations of the college, was destined to bring out its evidences in mature age.

Meanwhile the young Ginevra advanced rapidly in every accomplishment, under the judicious superintendance and able tuition of her really fond mother: and as years passed by, and her form developed itself from childish grace into the loveliness of girlhood, each day seemed to add to it some new charm. Her mother had high hopes of her: she marked her increasing beauty with delight, and her ambitious and scheming mind had already anticipated for her a connexion as splendid as her noble birth and distinguished personal attractions promised to entitle her to. She was yet but a child, and there was time enough to deliberate. Yet on whom should she bestow this, her heart's darling, its only treasure?—Chance (that wild governor of our human fates and earthly fortunes,) seemed to determine what her mind had, as yet, scarcely begun seriously to consider—to present a hope that promised the fulfilment of her most sanguine wishes—and which she was not backward to encourage.

Among the most powerful and wealthy of the nobles of the adjoining country, was the Count Rospiglia. Of him she had hitherto seen but little, as his visits to the castle had been those of mere courtesy; (though she courted his acquaintance as that of a powerful neighbour,) and most of his time had been spent abroad. He was said to be still in the prime of life; though his countenance was marked by the lines which belong more properly to maturer age.

The Count Rospiglia was one of those men whom Nature seemed to have endowed with every gift calculated to command the admiration of mankind, and yet, whom Destiny has marked to live apart from sympathy. It may be, that the peculiarities, or the faults of character, which debarred him from the love of others, and the sacred wish of winning and requiting love, were the results of a peculiar and solitary education.

The last branch of a rich and powerful family, his boyhood and early youth had been spent on his broad patrimonial estates, in comparative solitude, under the sole guardianship of a widowed mother. She was a woman of accomplished mind, but a poetic and rather melancholy temperament; who had been early sated with the world, and disappointed in some of her choicest hopes; and who imbued the earlier years of her son with that contempt for the gayer pursuits of social life, and that passion for nature, in her

more solitary aspects, which were the distinguishing features of her own mind. Her death, which had occurred some years before his opening manhood, though it severely shocked his feelings, and perhaps permanently affected his disposition, made no material alteration in his condition. He continued to reside in the country, and the devotion which he had early acquired for books and meditation, now furnished him employment and a refuge. According to the reports of his instructors, he was an enthusiast of knowledge—and his mind, accustomed to severest exercise, and a proud and utter reliance on itself, was rapidly expanded. Thus he had passed some years. Still, little was known of the nature of his studies, or the extent of his attainments; for, being too proud to be vain, the natural reserve of his disposition prevented the exhibition of them. Yet the few, of kindred powers, who afterwards encountered him, by chance, upon the pathway of life, were impressed by the transient evidences of a mind, at once affluent and powerful; and with wonder that such energies should be aimless.

It seemed that his mere intellect—with its large resources of native and treasured knowledge—would have qualified him for a place in that quiet list of the honoured votaries of science, who live apart from human cares that their names may be immortalized by human gratitude—but that even that intellect was the creature of his passions. So prepared, knowing much of books, and practically nothing of men, he had left his retirement at the age of twenty-three, and spent some years in the active world, and the study of mankind. The effects upon a feeble and over-sensitive character might have been easily foreseen: it would have ended in a plaintive misanthropy. But his was none such. He was not formed to be the victim of morbid sensibility. Of the results of his experience he spoke little, and as nearly the whole of his time had been spent from home, with the exception of brief and distant visits to his estate, none were acquainted with the manner in which it had been purchased. Still, the effects might be traced. The calmness of aspect and of eye, which now distinguished him, required some other explanation than the natural change wrought by these few years—and his lofty brow, though ever marked by the characters of solemn thought, now bore the impress of something more than time.

There were whispers of a wild tale of passion, in which he had been an actor while abroad—of bitter wrong, fearfully avenged: but as he prated not of his affairs, and with cold dignity suppressed inquiry, the rumor—brought by chance or a traveller—soon passed away. For the rest—he was a man of solitary and studious habits; neither shunning nor seeking society: but when, the duties of his station called him forth, he exhibited the self-possession and dignity—if not all the unreserve—of the practised gentleman.

It was during his last residence on his estate, that the Count Rospiglia had paid a visit to the

Lady Montoni. Ginevra was absent. He had frequently seen her, but with slight notice, as a child; and their conversation had been such as we are accustomed to hold with children. He had accepted the invitation to repeat his visit on the following day, and was now returning (as it was a lovely evening in the month of June,) on foot, towards the chateau. The path which he followed led along the banks of a beautiful streamlet, which now skirted the green slope, rich with the freshest verdure of the young summer, and now, approaching the bank, was lost in the luxuriant copse; the various and beautiful hues of leaf, and twig, and flower, being mirrored from the still and glassy surface. There was a solemn and divine repose upon the face of nature, bathed in the last golden beams of the retiring sun; who, pavilioned in the glories of the west, smiled his farewell upon her.

The Count walked slowly on, frequently pausing to contemplate a scene which sent to his heart its solemn influences; and then would turn away, in bitter thought of his earlier and happier days. But, as he leaned musing against the trunk of a decaying oak, his attention was attracted by an object of nearer interest. His eye had wandered towards the margin of the river. Within a few feet of its pebbly shore, in a sort of natural arbour, formed and screened by the thick interwoven branches and underbrush, and carpeted by nature's richest velvet, strewn with wild flowers, reclined the delicate and elegant form of a very young girl. A glance assured him it was the young Ginevra Montoni. At that time, she could scarcely have entered upon her fourteenth year. She had just closed a small volume, which she placed beside her, and the fresh tears upon her cheek, whether of joy or sorrow, seemed to denote that it was some tale of passion; and that the heart from whose impulses they flowed, was still warm with its first girlish sympathies. However, the tear, like the tear of childhood, was soon dried, and the innocent girl plucked a flower, and leaning on her hand, smiled in ecstasy, as she moved upon the tranquil and lovely scene before her. She seemed absorbed in that intense and exquisite communion with nature, which is the blessed, and irrecoverable privilege of the young and sensitive soul, before its precious sensibilities are lost or defiled in the world. She at length half uttered an exclamation of delight, then raised her eyes to heaven, with that expression of silent gratitude, which is the holiest form of prayer.

It is said that none are all evil—that stern, proud natures have their hours of perfect gentleness; and that the man of sorrow or of crime, not always self-subdued, has moments visited by a gush of holier, happier thoughts. Thus it was even with the stern Count Rospiglia. Touched by this unstudied picture of loveliness and innocence, he advanced, with something more of emotion than he had ever evinced towards the child. She started up at his footstep, recognised him immediately, and though her cheek was slightly tinged with blushes, she welcomed him

with the artless freedom of a girl. He took her hand tenderly, saying "I am indeed pleased to see you, my sweet and innocent child—pleased to see you thus. You love this solitude then?—and you are happy?"

"Who would not be happy in this most lovely place?" she replied, and turning, she pointed to the glories of the west; "or with that magnificent scene before them?" and she spoke of those beauties of nature, in which her spirit was rapt; with an enthusiasm that interested, and in language that surprised him from one so young.

Indulging in the feeling of the hour, and the luxury which men of severe habits of thought frequently experience from the artless conversation of innocent and happy children; he added, "Come, I will escort you back to the castle, and to your mother. She permits you then to ramble thus alone? But have you never a companion?"—"None, since the departure of Albert. It is now four years since he left us, and we see him only once a-year, and that for a very short time. Indeed, the last two visits, I scarcely saw him at all."—"And who is Albert?"—"He was my playmate and companion, when we were both children;" and while reciting his history, she spoke of him with that fearless praise and sisterly affection, which, while they were the promptings of a warm and tender heart, indicated not even the germ of that more dangerous and powerful feeling, to which our young affections often lead, but which, unlike them, is, from its very birth, an adept in disguise.

During the walk, the Count was much struck with her remarks; the intelligence of a mind precocious in every thing but the knowledge of evil; nor was he less impressed by the beautiful and various expressions of her almost perfect face; and when, on arriving at the castle, he presented her to her mother, it was with a smile and a compliment altogether unusual with him.

The Lady Montoni was both surprised and delighted by this act of courtesy: and her quick and active mind already saw in it that on which she might find a hope of realizing one of her most sanguine wishes.

The invitation for the morrow was warmly repeated—the parting salutation kindly given—and Count Rospiglia again turned him to depart. He proceeded musing on the innocence and beauty of the child he had left. "How perfectly beautiful!—how sincere and artless—how utterly undefiled—is this young creature!" thought he, "and yet," he continued, while his brow darkened, "how soon to be perverted—to become as others are. Have we then no hope?—not one, in the wide earth, to realize the dreams of our boyhood? Suppose this young creature were taken, guarded from contagion, educated to better ends than are understood by her frivolous sex—what if I took her, now in her undisputed purity, made a last throw for earthly happiness, tried the capabilities of her mind, and reared it to companionship with mine?" Rospiglia paused upon the thought: his resolves, even of most important character, were speedy and unwavering,

and however suddenly taken, were executed with the tenacious energy of an iron will, directing a mind of rare power and resources. The next day was passed at the castle of the Lady Montoni, whom he treated with studied courtesy. Nor was she backward to meet his advances. His polished manners and assumed gentleness soon won the perfect confidence of Ginevra: she listened with wonder and delight to his rich and various conversation, exhibiting at once an extent and accuracy of information, and clothed in an eloquence and power of language, which to her young mind, appeared almost miraculous.

She was spell-bound with curiosity and admiration; and when he departed, she sighed as she bade him adieu, and felt as children feel, when the curtain drops (dispelling a scene of enchantment,) upon the first theatrical spectacle which they have witnessed; and they are called to return to the dull realities of familiar life.

"Yes," said Rospiglia, when he was alone again on his solitary path, "this child is innocent, pure, capable: she has as yet listened to no tale of love, nor dreamed of the follies and vices of the world. Her family is noble; her beauty will be unmatched; her mother evidently courts my alliance. I may take this unpolluted girl—form and fashion her mind to sympathy with mine—rear her for myself:—and she will be *mine*—mine wholly. I may find faith and fellowship from a creature of my own forming. My head may yet be pillowed on *one* fond, devoted bosom—I may at length find peace and hope. I *have* acted, in the energy of passion, and my harvest has been misery. I *will* act, from the mind, from reason and calculation, and with better fruits. For the past, let it rest: it shall not disturb even my dreams."

From that time, during several succeeding months, Count Rospiglia was a frequent visitor at the castle. In his society, the mind of Ginevra was rapidly developed. Each new day brought some accession of knowledge, and she went to her pillow, enriched by some valuable thought. The Lady Montoni noticed his partiality for the child, with approbation and hope; and he was not long in revealing to her his wishes; and, soliciting the promise of her hand, when the suitable period arrived, the request was readily and joyfully assented to.

"As yet," added Rospiglia, at the close of their conversation, "I have not profaned her ear with the name of Love. She feels for me, I believe, a sincere affection. It is gratitude. I would not have her mind distracted with other thoughts. But I would have her educated, as becomes *my* companion. You will guard her from the frivolities to which her age and sex are so easily inclined, and her pursuits will be of a more ennobling nature. Secluded as her life has been, she does not now need society. I am now, as you know, about to take my departure, and shall remain abroad, it may be, two years. I shall write to you frequently; and to her, on the subjects of her studies. I shall return, to claim her at your hands, and to find her, I doubt not, all that we antici-

pate. Trust to me, *then*, for winning her fullest love. Meanwhile, you will teach her to consider herself my betrothed—and as the period is distant—her heart disengaged—and I am not disagreeable to her, this will excite neither uneasiness nor alarm."

Rospiglia soon after departed. The Lady Montoni communicated to Ginevra her promise to the Count: and engagements of this kind were so common, and held so sacred, by the custom of the country; (and she had, moreover, been so completely trained to consider herself at her mother's disposal)—her admiration of the talents and elevated character of the Count, was so sincere—that the intelligence, as had been foreseen, produced no uneasiness or concern. Accustomed to obedience, and as yet unacquainted with her own heart, she resigned herself with composure, to her mother's will; deeming all was for the best.

But before the pledge was to be redeemed, events were destined to transpire, which completely defeated the Lady Montoni's ambitious calculations, and alter the current of her own fate.

More than a year had elapsed in the quiet pursuit of her appointed studies, when Albert, having now finished his education, returned to the castle. He was destined for a military life; but as some time must elapse before a suitable arrangement for his establishment could be made, the residence of the Lady Montoni was to be his home.

She, very soon after his arrival, acquainted him with the betrothal of Ginevra; and, advertising to the sacredness of the pledge, while she imagined that whatever romantic hopes he might by chance have entertained, he would now consider irrecoverably lost—she trusted to his discretion, and his sense of duty to one to whom he owed every thing—not to seek an intimacy other than such as may exist between relatives and friends. Ginevra received him with cheerfulness, and almost tenderness; but, in all their interviews, there was, on the part of Albert, an evident restraint, mixed with a studied politeness, which contrasted strongly with their former unreserved and affectionate intercourse. The young man, too, had become more serious, and even gloomy: he was subject to fits of abstraction—fond of solitude, and daily his health and spirits seemed wasting under some unknown grief. He rather shunned than sought the society of his former playmate; (who remarked with some pain this change in his demeanour,) and spent much of his time, under the pretence of hunting, in long and solitary walks; frequently along the sea-board, about six miles distant from the castle.

It happened one day, that Ginevra, in one of her frequent rambles through the country, had wandered to an unusual distance from home: and as the weather was fine, she was tempted to proceed, and endeavour to gain the summit of a hill before her, which commanded a distant view of the sea. This hill was comparatively barren

and deserted; its sides being covered with loose stones, and its summit crowned with irregular fragments of rock, interspersed with the long grass which flourishes in the sea-breeze. She had gained the top with some difficulty, and, as she rested from her fatigue, stood for a few moments, admiring the blue waters of the Mediterranean, that stretched in the clear distance before her. As she stood, she thought she distinguished the sound of voices, within a short distance. Curiosity impelled her to advance, and she presently beheld, reclining, among the long grass, under the shadow of an insulated rock, crowned with dwarf bushes, the figure of Albert. His gun lay beside him; he leaned, resting on his hand, against a large fragment of stone; his face was turned towards the distant waters. He appeared soliloquizing; and presently she heard him say—"Yes:—whither will I fly? I will abandon the home of my happy boyhood—what now are its scenes to me? I am friendless—companionless—utterly *alone*. Ah! 'tis the curse of few to know the dreadful import of that single word! Yes—I will go: I care not to what fortunes. What has a heart-broken man to fear from fortune? Yet, why should I wonder or repine? My blind, presumptuous hope—so madly, yet so deeply cherished—is blasted. But 'twas my *only* one. Oh! *Ginevra!* thou too!—thou, whom I have loved so long and so utterly!—whose image I have cherished, in my secret heart, with such a blind idolatry—thou too hast forgotten me!" Here he covered his face with his hands, and almost sobbed aloud.

Ginevra could endure no more. She approached and laid her hand gently on his shoulder. He started to his feet, and gazed upon her for a moment, with the amazement and bewildered eye of one whose imagination has conjured up an actual vision to his sight. She kindly extended her hand to him, and said, while the tears swam in her beautiful eyes. "No—Albert—no: *Ginevra* has not forgotten you. Indeed—indeed she loves you, as ever, with a sister's love. But," she added, half turning from him, while he covered the small white hand with his burning kisses—"You know my situation—my mother's solemn pledge—I may not be to you as formerly. But dismiss these dark thoughts, and think of me as would become a brother, and and I will requite your love with the sincerest affection."

"I know it—I know all," replied Albert, entirely subdued; "and I must reconcile myself to my destiny. But with only this precious assurance, that you are not wholly indifferent to me—that I am not wholly worthless in your eyes, and my fate wholly unvalued—I shall bear with me through the world, and amid the worst of my uncertain fortunes, a charm against despair—a treasure that I would not part with for a prince's ransom."

Albert escorted her back to the castle. A load seemed taken from his heart: in the enchantment of her presence he forgot every thing—even his misfortune—and their conversation

again approached to what it had been, in former and happier times.

There is nothing more dangerous to a young heart, unpractised in the unfeeling varieties of coquetry, than the consciousness of being deeply beloved. The heart, too, is an adept in deceiving itself; and how often, with the young and guileless is the incipient power, *Love*, cherished in disguise, under the sisterly name, *Affection*, till it has increased into the energy which unmasks itself.

Albert almost recovered his spirits; and this circumstance, which should have alarmed the fears of the Lady Montoni, lulled her suspicions. She imagined he had triumphed over a boyish and imaginary passion; and trusted the rest to gratitude and duty.

With *Ginevra*, in her more frequent and familiar conversations with Albert, the associations of her childhood were awakened, with peculiar force. There were ten thousand points of sympathy between them, which predisposed her mind to a serious attachment. And indeed, this might have found a sufficient apology, for almost any maiden, in the noble and generous nature of Albert—in the manliness and beauty of a form and features, rich with the grace of earliest manhood. *Ginevra* could not but observe his watchful and unwearied tenderness—the ten thousand little kindnesses which he contrived for her, as if by accident, which none other would have thought of, and few might have observed. The study of *his* life seemed to be to strew flowers in the path of her's. She found herself contrasting, in her solitary hours, the open, unreserved, and gentle disposition of Albert, with the dark, severe, unsympathising character of the Count—the mystery which enwrapped his whole being—and she sighed, as she made the comparison. In this she was not aware that she was untrue to her duty to the Count, and her faith to her mother; nor was Albert sensible of dishonour. What are abstract principles in the tide of feeling? or, though the intentions be most honest, in such cases, the mind is but the casuist to the passions.

Thus, months flew by, in this dangerous but delightful dream: and though the words of *Love* were never spoken between them—though, if presented undisguised, it might have been rejected as hopeless and even culpable: they were silently imbibing the elements of a passion, destined to be fervent and invincible—and which needed perhaps only some striving accident, to be openly avowed.

More than a year had thus elapsed, when one evening, as Albert sought *Ginevra* in the arbour at the extremity of the garden, (which was the accustomed place of meeting,) he found her seated, with a letter in her hand, and in tears. He anxiously inquired the cause of her sorrow. "This," she replied, "is from the Count *Rospiglia*: it informs me that he may be expected in less than two months."—"Then," said Albert gloomily, "my destiny is fixed. But I will depart. My long delayed commission, I hear, is

prepared; and, ere that time, I shall be gone: for I cannot stay to see you—" Oh! no, Albert, you will not—you cannot leave me—you cannot desert me now."—"Ginevra," said he, with bitter earnestness—"you are the bride of Rospiglia!"—"Oh Albert!" she exclaimed, starting up and covering her face with her hands—"now I see the whole extent of my wretchedness—all my folly. Would that I had been a peasant girl, in humble obscurity to have followed the feelings of my heart *I*, who court not rank or splendour—to be sold to titled misery!"

"Noble—lovely girl!" exclaimed Albert, throwing himself at her feet; "how can the gratitude of my soul ever repay you!" And, as she wept on his neck, he forgot every thing, but the delicious sense of being beloved by his heart's idol.

Yet the dream of passion has its close. The near and dreadful prospect before them could not be long shut out: and, recurring to this, Albert again adverted to the stern necessity of his departure.

"For my own feelings, Ginevra, I will overmaster them as I may. But you are very young—surrounded by power and splendour—the envy of others, you will learn to forget me."

"Never!—no, Albert: you shall *not* go! I will throw myself on the generosity of the Count—I will reveal all—he will not desire to take to his bosom an unconsenting bride. His nature appears noble, and I have seen instances of generous feeling, in his cold way, which prove him not wholly callous to the better emotions."

"Pride, Ginevra, *pride*:—not generosity. 'Tis but the price which his haughty nature pays for the privilege of despising mankind. They say that in his boyhood, he was generous. But the world has hardened his heart. Build no hope upon such romantic disinterestedness in that dark man! Think not, after all his hopes, he will relinquish such a precious treasure, while within his grasp."

"Yet, 'tis my only chance. From my mother I have nothing to hope. In this she will be inexorable. I have deceived her—Alas! I have deceived myself! But," she added, with a solemn energy that was almost startling, in one of her gentle and timid character; "if the worst come, they can but drag me to the altar, and thence to my bier! Stay, Albert, and abide the worst!"

"At your command, then, I will! 'Tis but a little while, and my fate will be determined."

We pass over the sad and anxious interval that preceded the arrival of the Count. At length he did arrive. Time had wrought little change in him, save, perhaps, leaving a darker shade upon his brow: but he found the girl he had left, matured into the perfection of her loveliness. He could not but observe her constraint and embarrassment in his presence, but this he at first attributed to maiden bashfulness; yet the evident and ill-concealed melancholy, of one who had once been the picture of innocent joyousness, perplexed him. Still, in contemplating her extreme beauty, his feelings, which had

hitherto worn the hue of calculation, assumed the character of intense passion. Thus, it is not unusual to find men, hacknied in the world, and practised even in its gallantries, ultimately attaching themselves, with fervour and in mature life, to a mere child, distinguished only by the innocence and simplicity of nature.

A fortnight had already elapsed: the Count, while he produced his powerful talents, with studious anxiety to please, had not adverted to the subject of the nuptials; and Ginevra had not yet been able to muster courage for the dreadful effort of making the disclosure.

At length, with a sort of desperation, the dreaded interview was requested, and with trembling lips and agitated frame, she revealed her secret and besought his mercy. Rospiglia listened, with a stern and terrible composure: no violent change passed over his set and iron features; and when she had finished, he paced the room before her some minutes, seemingly in an effort to command himself. At length he spoke, in a low and measured voice. "Is it even thus? *She* too! but I half suspected this. For you, child, lovely even in your falsehood—I will not upbraid you. But for *him*—" And he set his teeth and smiled.

"Oh, wreak not your vengeance on him!—he is innocent, and the soul of honour. *I* alone am to blame. I told you we were companions in childhood—it was natural—" Here tears choked her utterance.

"Strange!" muttered the Count, after a pause of thought; and turning to the weeping girl, he added, "And in what does this boy surpass me? what charm—what strong superiority excuses this treachery?"

"Oh! in nothing!" she cried. "In every thing I believe you almost matchless. I know how to admire, but I *fear* you. *I*, weak and humble as I am, am not fit for you—choose, among the ambitious and high-born dames of our land, a character like your own. I aspire not to the high companionship; my heart would wither in the union. Suffer the un aspiring Ginevra to be happy in an humble choice—and with her dying breath, she will bless you?"

The Count continued to pace the apartment for some time, in deep thought. At last he spoke: "We will not prolong this scene. You ask of me indeed a romantic sacrifice—to resign the cherished—the almost *only* hope of years, for a girlish fancy; and for one whom I must consider as the shepherd does the wolf who has invaded his choicest fold—to suffer my last and best calculation for earthly happiness to be baffled by a treacherous boy! No! Ginevra: it is not natural—it is not *possible*. But I will not force your feelings by any sudden haste. You shall have some months to recover from this, which I must consider as only a child's whim. You shall have time to reason, to compare, to judge between us: and I trust to my own exertions, to your own sense, for opening your eyes to this unworthy preference." He left her.

The indignation of the Lady Montoni, on dis-

covering her daughter's attachment, was without bounds. But she suffered herself to be controlled by the master-mind of Rospiglia. He observed, "That love, like fanaticism, is kindled by persecution, but dies by neglect"—requesting her to trust Ginevra entirely to him—"And for this boy," he added, "he soon departs: but leave him also to me."

The evening following the interview we have described, Albert was waiting the approach of Ginevra, in the garden, in an agony of suspense.

She communicated the result, and her language conveyed something almost of hope.

"Ah! trust him not, Ginevra! Beneath this seeming indulgence, he covers some deep guile. But why do I delay? What have I to expect? Against this powerful and wealthy noble, what is there of hope for the poor and friendless Albert?" And he rushed from her presence.

* * * * *

Yet Albert was not utterly friendless. Even now, as with rapid steps, he swept by field, and copse, and meadow, in his bewildered flight towards the sea-board, he sought a friend. And who was that friend? A man of whose history even Albert knew nothing; and whom conjecture seemed to denote as a lawless rover of the seas.

This singular acquaintance had been formed, some years before, by Albert's life being preserved, when his skiff was capsized in one of his solitary excursions on the sea-shore, by a stranger, who witnessed the accident from the sands; and who, plunging into the waves, by a wonderful display of courage and strength, succeeded in rescuing him. An intimacy with his preserver was thus commenced; but under a solemn promise, extorted by the stranger, that it should never be revealed. He seemed a man who had seen better days, and showed the traces of a superior education: but now of rude and almost ruffian appearance—with the garb of a sailor, and suited to his occupation. Yet, (as will sometimes happen with these rude natures,) he had formed an attachment to the gentle boy whom he had saved. During his visits to that part of the coast, they met, on the spot of their first remarkable meeting—they had even corresponded, through a devious and secret channel. He declined acquainting Albert with his name or family, but instructed him to call him *Roberto*.

It was to one of these appointed interviews that Albert was now hastening. Night had enveloped him before he reached the strand. The weather was hazy, and the south-east wind rolled the breakers heavily upon the shore. The spot on which he stood was a narrow strip of sand, facing the water, and bounded, at either extremity, by a rude bluff of rocks, which sent back, through the stillness of the night, the solemn voice of the breaking waters. Albert thought he could descry, in the misty distance of the offing, a sail; but nothing else of life met his view, before him or around him. He approached the water's edge, gave a shrill whistle, and waved his handkerchief. Presently a skiff, pro-

pelled by a strong and skilful arm, appeared, turning an angle of the rock; it darted across the little bay to where he stood: a form erected itself, threw forth a light anchor, and a man of athletic and active frame, bounded upon the sand beside him.

"Welcome, Roberto!"—"Well met, Albert! I wished to see you: but our conversation must be brief to-night. I know what you would tell me of your love. I fear it is hopeless." After a moment he added, with impressive earnestness: "Albert! I come to caution you. Beware of the Count Rospiglia! I know him. Great God!" he continued, convulsively closing his hand, and fixing his eyes, as he paced back and forward upon the sea-sand, all heedless of the rough waves that dashed angrily over his very feet—"have I not cause to know him?"

"What do you know of him?" eagerly demanded Albert; "for heaven's sake speak, and quickly—tell me all!"

"Nothing—nothing that it concerns you to know," sternly returned the pirate. "My secret is my own: so will be my revenge," he muttered, "When the day comes."

"But *this* it imports you to hear. Beware, I say again, of that Count Rospiglia! Few men would I not rather choose for a foe; and where he hates—it is without remorse. I believe he hates you. It is natural—he *must* hate you. Even in bodily gifts, of arm and nerve, not many may cope with him; and even in my hatred, I will say, he knows not fear. Nothing is too desperate for his revenge; and, if a villain, he is a remorseless, but a manly one. Beware of him. Calm, penetrating, and ever self-possessed, none can fathom his designs. His mind ministers to his passions, and his acts come upon his victim by surprise."

"But *how*—"

"I know not. But do not think you are ever absent from his mind. He will ensnare you to your destruction, or force you, by some intolerable outrage, to a personal encounter."

"Would it might be," exclaimed Albert; "I shrink not from him."

"Well," said his companion, musing, "it may be; yet my heart misgives me of the result. But should you come to harm, I have another title—and yet another motive to my sure revenge."

"Go you to this ball to-morrow night?"

"Yes—Ginevra is to be there—and—"

"I would *not* go," interrupted his companion, slowly, pacing before him with folded arms. "Is Rospiglia to be there?"

"No: he is called away, I learn, on sudden business, and will not return in time. He left the chateau this evening, for —. But why?"

"Still I would not go. Mischief will come of it. I cannot say—a superstition of my boyhood. Were I you, I should not go."

"But I *must*, I have given my word to Ginevra. Besides, these fears are childish."

"It may be so. Heaven grant there be no harm!"

Albert was endeavouring to reason away his

friend's superstition, when the report of a distant gun came booming over the water. The pirate seized his hand, sprang into the skiff, unfurled its light sail, and was presently lost in the distance. Albert returned homeward, with a heavy heart, and a foreboding of evil, which recurred, despite his reason.

* * * * *

The evening came. The fete given by the Marchioness de — was one of unusual brilliancy. The noble guests had already assembled: brilliant gems glittered beneath the splendid chandeliers, while the bright eyes of some of Italy's choicest daughters, sparkled with the promise of delight, as the music, with its spirit-stirring call, swept along the dazzling saloon.

"The beautiful looked lovelier in the light
Of love, and admiration, and delight."

In a little group, at one end of the apartment, stood the Lady Montoni and her daughter. Even in that chosen circle, were none of more distinguished aspect. Yet strikingly were they contrasted. The Lady Montoni, tall, stately, of lofty brow, and features wearing the calmness of deep pride, was a very pattern of the high-born lady. Still to one who, unobserved, made study of her face, as she lent a polite but really inattentive ear to the casual remarks of the bystanders, there might be noticed traces of some angry or anxious feeling. But this was dissipated whenever her glance fell upon the lovely girl at her side; and the admiring circle of which she was the cynosure. Then, even her proud bosom might be seen to heave with a mother's pride, and an expression of deep tenderness lighted up her features for a moment.

A movement among the guests, at the other extremity of the room, announced the entrance of a visitor of distinction: and the faces of both mother and daughter exhibited an expression of surprise, as they recognized the Count Rospiglia. Ginevra's was suddenly clouded; while that of the Lady Montoni was brightened by a smile of satisfaction.

"Count Rospiglia, this is an unexpected pleasure," she observed, when he approached them: you led us to fear that we should not see you to-night."

"True, Madam. And indeed I am myself surprised that I am here. The business which called me away was suddenly despatched: I have rode hard to-day, but I am more than compensated by this meeting. But," turning to Ginevra, "how does our little princess? I see," he added, after a moment's pause, during which his dark eye scanned her face and person, while a slight paleness crossed his governed features; "I see she has not honoured our taste by wearing our chaplet."

"No," replied the mother, with something like mortification in her tone—"the wilful girl! The beautiful present was received last evening, in despite of my entreaties, my remonstrances.—Yet, she is but a child, my dear Count, and—"

"Indeed, indeed," interrupted Ginevra, with downcast eyes and crimson cheek, "I thank you.

It is very, very pretty: but I am too light for the weight of jewels. I fancy they become me not—and besides—"

"O, trouble not yourself with an apology, my child. 'Tis nothing. The trifling gift would have found more favour, had you felt more regard for the giver." And, changing the conversation, he seemed to forget the subject.

Ginevra's heart beat lighter as he turned away: the dance began, and she was led through its mazes by one of the most elegant of the Italian youth. But where was Albert? He had gone to bring her the wreath which she would wear—a delicate chaplet of shells, which he had woven for her on the mountain tops. Her eye sought him in vain: but he had entered unperceived, and stood retired amid the crowd, awaiting her leisure to present it.

Ginevra was becoming uneasy: her step was languid, and she partook little of the gaiety around her; for what society is better than vacancy to the woman who truly loves, where the loved one is not? Her eye wandered restlessly upon the crowd. At length, it encountered the object of its search, as he stood, thinking himself unnoticed, among the spectators in the background. Their eyes met. A look of intelligence was interchanged; and the crimson flush of joy that mantled over her face, and the sudden sparkle of her eye, showed how like a spell she felt again the presence of her lover. Her partner was surprised by the sudden change in her manner, and the happy animation with which, from that moment, she passed through the graceful movements of the dance; winning the admiration of all eyes. But that single glance, brief as it was, had not been unmarked; and by one with whom it was a warrant for something fatal. The searching eye of Rospiglia had soon discovered the form of Albert; and from that moment, its falcon gaze had never left his face, save, for an instant, to wander to that of Ginevra, and interpret any sign between them. He had marked that look of recognition; and the sudden frown of concentrated fury which darkened his brow, and was succeeded by a smile of dreadful meaning—startled even the Lady Montoni, who chanced, at the instant, to be studying his countenance.

The dance concluded; and the impatient girl was led to her seat, amid the compliments of word and look, of a group of admirers. But she regarded them not: her heart beat only for the approach of one whose praise was all she courted. Presently the company retired from around her: the Count Rospiglia approached and stood in conversation with her mother within a few paces. At this time, Albert modestly advanced from his retirement, towards her. In his hand was the wreath—of simple, but tasteful workmanship—woven of a multitude of delicate shells, in the semblance of the rose, and flowers of bright hue. It had pleased her girlish fancy; he had promised it; and though modesty had prevented his producing it, for this occasion—with the innocent caprice of girlish authority—she had des-

patched him to bring it. They had not anticipated the presence of the Count, to turn this trifle to such severe account.

Albert approached, and modestly, but with a smile, offered the little gift. She arose to meet him, with pleasure in her eyes, and with girlish curiosity, exclaimed; "O, give it me: it is beautiful—better than gems: I know it will become me"—and her eye said for *thy* sake!

Alas! that careless instant was to seal her destiny. That was the one dark moment of life, when her guardian angel had deserted her.

The Lady Montoni had rapidly marked these proceedings: and, for the moment she lost all self-command. The smothered anger which had been, so long, so deeply cherished, burst forth at once; and advancing, with a few quick steps, she seized the fatal chaplet, as the playful girl was raising it to her head; and dashing it to the floor, trampled it to powder under her foot.—Poor Ginevra fell back aghast; and Albert retired a few paces, covered with shame and indignation.

There was a pause of wonder among the few bystanders: when the Count Rospiglia (who, after the neglect of his own costly present, had felt this as a studied insult,) advanced to Albert, and, in a voice distinct with gathered rage, exclaiming—"Presuming boy!" dashed his glove into his face.

The blood rushed to Albert's temples: in an instant his sword flew from the scabbard, and was at the breast of his foe. "Tyrant and ruffian! thy blood or mine shall wipe away this shame, and on the instant! Take back blow for blow!" and with the broad side of the rapier, he struck him violently.

The incident we have related passed with the rapidity of thought. But now there was sudden confusion throughout the assembly. Several of the nobles pressed forward to interfere. Rospiglia turned fiercely upon them; and while his hand rang upon the hilt of his sword, with a violence that, in the deep and breathing pause, was heard from one end of the hall to the other, exclaimed, in a voice of thunder—"Back, gentlemen, back! this quarrel is mine; and by the infernal gods! his blood, who interferes, shall stain this floor!"

The words were scarcely spoken, when the rapid blades were crossing each other, in mortal combat. However strange the scene—however unsuited the place—such was the state of society at the time—the deadly shame attached to a blow—such the determined attitude of the men—that none dared to interpose. Besides, the whole was the work of a moment.

Brief and unequal was the combat. In less than a minute, the sword of Rospiglia had passed twice through the body of Albert. Ginevra, who had fainted in her mother's arms, recovered sense only to see her lover fall bleeding at her feet. She made an effort to advance one step—gazing wildly an instant on the Count—her eye seeming to curse him—uttered a low shriek, and fell upon the body. The spectators crowded

around. Rospiglia cast but one glance upon her, as she lay; a slight convulsion, instantly repressed, was seen to pass over his face; and sheathing his weapon, he turned to depart. The nobles involuntarily fell back for his passage, and with firm, slow step, he proceeded towards the door. Ere he had reached it, however, a masked figure was observed to cross the saloon, and stand full in his path. It confronted him, "Count Rospiglia! thou shalt answer this," uttered in a low solemn voice, were the only words heard by those near.—"To whom?"—The mask was partially withdrawn: the Count started slightly. None other saw the face—none knew the daring intruder. The figure was lost to the eye, and the Count pursued his way uninterrupted.

The assembly broke up in dismay—Ginevra was borne home senseless. The following morning she was in a brain fever: the third day, her innocent soul, smitten from its abode by her first and only pang, had flown to heaven.

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The Count Rospiglia, after this fatal night, returned not to the castle. He shut himself up in his chateau, in utter seclusion; and was never known to smile more.

Several months had elapsed, when, after a day's absence, he had not returned. The next morning, his body was discovered by a peasant, in an adjoining forest, pierced with a hundred wounds. His hand still grasped a sword, broken and blood-stained: around him was the print of struggling feet; and the ground in several places was marked with blood.

Though the strictest search was instituted, the manner of his death remained for many years unknown. At length, a pirate, who had been taken prisoner and carried into Malta, mortally wounded, confessed himself the murderer, and desired that a paper, in his possession, might be transmitted to the Lady Montoni.

His statements were confirmed by his comrades. This paper (which was retained,) contained many particulars of the pirate's life—his family—and the circumstances which had driven him to his present lawless courses. These we pass over; making an abstract only of the part which related to the mode of Rospiglia's death.

At the close of a gloomy day, in autumn, the Count was returning on foot towards his residence. Several miles yet lay before him: and he had now arrived at the skirts of the forest, through which he was to pass. The heavens were darkened completely by thick thunder-clouds, and the shades of night were prematurely gathering, broken, however, and *rent*, as it were, by frequent flashes of lightning, which portended the speedy descent of the storm. Rospiglia paused, cast a glance upward, folded his mantle around him, and entered the skirt of the wood. He was crossing a sort of interval, or open space, between this and the main forest, when the figure of an armed man stood suddenly before him. They paused gazing on each other for a moment in silence, when a vivid flash of lightning disco-

vered to him distinctly, the features of the masked figure at the ball.

"*Thou, Roberto? what seek'st thou with me?*"

"*Thy life, Count Rospiglia!*"

"*Hast thou then turned assassin? was it for this I spared thy worthless life, as thou layest bleeding beneath my sword?*"

"*No, Rospiglia: I am no assassin. This whole day have I been on thy footsteps; and could have cut thee down unwarned. Even now, my call could summon numbers to oppress thee. I meet thee here at last, as man to man, and fairly. Thy boast is true. But, if thou did'st prevail over my unskilled youth, and gav'st a boon for which I lived to curse thee—thy later injuries have blotted out the gift—and now I am thy equal. I stand here for vengeance.*"

"*Perjured fool! what right hast thou to vengeance?*"

"*No!*" said the pirate, stamping on the ground, "*not for my lost sister—*"

"*She met a wanton's and a traitor's fate.*"

"*Not for my murdered brother—*"

"*The meddling fool rushed upon his death. He fell in open combat.*"

"*Not for my own deep wrongs: sent with a branded name and blasted fortunes, to herd with robbers in a foreign land! Even with all these, the oath, which thou didst make the condition of my life, had kept thee sacred. But I stand here now, the avenger of my friend—the last of thy victims—the murdered Albert.*"

"*We waste time. I parley not with thee—fool!*" fiercely interrupted Rospiglia. "*Win then the life thou seekest!*"

Hand to hand—foot to foot—they fought.—Nearly matched, in strength, skill, and courage—the combat was long and desperate. They heeded not the thunder-peal that burst over their very heads; and, for the blinding lightning that flashed between them, and glared, and was mirrored from their bright weapons, they paused not.

At length the cool valour of Rospiglia triumphed. His foe was stretched by a deep wound along the ground. His eye lowered upon his victim, as the tiger's on his prey: the weapon was uplifted to complete its work—when, a quick flash from the low cloud—a rattling crash, like musketry, and Rospiglia reeled, and fell upon his knee.

"*Cannot even the lightning kill thee!*" half groaned the bleeding pirate, making an effort to raise himself, and he fainted.

The steel, which had attracted, perhaps served to conduct harmlessly, the shock of the mysterious element.

There is a long, deep pause in the storm.—Then the sound of rushing feet; and the pirate's band pour from the forest. They find their leader seemingly dead; his destroyer bending over him. "*Strike him down!*" is the cry from twenty voices. Rospiglia sprang to his feet, with recovered sense, folded his cloak around his left arm, and met their weapons. They rush upon him—the foremost is cloven to the earth.

At the second desperate blow, the blade shivers in his hand; and twenty daggers, at once are buried in his bosom. He fell; and that dark and haughty spirit, true to itself to the very last, departed without a groan.

They left him, even as he lay: bearing off their dead comrade and wounded captain, who recovered to tell the tale. Thus died Rospiglia.

We return to the Lady Montoni. Her anguish, upon the untimely death of her lovely daughter, did not express itself in any violence or outburst. It was almost without a witness. For months she lived immured in her apartments: years rolled by, and she never left the castle. She saw no one, save Agatha and a few domestics; her spirit seemed completely broken; it was thought her reason had suffered by the blow: her only hope was in the tomb. The tale of pure woe is monotonous, and affords no variety. At length, her grief (as it is not unusual with persons of superstitious education and solitary habits,) assumed a character of fanaticism. Regarding her lost child as the victim of her evil pride and ambition, she imagined herself called upon to atone to Heaven, by one of those self-inflictions, common among the enthusiasts of her faith. At this time, she determined to visit the vault, wherein the remains of her child were deposited. Her only attendant was her confessor, an ascetic and a bigot; who rather encouraged than repressed her gloomy superstition. They found the once beautiful Ginevra a heap of bones and ashes.

The hour chosen for this fearful and frequent penance, was midnight; the place, the vaults of the castle. To these there was a secret entrance, or descent from the picture gallery, through which she passed, (probably constructed, in dangerous times, for purposes of safety or concealment,) and, as her secret was known to none but her confessor, the lights and voices, at that solemn hour, gave some authority to the superstitions of the domestics, which she took no pains to discourage. My ear had not deceived me: it was *her* step I had heard crossing the gallery.

"*And,*" said I, as the Lady Montoni concluded her narrative; "*the dark figure which grasped my arm?*"

"*Was Father Agnelmo!*"

"*And the chest—*"

"*That is Ginevra!*"

I looked at the portrait, and shuddered at the awful lesson presented by the contrast.

During the remainder of my stay at the castle, I used every argument which reason could supply, or affection could enforce, to prevail on the Lady Montoni to relinquish this dreadful observance. I tried to persuade her that she was far less culpable than she imagined. I represented to her, that if a moral could be drawn from her sad tale, it was, that the tyrant CIRCUMSTANCE may, without any previous depravity in ourselves, produce crime and misery; where otherwise, would have been happiness



THE RING AND THE CLIFF.

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THE RING AND THE CLIFF.

On the sea coast, where a wild bare promontory stretches out amidst the waves of the Irish Channel, is a small hamlet or fishing station. Its site is in the cleft of a deep ravine, through which a small stream lazily trickles, amid sand and sea slime, to the little estuary formed by the sea at its mouth. Between almost perpendicular cliffs, the village lies like a solitary enclosure, where the inhabitants are separate and alone—aloof from the busy world—their horizon confined to a mere segment of vision. The same ever-rolling sea bath swung to and fro for ages, in the same narrow creek; at the sides of which, rise a cluster of huts, dignified with the appellation of village; some of these ornamented, about and upon the roofs, with round patches of the yellow stone crop, and house leek, that never failing protection against lightning and tempest.

The strong marine odour, so well known to all lovers of sea-side enjoyments, may here be sensibly appreciated; for the pent up effluvia from the curing of fish, marine alga, and other products of the coast, abundantly strengthen the reminiscences connected with this solitary and secluded spot.

It was on a cold, grey morning in October, that two individuals were loitering up a narrow path from the hamlet, which led to the high main road, passing from village to village along the coast; branches from which, at irregular intervals, penetrated the cliffs to the different fishing stations along the beach. The road, on rising from the village, runs along the summit, a considerable height above the sea; terrific bursts through some rocky cleft reveal the wide ocean, rolling on from the dim horizon to the shore. Here and there may be seen the white sail, or the hull of some distant bark, gliding on so smooth and silently as to suggest the idea of volition obeyed without any visible effort. Rising from the ravine, the road passes diagonally up the steep. At the period of which we speak, ere it reached the main line of communication through the country, a reef, or chasm, in the steep wall towards the sea—a nearly perpendicular rent, left the mountain path without protection, save by a slender paling for the space of a few yards only. Nothing could be more dreary and terrific. Through this dizzy cleft—the sides bare and abrupt, without ledge or projection—the walls like gigantic buttresses, presenting their inaccessible barriers to the deep—the distant horizon, raised to an unusual height by the point of sight and position of the spectator, seemed to mingle so softly and imperceptibly with the sky, that it appeared one wide sea of cloud, stretching to the foot of the cliff. From that fearful summit the billows were but as the waving of a summer cloud, undulating on the quiet atmosphere. The fishing bark, with its dun, squat, picturesque sail, looked as though floating in the sky—a fairy boat poised on the calm eth-

As we before noticed, two persons were loitering up this path. They paused at the brink of the chasm. It might be for the purpose of gazing on the scene we have just described: but the lover's gaze was on his mistress, and the maiden's eye was bent on the ground.

"'Tis even so, Adeline. We must part. And yet the time may come, when — But thou art chill, Adeline. The words freeze ere they pass my lips, even as thine own; for I never yet could melt the frost-work from thy soul. Still silent?—Well.—I know thy heart is not another's; and yet thou dost hesitate, and linger, and turn away thy cold grey eyes, when I would fain kindle them from mine. Nay, Adeline; I know thou lovest me. Ay! draw back so proudly, and offer up thine and thy true lover's happiness for ever on the altar of thy pride."

"Since thou knowest this heart so well," retorted the haughty maiden, "methinks it were a bootless wish to wear it on thy sleeve, save for the purpose of admiring thine own skill and bravery in the achievement."

"Thou wrongest me, Adeline; 'tis not my wish. Say thou art mine; we are then safe. No earthly power shall part us. But I warn thee, maiden, that long years of misery and anguish will be our portion, should we separate while our troth is yet unpledged. This ring," said he, "is indifferently well set. The bauble was made by a skilful and cunning workman. The pearls have the true orient tinge, and this opal hath an eye like the hue of morning, changeable as woman's favour. How bright at times!—warm and radiant with gladness, now dull, cold, hazy, and —" unfeeling, he would have said, but he leaned on the slender barrier as he spoke, and his eye wandered away over the dim and distant wave, across which he was about to depart.—Whether he saw it, or his eye was too intently fixed on the dark and appalling future, we presume not to determine.

"A woman's favour, like thy similes, Mortimer, hath its colour by reflection. Thou seest but thine own beam in't; the hue and temper of thy spirit. We have no form nor feeling of our own, forsooth; we but give back the irradiation we receive."

"Thou canst jest, Adeline. Thy chillness comes upon my spirit like the keen ice-wind; it freezes while it withers."

The maiden turned aside her head; perhaps to hide a gleam of tenderness that belied her speech.

"Adeline, dark hours of sorrow are before thee! Think not to escape."

He seized her hand.

"Should'st thou wed another, a doom is thine—a doom from which even thought recoils."

He looked steadfastly upon her, but the maiden spoke not; a tear quivered through her drooping lashes, and her lip grew pale.

"But I must away," continued Mortimer. "Yonder bark awaits me," and he drew her gently towards the brink. It will part us—perhaps for ever! No, no, not for ever. Thou wilt wed—it may be—and when I return—Horror!"

He started back, as from a spectre which his imagination had created.

"That ring—take it. Let it be thy monitor; and should another seek thy love, look on it; for it shall warn thee. It shall be a silent witness of thy thoughts—one that will watch over thee in my stead; for the genii of that ring," said he, playfully, "are my slaves."

But she returned the pledge.

"I cannot. Do not wind the links around me thus, lest they gall my spirit; lest I feel the fetters and wish them broken!"

"Then I swear," said Mortimer vehemently, "no hand but thine shall wear it!"

He raised his arm, and the next moment the ring would have been hurled into the gulf, but, ere it fell, he cast another glance at his mistress. Her heart was full. The emotion she sought to quell, quivered convulsively on her lip. He seized her hand; but, when he looked again upon the ring, it was broken!

By what a strange and mysterious link, are the finest and most subtle feelings connected with external forms and appearances! By what unseen process are they wrought out and developed; their hidden sources, the secret avenues of thought and emotion, discovered—called forth by circumstances the most trivial and unimportant. Adeline turned pale; and Mortimer himself shuddered as he beheld the omen. But another train of feelings had taken possession of her bosom; or rather her thoughts had acquired a new tendency by this apparently casual circumstance; and true to the bent and disposition of our nature, now that the slighted good was in danger of being withdrawn, she became anxious for its possession. She received the token. A slight crack upon its rim was visible, but this fracture did not prevent its being retained on the hand.

After this brief development, their walk was concluded. They breathed no vows. Mortimer would not again urge her. A lock of hair only was exchanged; and, shortly, the last adieu was on their lips, and the broad deck of the vessel beneath his feet, whence he saw the tall cliff sink down into the ocean, and with it his hopes, that seemed to sink for ever in the same gulf!

Some few years afterwards, on a still evening, about the same time of the year, a boat was lowered from a distant vessel in the offing. Three men pulled ashore, as the broad full moon rose up, red and dim, from the mist that hung upon the sea. The roll of the ocean alone betokened its approach. Its melancholy murmur alone broke the universal stillness. The lights came out one by one, from the village casements. The cattle were housed, and the curs had crept to the hearth, save some of the younger sort, who, at intervals, worried themselves, fidgetting about,

and making a mighty show of activity and watchfulness.

One of the passengers stepped hastily on shore. He spoke a few words to the rowers, who threw their oars into the boat, fastening her to the rocks. Afterwards they betook themselves to a tavern newly trimmed, where, swinging from a rude pole, hung the "sign" of a ship—for sign it could only be called—painted long ago, by some self-initiated, and village-immortalized artist, whose production had once been the wonder of the whole neighbourhood.

A roaring blaze revealed the whole interior, where pewter cups and well-scoured trenchers threw their bright glances upon all who wooed these dangerous allurements at "The Ship."

But the individual whom the rowers had put ashore withstood these tempting devices. He strode rapidly up the path, and paused not, until he approached the cliff, where the agony of one short hour had left its deep furrows for ever on his memory.

The incidents of that memorable day were then renewed with such vividness, that, on a sudden, writhing and dismayed, he hurried forward in the vain hope, it might seem, of flying from the anguish he could not controul.

A dark, plain, stone-house stood at no great distance, and hither his footsteps were now directed. A little gate opened into a gravel walk, sweeping round an oval grass plat before the door. He leaned upon the wicket, as though hesitating to enter. By this time the moon rode high and clear above the mist which was yet slumbering on the ocean. She came forth gloriously, without a shadow or a cloud. The wide hemisphere was unveiled, but its bright orbs were softened by her gaze. The shadows, broad and distinct, lay projected on a slight hoar-frost, where a thousand splendours and a thousand crystals hung in the cold and dewy beam. Bright, tranquil, and untruffed was the world around him—but the world within was dark and turbulent—tossed, agitated, and overwhelmed by the deep untold anguish of the spirit.

The tyrant sway of the passions, like some desolating invader, can make a paradise into a desert, and the fruitful places into a wilderness. How different to Mortimer would have been the scene, viewed through another medium! His soul was ardent, devoted, full of high and glorious imaginings; but a blight was on them all, and they became chill and decayed—an uninformed, mass, without aim or vitality.

He was afraid to proceed, lest his worst suspicions might be confirmed. He had heard—but we will not anticipate the sequel.

A loud barking announced the presence of an intruder, but the sagacious animal, when he had carefully sniffed out a recognition, fawned and whined upon him, running round and round towards the house, with gambols frolicsome and extravagant enough to have excited the smiles of any human being but Mortimer.

As he approached, he heard a soft, faint melody from within. It was her voice;—he could

not be mistaken, though years had passed by;—though the dull tide of oblivion had effaced many an intervening record from the tablet of his memory, those tones yet vibrated to his soul. His heart thrilled to their impression like two finely modulated strings, which produce a corresponding sympathy upon each other. He listened, almost breathless. The recollection came like a track of fire across his brain. Memory! how glorious, how terrible art thou! With the wand of the enchanter thou canst change every current of feeling into joy or woe. The same agency, nay, the same object, shall awaken the most opposite emotions. The simplest forms, and the subtlest agents, are alike to thee. Nature seems fashioned at thy will, and her attributes are but the instruments of thy power.

The melody that he heard was a wild and mournful ballad, which he had once given to Adeline, when the hours flew on, sparkling with delight, and—she had not forgotten him!

The thought was too thrilling to endure. His brain throbbed with ecstasy. Unable to restrain his impatience, he applied hastily to the door. Such was the excitement under which he laboured, that the very sound made him start back: it struck so chilly on his heart. Then came an interval of harrowing suspense. He shuddered when he heard the approaching footsteps, and could with difficulty address the servant who stood inquiring his errand.

“Is—*is* Adeline within?”

The menial silently surveyed the inquirer, as though doubtful in what manner to reply, ere he answered:—

“My mistress is at home, sir.”

Mortimer stepped into the hall. The servant threw open the door, announcing his name, and Mortimer was in the presence of Adeline.

The meeting was too sudden for preliminary forms and courtesies. There was no time for preparation. The blow was struck, and a thousand idle inquiries were, perhaps, saved; but Adeline, after one short gaze of astonishment and dismay, covered her face; a low groan escaped her, and she threw herself convulsively on the chair.

Mortimer hastened to her relief, but she shrunk from his touch. She spoke not; her anguish was beyond utterance.

“Adeline!”

She shuddered, as though the sound once more awakened the slumbered echoes of memory.

“Leave me—Mortimer,” she cried. “I must not —”

“Leave thee!” It was repeated in a tone that no words can describe. Inquiry, apprehension, were depicted in his look, as if existence hung on a word; while a pause followed, compared with which, the rack were a bed of roses. The silence was too harrowing to sustain.

“And why? I know it all now,” cried the unhappy Mortimer; and the broad impress of despair was upon his brow, legibly, indelibly written.

“I am here to redeem my pledge; and thou!

Oh, Adeline! Why—why? Say—how is my trust requited? Were long years—too, too long to await my return? I have not had a thought thou hast not shared. And yet thou dost withhold thy truth!”

“It is plighted!”

“To whom?”

“To my husband!”

Though anticipating the reply, the words went like an arrow to his heart. We will not describe the separation. With unusual speed, he descended the path towards the village. He rushed past the cleft with averted looks, fearful that he might be tempted to leap the gulf. He entered the tavern; but so changed in manner and appearance, that his companions, fearful that his senses were disordered, earnestly besought him to take some rest and refreshment.

In the end he was persuaded to retire to bed. But, ere long, fever and delirium had seized him; and, in the morning, he was pronounced, by a medical attendant, to be in extreme danger, requiring the interposition of rest and skill to effect his cure.

* * * * *

It was in the cold and heavy mist of a December evening, that a female was seated upon the tall cliff above the chasm we have described. As the solitary gull came wheeling around her, she spoke to it with great eagerness and gesticulation.

“Leave me—leave me!” she cried. “I must not now. Poor wanderer! art thou gone?”—With an expression of the deepest bitterness and disappointment, she continued, “Why—oh, why didst thou take back thy pledge? Nay, it is here still; but—alas! ’tis broken. Broken!” and a scream so wild and pitiful escaped her, it was like the last agony of the spirit when riven from its shrine. Her hair, wet with the drizzly atmosphere, hung about her face. She suddenly threw it aside, as if listening.

“’Tis he! Again he comes. My—no, no! he *was* my lover! I have none now. I have a husband;—but he is unkind. Alas! why am I thus? I feel it! Oh, merciful Heaven! my brain leaps; but I am not—indeed I am not mad!”

Saying this, she bounded down the cliff, into the path she had left, with surprising swiftness. Returning, she was met by her husband, with two servants, who were in search. He chid her harshly—brutally. He threatened—ay, he threatened restraint. She heard this; but he saw not the deep and inflexible purpose she had formed. Horror at the apprehension of confinement, which, in calmer intervals, she dreaded worse than death, prompted her to use every artifice to aid her escape. She was now calm and obedient; murmuring not at the temporary attendance to which she was subjected. She sought not the cliff and the deep chasm; but would sit for hours upon the shore, looking over the calm sea, with a look as calm and as deceitful.

Violence became relaxed; apprehension was

lulled; she was again left to herself, and again she stole towards the cliff. Like to some guilty thing, she crept onward, often looking back lest she should be observed. Having attired herself with more than ordinary care, before leaving her chamber, she unlocked an ivory casket, with great caution, taking thence a ring, which she carefully disposed on her fore-finger. She looked with so intense a gaze upon this pledge—for it was the pledge of Mortimer—that she seemed to be watching its capricious glance, like the eye of destiny, as if her fate were revealed in its beautiful and mystic light.

Sunset was near, as she approached the cliff. She paused where the chasm opened out its deep vista upon the waters. They were now sparkling in the crimson flush from a sky more than usually brilliant. Both sky and ocean were blest in one; the purple beam ran out so pure along the waves, that every billow might now be seen, every path and furrow of the deep.

Adeline climbed over the rail. She stood on that extreme verge, so fearful and abrupt that it might have rendered dizzy a stouter head than her own.

"This night are we married, Mortimer. The ring and the cliff!"

The ring, at this moment, shot forth a tremulous brightness; probably from participation with the glowing hues by which it was surrounded.

"The genii of that ring—said he not so?—they will bear me to him. Our couch is decked, and the bridal hymn—Hark!"

It was only the sound from some passing skiff that crept along the waters, but Adeline thought she heard the voice of her lover.

"He calls me; when will he return?"

She looked anxiously on the ring, as though expecting a reply: but she saw its bright hues diminish, and gradually grow dim in the dull grey light which displaced the gaudy sunset.

"Oh, why art thou gone so soon?" Her heart seemed full, as though in the very agony of separation.

"I must away. His bark is on the deep; and he will not return."

She buried her head in her lap, and wept. But suddenly she started up; she looked on the distant wave as though she beheld some object approaching. She again climbed upon the rail, and gazed eagerly through the twilight, on the billows now foaming back in triumph with the returning tide. Her features were yet beautiful, though wasted by disease; and, as she gazed, a smile, rapturous and bright, passed over, like a sunbeam on the dark billows. She waved her hand.

"I have waited for thee. Bear me hence. Haste! Oh, haste! they are here."

She listened. Her countenance grew more pale and agitated. Voices were heard, and footsteps, evidently approaching. She recognized the hated sound of her pursuers. Agony and despair were thy last ministers, unhappy victim! She wrapped her cloak closer to her

form, and, with one wild and appalling shriek, leaped that dizzy height; by the foot of which her mangled remains were shortly discovered.

In the family of — is a ring, taken from the finger of a female ancestor of the house, who leaped from "*The Lady's Cliff*,"—for such it continues to be called; and it is still said to be haunted by her spirit. The ring was found uninjured, save by a crack through the rim, where it seems bent by a sudden stroke. Superstition attaches strange stories to this relic. True enough, at times it appears almost gifted with intelligence; though, perhaps, the answer intimated by the brilliancy or dimness of the stone, may often be construed according to the thoughts or wishes of the inquirer. It is kept in a little ivory box, and preserved with great care. It is said, there never was a question propounded to this oracle—if done with a proper spirit, with a due and devout reverence, and a reliance on its wondrous efficacy—but the ring, by its brightness or its gloom, shadowed forth the good or evil destiny of the querent.

Mortimer recovered. In this village, many years afterwards, lived an old man, whose daily walk was to the cliff. From that height he would gaze, until the last hue of evening died upon the waves. He then returned, with a vacant and downcast look, sad and solitary, to his dwelling. He was buried there in the churchyard; and a plain-looking stone, with the initials C. M. still mark the spot called the STRANGER'S GRAVE.

RANZ DES VACHES.

THE favourite Swiss air, called the *Ranz des Vaches*, is distinguished in the original for its simplicity and tenderness. It is said to have operated so powerfully on the Swiss soldiers in France, that it drew from many tears, or exclamations of *despair*. Some were even excited by it to commit suicide. Such is the natural predilection of man for his native soil!

The following translation of this beautiful ballad, we cut from an old paper. It is the best we have seen—but it is necessarily far inferior to the original in simplicity of language, and pathos:

Sweet, regretted, native shore!

Shall I e'er behold thee more.

And all the objects of my love?

Thy streams so clear,

Thy hills so dear,

The mountain's brow,

And cots below,

Where once my feet were wont to rove.

There, with Isabella fair,

Light of foot, and free from care,

Shall I to the labor bound?

Or at eve, beneath the dale,

Whisper soft my artless tale,

And blissful tread on airy ground?

Oh! when shall I behold again,

My lowly cot, and native plain,

And every object dear?

My father, and my mother,

My sister, and my brother,

And calm their anxious fear?

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"They dreamt not of a perishable home,
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear,
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here."

WORDSWORTH.

Rise like an altar fire!
In solemn joy aspire,
Deepening thy passion still, O Choral strain!
On thy strong-rushing wind
Bear up from Human kind
Thanks and implorings—be they not in vain!

Father, which art on high!
Weak is the melody
Of Harp or Song to reach Thine awful ear;
Unless the heart be there,
Wringing the words of Prayer
With its own fervent faith, or suppliant fear.

Let then thy Spirit brood
Over the multitude—
Eg Thou amidst them through that Heavenly Guest!
So shall their cry have power
To win from Thee a shower
Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.

What Grievs that make no sign,
That ask no aid but Thine,
Father of Mercies! here before Thee swell!
As to the open sky,
All their dark waters lie
To Thee revealed, in each close bosom cell.

The sorrow of the Dead,
Man tling its lowly head
From the world's glare, is in Thy sight set free;
And the fond, aching Love,
Thy Minister to move
All the wrung spirit, softening it for Thee.

And doth not Thy dread eye
Behold the agony
In that most hidden chamber of the heart,
Where darkly sits Remorse,
Beside the secret source
Of fearful Visions, keeping watch apart?

Yes!—here before Thy throne
Many—yet each alone—
To Thee that terrible unvelling make;
And still, small whispers clear,
And startling many an ear,
As if a trumpet bade the Dead awake.

How dreadful in this place!
The glory of thy face
Fills it too searching for mortal sight:
Where shall the guilty flee?
Over what far off Sea?
What Hills, what Woods, may shroud him from that light?

Not to the Cedar shade
Let his vain flight be made;
Nor the old mountains, nor the Desert Sea;
What, but the Cross, can yield
The Hope—the Stay—the Shield?
Thence may the Atoner lead him up to Thee!

Be Thou, be Thou his Aid!
Oh! let thy Love pervade
The haunted Caves of self-accusing Thought!
There let the living stone
Be cleft—the seed be sown—
The song of Fountains from the silence brought!
So shall thy breath once more
Within the soul restore
Thy own first image—Hollost and most High!
As a clear Lake is filled
With hues of Heaven, instilled,
Down to the depths of its calm Parity.

And if, amidst the throng
Linked by the ascending song,
There are, whose thoughts in trembling rapture soar;
Thanks, Father! that the power
Of joy, man's early dower
Thus, even midst tears, can fervently adore!

Thanks for each gift divine!
Eternal Praise be Thine,
Blessing and Love, O Thou that hearest Prayer!
Let the Hymn pierce the sky,
And let the Tombs reply!
For seed, that awaits Thy Harvest time, is there.

A MODERN SERENADE.

Come to the casement, my fairy,
Come to the window my dove;
The night is remarkably airy,
And very propitious to love;
Fling round your shoulders a shawl,
For fear of the dew and the damp!
While we walk in your father's old hall,
By the light of your eyes—and a lamp.

Above—all is brightness and bloom;
Below—all is perfume and light;
There is not a shadow of gloom,
To mar your soft beauty to-night;
Stars in their splendour are shining,
O'er mountain, tree, tower, and rill;
The moonlight is gently declining,
In grandeur behind the far hill.

I've dwelt 'mid the beauties of Spain,
And sighed 'neath the bloom of their bowers;
With the sky for a shelter have lain,
And stole the soft breath of their flowers;
I've roved o'er the cities of France;
I've studied Italian at Rome;
I've laughed at their eyes' brightest glance,
From the fairest of women at home.

What was glory and brightness to me?
What was beauty, when you were not by?
The flower, the blossom, the bee,
Were naught to the breath of your sigh!
Visions of beauty! ye throng
O'er my spirit in forms of delight!
I have written you many a song,
I have played to you many a night:

I have fought for you many a duet
I once wore my arm in a sling;
I'm sure that you cannot be cruel,
When you think of myself and my ring;
Oh! come to the window, my syren,
Or, if you won't—come to the door;
And I'll sing you a lay out of Byron,
Or would you prefer it from Moore?

The moon, like a crescent of gold,
Is shining o'er mountain and flower;
And I am exceedingly cold,
With waiting best part of an hour;
Slumber lie soft on thine eye:—
In thy dreams wilt thou think of my suit?
And light be the sound of thy sigh,
While I play thee a tune on my flute.

But, come to the window, my fairy,
Come to the casement, my dove;
The night is remarkably airy,
And very propitious to love;
Put on your boa and shawl,
For fear of the dew and the damp;
And we'll walk in your father's old hall,
By the light of your eyes—and the lamp!

SUPERSTITIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

NO. 2.

WHETHER I delight in awakening the earlier impressions of my youth, for the hope of eliciting a pleasure from what were then subjects of alarm, or whether there is a latent pride in believing that the forms which peopled the imagination of my infancy, and served to give a tone to my subsequent actions, are connected with the higher and more impressive superstitions of the ancients, certain it is that I derive a pleasure from a remembrance of the many scenes to which the superstitions of my native village gave origin, although many of them were kept alive by the fatal consequences to which they had led.

Every peculiarity of belief which my former numbers have attempted to elucidate, may be found in the history of refined and classical people, as well as among the unlettered and simple inhabitants of the shores of Plymouth Bay; and, though they may have assumed more imposing forms as they obtained more extensive circulation, it is to be doubted whether they ever acquired more implicit confidence, or led to more visible and certain effects.

In sketching these remarks upon the history of my country's superstitions, it has occurred, as a very natural, though unexpected consequence, that the long slumbering belief of other sections of the Union are revived in the recollection of some demi-antiquary, like myself; and my un-presuming numbers, like the mis-directed shot of an unpractised sportsman, has not only started my own game, but raised every owl and rook that has been perched for years in quiet, in the obscurity of their own uselessness.

I am not likely to meet with any especial marks of my former townsmen's favour for these discoveries of "the nakedness of their land;" and it has been strongly hinted to me that a younger branch of my own family is about undertaking a refutation of what he is pleased to call my *libel* on the mind and manners of the descendants of the pilgrims; and, as this gentleman was sent to college upon the good old Massachusetts rule of teaching the dullest Latin and Greek, to make him equal to the brightest of the family, the "fanny may look for some rare bouts, and the eventual loss of a goodly quantity of literary claret," *videlicet* ink.

I know I am performing an unprofitable office to myself, in opening stores from which successive novelists will draw, without thanks to the humble author. And the future Waverlys of my country will profit by my humble gleanings—while I and my great predecessor and fellow labourer, Jedidiah Cleisbotham, shall be no more remembered.

The soil, gentle reader, which first received the pilgrims, which was the *arena* of their painful exertions, and which was dyed with blood in the wars of king Philip and his favourite chiefs,

must be productive in *events*; not *superstition* alone will make it interesting. The mantle which time is spreading upon the events of the early history of the fathers, is already tinged with gray; and the Antiquarian is beginning to draw from the sacred pile, treasures to which nothing but the rust of years can impart a consequence.

The sword with which *Church* cut off the head of the mighty sachem Philip, after he had been shot, is now claimed as a trophy of wondrous valour by philosophical societies. And what does the reader suppose has become of the musket which brought down the dreaded warrior? why, the deadly tube which poured forth its extirpating fire upon the flower of Narragansette chivalry, is now quietly resting behind a writing desk in Kingston, painted to preserve it from rust, and it narrowly escaped a voyage to Philadelphia a few summers since, which would have been an everlasting scandal to those who regard it as a link between the present and the past generation.

"This old gun barrel, which killed king Philip," said its venerable owner to me, as he forced it into its present occupation, "is a little like mankind, endeavouring to be of some interest to society, after the power of doing injury is entirely gone."

The inhabitants of the place in which I have laid the scenes of my former numbers, were, some years ago, and are, perhaps, now, impressed with a firm belief that certain parts of their village are inhabited by a race of beings, of whose nature and properties they are but little informed, of their origin they never thought it necessary to inquire—or reasonable to doubt their existence. One place, in particular, from the frequency and distinctness of the appearance of these superhuman visitors, or, residents, has obtained the emphatic appellation of SPIRIT PASTURE. It was an extensive ground of some twenty or thirty acres, partly covered with impenetrable bushes, and well studded with mossy rocks and unwieldy stones—a production, by the way, in which the Old colony may be considered pre-eminently prolific—where, indeed, the hand of nature and the breath of heaven have not lifted and puffed the surface into swelling protuberances of arid sands.

This pasture extended from the main road to the shore of the bay, and thus, by being frequently passed at night, both by land and water, lost none of its proper fame from a want of having its wonderful inhabitants duly observed.

Strange things, indeed, have been seen in that fearful place, if the concurrent testimony of almost every one of the oldest and some of the younger inhabitants of Rocky Nook (so that part of the town was called) might be believed.

There were not wanted those who had watched the undefinable tenants of this pasture, in full

groups, who had seen them engaged in solemn and fearful offices—who had observed them in scenes which the narrators represented as horrid and unspeakable. Whatever might have been the especial visions of those who by daring courage or untoward accident, were brought near the precincts of this fearful abode, there was scarcely an inhabitant of the Nook who had not seen some indistinct figure fading from his sight as he gazed from a distance by moonlight upon the residence of spirits.

And I have noted in the morning and evening twilight, an assemblage of forms so distinctly marked, and so oppositely employed, that reason, even at this distant period, almost refuses to identify them with the mists and exhalations of the humid soil. Strangers, too, in passing the pasture by the main road, which wound round its western side, have observed with astonishment the phenomenon which a moonlight evening presented below them.

Whatever distaste the inhabitants of Rocky Nook might have possessed for the proximity of their aerial neighbours, it was well understood that no danger was to be apprehended from them, unless their privacy was disturbed; but a tradition had long been current, that any infringement upon this rule of early observance would be punished with awful visitations, and particularly a second encroachment, which, it was thought, would place the offender completely in the power of the spirits, and would be followed by instant death.

With such a well-digested system of superstition, it may be thought that the young people of the Nook avoided this place at night much more than they did any conversation respecting it.

It was a pleasant evening in May, when a company of young persons of both sexes had assembled at a house in the vicinity of the *Spirit Pasture*. The conversation, as might have been expected, was chiefly made up of anecdotes, details of what each had seen and heard. The wonderful, which is ever an ingredient in agreeable stories, soon led to the more marvellous, till at length nothing would please their high raised palates, but repetitions of the *Spirit Pasture* stories. There were a few, who, considering that no strangers were present, upon whom their own doubts might injure the long established belief, ventured to make light of these airy tenants of their neighbours' land, and even boasted of having crossed the upper corner of the pasture after dark. The courage of the company seemed to increase, for not only did several boast of what they had performed, but even expressed a determination to cross the pasture at any time, rather than take the more circuitous route of the road. While this spirit was at its zenith, and males and females were almost forgetting the fears and belief which they had cherished from their infancy, one of the party, either to test their sincerity, or revenge himself for what he deemed a disrespect for the assertion of sights he had himself beheld, offered to give any one of the company two dol-

lars who would stick a knife in the spirit tree at ten o'clock at night.

The daring of the company suddenly abated. A female, young, handsome, and remarkable for vivacity of disposition, accepted the challenge, and, notwithstanding the urgent dissuasions of her immediate friends, determined to perform the undertaking that very evening.

Having furnished herself with the instrument, Mary and the anxious party hastened to the wall which separated the abode of spirits from the road: again Mary was urged to quit her daring visitation, and reminded of the danger of intruding upon the spirits. One youth, I remember, was particularly solicitous for her to avoid the danger. But it was in vain—her pride was engaged—and as she passed the barrier she took with trembling hand the knife, and proceeded with rapid steps towards the dreaded tree. The white scarf was occasionally seen among the high alders, as it floated out from her rapid progress, and the noise of the brush, which she displaced, alone disturbed the silence of the place. Suddenly the dense vapours which had been hovering over the centre of the land, were seen rolling in massy forms towards the tree, which at that time was violently agitated, a piercing, but short shriek from Mary was heard, and all was at rest. The vapours passed away; not a leaf upon the tree moved; the moon shone out with unusual clearness—but Mary did not return.

Hours passed, and the anxiety of the party was at the highest pitch. The youth who had endeavoured to hinder Mary's rash enterprise was detained by force from searching for her. Just at the dawn of day, the object of solicitude was seen slowly returning by the same path by which she had entered. Her friends pressed forward with eager solicitude to welcome her return, and hear her recital, but, on viewing her, their curiosity was lost in amazement; that night had done the work of years for her—her ghastly face and distended eye seemed to express no knowledge of those who were around her—and weeks elapsed before she was heard to speak on any subject, and no entreaties could prevail on her to utter a word of the events of that awful night—nor was she ever known to pass the *Spirit Pasture* again. From what could be gathered from the broken sentences which she uttered in her disturbed sleep, she seemed to be in dread of being compelled by some person to visit the pasture a second time; and, from the known legend of the time, no one doubted that a repetition of the visit by night, even to touch the soil, would be instant death—or, perhaps, worse.

One morning, early in the August following the event we have mentioned, a large company persuaded Mary to join them in an excursion to the Gurnet, a long and high point of land, forming the outer barrier of Plymouth harbour, on which the light houses are situated—about seven miles from the shore of Rocky Nook. The day was passed in rational mirth, and it was not until hurried to their boat by the appearance of a black cloud at the eastward, that they disco-

vered that in their eagerness to get on shore in the morning they had left the boat so high on land that they must wait until late in the evening before the tide would take her off. It was after nine o'clock in the evening when they embarked, the clouds had overspread the horizon, and the wind was blowing almost a gale from the eastward. They, however, still cherished the hope, as the wind was directly astern, that they should reach home without any serious accident, but the gale increased rapidly, and they were compelled to haul down every sail, and, to use a sea phrase, "scud under bare poles."

One young man was stationed in the bow of the boat to look out for objects which the darkness of the night must have prevented his seeing, while another was stationed at the helm to keep her before the wind. "Keep her dead for yonder light," said the man in the bows, "and let Plymouth steeple open on the cripples"—"How," said the helmsman, "am I to see the steeple." The pilot then hit on another method for directing the bark.—"If she will bear to luff at all, bring both lights of the Gurnet into one, and let her go at that."

She accordingly ran a few minutes before the wind at a terrible rate, when the helmsman hailed the pilot in the bows to know what that light was occasionally hidden. "It is the light in the Captain's house," said the pilot, "and the top of the salt works is every minute brought between that and us." "We are further to the south than that," said the helmsman, "and yonder, to the right, is the salt work windmills, just shown by a flash of lightning."

The pilot waited a few minutes, when he suddenly started up and exclaimed, "Good God! yonder light is in Robbins' kitchen, and the object that obstructs it is the Spirit Tree—we are among the breakers already, and two minutes will throw us upon the rocks at the bottom of *Spirit Pasture*."

Every being on board seemed to cling to each other with horror, except Mary; she started from her seat, at the bottom of the boat, and, before any resistance could be made, she threw herself into the waves—in two minutes the boat had, almost by a miracle, passed the breakers, and was thrown upon a sandy shore, upon which, although somewhat bruised, the passengers easily saved themselves. They immediately discovered that they had landed about ten yards west of the *Spirit Pasture* shore—and were sensible that Mary, whether alive or dead, must have been swept farther south-east. Absorbed in anxiety for her fate, they determined to enter the *Spirit ground*, trusting in the integrity of their intentions for a safety against any attacks. They had not proceeded far when, by a flash of lightning, they discovered the body of Mary, many yards from the water, with her limbs decently disposed, lying upon a bunch of sea grass. The breath had left her body—but no marks of violence was found upon her. The women were, at first, shocked at discovering that her clothes were not wet, but a remembrance of Mary's dread of a

second approach to that forbidden ground, soon silenced all expression of surprise. Mary was buried in the public burying ground, and her story is now told as a caution to those who treat lightly the inhabitants of the *Spirit Pasture*.

THE BUTCHER-BIRD.

THE great shrike, or butcher-bird, breeds annually near my dwelling. It is one of our late birds of passage, but its arrival is soon made known to us by its croaking, unmusical voice, from the summit of some tree. Its nest is large, and ill-concealed; and during the season of incubation the male bird is particularly vigilant and uneasy at any approach towards his sitting mate, though often, by his clamouring anxiety, he betrays it and her to every bird-nesting boy. The female, when the eggs are hatched, unites her vociferations with those of the male, and facilitates the detection of the brood. Both parents are very assiduous in their attentions to their offspring, feeding them long after they have left the nest; for the young appear to be heavy, inactive birds, and little able to capture the winged insects, that constitute their principal food. I could never observe that this bird destroyed others smaller than itself, or even fed upon flesh. I have hung up dead young birds, and even parts of them, near their nests; but never found that they were touched by the shrike. Yet it appears that it must be a butcher too; and that the name "*lanius*," bestowed on it by Gesner two hundred and fifty years ago, was not lightly given. My neighbour's gamekeeper kills it as a bird of prey; and tells me he has known it draw the weak young pheasants through the bars of the breeding-coops; and others have assured me that they have killed them when banquetting on the carcass of some little bird they had captured. All small birds have an antipathy to the shrike, betray anger, and utter the moan of danger, when it approaches their nest. I have often heard this signal of distress, and, cautiously approaching to learn the cause, have frequently found that this butcher-bird occasioned it. They will mob, attack, and drive it away, as they do the owl, as if fully acquainted with its plundering propensities. Linnæus attached to it the trivial epithet "*excubitor*" a sentinel; a very apposite appellation, as this bird seldom conceals itself in a bush, but sits perched upon some upper spray, or in an open situation, heedful of danger, or watching for its prey. This shrike must be most mischievously inclined, if not a predatory bird. May twenty-third—A pair of robins have young ones in a bank near my dwelling: the anxiety and vociferation of the poor things have three times this day called my attention to the cause of their distress, and each time have I seen this bird watching near the place, or stealing away upon my approach; and then the tumult of the parents subsided; but had they not experienced injury, or been aware that it was meditated, all this terror and outcry would not have been excited.—*An English Ornithologist.*

From *Balwer's Magazine*.

JEANIE STEVENSON.

A TALE OF THE DOMINIE.

To have been a born gentleman, and carefully educated in the ambitions of gentility, never did me any good that I can see; for my wanderings through life have generally been on foot, like a pedlar; my taste has always inclined to grovel towards nature and simplicity; and so, whatever circumstances I have met with that interested my heart, have generally happened among the poorer and the less fortunate sort of people. In these circumstances, humble as I have ever demeaned myself, I have sometimes been called in to assist in many grave and solemn deliberations; and, though the fate of empires certainly did not depend on the result, these consultations often had much to do with the fancies and feelings of interesting beings, whose happiness in their own lowly circle was as dear to them as that of kings on their thrones; and whose simple sorrows, from whatever they might arise, had certainly much less chance of the sympathy of the world.

It was when I was gone forth on one of my summer-day travellings that I bethought me, as I plodded along, concerning the likely fate of one in whom I had always taken a special interest. She was a lassie-bairn when I knew her first; for I remembered her from an infant, and a bonnie baby she was, and now she was a grown woman; and the last time I was in this part of the country I had an inkling of something concerning her sent in at the corner of my ear, that now, as I thought on it, stirred up the prophesings of my mind. Why a wandering old fool as I was should thus concern myself, as I journeyed by the wayside, about a pretty blossom, like Jeanie Stevenson, was certainly most unaccountable: but human nature is a mystery; and thus it hath always happened to me, that, whilst the flowers of womankind have for many years bloomed and faded around me, and various joys and griefs of others have interested me to witness, to me these have ever been matters of exterior contemplation, circumstances having still interposed between me and this branch of experimental philosophy. When, therefore, I got into the little sea-port which now lay before me, and drew near to the house where Jeanie's parents dwelt, all the beauty of the Firth, which the town overlooked, could not abstract me from my own uneasy thoughts, or prevent an involuntary train of sombre anticipation, regarding the fate of one who was worthy to occupy the benevolent musings of an old man.

When I came to the door, which I knew it was expected I should seek as soon as I arrived, I saw, by the very dimness of the brass knocker, that things within did not wear their usual brightness; and yet, inside, every thing appeared as formerly, and I was received with even more than the usual cordiality. Still I thought an air

of solemnity appeared in the countenances of my host and his wife: it seemed strange that I should find them thus seated in conclave at that hour of the day;—in short, I seemed to have disturbed them in the midst of some serious discussion; and when Jeanie re-entered, for she had retired on first hearing me, I saw by her face that she had been crying.

"What's this that's among you, sirs," said I, as they all remained silent; "I hope no evil disposition has been sent to disturb the comfort of this happy house?"

"Every house that ever I kened," said the old man, "has at times a waft of unhappiness passing through it, as every heart that lives has its occasional pang. But take a seat, and speak to us, sir—Jeanie, there, is our subject; she was aye a great favourite of yours, and you are well come to give her and us a word of counsel."

"What can this be now?" I thought, as Jeanie again rose, and was about to retire. Her father, however, commanded her to tarry; and, as I looked in the sad countenance of the pretty young thing, and the knit brows and stern thoughtfulness evinced by her mother, the whole matter flashed at once on me; for I had heard of the crosses and troubles that her father had encountered; I knew that he had no excellence in wordly craft; and I saw that the two parents, in the dread and desperation of approaching poverty, had made up their minds to make merchandise of their only daughter.

Postponing, however, any reply as long as I could, I only said, "Ye'll excuse me, Mr. Stevenson, but its higher wisdom than mine that you would need to apply to, if ye speak of counsel on family affairs."

"It's needless to be modest about it, Mr. Balgownie," said the old man; "for there's the lassie's eye fixed upon your face already, as if she expected you to take her part against her own flesh and blood, in favour of the wilful fancies and wayward inclinations of youth. It's a solemn concern for my daughter there, sir; no less than a maidenly liking to be disposed, and a sober marriage to be composed; and whether the old and experienced, or the young and the romantic, are likely to form the wisest judgment upon such matters, I leave you this moment to pronounce."

"They are likely to judge very differently, at least," I replied quietly; and I had no sooner spoken the words, than, happening to glance on the instant in Jeanie's face, the gleam of hope that shot through the tears from her eye, almost took me by the heart to witness it. "It's not for me to speak," I continued, "upon so delicate a matter as this sweet lassie's happiness; but if you will have my opinion, ye'll be pleased to be more circumstantial ament the whole business."

"I'll tell you it all in three words," said Jeanie.

nie's mother, now striking in, "and it can be no new tale to a man of observation like you. Since the weary sea became the grave of our first-born, and Willie, my next, was laid, in his eighteenth year, in a drier and a nearer bed, and so the black door of death closed upon much of all that was dear to us in life, it was not to be expected but that our thoughts and our hopes should be deeply set upon this bonnie lassie bairn; and that, how she should come to be mated and matched, and protected from the vicissitudes of a cold hearted world, gave us, as you may think, no little concern. It was not to be supposed, either, that a face like her's—although I say it, that's her own mother—could be often seen in Brideport kirk, without lads and lovers to covet such as Jeanie. To young William Ptolomy, the bravest and bravest of all that came about her, it could not be said that for a time her father and I had any particular objection; although we knew that the poor lad had more hopes than havings, and more spunk and spice and pleasant manners, than any real present convertible substance. But, as the proverb says, 'every stick has its nick, and every hank has its reel,' and so Willie was dependant on his father, and the seams and stitches of the old man's affairs have begun to be o'er-clearly seen, it's feared that he'll soon have to come to his hunkers, which will send the young lad to try further what his wits can do for him, which ye know, Dagnie, is but a lean reversion for the keeping of a puir man's wife; and so, times having changed to the unfortunate youth, as well as to ourselves, it behoves us to be mindfu' of our daughter's hap; for it never does for twa misfortunates to cleek their wants together, or if they do, nill they will they, the progeny may come one day to the string and the wallet, and that would ill go down wi' the genty feelings of my daughter.

"Now, there might be no occasion for haste in my Jeanie turning the back o' her hand on puir Willie Ptolomy, but an offer has come to her from another airt, which should in no case be hastily turned from our door. The Laird o' Greendykes is a green and gash man—forty-seven or thereabout will measure the tale of his years, and a thousand pund Scots, or thereabouts, maun be the least sum of the produce o' his rigs. It's no doubt a naturality that a young woman should like a young man to daut her and dandle her to kirk and fair; but it's few lasses that just gets the lad that rins most in their mind—especially in thae uncanny times; and if my daughter Jeanie would just take the proffer of the Laird o' Greendykes, she would aye be sure of meal in the girdel, and cheese in the chissit, a full awmry, and a plenished purse, and that's mair substantial than toom love to a tocherless lass. Noo, take care, Dominie, what ye'll answer to that."

Involuntarily, as I considered what I should say, I turned my eyes again to Jeanie's face, and I declare, as I scanned her anxious look, the very power of speech was for a time taken from me. "Far be it from me to interfere between parent and child, in a case like this," I said at length;

"inasmuch as no man can answer for the effects of the counsel that might be given this day. Your daughter, that sits weeping there, is the real lamb of the sacrifice, that, being caught by the horns of the world's evil, now waiteth to be made an offering to Mammon, the root of much unrighteousness. To plunge the knife of sacrifice into a young heart—to cut asunder the twining tendrils of green affection, and that in the moment of another's misfortune, is doubtless a sore evil; but one," I added, catching the eye of her father, "to which it were, perhaps, wisest for Jeanie patiently to submit, if her parents think it best for their and her happiness, as obedience to them is unquestionably her duty. To herself, however, I would refer the matter, for she alone can answer for the state of her own feelings, and the strength she can bring to meet the occasion. But is it really necessary, Mr. Stevenson, to be so instantaneous and categorical?"

"It is, Mr. Balgownie," he said, "for this is no newly mooted matter; and the Laird o' Greendykes is getting to a peremptory in it, as it is the nature of a wealthy man to be, when he would have his own will; and more than that, I have heard this very afternoon that old Mr. Ptolomy has already gotten into some lawyer's grip, and that Willie, his son, is likely to be off to Heligoland, or some other place abroad, and where would my puir daughter be then, wi' a ruined man and a land-louper? What say ye to that?"

"These are good wordly reasons, no doubt," I said, "for the world is aye ready to punish a man for his misfortunes; but your daughter"—

"Mr. Balgownie," interrupted he, "I expected you to come more to the point. It's far from expedient, sir, for a man of your sense to talk sentimental tropes before a young lassie, on an occasion like this, just to put evil thoughts into her head. It's hurtful, sir!—very hurtful."

"If the happiness of life, Mr. Stevenson," I replied, "consisted only in full girdels of meal, and chissets of cheese, I would at once confess myself in the wrong; but, though I acknowledge the value of these substantial comforts, I have not forgotten that I once was young, and I have seen enough to know that there are some hearts who cannot be satisfied with common husks, be they ever so plenty. Far be it from me, however, to argue against you; but this poor young thing has her own thoughts, though she does not speak, and a maiden's tears are but a weak advocate against a father's will."

The very tone of my reasoning afforded the old man a hint, or rather a key to unlock the breast, and so gain his point with his daughter. Appealing to her feelings by a moving representation of his own declined circumstances, and the obligations he had been under to the Laird of Greendykes; whenever he put her proposed marriage on the footing of a salvation to himself and his wife in their present situation, and a happy prospect for their old age, the colour gradually returned to her cheek, her eyes were dried, and

began to glisten with a noble resolution, and rising and kneeling before her father and mother, she gave her hand to each, in token of her consent to become, on the following week, the wife of Gilmour, widower of Greendykes.

I witnessed the scene with a sort of painful admiration, and the excitement of it was hardly over when a low and dubious knock at the door again sent a paleness over Jeanie's cheek, and seemed to startle her parents with an uneasy feeling. "This is unlucky," said her father, "but he must be admitted and plainly dealt with," for they all knew the knock to be that of William Ptolomy.

Jeanie attempted not to rise; they all seemed transfixed for the moment; and William, with the freedom of a lover and an old friend of the family, walked in. The moment I cast a look over his handsome, manly figure, and observed the anxious intelligence of his eyes, as he cast them first at his sweetheart, and then towards her parents and me, I wished myself far enough off; for I had always that weakness about me, that I never could bear to be a witness of any sort of cruelty.

The youth took a seat, crossed his long handsome limbs over each other, and cast his eyes again around him, with a look of stern and suddenly-awakened suspicion.

"Surely," said he, with mildness, yet with pride, "ill news must travel fast, when they get first to the doors of our dearest friends; and misfortune must be as bad as it is called, when it so soon turns their looks into shrinking chillness."

Mrs. Stevenson hemmed twice to break the uneasy silence; the old man pursed up his mouth for the utterance of a hard saying; as for Jeanie, I was sitting next her, and I could hear the laboured beating of her heart, plainer than the ticking of my own watch.

"If there's any thing unpleasant to be said, sirs," said the youth again, "let me hear it at once. I can hear any consequence of my father's troubles, if it does not come from Jeanie's own mouth. But she may as well speak me fair as long as I am in Brideport, whatever may happen when I am away; for I have just come to take farewell of her before I go to Heligoland."

"In that case, Mr. Ptolomy," said the old man, "ye'll have many years to spend, maybe, and many plans to work out for the making of your fortune; and seas will be to cross, and things to happen to us all that we cannot now foresee; and if, when you are gone, a change *should* take place to our daughter Jeanie, it will only be what is naturally to be looked for in the course of things; and I just wish, Mr. Ptolomy, to speak to you candidly on sic a presumption, and to prepare your mind."

The young man made no reply, but he looked as if a candid cutting off of a man's right hand, or plucking out of his right eye, was not so pleasant an operation to the sufferer as the honest operator might imagine. The old lady now struck in, and in the kindest terms appealed to the young man's own considerate good sense, to say whether, in the present state of his prospects,

it would not be much better for him to relinquish any present idea of her daughter; and whether, if an advantageous offer *should* come to Jeanie while he was gone, it would not be much better for her to take it than to be waiting on a far-away uncertainty and a wanworth?

I saw the cold sweat break upon his brow, as the youth gave a civil response to these fair speeches. "And now," said the old man, jocosely, "as the matter is settled so comfortably and with a good understanding, and William Ptolomy will be going over the sea, maybe to make a great fortune, far bigger than our puir Jeanie ought to think of, and no doubt to marry some great lady far abroad some other day; as Jeanie and him hae been auld acquaintances, and lad and lass as I may say, we better leave them for twa minutes to take their farewell. Young folk *will* be young folk, and it'll be all right by-and-bye."

The old lady did not immediately relish this proposal, yet she made no opposition, and we all rose to leave the room. Mechanically I moved on, being the last; but, just as I got to the door, I found my arm tremulously grasped from behind, and Jeanie, shutting the door hastily before me, begged me, as a friend of the family, who had known her from an infant, to return and see her through this hour of trial. What should I do in a scene like this?—yet I could not refuse; and the distressed girl led me back to my seat.

The young man cast his arms round him once or twice, and wiped his face repeatedly as he again sat contemplating Jeanie, like one who was gradually awakening himself from a dream. "This is, indeed, a change," he at length said, bitterly; "but, before I go, I should just like to know, Jeanie, what hand you have had in this affair?"

"I think, William—I think"—she tried to say, but her mouth was parched—"that you might know me better by this time than to ask me such a question. You heard what my father and mother said; but you do not know half, nor you cannot know."

"Your father has a clear and a ready sight into the tendency of the world's mishaps," said the youth, "but it cuts deep—deep, Jeanie, that this should come upon me at no other time but the day of adversity, and that you should be the first to do an unkind act, and the last to say a kind word to me in the hour of misfortune. But I see it is all settled; so farewell, Jeanie, and let us part in kindness."

I led her up to the young man, and she put her hand into his, but seemed unable to speak. I again offered to retire, but she held me firm by the arm.

"Do you mean, then, Jeanie," he said, "that this is to be the end of all our long walks by the Bride's Pass, and all our pleasant purposes for future days, and all the golden and blessed dreams, and the more blessed words that have passed between you and me?"

"They were o'er pleasant for this uncertain world, William; and my heart told me, in strange foreboding, even then, that they were o'er happy

to come to pass. Do not blame me, William, but think of me with pity when you are far away, for I am but a thing in the power of Providence and not in my own—happiness and my own choice in the world is not for me. Oh! Mr. Balgownie," she almost screamed, "will you not speak for me to William, for I can no more;" and, laying her head on my arm, she took the woman's resource, and cried like a bairn.

I explained to the young man, as well as I could, how that Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, with the anxiety of parents, and the foresight of experience, had seen and represented to their daughter, in my hearing, the danger of indulging affections where circumstances did not warrant the looking forward to an union provided for by the usual indispensables of life; except in a contingent way, and such as involved great uncertainty, both as to time and manner, of which no one could or ought to speak, with any predication. That, therefore, hard as it might appear, it was the duty of the young to submit as they might to the judgment of the old, and particularly to the will of considerate parents; for that I had seen in my time that it was the nature of the circumstances of this life often to crush and stifle the desires of the heart. These things I spoke, not without some misgivings as to their just application, when I looked at the distressed young couple before me, and thought of the motives of Jeanie's father and of the Laird of Greendykes, of whom I knew nothing. But I had no sooner concluded, than Mr. Ptolomy took my hand, and pressing it warmly, thanked me for my explanation, and for the manner in which I had strengthened him to resign an interesting being, of whom he had never thought himself really worthy, and to give up one for ever whom he should rather die than ever be the means of bringing into the degrading hardships that might attend his own uncertain fortune.

By this time Jeanie had also recovered strength; and when they again stood up to say their last word, and to take their ultimate farewell, they looked so sadly, yet so proudly resolute, and their resolution seemed to cut so deeply into each of their hearts, that I was unable to stand, to look at them, and, tearing myself away, walked to the opposite window. Here, hiding myself behind the curtain, I heard the bitter whisper of parting regret—the half-expressed hope that they would sometimes think of each other when far asunder—the half-admitted embrace, repeated till it alarmed themselves—and the last choking sob of suppressed agony!

I heard him rush towards the door; I heard it close behind him. The father and mother were both again in the room ere I was aware. Jeanie stood where William had left her, like a pale statue; but I saw by her countenance that the cord had been too much tightened. At length she seemed to awaken suddenly, and rushing towards her mother, she buried her head in her lap, and burst into a torrent of tears.

I could not remain longer in the house. The same evening, however, I sought the old man

again, and tried to convince him of the cruelty, if not danger, of his insisting on this match; but he was deaf to my reasoning. Poverty, like riches, often aggravates unnaturally the selfish principle, and hardens the heart. I went and lodged in the inn; and shortly after daylight, on the following morning, I was already on my way from the town of Brideport. * * *

The winter had come and gone after this, and the long days of summer, of the following year, were passed by me in a different part of the country, so that it was full the harvest of the second twelvemonth, before my wanderings led me again to the seaward heights of Brideport. The afternoon was grey and drowsy, a spitting of rain held a threatening parley with my evening resolves, and although I was aware that a drenching was a dispensation that seldom proved mortal, I began to wish exceedingly that I was safe and dryly seated at John Stevenson's chimney check.

I had not got thus far without thinking seriously, and not without sadness of old recollections and former scenes; and as I wended along, I began to wonder exceedingly in what condition I should now find those, if alive, for whom my heart was much interested. My dull cogitations were slightly disturbed by the quick pattering of a pair of bare feet by my side, and, lifting up my eyes upon an old-fashioned country mailing and policy which I found myself passing, I asked the bare-footed urchin who kept running beside me to whom it might belong.

"It'll belang, I'm thinking," said the boy, "to ane Mr. Gilmour. Ye'll maybe have heard of the Laird of Greendykes, that owns the ship ca'd the Bonnie Jeanie. He's an aulder man than my father, yet the tither year he was married to the bonniest young lady in a' Brideport, and she sits in a scat just fornent the minister, in the auld kirk at the town-end."

"And is the lady's father and mother still alive and well?" I inquired of the gabbing boy.

"Oo, gaun about, weel and hearty," said the boy. "Now, here's the laird's gate, made out o' the jaw-bones o' a whaal: odsake, sir, but a whaal maun be a big fish to hae jaws like that."

"True enough, my man," said I, giving a white sixpence to the clattering callant; but that'll buy something to set thy ain chafts a wagging." The bit boy gave a grin at the sight of the siller, and, taking to his heels with as much gratitude as could be expected of mankind, I proceeded thankfully up the laird's avenue.

I knew Jeanie's neatness by the appearance of the door-step, and still more by the trig comfort of the old-fashioned parlour into which I was ushered. When she came to me, there was more than surprise and cordiality in the look with which I was recognised. She had been little more than two years married, and yet her air was staid and matronly, like a woman of forty, and her pretty countenance wore almost the shade of melancholy.—That melancholy deepened, and became more decided as we proceeded to converse.

"The chief purpose of my marriage was cer-

tainly obtained," said she, "for my father and mother live in comfort and without anxiety. As for myself, as far as the world's goods go, I have every thing I can wish for, and I have a husband whom I also regard as a father, who is to me the kindest of men, and would lay the hair of his head amongst my feet. But in this world something always appears to be wanting, and if I could only have heard that *he* was happy, and had obtained some measure of prosperity, then I might—but why should I still think of him, when I know it is almost sinful—you know who I mean?"

I saw her lip beginning to tremble, as she spoke of William Ptolomy, but, after allowing her a few moments repose for her feelings, I said, "Pray go on, Jeanie, I mean Mrs. Gilmour; pray proceed, and let me know what has become of him."

"That is just what I am uncertain of myself," she went on—"and anxious I am to hear concerning him this night, for I expect news from Heligoland; but I had best tell you from the beginning, as far as I know."

"It was a dreadful interval to me from the time you left Brideport till the day fixed for my marriage with Mr. Gilmour. Had William got away immediately after that sad interview, and been out of the town, and beyond the chance of my seeing him for years, I might have been more composed to the change I was fated to undergo. But something happened, in the mean time, to his father's affairs; he was too honourable to allow the old man to bear alone the scath and the scorn of the world, or to desert his parent in the day of calamity; and so the ship had to sail without him, and he was left to linger in Brideport, to witness the last prop of his hopes pulled up by the roots, and to get over as he could the day of sore evil. It was a bitter, bitter draught William Ptolomy had to drink—to see his worthy father a broken man in his old age, himself reduced to the state of a fortuneless adventurer, who could not even be suffered to try the world in a foreign land; and me, the dearest hope of his heart, turning my back on him in the day of trouble, and about to be married to a braw rich laird, and a creditor of his desponding father. On the day of my marriage, as he told a friend from whom I afterwards heard it, he took his solitary seat on a hill overlooking the town, and thought, as he watched, that he saw the green world, and all that it contained for him, buried before his eyes. If his heart did not altogether break that day, it received a rent in its tenderest parts that—it will be happy, happy for my peace, if it does not carry him to an unripe grave."

I allowed Mrs. Gilmour time for the natural sorrow that here broke out, after which she went on, though with a trembling voice.

"My wedding day was a heavy day to me; but Mr. Gilmour, my husband that's now, was kind and considerate, and so were my father and mother, and that helped me better o'er the day of trial. But what vexed me next, was my fear that William would not be supported to take it as one

of the ordinary sacrifices that the heart has often to make to the evil circumstances of this sinful world. He never absented himself from his father's counting-house, but he began to go about Brideport with a heartless and listless look, while at times a strange restless wildness was observed in his eye, and he was seen often to look, with a sad and ominous despondency, towards the sea that tumbled under the rocks where he was wont to walk. To me, all this was unspeakably distressing; for on Sunday in the kirk, from which he never absented himself, while sitting hearing the word beside my husband, I dared not look up towards the minister for fear I should catch his eye, which was sure to be fixed on me; and then, God help me, I often watched him myself—for we then lived in Brideport, and he seemed to take a pleasure in lingering near the house, or in wandering up the burn-side, where, in our happy days, we used to walk in the summer evenings. His friends tried to rouse him, but all was in vain; for his father's affairs would not admit of him engaging to any extent in the pursuits of ambition. Indeed, every thing went wrong with the family; and, to sum up all, his poor father began to take refuge in a drop of drink, and William at length seemed to have become the prey of shame and despair.

"At last he got off to Heligoland, and thence, I believe, to somewhere in Germany; and pleasant accounts came home of his returned activity, and his success in retrieving his father's affairs. But later news from him were more sad and sombre; for with all his activity to do his best, the decline of his health is too evident, and I am unable to repress my inward apprehensions. I dare not think of what I fear, nor do I ever mind dreams; but I have dreamed of him three several times these last three nights, and I cannot get it out of my head all day, that I am to hear some hasty news."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when, starting at a sound which did not appear to me to be very loud, she cried—"Bless me, what a heavy knock at the door!"

So much had the apprehension of evil taken hold of her, that she was unable to open the letter that was now put into her hand. I opened it for her. My countenance betrayed the truth—William Ptolomy was no more!—and he was even buried in a foreign land.

Consolation is not easily effected in the first moments of sorrow. In this case, my attempts were more than usually vain; for I could not divest the pretty young wife of the idea, that, whether she had acted right or not, she had been the unhappy instrument of breaking William Ptolomy's heart. Her reflections on the supposed event—had she, instead of doing as she did, united her fate with his, supported his mind in the time of his calamity, and encouraged him, by her love, in the vigour of his days—were as bitterly sorrowful as they were now unavailing.

But time, after all, under the continuance of health, gradually skins over the sorest wounds of the heart. A dozen years passed away, and I

found Mrs. Gilmour afterwards a matronly, a fruitful, and, upon the whole, a contented wife. Her parents were still living, happy in their old age, in the comforts of the world, and the hopeful admiration of her and her family; and, as for herself, conscious of having acted throughout

from a principle of duty, she only reverted to past trying events, as many have to recall in their mature years, occasionally with thoughts of moralizing regret, the unexpected haps of their own fortune, and the painful heart-woundings which they suffered in their youth.

C. R. LESLIE, R. A.

LESLIE stands high in the rank of our painters of domestic scenes, on subjects connected with life and manners. He is all nature, not common, but select—all life, not muscular, but mental. He delights in delineating the social affections, in lending lineament and hue to the graceful duties of the fire-side. No one sees with a truer eye the exact form which a subject should take; and no one surpasses him in the rare art of inspiring it with sentiment and life. He is always easy, elegant, and impressive: he studies all his pictures with great care, and, perhaps, never puts a pencil to the canvas till he has painted the matter mentally, and can see it before him shaped out of air. He is full of quiet vigour: he approaches Wilkie in humour, Stothard in the delicacy of female loveliness, and has a tenderness and pathos altogether his own. His action is easy: there is no straining: his men are strong in mind, without seeming to know it, and his women have sometimes an alluring *naivete*, and unconscious loveliness of look, such as no other painter rivals.

It is so easy to commit extravagance—to make men and women wave their arms like wind-mill wings, and look with all their might—nay, we see this so frequently done by artists who believe, all the while, that they are marvellously strong in things mental—that we are glad to meet with a painter who lets nature work in a gentler way, and who has the sense to see that violence is not dignity, nor extravagance loftiness of thought. We could instance many of the works of Leslie in confirmation of this: nor are his pictures which reflect the manners and feelings of his native America more natural or original than those which delineate the sentiments of his adopted land. In this he differs from the best American writers: they are strong upon transatlantic earth, but the moment they set their foot upon British ground, their spirit languishes, and much of their original vigour expires. We are inclined, indeed, to look upon some of Leslie's English pictures as superior even to those which the remembrance of his native land has awakened. Roger de Coverly going to Church amid his Parishioners—Uncle Toby looking into the dangerous eye of the pretty Widow Wadman, and sundry others, are all marked with the same nature and truth, and exquisite delicacy of feeling. He touches on the most perilous topics, but always carries them out of the region of vulgarity into the pure air of genius. It is in this

fine sensibility that the strength of Wilkie and Leslie lies: there is a true decorum of nature in all they do; they never pursue an idea into extravagance, nor allow the characters which they introduce to over-act their parts. In this, Leslie differs from Fuseli, who, with true poetic perception of art, seldom or ever made a true poetic picture: Leslie goes the proper length, and not one step farther; but Fuseli, in his poetic race, always ran far past the winning-post, and got into the regions of extravagance and absurdity. When Leslie painted Sancho Panza relating his adventures to the Duchess, he exhibited the sly humour and witty cunning of the Squire in his face, and added no action: when Fuseli painted the Wives of Windsor thrusting Falstaff into the bucking-basket, he represented Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page as half-flying: the wild energy with which they do their mischievous ministering, is quite out of character with nature, with Shakespeare, and with the decorum of the art.

The pictures of Leslie are a proof of the fancy and poetry which lie hidden in ordinary things, till a man of genius finds them out. With much of a Burns-like spirit, he seeks subjects in scenes where they would never be seen by ordinary men. Some of his brethren single out nothing but the most magnificent themes for the pencil, as if their object was to show how low their flight is, compared to the height which the matter requires: but it is the pleasure of Leslie to take such subjects as are fit for mortal skill to delineate—which are out of the common road, because they are common, and to treat them in a way which surprises us with unexpected pleasures, and far exceeds our hope. His judgment is equal to his genius. His colouring is lucid and harmonious; and the character which he impresses is stronger still than his colouring. He tells his story without many figures: there are no mobs in his compositions: he inserts nothing for the sake of effect: all seems as natural to the scene as the leaf is to the tree. His pictures from Washington Irving are excellent: "Ichabod Crane" haunts us; "Dutch Courtship" is ever present to our fancy; "Anthony Van Corlear leaving his Mistresses for the Wars," is both ludicrous and affecting; "The Dutch Fire-side," with the negro telling a ghost story, is capital, and "Philip, the Indian Chief, Deliberating," is a figure worthy of Lysippus.

We wish Leslie would seek more than he does for subjects in the poetry of the country: there

are more of a nature to suit his feelings in the songs of Scotland alone than would form a gallery. The images contained in that splendid minstrelsy are defined and graphic, and are of all characters and kinds: all is limned visibly to the eye: you see men's faces, and hear them speak—nay, the very place where the story is laid is given to the life. An artist would have really less to do in giving shape and colour to these vivid embodiments of the northern muse, than in making pictures where he had to provide all that is to render them beautiful. We are induced to point to the north for another reason than the exquisite lyrics of Caledonia.—Leslie, we are told, is of Scottish extraction, and has a liking to "Albyn's hills of wind." But we have no wish to lure his mind wholly from his native America, to which his genius is an honour: there are poets across the Atlantic whose strains abound with pictures according to his spirit. Let him paint what he likes—and what he likes alone: he can do nothing that will be unwelcome. We may look for many paintings from his hand, for he is but a young man.

Original.

MOORS OF GRENADA.

THE refined and elegant gallantry, which made the Moors of Grenada famous through all Europe, forms a singular contrast, when viewed in comparison with the ferocity natural to all those of Africa. Those Moslems who, in battle, esteemed it a glorious proof of their address if they could cut off with dexterity the heads of the slain, which they fastened to their saddles, and exposed bloody upon the battlements of their towns and the gates of their palaces—those turbulent warriors, who scorned to acquire the arts of peace, and were ever ready to revolt against their kings, to depose, and to assassinate them—were, yet, the tenderest, the most submissive, and the most passionate of lovers. Their wives, although little better than slaves, became, when they were beloved, queens and goddesses to those whose hearts they possessed. It was to please them that glory was pursued. To dazzle their eyes, to win their approbation, life and fortune were wasted in emulous efforts to triumph in the lists, or on the field, and to sparkle at the feast. This singular union of mildness with cruelty, of delicacy with barbarism, this passion for the meed of valour and constancy—can the Moors be supposed to have caught it by imitation from the Spaniards? or the Spaniards from the Moors? it is difficult to determine. But, when we consider that the Arabians were distinguished by no such characteristic in their native seats in Asia, and still less in Africa, in which they were naturalized by conquest, and that, since their expulsion from Spain, they have lost every vestige of the romantic and amiable manners of chivalry, one must rather incline to the supposition that they owed this love and delicacy of sentiment towards their women to the Spaniards. However this

may be, the ladies of Grenada were worthy of love; they were, perhaps, the most charming women in the world. An Arabian historian,* who wrote at Grenada, in the year 1376 of our era, in the reign of Mahomet the Old, speaks thus of these lovely females:—

"They are all beautiful. But their beauty, which is, at first, striking, acquires still more effect from their fine and graceful figures. They are above the middle size; and no where is an handsomer shape to be seen. Their long black hair descends to their heels. Their teeth are resplendently white, and their liberal use of the most exquisite perfumes gives their skin a freshness and lustre which none of the other Moslem ladies possess. Their deportment, their dance, and all their motions have in them a graceful softness, a careless gaiety, which heightens their other charms. Their conversation is sprightly, their understanding acute, and the delicacy of their wit is often displayed in happy sallies, and *bon mots*."

The dress of these women, like that of the ladies of Persia and Turkey, consisted of a long linen tunic, bound with a girdle, a deliman with strait sleeves, large white drawers, and slippers of morocco leather. The stuffs were all extremely fine, and commonly embroidered with gold, silver, and pearls; their hair was bound in tresses, and floated on their shoulders. A small, but very rich bonnet on the head, sat under an embroidered veil which flowed down to the knees.

SWALLOWS.

WE were going to say, that every body is acquainted with the swallow, but in fact, there are few who know, that there are four kinds of swallow, perfectly distinct in plumage and habits. There is the sand-martin, who excavates his nest in a sand-bank; the twittering blue-bodied swallow, who builds in our chimneys; the house-martin, who nestles in the upper angle of a window, or under the jutting roof; and the long-winged, active swifts, known by their dark plumage, and their circling, in calm evenings, at a great height. They all live upon insects. The chimney-swallow is a perfect pattern of maternal affection: from morning to night, during the whole summer, she is continually skimming close to the ground, hunting for flies for her young brood. Bewick gives an amusing account of a swallow that had become quite attached to the children by whom he was reared. They used to go out to the fields together, the bird being permitted to fly wherever he wished; but he kept always circling above them wherever they went. When one of the children caught a fly, he called the swallow with a whistle, when it immediately descended, and perched on the hand of the child, who had the fly prepared for him.

* AM Abdalla ben-Alkhabibi Abouani, Hist. Gran. an Arabic manuscript in the Escurial.

THE MARTYRS.

A little bark was floating down a stream—
A broad calm stream; the moon was high in heaven,
And kissed the water with her pure cool beam,
As it lay sleeping, like a child forgiven
Some little fault, who on its parent's breast
Pillows its head, and sobs itself to rest.

And in that boat were three—a mild old man,
A lovely maiden, and a gentle boy:
Nothing they said, and though each cheek was wan,
Their eyes were gleaming with unearthly joy;
Their hands were clasped, as if in silent prayer—
They communed with their heavenly Father there!

The mighty river flowing slowly on—
The death-like calm—the blue and cloudless sky—
Nothing bespeak of violence or wrong,
Nor the soft brightness of the maid's blue eye;
Yet 'tis their blessed, angel-envied doom
To win the crown and palm of martyrdom!

For they are followers of Him, who bote
For them, for all, man's bitter curse and pain;
For this, without a sail, or helm, or oar,
Must they be drifted onwards to the main,
Condemned to perish on the far-off wave,
Without one friend to sympathize or save!

Five days have past, and still the victims live—
Feeble and speechless in the bark they lie,
Famish'd and parch'd, and yet they do not grieve,
Nor feel the throb of thrilling agony!
Their thoughts are anchor'd on eternal things—
Their friend and guardian is the King of Kings.

The tempest bursts! upon the murky deep
That small boat tosses wildly to and fro—
Now mounting upward on the watery steep,
Now plunging 'mid the coral rocks below:
It strikes! the Martyrs' earthly ties are riven,
And their freed spirits soar away to Heaven!

'Tis early morn—a flood of rosy light
Is streaming through the portais of the east,
Chasing away the shadows of the night,
Rousing the skylark in her lowly nest:
The wind is hushed: the fearful storm is o'er,
And the spent billow faintly leaves the shore.

A corpse is lying on the shell-strew'd strand,
Thrown there and left by the retreating tide—
An ebony cross is in his fast-closed hand,
Bless'd emblem of the faith for which he died—
And on his breast is bound a parchment scroll,
God's gracious message to man's sin-stain'd soul.

And half-clad men and boys are standing by,
Who mourn the stripling's melancholy fate—
Their faces beam with holy charity,
Though rude their speech and all uncouth their gait;
But much they fear to touch the sacred Book,
Nor dare on its mysterious signs to look.

A time-worn seer, whose white and scanty hair
And hoary beard, as by the west wind stirred,
Play'd with the soft and fragrance-breathing air,
Their simple talk and exclamations heard;
Smiling—for he was wiser than the rest—
He took the toll from off the Martyr's breast.

He reads, he weeps! ah, whence that big round tear?
The light is gushing o'er his thoughtful soul;
The patriarch bends his knee in childlike prayer,
And knows the truth and yields to its control—
And bids his Pagan brothers seek above
Another Deity, who rules by love!

O God, how wondrous are thy ways! the blood
Of faithful martyrs in thy church's seed;
From out of evil thou derivest good—
The savage tribes receive the Christian's creed;
The Britons bow their proud wills in the dust:
O God! the Britons in Thy mercy trust!

THE LOST SHIP.

MY MISS LONDON.

DEER in the silent waters,
A thousand fathoms low,
A gallant ship lies perishing—
She foundered long ago.

There are pale sea-flowers wreathing
Around her port-holes now,
And spars and shining coral
Encrust her gallant prow.

Upon the old deck bleaching,
White bones unburied stie,
While in the deep hold hidden
Are casks of ruby wine.

There are pistol, sword, and carbine,
Hung on the cabin wall,
And many a curious dagger;
But rust has spotted them all.

And can this be the vessel
That went so boldly forth,
With the red flag of Old England,
To brave the stormy North?

There were blessings poured upon her
When from her port sailed she,
And prayers and anxious weeping
Went with her o'er the sea.

And once she sent home letters;
And joyous ones were they,
Dashed but with fond remembrance
Of friends so far away.

Ah! many a heart was happy
That evening when they came,
And many a lip pressed kisses
On a beloved name!

How little those who read friend
Deemed far below the wave,
That child, and sire, and lover,
Had found a seaman's grave!

But how that brave ship perished
None knew, save Him on high;
No island heard her cannon,
No other bark was nigh.

We only know from England
She sailed far o'er the main—
We only know to England
She never came again.

And eyes grew dim with watching;
That yet refused to weep;
And years were spent in hoping,
For tidings from the deep.

It grew an old man's story
Upon their native shore—
God rest those souls in Heaven
Who met on earth no more!

Original.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE FANDANGO.

THE scene of my story is laid in a village, or, more properly speaking, a small town in the south of France, in what part precisely I hold it unnecessary to the object I have in view to state, with the geographical accuracy of Neddy Bray, its situation and boundaries, having an idea that such minuteness would not impart the least interest to my subject, nor be very desirable to my readers, for whom it is enough to know, that the place in question was the residence of certain individuals, some circumstances of whose life serve for the illustration of the title of my piece.

Of these, the first I shall introduce to notice is Madame Folignac, an amiable, giddy, rich widow, just turned of twenty.—Grace was in her step, heaven in her eye, and she was perfect in form and feature. A more sprightly mad-cap nature never sent into this breathing world; she might have bestridden the gossamers that idle in the wanton summer air, if tyrant custom did not prohibit ladies from equating in that manner, and not have fallen, so light was the heart encased in her beautiful person; yet she was of a kind and affectionate disposition, and that same tongue, which could say the most cutting things that wit and love of mischief could inspire, would apply so sweet a balsam to the wounds she made, that her victim gladly courted the worst pains she could inflict to enjoy the deliciousness of the cure. Many a time would the lustre of those lovely eyes, that seemed only made to beam with joy, or sparkle with delight and mirth, be dimmed with tears of sympathy; and those cheeks, which appeared only formed for smiles to wanton on, be clouded with apprehension, or moistened with the dews distilled from feelings' fount, at the supplication of distress, or the cry of suffering humanity. She was beloved by all, save by some old maids, who are jealous of every body, and think their sex does not reach its perfection until it arrives beyond the knowing and experienced age of forty; though her best friends wished that she would "alloy with some cold drops of moderation her skipping spirit."

At an early age, in accordance with the entreaties of her only remaining parent, her father, she had become the wife of Monsieur Folignac, a rich man of sixty; probably because she had never seriously thought of marriage, and, quite as probable, because she knew any opposition of her's would be unavailing, and that wealth was not without its charms, though bestowed by the trembling hand of age. Madame Folignac was a reasonable woman. Candour obliges me to acknowledge, that during the first year of the nuptials of this personification of May and December, she teased her liege lord in the most unpardonable manner; but Monsieur Folignac was a good, easy creature; and, by making allowances for the disparity of their ages and dispositions, as every sensible person in the same

situation should do, he patiently bore with the punishment he had been fool enough to purchase for himself, and treated her rather with the affection of a father than the authority of a husband. The second year of their marriage, Madame Folignac began to think—for she did sometimes think—she was as happy a wife as nine-tenths of wives in general, and that there was as much felicity in having every wish of her heart gratified with a husband of sixty, as to live in that extolled state of lovers' bliss—in a cottage, with starvation in perspective; and she had just convinced herself of it when Monsieur bade the world good night. Madame Folignac having fulfilled the term of a widow's grief for the loss of a husband, which, as Shakspeare says, is "an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum," and which she might have extended to double that space of time—for she really felt some regret, and cared too little about the opinion of the million to affect what she did not feel—if the fact had not occurred to her, that death, in robbing her of a husband, gave her, at the same time fifteen thousand francs per annum; a reflection that might console one under most circumstances.

The mourning season having elapsed, our lovely widow again appeared in society, of which she was the life and soul, and became the object of general admiration and the fatiguing assiduities of gallantry. So beset with suitors was she, that a disinterested observer would have supposed that the gay widow would have been compelled to sacrifice herself to one of them, for the purpose of being relieved from the importunities of the others, but the real fact was that these apparently impertinent and offensive civilities formed the most delicious aliment of her joyous spirit. Among those who aspired to the possession of her hand was Monsieur Clopineau, who seemed to be the favoured wooer. He was as old as her dead husband was when he married her, and, joined to this recommendation in a handsome young woman's eyes, was the no less strong one of not having equicrural legs, to one of which dame nature had given an inch or more of length than to its fellow, which curtailment of man's fair proportions, it is generally admitted does not beautify the person; and pedestrians do acknowledge, that the hobbling gait that such disproportion produces does not accelerate the body's movement. Monsieur Clopineau argued that, as the widow had had one old husband, it was reasonable to suppose that she would not be averse to another, and, accordingly, appeared in the ranks of her suitors, and soon began to encourage the pleasing hope of winning the fair prize, for Madame Folignac, seeing him a most agreeable foil for humour—his disposition being so irritable and petulant that she could not have found a more desirable object on which to exercise her wit and provoking levity—granted to

him the privilege of familiar intercourse with her.

Monsieur Clopineau was "screwing his courage to the sticking place," for the purpose of preparing himself to "pop the question" to the widow, and, at the same time, resolving that, so soon as the conquered Madame Folignac was bound in vows, to him, as fast as the priest can make them, he would, in exercising his authority, receive some atonement for all he had suffered from her during his courtship, when Don Gavotino appeared in the city, with the intention of instructing its inhabitants in the art and mystery of the FANDANGO. As this *maitre a danser* was what the ladies term a pretty fellow, having that "alluring look 'twixt man and woman" which charms the nicer and fantastic dames, he soon had pupils enough to tire his legs and employ all his time. He was a shoot of the almost decayed root of a noble Spanish family. When the weak Charles, King of Spain, resigned his crown and sceptre, power and throne, to Bounaparte, at Bayonne, Don Gavotino, ashamed of his sovereign, mourning his country's degradation, and wanting means whereby to live, went to Paris, in the hope that he might, by giving instruction in his native tongue, for which, by his education, he was pretty well qualified, procure the means of sustenance. He was not, however, so successful in improving the mind as we are told the present King of the French, Louis Philippe the First, in a similar situation; and, whether it was the gay Parisians did not properly appreciate his abilities, or did not care to acquire a knowledge of the language of a country conquered by their heroes, I know not; but this I know, that Don Gavotino soon felt that he must have recourse to some other mode of procuring sustenance.— Luckily for him, the idea of teaching the French (who, as every one knows, are celebrated for the lightness of their heels) the Fandango, the national dance of his country, crossed his mind. "The art of our necessities is strange, and can make vile things precious," and Don Gavotino, after a severe contest with his pride, resolved to profit by the idea, and make his first essay in the place where my story is laid.

Soon the Fandango became as much the rage as yellow starch was in olden times: it was necessary that every thing which was made, either for the gratification of appetite, the decoration of the person, or to attract vanity, should be dignified with the appellation, *a la Fandango*, to be worthy of attention. It was the general topic of conversation: go where you would, you were sure to hear the Fandango praised. In short, the citizens were beside themselves with the Fandango. Husbands generally cursed its introduction most heartily; but none of them had so much cause for lamentation and imprecation as Monsieur Clopineau. Madame Folignac was more strongly infected with the prevalent mania than any other person in the city: and was completely a proficient in the art. Since the appearance of the Spanish refugee, poor Monsieur Clopineau literally had the door of the engaging widow closed

in his face; and seen enough to convince him her soul and body were wedded to the obnoxious Fandango. One day, as he was returning from Madame Folignac's, filled with jealousy and rage, he encountered two of his most intimate friends, Monsieur Mignet and Monsieur Lamentin, to whom he communicated a design on which he had long been meditating, and which, owing to new acts of incivility and disrespect on the part of the widow to him, he was determined immediately to endeavour to accomplish, and the only means of ridding himself of a dreaded rival in the affections of his mistress. His plan was to bring an action against the poor dancing master as a public nuisance, who, by the introduction of the Fandango, corrupted the morals of the people, favoured the intrigues of coquettes, and disturbed the domestic habits of husbands. His hearers eagerly promised their aid and assistance in the desirable object he had in view.

"I know the dangers I have seen," whispered Monsieur Mignet.

"And I, gentlemen, have been grievously wronged," said Monsieur Lamentin; "you know what has happened to me—how my wife has served the most affectionate husband in the world."

"Yes, we know, we know!" ejaculated Messieurs Clopineau and Mignet, in a sympathizing duett; and they separated, Monsieur Clopineau resolving immediately to return to Madame Folignac's, and if refused admittance to her, not to allow another day to pass without having judgment passed on the offensive Fandango, and the hateful cause of its introduction.

As usual, he was ushered into the drawing-room of Madame Folignac, as usual he met Lesette, the waiting maid, there, and, as usual, was politely told by the soubrette that her mistress was not at home; but, as usual, he did not retire muttering between his teeth, but, throwing himself into a chair, vomited forth a volley of imprecations:

"Morbieu! not at home! ventrebleu! I'm in such a passion, I—"

"With whom?" civilly inquired Lesette.

"With whom! pretty question, truly. Parbleu! with your fantastic mistress, Madame Folignac, to be sure."

"And for what, pray?" asked the fille de chambre.

"For what!—as if you didn't know as well as I. Calling to pay my respects to your mistress, I'm told she is not visible, when I hear her and that capering Jack with the castanets in the very next room."

"But are you very sure, Monsieur, it was they?"

"Am I sure I sit here! am I sure I see you, or any thing else? Didn't I see the cabriolet of this Spanish adventurer at the door as I came in? A pretty pass things have come to, when such a fellow can ride in his carriage, when so many of his betters are obliged to go without."

"He takes care of his feet to dance, I suppose, Monsieur, and not to walk."

"'Tis scandalous to our city to allow it.—And

there's your mistress, who gives the popinjay all the encouragement that—"

"Why, isn't it quite natural for a young, handsome, lively female to love dancing?"

"Yes, a certain kind; but what provokes me worst of all is the attention the cursed stranger pays to her, whom I half suspect of an inclination for his pupil."

"He would be a pitiful fellow, indeed, if he saw the charms of my mistress with indifference."

"Is it not shameful, Mam'selle Lesette, that a person of my consequence should have such a rival?"

"Monsieur loves Madame Folignac, then?"

"Love her, Lesette! I adore her, yes, adore her."

"You have a terrible passion for her, I see; but in love, as in most other affairs, Monsieur Clopineau, it is necessary to have patience.—I see my mistress's door open. Good day, Monsieur."

Dancing gracefully to the tune of an opera air she was humming, Madame Folignac entered the room, and, giving a nod of recognition to Monsieur Clopineau, continued her dancing, until, overcome by fatigue, she sank into a chair.

"What extravagance!" exclaimed Monsieur.

"You're always in a good humour, Monsieur Clopineau."

"And you, Madame Folignac, always in a delirium."

"Delirium! yes, that is the word—'tis, indeed, delirium. Delirium is my element. What can be more delicious, more charming than to experience a sweet, tender delirium; but I beg your pardon, Monsieur, you know nothing of the feeling."

"Like enough, Madame Folignac; but I know what politeness is, in which you have been singularly wanting in denying yourself to me."

"Ha! ha! great cause for uneasiness truly."

"Yes, Ma'am, there is great cause for uneasiness, when coupled with the knowledge that I know the reason why I have been so treated."

"When I am engaged with any one, Monsieur Clopineau, I desire not to be interrupted by lounging visitors."

"Yes, that you may take lessons in dancing more at your ease from Don Gavotino, who, with all my soul, I wish was at the bottom of the Red Sea."

"Pray, now, don't say any ill natured thing of him."

"Happily, before the end of to-morrow an action will be brought that will rid the city of him."

"Ha! ha! ha! an action brought against a professor of dancing! Ridiculous!"

"You'll find it, Madame Folignac, to be no joke. I've made my arrangements."

"And I shall make mine, Monsieur Clopineau, if that is the case. I am a widow, consequently mistress of my actions, and I shall do just as I think fit."

"That is to give me to understand, I presume, Madame Folignac, that the report which gives

your hand to the light-heeled stranger, is not without foundation."

"More strange things have happened, Monsieur Clopineau."

"I'm answered, Ma'am—I'm answered. I had hoped that you once did not regard me with indifference, but a woman that can hesitate between a respectable citizen and an itinerant dancing master, is unworthy the attention of any sensible man. Your servant, Madame—your servant. I wish you joy of your choice. Good day, Madame—good day. Morbleu! I shall choke with rage."

Monsieur Clopineau bounced out of the room, amidst the hearty and uncontrolled laughter of the sprightly widow, determined, if possible, to annihilate the Fandango master.

An action was brought immediately against Don Gavotino; Madame Folignac, as soon as she heard of it, sent for a Monsieur Florville, a young lawyer, esteemed for talents, rapidly rising in his profession, and admired for manly beauty and a noble and generous disposition.

"Florville," said Madame Folignac, when, in compliance with her message, the young lawyer waited upon her, "I've heard you say an hundred times that you loved me."

"And do, by heaven! and would—"

"A truce with heroics," said the widow, interrupting him, "you would repeat what I've heard fifty times from others. Now don't look so dismal, because I prevented you from uttering a quantity of nonsense; I'll have more time, and be in a better mood on some future occasion, let that console you. Sentiment must now give place to business. I sent for you to enlist your talents in my service.—Listen. Monsieur Clopineau, who, I had supposed, was merely a peevish and testy man, but whom, I now perceive, is of a malignant, spiteful, unhappy disposition, has brought an action against Don Gavotino, and the love you say you have for me must be shown by protecting him from the consequences of so ridiculous an attempt to ruin a fellow being. It will be necessary, to defeat the malicious creature, to bring into exercise all your talents.—Monsieur Clopineau is rich and influential, and already numbers many partizans. With the best intension in the world, I sometimes am the cause of much injury. When Don Gavotino came here, learning he was the brother of an artless, lovely girl, who was partly educated in the same convent with myself, my regard for her led me to become a pupil of his, to render his art popular, and I have succeeded; for, from a state of indigence, he is in a fair way of accumulating a sufficient sum to enable him to return to his country, and to pass his days in his native land in comparative ease. But I should never forgive myself if, through my means, he were to become the victim of so foolish and ridiculous an attempt to deprive him of his character as that of Messieurs Clopineau and Company. You see, Florville, it is but an act of justice on my part to protect him from the machinations of those ill-natured people; and I would do it, at the price

of half my fortune. I have engaged you to plead his cause, because the two motives which will actuate you, desire to serve a fellow creature, and to merit the approbation of one whom you profess to love, will enlist all your energies in his service. Go then, Florville, succeed, and your reward shall be ample."

"He must, he shall gain his cause," cried Florville, animated with joy at the confidence of the widow; but, independently of my professional resources, I rely on complete success through a means of defence which has just occurred to me, that I will communicate to Don Gavotino, and in which you must bear a part."

"And that is!"—

"You shall hear from him the stratagem."

"Well, I willingly will do any thing you command to serve him, and with this assurance, Florville, I leave Don Gavotino to you;" and, gracefully bowing, she retired.

The day of the trial of Don Gavotino stands recorded in the annals of the city of our story, as the most remarkable period in its history. Not one of the grand and brilliant achievements of Buonaparte—not even the abdication of the French crown by that magnificent despot, his exile to Elba, his return thence, and assumption of the "golden round" of his ambition, and subsequent Lucifer-like fall produced half the excitement among the inhabitants, as the attempt to deprive them of the privileges for which nature seems to have formed them—of throwing up the heels. Business was suspended, as on some great holiday, and

—"One would have thought the very windows spoke,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes,"

towards the court house, "quite early in the morning," to watch the approach of the accused and accusers. The court house was soon filled, principally by females, to whom the men, with the characteristic gallantry of their nation, gave place, while around the building, as far as the eye could reach, might be seen an ocean of undulating heads. Monsieur Clopineau pleaded for the plaintiffs, Messieurs Lamentain, Maignet, and some other husbands, similarly situated. "I shall not long," said he, "intrude on the attention of my hearers.—I appear here as the organ of some of the most respectable inhabitants of the city; I plead before judges distinguished for their enlightened minds, their integrity, their impartiality, and their incorruptibility. I shall, then, speak but briefly, and with entire confidence:—In the first place, I lay it down as a general principle, that any thing which can sully the cheek of offended modesty with a blush, is a vice, an encroachment on the morals of a nation, demanding the intervention of justice, and reprobation of good citizens. I contend that dancing is, in all places, one of the most dangerous arts ever invented by any of Belzebub's agents on earth, to sap the foundations of good order, to weaken the conjugal tie, and to bring discord and disrepute into the domestic circle."

"Shame! shame!" cried the female auditors,

despite the loud vociferation, "Silence!" from the crier of the court.

"However," continued Clopineau, "I admit that there exists a species of dancing tolerable, and even admissible. When a husband is not absolutely of jealous disposition, he may permit his consort to dance the noble and solemn minuet; its stately and grave character inspires no unholy desire, and paints the cheek with no indignant flush; and without alarm, and with pleasure to himself, he sees the beloved of his bosom execute its modest and salubrious figures. But what is the dance on which the vigilant eye of justice should be fixed? *The Fandango—the Fandango!*—a dance which, from its novel, fal-lacious, and insidious figures, attitudes, and personettes, fascinates all eyes, turns all heads, warms all spirits, and fires all hearts—a dance that is so extravagant, monstrous, and immodest, that the husband is constantly menaced with an imminent danger, the consequences of which are incalculable."

"True! true!" exclaimed a dozen voices from the same number of husbands' throats, at the lower end of the hall, which their fair opponents drowned in their laugh, before the intervention of the crier.

"But," concluded Monsieur Clopineau, "why multiply words, I have said enough to convince, I trust, that the *Fandango* ought to be forbidden, and that Don Gavotino, who has introduced the cursed art, should be obliged to return to his country, and rendered forever incapable of abiding in France, under such penalty as shall effectually prevent his reappearance on this soil."

Florville, in his reply for the defendant, directed the shafts of ridicule and sarcasm with such skill that poor Clopineau heartily wished himself any where than where he was; and, to defend himself, recriminated by gross slanders, and offensive personalities, but with such ill success, that his opponent invariably returned his weapons on himself, and rendered his situation still more deplorable.

"'Tis asked of you," proceeded Florville, "to denounce dancing as a dangerous and reprehensible amusement. I open history, and I read that the Greeks and Romans, whom, you know, were the most enlightened people of the known world, distinguished for their wisdom and learning, above the rest of mankind, numbered dancing among their earliest and most esteemed arts. I learn that, among the latter, dancing was always introduced in their public or private, religious or profane fetes. What personages do I see assembled at those festivals? Cæsar, Heliogabales, Marc Antouy, Augustus, and a host of others, equally renowned. Lycurgus, the great law-giver, instituted dancing, in honour of Apollo, and Socrates, whom the Delphic oracle proclaimed the worst of mankind, in his old age, received instruction in dancing from the accomplished Aspasia. Refer to the history of early Rome, and you will see men-enrolled among the votaries of dancing, who were remarkable for the gravity and austerity of their manners. My

learned friend on the opposite side would, under certain restrictions, have the sad and unanimiting, and justly discarded minuet allowed us. He should thank him for the indulgence. But it was not the minuet which charmed the illustrious heroes, and immortal sages of Rome—it was not the minuet when, at a distance from Jerico, all Israel was on the march, David danced before the Ark of the Covenant. No, it was the Fandango!"

"I deny the fact," cried Monsieur Clopineau, springing out of his seat with rage in every feature of his face.

"I can prove," replied Florville, smiling, "I can prove it; but what need of historical proofs. Upon other ground than the mere antiquity of the dance so vehemently vilified by my learned opponent, do I defend the accomplished instructor in its fascinating mysteries. To the honour and laudable self-respect of my countrymen do I appeal, to the unsullied purity of the fair audience who grace us by their presence; shall we by this day's decision proclaim to the world that our venerable judges, the stern guardians of public morals and of equal rights, trust so little to the native delicacy, to the high female pride, to the unspotted rectitude of our ladies, as to fear the destruction of those powerful barriers by the mere movements of this exotic dance? Do the married dread the encroachments of this elegant accomplishment? Will they confess that they hold the affections of their beautiful partners by so frail a tenure? Yet still, the learned Clopineau need not fear; "*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator,*" the unmarried may smile at the errors of wives. We have not learned that he has embarked his whole freight of bliss in so insecure a craft. What are the hidden rocks, the fatal whirlpools, the sudden tempests to him! Nor does the hand of a daughter support his unsteady steps. We may, then, admire the disinterested zeal with which he inveighs against the anticipated evil; the admirable philanthropy which feels so keenly those perils in which he can by no possibility participate; that zeal for the public morals which shudders at the mere suspicion of impunity; in short, that refined gallantry which fears for the sex a disgrace which they are too spotless to fear for themselves."

When the tumults of applause which followed this speech would allow, Florville concluded by suggesting the propriety of having a dance, the most innocent that could be contrived, but which

was decreed by a small quantity of barren spectators, to be exhibited before them. "Perplexed in the extreme," the judges assented: and the court could not sufficiently cleared for the purpose, at the suggestion of Florville they agreed to withdraw to the garden of Madame Folignac to witness its execution by the fair owner and the dancing master. The determination was hailed by loud acclamations; and the judges transferred their discriminating persons to the spot indicated by Florville.

On a signal from the young lawyer, Don Gavotino entered Madame Folignac's dwelling, and soon returned, leading the widow, whose charms were heightened by a thousand blushes, and the simple elegance of her attire—which, as that of her companion, was, *a la Espagnol*. To the sound of the castanets, the dance commenced; and never, perhaps, was the Fandango represented with so much beauty and grace. Conscious that all eyes were upon her, the lovely widow, throwing off the timidity that at first augured ill for her success, exerted herself to the utmost to exhibit all the attractive and fascinating graces of the dance, which, as it proceeded, momentarily excited the admiring plaudits and cheers of the crowd and the wonder of the judges, who might be seen attempting, involuntarily, by the awkward heaving of their bodies, and the elevation of their arms and legs, the elegant attitudes and graceful movements of the dance; and who, with one voice, when the dance was finished, dismissed the cause. The enraptured spectators made the welkin ring with their shouts at the decision, and the men, seizing Don Gavotino, bore him triumphantly through the city; and the ladies, the pretty little ladies, almost smothered the charming widow, with testifying their joy.

Monsieur Clopineau, with Messieurs Maignet, Lamentin, and half a score of peevish, discontented, jealous husbands, unable to bear the weight of general ridicule, suddenly and secretly decamped from the city, and, it is supposed, embarked for America, as nothing was ever afterwards heard of them. Florville received his reward: It was the hand and heart of the widow, who had long singled him from out her crowd of suitors as the object of her choice.

Under the title, "*Le Proces du Fandango; ou, la Fandango Manie,*" an excellent comedie-vaudeville, is, in France, to this day, represented the TRIUMPH OF THE FANDANGO.



THE POET'S PRISON.

I WALKED abroad upon the laughing earth,
I heard its choristers, I breathed its air,
I saw the golden morning giving birth
To countless shapes of beauty new and rare;
Across the sky a thousand bright clouds swept,
The voices in their sparkling channels leapt,
And I was glad, nor thought of bondage or of care.

I came where stood a castle on the brink
Of a slow river, and its turrets grey
The streaming exhalations seemed to drink
Of that dull leaden stream—unmarked decay.
Had crumbled tower and keep, whose walls accursed
No velvet moss, nor waving ivy nursed,
Nor ruin-loving flower, of blossom sweet and gay.

The neighbouring peasants told me they could show
Where in a dungeon under ground, had pinned
A captive Bard, by some vindictive foe
In that grim prison even till death confined:
I entered in—and O, the bitter shame
For fellow-man—weight of grief, which came
To dim for afeared, the sunshine of the mind!

I looked upon the mouldering walls; the hand
Which might have swept the golden lyre, a prize
For sweetest minstrelsy in some glad land,
Where free-born melodies to heaven arise,
Had traced (its only toll for weary years)
A mournful chronicle of fruitless tears
And meteor gleams of hope, and agonizing sighs.

Yet here and there, as though the spirit of song
Had shown her glory in her votary's cell,
A strain had broken forth, whose current strong
No tyrant could constrain, no dungeon quell:
There was a hymn to freedom!—from their graves
It might have waked to combat coward slaves,
How could a captive sing of liberty so well?

Anon the chain had fallen round the lyre,
Stillling those lofty tones to broken lays
Of cold despair, and passionate desire,
And wasting memories of brighter days:
Dreams of the free fresh air—fond words in token
Of love, by distance, and by bonds unbroken,
Carved where the light streamed in with few uncertain
rays.

And there were relics too—I wept to find
Trampled in dust, a braid of golden hair;
Surely a charm in every tress had twined
To soothe the captive in his lone despair;
And on his pallet was a withered flower,
Was that love's gift?—or in relenting hour
Had the stern warden bro't that treasured blossom there?

And then I thought of days in anguish worn,
When the sick spirit bowed beneath its weight,
And gibbering spectres, half of madness born,
Started from darkness round this couch by night.
Of those tumultuous hopes, as oft in vain,
The daring prisoner strove to break his chain—
Ah me!—as often crushed by tyrannous despite.

But then a proud thought wakened, of the hour
When Death's kind angel, from his feverish bed
Bade him arise, and scorn the despot's power,
And broke his bonds, and veined around his head
The laurel crown, while Heaven's own music near
Rung in rich strains of promise on his ear,
And the scorned captive passed to join the mighty dead!

That despot sleeps accursed—that captive's song
On earth, while earth remains, shall still live on;
And He, who holds the scales of right and wrong,
Hath richly recompensed his gifted son,
With freedom in the land of heavenly rest,
Glad meetings with the purified and blest,
And never ending peace, by patient suffering won!

THE ANNIVERSARY.

A YEAR hath lingered through its round
Since thou wert with the dead,
And yet my bosom's careless wound
Still bleeds as then it bled.
All now without is cold and calm,
Yet o'er my heart its healing balm
Oblivion will not shed;—
If day beguiles my fond regret,
Night comes—and how can I forget?

For mute are then the sounds of mirth
I loathe, yet cannot flee;
And though in solitude have birth
That lead me back to thee.
By day, amidst the busy herd,
My soul is like the captive bird
That struggles to be free;
It longs to leave a world unblest—
To flee away and be at rest.

Rest! how, alas! should mortal dare
Of rest on earth to dream?—
The heritage of ceaseless care
May better far bescem
The child of sin—the heir of woe.
And what if mutual love may throw
A joy-imparting beam
O'er life's wide waste?—'tis quickly gone,
And we must wander on alone.

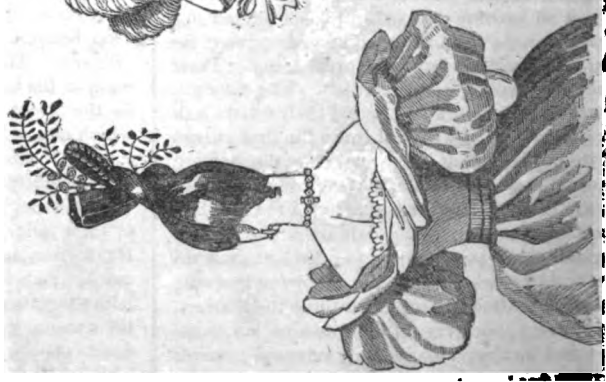
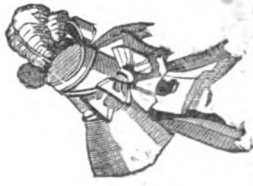
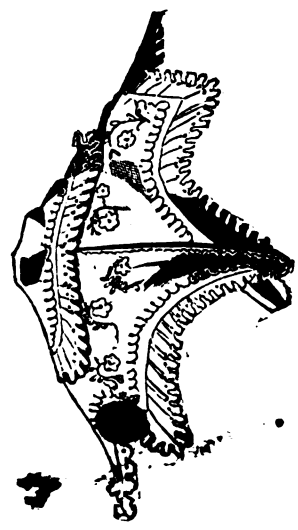
It was no charm of face or mien
That link'd my heart to thee;
For many fairer I have seen,
And fairer yet may see.
It was a strong though nameless spell
Which seemed with thee alone to dwell,
And this remains to me,
Aid will remain;—thy form is fled,
But this can ev'n recall the dead.

Thine image is before me now,
All angel as thou art;
Thy gentle eye and guileless brow
Are graven on my heart;
And when on living charms I gaze,
Memory the one loved form portrays—
Ah! would it ne'er depart!
And they alone are fair to me
Who wake a livelier thought of thee.

Oh! too, the fond familiar sound
Is present to mine ear;
I seem, when all is hush'd around,
Thy thrilling voice to hear:
Oh! I could dream thou still wert nigh,
And turn as if to breathe reply:
The waking—how severe!
When on the sickening soul must press
The sense of utter loneliness!

A year hath past—another year
Its wonted round may run;
Yet earth will still be dark and drear,
As when its course begun.
I would not murmur or repine—
Yet, though a thousand joys were mine,
I still must sigh for one;
How could I think of her who died,
And taste of joy from aught beside?

Yet, dearest! though that treasured love
Now casts a gloom o'er all,
Thy spirit from its rest above
I would not now recall.
My earthly doom thou canst not share,
And I in solitude must bear
Whate'er may yet befall;
But I can share thy home, thy heaven,
All griefs forgot, all guilt forgiven!"



LATEST FASHIONS HEAD DRESSES, BONNETS AND CAPS.

KASCAMBO.

A TALE OF THE CAUCASUS.

KASCAMBO was a Muscovite officer, young, ardent and brave. He had just been appointed to command one of the posts which protect the road to Georgia, cut through the centre of Caucasus, and infested by its barbarous inhabitants. These hordes, though nominally subject to the Czar, form numerous wild clans, subsisting by brigandage. The Tchetchengues, by far the most numerous and savage among them, having received secret intelligence of Kascambo's route, lay in wait for him about twenty versts from the place where he set out, and attacked his small escort with a force of several hundred men. His Cossacs received the shock firmly, and for some time stoutly maintained their ground; but they were, at length, overpowered by numbers, their brave leader fell into the hands of the brigands; and the victors, under the idea that the government would speedily ransom so meritorious an officer, bore him off in triumph to their mountain fastnesses.

The denchik,* who had remained behind with the baggage, just arrived at the place of encounter in time to hear the sad tidings of Kascambo's captivity. The brave fellow instantly resolved to share his fate. Following the track of the enemy's horses, at nightfall he reached their rendezvous; where, though he received the grateful acknowledgments of his master, he was treated only with derision by the barbarians.

After stopping a few hours, the brigands prepared to continue their march, when an alarm was given by one of their party, that the Russians were advancing on the pursuit. It was instantly resolved that the band should separate into small detachments, and take each a different route. Ten men on foot, were appointed to conduct the prisoners. In order that no trace might remain of their flight, Kascambo's iron-studded boots were taken off, and he and Ivan were forced to walk barefooted. Every known path was avoided.—The journey was so arduous that the unhappy prisoners at length, from excessive fatigue, became incapable of proceeding. Their feet were swelled and lacerated. The savages, however, fastening a belt round their waists, half supported, half dragged them to the first village of their settlement. On entering the hamlet, Kascambo was so feeble, that apprehensions for his life induced his ferocious guards to treat him more humanely, as they calculated on a large ransom. He was permitted to take both refreshment and repose, and on the following morning a horse was allowed him to continue the journey. On arriving, however, at their destination, a distant and solitary village, they adopted towards him the most savage severity of treatment. His hands and feet were manacled, and a huge log of wood was suspended from his neck by a thick

iron chain. He had not been long ironed, when one of his guards, who spoke Russian, entered his apartment, and thus accosted him:

"My comrades want money—ten thousand roubles are the price of your ransom. You have your choice betwixt liberty or death—write to your friends and procure the sum demanded, or prepare to encounter the vengeance of those to whose bosoms mercy is a stranger."

Saying this, he quitted the apartment, and did not return for some days. In the meanwhile, the sufferings of the unhappy Kascambo were constantly increased, in order to force him to be the more pressing in his solicitations to the Russian government. He was deprived of rest, and so scantily provided with food, that his spirit began to decline, and he looked forward to death as a welcome release from his misery. The brigand paid him a second visit—took the manacles from his right wrist, and, placing a reed in his hand, commanded him to write a letter to his government, supplicating his ransom, which the barbarian undertook to deliver to the Russian commandant.

The severity of Kascambo's treatment was now somewhat relaxed. He was, however, given over to the charge of an old man of gigantic stature and ferocious aspect, who bore the most implacable hatred to the Russians, by whom two of his sons had been slain in a late predatory encounter. The widow of one of them was the only inhabitant, besides Kascambo, Ivan, and himself, of the old Tchetchengue's cottage. Weeks and months elapsed, but no ransom arrived. During this interval Ivan had contrived to secure the good opinion of the old ruffian and his step-daughter. His culinary skill rendered him a very useful member of their establishment. He was, besides, a bit of a buffoon, and astonished the savage mountaineers by his surprising dexterity. The old man delighted to see him dance the Cossack hornpipe; and his extraordinary skill soon became the topic of discourse among the villagers. He was now occasionally allowed to walk in the hamlet, where he danced and sung to the great amusement of the cottagers, by which means he soon acquired a knowledge of their characters and habits.

Frequently did the captives form plans for their escape, but without success: the vigilance of their jailer rendering every attempt abortive. By degrees, however, this vigilance relaxed, and old Ibrahim would remain with them, alone, for hours together: still he always kept the key of their manacles about his person, and whenever overtaken by sleep, invariably started from his slumber at the slightest motion of his prisoners.

Kascambo had received no answer to his repeated applications from the Russian government. The Tchetchengues, at last, losing all patience, threatened him with torture and death,

* A military servant.

and shortly exposed him to the severest privations. His health soon began to give way; but while he was subjected to the most distressing inflictions, he was surprised to find that his servant was entirely released from his fetters. The first time that he was alone with Ivan, he inquired the reason, when, to his amazement, the denchik related to him that he had submitted to the rite of circumcision, and had become a Musulman. "I have submitted to this degradation to gain my own liberty, in order that I may the better secure your's." Ivan was now comparatively free, but the tribe looked upon him with suspicion. They distrusted the sincerity of his conversion. He was master of their secret haunts, and might betray them to the Russians. Besides, at their devotions, either through negligence, or from habit, he was frequently observed to make the sign of the cross.

A few months after his feigned conversion, Ivan was prevailed upon to join a party of the brigands in an expedition to rob a caravan from Mosdok. This was a scheme devised by the Tchetchengues to get rid of him altogether without openly putting him to death, which, as a true believer, they dared not do; they therefore resolved to shoot him during the attack upon the caravan, and report that he had been slain by the enemy. Their plan, was unexpectedly defeated, for when they crossed the river Irek, instead of the merchants, they fell in with a party of Cossacs, and immediately a desperate engagement ensued, which ended in the complete discomfiture of the brigands. In their precipitate retreat, Ivan was forgotten. He joined their flight unnoticed. In repassing the river, one of the robbers missed his footing, and was borne down the stream. Ivan plunged in after him; and, although the Cossacs reached the bank, and discharged their matchlocks at them, bore him in safety to the opposite shore. Although this act of heroism gained Ivan a friend among the Tchetchengues, it nevertheless only aggravated the general hatred. It was even whispered among them that he had brought the Russian troops upon them at Irek. They induced Ibrahim to entertain the same suspicion; who, therefore, in order to guard against any fresh conspiracy, stopped all further intercourse between Kascambo and Ivan. They, however, managed to communicate their sentiments, in spite of the old jailer's interdiction. For his own gratification, the hoary ruffian had allowed them to sing Russian airs together, and whenever, therefore, the master had any thing to inform his servant of, he sang aloud, accompanying the words with his guitar, and Ivan replied in the same tune.

Some months after the defeat at the Irek, the tribe prepared for an expedition against a neighbouring horde, then under the protection of Russia. All capable of bearing arms quitted the village in the night, and as Ivan was returning to Ibrahim's cottage, he saw a young woman on the roof of a hut, who raised her veil, made signs of danger, and pointed towards Russia; when he immediately recognized the sister of him whose

life he had saved in the river. On entering the cottage it struck him, that now, during the absence of the villagers, was a favourable opportunity for effecting his master's and his own escape. The vigilance of Ibrahim rendered success somewhat doubtful; nevertheless, if he awaited the return of the brigands, it would considerably diminish their chance of escape: he therefore determined to make the best of the present opportunity at all hazards. For some days Kascambo had been continually absorbed in fits of abstraction. In fact, he had quite resigned himself to captivity and to death. Ivan, on this evening, was permitted to prepare his master's supper, and sang various Russian airs, in order to raise his spirits. In one of his songs he acquainted him with his determination. Ibrahim was in the cottage, and, to the great annoyance of Ivan, the wily savage sent his step-daughter, no less wily than himself, into the adjoining apartment, declaring his determination to sit up all night and watch the prisoner.

"Curse on his vigilance," muttered Ivan, who, stretched in a dark corner of the room, watched him attentively. Opposite to him, in an open cupboard hung a large hatchet. Ibrahim began insensibly to doze, but started at the least sound. Ivan thought this a favourable moment, and gently approached the cupboard. The old jailer raised his head and fixed his dark eye sternly upon him, when Ivan undauntedly approached the fire, yawning and stretching himself, as if just arisen from a profound slumber. Ibrahim's eye relaxed into a gentler expression, and he desired an air from the Russian officer to keep him awake. Kascambo expressed assent, and took the guitar. To the great delight of the brigand, Ivan commenced the rapid movement and grotesque attitudes of a Cossac hornpipe. Kascambo shuddered when he saw him approach the cupboard and at one bound seize the hatchet, lay it down in the shade of Ibrahim's person, traverse the chamber, and continue the dance almost in the same instant. He was so agitated that he dropped the guitar. Ivan perceiving his agitation, smiled to reassure him, and as Ibrahim started at the noise, dexterously placed the hatchet against the log on which the Tchetchengue was sitting, and continued the dance. "Play away, master," said he, "all's well," and Kascambo played. The old brigand, suspecting no mischief, and tired at length of the music and dancing, ordered both the musician and dancer to cease. Ivan approached his master, as if to take the guitar, grasped the hatchet, and at one stroke clove the enemy to the chin, who instantly dropped dead upon the hearth, when his beard blazed amid the glowing embers. Ivan dragged the corpse into a dark corner of the apartment, and covered it with a mat. At this moment the door was suddenly opened, and the woman entered from the next room. By this time the fire was nearly extinguished. "What means this smell of burnt feathers?" she asked, in an imperious tone. Ivan raised the hatchet; she drew back her head, and with a loud shriek received

the blow upon her breast. As quick as lightning the stroke was repeated, and she fell lifeless at Kascambo's feet, who rushed forward to save her from that destruction which she so unexpectedly met.

"Now, then, we are free," said Ivan, as he turned towards his master, who stood speechless with agitation. The denchik lit some straw, and examined the dead brigand's pocket for the key of Kascambo's manacles; but it was not there. He searched the corpse of the woman, and the cupboard—in vain: the key was not to be found. He tried to wrench off the manacles with a hatchet, and succeeded in disengaging the ring from Kascambo's hand; but that which bound his feet resisted his utmost efforts.

Morning was fast approaching, and there was, consequently, no time to lose. Ivan fastened the chain round his master's waist as well as he could, filled a scrip with the meat left at supper, and armed himself with the pistol and dagger of the murdered brigand. Kascambo, wrapping himself in a coarse cloak which belonged to his late jailer, they silently quitted the cottage, directing their steps towards Mosdok; but, in order to evade pursuit, avoiding the direct path. At day-break they entered a thick wood near the summit of one of the heights of the Caucasian chain. It was the end of February, and the snow being melted by the sun as it advanced bright and glowing up the Eastern sky, rendered their descent extremely slow and perilous. They resolved, therefore, to continue in the forest until night should renew the frost, and render their journey less difficult and dangerous. A scanty repast from Ivan's scrip, with a handful of snow to quench their thirst, satisfied the cravings of nature, and towards dusk they again pursued their journey. After a long and dreary march, they reached a defile between two mountains. As the sun rose above the hills, its rays sparkling in the eternal snows that wrapped their summits, they attained the extremity of the ravine. Here the immense plains of Russia appeared below the horizon like a distant sea, and Kascambo's heart leaped at the sight. The travellers sat down to repose themselves, and to enjoy the near prospect of their freedom. Their difficulties, however, were not yet terminated. A long and dangerous path still lay before them, and Kascambo's legs were so swelled that he could scarcely proceed. At a little distance off the road, perceiving a cottage, they boldly entered. It was tenantless, and without furniture; but Ivan, knowing that the Tchetchengues were in the habit of concealing their stores from the Russian soldiers, struck the floor in several places with his foot, and removed the earth where it sounded hollow. Some flour and other eatables were discovered, from which, after lighting a fire, the denchik contrived to prepare a tolerable repast. He also succeeded in freeing his master's ancles from the fetters which had so sadly impeded his progress; and when they had enjoyed the refreshment of a night's sleep, they proceeded on their journey. Within a verst of the cottage, a deep

and rapid river crossed their path. The attempt to swim against so impetuous a torrent would have been little short of madness. What was to be done? Happily, in the midst of their perplexity, a horseman was seen advancing. Ivan drew his dagger and cocked his pistol. On a near approach, the stranger turned out to be a young Tchetchengue, whom the denchik immediately unhorsed. The urchin, upon gaining his feet, ran off, and left his steed in the hands of the captor. With this unexpected aid, the travellers reached the opposite side of the river; but whilst dragging the horse up the steep bank, the bridle broke, and the animal perished in the stream.

A vast plain now lay before them, which Ivan knew to be the territory of the Tchetchengues, at peace with Russia. The night set in severer than usual; the cold was intense, and the extreme rigours of a Russian winter threatened destruction to the wanderers. Kascambo was so overcome by cold and fatigue that he sank powerless upon the frozen earth. "Ivan," said he, faintly, "here must soul and body bid farewell. Go to Mosdok, and tell my old comrades that you left me on this spot food for vultures. Remember, you swore that the enemy should never take me alive. Put it at once then, out of their power: you understand me?"

"There is still a resource," said Ivan. "I will secure you immediate shelter or perish. Should I succeed, I will return on the instant; should I fail, you have a pistol and know how to act."

"Ivan, I have a last request. If I die, see my mother."

"Master," interrupted the denchik, "if you die, never shall I see either your mother or mine."

After a short walk, the faithful Ivan perceived a solitary cottage, about four versts from the nearest village. He entered, and found the hardy tenant seated upon the ground, mending a pair of boots.

"My friend," said Ivan, boldly accosting him, "if you will do me a service, two hundred roubles shall be your reward: if you refuse, death shall be your punishment."

The denchik drew his dagger, but the Tchetchengue was not intimidated.

"Young man," he answered, quietly laying down his work, "I also wear a dagger in my belt, and do not fear you. If you have crossed my threshold as a suppliant for my assistance, the laws of hospitality forbid that I should harm you; but I consent to nothing rashly. State your wish."

Ivan now told him that he desired a temporary asylum for his master, who lay perishing at a short distance from his dwelling. "Nurse him," continued the faithful servant, "and protect him from his foes, the mountaineers of your tribe, while I repair to Mosdok: in three days I will return with the stipulated reward."

"I must have four hundred roubles for this service," said the Tchetchengue.

"You may demand four thousand, if you will,"

said Ivan; "but I cannot give one kopek more than the sum I first named."

"Well, well; go your way."

They shook hands in pledge of mutual confidence; and Ivan, shortly afterwards, led Kascambo to the brigand's cottage, almost dead with cold and fatigue. After seeing his master somewhat recovered, the denchik proceeded to the nearest Russian post, where was stationed a large body of Cossacs, among whom were the survivors of that brave band who had fought under the command of Kascambo when he was made captive. They quickly made up the required ransom, with which Ivan departed; but the commanding officer, apprehending treachery, ordered a troop of Cossacs to accompany him. This precaution had nearly proved fatal to the brave Kascambo. His host, perceiving the approach of the Russian troops, thought that he was betrayed, and immediately displayed the ferocious courage of his race. He conducted Kascambo, feeble as he was, to the roof of his cottage, fastened him to a post, and levelled a carbine at his head. "If you advance," he cried to Ivan as he approached within hearing, "I will blow out your master's brains. I have

also a bullet for the villain by whom I am betrayed."

"You are not betrayed," shouted the terrified denchik, who trembled for his master's life, "Here is the ransom."

"Let those Cossacs depart, then, or I fire."

Kascambo entreated the officer to retire with his detachment:—the suspicious brigand, however, would not suffer Ivan to approach nearer. He commanded him to count and place the roubles on the ground, at least a hundred yards from his cabin, and then to depart; he descended—deliberately picked up the money—returned to the roof—threw himself upon his knees, and entreated Kascambo's forgiveness for the severity which apprehensions for his own safety had obliged him to adopt towards him.

"I have nothing to forgive," replied the Russian; "you have kept your word in restoring me to liberty, and I quit you with a blessing."

The Tchetchengue answered not, but, seeing Ivan reappear, leaped from the roof of the cottage, and was out of sight in an instant. That same day, the brave denchik enjoyed the reward of his fidelity, by conducting his master in safety to his noble companions in arms.

BOUDOIR AND RECEPTION ROOM

OF THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM.

HAVING a letter of introduction from an Attaché of the Belgian Embassy, at Paris, to an officer of the household in Brussels, I availed myself of the opportunity it gave me of inspecting the Royal Palace. Leopold and his Queen were at Lacken, and the private apartments were open to my curiosity. The Palace remains in the same condition as when I saw it last, (on the marriage of the Prince of Orange,) dull and heavy in its style: the only difference in the state chambers is, that the cypher of the present monarch is everywhere substituted for that of William; but, as all royal residences are much alike, and the Palace at Brussels presents nothing particular, except its tapestry, I shall proceed at once to the apartments of the Queen.

The reception-room opens from the grand staircase, and was formerly called the gobelin drawing room. Its appearance is as much changed as the name; instead of walls covered with the wonders of the loom, they are now hung with blue silk, fluted from a deep silver cornice, which produces a chaste but elegant effect: the couches and chairs are of embossed velvet, of the same colour, framed in silver and blue, *en suite*. Between the windows are three rich mosaic tables: the centre one a fac-simile of the celebrated "Victory in her car," executed for Napoleon, and now in the Louvre. In recesses, on each side of the entrance to the apartment, are two magnificent cabinets—one of ivory, the other of tortoise-shell—richly inlaid, and evidently antiques; the first bears, in several parts of the workmanship, the arms of the elder Bour-

bons. Both cabinets are surmounted by a bust—one of Louis Philippe, the other of Leopold. Under glasses are several models; two of them—the Hotel de Ville in Brussels and the Tuileries—are in dead silver. The effect is most exquisite. They were presents, the attendant informed me, from her Majesty's brothers, on their first visit to Belgium after her marriage. One object in this splendid apartment I certainly did covet: a chess-table, the squares composed of alternate pieces of lapez lazuli and white cornelain, set in a massive frame of carved ebony;—the men, ready drawn for battle, were upon the table; they were Indian, and enriched with gold and small diamonds, but defended from the vulgar touch by a case of glass. There are many other articles of vertu throughout the apartment. There were four pictures in the room:—one a Virgin in glory, painted on marble by Parmegiano; two exquisite landscapes, by Claude; and an imperial triumph, by Le Brun, much in the style of his entry of Alexander, in the gallery at the Louvre.

The Boudoir adjoins the Reception Room, and is in the most perfect French mode—light, elegant, and worthy of a Queen. The walls were covered with draperies of white silk, and mirrors, placed alternately; the tables of parian marble were ornamented with vases of sevre, filled with flowers. The richness of this apartment did not in the slightest degree detract from its simplicity: the effect was chaste and beautiful. In the centre of the room was a large *musnud*, richly embroidered in the oriental style; near it stood a

harp. Leopold, I was told, frequently accompanied his Queen on the flute; from having heard him, some years since, at Raby Castle, I can myself bear witness that he is no mean amateur. The toilette requires a female pen to do it justice: the variety of glass-cases, in pearl and filagree, its magnificent stands for scents, in gold and crystal would, I doubt not, have excited the admiration of the beau sexe; I only wondered. This costly appendage of female beauty was placed between two windows, the draperies and curtains of which were composed of Brussels lace; the basons and utensils for lavatory purposes were all of silver gilt, and bore the Belgian crown and lion. Upon a couch lay a gold chain and etui case, which my fair countrywomen may remember, perhaps, as an ornament once worn by their grandmothers; it is now extremely fashionable in the north of Europe. The bath, which adjoins the boudoir, is of marble and plate glass; the ceiling represents Diana and her Nymphs; in the centre of the room is a sarcophagus of marble, supported by four lions couchant. The various pipes are conveyed through them; when used, a rose-coloured silk curtain draws round, and forms a complete tent. I peeped into the state bed-chamber, *en passant*, and observed that the canopy and curtains were of purple velvet, relieved with gold; the coverlid of point lace, over satin.

JEAN BAPTISTE SAY.

THIS eminent writer, whose death took place at Paris on the 14th of November, was born in Lyons, in the year 1767, and descended from a family of no mean celebrity in the commercial world. They were of the same extraction as the Says and Sele family: the common ancestor of both being *William de Say*, who passed over from Normandy under the banners of William the Conqueror. Say was destined by his family to be a merchant, and the knowledge thus acquired proved of no little avail to him in after life, when he devoted himself to the study of Political Economy. Being introduced to the celebrated Mirabeau, the latter quickly discovered the abilities of his young friend, and employed him in editing the *Courrier de Provence*, and continuing his *Lettres a ses Commettans*. After this he was appointed Secretary to Claviere, the French Minister of Finance. We next find him connected with Champfort and Guingene in the *Decade Philosophique, Litteraire, et Politique*; which made its first appearance in 1794, and was the parent of the present *Revue Encyclopedique*. Champfort was unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the Committee of Public Safety, and weak enough to destroy himself in prison; Guingene, too, one of the most elegant French scholars, was likewise confined with his fellow-labourers, Roucher and Andrew Chenier. Say, though thus left single-handed, was too firm to abandon the good work which he had undertaken; and he therefore enlisted Andrieux, Amaury, Duval, and others in his cause. Upon

the departure of Buonaparte for Egypt, Say was deputed to select the publications intended for the use of the *savans* who accompanied that memorable expedition; and, when the hero of the Pyramids found his way back, and invested himself with the dignity of First Consul, he conferred the appointment of Tribune on Say, whose qualifications, as it subsequently appeared, were not peculiarly adapted for such an office. He had a strong aversion for the selfish and arbitrary principles which the government of that day began to unfold, and it has been said that he could ill brook the growing despotism of its chiefs. In this state of his feelings, Say avoided taking much part in public business, but, happily for science, commenced that study, which forms the basis of his admirable *Traite d'Economie*; a work which not only improved under his hand with every successive edition, but has been translated into most of the European languages. He was now called upon to vote in favour of Napoleon's assumption to the imperial crown: this he resolutely declined, and was, in consequence, deprived of the Tribuneship, for which some compensation was made to him by the tender of Receiver-Generalship in the department of the Allier. He could not, however, be prevailed on to enter upon this new office, and nobly excused himself from "combining with the rest to plunder his native land." Thus closing the scene of his official career, he once more embarked in mercantile life, as a manufacturer, but not to the neglect of his favourite pursuit, which he enriched, from time to time, with a variety of minor publications, all tending to throw light, and accumulate facts, on the great and difficult science of Political Economy. He was Professor of the School of Mechanics at Paris, where he delivered probably the most useful and perspicuous lectures on the economy of labour and manufactures, which have ever been given; and with these he closed his estimable length of days.

PARENT AND CHILD.

"It is thus," replied her father, "she pays me back for all I have endured. It is a sweet consciousness to know that we make even one creature happy. When I feel this little heart beat tranquilly against mine, when I see her lay her contented head thus upon my bosom, I feel I do not live in vain. She is a precious legacy bequeathed to me by an angel, that in life shed sunshine upon my path, and even in death did not desert me, since she left me the memory of her love; and this little flower, to be watered by my tears and pay me with its smiles." There were some drops upon the yellow hair of Alice: they had fallen from her father's eye. She looked up on feeling them; and went caressing to his face; and then the mouth, pure as yet the unopened bud was raised with her violet eyes, as if she brought a balm to sorrow, and thought he wanted but her kiss to make him happy.—*Woman's Love*.

THERE WAS A TIME.

A SONG.

Music composed and arranged for the Piano Forte,

BY TAU DELTA.

Words from Lady's Book.

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.

The musical score is arranged in systems of three staves each. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef, the middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

There was a bright and
sun - ny time when ev' - ry hope was gay: But the vi - sion's gone, and each
fri - ry dream Has floated far a - way! There was a time when I be - lieved She whom I
lov'd was true: I twin'd her ro - ses - flowers she gave, But



II.

There was a time, when I was glad,
 And joined the festive scene;
 Now all is gone, and naught remains
 To trace where joy has been.
 I am forgotten—though her form
 In Fashion's hall still dwells;
 No one is there to name my name,
 And none my anguish tells.

III.

She may seem happy—may seem gay,
 But who knows what she feels?
 Can hearts be read?—There is a grief
 No balsam ever heals.
 What though I pass, as all things must,
 And join the silent dead;
 Her faithless heart no joy can know,
 Its peace for e'er is fled.

NIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.

NIGHT! on thy face of beauty I have gazed;
 But 'tis not always thus—would that it were!
 Thou hast thy terrors also. When thine eyes
 Of starry light are closed, and from thy throne,
 On the black womb of space, thou frownest grim—
 No beam upon thy forehead—then thou art
 An awful deity. The very calm
 In which thy darkness floats is terrible.
 Rocks, temples, mountains, whose huge outlines stood
 In bold relief against the azure sky,
 Are hidden in thy gulf, and cast no shade.
 Columns and towers, like guilty angels, stand
 Amid the gloom. The palaces of kings
 Dissolve from sight, as if they never were.
 Earth's ruins are more ruinous—and Heaven
 With all her lights seems to have fled away,
 Affrighted, from the universal chaos.

Such art thou, O Night!
 A changeful spirit, veering in thy course
 From sad to beautiful. When thou patest on,
 King-like, thy bridal garments spangled o'er
 With stars for jewels, and upon thy crest
 Wearest the silvery moon—'tis then thou art
 Adored of Nature, and thy placid reign
 Gladdens the sons of men. But when with wrath
 Thy front is clouded, and thy lustrous gems
 Are laid aside—a fearful monarch thou!
 Day is but thy creation: from thy womb
 He rises up, to scatter o'er the world
 His gaudy beams. His empire is but short.
 Like all things beautiful, he will decay;
 While thou wilt last forever! The last trump
 Is his and Nature's dirge—when into naught
 All things, save thy dark kingdom, shall dissolve!

THE SEPARATION.

"Is there on earth a thing we can agree on?
 Yes—to part!"

FARQUHAR.

PARTING for ever!—is your home
 So sad, so cheerless grown,
 That you are each prepared to roam
 Through this false world alone;
 Recall the words, though love be fled,
 Though hope's bright visions cease,
 Still, still together you may tread
 The tranquil path of peace.

Think on the season dear and fleet,
 Of young and fond romance,
 When you in ecstasy would meet
 Each other's smile and glance;
 Think on the joyous bridal day,
 And on its sacred vow,
 Then glad and flowery seemed the way—
 Why is it clouded now?

O! by the real ills of life
 How little are you tried;
 Your mutual taunts, your dally strife
 Spring from one feeling—pride!
 Bear and forbear—no longer blame
 Thy partner's faults alone,
 Conscience may urge a ready claim
 To tell thee of thy own.

But part—the chosen one forsake,
 To whom thy troth was given;
 Reflect, nor dare a tie to break,
 Approved by earth and Heaven:
 Man cannot, must not rend the band
 Of holy marriage love,
 'Tis ruled by an unerring hand,
 The hand of Him above.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

LITTLE evil is said of a man who has few or no pretensions to be praised: the reason is, that revenge is scarce ever levelled but against superiority of merit.

Virtue is of no particular form or station; the finest outlines of the human frame are frequently filled up, with the dullest wits. A little diamond well polished, is always of greater value than a rocky mountain, whatever may be its size and extent.

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;
And, when we move not forward, we go backward.

Dogs have driven more people mad, than the hydrophobia. Skull-cap cannot cure them; nor all the poppy and mandragora in the world restore them to the sweet sleep of calm philosophy.

The ideal of Ethical Perfection has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of the Highest Strength—the most intense vital energy—which has been called (rightly enough with reference to the fundamental meaning of the term, but very falsely as regards that which we now attach to it,) the Ideal of Æsthetic Greatness. It is the Maximum of barbarians, and has, alas! in these days of wild irregular culture, obtained very numerous adherents, precisely among the feeblest minds. Man, under the influence of this Ideal, becomes an animal spirit—a combination, whose brute intelligence possesses a brute attraction for the weak.

The path that leads to Virtue's Court is narrow,
Thorny, and up-hill—a bitter journey.

In all things preserve integrity; the consciousness of thy own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business and soften the harshness of ill success and disappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the time may rob thee of other due reward.

The game of Chess was invented 608 before Christ.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty, vanity, to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe:
Thou' like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying like rays of light, or drops of rain:
For ev'ry fool finds reason to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd, and hooted by the pointing crowd,

A minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatsoever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill; all magnificence of building

was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine.

If any man think it a small matter, or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken: for it is a point to be silent, when occasion requires; and better than to speak, though never so well.

"Thou want'st
One heavenly sense, and speak'st in ignorance
Eeest thou no differing shadows, which divide
The rose and poppy? 'Tis the same with sounds.
There's not a minute in the round of time
But 's tinged with different music, in that small span
Between the thought and its swift utterance,
Ere silence buds to sound."

If you see a person get offended at the publication of an article that was not intended for him, it is a sure sign that he has been guilty of a like crime.

Socrates is said to have been the only inhabitant of Athens, who, during the prevalence of the plague in that city, escaped infection: this circumstance the historians unanimously attributed to the strict temperance which he constantly observed—in conjunction, it may be added, with his well known equanimity under the most trying circumstances.

"Love covers a multitude of sins." When a scar cannot be taken away, the next kind office is, to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is to spy faults. It is like the painter who, being to draw the picture of a friend having a blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of his face. It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes, and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, and to proclaim his virtues upon the house-top.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men used to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

China was first made in England, by Mr. Wedgewood, in 1762.

What consequences often hang upon the proof sheet? How much of good and evil depends upon this last award of the author! If Rousseau had thrown the proof sheets of the "Contrat Social" into the fire, instead of returning them by the printer's devil to the press, the French revolution might never have unhinged Europe. If Lord Byron had nipped in the bud the proof of his "Poems of a Minor," the world would never have been delighted with the best of modern satires, and the most beautiful of modern poetry.



Engraved from a drawing by G. Kneller.

THE TEMPLE OF SENECA

Engraved by G. Kneller R.S.

Published for the Ladies' Book by J. A. Gandy & Co. Philadelphia May 30.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

MAY, 1833.

THE TEMPLE OF EGINA.

BY JAMES HENRY.

When at the mellow eve of summer day,
We watch, o'er western hills, the fading ray,
Touch'd with the influence of the soften'd scene,
Beside some murmuring rill or flowery green,
To fairy realms the fancy takes its flight,
And lifts the soul to visions of delight;
A sweet oblivion to each sense is given,
We breathe in bliss, and earth is changed to heaven!

So warm'd with glories of the classic page,
The heart delights in Græcia's golden age,
When she display'd those matchless powers of mind
That shed unfading lustre o'er mankind.
Backward we look on that illustrious time,
When genius wooed each muse in beauty's clime,
In glory's fields when patriot heroes fought,
In wisdom's halls when reverend sages taught,
When arts triumphant charm'd th' admiring throng,
And bards made vocal every grove with song.

Come, sober eve, thy magic wand apply,
And wrap my soul in blissful reverie;
O let me visit those bright scenes I love,
The Delphic fountain and the Attic grove!
O let me listen to the Pythian strain,
Or seek for wisdom at Minerva's fane,
Or see, in Tempe's bright and verdant glow,
The bloom of Eden still preserved below;
While the pure loves that bless Arcadian plains,
Swell in my bosom, and inspire my strains!

Spirit of serious thought, I know 'tis thou
That bring'st the past before my vision now!
Bright in my view a glorious temple stands;
Raised by the peerless skill of Grecian hands,
When art and genius, in their youthful prime,
Put forth their powers t' adorn their native clime.
Sacred to Jove the beauteous fabric rose,
Whose awful power the obedient thunder knows.
Hail, holy shrine! pride of Egina's shore!
Where come her sons to worship and adore;
Thy lofty columns art's perfection show,
Thy spacious courts with sacred radiance glow,
Thy altars shine with costly sacrifice,
And prayers and praise from suppliant hearts arise.
Sincere the worship and the fervour high,
Though wrong the mode, and false the deity;
Yet is it pleasing in th' indulgent view
Of Him who knows and loves the heart that's true.

And thou, Arantha, whom the bards declare
Brightest and noblest of Egina's fair,
Thine was the true devotion of a maid,
By pride and coyness into grief betray'd.
Evander loved thee, and thy heart return'd
The faithful flame that in his bosom burn'd;
But secret still thy fond desires were kept,
Ev'n when, for pity, at thy feet he wept:
Proud of thy power, long didst thou mock his pain,
Exulting in thy beauty's tyrant reign,
Till, in despair, he fled thy cruel scorn,
And left thee, in repentant tears, to mourn.

Impell'd by the resistless power of love,
To worship Venus at the shrine of Jove,
To yonder altar now thou dost repair,
And rich the sacrifice thou offer'st there:
To love's bright goddess warm thy prayers arise,
And starting tears bedew thy radiant eyes.

"Forgive, O Venus," thus thy bosom pray'd,
"That to Diana long my vows were paid;
Forgive that I suppress'd the flame divine
Which Cupid kindled in this breast of mine:
Though, goddess, I denied, I felt thy sway,
And loved the youth I rashly drove away!
O hear me, while with anguish I implore,
If yet he lives, thou wilt that youth restore;
Then shall no rites of thine unpaid remain,
Nor rival power usurp thy place again!"

She scarce had ceased, when moved the altar's screen,
And full in view Evander's self is seen;
Close to his heart the blushing maid is press'd,
And thus he pours the transports of his breast:

"Here, where love's goddess now my wishes crown,
I sought a holy refuge from thy frowns;
A constant suppliant at her shrine, I bent,
In prayers that she would teach thee to relent:
My prayers are heard; I strain thee to my breast;
Then let us kneel to Hymen, and be blest!"

She gave assent: the priest of Hymen there
Performed the rites, and blest the enamour'd pair:
Indulgent smiled the power of love divine,
And crown'd their joys at bright Egina's shrine.

THE SEA.

The Sea—the Sea—the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round:
It plays with the clouds—it mocks the skies—
Or, like a cradled creature lies!

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whoso'er I go—
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter—I still shall ride and sleep.

I love—Oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more;
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born:
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean-child.

I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range;
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

Original.

ALICE LYNN;

A TALE OF THE PILGRIMS OF NEW ENGLAND.

There is something of tender sadness in the emotions with which we recall the days that are past. The hand of time seems to have mellowed the tints which shadow forth the pictures of departed scenes, and those incidents which, when present, we deemed to be trifling, assume a hallowed character, when beheld through the vista of by-gone years. It is this feeling which leads us to view every circumstance in the history of our forefathers with interest, and, when we shall have past away, another generation will arise to tread in our footsteps, and look with a curious eye on the deeds which shall have occupied and brightened our little span of existence. It is this desire of being immortalized in the memory of succeeding ages, which raised upon the classic shores of Greece those lovely temples and those groups of sculptured life which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles had wrought: and it is that same feeling of reverential awe for the past which leads the lonely traveller to tread with silent veneration those deserted plains, and to look with admiration on the ruins of departed greatness. The annals of our beloved country excite in us far different emotions. We look abroad upon smiling fields, and lovely vallies, and silver streams, and delight ourselves in their abundance. But let us remember that it was not always thus. A lonely wilderness once covered those very spots where our beautiful cities now stand in their strength; those waters which are now swept by the gallant ships of the proudest fleet in the universe, were then seldom rippled, even by an Indian canoe, and that little lonely pilgrim band, who left their country and the graves of their fathers, that they might worship in peace their father's God, was the only seed of that vast population which has sprung up to bless one of the most favoured portions of our land.

The summer of the year 1620 beheld these devoted wanderers, as they left, forever, the shores of their beloved country: but the changing hues of autumn, that had tinged with many colours the leafy honours of the wilderness, was fast yielding to the storms and desolation of winter, when they anchored their little vessel in the beautiful bay of their adopted home. Yet it was a calm and delightful evening of a lovelier day than is usually afforded, even in its mildest approaches, by that inclement season. The pure, deep blue of the skies was painted in the western horizon by all the glorious dyes of sunset—a gentle breeze swept over the bosom of the waters, and murmured through the long, undulating ocean of wilderness, that stretched itself almost unbroken as far as the eye could reach. Not a sound seemed to disturb the slumbering stillness of the scene, save where the shrill cry of the cat-bird, or the squirrel rustling in the thick branches,

gave to the attentive ear some token that the Almighty Creator had not left such a lovely spot untenanted.

While this boundless prospect lay full in view of the little group, who had gathered on the deck of their vessel to explore with eager gaze the wild yet peaceful beauties of their chosen home, a dark form was seen, drawn in strong outline, upon the western skies, as it appeared upon the summit of a lofty range of hills that rose abruptly from the midst of the valley. After remaining stationary for a short time, the figure seemed gradually to descend to the level of the plain, and in a few moments the noble form of one of the native sons of the forest was seen advancing with steady footsteps to the shore. Almost startling as was this apparition of a human being in the midst of that solitary scene, yet the lofty bearing of the Indian could not be regarded without admiration. He appeared to be past the prime of life; but his large, and still athletic frame, and stalwart arm, seemed to indicate a right to stand the monarch of the soil: and the deep rich hue of his complexion was in strong contrast with the white and coloured ornaments that adorned his throat and wrists. A mantle, formed of the skin of the deer, curiously wrought with quills of various dyes, was thrown in graceful folds about his person, and coverings of the same material defended his legs. The deep indentures upon his breast and neck, and the plume of feathers that was confined in a fillet upon his brows, betokened the rank of the wearer, and, as he passed on with proud, unvaried step, through the heaps of withered leaves, a careless observer would have thought that there existed no object to demand his notice. But the glance of wild meaning in the quick and unsettled motions of his dark eyes, belied the calm and cold character of his features; and when they rested on the little vessel, as it lay in the pictured stillness of the waters, it seemed to become an object of lively and uncommon interest. In his turn, the figure of the Indian appeared to be a no less subject of curiosity to those on board: and, after some hurried deliberation, a little boat was seen to leave the side of the vessel, and a few active strokes of the oar brought it to the foot of the bold and precipitous ledge of rocks which skirted that lonely shore. The dress and demeanour of the persons who now entered upon the scene were in strict accordance with the simplicity and even meanness, which characterized the Puritans of those days.—The sad-coloured, ungraceful cloak—the doublet, cut in the plainest fashion—and, above all, the even conscientious scrupulousness with which the hair had been cropped close to the head, gave tokens of that extreme and affected austerity of manners and apparel, which, like other excesses, is apt to lead to the ridiculous.

But, if the quaintness of their dress might have caused a smile, had they been standing in the presence of the great and the mighty of earth, the calm and noble expression of their features would have dispelled every other feeling, save that of unqualified admiration. The clear, blue, lustrous eye—the bare, expressive forehead—the lip that told its meaning to the glance, revealed the men whose hands were laid to an heavenly inheritance, and whose feet were set in its paths. The greater part of this little number were still in the flower of youth, but when, on gaining the level beach, they had turned to offer their assistance to one who still remained in the boat, it appeared that the old and the venerated were not wanting to add sanctity to their enterprize.

The aged man, who now stood foremost of the little group that had gathered on the shore, might have afforded a fine model for the chisel of the sculptor. The bending form, the deeply furrowed cheek, and the long, flowing locks of silver, which, untutored by the rigid discipline of the times, lay in strong, clustering curls upon his forehead, might have been a fit representation of the apostle of the world; but now they only told that the path of the pilgrim had been traced through many sorrows, and that his life lingered upon the grave. The old man was named Peter Lynn. After a short pause, the little party were advancing to the spot where the Indian still stood in all the cold and lofty pride which characterized his race, when, to their amazement, he suddenly left his stationary position, and, with something of a graceful gesture, mingled with the stateliness of his demeanour, uttered, in their own language, that word which is most dear to the stranger, "Welcome." Ignorant of the fact that the Indian chief had been a frequent visitant of the coast, when the arrival of fishing boats made these interviews profitable, the old man, whom the little band had chosen for their leader, remained silent, and it was not until the Indian had repeated again, in his deep, guttural tones, "Welcome—the white men are welcome," that he found words to frame an answer to the hospitable speech. When he spoke, he made use of the concise and poetical form of their language, which he had acquired in preceding interviews with the children of the forest.

"Is it well," he said, "the white men have come to eat their corn with their red brothers? Is the pipe of peace ready to smoke in their cabins? The white men are hungry and tired; is there a place where they may lay themselves down and sleep?"

The Indian seemed to look with an intensity in his gaze upon the old man, as if he would have read his heart, but, when he had ceased to speak, he rejoined:—

"The ear of the wise man is open—the tongue of my brother is truth. The great prophet of my people listened, and he heard the streams of the west running into the salt waters. He looked, and he saw a race of men whose faces had not been turned to the sun. The Great Spirit told it to my nation—they have come."

"They have come, indeed," repeated the old man, in a low voice, as if speaking to himself, and, looking round about upon the lonely scene, he seemed, for a few moments, to have forgotten his extraordinary companion. But, recovering himself, he turned again to the Indian; "Will my red brother be glad, when he sees the cabins of the white men? will he sit by their council-fires, and eat of their venison?"

"He will say, it is good. The tongue of the red man is but one. He has been upon the track of the wolf, but he saw no fox in his paths."

There was a haughtiness in the brevity of this speech that seemed to startle the very old man, for he rejoined hastily, as if to soothe the spirit he had aroused,

"The red men are my brethren. They dwell upon the same soil.—The Spirit that made them is one."

"Have the pale faces looked upon the sun?" proudly resumed the Indian, stretching forth his arms to the west, as the last faint crimson dyes still lingered upon the horizon. "Go—my people are of many days."

"But why is the hand of my brother alone?" returned the old man, "have his young men left the hunting paths? Is the fire gone out upon his hearth?"

The Indian approached nearer to the aged speaker. A shade of deep melancholy seemed to pass over his rigid features. "Listen," he at last said, in the softest tones of his musical voice, "listen—the Sagamore has seen the snows of many winters. He has looked upon the leaf as it faded, but it became green again. When the stream had fallen asleep, it awoke—but the days of his years shall end. Once he saw a mighty nation upon his footsteps, but they have gone to the pleasant hunting grounds. Once they dwelt where my white brothers stand. But the great Manitto was angry with his children, and they passed away. The hand of the Sagamore is joined with that of his brethren, and his pipe is smoked in their cabins."

As the chief spoke, he indicated, with a quick motion of his hand, a slight opening among the trees at a short distance, which had evidently been an attempt at clearing, but was now almost lost again in wilderness. The whole party turned to look at the spot, which seemed to have been, at some remote period, the abode of man. A few decayed huts, rudely formed of logs and the bark of trees, were now scattered in ruined fragments on the ground, and a slight rising of the soil in many places showed that the dwellers of it, whoever they had been, were slumbering beneath it. The narrative of the Indian appeared to hint at some calamity which had overtaken a whole people: but when they turned again, to satisfy their curiosity by further inquiry, they found that he had abruptly quitted his place, and was rapidly disappearing in the winding recesses of the forest, whose loneliness became still more desolate, as the little party hastened to gain their boat, and the deep shadows of evening were drawn over the scene.

But it was to be lonely no longer. The bright, clear beams of the meridian sun looked down through the leafless branches of the trees upon a picture at once cheerful and beautiful. The pilgrims had left their vessel with the early dawn, and were actively engaged in making preparations for the erection of cabins, and the clearing of some portion of their ground. Upon every side were to be heard the sound of many voices echoed through those pathless wilds, and the strokes, which fell from the exertions of many busy hands. Here might be seen a group whose efforts were united to fell the towering form of one of the proudest trees of the forest; and there the collected strength of many was employed in removing its gigantic branches, and fashioning with them the rude and naked cabins, which were destined to become the habitations of these devoted men. A little farther on, a few of the females of the colony were engaged in preparing the noon-day meal. A horizontal pole, laid in the forks of two perpendicular branches, and supporting an enormous kettle, formed the simple economy of their culinary arrangements. But the coarse food was to be seasoned with the sweets of industry, and partaken of by those whose hearts were raised in humble thankfulness to Him who spreadeth the table of the wilderness. Near one of these little groups, but seemingly abstracted from its cares, stood the venerable form of Peter Lynn. Himself the only inactive figure in the scene, his joined hands were pressed forcibly on his bosom, and his eyes bent to the ground. But the shadows of thought darkened his pensive features, and the restless mind within appeared to have taken an excursive flight, and in imagination to be retracing each step of that eventful pilgrimage, which had brought him, in the evening of life, to brave the perils of a foreign shore. With the rapid pinions of fancy, he seemed to overleap the bound of years, and to become again the guileless simple boy on the hills of his native home. He stood once more in the halls of his fathers—he heard the gentle voice of his mother, and the musical laugh of his young sister as she joined him in his gambols by the sunny brook, or in the lovely vallies. Again—and he seemed to live over the days of his proud, aspiring manhood: in his heart were the loving tones of the wife of his bosom, and around him the bright looks of his playful children. Then there seemed to come a shadow upon his day-dream of happiness, and within a few, rapid moments was centred the anguish of many long and bitter years of suffering. One by one, the friends that loved him and were beloved departed from amidst his paths, as the frost wreathes melt from the window pane in a sunny morn, and he stood as the scathed and blasted oak of the forest, whose leaf is withered, and whose verdure has departed for ever. Then a sense of keener anguish seemed to darken upon his spirit. The deep and loathsome dungeon—the sad and silent hours of suffering that had wasted his noble strength—and, still more, the intensity of that bitter moment, when lips which had been wont

to bless uttered the deep, unaltered curse, upon his devoted head, as a traitor to his king and country—all arose in vivid colours upon his soul, and the lips of the old man had just parted to give vent to some impassioned strain of feeling, when a soft, low, and childish voice, and the pressure of a fair, small hand upon his own, aroused him to the recollection that he was now a lonely pilgrim in the wild and lonely solitudes of an American forest. But the fairy form that stood at his knee, and the gentle eyes that were raised inquiringly to his, were all his own, and the old man felt a thrill of tenderness at his heart when he remembered that the little beloved one was to be as a flower springing up in the wilderness, blooming but for him. "My sweet Alice," he said, and, bending forward, he took her in his arms, and folded her to his bosom, with all the fondness which loving age feels for the innocence and beauty of childhood.

Little Alice was his grand-daughter—the last and loveliest of the many fair ones, that had so lately enriched his path with blessing. Seven balmy summers had breathed upon her youthful cheek a warmer glow than that of their own crimson sunsets; but there was something in the slender elegance of her frame, and the pure transparency of her complexion, that gave an idea of fragility to her appearance, and tended, like all precious things, to endear her still more to the beholder. Such was the sweet and innocent being, whose hand was clasped in his, when at event-tide, or in the early noon, he traced the wild-wood haunts of his adopted home. At these seasons, when the features of the old man were darkened with the remembrance of former griefs, the spirit of the child seemed to partake of his pensiveness, and she would sit for hours by his side, gazing up into the deep, unfathomable blue of the heavens, or listening to the sound of dropping nuts, and the rustling of leaves, as they stirred in the gentle breeze, until her long and dreamy thoughts became imbued with something of that sublime feeling which kindles up the soul when it finds itself alone in the midst of a world of beauty. Yet often the aged sire would take the sweet babe to his bosom, and, parting from her polished forehead its profusion of bright and clustering ringlets, he would rehearse to her the deeds of former years, charming her youthful fancy with many a wild and artless tale: and still oftener, walking with her in the pleasant vallies, he would point her view to the everlasting hills, and tell her of that blessed One, whose love surpasses the heavens. But the pure stream of little Alice's existence was not destined to pursue its gentle course unruddled, nor the cup of the old man's afflictions to remain unbrimmed. As time passed on, the Indian chief, who had first greeted their arrival to his native shores, stood again in their midst—but the scene was changed. The vast, unmeasured surface of wilderness still spread in boundless extent to the horizon, but it was solitary no longer. The sound of many voices awoke echoes that had slumbered for ages, and the tread of many feet was upon its soil. In the

place of a silent desert had sprung up the habitations of men, and wreathes of blue smoke arose from the roof of many a naked cabin, yet betokening the warmth and comfort of its humble hearth. Within the shelter of these friendly walls the native chief ever found a kind and ready welcome, but never more so than when he entered the lonely dwelling of Peter Lynn. For the old man, as he gazed upon the noble features and stately bearing of the son of the forest, and as he marked the wild flashes of intellectual light that beamed from his dark and restless eyes, felt something of that instinctive admiration, with which we contemplate the bold and untutored lineaments of some boundless scene, which the finger of art has reserved untouched, and the eye of man seldom or never looked upon. But in the mind of the Indian this feeling was far from being reciprocated. With the old man he ever preserved the same cold and rigid expression of countenance, and, if possible, an even more concise and haughty brevity of language: but when the fair and dimpled hand of Alice was laid in thoughtless confidence upon his dark and swarthy cheek, or when, with light and playful step, she hastened to fill with purest water his ample gourd, or to supply him with the parched grains, which formed his accustomed meal, the severe brow of the Indian was suffered to relax, and at some moments his proud features seemed to wear an almost feminine expression of tenderness. But there was a dark and savage purpose springing up in the mind of the Indian, and an evil design became cherished in his bosom, until, with the ready cunning and invention of his race, he had laid a train for the accomplishment of that plan, which was destined totally to destroy the foundation of the old man's almost ruined affections.

It was in the fourth winter of the existence of the little colony—one of those dark and tempestuous nights, which often occur with intense severity in our northern climates, and which the bleak and bare extent of wilderness, and the lashing of the foaming waters upon the naked rocks, contributed to render a picture at once appalling and sublime;—thick flurries of snow were drifted in every direction by the fierce gusts of wind that seemed to ride upon the leafless tops of the trees, as though some angry spirit were directing and presiding upon the storm, and the crashing and tearing down of the gigantic branches was heard at intervals through the deepest recesses of the forest. But in the midst of this mighty strife of elements, a swift coruscation of light, that darted like a bended bow over the darkness of the heavens, glanced upon two human figures, as they abruptly emerged by a sudden turn into the less dangerous vicinity of the clearings. The commanding mien and lofty stature of the first indicated the Indian chief, but in the shrinking, bending form that followed his steps, might be discerned the servile and even abject condition to which the female race is ever reduced when in a savage and uncivilized state. With a rapid, and yet cautious tread, the two Indians traced a little beaten path that led through

the clusters of dark cabins, until they stood at the lonely door which marked an entrance to the abode of Peter Lynn. It was a small rude hut of a singularly uncouth appearance, being partly constructed of the bark and loose fragments of trees, and partly excavated by the hand of nature out of the solid rock. A lofty pine that had sprung up between the clefts and surmounted the humble roof of the little building, was swinging and crackling in the grasp of the tempest, as at every moment it seemed to threaten the dissolution of its ancient right. But if the prospect without wore an aspect of gloom and desolation, the interior of the cabin seemed to announce a more promising appearance: for through its many crevices might be discerned the glare and brilliancy of a cheerful fire, and, between the fitful burstings of the storm, a clear and manly voice arose, as if in devotion to Him whose power controls the elements. There was, indeed, a peaceful serenity in the grouping of the scene within that formed a strong contrast to the wildering darkness that reigned on the outside of the dwelling. For although its bare and simple walls might boast no luxury of costly furniture or tasteful ornament, yet they enclosed an assemblage of human beings, purer, perhaps, though more lowly, than are to be found in the abodes of wealth. A bright blaze of pine-knots, that had been heaped with no sparing hand on the wide and ample hearth, illuminated every corner of the little apartment. On one side, in his high, old-fashioned, arm-chair, was seated the venerable form of Peter Lynn. There was a calmer expression than usual upon the features of the old man, and his brilliant eyes, that were generally lit up with all the fervency of his intelligent mind, had assumed an appearance at once chastened and subdued, as he raised them at intervals from the page he had been perusing, to answer the inquiries of some person who was employed in a more remote part of the dwelling. On a small, low seat, close nestled to his side, sat the little Alice. Her arms were placed on his knees, and upon them was laid her lovely face, as she looked up to his in an attitude of silent attention. One of the old man's hands rested fondly upon her beautiful forehead, the other was spread upon the open pages of a large, black-letter bible, that was supported by a rough deal table before him. The other arrangements of the apartment were ordered with the greatest simplicity. Various kinds of coarse clothing were distributed upon the bare walls—a few implements of husbandry stood in one corner—and, at some little distance, a sheathed rapier, with a shining brace of pistols, showed that the situation of that lonely cabin, in the midst of a waste and barren wilderness, was one of no common danger. In a small recess, at one side of the fire-place, the necessary articles of kitchen furniture were set forth in spare, yet neat array; and, sheltered by its bold projection from the more vivid colouring of the scene, stood a clean, middle-aged female, who appeared busily employed in the execution of some evening task. The features of this woman might have been

termed handsome. but there was a certain sharpness in their character, and a severe and austere expression upon her brow, that was in no wise relieved by the close-pinched cap and dark ground of the Puritan dress. In the intervals of the storm, or when the hurricane swept in fiercer gusts around the little dwelling, the female appeared impelled by a sensation of alarm to leave her employment, and seek, in the sound of the human voice, some relief from the natural impulses of her fear. At one of these moments, when the walls of the cabin seemed to be almost shaken from their foundations, the old man at last offered some reply to her often repeated exclamations of terror.

"It is, indeed, a fearful night, Esther," he said, gently, "and the wind sounds hoarse and wild through the dark recesses of the forest. But do we right to forget, in the indulgence of our own shrinking natures, that there is One, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and who walketh upon the wings of the wind?"

The female appeared, for an instant, to be struck with the mention of that holy faith, which had, probably, in some measure influenced her departure from her native land: yet after a few moments she rejoined, though in a less querulous tone:—"Aye," she said, "it were a fine thing an one could keep one's mind raised above these things of the earth. But, for her part, ever since she had lost her poor Ralph, it seemed as though her heart *would* be going back to the scenes and friends of her youth; and she could not but say, that her own little cottage, on the hill side, with its bit of green before the door in summer, and its bright fire on the hearth in winter, was a far daintier sight than all this wild and frightful waste, that tires one's eyes just to look at it."

"Nay, but now, dame Esther," said the old man, chidingly;—"and yet," he added, "thou speakest but as a woman, with all thy woman's fears and fancies. Still I thank thee, for thou hast awakened a chord in my bosom, which I would were fresher in thine own. Yes," he sighed, "it seems to me as but at this very moment I stood upon the deck of that little vessel, with her stately prow dashing and sparkling in the white foam, and her canvas crowded to meet the passing breeze. It seems as though the three summers that have fled away since we made our dwelling in this silent forest, had been but as days—for I thought, only now, that I stood in the midst of those scenes of death and of dread that desolated our hearts in that one fearful winter. Was it not enough that the hand of disease was permitted to ravage our noblest and our best? O, my God!" said the old man, looking up fervently, "thou wast very wroth with thy people, the lot of thine inheritance. I have seen the tender mother and her lovely babe fainting for want of food; and there was none to give them. I have stooped to the lonely couch of the sick and dying as the spirit lingered on the shores of time. I have watched the darkening, closing eye. I have counted the feeble pulse, and I have felt it cease to beat. Esther, thine own Ralph was of

the number. His last breath was upon my cheek but there told no murmur in the failing voice—words of praise and thankfulness, only, were upon his lips, that he was accounted worthy to bear both loss of name and of life for the sake of that cause which has set our feet in a strange land."

The aged pilgrim ceased to speak for a few moments: uncontrollable emotions seemed to choke his voice, and he sat lost in deep thought, until his attention was aroused by the little Alice, who had clasped his trembling hand, and was kissing it fondly, as it rested in both of her's. The old man looked up. He regarded the lovely child with feelings of unutterable affection.

"And thou too, my beloved Alice," he said, "thou too, art as one redeemed from the borders of the grave. For even as I see thy bright locks and thy gentle glance before me, even so have I seen thy sweet body writhing, and thy brow wet with the clammy drops of anguish. But thou art given to me still, my child, and long may thy days be upon the earth, for thou art to my life even as life, and sad and evil should it be were I separated from thee, my own beloved Alice. And thus," continued the old man, "thus may we account far greater the number of our sunny hours, even if there has been many a dark cloud to gather around our paths. We have, indeed, become pilgrims and strangers in the world, but we may worship the God of our fathers after our own faith, and by the light of our own conscience. And if we have been made to feel the bitterness of disease and death, and to experience the pressing evils of famine, is there not left a remnant to inhabit our cabins, and to labour for our subsistence? And for food, Esther," said the old man, pointing to a basket of shell-fish, that stood in the corner, which she had before vacated, "why we have even been made 'to find treasures in the sand, and to suck of the abundance of the seas.'"

At this moment, as if impelled by a sudden burst of the tempest, the door of the hut was thrown violently open, and, like magic, the dusky figures of the two Indians stood at once within the entrance to the dwelling. Peter Lynn had instinctively started to his feet, as the unwonted forms of these inhabitants of the wilderness appeared so abruptly before him: but, when he recognised the majestic bearing of the native chief, he promptly advanced, and, with a friendly gesture, said, in that familiar tone which their intercourse rendered warrantable, "Thou art welcome, Samoset. But why is the foot of my red brother so long out upon the hunting paths? Has his arm failed him in the chase, or did the storm overtake his wanderings in the forest?"

The Indian had suffered the salutation of the old man to pass unnoticed. His large, dark eyes seemed to glance rapidly over every object that lay within their compass, and when, at last, they rested on the lovely, infantile form of the little Alice, a strange and inexplicable meaning appeared to beam from their lurid orbs. But as the old man proceeded, the attention of the chief

became riveted, and yet, with the characteristic coolness of his race, he only deigned for reply, to the supposed insinuation of his want of prowess, a haughty sweep of his hand to the bending form of the Indian female, who accompanied him, with the addition of a few brief and proud words.—“The arm of Samoset never fails,” he said, as the servile figure approached to the middle of the dwelling, and laid down at his feet the burden whose weight she had, till then, sustained on her shoulders. It consisted of that part of the deer which had been thought worthy the prize of the hunter, and, by the ensanguined traces upon the dress and person of the female Indian, it appeared to have been but recently deprived of the free air and pathless range of its native forest. With this display of his abilities the Indian appeared to be completely satisfied, yet not a word, or even a look, upon his rigid features expressed that he had any interest in the result, but, passing on with perfect composure, he seated himself in silence upon the end of a log that lay on one side of the blazing hearth. There was a pause of a few moments.—The pilgrim was evidently at a loss in what manner to address his savage companion, for there was a rude and even fierce expression in his voice and manner, that almost bade defiance to any attempts at farther intercourse. At last, however, the old man ventured to ask, in the gentlest and most conciliating tone, upon what account the Indian chief had so long refrained from visiting their little settlement. “The days have been very many,” he said, “since my eyes beheld my red brother. The leaf has turned yellow, and the wind swept it away. The great waters are asleep, and the snows have filled up our paths. It is long since our little Alice looked out into the wilderness for the coming of my red brother.”

The Indian listened attentively to the old man: as he mentioned the little Alice, a glance of the same strange meaning, as before, darkened his countenance, and might almost have revealed the savage and malignant purpose of his soul. Yet there was something of more courteousness in his demeanour, as he answered the venerable speaker.

“The cabin of Samoset was not weary of him, and he abode with his own nation. But he has come now to see his white-haired father. Is there room in his dwelling to receive him?”

“Truly,” said the old man, half apart, “I would not refuse the shelter of my poor hut to any human being in such a fearful storm. Thou art welcome, Samoset,” he continued, addressing the chief; “the white man always looks in peace upon his red brother.”

The Indian appeared to need no further assurance of his friendly reception, for, without making any reply, he continued silently to observe, with his quick and intelligent glances, the movements of those within the cabin. In this manner a considerable period elapsed, when, observing that his companions, after various preparations, had betaken themselves to rest, the Indian, with great pretended alacrity, began to make his ar-

rangments for sleep; and, with as much diligence as though he intended to pass the night within the dwelling, he carefully raked up the dying embers, so that they might afford a genial warmth to his feet, and, wrapping himself closely in his mantle of skins, lay down in a feigned, though apparently profound, slumber. But to rest was not the purpose of the wily chief. He had determined in his savage heart to deprive that lonely hut and that aged pilgrim of their sweetest treasure; and when, in the calm of the midnight hour, the repose of the peaceful group appeared deepest and most unbroken, the Indian arose, and, with light and stealthy step, approached the place where lay the lovely little Alice. The gentle breathings of the child were upon his dark cheek—her bright hair lay in clusters upon his bosom—but the heart of the Indian relented not, and, folding her closely in his arms, with almost noiseless tread, he deserted the silent dwelling, and plunged at once into the deepest recesses of the forest.

Years passed on, and Peter Lynn was still a childless and stricken man. He had lost the charm of his existence; the sweet bond that had made life and human society dear to him was severed for ever: and he wandered far off into the wilderness, holding communion with none but God and his own soul. It was long since he had looked upon the stillness of his deserted home: for how could the aged pilgrim stand within those lonely walls, and restrain the anguish of his breaking heart. He missed the small, soft clasp of that little hand, when he took his evening walk—he missed that gentle voice, mingling in the holy psalm—he missed the pressure of those lovely lips, and the quick, glad step of that fairy form, as she followed him in his homeward path, with her basket of wild flowers upon her arm—herself the wildest and sweetest of them all. Peter Lynn was a chastened and a sorrowing man, but often, in the wild agony of his yearning spirit, he would even pray that he might, if it were but once, again see the face of that beloved child, and lay his silver hairs in the grave in peace. And thus it was to be. In one of his frequent excursions through the woods—whither the old man often travelled in search of his little Alice, Peter Lynn was attacked by a party of Indians. He became their prisoner, and, in a short time, knew that he was destined to be their victim.

It was a lovely and pleasant day in the early spring, when that white-haired pilgrim was led out to die. To him it appeared that he had never existed in a more beautiful scene; for though around him were the fierce looks of a savage race, and though he beheld on every side the gleamings of the instruments of his destruction, yet he looked out into the green circlet of wilderness that surrounded him with sweet and pensive emotions. The air was filled with the fragrance of many flowers: it was musical with the songs of birds, and it breathed freshly and coolly upon the faded cheek of the pilgrim, as he knecled down in the midst of his savage captors, and commend-

ed his spirit into the hands of Him who had given it. A few light, silver clouds floated upon the blue of the heavens, and, afar off, might be heard the hum of the wild bee, as it lingered with golden wing on the sunny ray. The old man looked up—he bared his forehead to the breeze, and gazed round once more upon the fair creation. Was it a vision that now fell upon his sight, or could it be reality? It was no illusion—surely that was the form of his long-lost child. Almost choked with his emotions, the old man stretched out his trembling arms. “Alice, my own Alice,” he murmured. A piercing shriek fell upon his ear—a rush through the dusky group that had closed upon his bending form, and, in another moment, the lovely brow of his darling Alice lay upon his bosom. But it was too late. With that shriek had been given the death-signal, and, ere the embrace of the stricken old man had enclosed his recovered treasure, his silver hairs were stained with the tide of crimson life that pro-

claimed her mortal agony. “Would to God I had died for thee, instead of thou for me, my Alice!” cried the aged man: but he could no more. A death-like stillness pervaded the scene—something like reverential awe seemed to prevail upon the fierce countenances of the Indians; and there was no resistance made when, after a pause, in which was concentrated the anguish of his long and bitter life, the old man raised upon his bosom the lifeless form of his beloved Alice, and began his melancholy journey back to his forsaken home.

Such is the history of one victim to the savage inhabitants of the wilderness; but it was destined to be but a forerunner of griefs, and soon was sown that favoured soil with the blood of many a promising and devoted martyr, both to the unbridled passions of uncivilized man, and to that holy cause, whose influence was to brighten and glow over the whole vast portion of our land.

HE WITH THE HAIR.

“A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd.”—KING JOHN.

WHATEVER the moralists may say, I cannot help coinciding in the belief of those who acknowledge the doctrine of *fatalité*. There is, I am convinced, a certain portion of the human race who are foredoomed, from their cradles, to undergo misfortune, and none more surely than those on whom some indelible stamp has been affixed by the caprice of nature, before their birth.

That learned and suffering person, Mr. Walter Shandy, when he heard of the unlucky misnomer by which his infant son had been baptized, exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart, “The Thracians wept whenever a child was born!” and conceived that he had great cause for lamentation and sorrow. Perhaps he had; but not in an equal degree with the parents of him who now records his distresses. I know not if their grief was proportionate to the magnitude of the misfortune, or whether they were skilful or sagacious enough to predict what would befall him—compassionate reader, judge for yourself. I was born with a RED HEAD! The very hour of my birth, like that of “the great magician, damn’d Glendower,” was portentous:

“The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes.”

How often, Lycurgus, have I sighed, as I remembered thy salutary edict, which condemned to death every infant whose personal appearance might cast a blemish on the unrivalled sons of Sparta! Would that the British lawgivers had taken thee for their model! But such was the infatuation of my parents, and particularly of my mother, that they seemed even to take a pride in witnessing the maturity of my shame; the consequence was, that I became a curly-

headed, carrotty-pole, admired by every one for the luxuriant fury of my locks, and the vivacity of my disposition, or for being, in other words, a little fiery-headed tyrant. As if to keep in perpetual remembrance the natural stigma under which I was destined to labour, I had been christened RUFUS; this, with the euphonous surname of GREEN, formed a climax in the annals of unfortunate nomenclatures.

By degrees, the amiable qualities of my disposition began to develop themselves, and the consequences of over indulgence became manifest. For some years I held uncontrolled sway in my father’s house, where my will was law; but at length a brother was born, and from that moment, being voted a perfect nuisance, it was formally arranged that I should leave the paternal mansion, and be transferred to the care of the Rev. Mr. Flayskin, at whose academy knowledge was inculcated according to the doctrines of the Monarch of Israel.

At nine years of age, therefore, I made my first appearance at school, where my presence was hailed with a general expansion of countenance, which might safely be denominated “one universal grin,” as the reverend pedagogue led forward and uncovered the froward boy committed to his charge. He introduced me to my companions, and left me to fate. In a few minutes I was surrounded by a host of idle urchins, all anxious to elicit something from “the new boy.” My replies were short and surly, and soon drew on me the attention of him who was considered in the school “the wag” *par excellence*. He was a short, sturdy fellow, with a round, bullet-

head, a pug nose, and small sparkling grey eyes, which twinkled with wit and impudence. "Oh, ho!" said he, "we've caught a fox, eh? Let's see if he'll show fight when he's hunted. If I don't burn my fingers, I'll have a pull at his brush!" So saying, he caught hold of me by the hair, and, giving a violent jerk, pulled me forward into the midst of the ring. I was not, as I have already observed, remarkable for patience: I clenched my fist, and struck him in the face; the blow was returned, and in an instant I found myself involved in a fierce battle, which was, however, speedily ended, by the interference of the usher, but not before I had received convincing proofs that my antagonist was a bruiser as well as a wit.

Independent of the cuffs I received in this conflict, I acquired from that moment the *sobriquet* of "the fox;" by which I was ever afterwards distinguished. For the first month, like the popular Duke of Hereford,

"I could not stir,

But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:

That boys would tell each other, 'That is he,'

Others would whisper, 'Where?—Which is the Fox?'"

And when the wonder lessened, it brought nothing that was consolatory, for whenever a theme for merriment was required, it was only necessary to mention my red head, and, what with the gibes cast upon it, and the little equanimity with which I bore them, there was always fun enough at my expense. My name was made the perpetual subject of ridicule, and furnished forth a thousand good sayings, which were attributed to the wag above mentioned. I was taunted with the appellation of "the tinker," because wherever I went, I was said to "to carry my furnace about with me." When the weather was cold, the boys would assemble round me, and affect to warm their hands at my perpetual fire; and when it was hot, they laid the change of temperature on my head. I was denominated "the male vestal," whose flame was never extinct—the beacon with an ever-burning light; and, when I bathed in company with the other boys, they universally declared that my plunge, like another Phæton, made the waters fire and smoke! Their modes of annoyance were not confined to mere verbal annotations, but were accompanied by practical efforts of illustration. I have been seized upon at night, in the large dormitory, in which we slept, and dragged from my own bed, to act as the general warming-pan of the room, by having my arms and legs confined, and in that state thrust up and down between the sheets, till my skin was almost rubbed off, and all in defiance of my kicks, tears, threats, and protestations. At other times, if I attempted to stir from my bed-side, where, to avoid this treatment, I often passed half the night in my clothes, till my tormentors were asleep, I was saluted with a volley of shoes, boots, and other missiles, accompanied by loud exclamations of "Put out the lights," "Douse the glim,"—a nautical phrase, which had been recently imported by the wag, (who came from Portsmouth,) and was, therefore,

in great vogue—and on more than one occasion, when my adversaries came to close quarters, I was compelled to undergo the mystic ceremony of having my light obscured by "the extinguisher," as a peculiar mode of coronation was facetiously termed. In short, I enjoyed no peace, by night or day: my rest was invaded, the hours allotted to recreation were disturbed, and those of study were made the vehicle of covert, insult, and inuendo. No allusion was suffered to pass unapplied, and no opportunity neglected, of discovering new terms of reproach, as they were gleaned from the pages of our daily reading. The life of a schoolboy is, generally speaking, a life of hardship, at least; if there is any exception, I was not destined to experience it, and, during a probation of four or five years, I underwent all that the malice of my companions could inflict. At length the wheel began to turn, and as I gradually grew in years and strength, found that forbearance was practised towards me; more, however, from fear than affection. It is not to be wondered at, if I in my turn now exercised a species of tyranny, when I had learnt what it was to suffer. The evil traits of my disposition, for such they were pleased to term them, became daily more manifest, and when I left school, whence I was expelled for an act of violence towards the master, whose taunts I had long treasured up till a day of vengeance should arrive. I left it with the reputation of being a violent, passionate, and revengeful creature, whom no kindness could reclaim, nor any correction improve.

My parents, who saw me thus returned upon their hands, held a council of war as to my ultimate destination, and considering my appearance and my irascible nature, they directed that none of the grave professions were suitable for me, and that my only chance of success lay in following the career of arms. Accordingly I was sent to the military college at Sandhurst, there to improve those pugnacious propensities already developed in me, and duly qualify myself to "seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. It was a miracle that I passed safely through the three years probation allotted me; once I was rusticated, and once nearly expelled for conduct, the origin of which I can trace to that which was "the head and front of my offending." I can compare my sensations to nothing so much as the idea we have of a shell, the fuse of which is burning;—we feel that it must explode, and painfully anticipate the result. Thus I always bore in my recollection the consciousness of the mine which was ever ready to be sprung. However, it was decreed that the camp, the genuine abode of all *Kuzzilbashes*, was at length to become mine, and the period of my boyhood past, I gladly assumed the uniform of the — regiment, to me the real *toga virilis*. I hoped now to escape from the ills which had hitherto beset my path, and relied upon the dignity of my new calling to prevent the possibility of annoyance. My figure was tall and well-enough proportioned; with others, height would

have been an advantage; with me, it was the reverse, for it suggested the comparison of a lighthouse; my features were marked, and complexion somewhat high, but altogether from my general appearance, I might have been pronounced rather good-looking than otherwise, had not, as a wit observed, the capital of the Corinthian column been formed rather of the *carrot* than the *acanthus*. It was not the "*crin fulve*" described by Ugo Foscolo, or any thing which could admit the shadow of a doubt. It was RED, undisguised and unqualified; that which a herald would term *gules*, and a painter *flame*; my whiskers, too, were of the same ardent hue, and procured for me the happy *sobriquet* of Barbarossa, reviving the association of an atheistical emperor and a bloodthirsty corsair.

"All that disgraced my betters, met in me."

It was said of me, in allusion to my imperial namesake, that were I, like him, to merit the punishment with which the inquisition visit heresy, I might save some trouble and expense, for my *san benito* was already prepared. It was fated, also, that I should be deceived in supposing that, as a military man, I was safe from these petty vexations. The day on which I joined my regiment appeared but the precursor of a new series of mortification; the first attack to which I was exposed proceeded from a centry of the artillery, who was posted on a situation whither my curiosity had attracted me. "You must not pass here, sir," exclaimed the man, with an accent, as I thought, on the *pronoun*. "Why not?" I replied, "I wanted to see this battery." "It isn't a battery, sir, it's a powder magazine!" The fellow grinned as he spoke. I retreated in ire, unwilling to expose my mortification, or give a chance of amusement at my expense so soon. At mess, that evening, I was introduced to the greater part of the officers; and as I was uncovered, my upper works were more conspicuous. They seemed very merry fellows, and each of them had a smile upon his countenance, as he welcomed me to the fraternity. Such a reception was not disagreeable, provided it was sincere. For the first few days this politeness was uniform; but in a short time the formal designation of Mr. — was abandoned, and my companions began to indulge in phrases, wherein some remote cause of mirth, connected with my appearance seemed to predominate. It was said that a new light began to beam upon the regiment, that it was fortunate the quarters were bomb-proof; and many jokes upon *fire-locks* were sported. These circumstances, by degrees, excited my irritability; in vain I argued with myself, that if I began my career by quarrelling with my brother officers, it would inevitably be but a brief one; and that by so doing, I should certainly commit myself for life. The reasoning faculty was never very strongly developed on that head which bore more signs of passion and irritability than the science of craniology has yet discovered.

One evening, therefore, when we had a large party at the mess, and, contrary to our wont, had

indulged too freely in the tinted juice, our spirits were excited, and we became argumentative, less patient to bear, and more apt to give offence. In such a mood a jest is of serious consequence, and jests were rife. An allusion was made, certainly *intended* for me, but not in the sense in which I accepted it. I replied in angry terms, which provoked still more pointed expressions; we forgot the poet's exclamation,

"*Fino et lucernis Medus acinax
Immane quantum discrepat!*"

and granted in our cups. I challenged my quondam friend, and demanded immediate satisfaction: he sneeringly refused to go out till the morning, alleging that the advantage would be all on his side, "as it was dark." I boiled with rage, and quitted the room, drunk with cholera as well as wine. In the morning we met and exchanged shots; my ball lodged harmless in a tree; but that of my antagonist was directed with a surer aim; it winged me, and I fell. The result of this affair was gratifying to both of us; he left the regiment, and I remained on the sick list for some months, during the pleasantest season of the year, and when I once more appeared in public, I found that I had carried an immunity from further gibes at the expense of good fellowship; nobody laughed or jested with me now; I was considered, like Fergus Mac Ivor, "a fiery ettercap, a fractious chield." Though this did not improve my temper, I did not at once become a misanthropist, but I was far from forming any fri dships. I did worse—I fell in love! and yet how could I avoid it? for Eliza's beauty was perfect;—still might I not have discovered what fate had in store for me? But who is there who pauses to reflect when the passions are exerted? Eliza was a delightful girl—accomplished, clever, and witty; she laughed with me at many things, but I flattered myself not *at* me. I thought her perfection; and I imagined, without vanity, that she did not consider my acquirements in a despicable point of view. I imagined that I was beloved, though I had never proposed the momentous question. At last the moment arrived for explanation. Our regiment suddenly received an order to embark for America; I hurried to Eliza, and told her the fatal news; our interview was long and interesting; the moment of departure drew near; Eliza looked as if she were about to abandon herself to despair. At once I spoke openly of my passion—I pictured the desolation of my lot, far, far away from her I loved, and begged to exchange tokens, that I might possess something by which I might recall the happiness of the past. "Give me, Eliza," cried I, "give me a ringlet of these waving tresses; while life is mine I will preserve it!" Eliza raised her tearful eyes, and gazed wistfully upon me: on a sudden her countenance changed; I apprehended an hysterical affection. She strove to repress it, but in vain; her strength was subdued, and she burst into a peal of laughter, loud and long! I gazed in astonishment; yet her mirth, for mirth indeed it was, and no hysterical passion—was unheeded. "What mean

you," I exclaimed; "is this a moment for merriment?" "Oh, Rufus!" she faintly articulated, while she strove to keep down the convulsion which still influenced her, "Oh, Rufus, only think how ridiculous a lock of *your hair* would look in a locket!" and again her laughter overpowered; "but take mine," she added. "Never, madam!" I vociferated, turning pale with anger—"Never! she who at such a moment could wound my feelings in the tenderest point is unworthy to be held in my remembrance. Madam, I bid you eternally farewell!" and without pausing to cast another glance at the object of my late attachment, I rushed from the house, and strode homewards. "There are many fairer than she, and few can be more unfeeling," thought I, as I paced hurriedly along. "When next I bestow my affections, I will do so where every sentiment is reciprocal. I may yet be beloved, though my hair is red!" While these thoughts passed through my mind, I passed by a perfumer's shop, and there in a long plate-flap I saw my inflamed visage reflected. My eye was attracted towards an advertisement emblazoned in gaudy capitals—"FOX'S PATENT CREAM, for changing red or gray hair to ——" I read no more—

"My bane and antidote were both before me."

The name of the patentee recalled unpleasant recollections; but I waived my disgust, and rushed into the shop, and expended half-a-guinea on the mixture which was to renew "old Æson." I had no opportunity to try the effect of my lotion till after our embarkation, and it was not till we were half-seas-over, and free from the influence of sea-sickness, that I mustered resolution to avail myself of my panacea. It was then, as our vessel bounded across the ocean to its western shore, that I mused upon the new mode of life which would be my lot in a far remote region. Divested of the painful distinction which had marked my early career, I should at length enjoy, and probably ornament society; and, as I abandoned myself to the fond anticipations of hope, I revelled in a day-dream of the most delicious nature, and looked forward to the coming morrow with delight. I pictured to myself the surprise of my companions aboard at my transformation, and I rejoiced in the idea of being then more than on a level with themselves. This hope inspired me with cheerfulness, and I spent a happy evening. That night, when the hour of our *coucher* approached, I prepared for the mysterious rite, and with feelings akin to those of Frankenstein when near the completion of his "secret work." I anointed myself, not like the old woman of Berkeley, but with the sacred oil from the Ampulla of Messieurs Fox. Enveloping my head in a thickly quilted nightcap, tightly bound round with a silken kerchief, in order that the charm might be "firm and good," I threw myself on my berth, and resigned my excited mind to the dominion of sleep.

The sun rose brightly above the waves, and the fresh breeze of morning breathed lightly through the cabin window, when I awoke. My

first impulse was, to feel if the bandage was secure: it was so, and all seemed to promise a happy result to the experiment. In a court of justice, when the sentence of a martial condemnation is passed, the judge arrays himself in a black cap, to pronounce the doom. Here, thought I, we shall reverse the case. I rose, and approached my dressing-case: the lock yielded to my pressure, and the mirror stood before me. I placed it in a conspicuous light, and with trembling hands I unloosed the mysterious fillet. Pursuant to the *printed instructions*, I instantly plunged my head into a bason of water; and there, like a dripping triton or merman, I confronted the oracle of my destiny. Powers of transformation, what did I behold!—Fiend of darkness, what spell of evil had been at work! I might have been compared to Priam gazing on the messenger of the fate of Troy; to the usurper of Scotland before the spirit of Banquo; to the affrighted Leporello, on beholding the solemn nod of the commander's statue; to the cat, which regards its prototype in the sublime advertisements of Warren;—in short, there, "mute and motionless" as Zuliekha, I

"Stood like that statue of distress,
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The mother harden'd into stone."

Before me, in the looking-glass, I beheld a gorgon, and I shuddered: for, instead of a luxuriant head of hair, redundant in curl, redolent of perfume, and in hue "a *rich chesnut*," or "a *golden brown*,"—such were the words of promise—my locks were stiff and wiry; a vile smell of aquafortis infected the air; and the colour which blasted my sight—no phantasm—no capricious fancy—no distorted vision—was a *vivid green!!!*

"'Twas green, 'twas green, sir, I assure ye!"

The glass fell from my hand; it was dashed into a million of shivers:—its fate was unheeded, for I was unconscious of passing events: the shock was too fresh, and I fainted.

* * * * *

For several weeks my existence was a blank; for dim visions alone flit across my recollection: they were the dreams of a maniac, and must pass unrecorded. When I returned to consciousness, I found myself an invalid in my barrack-room, in the garrison of ——, in North America. I there discovered that the surgeon, in mercy, or from necessity—for "they tell me I did wildly rave,"—had caused my locks to be shorn; that, with their growth, I might arise a second Sampson. I did so, but my hair was redder than before!

When I began to write these pages, it was my intention to have recorded all the sufferings I have undergone; but I find the task of such minute detail too painful. What boots it to narrate how I was crossed in all my schemes of interest, of ambition, and of love? how I was thrice rejected for staff situations, to which the letters of my friends in England had recommended me, because the governor's lady objected to a red-headed aide-de-camp: how, consequently, I sought and obtained the command of a

remote detachment, and buried myself amid the woods, far up the country; and how a party of freebooting Indians, from the banks of the Passamaquoddy, endeavoured to ensnare me, and secure my scalp to decorate the wigwam of their chieftain. These, and a thousand other events, which now pass unrecorded, combined to drive me from the country, and relinquish the profession of arms. I resolved to retire from the army; accordingly, making arrangements for the sale of my commission, I returned to England, debating in my own mind whether I should hide my shame—"where, in what desolate place?"—under the powdered wig of a barrister, or concealed beneath the turban of a Moslem. The former I considered only a partial remedy; the latter more complete, and quite as respectable; for I hold the doctrines of the Koran to be fully as orthodox as the precepts of Grotius and Puf-

fendorf. Whilst I hesitated as to which of the two I should adopt—whether a few months should see me under the guidance of a Moollah, or a student in chambers—I chanced to take up the work recently written on Spain, by a young American. From this I gathered, that, even for me, there was "balm in Gilead,"—that, abandoned and proscribed, as I had hitherto found myself, there was yet a quarter of the globe where red heads are *at a premium*; that happiness might yet be mine, in the sunny clime of Iberia. Away, then, with wigs and turbans! To-morrow I start for Paris—a few days will see me at Bayonne—and once across the Spanish frontier, on the plains of Castile, or amid the Sierras of Grenada, I shall find myself at length an emancipated being, and exclaim, with the poet,

"Oh, life!—at last I feel thee!"

CUSTOMS AND PRACTICES OF CIVILIZED LIFE.

DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS—MUSIC—WINE—KNIVES AND FORKS—CHAIRS—CARPETS—TAPESTRY—MIRRORS—DRESSES—HATS—WIGS—BEARDS, &c.

At a very early period of antiquity, men had recourse for amusement to dramatic representations and other pastimes at their meals. The Greeks and Romans refreshed their guests at one time with pantomimic dances, and at others with the sanguinary combats of their gladiators and wrestlers, and the tricks of jugglers. The earlier princes of Christendom were no less attached to the exhibition of pantomimic dances at their meals; and the intervals between these were filled up with the harps and ballads of the master-singers and troubadours. The banquetting halls of the clergy and the repasts of devout prelates, were consecrated by readings from edifying books or learned writings: a custom which characterizes some scholastic establishments in foreign countries to this very day. Singing was also greatly in vogue, and the first organ seen in France was introduced for the use of Charlemagne at his table. Music, on public occasions of feasting, has not been banished from the tables of the great from his time to our own.

Far distant ages were familiar with the habit of drinking wine, for the purpose of strengthening the stomach, either before or at the commencement of a meal; eggs were made use of for a similar purpose. Charlemagne's meal consisted generally of four dishes, and a single dish of game. Veal kidneys, pike's tails, barbel's heads, and the skins of geese, were accounted toothsome dainties. It is worth while to recite the various articles which Charlemagne ordered to be kept in readiness at his farms. These were, "game, cattle, hogs, goats, pigeons, peacocks, pheasants, ducks, partridges, geese, fish, fruit, vegetables, milk, butter, cheese, vinegar, meal, soap, honey, grain, millet, wax, and mustard."

In the earlier times, wooden tables were used

without any covering, though it was usual to polish them; an overlay of cloth was the first which came into use; and this was ultimately superseded by linen and woollen cloths. A corner of the cloth was used to protect the dress, and clean the fingers and mouth: the luxury of napkins was unknown among private persons, until the time of Charles V. These were first made at Rheims, in France. On his journey through France, Charles V. received from this city a present of such table-linen, which was valued at a thousand florins.

Knives and spoons may be traced back to the remotest antiquity. Forks were of later date: and the point of the knife was previously the vehicle for conducting the food to the mouth; the first forks were of iron, and had two or three prongs. Slices of crust were at first used in lieu of plates; these were superseded by wooden platters, and the latter, by plates of all kinds of metal. The weight of leaden plates soon brought them into disuse.

Benches, foot-stools, stools, &c. were, in days of yore, the usual furniture of the table, even within the palace of the prince. Chairs were of infrequent occurrence. The bed was an object of great splendour with the Greeks and Romans, after they had exchanged their heroic forefathers' custom of sleeping on leaves and skins for pillows of down, mattresses of millet, and feather-beds. The bedstead was made of ivory, silver, or of ebony, citron wood or cedar. Vestiges are occasionally to be met with of the immense beds on which our ancestors, with their wives and children, nay, even with their favourite sporting dogs, were accustomed to sleep. The most distinguished personages were not ashamed to lay in one and the same bed with their guests and acquaintances;

may, it was the dearest proof of friendship and confidence which one person could afford another. Admiral Bonnivet himself frequently divided bed-fellowship with Francis I., King of France.

Mats, made of rushes or straw, were the first tapestry with which rooms were hung. The colours of the straw were selected and intermixed with so much skill and taste, that these mats had a highly pleasing effect. Some of these are still made in the Levant: they are of excellent workmanship, and proportionately dear; and are universally esteemed, on account of the brilliancy of their colours, and the beauty of the designs. Tapestry of linen and silk, on which whole stories are represented, were introduced above six hundred years back; though the use of them was at that period by no means universal. In the fifteenth century, the *haute* and *basse lisse* tapestries were brought into use in the Netherlands, whence they spread to France. Being costly in price, persons of middling property were obliged to content themselves with Borgamo hangings, or *points d'Hongrie*. The manufacture of the *Gobelins* tapestry, which was begun in the time of Henry IV., and brought to perfection by Colbert and Lebrun, the celebrated painter, left, and continues to leave, similar fabrics far behind it. The Venetian *brocatelle*—the Persian and Indian painted cloths—what was called *Tapisserie tonlaise*, (embossed tapestry,) made from the sweepings of the wool, which are left in sheering dyed cloths, and are fixed on linen prepared with gum—painted and gilded leather, an old invention, ascribed to the Spaniards—and paper-hangings, which are now universally made use of—close our account.

The first looking-glasses were made of metal, and Cicero mentions Esculapius as their inventor; Mores had also made mention of them. The first silver mirrors were introduced at Rome, in Pompey's time. Mirrors of glass came into use in Europe towards the close of the Crusades; the Venetians, who first possessed the secret of making them, turned them to rich account, as an article of trade; and from them have arisen the multitude of looking-glass manufactures which now abound throughout Europe.

A treatise on the numerous vicissitudes which clothing and fashions have undergone from remote ages to the present times, would fill a library; we will, therefore, content ourselves with a hint or two, *en passant*, at some of the peculiarities for which the vestments of our forefathers were remarkable.

Charlemagne's clothing generally consisted of a linen coat, the edge of which was worked in silk; in winter he used a doublet of otter skin, which he wore under that coat. He was the father of some sumptuary laws: and, in the year 808, ordained the following prices, to be adhered to by both seller and buyer:

The best surcoat or mantle,	-	20	sous,	or	10d.
An inferior one,	-	10	—	5d.	
A coat, lined with otter or marten skin,	-	30	—	15d.	
Ditto, lined with cat's skin,	-	10	—	5d.	

The long, broad tunics, which are clasped at top, and hung down to the heels, were drawn over the rest of the clothing. They were used on going abroad, instead of the mantle, which—such are the vicissitudes of ideas and fashions—was wholly a garment for home use or state occasions: and it would have been a mark of unpolished manners for any one to have appeared abroad in a mantle on common occasions.

The robe of ermine was at all times in use, both in France and Germany. In order to enhance its whiteness, it was besprinkled with black tails of animals, or locks of black lamb's wool, from Lombardy—a custom which prevails to this day. This robe was confined to Princes and people of rank. One of our English Queens had two robes of ermine carried before her, to show that she was Sovereign of the two kingdoms of England and France.

Besides the waist girdle, which was peculiar to the male sex, both sexes made use of a band round the body, on which they suspended their keys, purse, knife, and implements for writing. This band was an object of great adornment among the women; it was made of silk, silver, or gold, and sometimes glittered with precious stones. They did not make less parade with their money-bags or purses: and it was customary with the Crusaders, before they set out on their expedition, to have both their girdle and purse consecrated. When a man was compelled to surrender his property on account of his debts, he untied his girdle in the presence of the judges; the widow who renounced the inheritance of her husband, deposited her girdle on his grave.

Roger, King of Sicily, introduced silk weavers from Greece into his dominions in 1143.

The first silk stockings were made in England. King Henry II. wore the first in France, at the marriage of his sister Margareth.

The festive habit of the middling ranks of trades-people was black; grey or brown were the colours of the week-day habiliments of their wives and children.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the leaders of fashion introduced a species of shoe with long points, which issued straight out from the point like a vessel's bowsprit, or approached the knee in the shape of a curved beak. The common people were confined to a point of half a foot—that of the rich grew to one foot—and the prince allowed his shoe a point of two feet. Persons of fashion and taste bedecked their points, in a subsequent age with horns, claws, and even the human face. At last, the pious zeal of the church was inflamed against this custom, which was forbidden under pain of excommunication, in the assembly at Paris, in 1212, and at Angers in 1365, as a thing warring against the order of nature, and disfiguring that part of the human frame!

Hats were an invention of the fifteenth century. Previously thereto, the head was covered with caps and bonnets made of stuff, and sometimes enriched with fur. The hat which Charles the VIII. wore on his public entry into Rouens,

in 1449, is one of the first noticed in history. In the times of Francis I., pointed hats or barettes were worn, having the owner's coat of arms embroidered upon them. Military men pressed them down over the eyes, and courtiers and citizens wore them on one side over the right ear, so that the left, garnished with a pearl, remained exposed.

The use of wigs was known to the ancients, among whom the golden tresses of the Germans were in great request. Indeed, nothing can be more laughable than the account which Lampadius gives of the Emperor Commodus's periwig: it was bosmeared with clammy odoriferous salves, and then bepowdered with gold dust. The first who wore a wig in later times was an Abbe la Riviere: and in his age it was so thick with hair, and so long, that it reached to the very hip, and was several pounds in weight. As much

as £200 was sometimes the price of these wigs. Bag-wigs came into fashion during the regency of the Duke of Orleans, and were thence denominated "*Perruques a la Regence*."

In remoter ages, a long beard distinguished the Frank from the people whom he had subdued. Young persons were also industriously attentive to their whiskers. But towards the close of the eleventh century, William, Archbishop of Rouen, declared war against beards and long hair, and carried his animosity so far, that it was decreed in a council of the year 1096, that those who wore long hair should be excluded from the Christian church for life, and, after death, from the prayers of the church. This important business, however, was not so easily got rid of. Beards found a host of champions, and the heat of the war obtained such inveteracy, that both sides boasted their martyrs in the good cause.

THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT ARRAS.

HERBERT DE LA TOUR, the present Bishop of Arras, is descended from the noble family of the Dukes of Aquitaine; being possessed of a private fortune, independent of the revenues of his see, he loves to maintain much of that state and splendour which characterised the prelates of the earlier ages. His Palace at Arras was erected in the reign of Louis the Eleventh, and partakes of the cumbrous magnificence of the time, half fortress, half monastery. Its present occupant being a devoted adherent to the exiled family, seldom travels from his diocese, but employs his income in adding to the vast treasures of art and literature collected by his predecessors. These, with great liberality, are open to the public, and may in truth be recommended to the English traveller. The principal entrance is in the centre of the building, by a flight of marble steps, which conduct to the great hall, a room of fine proportions, exquisitely pannelled in oak, and hung round with the portraits of the former Bishops: here are four tables, of rich mosaic, and a curious picture of the same, set in an antique silver frame, a copy of the celebrated tomb of the Grand Master in the church of St. John, belonging to the Knights of Malta; from this hall a cloister leads to the library, the windows of which represent the lives and martyrdoms of the most eminent Saints of the Catholic Church, enamelled on the most exquisite Flemish glass. The dim, rich light of this apartment is suited to the treasures of literature contained within its highly carved oak recesses. I pass over missals and breviaries innumerable, till I come to a Virgil illuminated in the ancient style, beautifully written upon vellum; this gem is bound in plates of silver, and adorned with the royal arms of France; formerly it had been set with precious stone, the setting for them still remained, but the revolutionists preferred diamonds to the fine arts, so left the book, and

stole the jewels. A very ancient copy of the scriptures, upon forty hides of buffaloes, in the Hebrew; this, from its antiquity, had evidently belonged to some Jewish temple; it revolved in their manner upon two rolls, and had the high silver point to mark the text, which is, I believe, peculiar to the Jewish copy. The librarian, a very gentlemanly old man, who, during the first revolution, resided in England, inflicts a copy of Latin verses, which he composed and presented to Charles the Tenth, six years since, on the occasion of his visit to the Bishop at Arras, upon most of his visitors, and seldom fails to show a catalogue of the Royal Library in Paris, given to him by that monarch in return. From the library, you proceed to the grand saloon, or what may justly be termed the Presence Chamber of the Bishop. In this apartment he receives deputations from his clergy and holds confirmations; the walls are hung with rich tapestry, representing the lives of various Saints, the sombre hue of which is still further increased by the heavy velvet draperies of the episcopal throne. The Cathedral of Arras, which adjoins the palace being still unfinished, here, upon a table, embroidered with the arms of the see, are placed the emblems of the Bishop's authority—an antique mitre, set with chrystals, pearls, and sapphires, and a curiously enamelled crosier, the top of which has a fanciful representation of the Trinity. The Father, in the likeness of an old man, is seated upon a large amethyst, the Virgin kneeling before him on an altar; at the side is a Lamb, with the sword in its breast, the blood flowing from his wound into a cup: what makes this crosier more valuable is, that it was wrought by that celebrated Florentine, Benvenuto Cellini.

Over an altar table, opposite the seat of the Bishop, is a fine rood, as large as life, carved in white and black marble; on the right of the figure is an antique staff, of rough, but curious workman-

ship, said to have been borne by the illustrious Charlemagne, when he entered the church of St. Bique; this, and an immense silver lamp, were removed from that Abbey, at the time of the revolution. In an ebony casket, in this room, is preserved a relic of great sanctity, being no less than a cup given by an angel to St. Eloi, to celebrate mass with, after he had lost his in a desert to which he had retired; being consecrated, strangers, of course, are not permitted to touch it, but, to judge from its appearance, it is of the finest gold, set with stones of a considerable size, and must, from the simplicity of the workmanship, be of great antiquity; opposite to the rood is a highly finished altar piece, by Rubens; the subject is the same as his Descent from the Cross, at Antwerp, of which there is little doubt he made many finished studies, before he commenced his great picture.

The great Dining-room adjoins the Hall of Audience, and is furnished in the style of Louis the Fourteenth; round the walls are candelabras of the most beautiful Dresden, supporting clocks, vases, and other costly articles of vertu. Nothing, indeed, reminds you, in this apartment, that you are in the Palace of an ecclesiastic, but the windows, on one of which a St. Andrew is nailed to the cross, and on the other the three Kings of Cologne are making offerings to a headless Saviour; the staircase from this apartment is one of the most beautiful things of the kind in Europe: it is of oak, as black as jet with age, and carved in fruits and flowers most luxuriantly. The artist was the same that executed the celebrated pulpit at Bruxelles. On the right of the great staircase is the State Bed-chamber, as it was fitted up for Charles the Tenth, a heavy piece of frame-work covered with purple velvet draperies, with the regalia of France at the top. Opposite the bed is a Crucifixion by Vandyke, in his finest manner, with a companion Madona on either side, one by Rubens, the other by Murillo, each in the best style of their respective masters; but the principal gem is in the adjoining oratory, a room exquisitely furnished in carved ebony and ivory; over a small altar is a magnificent shrine of filagree silver, with the relics of the holy cross; above it hangs a Salvator Mundi, by the divine hand of Raphael. The expression and the colouring of this picture must excite the most enthusiastic admiration. It was the gift of Pius the Seventh to the late Bishop of Arras, as a mark of gratitude for the attention paid him during his captivity; before it continually burn two lamps of silver. Perhaps this slight sketch may be the means of inducing some future traveller to give to the public a more detailed account of this splendid residence; should it do so, the present writer's purpose is accomplished.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

ONE of the most special appointments of the Creator, as to birds, and which nothing but His chosen design and corresponding ordainment can explain, is the law, that so many kinds shall

migrate from one country to another, and most commonly at vast distances from each other. They might have been all framed to breed, be born, live, and die in the same region, as occurs to some, and as quadrupeds and insects do. But He has chosen to make them travel from one climate to another, with unerring precision, from an irresistible instinct, with a wonderful courage, with an untiring mobility, and in a right and never-failing direction. For this purpose, they cross oceans without fear, and with a persevering exertion that makes our most exhausting labours a comparative amusement. Philosophy in vain endeavours to account for the extraordinary phenomenon. It cannot disorder any adequate physical reason. Warmer temperatures are not essentially necessary to incubation, nor always the object of the migration; for the snow bunting, though a bird of song, goes into the frozen Zone to breed, lay, and nurture its young. The snow-bird has the same taste or constitution for the chilling weather, which the majority recede from. We can only resolve all those astonishing journeys into the appointment of the Creator, who has assigned to every bird the habits, as well as the form, which it was his good pleasure to imagine and attach to it. The watchful naturalist may hear, if not see, several migrations of those which frequent our island, both to and fro, as spring advances and as autumn declines; but as they take place chiefly at night or at early dawn, and in the higher regions of the atmosphere, they are much oftener audible than visible to us on the surface of the earth.—*Turner's Sacred History.*

INDIAN TRANSMIGRATION.

THIS belief in the malice of evil spirits or deities was long made use of to thwart Elliot's designs. The Manitou of the Osages was a serpent of enormous size, which the priestess had the power of charming, though, to every other, its bite was mortal. Some of the more superstitious Indians had a Manitou, or evil genius, in their dwellings, to keep them from harm; the belief they often held in transmigration conduced to this practice. To the wandering Indian, whose eye often followed with desire the rapid flight of the eagle and the deer, it was, no doubt, sweet to believe that his soul, after death, should roam through the regions of the air, and over the plains, without ever being wearied. "I remember," says Bossu, "in a village of the Illinois, one of our soldiers went into a hut, and found a live snake, which he killed: the master, arriving quickly after, fell into a terrible passion to find his deity dead, and uttered a wild lament; he said it was the soul of his father, who died about a year before; that the old man had loved to pursue and kill the serpents, having envied their rapid movements, by which they glided from rock to tree, and swam over wide rivers; and when his limbs were stiff, and his frame bowed, he longed that he might be a serpent after death."—*Carme's Lives of Eminent Missionaries.*

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! blest are they who live and die like "him,"
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourn'd!

WORDSWORTH.

BANNERS hung drooping from on high
In a dim Cathedral's nave,
Making a gorgeous canopy
O'er a noble, noble grave!

And a marble warrior's form beneath,
With helm and crest array'd,
As on his battle bed of death,
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet linger'd in his eye,
Ere by the dark night seal'd,
And his head was pillow'd haughtily
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy pile
With the glory of his wing,
An eagle sat:—yet seen'd the while
Panting through Heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shiver'd lance,
There by the sculptor bound;
But in the light of his lifted glance
Was that which scorned the ground.

And a burning flood of gem-like hues
From a storied window pour'd,
There fell, there centred, to suffuse
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues!—but *one* rich dye
O'er all supremely spread,
With a purple robe of royalty
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for *him*, whose name
Was a trumpet note in war,
His pathway still the march of fame,
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown
From the colour'd light one ray,
Where a low and pale memorial stone
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chisell'd *there*,
Mourning for parted worth;
But the very heart of Love and Prayer
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had been
As a hidden streamlet's course,
Bearing on health and joy unseen,
From its clear mountain source.

Whose young pure memory, lying deep
Midst rock, and wood, and hill,
Dwelt in the home where poor men sleep,*
A soft light meek, and still:

Whose gentle voice, too early call'd
Unto Music's land away,
Had won for God the earth's enthral'd
By words of silvery sway.

These were *his* victories—yet enroll'd
In no high song of fame,
The Pastor of the mountain-fold
Left but to Heaven his name.

* Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie.

WORDSWORTH.

To Heaven and to the peasant's hearth,
A blessed household sound—
And finding lowly love on earth,
Enough, enough, he found!

Bright and more bright before me gleam'd
That sainted image still;
Till one sweet moonlight memory seem'd
The regal fame to fill.

Oh! how my silent spirit turn'd
From those proud trophies nigh;
How my full heart within me burn'd,
Like *Him* to live and die!

HYMN TO THE STARS.

Aye! there ye shine, and there have shone,
In one eternal "hour of prime!"
Each rolling, burning, alone,
Through boundless space and countless time.
Aye! there, ye shine, the golden daws
That pave the realms by seraphs trod;
There, through yon echoing vault, diffuse
The song of choral worlds to God.

Ye vis'ble spirits! bright as erst
Young Eden's birthnight saw ye shine
On all her flowers and fountains first,
Ye sparkle from the hand divine:
Yes! bright as then ye smiled to catch
The music of a sphere so fair,
To hold your high immortal watch,
And gird your God's pavilion there.

Gold frets to dust; yet there ye are!
Time rots the diamond; there ye roll
In primal light, as if each star
Enshrined an everlasting soul.
And do they not? since yon bright throng
One all enlightening Spirit own,
Praised there by pure sidereal tongues,
Eternal, glorious, blest and lone.

Could man but see what ye have seen,
Unfold awhile the shrouded past,
From all that is, to what has been;
The glance how rich, the range how vast!
The birth of time; the rise, the fall
Of empires; myriads, ages flown;
Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worship; all
The things whose echoes are not gone.

Ye saw red Zoroaster send
His soul into your mystic reign;
Ye saw the adoring Sabaian band,
The living hills his mighty fane:
Beneath his blue and beaming sky,
He worshipped at your lofty shrine,
And deemed he saw, with gifted eye,
The Godhead in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
The children of an earthly sire;
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
The red volcano's cat'ract fire,
Drought, famine, plague, and blood and flame,
All nature's ills, and life's worst woes,
Are nought to you: ye smile the same,
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Aye! there ye roll, emblems sublime
Of *Him* whose spirit o'er us moves,
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,
Still shining on the world he loves.
Nor is one scene to mortals giv'n,
That more divides the soul and sod,
Than yon proud heraldry of heav'n,
Yon burning blazonry of God.



THE SKULL HOUSE.

THE SKULL-HOUSE.

"That skull had a tongue in 't and could sing once."—HAMLET.

"I WONDER what that hair-brained brother of mine can be doing. No fresh brawl, I hope," said Maria Downes to her cousin Eleanor as they sat, mopish and disquieted enough, in a gloomy chamber of the old hall at Worsley.

"I hope not, too," replied Eleanor;—and there was another long and oppressive silence.

It was in the dusk of a chill, damp, November evening. The fire shot forth a sharp uncertain glimmer, and the dim walls threw back the illumination.

"I know not why," said Maria, "but my spirits are very sad, and every thing I see looks mistrustful and foreboding!"

So thought her cousin; but she did not speak. Her heart was too full, and a tear started in her eye.

"Would that Harry had eschewed the frivolities and dissipation of yonder ungodly city; that he had stayed with us here, in safe and happy seclusion. I have hardly known pleasure since he went."

Eleanor's bosom again responded to the note of agony that was wrung from her cousin, and she turned her head to hide what she had too plainly betrayed.

"Since that unhappy fray, in which peradventure an innocent and unoffending victim was the result of Harry's intemperance, the bloody offence hath been upon my soul—heavier, I do fear, than upon his own. But unless he repent, and turn aside from his sinful courses, there will, there must come a fearful recompense!"

"Do not sentence him unheard," said Eleanor; but her words were quivering and indistinct. "It was in his own defence, may be, however bitterly the tidings were dropped into your ear. Sure I am," said she more firmly, "that Harry was too kind, too gentle to slay the innocent, and in cold blood!"

"Nay, Eleanor, excuse him not. It may be that the foul deed was done through excess of wine, the fiery heat of debauch, and amid the beastly orgies of intemperance; but is he the less criminal? I tell thee nay; for he hath added crime to crime, and drawn down, perchance, a double punishment. He is my brother, and thou knowest, if possible, I would palliate his offence; but hath it not been told, and the very air of yon polluted city was rife and reeking with the deed, that Harry Downes, the best beloved of his father, and the child of many hopes, did wantonly, and unprovoked, rush forth hot and intemperate from the stews. Drawing his sword, did he not swear—ay, by that Heaven he insulted and defied, that he would kill the first man he met, and—oh, horror!—was not that fearful oath fulfilled?"

Eleanor had covered her face with her hands

—a convulsive sob shook her frame; but though her heart was on the rack, she uttered no complaint. Maria, inflexible, and, as some might think, rigid, in those principles of virtue wherein she had been educated, yet sorrowed deeply for her cousin, who, from a child, had been her brother Harry's playmate, and the proofs of mutual affection, had been too powerful, too early, and too long continued, to be ever effaced. Timid as the frightened fawn, and tender as the wild flower that scarce bent beneath her step, she lay, a bruised reed; the stem that supported her was broken. Her fondest, her only hopes were withered, and the desolating blast of disappointment had passed upon her earliest affections. Her little bark, freighted with all a woman's care and tenderness, lay shivered with the stroke, disabled and a wreck!

Just as the short and murky twilight was expiring, and other lights were substituted, there came a loud summons at the outer gate, where a strong barrier was built across the moat. The females started, as though rendered more than usually apprehensive that evil tidings were at hand. But they were, in some measure, relieved on hearing that it was only Jem Hazleden, the carrier from Manchester, who had brought a wooden box on one of his pack-horses, which said box had come all the way from London by "Anthony's" wagon. Maria thought it might be some package or present from her brother, who had been a year or two in town, taking terms; but a considerable period had now passed since tidings were sent from him. She looked wistfully at the box, a clumsy, ill-favoured thing, without the least symptom of any pleasant communication from such a source; so different from the trim packages that were wont to arrive, containing, may be, the newest London chintz, or a piece of real brocade, or Flanders lace of the rarest workmanship.

"No good lurks in that ugly envelop," thought she; and, stooping down, she examined the direction minutely. It was a quaint crabbed hand, not her brother's, that was certain, and the discovery made her more anxious and uneasy. She turned it over and over, but no clue could be found, no index to the contents. It would have been easy, methinks, to have satisfied herself on this head, but she really felt almost afraid to open it, and yet — At any rate she would put it off till the morrow. She was so nervous, and out of spirits, that she positively had not courage to open a dirty wooden box, tied round with a bit of hempen cord, and fastened with a few rusty nails. She ordered it to be removed to her bed-chamber, and morning, perchance, would dissipate these idle but unpleasant feelings. She went to bed, but could not sleep; the wind and

rain beat heavily against the casement, and the recent excitement kept her restless and awake. She tried various expedients to soothe and subdue her agitation, but without effect. The rain had ceased to patter on the windows, but the wind blew more fiercely and in more violent gusts than before. The sky was clearing, and a huge Apennine of clouds was now visible as she lay, on which the moonbeams were basking gloriously. Suddenly a ray glided like a spirit into the chamber, and disappeared. Her eyes were, at that moment, directed towards the mysterious box which lay opposite, and her very hair moved with horror and consternation; for, in that brief interval of light, she thought she saw the lid open, and a grisly head glare out hideously from beneath. Every hair seemed to grow sensitive, and every pore to be exquisitely endued with feeling. Her heart throbbled violently, and her brain grew dizzy. Another moonbeam irradiated the chamber. She was still gazing on the box; but whether the foregoing impression was merely hallucinatory, an illusion of the feverish and excited sense, she knew not, for the box was there, undisturbed, grim, silent, and mysterious as before. Yet she could not withdraw her eyes from it. There is a fascination in terror. She could hardly resist a horrible desire, or rather impulse, to leap forth, and hasten towards it. Her brow felt cold and clammy; her eyes grew dim, and as though motes of fire were rushing by; but ere she could summon help, she fell back senseless on her pillow.

Morning was far advanced ere she felt any returning recollection; at first, a confused and dream-like sensation came upon her. Looking wildly round, her eyes rested on the box, and the whole interval came suddenly to her memory. She shuddered at the retrospect; but she was determined, whether it had been fancy or not, to keep the secret within her own breast, though more undetermined than ever to break open the fearful cause of her disturbance. Yet she durst not seek repose another night, with such a companion. Her apprehensions were not easily allayed, however disposed she might be to treat them as trivial and unfounded.

"Will you not open yonder package that came last night?" inquired Elcanor, as they were sitting down to breakfast. Maria shuddered, as though something loathsome had crossed her. She shook off the reptile thought, which had all the character of some crawling and offensive thing, as it passed her bosom.

"I have not—that is, I—I have not yet ordered it to be undone."

"And why?" said Eleanor, now raising her soft blue eyes, with an expression of wonder and curiosity on her cousin. "It did not use to be thus, when there came one of those couriers from town."

"'Tis not from Harry Downes; and—I care not just now to have the trouble on't, being jaded and out of spirits."

"I will relieve you of the trouble presently, if you will permit me," said Eleanor, who was not

without a secret hope, notwithstanding Maria's assertion, that it was a message of gladness from Harry, with the customary present for his sister, and perhaps a token of kindness for herself.

"Stay!" said Maria, laying her hand on Eleanor as she rose, whilst with a solemn and startling tone she cried, "not yet!" She sat down—Eleanor, pale and trembling sat down too; but her cousin was silent, evidently unwilling to resume the topic.

"To-morrow," said she, when urged; but all further converse on the subject was suspended.

Maria, as the day closed, and the evening drew on apace, gave orders that the box should be removed into a vacant outbuilding, until morning, when, she said, it might be opened in her presence, as it probably contained some articles that she expected, but of which she was not just then in need.

"It's an ugly cumbersome thing," said Dick, as he lugged the wearisome box to its destination. "I wonder what for mistress dunna break it open. Heigho!"

Here he put down his burden, giving it a lusty kick, for sheer wantonness and malice.

"What is 't sent here for, thinks't 'ou?" said Betty the housemaid, who had followed Dick for a bit of gossip, and a sort of incipient liking which had not yet issued on his part into any overt acts of courtship and declaration. It was nigh dark, "the light that lovers choose;" and Betty, having disposed herself to the best advantage, awaited the reply of Dick with becoming modesty.

"How do I know the nature o' women's fancies. It would be far easier to know why there's a change o' wind or weather, than the meaning o' their tricks and humours."

"I know not what thee has to complain on," said Betty. "They behaven better to thee nor thou deserves."

"Hoity toity, mistress; dunna be cross, wench. Come gie's a buss an' so"—

"Keep thy jobbernowl to thyself," said the indignant Betty, when she had made sure of this favour. "Thy great leather paws are liker for Betty Pinnington's red neck nor mine," continued she, bridling up, and giving vent to some long-suppressed jealousy.

"Lorjus days, but thou's mighty quarrelsome and peevish; I ne'er touch'd Becky's neck, nor nought belongin' to her."

"Hush," said Betty, withdrawing herself from the approaches of her admirer. "Some'at knocks!"

Dick hastened to the door, supposing that somebody was dodging them.

"'Tis somethin' 'i that box!" said Betty; and they listened in the last extremity of terror. Again there was a low, dull knock, which evidently came from the box, and the wooers were certain that the old one was inside. In great alarm they rushed forth, and at the kitchen chimney corner Dick and his companion were seen with blanched lips and staring eyes, almost speechless with affright.

Next morning the story was bruited forth, with amendments and additions, according to the fancy of the speaker, so that, in the end, the first promulgators could hardly recognize their own. The grim-looking despatch was now the object of such terror, that scarcely one of them durst go into the place where it stood. It was not long ere Maria Downes became acquainted with the circumstance, and she thought it was high time these imaginary terrors should be put an end to. She felt ashamed that she had given way to her own apprehensions on the subject, which doubtless were, in part, the occasion of the reports she heard, by the seeming mystery that was observed in her manner and conduct. She determined that the box should be opened forthwith. It was daylight, be it remembered, when this resolution was made, and, consequently, she felt sufficiently courageous to make the attempt.

But there was not one amongst the domestics who durst accompany her on this bold errand—an attack, they conceived, on the very den of some evil spirit, who would inevitably rush forth and destroy them.

Alone, therefore, and armed with the necessary implements, was she obliged to go forth to the adventure.

The terrified menials saw her départ; and some felt certain she would never come back alive; others did not feel satisfied as to their own safety, should their mistress be the victim. All was terror and distress; pale and anxious faces huddled together, and every eye prying into his neighbour's for some ground of hope or confidence. Some thought they heard the strokes, dull heavy, blows, breaking through the awful stillness which they almost felt. These intimations ceased; and a full half hour had intervened; an age of suspended horror, when—just as their apprehensions were on the point of leading them on to some desperate measures for relieving the suspense, which was almost beyond endurance—to their great joy, their mistress returned; who, though appearing much agitated, spoke to them rather hastily, and with an attempt to smile at their alarm.

“Yonder box,” said she, passing by, “is like to shame your silly fears. Some wag hath sent ye a truss of straw—for a scrubbing wisp, maybe.” But there was, in the hurried and unusual hilarity of her speech, something so forced and out of character, that it did not escape even the notice of her domestics. Some, however, went immediately to the place, and after much hesitation lifted up the lid, when lo, a bundle of straw was the reward of their curiosity. By degrees, they began to rummage further into the contents; but the whole interior was filled with this rare and curious commodity. They could hardly believe their eyes; and Dick, especially, shook his head, and looked as though he knew or suspected more than he durst tell;—a common expedient with those whose mountain hath brought forth something very like the product of this gigantic mystery.

Dick was the most dissatisfied with the result, feeling himself much chagrined at so unlooked-for a termination to his wonderful story, and he kept poking into and turning about the straw with great sullenness and pertinacity. His labours were not altogether without success.

“Look! here's other guess stuff than my lady's bed straw,” said he, at the same time holding up a lock of it, for the inspection of his companions. They looked, and there was evidently a clot of blood! This was a sufficient confirmation of their surmises; and Dick, though alarmed as well as the rest, felt his sagacity and adroitness wonderfully confirmed amongst his fellows. They retired, firmly convinced that some horrible mystery was attached thereto, which all their guessing could not find out.

At night, as Dick was odding about, he felt fidgety and restless. He peeped forth at times toward the outhouse where the box was lying, and as he passed he could not refrain from casting a glance from the corner of his eye, through the half closed door. The bloody clot he had seen, dwelt upon his imagination; it haunted him like a spectre. He went to bed before the usual hour, but could not sleep; he tossed and groaned, but the drowsy god would not be propitiated. The snoring of a servant in the next bed, too, proved anything but anodyne or oblivion to his cares. He could not sleep, do what he would. Having pinched his unfortunate companion till he was tired, but with no other success than a loud snort, and generally a louder snore than ever, in the end, Dick rendered desperate, jumped out of bed, and walked, or rather staggered across the floor. He looked through the window. It was light, but the sky was overcast, though objects below might readily be distinguished. The outhouse, where the box lay, was in full view; and, as he was looking out listlessly for a few minutes, he saw a female figure bearing a light, who was gliding down stealthily, as he thought, in the yard below. She entered the building, and Dick could hardly breathe, he was so terrified. He watched until his eyes ached before she came out again, when he saw plainly it was his mistress. She bore something beneath her arm; and as Dick's curiosity was now sufficiently roused to overcome all fear of consequences, he stole quickly down stairs, and by a short route got sufficiently on her track to watch her proceedings unobserved. He followed into the garden. She paused, for the first time under a huge sycamore tree in the fence, and laid down her burden. She drew something from beneath her cloak, and, as he thought, began to dig. When this operation was completed, she hastily threw in the burden, and filled up the hole again; after which, with a rapid step, she came back to the house. Dick was completely bewildered. He hesitated whether or not to examine immediately into the nature of the deposit, which his mistress seemed so desirous to conceal; but, as he had no light, and his courage was not then screwed up to the attempt, he satisfied himself at present with observing the situation, intending

to take some other opportunity to explore this hidden treasure. That his mistress's visit had some connexion with the contents of the mysterious box was now certain, and whatever she had concealed was part of its contents, a conclusion equally inevitable; but that she should be so wishful to hide it, was a problem not easy to be explained without examination. Was it money? The clotted blood forbade this surmise. A horrible suspicion crossed him; but it was too horrible for Dick to indulge.

Wondering and guessing he retraced his steps, and morning dawned on his still sleepless eyelids.

Some weeks passed by, but he found none other opportunity for examination. Somebody or something was always in the way, and he seemed destined to remain ignorant of all that he was so anxious to ascertain.

After the arrival of the box, Maria Downes never mentioned her brother, unless he was alluded to; and even then she waved the subject as soon as possible, whenever it happened to be incidentally mentioned. Eleanor saw there was an evident reluctance to converse on these matters; and, however she might feel grieved at the change, in the end she forbore inquiry.

One morning her cousin entered the breakfast-room, where Eleanor was awaiting her arrival. Her face was pale—almost deathly—and her lips livid and quivering. Her eyes were swollen, starting out, and distended with a wild and appalling expression. She beckoned Eleanor to follow; silently she obeyed, but with a deadly and heart-sickening apprehension. Something fearful, as connected with the fate of her cousin Harry, was doubtless the cause of this unusual proceeding. Maria led the way up the staircase, and on coming to the landing, she pointed to a square opening in the wall, like unto the loop-hole of a turret stair. Here she saw something dark obstructing the free passage of the light, which, on a closer examination, presented the frightful outline of a human skull! Part of the flesh and hairy scalp were visible, but the whole was one dark and disgusting mass of deformity. She started back, with a look of inquiry towards her cousin. Hideous surmises crowded upon her, while she beheld the features of Maria Downes convulsed with some untold agony.

"Oh speak—speak to me!" cried Eleanor, and she threw her arms about her cousin's neck, sobbing aloud in the full burst of her emotion. Maria wept too. The rising of the gush relieved her, and she spoke. Every word went, as with a burning arrow, to Eleanor's heart.

"I have hidden it until now; but—but Heaven has ordained it. His offence was rank—most foul—and his disgrace—a brother's disgrace, hangs on me. That skull is Harry's! Believe it as thou wilt, but the truth is no less true. The box, sent by some unknown hand, I opened alone, when I beheld the ghastly, gory features of him who was once our pride, and ought to have been our protection. My courage seemed

to rise with the occasion. I concealed it with all speed until another opportunity, when I buried this terrible memorial—for ever, as I hoped, from the gaze and knowledge of the world. I thought to hide this foul stain upon our house; to conceal it, if possible, from every eye; but the grave gives back her dead! The charnel gapes. That ghastly head hath burst its cold tabernacle, and risen from the dust, without hands, unto its former gazing-place. Thou knowest, Eleanor, with what delight, when a child, he was accustomed to climb up to that little eylet-hole, gazing out thereat for hours, and playing many odd and fantastic tricks through this loop-hole of observation."

Eleanor could not speak; she stood the image of unutterable despair.

"In that dreadful package," continued Maria, "this writing was sent:—Thy brother has at length paid the forfeit of his crimes. The wages of sin is death! and his head is before thee. Heaven hath avenged the innocent blood he hath shed. Last night, in the lusty vigour of a drunken debauch, passing over London Bridge, he encounters another brawl, wherein, having run at the watchman with his rapier, one blow of the bill which they carry, severed thy brother's head from his trunk. The latter was cast over the parapet into the river. The head only remained, which an eye-witness, if not a friend, hath sent to thee!"

Eleanor fell senseless to the ground, whence her cousin conveyed her to the bed from which she never rose.

The skull was removed, secretly at first, by Maria herself; but invariably it returned. No human power could drive it thence. It hath been riven in pieces, burnt, and otherwise destroyed; but ever on the subsequent day it is seen filling its wonted place. Yet was it always observed that sore vengeance lighted on its persecutors. One who hacked it in pieces was seized with such horrible torments in his limbs, that it seemed as though he might be undergoing the same process. Sometimes, if only displaced, a fearful storm would arise, so loud and terrible, that the very elements themselves seemed to become the ministers of its wrath.

Nor would this wilful piece of mortality allow of the little aperture being walled up—for it remains there still, whitened and bleached by the weather, looking forth from those rayless sockets upon the scenes which, when living, they had once beheld.

Maria Downes was the only survivor of the family. Her brother's death and deplorable end so preyed on her spirits, that she rejected all offers of marriage. The estate passed into other hands, and another name owns the inheritance.

Love can be founded upon nature only, or the appearance of it, for this reason; however a pe-ruke may tend to soften the human features, it can very seldom make amends for the mixture of artifice which it discovers.

OUR PRESENT MAY.

BY L. E. L.

"May is full of flowers."—SOUTHWELL.

"Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May, thy radiant form unfold,
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold."

DARWIN.

"The month of flowers," May,
Were they not wont to say
That, of the Year's twelve lovely daughters, thou
Didst wear most perfect sweetness on thy brow?

They said the crimson rose
Was eager to uncloze
For thee the fragrant mysteries which lie
Hidden in leafless boughs beneath the winter sky.

The poets told thy birth
Was welcomed upon earth
By the sweet multitude of shining flowers,
By bursting buds, green leaves, and sunny hours.

And thou art come, sweet May;
A week beneath thy sway
The world has been; yet is it dull and cold;
Doth it not own thy reign, as in the days of old?

To-day all life is strange
With great and utter change;
The power is past away from many a shrine
And many a throne—must it, too, pass from thine?

Still o'er the darkened sky
The heavy clouds sail by,
Till the bleak shower comes down unpitifully,
Beating the few faint blossoms from the tree.

Where is the yellow oro
Which the laburnum bore,
As if transformed, the Thibian princess there,
Amid the golden shower, loosed her more golden hair?

The lilac with its stars,
Small, shining like the spars
With which some sea-nymph decks her ocean-bowers—
Lilac, that seems the jewelry of flowers?

Where is the gladder rose,
Wreathed as from Alpine snows?
Where is the lime-tree's bud of faint perfume?
Where is the hawthorn wealth, thine own peculiar bloom?

They do not meet thee now!
I see the barren bough;
The earth is melancholy as a grave—
I see the driving rain, I hear the bleak winds rave.

Is this the pilgrimage
Of Earth in her old age?
And is the shadow all things present wear
Cast on the circling beauty of the year?

Or is it but delay?
Are south winds on their way,
And songs and blossoms bringing May once more
The sunshine which rejoiced all hearts of yore?

Hope whispers of their birth—
Hope which upon our earth
Doth wander like an angel, at whose feet
Fresh flowers spring up to gladden and to greet.

How many now may see
Their likeness, May, in thee!
Mournful and spiritless, their spring is known
But by its measured time, and time alone;
They know there must be May within the year,
Else would they never dream that May was here.

THE POET'S INVITATION.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

So, wilt thou quit thy comrades sweet,
Nith's fountains, sweeping grove and holme,
For distant London's dusty street?
Then come, my youngest, fairest, come,
For not the sunshine following showers,
Nor fruit-buds to the wintry bowers,
Nor Lady-bracken to the hind,
Nor warm bark to the tender rind,
Nor song-bird to the sprouting tree,
Nor heath-bell to the gathering bee,
Nor golden daylight to sad eyes,
Nor morn-star showing tanks to rise,
Nor son long lost in some far part,
Who leaps back to his mother's heart,
Nor lily to Dalewinton lea,
Nor moonlight to the fairy,
Can be so dear as thou to me,
My youngest one, my Mary.

Look well on Nithsdale's lonely hills,
Where they who love thee lived of yore;
And dip thy small feet in the rills
Which sing beneath thy mother's door.
There's not a bush on Blackwood lea,
On broad Dalswinton not a tree,
By Carse there's not a lily blow,
On Cowehill bank there's not a rose;
By green Portrack no fruit-tree fair
Hangs its ripe clusters in mid-air,
But what in hours not long ago
In idling mood were to me known;
And now, though distant far, they seem
Of heaven, and mix in many a dream.
Of Nith's fair land limn all the charms
Upon thy heart, and carry
The picture to thy father's arms—
My youngest one, my Mary.

Nor on the lovely land alone
Be all my thoughts and fancy squandered;
Look at thy right hand, there is one
Who long with thee hath mused and wandered—
Now with the wild bee 'mongst the flowers,
Now with the song-bird in the bowers,
Or plucking balmy blooms, and throwing
Them on the winds or waters flowing;
Or masking with a mirthsome scream
Your shadows changing in the stream;
Or dancing o'er the painted ground,
Till all the trees seem reeling round;
Or listening to some far-heard tune,
Or gazing on the calm, clear moon.
O! think on her, whose nature sweet
Could neither shift nor vary
From gentle deeds and words discreet—
Such Margaret was to Mary.

The pasture hills fade from thy sight,
Nith sinks with all her silver waters;
With all that's gentle, mild, and sweet,
Of Nithsdale's dames and daughters,
Proud London, with her golden spires,
Her painted halls and festal fires,
Call on thee with a mother's voice,
And bids thee in her arms rejoice.
But still, when Spring with primrose mouth
Breathes o'er the violets of the south,
Thou'lt hear the far wind-wafted sounds
Of waves in Siddick's cavern'd bounds;
The music of unnumbered rills
Which sport on Nithsdale's haunted hills;
And see old Molach's hoary back
That seems the clouds to carry,
And dream thyself in green Portrack,
My darling child, my Mary.

THE UNDYING ONE.

FROM SUPERSTITIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.—No. 4.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

In a land almost entirely influenced by religious feelings, where the mind was early imbued not only with the general principles of piety, but equally tinctured with those peculiarities of beliefs, or, perhaps, made susceptible of those unnatural impressions, which are common to a people who do not separate the ordinary occurrences of life from the extraordinary events which characterized the first promulgation of Christianity. In such a community it is not strange that some peculiarity should distinguish the opinion held in common by its members, and it is even less to be admired that, where the mind of a single individual should by any means be rendered liable to aberration, its wanderings should be characterised by some leading feature of the general superstition.

Education may give force to misconceived opinions, or tinge the whole with some classic hue—but custom and early imbibed creeds will finish the groundwork of public or private hallucination, and the progress of society may be almost as easily traced in the conversation and conduct of the deranged, as in the speculations and pursuits of the sane. Thus the lunatic, in the hospital of this city, will give you a homily upon the means of educating the poor, or upon the necessity of repentance of sins—while a person equally insane, would, in the hospital of Massachusetts, talk of professorships in universities, or argue upon the hidden mysteries of predestination, and the eternal sonship of Christ. It would be a pleasing, and, perhaps, not unprofitable task, to trace this idea, and see, if possible, how far society is affected by such circumstances, and whether, in the earnest pursuit of some new, but visionary scheme, the whole community do not occasionally incur the charge of lunacy upon itself, and only owe the impunity of their fault to the prevalence of the offence. Doubtless had an individual, five years ago, followed as eagerly any, and, perhaps, the same fantastic hypothesis, which occupies the talents and zeal of a large part of one of the learned professions in this city, he would have brought upon himself the suspicions, and, perhaps, the consequences of a disordered mind. But neither my intentions nor limits, permit such disquisitions, and I enter upon the recital of events which gave rise to the above reflections.

While on a visit to the Old Colony, many years ago, my attention was one morning excited by hearing a child say to its mother, "the hermit is coming." On inquiring, I learned that, a few months previous, a man—apparently about thirty years of age—had appeared in the village, and excited the notice of the children and some of the idle or unoccupied part of the community. On turning to view the person, I was forcibly

struck with the general propriety of his dress and demeanour; he evinced nothing of the squalid appearance, either in dress or manners, which are usually the characteristics of a wandering lunatic. He appeared to be pursuing his progress with an ordinary gait, and if I had not been in quest of some peculiarity, perhaps the abstractedness of his manner, and the unsettled motion of his eyes, would have passed unnoticed. I thought I discovered—perhaps it was only imagination, a certain inattention to surrounding objects, which betokened either a superior occupation, or the consciousness of a higher destiny; yet it must be acknowledged, that the manners of an acknowledged lunatic are not the best subjects for critical examination.

That I may not be suspected of throwing an air of unnecessary mystery over the subject of this sketch, I will inform my readers, that on inquiry, I learned this unhappy person was a native of the neighbouring state, and that he had received his education in the university of which his father was president; but, owing to an unfortunate disappointment in "an affair of the heart," occasioned by the early death of an accomplished female, he evinced such evident symptoms of a disordered mind, that his father was compelled to put him under some restraint. During his confinement, this unfortunate man conceived the strange idea that he was doomed to wander a wretch upon the face of the earth, without any hope of a reprieve by death, and that, spite of pain, sickness, or misery, he would abide the consummation of all things.

By some negligence on the part of those who were set to watch his motions, the miserable subject of these memoirs made his escape, and lived a long time a vagrant, subsisting on the casual bounty of strangers, or eating the bread which his own peculiarities elicited from the curious and unfeeling.

In his present situation, he had asked no alms, but appeared to subsist by his own exertions; he only occasionally showed himself in the village, and then appeared to retire into the woods; hence he acquired, from the children, the appellation of "the hermit."

Induced by curiosity—in the present instance no very laudable passion—I sought some acquaintance with the stranger, but his habits were so abstracted, and he appeared so absorbed in the meditations of his own destiny, that he was, occasionally, unconscious of my presence.

I remember that, in the twilight of a summer evening, I saw the hermit leaning over the railings of the bridge which crosses Jones's river, and, as he appeared quiet, I supposed it a proper opportunity to enter into some conversation with him; as I approached him, however, I heard

him "giving his thoughts tongue." I spoke to him several times, but he was too deeply absorbed in his own feelings to heed my approach. His eye was bent with intensity upon the stream, which appeared, occasionally, to afford some similarity to his own situation. I was not able, for some time, to catch enough of his words to follow his ideas; at length, by approaching him, I was enabled to hear him distinctly: "Why should I wait," said he, "are there no means of rest—will fate keep an eternal watch upon its victim? will life continue without aliment? has not death a claim upon him who refuses food?—alas! I have tried it in moments of impatience—I have said 'I will die as have my fathers, and the hands of friends shall close my eyes, and the decencies of death shall blunt its pains,' but it is in vain, prisons lose their terrors, and the instruments of death are harmless in the hands of a man whose days are *not* numbered. How have I listened to the passing bell as its tones knelled forth the parting hour of some being who had spent a life of quiet on earth—how eagerly have I watched the funeral procession, as his friends carried him to a resting place.

"Could I but die, I've said, could I feel that at last I might lay down my head and be at peace, and feel, as I breathed forth my last, hated breath, and knew, as I closed my dying eyes, that some around wept and cared for me, what would I not do to purchase this glorious hope? O, I would live! live whole years to purchase it: but live I must, come what storms, what blights there may, though I shrink scorched or blasted, still I must remain, still I must tarry. Oh, that I might pass away to a quiet home, as this stream returns to the ocean. But no, I must be like yonder rock which swells above the ripples of the current, that shall remain till all be passed, that must endure its oozy bed till the fountains of the great deep be dried up.

"And yet, what have I done to be singled out for the endurance of such a woe, such a solitary curse? Oh, could I find one being to share with me this lot of life, this eternity of time; could I feel a community of suffering—could I call *one* man my brother; but I am indeed alone; the child shall grow to manhood in my presence, and age shall sprinkle his locks, and he shall pass away in peaceful quiet, while I remain in an eternal youth of misery.

"Who but me knows the solitude of company; who but me can walk among mankind and feel no part or lot in their sufferings or their joys?"

In this mental agony, the afflicted man left the bridge, and hastily walked up a lane which led into a wood.

A few days previous to my leaving the place, I attended the funeral of an ancient resident of the town, and, after the silent ceremony of returning dust unto dust, I lingered in the burying place to renew my acquaintance with the funeral records with which my youth had had an intimacy, and to read the more recent memorials of those whose childhood had been richer in promise than my own.

As the sun cast the lengthened shadows of the grave-stones over the slightly undulated grass that grew in rank luxuriance, I seemed almost to fancy that the spirits of those who once shared with me the joys of life, were about to warn me of its deceptions. The crowd of melancholy but instructive ideas which rush upon the mind in such a scene, are proofs that "it is good for us to be there."

I was leaning over the head-stone of one whose budding youth was the richest promise that the doting fondness of a parent ever smiled upon. Youth, beauty, love, and piety seemed rather to shine through than adorn her; her bosom was the home of all those clustering virtues, which the poets dream of perfection. As I was musing upon the inscrutable decrees of Providence, which had cut off, in the gush of youthful beauty, and in the bloom of every virtue, this being calculated to adorn society, and redeem human life from the censures even of misanthropy, while my unproductive life was spared for no acknowledged good, I was startled by a deep sigh. On raising my eyes, I discovered the hermit standing at the new made grave: he appeared to be gazing with interest on the memorials of mortality which were around him; as I observed him more closely, I thought that I could perceive in his face a different expression from that which marked it on the evening of his musing upon the bridge.

There was something of exultation in his countenance, as he gazed in mute attention upon the grave, chastened, as I thought, by occasional clouds of mental agony. I was within ten feet of him, yet I am persuaded that he was totally insensible of my presence.

"They have filled another grave," said he, "another and another, the earth teems with hillocks, men walk among the tenants of the tomb: the quick and dead, there is but a step between them. The wife is to-day mourned by the husband, who, to-morrow, will be lamented by his fatherless child. Yet I am here. All around me perishes, man and beast, the very stones are mouldering into earth, I, alone, am exempted.

"Oh, how will months, and years, and centuries, roll on, and change man, and towns, and nations—all, all, but me must bow to time; I shall stand upon the tomb of empires, the lonely and wretched chronicler of departed ages.

"Men shall inquire of me the thoughts of centuries past. That shall be green upon my memory which shall, to other men, be the broken link of half forgotten tradition. I shall march among mankind, their gaze and awe; how weak, how feeble will be the might of their learning, to one who has watched the lapse of centuries, to one to whom their Mathuselems shall be children. But oh, what shall be the pleasures of that solitary life? with no equal I shall have no friend. What will concern me the actions, the business, or the pleasures of mankind? the mere ephemerics of existence; stored with the memory of their evanescence, I shall only sicken at what they call joys. Oh, that I could be at rest, that I might lay this burning head upon the moisture of earth,

and feel death chill me into oblivion. To walk forth among posterity, the gazed, and, perhaps, shunned wretch, at whom men shall point; from whom piety shall recoil; the being whom infancy and age shall shun, as bearing his maker's curse; to feel this, with all the pangs of inward consciousness, to see the doors of death, the ever filling grave, open for all of human kind, and its portals closed on me. I, alone, may not enter there. I, who seek an entrance with the avidity that others would avoid it. Oh, this is the bitterness of life, this is to live an eternal death."

The unhappy wretch threw himself upon the new piled earth. In a few moments he arose from the grave—the sun was throwing up in the west the bright corruscations of its posthumous beams, the moon was emerging with filled horns beyond the heights of Plymouth, and one or two of the most brilliant stars were twinkling into view. The miserable man, as he gazed upon the scene, seemed to catch some new enthusiasm from its richness.

"I shall see their risings and their goings down; bright and lovely as is this scene, I shall know its end. Thrones and empires must fall, and I may tell their destiny to coming years; all must go, mankind, one by one, shall drop: famine and sickness, war and desolation, shall do

their work, and I shall note its progress, I shall see their numbers lessen, and feel my happiness near. The son shall die, and the childless father seek his grave; piecemeal shall animated life drop into non-existence, till at length I shall stand solitary and alone among the unconscious remnants of a decayed world; how still will be existence! the slumbering ocean shall forget its wave, the very waters of the great deep shall mantle in their beds. The cedars of the mountain shall crumble noiseless into decay, and nature shall be at rest.

"Sun, moon and stars shall go down to rise no more, or shall hang suspended in the vault of heaven, casting a pale and sickly light amid the silence and rest of decayed nature; what shall I be, I who have outlived the comforts of existence, nay, the very uses of creation, what shall I become? When death itself shall have no power, shall I be changed?"

"Oh, what a time between——"

This man of imaginary persecution turned and left the yard, continuing his soliloquy as he passed along. Some insult from mischievous boys bid him, soon after, to seek a new habitation, and I never learned his fate; he can never be happy. The man whose feelings conquer his judgment is a lunatic, let his station and character be what they may.

A PAGE FROM A CANTAB'S NOTE-BOOK.

It was on a raw and gusty evening in October, just as the parched and yellow leaf of autumn was beginning to tell that the three weeks English summer had passed away, that I was travelling far in the north of England, on my way to Cowell Castle, the residence of a college friend. There are few things more delightful to a weary traveller, when the "shades of evening" close thickly around him, than the reflection that each degree of increasing gloom brings him nearer and nearer to the spot of his destination; and on this occasion I felt pre-eminently happy, for, having for many weeks been a wanderer among the wild solitudes of nature, with scarcely a civilized being even for the companion of an hour, the prospect of soon reaching the gay and hospitable home of my friend, lent swiftness to my pace and brightness to my anticipations. The distance, however, which I had to traverse, was, considering the lateness of the hour, somewhat considerable; and had it not been for a gala ball to be held that night, in honour of my friend's sister coming of age, I believe I should have yielded to the unpromising aspect of the evening, and the hints of my jaded horse, and taken up my quarters at the little romantic village which had been my last resting-place. But I was pledged to be present at the festival, and hastened, therefore, at my horses best speed, through the wild and solitary heath before me.

My situation, though somewhat desolate, was not, however, without its charms; for if the bleak and barren common over which I wended my way, presented to my gaze no fair-haired dames, whose

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,"

still there was plenty of food for romantic rumination. In the legend of the wild witch, which had been related to me by the village gossip from whom I had obtained the direction of my path, and the midnight revellings of brownies and bogles, whose grotesque forms seemed identified with every stunted shrub and clump of heather. But when the sun no longer left behind him traces of his reign, and the darkened horizon showed no longer the gilded cloud, smiling, like a courtier, upon the retiring monarch, by whose reflection alone he derived his lustre, the witches, the brownies, and the bogles began to lose alike their terrors and their charms, and I hailed the "stern round towers" of my friend's abode with a satisfaction, unalloyed and unaccompanied with the slightest wish to linger on the scene through which I journeyed. Brilliant and dancing lights were shining from turret and fretted window—

"It was a vast and venerable pile;
So old, it seemed only not to fall;
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
Monastic dome!
Where Superstition once had made her den."

The usual congratulations, and expressions of pleasure at my arrival having subsided, I perceived that it was time to prepare the toilet for the coming scene of festivity. I hastened, therefore, to my chamber, and without giving myself time to ascertain the date of its gothic windows, or to analyze the subjects of the tapestry, I prepared myself with all the expedition my ill-arranged portmanteau would permit; not, however, without a secret assurance that my *ensemble* might procure for me the smiles of—egad, perhaps of the heiress herself! With this modest anticipation, I concluded my personal adorning, and descended to the hall, where, hung with massive armour, spreading antlers, and old pictures, frowned the dark oaken walls of many a century,

“Strong in their age, and sombre in their strength.”

“I must introduce you to my fair sister,” exclaimed my friend, leading me to a handsome fair-haired girl; “I have engaged her hand for you, as my most intimate, for the first quadrille.” I bowed my thanks, and led the fair Cecilia to the set. My partner was every thing that was amiable and beautiful—but oh! how totally was her beauty eclipsed by the pale, wild, and interesting creature who stood before us. There was that in *her* eye which never had I seen in any other—a strong and beaming brightness, which sent through her “long dark lashes, low depending,” an expression almost more than earthly. Her pale, but perfect features, were rendered almost statue-like by the contrast of the dark and glossy ringlets which fell luxuriantly from her beautifully-formed head, while her sylph-like, gliding, but graceful figure of symmetry, realized the idea of a creature belonging to a brighter world than ours. My companion perceived my admiration; nor did she seem astonished or displeased, when, instead of replying to some question about Cambridge, I interrupted her by an observation upon the singular and beautiful being before me. “Ah! poor Constantia!” she sighed. The manner in which these few words were spoken, almost made me love her. I had no opportunity of further inquiry, for the quadrille was ended, and another aspirant for the hand of the fair Cecilia hurried her away to waltz, and left me to ruminate alone upon this “child of mystery,” for such I felt quite convinced she was. Peace was out of the question, until I elicited the facts from my friend himself. He informed me that she was the only child of a wealthy, but penurious Baronet. She had never known the tender care of a mother’s fostering love, and thus the flowers of her mind were left to wander in wasteful luxuriance, when, had they been better trained, they would have formed a garden of the fairest and the brightest growth. It was impossible that such a being should live and not be loved; far more so, that her own bosom should be dead to the impulse and power of strong affection. She *was* loved, and oh! how fondly and how fatally was that love reciprocated! But the bud of her hopes was never destined to blossom! When her stern and un pitying

parent drove the chosen of her heart, proud and penniless, from his doors, and he little thought, and, perhaps, he little heeded, how hard and decisive a blow was struck upon his daughter’s affections. And he, too, the discarded and hopeless, seeking a painful and early death upon the battle plain, little deemed, as the name of Constantia lingered in his dying accents, that she, the adoring being for whom his heart beat high with hope, would, in losing him, lose also the consciousness of her own existence! The news of his death was announced to her without. She spoke not—she wept not—she fell suddenly and violently to the earth, and was raised from it—a maniac!

Time, however, that “only healer when the heart has bled,” at length restored the lovely Constantia to the world; but the fair promise of her youth had been sapped, and her health had sunk under the bitter visitation. At first, her recovery was but partial, for the frequent and wild fits under which she laboured, rendered it constantly necessary to watch her every movement, and often to place a restraint upon her actions, which threatened to immolate the frail form which her malady had spared. By degrees, however, these fits became more rare, and the poor sufferer was once again permitted to resume her station in society. Her physicians hoped, that, by joining in the gaieties and pleasures of the world, the most effectual and speedy remedy for her disease would be attained, and so, in truth, it proved; for Constantia, although she seldom smiled, sometimes joined in the dance, and sat at the festive board, beloved by all, and feared by none. “It is upwards of a year,” continued my friend, “since she has been visited by any of the consequences of her fatal malady, and we believe that she is now totally restored. Cecilia and she are inseparable companions; they were reared, as it were, in the same cradle, and, as cousins, have been constantly together: and, indeed, when others have been unable, during the continuance of the fits, to soothe the mind of the interesting sufferer, my sister has seldom failed to succeed. But,” he continued, “I must seek my partner.”

There was something in this narrative too deeply touching to permit me to join immediately the throng; a string of my heart had been struck, which would only vibrate to the sound of sorrow. I retired, therefore, to a niche at the extremity of the hall, where, unseen, I could meditate on what I had heard, and watch the graceful, but melancholy movements of the young and ill-fated Constantia. It was not very strange that I should have taken so lively an interest in this poor sufferer, and the tale of her woes, for I had lately mourned the death of a beloved relation, who had sunk to an early tomb, though with a mind unshaken, yet with a heart crushed and broken as Constantia’s. The guests began to disperse, and the efforts of the musicians to be more irregular and drowsy; and feeling heavy and fatigued with my ride, I stole silently to my chamber.

How long I slept, I know not; but I was awake by the wildest strain of vocal music I had ever heard; and, as the moon was streaming through the gothic panes with her broad, pale light, I leaped from my bed, to ascertain from what fair serenader the sounds proceeded. But the song had ceased, and all was still as the grave. I opened gently the casement of the window, and, leaning forward, gazed out upon the beauty of the night. I perceived, on looking around, that the room I occupied formed one of several that led to a broad stone terrace, which overhung what I presumed to be the large court-yard of the castle, and a faint light, rendered hardly discernible by the effulgence of the moon's rays, assured me that I was not the only tenant of the range.

I heard the voice again, but it seemed, if possible, in a sweeter strain. The curtains of the neighbouring window slowly drawn aside, and the casement quietly opened by a female hand. I fancied I could recognize the slim form and dark hair of Constantia L'Estrange. Impelled by I know not what motive, for I did not wait to analyze it, I hastily wrapped myself in my dressing gown, and in a moment was stealing silently in the direction of the open window. Fair reader, do not blame or condemn me, for an indescribable presentiment of impending mischief had seized me, which I could neither shake off, nor exactly account for. Creeping slowly under the shade of the parapet wall of the terrace, I approached as nearly as I could the object of my solicitude, and, unobserved, stationed myself in such a situation as to command a view of her movements, without the slightest chance of being detected in my purpose. With breathless anxiety I awaited the result of my fears, but the moon alone appeared to be the object of her search and contemplation, and she looked upon it with such a wild, and unnatural gaze, as fixed, plainly told me, that those who believed her mind restored and at rest, had sadly overrated the effects of her care, or strangely underrated the extent of her malady. The fire—the vivid and horrible fire of the maniac was in her eye!—the expression of every feature was altered—the lovely being I had contemplated as possessing the beauty of an angel, was suddenly transformed—I dare not say how awfully!—The wild and irregular snatches of song came not from the lips of reason.

"Constantia!" exclaimed a voice, apparently of one suddenly roused from slumber, and which I immediately recognized as that of my friend's sister—"Constantia! how is it that you are up?" No answer was returned; indeed, her companion seemed unconscious that she was addressed. "Constantia!" continued her cousin, in the quick tones of alarm, "how often have you been warned never to expose yourself to the night air!" In a moment Cecilia herself had risen, and her hand was laid gently on the shoulder of the poor maniac. "Constantia—my dear, dear Constantia!" she said, in a subdued and soothing voice, "I thought you were still by my side, sleeping

as sweetly and as calmly as when I came to bed. Why, dearest, have you risen? You forget that you are an invalid, and that the night air is cold." "Ah!" exclaimed Constantia, suddenly leaping up and seizing her cousin with frantic energy—"Ah! I have you at last!—you have escaped me too long already!—you murdered my poor Frederick, and now!"—Here she fastened on the terrified Cecilia by the throat, and throwing her vehemently on the ground, nailed her down with the force and energy of a savage. The sound of the death-gurgle was in my ear—but for the moment I was as one petrified and spell-bound. I had neither power to speak nor to move, till by a violent effort I roused myself from the effects of the sudden blow which had fallen, as it were, with benumbing force upon my senses, and rushed madly to her assistance. But alas! it was all too late—for the last quiver of life had passed away from the limbs of the hapless Cecilia! and Constantia, the *lunatic* Constantia, stood unabashed, alone, unconscious of the world on which she trod! For myself, I lost all recollection; but how long I remained insensible, I know not. I was aroused by some one who grasped me tightly by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Well, my gallant knight, how long is my fair cousin to wait for your hand in the dance?" I started up aghast—my friend and the lovely Constantia stood before me! "Why, you rogue," continued he, "you've been sleeping, and have lost my cousin's beautiful song." "No, no," I quickly replied, endeavouring to collect myself, the reality of that portion of my dream flashing across me, "do not think I was so lost to good taste: she sang two—I heard them both;" and, bowing low to my sweet partner, I added, "but the last was exquisitely beautiful." She smiled. Her cousin was less particular—he laughed aloud. "That's good," said he, "it was an *encore*!"

MOTION NECESSARY TO CHILDHOOD.

To the due framing of the man, it is requisite that the child should grow up in a certain carelessness of spirit. The natural mobility of a child requires, for the full development of the mental as well as physical powers, to have complete play. To train his infant limbs, constant action is requisite. Watch a child, and see how unceasing is the motion requisite to keep him in a state of comfort; confine him for a moment, and he is uncomfortable and unhappy. In the early days of his infancy, unable to move himself sufficiently, the nurse keeps him in constant motion; having acquired strength, he swings about his arms, kicks with his little legs, crawls, and throws himself into every possible contortion. The boy runs, leaps, and keeps himself in one incessant turmoil. It is not requisite to explain, or to attempt to explain these facts; to state why this motion is needed; suffice it that it is needed. But the action of the child is never spontaneously a continuous action of one sort. Put him to turn a wheel, and you would ruin his health and stop his growth.—*Tail's Magazine.*

Cr. gina'.

THE SMILE OF THE LORD.

Oh! the smile of the Lord is a heavenly thing,
Not all the fresh beauties of blossoming spring,
Can infuse such a transport, such rapture afford,
As the peace which attends on the smile of the Lord.

But wand'ring and wearied, by sorrow and sin,
Who may hope such a beam of his mercy to win;
And who can believe, that such wonderful bliss,
Can ever be ours, in a world such as this.

There is an assurance, most cherish'd and dear,
That on those who abide in his faith and his fear;
His smile shall beam ever, and brighten their way,
'Till they bask in the blaze of empyreal day.

Dark days may rise on them, they heed not their gloom,
Temptations may fright them, but cannot overcome;
Even Death may approach, but no terror can bring,
Oh! the smile of the Lord is a heavenly thing. W. R.

TRY ME.

Loxo, too long, I've waited dearest,
Why, oh, why, deny me?
If my constancy thou fearest,
Take me, love, and try me.
See the crystal tear is glowing,
One bright smile will dry it;
Doubt not, when 'tis easy knowing,
Try it, dearest, try it!
Joys when brightest still are fleetest,
Haste, dear maid, they're flying,
Wedded love, the fondest, sweetest,
May be had for trying.
Now I see thy heart relenting,
Dearest I defy thee;
Eyes and cheeks alike consenting,
Maiden, shall I fly thee?
Hopes and vows thus fondly meeting,
Dearest, do not chide them:
They who say Love's joys are cheating,
Never thus have tried them!

A PLEASURE PARTY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Was it, indeed, a pleasure party? I have no doubt it was: it was *called* a pleasure party; we were assured it would be very pleasant; and we arranged it entirely with a view to please ourselves. Pleasure was the end, aim, object, and sole intention of all our hearts, and we looked forward to that day being ranked among the "pleasures of memory."

It *was* a pleasure party, and I feel quite pleased at the prospect of describing it to you. None of your yawning, wearying, wearisome expeditions to Greenwich, or Blackwall, to eat white bait, and scream at the prospect of being drowned under the arch of London bridge; none of your quiet, sleepy, barouche-transported, smartly-dressed, laughing, chattering parties to Norwood, or the Putney Cedars. None of your fearful and much-to-be-dreaded *pic nics*, to which the anxious mother of five unmarried daughters desires all the young men to bring two bottles of wine a-piece; hams, tongues, fowls, and delicacies innumerable; while she herself adds to the common stock one cucumber, and a currant tart;—no, it was a real *bona fide* party of pleasure, and, as such, was made a matter of business. At half-past five in the morning of the 18th of September, 1831, I was suddenly woke from a delicious dream, in which I thought Louisa Mildmay and myself were eating clouted cream at our wedding breakfast, by the shrill Scotch voice of my eldest maiden aunt, Miss Gordon, of Panmuir, who reproachfully assured me that my cousins, and the young *leddies* from Castle Craig had been dressed at least half-an-hour; had breakfasted, and were assembled on the lawn, waiting my appearance. Thunderstruck at the gross want of gallantry of which I had been guilty, I leaped out of bed, and as my revered aunt made good her escape to the door, called out, "will you order breakfast, aunt Gordon, and I'll be ready in no time;" but, at this second oversight,

even my aunt's sense of decency gave way, and she turned slowly round, and fixing her eyes full on my face, the better to avoid the shock which my costume had given her, she said, "Ye'll no surely think o' breakfasting, and they waiting these twa hours down on the grass plot, with the ponies saddled and a'; hoot, ye'll just get a bit when you come to the hill."

"What hill, madam?" faintly inquired I.

"The hill of Tullach m'ha Coor, where ye're going to stop; it's no abune three mile at furthest, or may be it'll be four mile beyond the Brig o' Tullach."

"And how far is that from Fairlie Burn?"

"'Deed then, I'm no just so clear as I might be about distances, but Minnie'll tell us;" then, suddenly flinging up the window of my room, she screamed out, "Minnie! Minnie! lassie, hoo far's the hill o' Tullach from Fairlie?"

"Is Jimmie thinking of walking it, auntie?"

A peal of laughter followed this interrogation, which was repeated every time the patient Miss Gordon endeavoured to extract the desired information. At length I descended to the lawn, and learnt, to my dismay, that I was to go twelve miles without breakfast, in a sharp, highland air, with a gun and fishing-rod in my hand, in order to cater for the party, as we proceeded.

The party consisted of the two elder Miss Gordons, my respected aunts; the four juvenile Miss Gordons, my active, early rising, indefatigable cousins; three Miss Campbells from Castle Craig; one Mr. Campbell from ditto; Miss De-launy an Irish heiress, also from the Castle; and a gaunt, high-cheeked individual, whose sex seemed at first sufficiently doubtful to afford a ray of hope that Mr. Campbell and myself were not the only gentlemen to a party of nine ladies; but alas! the illusion was dispelled by a question from my aunt Margaret, "Have ye gotten y'ere plaid, Miss Hamilton?" The anomalous creature

turned round, and in a moment the man's hat seemed a woman's hat—the great coat seemed a pelisse, of curious *build*—the boots ceased to be Wellingtons, and all things changed to my vision like a pantomime.

While Miss Delauny was protesting against being obliged to walk, I took a peep into the hampers, or rather creels, which were slung across the smaller of the two little rough Shetland ponies who were to carry our food. I looked, and lo! a little bag of pepper, a larger one of salt, a roll of soft butter, done up in a cabbage leaf, and again—carefully enclosed in a fragment of the last Perth Courier, an enormous piece of hard, poor, greenish, whitish cheese, two heavy bannocks of barley meal, a bag, containing four sea biscuits, and one little sweet biscuit, remaining from a case of Leman's, a piece of mutton, composing six scraggy cutlets, three knives, four forks, some flour, and a note, containing the following memorandum, written by the stay-at-home to the pleasuring aunts: "The sweet biscuit for Miss Delauny, and a knife and fork for ditto, a cutlet and every thing comfortable; the other biscuits for the Miss Campbells. No bread in the house. The men, of course, will shoot birds enough to make a good dinner, and no want."

A good dinner and no want! thought I, as a sick craving rose in my stomach. A good dinner and no want, and the injustice of disposing of the little sweet biscuit in favour of an utter stranger! I looked at Miss Delauny; I comprehended the ferocious hunger which prompts the shipwrecked sailor to eat his companions. I looked again; she was impressing on Mr. Campbell the certainty that she should die if she went through this twelve mile expedition. I almost wished she might, so bitter did I feel, after viewing the contents of the hamper. Wrapt in gloomy abstraction, I remained motionless, wondering how the other articles of food would be divided, and half inclined to steal a couple of cutlets, but was deterred by the impossibility of cooking and eating them privately. I was roused by my blue-eyed, auburn-haired, ever merry cousin, Minnie, who, clapping me on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Now then, to the right about face, march!" and we marched accordingly. Miss Delauny had the pony without a hamper, the rest of the party were on foot. Little pale Mr. Campbell walked by the Irish heiress, and occasionally wiped the dew from his brow with a heavy sigh, and gaunt Miss Hamilton strode on before, turning every now and then, with a sharp-toned remonstrance to bid us keep up with her. Suddenly she paused: "Now then," said she, "these are the bogs: get off your pony, Miss Delauny, or it will be bogged; or stay, go round over the top of the hill, and you'll be dry."

A fly *might* have crawled up the perpendicular steep, Miss Delauny was certain she and her pony would be dashed to pieces, and she dismounted. Floundering, struggling, covered with black mud, the little Shetland followed pale Mr. Campbell, who mournfully dragged it on, till

Miss Hamilton commanded him to let the beast go, and it would manage for itself better far than he could do. The shrieks of the Miss Campbells here attracted my attention—they were sinking in the peat bog; pale Mr. Campbell and I ran to extricate them, and, after a due proportion of struggling, we succeeded, and they walked on, black to the knee and nankeen upwards. A mizzling rain now began to fall, which continued incessantly, accompanied by low, moaning gusts of wind, which drove it full in our faces. "Had we not better turn back?" asked Miss Delauny. "Turn, why should we turn?" said Miss Hamilton. At this moment a brace of grouse darted up close at our feet; both gentlemen fired—both gentlemen missed. I felt more hungry than ever. The mizzling rain continued; the patches of bog became more frequent; Miss Delauny became cross; Mr. Campbell melancholy; the three Miss Campbells cried; the four Miss Gordons laughed; Miss Hamilton scolded; my aunts cheered us on; we proceeded, and beheld at length the ravishing form of the bleak hill of Tullach m'ha Corr. The wind blew keen and strong from the hill, and Miss Delauny's silk bonnet yielded to its influence, and fled over the heathery knowe. With shouts of laughter, my bright cousin, Minnie, pursued it. I ran—she ran; the bonnet was tossed upwards, and onwards. I ran—she ran; the bonnet was lost in the distance; breathless and panting, cousin Minnie stood still, her thick and dark auburn hair hanging strait in the damp, her cheek crimson, her lips parted with a mischievous smile over the whitest teeth imaginable. I kissed my cousin Minnie, shot two grouse, overtook the party, and only mentioned the grouse. Miss Delauny, with a red and yellow handkerchief tied round her head, and faint with cold and fatigue, proceeded in silence. We came to the Brig o' Tullach, which we prepared to cross in triumph. Logs of wood, laid transversely on two long poles, formed the bridge. Minnie ran lightly over it; Miss Hamilton made a step, paused, and securing a footing on terra firma, tried the strength of the bridge; the whole fabric gave way in the middle, and Minnie shouted to the Campbells to wade through, and clean their gowns by the operation. There was no help for it, wade we must. Pale Mr. Campbell, with a face of agony, guided the pony through the rapid stream; and I guided the seven ladies, who, drenched and dripping, at last arrived at the hill of Tullach m'ha Corr! "The mizzling rain continued, but, in spite of its teeth, we lit a fire; but, alas! the fire was *too* successful, the heather took flame, and the hill side soon became one blaze.

The rain merely seemed to encourage the crackling heather to burn. Up the hill, down the hill, the flames ran, and, with muttered oaths from the gentlemen, and murmurs from the ladies, we removed to another spot. Our new resting place was less sheltered than the old; and it was with difficulty, that, by dint of covering the fire with our umbrellas, and using two dozen

of phosphorus matches, we nursed a feeble, flickering flame, round which the ladies placed themselves, while pale Mr. Campbell and myself were requested to fish for trout, in a little lake which ran between the hills. We fished, but caught nothing. I ventured to walk empty handed to the fire, and found my aunts occupied in preparing the meal I so earnestly desired to share.—The fire had burnt fiercely up on one side, and remained smouldering, damp, and cold, on the other. Minnie was picking up sticks; laughing more than ever at the discomfort of the whole thing: the other Miss Gordons were plucking and tearing the grouse, and putting the fragments into a cauldron; the butter had melted with the heat, and flowed in a thick lava-like stream to Miss Delauny's already saturated green silk dress; the outlets were thrown in, and some flour; and the younger Miss Campbell recovered her spirits sufficiently to exclaim, "what a nice stew!" Again I walked away, and vainly angled for the trout. "They are not hungry," thought I, and the thought was bitter. I turned to Mr. Campbell. "We shall catch nothing!" said I. "Better fish on," said he. I looked towards the group in the distance, and hastily advanced. Miss Delauny had just finished eating the little sweet biscuit! one grouse's wing remained, a little grease and flour, and a fragment of bannock. I greedily swallowed the scanty allowance; and when pale, patient, little Mr. Campbell, wandered slowly up, there was nothing left; he brought a little trout, which looked as if it had been the hero of the fable "petit poisson deviendra grand," and this he fried and ate with a melancholy smile, which said, like Louise of Valois, in the convent of Chaillot, "I am not happy, but I am contented."

At length it was over: we had made the most uncomfortable meal we could hope to eat in the course of our lives, in the most uncomfortable manner; and we rose to return homewards. Miss Delauny peevishly complained that her feet were wet through, and in spite of gaunt Miss Hamilton's contemptuous "pshaw! why didn't you put on thicker soles," she persisted in having her thin kid slippers held to the fire. Shading my face with one hand, I obeyed her injunctions; and it was not till a strong smell of burnt leather roused my anxiety, that I perceived the toe of one and the heel of the other had become a prey to the devouring element. I made the best apology desperation could suggest; and the little heiress again mounted her pony, with the red and yellow pocket handkerchief round her head, and the remains of her shoes fastened to her feet. Again we trudged through the bogs—again we waded through the burns—again the wind blew the mizzling rain in our scorched, flushed faces; while wet, weary, and with tempers dogged and unsocial, we pursued the path to Panmuir: even Minnie became too tired to laugh, and occasionally leaned on my arm for rest and refreshment. Fairlie Burn was in sight; we had not more than four miles to go, when a creature sprang up and darted across the hill. "A roebuck!" cried Mr.

Campbell. "A roebuck!" cried I: both of us fired—both shots took effect—but, alas! not on the object for which they were intended, but upon Miss Delauny's pony, which fell dead on the ground, while its temporary mistress gave way to a fit of violent hysterics! Nothing could be more provoking: we lifted her; we tried to soothe her; but it was long before her Hibernian senses were sufficiently restored to comprehend that she was frightened, not killed. Exhausted with previous exertion, faint with kicking and screaming, she declared herself unable to move; and it was dark before—half carried between Mr. Campbell and myself—the little heiress arrived at the threshold of Panmuir, to resign herself to another more convenient fit of hysterics on the sofa of the drawing-room. One by one the straggling party returned, and each seemed to give a longer yawn, and tread with a heavier step, than the other, as they entered the house. But supper came at last—supper and ale, and hot negus, and whiskey toddy. "Dear Auntie," said I, to the stay-at-home Miss Gordon, "I am sure you have been dull—you look dull—I shall insist on remaining with you the next time they go on an expedition of this sort." Minnie pinched my arm, Miss Hamilton looked angry, the younger Gordon dissatisfied; and Mr. Campbell murmured, with a smile and a sigh, "I'm sure it has been a most agreeable pleasure party to me; I believe I may say to all of us." "Very," said I.

SONG IN THE AMERICAN WOODS.

WITHIN the Arctic circle the woods are silent in the bright light of noon-day, but towards midnight, when the sun travels near the horizon, and the shades of the forest are lengthened, the concert commences, and continues till six or seven in the morning. Even in those remote regions, the mistake of those naturalists who have asserted that the feathered tribes of America are void of harmony, might be fully disproved. Indeed, the transition is so sudden from the perfect repose, the death-like silence, of feathered songsters to swell the chorus; their plumage as gay and unimpaired as when they enlivened the deep green forests of tropical climes—that the return of a northern spring excites in the mind a deep feeling of the beauties of the season, a scene of the bounty and providence of the Supreme Being, which is cheaply purchased by the tedium of nine months of winter. The most verdant lawns and cultivated glades of Europe, the most beautiful productions of art, fail in producing that exhilaration and joyous buoyancy of mind which we have experienced in treading the wilds of Arctic America, when their snowy covering has been just replaced by an infant and vigorous vegetation. It is impossible for the traveller to refrain, at such moments, from joining his aspirations to the song which every creature around is pouring forth to the great creator.—*Zoology of North America.*

LOVE NOT.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Love not! Love not! ye hapless sons of clay,
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers:
 Things that are made to fade and fall away,
 Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

Love not! Love not! the thing you love may die,
 May perish from the gay and gladsome earth,
 The silent stone, the blue and smiling sky,
 Beams on its grave, as once upon its birth.

Love not! Love not! the thing you love may change;
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
 The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not! Love not! ah, warning vainly said;
 In present hours, as in years gone by,
 Love flings a halo round the dear one's head
 Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.

EPITHALAMIUM.

BY BRAINARD.

I saw two clouds at morning,
 Ting'd with the rising sun;
 And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one;
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It mov'd so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents,
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,
 And join their course with silent force,
 In peace each other greeting;
 Calm was their course through banks of green,
 While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat;
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
 Float on, in joy to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

THE FETE OF ST. LAMBERT;

OR THE VALLEY OF MONTMORENCY.

WHEN two shrubs spring up near to each other, they soon mingle, as they grow, their branches and roots together, and thus form but one shade. They are caressed by the same zephyrs, and they are the more easily enabled, by the additional strength which each imparts to the other, to sustain, without injury, those storms which, isunited, neither would have been able to resist.

Thus, two children, who exchange together their first smiles and their first caresses, preserve ever after, for each other, a kind of fraternal instinct, and invincible inclination of nature, which will seldom, while existence remains, resign its rights. The friends of childhood may, indeed, be separated by different social distances, by any one of the various occurrences of life, but they always return to each other with an increase of ardour, and view with astonishment the resemblance of their tastes and their inclinations.

This union of the heart does not take place exclusively between individuals of the same sex; for such was the nature of the remarkable attachment, which existed for nearly eighty years, between St. Lambert and the Countess D—.

They were both born in Lorraine, on the same day, and in nearly the same hour. The families of both were of high respectability, and had, for many centuries, held various situations of distinction in the community.

The lady was blessed with that softness of disposition, which is so particularly adapted to embellish the morning of life, which tends not only to awaken those germs of affection, which become stronger as life waxes older, but likewise lends, to the latest hour of the evening of existence, a charm which no other feeling can impart.

St Lambert joined to the talents which distinguish a literary man, those qualities which cha-

racterize a sage. He was one of the most favourite pupils of Voltaire; and yet the admiration which he felt for that wonderful genius, could never make him blind to his errors. An enemy to every principle which was likely to cast a shadow over the happiness of his native country, he quitted Paris at the period when political troubles began to darken in the horizon, and retired to a little country seat, which he possessed near to the village of Eaubonne, in the valley of Montmorency.

This retreat had been formed almost entirely by his own hands. There was not a tree which had not been planted by himself: the garden had been laid out under his direction; and the very house itself was a part of his handiwork. Simplicity was the leading feature of the whole; and yet there was a gaiety about it that announced it as the asylum of the muses, the mansion of independence and repose.

At this period, the Countess of D. had been, for some considerable time, a widow, and had retired to the village of Saunois, which is only a small distance from Eaubonne.

After they regained this opportunity of being again together, scarcely a single day passed without one of these sexagenarians paying a visit to the other, and, seemingly, with as much ardour of affection as if they had been lovers in their teens. She had, through life, been the admiration of all those who had been happy enough to have an opportunity of mingling in her society, and had, more than once, been distinguished by the honour of being publicly celebrated by men of the first literary fame, all of whom seemed to gather around her with pleasure and enthusiasm. Even previously to their second meeting, when they were separated from each other by circumstances and distance, they had

never, on the day of each other's fete, failed to offer their mutual congratulations. Every year inspired them with some new device. Imagination, when seconded by the feelings of the heart, always found some new means of varying their offerings, and of adding fresh interest to the oft-repeated compliment.

The fete of the Countess, who was named Julia, fell at the end of the month of May, in the most brilliant season of the year. Every thing concurred, on this happy day, to surround her with the budding gifts of the spring; meet emblems of the freshness of her mind, and of the beauties of her person.

The patron of St. Lambert was Charles; and therefore his fete fell in November, when the earth has long since been disrobed of her beauties, and has begun to shed her last honours; yet the approach of winter never threw a shade over the couplets, which the Countess never failed to compose on this occasion. But, when her friend had gained his sixtieth year, she no longer dared to recall the pleasures of their youth, fearful that she might, by reviving the most amiable remembrances, only be the cause of awaking useless regret.

At length arrived the day of the seventieth year, on which they both had first seen the light. The date was engraven in the hearts of both. This happy anniversary fell precisely on St. Charles's Day, and the author of the seasons doubted not but that the Countess, at whose house he was invited to dine upon that day, would present him with the customary compliment. Wishing, on his part, to celebrate an attachment so constant and so rare, he resolved to give a little surprise to his friend, when she, as was her custom, brought him, in the evening, home in her carriage. He, in consequence, gave orders to his gardener, and his other domestics, to prepare garlands of leaves and flowers, such as the lateness of the season would allow of, and roof over the whole of the court-yard, from the outer gate up to the vestibule of the house. He then, from his garden and out-houses, had all the plants, which could be moved, brought in and placed on each side of the stairs leading to his study. Therein, over the chimney-picce, he had the portrait of his old friend hung up and adorned with every flower which could be gathered from the season. Underneath were a few verses that breathed, instead of the chill of age, all the glow of the most youthful imagination.

While he was making these preparations, and just as he had finished the arcade of mingling leaves and flowers, which lead from the gate to the house, he perceived, in the plain which separates Eaubonne from Saunois, the carriage of the Countess who was coming to make him a visit.

He immediately ordered the two large folding doors, which opened into the court, to be closed, and commanded the gardener, when the Countess arrived, only to open the little grating, and say that his master had gone out, and would not return before dinner-time.

These orders were faithfully executed, and the Countess good-naturedly thought that the poet had gone to walk in his favourite spot, the Wood de Jaques, or to visit some neighbour. She therefore immediately returned, and took back with her the bouquet, which, to prevent him from supposing that she had made any other preparation for the day, she had intended to present to him. But as she turned round the corner of the garden walls, she threw another glance towards the modest habitation where the muses and friendship had passed so many happy moments together, and, to her utter astonishment, perceived, at one of the latticed windows, St. Lambert, half hidden behind the curtains.

She could not, for some time, believe that she was awake.

"St. Lambert refuse to admit me into his house! For what reason? with what design?"

Her imagination forged a thousand different ideas, all of which were thrown aside as soon as formed.

She arrived at Saunois mournful and sad;—in short, wounded to the very soul, by the idea that the friend of her infancy, after they had thus grown old together, should, without any cause, treat her in such an unmanly, such an ungenerous manner.

It was the first time in her life that she had ever received such an insult, and she resolved to be revenged. St. Lambert, as soon as he had finished every thing necessary for the decoration of his retreat, and imagining that, perchance, his friend might feel a little uneasy, at not having found him at home, at the hour when he had always been accustomed to remain within, resolved to dress himself, and walk as far as the village of Saunois.

He did so, but when he arrived there, instead of finding the large gates thrown open for his reception, he saw a youth put his head through a kind of half-gate, to tell him that the Countess had gone out in the morning, and that she would not return before dinner-time.

He felt fatigued, and therefore proposed to go in and await her arrival.

The servant immediately answered, to his great astonishment, that he could not admit him, as the Countess had expressly commanded that no person of any kind, should, on any pretence, be allowed to enter the house during her absence.

St. Lambert accordingly retired, without knowing to what cause to attribute the unexpected refusal. Nevertheless he resolved to return to Eaubonne on foot, with as much haste as his fatigue and age would allow of.

But, after he had walked on for a little time, with his eyes cast to the ground, out of temper with himself and all around him, he suddenly looked back towards the mansion of the Countess, and perceived at one of the balconies, without the least appearance of concealment, his old friend looking towards him, with the utmost satisfaction painted upon her countenance.

"Could she then have seen me," said he to himself, "when she made me a visit this morn-

ing, and thus wishes to revenge herself for my not having received her? If that is the case, were she to learn that I refused her admittance only in order to surprise her a little this evening, she would soon repent of the cruel insult which she has put upon me."

On the other side, the Countess, while she followed him with her eye, exclaimed—

"How much it costs me to send him away thus! But I ought to make him feel that it is not so very easy for him to make a dupe of me; indeed, if he refuses me admittance into his house, it becomes my sex to refuse him entrance into mine."

At length the hour for dinner arrived. The most intimate friends of St. Lambert had all arrived, according to the invitation of the Countess, in order to give splendour and sociability to the fete of their mutual friend Charles.

Among others, La Harpe, Florian, Marmontel, and a distinguished number of ladies of the first rank, fashion, and beauty, were assembled. The Countess, who, in spite of herself, repented of having thus cruelly refused admittance to her old friend, and, above all, of having shown herself upon the balcony, in order to add greater poignancy to his disappointment, when she found that he did not arrive, sent her carriage to fetch him. But he refused to come, saying that he had no desire to dine with any person who shut the door against him when he called. No sooner had the domestics of the Countess returned, and informed her of the resolution of St. Lambert, than she immediately explained to the whole company all that had happened. Her grief was extreme, and she resolved to go herself, and make him a just excuse for the resentment she had caused.

Her friends opposed this resolution, but deputed Florian, La Harpe, and Marmontel to go and endeavour to prevail upon him to return with them.

They went, and represented to him the real truth, and, after great persuasion, induced him to change his resolution.

He was met at the door by the Countess, surrounded by her distinguished guests, and no sooner was the dinner announced than he was conducted to the saloon by various characters, representative of the different productions which had signalized his literary career.

One group personated the four portions of the day, morning, noon, evening, and night.

Others represented the four seasons: Florian, as the youngest, and with a smiling countenance and agile form, was crowned with flowers, and formed no bad representative of the spring.

La Harpe, in the maturity of age; and with those brilliant eyes for which he was always remarkable, was enwreathed with a garland composed of ears of corn, and thus imaged summer.

Marmontel, more pampered in his looks, but bearing on his features his love for the good things of the table, designated Autumn. He held in his left-hand a wand encircled with vine-

branches, and in the other a tankard, from which he, with but little moderation, recruited his spirits.

To close the scene came the aged Duke of Nivernois, covered with white locks and a flowing mantle, and representing Winter.

These four celebrated literary characters then addressed to St. Lambert verses adapted for the occasion, and composed by themselves. The homage of all this brilliant assemblage was more than St. Lambert could well support. His emotion was visible to all, and was relieved only by the tears of joy which soon came to his assistance.

"Behold," said the Countess to him, "the real cause for the refusal by which I so cruelly wounded your feelings this morning. Allow, then, that there was some little excuse for my acting as I did, in order to give you this little surprise. But what possible reason could you have for your conduct!"

"I beg a thousand pardons," cried St. Lambert, wishing in his turn to conceal the preparation which he had made, "I was just composing some verses, which would not allow of the slightest distraction. At my age it is no easy matter to tune the lyre; and when it is once in order, if it is not immediately played upon, it becomes silent perhaps for ever."

At length, when genius and friendship had exhausted their resources in celebrating the birthday of the author of the seasons, St. Lambert proposed to all who had contributed to the amusement of the evening to walk as far as his modest retreat.

The evening was calm and serene, one of those beautiful scenes which resemble, or rather recall, the first days of spring.

They all agreed, and, commanding the carriages to follow, set out on foot.

As soon as they arrived at the gates of the garden of St. Lambert's dwelling, they were suddenly thrown open, and discovered a roof covered with flowers and verdure, and illuminated with every fancy which art could devise.

"Behold," said he in his turn, "my motive for the refusal for which I have been punished so severely. I thought that two beings who had loved and cherished each other for seventy years, could have but one feeling, and that the fete of the one ought to be that of the other. I wished with these flowers to make you some little exchange for the bouquet which I expected you to prepare for me. But when I brought you hither, you were, I could see, still unsatisfied and uneasy, and perhaps doubting, for the first time, the sincerity of my affection; but that which afflicts me most, that which I can scarce pardon myself for, is to have wounded your feelings for such a paltry show; yet I must acknowledge, that at the moment I felt a real pleasure in beholding your surprise and disappointment; but now I hope and trust I am forgiven."

Even until this day the inhabitants of the lovely valley of Montmorency recount this anecdote of the Fete of St. Lambert.

THE BLACK MASK.

A LEGEND OF HUNGARY.

As the Danube approaches the ancient city of Buda, it traverses a vast and almost uninhabited plain, surrounded upon every side by rude and barren mountains. This tract, thickly wooded with forest trees of great age and size, has been called the "Black Forest" of Hungary, and has been long celebrated as the resort of the wild boar and the elk, driven by winter to seek a shelter and cover which they would in vain look for upon the rocky and steep mountains around: there, for at least five months of every year, might daily be heard the joyous call of the jager horn, and at night, around the blazing fires of the bivouac, might parties of hunters be seen carousing and relating the dangers of the chase. But when once the hunting season was past, the gloom and desolation of this wild waste was unbroken by any sound, save the shrill cry of the vultures, or the scream of the wood squirrel as he sprang from bough to bough, for the footsteps of the traveller never trod this valley, which seemed as if shut out by nature from all intercourse with the remainder of the world. Hunting had been for years the only occupation of the few who inhabited it, and the inaccessible character of the mountains had long contributed to preserve it for them from the intrusion of others; but at length the chase became the favourite pastime of the young noblesse of Austria as well as Hungary: and to encourage a taste for the "*mimic fight*," as it has been not inaptly termed, the example of the reigning monarch greatly contributed. Not a little vain of his skill and proficiency in every bold and warlike exercise, he often took the lead in these exercises himself, and would remain weeks and even months away, joyfully enduring all the dangers and hardships of a hunter's life, and by his own daring, stimulate others to feats of difficult and hardy enterprise. Some there were, however, who thought they saw in this more than a mere fondness for a hunter's life, and looked on it, with reason, perhaps, as a deeply laid political scheme; that, by bringing the nobles of the two nations more closely into contact, nearer intimacy, and eventually, friendships would spring up and eradicate that feeling of jealousy with which as rivals they had not ceased to regard each other.

It was the latter end of December of the year 1754; the sun had gone down and the shadows of night were fast falling upon this dreary valley, whilst upon the cold and piercing blast were borne masses of snow-drift and sleet, and the low wailing of the night wind foreboded the approach of a storm, that a solitary wanderer was vainly endeavouring to disentangle himself from the low brushwood, which heavy and snow-laden, obstructed him at every step. Often he stood, and putting his horn to his lips, blew till the forest rang again with the sound, but nothing

responded to his call, save the dull and ceaseless roar of the Danube, which poured along its thundering flood, amid huge masses of broken ice or frozen snow, which rent from their attachment to the banks, were carried furiously along by the current of the river.

To the bank of the Danube, the wanderer had long directed his steps, guided by the noise of the stream; and he had determined to follow its guidance to the nearest village where he might rest for the night. After much difficulty, he reached the bank, and the moon which hitherto had not shone, now suddenly broke forth and showed the stranger to be young and athletic; his figure, which was tall and commanding, was arrayed in the ordinary hunting dress of the period; he wore a green frock or kurtha, which, trimmed with fur, was fastened at the waist by a broad strap of black leather; from this was suspended his jagd messer, or *couteau de chasse*, the handle and hilt of which were of silver, richly chased and ornamented; around his neck hung a small bugle, also of silver, and these were the only parts of his equipment which bespoke him to be of rank, save that air of true born nobility which no garb, however homely, can effectually conceal. His broad leaved bonnet with its dark o'erhanging herons' feathers, concealed the upper part of his face: but the short and curved moustache which graced his upper lip, told that he was either by birth Hungarian, or one who from motives of policy had adopted this national peculiarity to court favour in the eyes of Joseph, who avowed his preference for that country on every occasion. The first object that met his eyes as he looked anxiously around for some place of refuge from the storm, which long impending, was already about to break forth with increased violence, was the massive castle of Cservitzen, whose battlemented towers rose high above the trees on the opposite side of the Danube; between, however, roared the river, with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, amid huge fragments of ice, which were either held by their attachment to rocks in the channel, or borne along till dashed to pieces by those sharp reefs so frequent in this part of the stream; he shuddered as he watched the fate of many a ledge of ice or snow now smoothly gliding on, and in the next moment shivered into ten thousand pieces, and lost in the foam and surge of "the dark rolling river." He seemed long to weigh within himself the hazard of an attempt to cross the stream upon these floating islands with the danger of a night passed in the forest; for he now knew too well, no village lay within miles of him. But at last he seemed to have taken his resolution; for, drawing his belt tightly around him and throwing back his jagd messer, lest it should impede the free play of his left arm, he seemed to prepare himself for the perilous undertaking--

this was but the work of one moment—the next saw him advancing upon the broad ledge, which, frozen to the bank, stretched to a considerable distance in the stream. Now arrived, at the verge of this, came his first difficulty, for the passage was only to be accomplished by springing from island to island over the channels of the river, which ran narrowly, though rapidly between;—the loud crashes which every moment interrupted the silence of the night, as each fragment broke upon the rocks before him, told too plainly what fate awaited him, should he either miss his footing, or the ice break beneath his weight; in either case death would be inevitable. He once more looked back upon the dark forest he had left, and again seemed to hesitate; 'twas for an instant—with a bold spring he cleared the channel. No time was, however, given him to look back on the danger he had passed: for scarcely had his feet reached their landing place, than the ice, yielding to the impulse of his fall, gave way and separated with a loud crash from its connexion with the remaining mass, and in an instant was flying down the stream, carrying him along with it—unconscious of all around, he was borne onward—the banks on either side seemed to fly past him with the speed of lightning, and the sound of the river now fell upon his ear like the deep rolling of artillery; and from this momentary stupor, he only awoke to look forward to a death as certain as it was awful. The rocks upon which the icebergs were dashed and shivered to atoms as they struck, were already within sight. Another moment and all would be over;—he thought he heard already the rush of the water as the waves closed above his head—in an agony of despair he turned and looked on every side to catch some object of hope or assistance. As he floated on, between him and the rock upon which the castle stood, now coursed a narrow channel, but yet too broad to think of clearing with a single leap. Along this came a field of ice, wheeling in all the eddies of the river; he saw that yet he might be saved—the danger was dreadful, but still no time was now left to think—he dashed his hunting spear towards the floating mass, and with the strength which desperation only can give, threw himself as if on a leaping pole, and cleared both the channels in a spring. As he fell almost lifeless on the bank, he saw the fragment he so lately had trusted to, rent into numberless pieces—his strength failed, and he sank back upon the rock. How long he thus lay he knew not; and when he again looked up, all was wrapt in darkness; the moon had gone down, and nothing recalled him to a sense of his situation save the dull, monotonous roaring of the Danube, which poured its flood quite close to where he lay.

Light now gleamed brightly from the windows of the castle above him, and he felt fresh courage as he thought a place of refuge was so near; and although stunned by the violence of the shock with which he fell, and half frozen by the cold ice which had been his bed, he made towards the drawbridge. This, to his surprise, was al-

ready, lowered—and the wide gates lay open. As he passed along, he met no one—he at length reached a broad stair; ascending this, the loud tones of many voices met his ear—he opened a door which stood before him, and entered the apartment where the family now were assembled at supper.

The possessor of the baronial schloss of Cfervitzen, was one of the last remnants of the feudal system in Hungary; and to whom, neither the attractions of a court, nor yet the high rank and favour so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen—were inducements strong enough to withdraw him from that wild and dreary abode, where he had passed his youth and his manhood, and now adhered to in his old age, with an attachment which length of years had not rendered less binding. The only companion of his solitude was a daughter, upon whom he heaped all that fondness and affection which the heart, estranged from all the world, can bestow upon one. She was, indeed, all that most sanguine wishes could devise; beautiful as the fairest of a nation celebrated for the loveliness of its women, and endowed with all the warmth of heart and susceptibility of her country. Of the world she was ignorant as a child, and long learned to think that the mountains which girt their broad valley, enclosed all that was worth knowing or loving in it.

Hospitality has not, in Hungary, attained the rank of a virtue; it is merely the characteristic of a nation. Shelter is so often required and afforded to the desolate wanderer, through vast and almost uninhabited tracts of mountain and forest, that the arrival of a stranger at the evening meal of a family, would create but little surprise among its members, and in the present instance, the intruder might, had he so wished it, have supped and rested for the night, and gone out on his journey on the morrow, without one question as to whence he came, or whither he should go.

But such evidently was not his intention; for either not understanding, or if he understood, not caring to comply with the hints which were given him, to seat himself below the *daer*, he boldly advanced to the upper end of the apartment, where the baron and his daughter were seated upon a platform slightly elevated above the surrounding vassals and bondsmen, who were assembled in considerable numbers. The stranger did not wait until the baron had addressed him, but at once said, "The Graf von Sobenstein claims your hospitality here, baron; hunting with the imperial suite, I lost my way in the forest, and unable to regain my companions, I esteem myself fortunate to have reached such an asylum." To this speech, which was made in the Hungarian language, the baron replied by welcoming after the friendly fashion of his country; and then added, in a somewhat severe tone: "A Hungarian, I suppose."—"A Hungarian by birth," answered the Count, colouring deeply, "but an Austrian by title." To this there succeeded a short pause, when the baron again said,

"You were hunting with the emperor—how crossed you the Danube? no boat could stem the current now." The count, evidently offended at the question of his host, replied, coldly, "On the drift ice."—"On the drift!" cried the baron, aloud. "On the drift ice!" echoed his daughter, who had hitherto sat a silent, though attentive listener to the dialogue. The count, who had all along spoken with the air of a superior to one beneath him in rank and station, deigned not to enter into any explanation of a feat, the bold daring of which warranted incredulity. This awkward feeling of some moments duration was dispelled by the entrance of a vassal, who came in haste to inform the baron, that some person who had left the opposite shore of the Danube, had been carried down upon the drift; he had ever since been in search of him along the bank, below the rocks, but in vain. This was enough—the count repressed the rising feeling of anger that his own short and startling assertion should be questioned, and suffered the baron to press him down upon a seat beside him, and soon forgot, amid the kind inquiries of the baron's daughter, his former cold and distant demeanour; he gradually became more and more free and unconstrained in manner; and at last so effectually had the frank and hospitable air of the baron, and the more bewitching naivete and simplicity of his daughter gained upon the good opinion of their guest, that throwing off his reserve, a feeling evidently more the result of education and habit, than natural, he became lively and animated—delighted his host by hunting adventures, and stories of the mistakes and awkward feats of the Austrian nobles in the field, (a grateful theme to a Hungarian,) and captivated the fair Adela, by telling of fetes and gay carnivals in Vienna, to all of which, though an utter stranger, she felt a strong and lively interest in, when narrated by one so young and handsome, as he who now sat beside her. He also knew many of the baron's old friends and acquaintances, who had taken up their residence at the Austrian court; and thus conversing happily together, when the hour of separation for the night arrived, they parted pleased with each other, and inwardly rejoicing at the event which had brought about the meeting.

On the following morning the count rose early, and quite refreshed from the toils of the preceding day, descended to the breakfast-room; the family had not as yet assembled, and Adela was sitting alone in the recess of a window which overlooked the Danube; as he approached and saluted her, she seemed scarcely able to rouse herself from some deep reverie in which she appeared to have fallen; and after briefly bidding him "Good morning," laconically asked, "Can it be that you crossed the stream there?" at the same moment pointing to where the river rolled on beneath them, in waves of white and toiling foam. The count sat down beside her, and narrated his entire adventure, from the time he had lost sight of his companions; and so earnestly did she listen and he speak, that they were un-

aware of the entrance of the baron, who had twice saluted the count, and was now heard for the first time, as he entreated him to defer his departure for that day at least, pleading the impossibility of venturing on leaving the castle in so dreadful a storm of snow and wind. To this request, warmly seconded by Adela, the count gladly acceded: ere long the baron commended his guest to the care of his daughter, and left the room.

To Adela, who was unacquainted with all the forms of "the world," and knew not any impropriety in the advances she made towards intimacy with her new acquaintance—for she felt none—her only aim was to render his imprisonment less miserable, and enable him to while away the hours of a winter day with fewer feelings of ennui and weariness than otherwise. It will not then be wondered at if the day passed rapidly over; her songs and legends of her native land, found in him an impassioned and delighted listener, and, ere he knew it, he was perfectly captivated by one of whose very existence but a few hours before he was perfectly ignorant.

It was evident that he felt as flattery, the frank and intimate tone she assumed towards him, and knew not she would have treated any other similarly situated, with the same unsuspecting and friendly demeanour. It was then with a feeling of sorrow, he watched the coming darkness of evening. "In a few hours more," thought he, "and I shall be far away, and no more spoken of or remembered, than as one of the many who came and went again." "The evening passed happily as the day had done, and they separated; the count having promised not to leave the castle the following day until noon, when the baron should accompany him, and see him safely on the road to Vienna.

The hour of leave-taking at length arrived, and amid the bustle and preparation for departure, the count approached a small tower, which opening from one of the angles of the apartments, served, in time of warfare, to protect that part of the building, but which had been devoted to the more peaceful office of a lady's boudoir. Here was Adela sitting, her head resting on her hand, and her whole appearance divested of that gay and buoyant character which had been peculiarly her own; she rose as he came forward, and glancing at his cap, which he held on one arm, took hold of his hand, and endeavoured as carelessly as possible to allude to his departure: but her heart failed, and her low, trembling voice betrayed her feeling when she asked—"Will you then leave us so suddenly?" The count muttered something, in which the words—"the emperor—long absence—Vienna," were alone audible, and pressing closely that hand, which since he last touched it, had never left his, seated himself beside her. There was a silence for some moments, they would both willingly have spoken, and felt their minutes were few, but their very endeavours rendered the difficulty greater; at length, drawing her more closely to him, as he placed one arm around her, he asked

—"Will you then soon forget me—shall I be no more recollected?"—"No, no," said she, interrupting him, hurriedly; "But will you return, as you have already promised?"—"I do intend, but then—"—"What then?" cried she, after a pause, expecting he would finish his sentence. He seemed but a moment to struggle with some strong feeling, and at last spoke as if he had made up his mind to a decided and fixed resolve. "It were better you knew all—I cannot—that is—I may not—"—her eyes grew tearful as he spoke—he looked—then added—"I will return—at all hazards—but first promise to wear this for my sake; it was a present from the emperor;" saying which, and unfastening the breast of his kurtka, he took from round his neck a gold chain to which was fastened a seal ring bearing the initial J; "Wear this," said he, "at least till we meet again:" for she hesitated, and needed the qualification he made, of its being one day restored, ere she accepted so valuable a present.

A servant now entered to say that the baron was already mounted and waiting; their adieus were soon spoken, and the next instant the horses were heard galloping over the causeway which led towards the road to Vienna. She gazed after them till the branches of the dark wood closed around them, and then saw them no more. The baron returned not till late in the evening, and spoke only of the day's sport, and merely once alluded to the stranger, and that but passing; the following day came, and there was nothing to convince her that the two preceding ones had not been as a dream; so rapidly had they passed, and yet so many events seemed crowded into this short space. The chain she wore alone remained, to assure her of the reality of the past.

Days, weeks, and even months, rolled on, and although the count had promised to write, yet no letter ever reached them, and now the winter was long past and it was already midsummer, when the baron and his daughter were strolling one evening along a narrow path which flanked the Danube. It was the hour of sunset, and all was quiet and peaceful as the grave; the very birds were hushed upon the boughs, and no sound was heard, save the gentle ripple of that river whose treacherous surface so lately was borne on with the dread roaring of a cataract. As they watched the curling eddies broken upon the rocks, and then floating in bubbles so silently, they stood by the spot where, months before, the stranger had crossed the Danube. "I wonder," said the Baron, "that he never wrote. Did he not promise to do so?"—"Yes," replied she, "he did; but at the same time spoke of the possibility of his absence from Vienna, perhaps with his regiment, which was, I believe, in Gratz. And then, too, we know the courier from Buda is not too punctual in his visits to our valley."—"And, in short," said the Baron, you could find at least a hundred reasons for your friend not keeping his promise, rather than for a moment suspect the real one—that he has forgotten us. Ah, my poor child, I fear you know

not how little, such a meeting as ours was, will impress the mind of one who lives in courts and camps, the favoured and honoured of his sovereign. The titled Graf of Austria will think, if he ever even returns to the circumstance in his memory, that he did the poor Hungarian but too much honour, when he accepted of his hospitality. And—but stop—did you not see a horseman cross the glen there, and then enter yonder coppice? There!—there he is again!—I see him now plainly. It is the Austrian courier, coming, perhaps, to refute all I have been telling you. I am sure he brings tidings from Vienna, by taking that path."

The rider to whom their attention was now directed, was seen advancing at the full speed of his horse, and but a few seconds elapsed ere he emerged from the trees. Although at first his course had been directed to the castle, it was now evident he made for the place where the father and daughter stood in breathless anxiety for his arrival. As he came nearer, they could see that he wore the deeply-slouched hat and long flowing cloak of a courier. Then was there no doubt of his being one. He drew nearer and nearer, and never slackened his pace, till within a few yards of the place where they awaited him; then throwing off his hat and cloak, he sprang from his horse, and flew into their arms. It was the count himself. Exclamations of surprise and delight burst from both, and, amid a thousand welcomes, they took the path back to the castle. Questioning and reproaching for forgetfulness, with an interest which too plainly told how dearly the inquirer felt the implied neglect, with many a heartfelt confession of joy at the present meeting, filled up the hours till they retired for the night.

When the count found himself alone in his chamber, he walked hurriedly to and fro, his hands clasped, and his brow knitted; his whole air bespeaking the feelings of one labouring under some great mental agitation. At length he threw himself upon his bed; but when morning broke, he rose weary and unrefreshed, and had to plead fatigue to the baron, as an excuse for not accompanying him on an intended excursion for that day. Another reason might also have influenced the count—Adela was again his companion for the entire day; and amid many a kind inquiry for his health, and hopes but half expressed, that his present stay would recruit his strength and vigour, she plainly showed, if forgetfulness had existed on either side, it could not have been laid to her charge. It was also plain that his feeling for her, if not already love, was rapidly ripening into it:—and yet there came ever across him some thoughts that at once damped the very praise he spoke to her, and chilled the warm current of affection with which he answered her questions. The day passed, however, but too rapidly, and another followed it, like in all things, save that every hour which brought them together, seemed but to render them dearer to each other. They rode, they walked, they sang, they read together; and

it may be conjectured how rapidly the courtly address and polished mind of the count gained upon one so susceptible, and so unpractised in the world; and in fact, ere the first week of his stay passed over, she loved—and more—confessed to him her love.

Had she been at all skilled in worldly knowledge, she would have seen that her lover did not receive her confession of attachment with all the ardour with which he might have heard such an avowal—and from one so fair, so young, and so innocent. But, even as it was, she thought him more thoughtful than usual at the moment. He had been standing, leaning upon her harp—she had ceased playing—and he now held her hand within his own, as he pressed for some acknowledgment of her feelings for him;—but when she gave it, he scarcely pressed the hand which trembled as she spoke; and letting it drop, he walked slowly to a window, and veiled his face within his hands for some minutes. When he returned again to her side, he appeared endeavouring to calm his troubled mind, and suppress some sad thoughts which seemed to haunt him like spirits of evil:—he looked kindly on her, and she was happy once more.

Such was the happy term of their lives, that they felt not the time rolling over. A second week was already drawing to a close. As they were one morning preparing for an excursion into the forest, a servant entered, to announce the arrival of a courier from Vienna, with letters for the count. He seemed very much agitated at the intelligence, and apologizing to Adela, and promising to return at once, he ordered that the courier should be shown into his apartment. As he entered the room a few moments after, the courier was seen to issue from the portals of the castle, and, at the top of his speed, take the road to Vienna. The count had evidently heard disagreeable tidings, and strove in vain to conceal the agitation he laboured under. “No bad news from Vienna, I hope,” said she:—“has any thing occurred to trouble you there?”—“I am recalled,” said he, hastily; “ordered, I know not where—perhaps to Poland. However, I am expected to join immediately.”—“But you will not do so?” said the innocent girl, passionately—“you will not go?”—“How am I to help it?” answered he.—“Have you not told me,” said she, “a thousand times, that the Emperor was your friend—that he loved you, and would serve you?—Will he not give you leave of absence?—Oh, if he will not hear you, let me entreat him. I will go myself to Vienna—I will myself tell him all.—I will fall at his feet and beseech him; and if ever an Hungarian girl met with favour in the eyes of a monarch who loves her nation, he will not refuse me.”—“Adela,” said he, “do not speak thus:—I must go—but I hope to obtain the leave myself. Come, cheer up. You know you may trust me. You believed me once before—did I deceive you?—Pledge me but your word not to forget me—to be my own when I return.”—“I swear it,” cried she, falling upon his neck, “nothing but death shall change me, if even

that—and if I ever cease to feel for you as I do at this moment, you shall hear it from my own lips. But let us not speak of that. You will come—is it not so? and we shall again be happy; and you will never leave me then. As she spoke these words, she looked into his face with a sad smile, while the tears trickled fast down her cheek, and fell upon his shoulder.

He pressed her hand, and tried to soothe her, but in vain. At last he made one desperate effort, and pressing her to his bosom, kissed her cheek, and, bidding a long and last adieu, he hurried from the apartment:—his horse stood saddled at the door—he sprang to his seat, and was soon far from the Schloss.

With the departure of him she loved, all happiness seemed to have fled. The places she used with him to visit, in their daily excursions, on foot or horseback, served only to call up recollections of the past, and render her present solitude more lonely than she had ever felt; and after weeks of anxious expectancy, when neither letters nor any other tidings of the Count arrived, her health gradually declined—her cheek grew pale, her eye lustreless, and her step infirm; while her low, sad voice told too plainly, the wreck of her worldly happiness had been accomplished; and all the misery of hope deferred burst on her, whose path had, until now, been only among flowers, and whose young heart had never known grief. The summer into the autumn flowed, and the winter came; and another summer was already at hand; and yet he never returned: and already the finger of grief had laid its heavy and unerring touch upon her frame. No longer was she what she had been; and her altered appearance at last attracted the attention of her father, who had continued to think her illness but momentary, but now awoke to the sad feeling, that she was dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and with all the agony of one who felt that he had neglected too long an important duty, he determined no longer to delay, but at once set out for Vienna, where medical aid could be procured; and if the gentle and balmy airs of Italy could avail aught, they could at once travel southward. She was perfectly passive to the proposed excursion; and if she had any objections, she thought that she might hear some intelligence of her lover, would have overcome them all; so that, ere many days elapsed, they had arrived in the Austrian capital. Vienna was at this time the scene of every species of festivity and rejoicing. That court had just returned from an excursion to Carlsbad; and all ranks, from the proud noble to the humble bourgeois, vied in their endeavours to welcome a monarch, who had already given rise to the greatest expectations. Balls, redoutes, and masquerades, with all the other pleasures of a carnival, formed the only occupation, and the only theme of conversation throughout the city. The baron and his daughter, however, little sympathizing in a joy so strongly in contrast to the sad occasion which led them thither, sought and found an hotel, outside the barrier, where they might remain un-

known and unmolested, as long as they should think proper to remain in the capital.

They had not been many days in their new abode, when tempted one morning by the fineness of the weather, and Adela feeling herself somewhat better, they strolled as far as the Prater; but on reaching it, they were much disappointed in their expectation of quiet and seclusion, for all Vienna seemed assembled there to witness a grand review of the troops, at which the emperor was to be present (they, therefore, at once determined on retracing their steps, and endeavour, if possible, to reach the city before the troops should have left it. With this intention they were hastening onward, and had already reached the open space where the troops usually manoeuvred, when they stood for some minutes attracted by the beauty of the scene; for already heavy masses of cavalry and artillery were to be seen as they slowly emerged from the dark woods around, taking up their respective stations upon the field. Half regretting to lose so splendid a spectacle, they were again turning to proceed, when a young officer galloping up to the spot where they now stood, informed the baron, that a traiture regiment was about to take up that position on the field, and requested with great politeness, that he would accept for himself and his daughter, seats upon a platform with some of his friends, from which, without danger or inconvenience they might witness the review: this invitation politely urged, as well as the fact, that they could not now hope to reach the city without encountering the crowds of soldiery and people, induced them to accede, and ere many minutes elapsed they were seated on the balcony.

The field now rapidly filled. Column after column of infantry poured in, and the very earth seemed to shake beneath the dense line of cuirassiers, who, in their long drooping cloaks of white, looking like the ancient Templars, rode past in a smart trot—their attention now was, however, suddenly turned from these to another part of the field, where a dense crowd of people were seen to issue from one of the roads which led through the park, and as they broke forth into the plain, the air was rent with a tremendous shout, followed the moment after by the deafening roar of the artillery, and while the loud cry of "*Der Kaiser*," "*Leb der Kaiser*," rose to the skies from thousands of his subjects—the gorgeous housings and golden panoply of the Hungarian hussars, who formed the body guard, were seen caracalling upon their beautiful "*shimmels*," (such is the term given them) and in the midst of them rode the emperor himself, conspicuous even there for the address and elegance of his horsemanship.

The cavalcade had now reached the balcony where the baron and his daughter were sitting; there it halted for several minutes. The emperor seemed to be paying his respects to some ladies of the court who were there, and they were sufficiently near to observe that he was uncovered while he spoke; but yet, could not clearly discern

his features. Adda's heart beat high as she thought of one who might at that moment be among the train; for she knew that he was the personal friend of the emperor and his favourite aide-de-camp. The cavalcade now was slowly advancing, and stood within a few paces of where she was; but at the same time being totally concealed from her view by the rising up of those who sat beside her, in their anxiety to behold the emperor. She now, however, rose and leaned forward; but no sooner had she looked than she, with a loud cry, fell fainting back into the arms of her father. The suddenness of the adventure was such, that the baron had not even yet seen the emperor, and could but half catch the meaning of her words as she dropped lifeless upon his neck.—He had been but too often of late a witness to her frequent faintings to be much alarmed now; and he at once attributed her present weakness to the heat and excitement of the moment. Now, however, she showed no sign of recovering sensibility, but lay cold and motionless where she had fallen at first, surrounded by a great number of persons anxiously professing aid and assistance; for it was no sooner perceived that they were strangers, than carriages were offered on all sides to convey them home, and glad to avail himself of such a civility at the moment, the baron disengaged himself from the crowd, and carried the still lifeless girl to a carriage.

During the entire way homeward, she lay in his arms speechless and cold—she answered him not as he called her by the most endearing names; and at last he began to think he never again should hear her voice, when she slowly raised her eyes and gazed on him with a wild and vacant stare—she passed her hands across her forehead several times, as if endeavouring to recollect some horrid and frightful dream; and then muttering some low, indistinct sound, sank back into her former insensibility.

When they reached home, medical aid was procured; but 'twas too plain the lovely girl had received some dreadful mental shock, and they knew not how to administer to her. She lay thus for two days, and on the morning of the third, as the heart-broken and wretched father who had never left her bedside, gazed upon the wreck of his once beauteous child—the warm tears falling fast upon her cheek; what was his joy to discover symptoms of returning animation. She moved—her bosom gently heaved and fell; and raising one arm, placed it round her father's neck, and smiling, drew him gently towards her—with what an ecstasy of joy he watched the signals of recovering life; and as he knelt to kiss her, he poured forth his delight in almost incoherent terms. As consciousness gradually returned, he told her of her long trance, and of his parental fears. He told her of his determination that she should mix in the gaieties of the capital on her recovery, and said, that if she had been strong enough, that very evening she should accompany him to a grand masked ball given by the emperor to his subjects. Her face, which had hitherto

been pale as marble, now suddenly became suffused with an unnatural glow—a half suppressed shriek escaped her—the smile faded from her lips—her eyes gradually closed, and the pallid hue of death again resumed its dominion. It was but a transient gleam. The hopes of the fond father were crushed to the earth, and the house became a scene of wailing and lamentation.

Since the review, Vienna continued the scene of every species of gaiety and dissipation. The emperor was constantly on foot or horseback throughout the city, and nothing was wanting on his part to court popularity among all classes of his subjects; and with this intention, a masquerade was to be given at the palace, to which all ranks were eligible; and great was the rejoicing in Vienna, as a mark of such royal condescension and favour. The long-wished-for evening at length arrived, and nothing could equal the splendour of the scene. The magnificent saloon of the palace, lighted by its myriads of coloured lamps shone like a fairy palace, while no costume, from the rude garb of the wanderer through the plains of Norway, to the gorgeous display of oriental grandeur, were wanting to so delightful a spectacle. Here stood a proud Hungarian, in all the glitter of his embroidered pelisse and gold-tasseled boots; and here a simply clad hunter from the Tyrol, with his garland of newly-plucked flowers in his bonnet; while, ever and anon, the tall, melancholy, and dark-visaged Pole, strode by with all the proud bearing and lofty port, for which his countrymen are celebrated. There were bands of dancers from Upper Austria, and musicians from that land of song, Bohemia. The court had also, on this occasion, adopted the costume of various foreign nations. All beheld the sovereign, and could address him, as he, in compliance with etiquette, was obliged to remain unmasked.

As the evening advanced, he seized a moment to leave the saals, and habit himself in domino; under which disguise, after many ludicrous rencontres with his friends, he was leaning listlessly against a pillar near where a number of Hungarian peasants were dancing. Their black velvet boddices so tightly laced with bright chains of silver, and blood-red calpacks, reminded him of having seen such before. The train of thoughts thus excited, banished all recollection of the scene around him:—the music and the dance he no longer minded. All passed unheeded before his eyes; and, lost in reverie, he stood in complete abstraction. A vision of his early days came over him; and not last, but mingling with his dream of all beside, the image of one once dearly loved! He heaved a deep-drawn sigh, and was about to leave the spot, and drown all recollection in the dissipation of the moment, when he was accosted by one whom he had not before seen. Considering her, perhaps, as one of the many who were indulging in the badinage and gaiety of the place, he wished to pass on; but then there was that in the low plaintive tone in which she spoke, that chained him to the spot. The figure was dressed in deep black; the heavy

folds of which concealed the form of the wearer as perfectly as did the black hood and mask her face and features. She stood for a moment silently before him, and then said, "Can the heart of him whom thousands rejoice to call their own, be sad amid a scene like this?"

"What mean you?" cried he. "How knew you me?"

"How knew I thee?" she repeated in a low, melancholy tone.

There was something in the way these few words were uttered, which chilled his very life's blood; and yet he knew not wherefore. Wishing, however, to rally his spirits, he observed, with an assumed carelessness, "My thoughts had rambled far from hence, and I was thinking of—"

"Of those you had long forgotten—is it not?" said the mask.

"How?" cried he; "what means this? You have roused me to state of frightful uncertainty, and I must know more of you ere we part."

"That shall you do," said the mask; "but my moments are few, and I would speak with you alone. Saying which she led the way, and he followed to a small cabinet, which leading off one angle of the salon, descended into a secluded court-yard of the palace. A single carriage now stood at the entrance, and as the emperor entered a small remote apartment, the thought of some deception being practised on him, made him resolve not to leave the palace. The Mask was now standing beside a marble table, a small lamp the only light of the apartment. She turned her head slowly round as if to see if any one was a listener to their interview; on perceiving that they were alone, she laid her hand gently upon his arm:—he shuddered from some indescribable emotion as he felt the touch; but spoke not. There was a silence of some moments. "I have come to keep my promise," said the Mask in the same low voice in which she at first addressed him. "What promise have you made?" said the emperor, agitated; "I can bear this no longer."—"Stay! stop!" cried she gently; and the voice in which that word was uttered, thrilled to his inmost heart: it was a voice well known, but long forgotten.

"To keep a promise am I come—bethink thee, is there no debt of uttered vows unpaid then? Have you all now you ever wished for, ever hoped?"

He groaned deeply.

"Alas!" he exclaimed involuntarily, "that I could be spared that thought! I do remember one—but—"

"Then hear me, false-hearted! She who once loved thee, loves thee no more: her vows are broken—broken as her heart. She has redeemed her pledge—farewell!" and the voice with which the word was uttered faltered and died away in almost a whisper.

He stood entranced—he spoke not—moved not: the hand which leaned upon his arm now fell listlessly beside him, and the Mask made a gesture of departure.

"Stay!" cried he. "Not so—you leave not

thus. Let me know who you are, and why you come thus?" and he lifted his hand to withdraw her mask by force. But she suddenly stepped back, and waving him back with one hand, said in a low and hollow voice, "'Twere better you saw me not. Ask it not, I pray you, sir, for your own sake, ask it not—my last, my only prayer!" and she again endeavoured to pass him as he stood between her and the small door which led towards the court-yard.

"You go not hence, till I have seen you unveiled," he said in a voice of increased agitation.

The Mask then lifting the lamp which stood by with one hand, with the other threw back the hood which concealed her face. He beheld her—he knew her—she was his own, lost, betrayed Adela—not as he first found her; but pale, pale as the marble by which she stood—her lips colourless; and her eye beamed on him lustreless and cold as the grave, of which she seemed a tenant. The heart which was proof against death in a hundred forms, now failed him. The great king was a miserable heart-stricken man—he trembled—turned—and fell fainting to the ground!

When he recovered, he threw his eyes wildly around, as if to see some one whom he could not discover. He listened—all was silent, save the distant sounds of festivity and the hum of glad-some voices. Pale and distracted he rushed from the spot, and summoning to his own apartment a few of his confidentials, he related to them his adventure from its commencement. In an instant a strict search was set on foot. Many had seen the Mask, though none spoke to her; and no one could tell when or how she had disappeared. The emperor at last bethought him of the carriage which stood at the door—it was gone. Some thought it had been a trick played off on one so celebrated for fearlessness as the emperor. Accordingly, many took the streets which led from the court-yard and terminated in the Augustine kirch and monastery. This way only could the carriage have gone; and they had not proceeded far when the rattling of the wheels met their ears—they listened, and as it came nearer, found it was the same carriage which stood at the portal. The driver was interrogated as to where he had been. He told them that a mask, dressed in black, had left the Saal, and bid him drive to the church of the Augustine, and that he had seen her enter an hotel adjacent.

The emperor, accompanied by two friends masked, bent their steps to the hotel. He inquired of the inmates, and then learnt his vicinity to his noble and ill-requited Hungarian host, and his loved and lost Adela. Few, however humble, would at that moment have exchanged state with the Monarch of Austria and Hungary, for remorse bound him down like a stricken reed.

"Lead me to the baron," he cried hastily, unable to bear the weight of recollection.

The man shook his head. "Noble sir," said he, "the baron lies on a bed of sickness: since this morning he has uttered no word; I fear he will never rise again."

"His daughter—lead me to her—quick!"

"Alas, sir, she died this morning!"

"Liar! slave!" cried the emperor, in a paroxysm of grief and astonishment, "but an hour since I saw her living! Dare not tamper with me!"

The man stared incredulously, and pointed to the staircase, and taking a lamp he beckoned him to follow. He led the way in silence up the broad staircase and through the long corridor, until he stopped at a door which he gently opened, and making the sign of the cross, entered the room—they followed. The apartment was lighted with wax-lights, and at one extremity, on a large couch, laid two females buried in sleep. At the other end was a bed with the curtains drawn closely around; wax-lights were burning at the head and foot. The emperor with an unsteady step approached the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. There, extended on a coverlid of snowy whiteness, laid the object of his solicitude, and at her feet were the mask and domino! He thought she slept, and in the low, tender accent with which he first won her young heart, he breathed her name; but there was no response. He took her hand—it was cold, and fell from his nerveless grasp. He gazed stedfastly on her countenance—it was pale as, when lifting her mask, she met his astonished gaze. But this was no trance—her eyes were now closed for ever—her heart had ceased to beat—she was beautiful, though in death! Her arms were crossed upon her bosom, and on the fingers of her right-hand was entwined a chain of gold with a signet ring! None could see the scalding tears that were shed, or knew the bitter and agonizing remorse that tore the bosom of the emperor, as gazed for the last time on the pallid features of one, perhaps the only one, who had ever loved him for himself alone. Forgetful of his state—forgetful of all but his own heart—he knelt by the side of the dead, and never were accents of contrition more sincerely breathed by human being than by that monarch in his hour of humiliation.

* * * * *

Years rolled on. The old baron and his daughter sleep side by side in the cemetery of St. Augustine's monastery. They left no kindred; he was the last of his race; and the old castle on the Danube soon fell into decay, and became an outlaw's den. The emperor recovered in time his gaiety amidst the blandishments of his court; but as often as the season of the chase returned, his nobles remarked that he was never more the same light-hearted and reckless sportsman. Few knew why; but the associations were too strong—he could never banish from his mind the parting look of her who he had first met in the dark forests of Hungary.

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If I could choose my readers, I would not wish the most ignorant nor the most learned to read my works; not the former, for they would not do me justice, and not the latter, because I could not sufficiently please them.



Yours truly Wallerfott

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On the opposite page is old Sir Peveril! Many a time has he figured on canvas or paper, in stone, bronze, or plaster, in oil or water-colours, lithographed, copper-plated, mezzotinted, in all the variety of manner that the art of the sculptor, the founder, the modeller, the painter, the etcher, the engraver, the whole tribe of the imitators of the face divine, could display him. He has hung in the chamber of kings, and decorated the door of the ale-house—has graced the boudoir of beauty, and perambulated the streets, borne upon the head of a swarthy Italian pedlar. He has been depicted in all moods and all postures; but we venture to say, that the Baronet, as he really looked, was never so exactly put before the public as we now see him.

There he is, as he used to saunter about his grounds, with his Lowland bonnet in his hand, dressed in his old green shooting-jacket, telling old stories of every stone and bush, and tree and stream, in sight—tales of battles and raids—or ghosts and fairies, as the case may be, of the days of yore,

—“ Ere Scotland's griefs began,
When every man you met had killed his man !”

Every thing is correct in the picture, from the peak of his head down to his very cudgel; and if the dogs are not as authentic altogether as their master, they may serve as types to show that he was fond of being so attended.

HINDOO SUPERSTITIONS.

BEING invited by the Hindoos of our corps to see the ceremony of walking through the fire, I mounted my horse, accompanied by Capt. Pepper, and rode to the spot, in rear of the native lines, where an oblong pit was prepared, eighteen feet by twelve. I am not aware of its depth, because, on our arrival, it was full of live coals perfectly red hot. A procession then arrived on the opposite side, and every one of them either walked or danced deliberately through the fire lengthways, having only two landing places in the centre of each of the smallest faces. This fire was actually so intense that we could not approach its margin, but sat on our horses at a few yards distance, watching every motion. I had seen a little, and heard much more of this strange feat, but never had such an opportunity of positive proof before. It was in the middle of the Hooly feast, and, I understood, the particular ceremony was in honour of the small-pox deity, Mariamah, to whom they sacrifice a cock, before they venture into the furnace. Then, besmeared all over with some yellow stuff, they go back and forward, both quick and slow, without any apparent suffering; and one man carried an infant on his shoulders, which did not even cry. The puppets of this extraordinary show were of all ages; and I saw a very fine boy slip down at the landing-place, and the others pulled him up uninjured immediately. It remains for chemists to explore the nature of the stuff with which they are besmeared.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

DEAR scene of my childhood! dear land of my home!
How gladly I hie o'er the ocean's white foam—
How gladly I pass o'er the bark-bearing wave—
For I long to behold thee, green land of the brave!

I have been with the Gaul o'er his vine-covered plains,
I have been with the Swiss in his ivy-clad fanes,
With the Switzer I've climbed o'er his mountains of snow,
And heard the dread avalanche thunder below.

I've knelt by the grave of the mighty-armed Tell,
I have heard the loud Tocsin chime Poland's death-knell,
I have seen Russia's despot his red sceptre wave—
Then, then did I think on thee, land of the brave!

Unheeded I've passed o'er the Euzine's black strand,
Unheeded I've passed through hot Araby's sand,
Unmindful I've passed by the great Prophet's grave—
For thou wert far dearer, green land of the brave!

I've feasted in Persia's magnificent halls,
I've wandered alone by her wild water-falls,
I've worn the bright diamonds of Oman's green sea—
But the trefoil of Erin was dearer to me.

Ah, yes! I have been in the vale of Cashmere,
Whose waters received a poor wanderer's tear,
Through the wide world I've wandered o'er mountain and
wave—
And thou'rt found thy equal, green land of the brave!

Then Erin, receive me, a wandering child,
Who fled from the home of his fathers, exiled;
O Erin! receive him, allot him a grave,
Let him rest in thy bosom, green land of the brave!

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

“ Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some lone, and lovely spot,
To melt, and to sink, unseen, or forgot?

And there will my course be ended?”

’Twas this, a feathery Snow-Flake said,
As down through measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid air suspended.

“ Oh! no,” said the Earth, “ thou shalt not lie
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky!
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.

But then I must give thee a lovelier form—
Thou wilt not be part of the wintry storm,
But revive, when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping!

“ And then thou shalt have thy choice, to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine-bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness:
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls, that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regain thy dazzling brightness.”

“ Then I will drop,” said the trusting Flake;
“ But bear in mind, that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers, nor the dew to wake;
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning.
For, things of thyself, they expire with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise and will live, from the dust set free,
To the regions above returning.”

Original.

WEALTH AND MISERY.

I stood alone:—around me lay the most beautiful scene which imagination can conceive—nature seemed to have lavished all her splendour, and art all her ingenuity, to create a paradise on earth, to realise for guilty man the garden planted by the hand of the Almighty for a sinless and perfect creature. A gently sloping plain swept upwards from the banks of a majestic river; its deep channel was, on the opposite side, overhung by a tall cliff, whose summit seemed bending to contemplate its imposing picture in the broad mirror beneath. The forest tree had shot its gnarled and stubborn roots into the large fissures, and the wild vines hung gracefully upon the front, like a coronet of emeralds upon the brow of beauty. Not a human being but myself was to be seen, and no voice but that of the nightingale came upon the ear. The proud peacock raised his rainbow plumage—the bird of paradise perched upon a bough, in conscious dignity, and the startled pheasant fled to the covert of the grove. A marble temple gleamed in the last rays of the summer's sun, and the silver sound of gurgling water echoed in the cool grotto. A flight of polished steps led into an extensive portico, that entirely surrounded the splendid mansion, supporting with Corinthian columns a richly ornamented ceiling. The walls of the first saloon were hung with matchless paintings; the most exquisite statues graced the apartment, and the stairs were guarded by sculptured images of Venus and Diana. A chamber came next, hung with Jebelin tapestry of light blue, worked with silver and the richest dyes, representing the fairy residence where I then was.

No one had been encountered in my passage, and I was about to penetrate still further, when a heavy groan startled me, and caused me to listen attentively. "What then," said I, "can misery dwell in such a palace, where there is nothing to remind one of the troubles of the world, where it seems as if every want would be satisfied by some magic power, where the eye and the ear may enjoy one continued feast of happiness." The groan was repeated, and it appeared to come from an adjoining chamber. I hesitated to enter, before seeing my old friend and associate, but, hoping to be able to render some assistance to the sufferer, I opened the door and stood beyond its threshold: it was so dark that, at first, objects could not be distinguished, but I felt under my feet the yielding texture of a Turkey carpet. By degrees my eyes became accustomed to the scanty light, and a dim outline of the room could be seen. The furniture of this chamber was more gorgeous than in any of those which I had passed, and especially a couch, near which I stood, lost in wonder and admiration. It was surmounted by a canopy, the hangings were of purple velvet, fringed with gold, and the covering of the most costly satin, trimmed with lace.

The other decorations corresponded with these in splendour; but my attention was soon directed to the occupant of the bed, who was evidently just awaking from an uneasy and unrefreshing slumber. He addressed me by name, and I found to my astonishment that it was my good friend, the happy owner of all this magnificence, that now lay before me. An incurable gout had seized and paralyzed nearly all his limbs, and so affected his eyes that the unbroken light of day was tormenting and insupportable. For some days I remained with him, endeavouring to assuage his pains, and to cheer him with the prospect of recovery. But he would take no consolation, and lightly treated the hope that I had held out, desiring only to be released from his sufferings by the hand of death. I saw that bodily sorrow was but a small portion of the heavy load that weighed upon him, and crushed him in the dust of affliction; and, knowing the prosperity which had attended his affairs, was at a loss to conceive the source of his melancholy. He every day lost strength, and plainly could not long survive, although the acuteness of his pain gradually diminished. He seemed anxious to relieve his mind, and I met the desire by conjuring him to conceal nothing from one who had owed to him his success, and felt the deepest interest in his welfare. He acknowledged the kindness, and at intervals gave me a history of his life, which I will relate connectedly, and, as nearly as possible, in his own words. It is as follows:

"I am the son of an honest but unfortunate trader; my parents died while I was yet young, leaving, besides, only a daughter. She was compelled to seek her livelihood by the labour of her hands, while I was protected by a distant relation, a merchant in the city of Hamburg. My talents for business were respectable, and what there was wanting of ability I made up by attention and fidelity, yet found time to avail myself of every opportunity for the acquisition of useful and agreeable knowledge. My zeal was not long unrewarded: I was soon distinguished above my companions, and entrusted with affairs of importance, which it pleased Heaven to prosper, even beyond the expectation of my master. Thus my acquaintance became more numerous, my station in life was one of influence, and, with the partnership into which my kind relation soon received me, I obtained wealth and independence. Business rendered it necessary to travel, and thus my mind was enriched with the fruits of observation, my ideas became more expanded and comprehensive, my character gained stability, my transactions were performed with additional ease, and all professed towards me sentiments of respect and esteem. The rich sought me to gain by my experience; the poor never found my hand closed against them; I loved to cheer the heart of the mourner, and the orphan

was not thrust away without relief; for I thought of my own lot of wretchedness, and the kind hand that was extended for my safety. My sister was married to a worthy curate, and all was cheerful and void of care.

"Some years after, my partner became ill—his physicians resorted to every expedient, but in vain; they could not avert the stroke of the universal destroyer, who only gave his victim time to designate the depository of his will, before he summoned him away from earth. This instrument named me the sole heir of the immense possessions of the deceased, while it excluded a nephew and niece from all participation, because they refused to conform to the wishes of their uncle while alive, and, by an improper course of life, gave evidence of the slight esteem they set by his instructions. The last duties had been paid to my benefactor, and I could look calmly upon my situation, so highly exalted above the most extravagant anticipations that could possibly have been indulged. . But alas! I little knew the dangerous snare that was weaving around my feet. The nearest relations of my deceased friend, his nephew and niece, had excited his indignation; they had contracted debts to a vast amount, looking forward confidently to the inheritance of his wealth. You may easily imagine their consternation and anger at the bitter disappointment they now experienced, execrating me with the direst hatred, and cursing the memory of their uncle. But their animosity was not confined to words, they used the most strenuous exertions to set aside the will, even branding me with the accusation of forgery. But all was in vain, my claim was firmly established, and they were forced to fly from the pursuit of their rapacious creditors, who had allowed them some tranquillity while the cause was pending;—report said they had sailed for England.

"I now took undisturbed possession of my fortune, which daily increased by diligence and the blessing of Heaven. A beautiful and amiable wife heightened my enjoyment, and gave new charms to every thing around. Two years passed away, and a son and daughter smiled upon me. Could I be otherwise than happy? Then it was that I built this residence, and, guided by the exquisite taste of my lovely wife, made it all you see, lavishing every decoration that she could devise to increase its magnificence. There, in the bosom of my family, surrounded by intelligent and agreeable friends, I enjoyed the purest felicity, far surpassing what the most extravagant of my youthful dreams had pictured. I conversed with my beloved wife, dandled my children on my knee, and imagined that an immortal paradise was before me, of which I was the lord. But the gifts I had received turned away my eyes from the hand that gave, and, proud in present possession, I forgot the mutability of human happiness. Alas! when that which I most valued was wrested away, then first did I think of God, and my stricken heart looked up to Him, whom I had forgotten in my joy. Six years I had lived in this most happy situation, when affairs of impor-

tance rendered my presence necessary in London for several months. It was the first time I had been absent from my family. The gaiety, the bustle, the pleasures of the great city, had no charms for me; my soul longed for the hour of return with restless impatience; the anguish of some dark resentment tortured it unceasingly; I hastened my preparations, and was about to go on board the vessel that should bear me to the dear embrace of those I loved:—In passing an open square, I saw the officers of justice about to execute two highway robbers, and, as I could not bear the thought of witnessing the death of a fellow creature, I hurried rapidly away, but was arrested by hearing that one of the culprits was a German.—Imagine my consternation when it was told me that his name was *Olivier*, the very name of the man who had been disinherited in my favour. I combatted the impression, however, but felt irresistibly attracted to remain where I was standing, to discover the truth, and, if possible, throw off the horrid feeling that beset me. Casting my eyes upon the scaffold, I recognised too clearly in the disordered mien of the prisoner the well known features of the disinherited! I was thunderstruck at this discovery, and hastened home, without knowing whether I went or what had happened to me; and scarcely had I recovered from the dismay into which I was plunged, when I received a letter from my wife, informing me that our daughter had been seized with a malignant fever and now lay at the point of death, and that symptoms of the same disease had become visible upon our son. In ordinary circumstances such news would have extremely terrified me, but at this moment they crushed and overwhelmed me completely. It seemed as if the unhappy fate of the robber and the danger of my children stood in sad connexion; an idea that had more than once flitted dimly across my mind, now stood horribly plain before me. Thou art the cause, said I to myself, thou art the fatal cause of his crime and his untimely death; thou mightest have spared of thy riches to save this unfortunate man, but thou did'st never speak one word for him, nor endeavour to reconcile him to his uncle: now, when despair has driven him from his native land, he suffers for a crime to which his poverty impelled him—that poverty which thou mightest have relieved; for thy indifference to his misfortune thou dost pay a double penance.

"I seemed to tread on thorns till I was on board the vessel, and there the image of my children was before my eyes. Perhaps their pure spirits, already loosed from their earthly habitation, were hovering around me, while I was driving about upon the open sea, almost distracted with anxiety and fear. No sooner had I disembarked than I hastened to my country house. It was a starless and cloudy night, and I saw from a distance one part of the house brilliantly illuminated, and in the other an occasional light moving to and fro. "Ah!" exclaimed I, "they have expected my coming, and love has prompted this display; soon shall I fold my darlings in

my arms, and forget my gloomy anticipations." Although the carriage moved very fast, it seemed to me to stand still. At length we arrived. I flew up stairs. Nobody met me. I hastily threw open the illumined saloon, and saw my wife—in her coffin! I knew no more for many days—a delirium had come upon me—I raged like a madman, till nature exhausted, sunk under the stroke, and I again breathed the air of hope. But I had not yet emptied the cup of my sufferings. From that time my house, which had been the dwelling of joy and contentment, seemed to me an open grave that had swallowed my beloved. Wherever I bent my steps, wherever I turned my eyes, I saw nought but the traces of departed joys, over which I heaved many a vain sigh, and shed rivers of unavailing tears. But even this melancholy pleasure was denied me—the dreadful figure of Olivier haunted me continually. Sleeping or waking, it was still the same. How often did I leap trembling from my bed, the cold sweat pouring from every limb, when I thought I saw him strangling my children, or throwing them into the flames of my house, while he struggled with me, and demanded, in a voice of thunder, justice and restitution. Even then I could have been happy, had the voice of conscience acquitted me. I could not reproach myself with acquiring the will of my friend in an unlawful manner, but I had done nothing to mitigate the severity of a resolution which I knew he had formed, nor had I sought in any manner to compensate those whom I had supplanted. This omission tormented me, and I laid to myself the guilt of Olivier and his death. It was in vain that I combated against this thought, it always returned again, and if driven away by day, it recoiled with fearful violence to break the slum-

bers of the night. I recollected that Olivier had a sister. This idea fell upon my heart with new force, while it spread a weak glimmering of consolation there. 'God be praised,' I exclaimed—'I will yet save her, wherever she may be.' Locking my secret intention within my own breast, I hastened to London, and, with unexpressed pains, gained some slight intelligence of the person I was seeking, which, however, could serve to cheer me but little, for she had gone to America. Thither I followed her. In New York it was my fortune to light upon some traces of her path. I heard of her poverty and her crime; and there too, did I hear her last curse ring in my ears, as she died a victim to vice engendered by despair. I returned home more disconsolate than ever; worn down with the many journeys I had undertaken, and the many dangers and sorrows I had experienced. My strength decayed, and I became the helpless creature you behold me: this house that once resounded only to songs of joy, is now a desert, whose silence is broken only by my anguished complainings; my riches are hateful to me, and my only hope is centred upon death, which will release me from my sufferings, and lead me back to the arms of my wife and my beloved children. I thank God that my hour is near at hand, that I can look forward to the joys of heaven, and the calm rest of the silent grave."

Thus may the narrow and dark tomb have a closer hold upon the desires of man, than the most brilliant palace; so little happiness can external good confer, if unaccompanied by that highest good, that internal tranquillity, that peace with ourselves, arising from the testimony of a clear conscience.

E.

MADAME DE STAEL AND HER FATHER.

THE following is given by Madame Junot as an extract from a MS. narrative of the mode of life of Necker and Madame de Stael, at Coppet, at the early period of the Empire:

"The tall majestic figure of Madame Necker intervened like a marble statue between M. Necker and his daughter. Thus, as long as Madame Necker lived, there was an appearance of restraint, and want of harmony in the family circle. On the death of his wife, M. Necker urged his daughter to come and reside at Coppet; and he devoted all his attention—I had almost said all his gallantry—to render his home agreeable to Madame de Stael.

"The interior of Coppet presented an aspect of dullness and formality. It had seldom any appearance of bustle or gaiety. To me its great attraction consisted in the prodigious union of talent caused by the presence of M. Necker, Madame de Stael, and M. Benjamin Constant, who then lived at Coppet.

"The inmates assembled together at breakfast, which always consisted of coffee, in Madame de Stael's chamber. This meal was often prolonged for two hours; for we had no sooner sat down than Madame de Stael would start a question, more frequently relating to literature or philosophy than politics. This she did out of delicacy to the feelings of her father, whose career in the field of politics had come to so unfortunate a close. But let the subject be what it might, it was sure to be discussed with inconceivable fertility of imagination and depth of thought. In short, it was an intellectual banquet, at which all that the human mind could conceive or create was abundantly served up. In these literary and philosophical disputes, Madame de Stael had a decided superiority over her father in quickness of perception, readiness of expression, and eloquence. But whenever she was about to seize the palm of victory, she always appeared restrained by a feeling of filial respect. As if fear-

ful of the success she had obtained, she would with admirable dexterity and grace commit herself in an error, for the purpose of resigning to her antagonist the glory of the victory. But that antagonist was her father; and he was the only person to whom she ever conceded such an advantage.

"After breakfast, the party separated until dinner, which was constantly accompanied by disputes between M. Necker and several deaf and ill-tempered maitres-d'hotel, the remnants of a system which M. Necker himself had overthrown, and who in their embroidered coats had followed his fortunes to Coppet. The afternoon was devoted to study until seven o'clock, when whist was commenced. This was always a stormy game: M. Necker and his daughter invariably quarrelled, lost their tempers, and left the table with the determination of never again playing together. But in spite of this, the game was daily resumed. The rest of the evening was passed in agreeable conversation.

"With the exception of a few excursions, Madame de Stael in this manner spent eight years of her life; alternately devoting herself to the society of her father and the education of her children. At this period, too, she wrote what may be termed her works of the second-rate class—viz: *On the Influence of the Passions; On Literature; and lastly, Delphine.*

"After the death of M. Necker, in 1804,* Madame de Stael, finding herself relieved from all restraint, and the mistress of a splendid fortune, aspired to figure upon the stage of politics. To this she was urged by a vivid recollection of the commencement of the revolution, the date of her first acquaintance with the world, and her early success. She was enticed to enter this arena by the desire of exercising the power which she regarded as an attribute of her superior genius.

"But this love of authority took possession of her at a fatal moment, viz. at a time when all the efforts of an herculean government were exerted to free society from the action of individual influence, and to concentrate all power in itself. Thus a contest ensued between the individual influence which Madame de Stael wished to exercise, and the resistance which was opposed by the government of the empire. This contest lasted eight years, at the expiration of which time Madame de Stael withdrew from this conflict between a stupendous moral power and a physical power stronger than had ever before existed.

"During this period Madame de Stael published *Corinne*, and her great work on Germany; the materials for the latter she collected in journeys undertaken to escape from the imperial authority, and to sympathise with the

victims of that authority who had been wounded, but permitted to survive. The idea of his work was suggested by the labours she undertook, and executed—conjointly with M. Schlegel—to explore the literary world of Germany; a world which was then new, and entirely unacquainted with the ideas, traditions, and even the rules which were the pride of French literature.

"Madame de Stael felt the necessity of emancipating herself from these ideas, traditions, and rules; she was endowed with a genuine poetic feeling, a horror of bad taste, and a power of charming by the harmony of language, which gave rise to frequent controversies between her and M. Schlegel, who, as it may be observed from his lectures, did not allow himself to be fascinated by Racine's harmonious versification. It was only necessary for Madame de Stael to recite some passages of Racine, to stir up one of those disputes whence emanated a thousand ideas as novel as profound, on the mysteries of our moral nature.

"One of Madame de Stael's favourite amusements, at this time, consisted in dramatic representation. Her fine voice and energetic gestures gave her a great advantage in the performance of tragedy. In these representations she was assisted by Count Elzear de Saban, M. Charles de Labedovere and Don Pedro de Souza, now Marquis de Palmella. Her style of acting belonged to the school which had preceded Talma: for, in spite of her admiration of that tragedian, she was not his disciple. Madame de Stael attached no great value to her talent for dramatic performance. It is curious that she excelled in the representation of *soubrettes.*

"The Count de Sabran, wrote pieces for these private theatricals, and Madame de Stael herself wrote "*Agar, la Sunamite*" and two other pieces, which were subsequently printed and much admired. At these performances at Coppet, the audience consisted of Madame de Stael's acquaintance in the neighbourhood, and, very frequently, friends who came from a considerable distance to see her. Among these friends I must mention Prince William of Prussia, Baron de Voght, Bonstettin, the poet Verner, M. de Montmorency (who every year made a pilgrimage to the Val-Sainte and Coppet) and Madame de Recamier, who joined to exquisite beauty, a fund of talent and amiability which were duly appreciated by Madame de Stael.

"As long as Madame de Stael could assemble around her this circle of friends, existence was endurable to her, even in exile. But when, beneath her hospitable roof, and on one and the same day, sentence of exile was pronounced upon Madame de Recamier and M. de Montmorency, the distress of her feelings overcame her fortitude. Her extreme horror of solitude, and the mortification of believing herself the immediate cause of the condemnation of her friends, determined her to leave France until happier days, and to seek elsewhere the liberty which France denied her."

* The period at which we have arrived in this volume, is precisely the date of Madame de Stael's return to France. The above notice of her is therefore more appropriate here than in another place.

A SPANISH ROMANCE.

[Imitated from *Las Guerras Civiles de Granada*.]

BROKEN, oppressed, dishearten'd, still,
True to the last, the infidel
Fought for his faith and fireside,
Nor basely fled, nor tamely died.
Granada still the crescent own'd,
There still the Moslem sat enthron'd;
Though in Vega's fertile vale,
The Christian standard wooed the gale.

Trenches and Pallsades surround
The sacred city's* outmost bound;
Within are tents adorn'd with gold,
And the rich purple's broider'd fold.
There Dukes, and Counts, and Captains stand,
The dauntless guards of Ferdinand,
Well tried in many a bloody field,
Ere the dark Moor had learn'd to yield—
Assembled with the early dawn—
When lo! on prancing charger borne,
A Moslem warrior is seen—
His tunic is of costly green,
His bonnet of the same gay hue,
Match'd with th' em'rald crescent too,
Whose clasp his waving plume confin'd
Fann'd by each sportive breath of wind.
A scarf was o'er his shoulder tied,
A token from his promis'd bride,
His gilded dirk, and trusty blade,
By Syrian artisans were made.
His left arm bears a polish'd shield,
No boyish strength its weight could wield;
His right a steeled spear supports,
Around whose point the sunbeam sports.
His Arab horse, so gay and bold,
Is all adorn'd with silk and gold,
And champs a bit, with jewels set,
That might have graced a coronet.

Soon as the Christian camp he gain'd,
The infidel his war-horse rein'd;
And thus he spake—"What Cavalier
Will meet Gazul in combat here?—
Come, Count of Cabra, school'd in war,
Or thou Gonsalvo, famed afar!—
Or, if thy vassals quake with fear
And dread the fury of my spear,
Come thou—their monarch—Ferdinand!
Soon shalt thou know if Gazul's hand
E'er trembled when the foe was nigh."—
Thus spake the Moor exultingly.
Then many a brow was bent in ire,
And many an eye flash'd deadly fire.
"Mine be the part!"—each cried—"to quell
This proud, presumptuous infidel."
Young Garcilaso,† 'mongst the rest,
Besought King Ferdinand's behest;
But vainly sought—the monarch smil'd—
"What! trust my honour to a child!"
The redder'd brow, the angry tear,
Were Garcilaso's mute reply.
He leaves the presence secretly—
Then soon was seen upon the plain,
Urging his steed with spur and rein,
A youthful knight; the shield he wears
The Christian's sacred emblem bears;
Beneath his stern device is seen,
"I fight for this and for my Queen."
His polish'd helm and corset bright,
And steel-clad charger's step so light,
Maria! 'twas a goodly sight.

* The city of Santa Fe.

† The celebrated Garcilaso de la Vega, who derived his title from the Vega of Granada where the exploit here recounted was achieved.

But when the Moor the youth espied,
He curl'd his lip, and proudly cried,
"Go back, vain boy; and Gazul's spear
Will find some worthier victim here!"
The Christian's lance is in the rest,
The spur his charger's flank hath prest—
Fierce was the shock that check'd his course—
Gazul falls lifeless from his horse—
His heart's blood dyed the grassy plain;
His eye, that ne'er shall beam again
Its vengeance on Granada's foes,
No more its wonted brightness knows—
Yet still that face, though ghastly pale,
Bespoke a soul that could not quail;
And still that haughty, scornful sneer,
Fix'd by the hand of death, was there.

THE RAINBOW.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Played in sunshine the rain-drops, the birds and the breezes;
The landscape outstretching, in loveliness lay,
On the lap of the year in the beauty of May.
For the bright queen of spring, as she passed down the
vale,

Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And fresh in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.
The skies like a banner in sunset unrolled,
O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold.
But one cloud at a distance, rose dense, and increased,
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith and east.
We gazed on these scenes while around us they glowed,
When a vision appeared on the cloud;
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon, that rolls lightly, through starlight and blue.
Like a spirit it came on the van of a storm,
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;
For it looked not severe, like an angel of wrath,
But its garments of brightness illumed its dark path.
In the hour of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
As unconscious they gave and afforded delight.
'Twas the bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand,
Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd;
'Twas the presence of God in a symbol sublime,
His vow from the flood to the exile of time;
Not dreadful, as when in a whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot and lightning his steeds;
The black clouds of vengeance his banner unroll'd,
And thunders his voice to a guilt-stricken world;
In the breath of His presence when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword, and the plague-spot, with death strew the
plain,

And the vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.
Not such was that Rainbow—that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the sun;
A pavilion it seemed, with a dely graced,
And justice and mercy met there and embraced.
Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
As love had just vanish'd, or hope had expired.
I gazed not alone on that source of my song;
To all who beheld it, these verses belong:
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord;
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.
Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
That bow from my sight passed forever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.
'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined
With the strong and imperishable colours of mind;
A part of my being, beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

Original.

TROUBLE.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A RECLUSE.

"What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
 To view each lov'd one blotted from life's page,
 To be alone on earth, as I am now!—
 Before the Chastener humbly let me bow
 O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroy'd."—CHILDER HAROLD.

Nothing is more true than the hackneyed saying, "rien sans peine," except, perhaps, its opposite, so often ejaculated in vexation of spirit, "le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle." No age, no sex, no condition is, or ever can be, exempt from its own peculiar "troubles," whether of greater or lesser magnitude.—The infant whose feeble hand drops the slippery coral with which he was about to solace his swollen and aching gums, or who is suddenly prevented from straining his eyes after the beloved candle, screams in an agony of pain and disappointment, and—this is his *first* trouble. The urchin who vainly covets his sister's hoarded sweetmeats—having taken his own amount in *full* immediately on receipt—weeps in a solitary corner, and acts the much injured misanthrope, until his attention is attracted to some new pleasure or—trouble. The school-girl and the college soph, in their different eager pursuits—their toils, their rivalries, their petty cares and anxieties—merely anticipate the mature troubles, the *real* sorrows of the man and woman—who, in their turn, after having gained every thing that once seemed most desirable, and been satiated with all the enjoyments of life, not unfrequently turn from all with disgust, exclaiming, in bitterness of spirit, "this, also, is vanity!"—while on the old and time-honoured, who have navigated the light bark of existence through a long and brilliant day, the fearful night of eternity too often closes in storms and darkness, as, horror-stricken and despairing, they are wrecked at last amid "a sea of troubles."

It is allowed that no age, or sex, or rank, can be exonerated from this sad heritage of fallen humanity, neither is there climate or nation on the habitable globe where all are happy; and, if the assertion of the Greek moralist be true, "the majority are evil," the result *must* be obvious that the greater part of mankind are miserable—but this hypothesis I cannot stop to examine now.

The Englishman stalking apart in moody abstraction, with the *cui bono* of misanthropy oiten on his lip, and ever in his heart, denounces every thing as a "bore," curses his climate as the cause of his spleen, and waits gloomily for his own proper month of November, when he may hang or drown himself *secundum artem*, with all due regard to time and place. His more mercurial neighbour in France strives to kick trouble out

by the heels, and is always taking an infinitude *de la peine* to keep himself and every body else from being *ennuye jusqu' a la mort*. The German, enveloped in pride and smoke, puffs his meerschaum in defiance of the evil "spirits of black, white and grey," which the occult sciences of the "scholars" would conjure around him; or, yielding to the peculiar taste of his country, forgets the cares of every day life, while wrapt in the sublime music of the great masters of the lyre.

In Ireland "sure Paddy has troubles, an' plinty on 'em, jist;"—every mother's son is *bother'd* to death *wid* the bogs, and the tithes, and the woman, and the pigs, and the lack of money, and the overstock of childer, och!—while the bonnie Scot has his trials, also, sair, sair to abide; but he is blithe, and winna lang "claw the elbow" fra' troublesome thought, for he canna be *fashed*.

"You have often asked me to relate some of the circumstances of my past life, and I will give you a "plain, unvarnished," sketch of the whole, in order to introduce a simple narrative, which effected my reformation, if I may so express it. I am aware the story has not much to recommend it on the score of novel incident; it has little variety, less of the marvellous, and nothing, perhaps, of interest, except that its broad outline is literally *true*: twelve years ago, I should probably have passed it over myself, as a "stupid tale," but I am not what I *was*—twelve years of sorrowful vicissitudes have altered the tone of my feelings, and, I trust, improved them; for at times, when speculating in silence on the cause of my many trials, I find it in my own character: for I remember all the faults of that character, and I feel its amendment. Under the harsh lessons of adversity, you have found me utterly changed; sobered and saddened, it is true, but certainly a wiser—perhaps a better being.

"I was the youngest daughter of a large and flourishing family. Health, affluence, kind parents, and numerous friends, seemed to offer every means of happiness, and we revelled in careless security till death appeared in our family circle, and, in one month, robbed us of three of its beloved members. My mother fell under the terrible blow, and never recovered either health or spirits. My father's affairs became embarrassed in consequences of heavy losses, and, overwhelmed with disappointment and mor-

tification, he sunk into the grave before her. My sisters, who were just entering the sweet period of early womanhood, unused to the smallest abridgment in our luxurious and expensive mode of life, fell into rapid consumptions, and successively followed their mother to the tomb. None now remained but myself and a younger brother. Mr. Alville, a step-brother of my father, kindly took us from our desolate house, and received us in his own, where we were treated by his amiable wife as her own children, while he collected the remains of our property, and disposed of it in the best manner for our use. Time at length healed my deep heart-wounds, and again I was cheerful, and comparatively happy. In watching over and instructing my infant brother, in striving to recall the remembrance of our parents to his young mind, or in tracing the features of "the lost and lovely" in his own, I yet enjoyed a degree of exquisite pleasure—but the measure of my early trouble was not yet full: he too, was taken from me, and, in the anguish of one that sorrowed without hope, and in the ravings of an unsubdued heart, I grovelled upon the earth, and prayed aloud for death. During the long delirium and severe illness which followed, I was most carefully nursed and attended by my aunt, and under her care, through a merciful Providence, my recovery was slow, but perfect.

"I returned once more to my former pursuits and occupations; my education had been well cared for by my friendly aunt, and under her auspices, at a proper age I was introduced into what is called the world. Mrs. Alville was a woman of fashion, and loved gaiety, and, though my subdued spirits had none of the elasticity of my young companions, who had never known sorrow, yet, not willing to seem perverse, I accompanied her to many scenes of amusement. Many suitors appeared as candidates for my favour—for my glass told me my face and figure were good—and my fortune, under good management, had considerably accumulated, besides my expectations from Mr. Alville, who had no children. I was long in making a choice, but Frederick Sefton at length succeeded in winning my affections, and, with the full consent of my kind protectors, I became his wife. I was happy then—far happier than I deserved. In the society and idolizing affection of my husband, and the contemplation of his delightful character and attaching qualities, I deemed nought could be added to my felicity, until the birth of a son made me sensible that the rose leaf had yet been wanting to crown my cup of joy. Yet I shuddered at remembering the fate of all my family, cut off, all of them, in the bright morning of their existence; I remembered how my heart-strings had been severed, one by one, and I said, I dare not love this child—I will not—for I am a doomed being. But the rash determination was soon set at nought by the sweet looks and fast expanding intellect of my boy; he was lovely as an opening bud—the pride and joy of his father—the acknowledged heir of his god-parents—admired and caressed by every one—was I, could I be

indifferent? Oh no!—my heart yielded itself gradually, but entirely, to the overflow of sweet emotions, and the full tide of a mother's love, the strongest tie in nature, was poured upon my child.

"Can I go on? Have I pen of iron and a heart of stone to tell the rest—to describe the scene which yet burns in characters of fire on my brain?—the sportive walk, beside the little stream in the orchard—the laughing face bent over the mimic ship, to aid its progress by the sweet breath from his lips—the treacherous, slippery grass—the sudden plunge—the shriek—the helpless mother's long, death-like, swoon—No—it cannot be told.

* * * * *

"Come, my dear Marion," said my beloved Frederick, "the carriage has been waiting a long time; pray drink one cup of chocolate for my sake, and let me wrap your shawl round you: the morning is so lovely, and the horses so fresh, we shall easily reach K— before night, and allow ourselves time for a pleasant walk in that pretty village."

"Is there a church-yard in it?" I enquired, in an under tone;—my heart instantly reproached me with cruelty, in thus lacerating the feelings of my fellow-sufferer, for I saw that he *could not* reply, as he busied himself in arranging the folds of my travelling cloak to protect me from the keen autumnal air. We had now been several days on a journey I had been induced to undertake through the western states, in compliance with the entreaties of my husband and friends, who hoped that change of scene might divert my thoughts, for a while, at least, from their dreary channel, and eventually restore tranquillity to my mind. I have reason to bless their endeavours; the humble lesson I am about to relate, has had the effect their kindness anticipated, and I no longer murmur at the decrees of heaven.

"The day proved so fine, that we rode on several miles beyond K—, when Frederick, fearing I should be overpowered by fatigue, bade the coachman stop at the first house, and inquire for the nearest inn; but we were now in a wild and unfrequented part of the country, and the day was nearly closing when we reached a small hamlet, or cluster of poor looking log houses. As I was much exhausted, my husband immediately alighted to ascertain if it were possible to accommodate me with a resting-place for the night in any of them; but, though the inhabitants all seemed on "hospitable thoughts intent," the swarms of noisy and ragged children, the closeness of the little cabins, and the general appearance of discomfort among them all, induced him to inquire if there were any other house within a short distance, which could afford his invalid wife a quiet room.

"Yes, indeed," promptly replied a stout red-armed woman, giving her white-headed boy a thump at the same time, to make him 'git out o' the way. 'Yes, I guess I do; a neat, decent, quiet place enough; where ther' aint sech a

tribe o' children plagu'in' about: I say, Bill, ha'nt you got noth'n to do, but be stannin' starin' like a wild goose?—go 'long and show the gentleman the way to widder Lorimer's:—but stop, I don't know as that 'll do, neither, 'case the coach can't go there, no how, and we've not much of a stable here in W——,' (naming the town where this colloquy was taking place,) 'tho' may be Joe Norton and my old man—a rosy-looking bumpkin of about twenty-five—' could fix up a shed, that might do for the night. Your man—a Yankee peasant never calls any body a servant—' your man could sleep in my little Jim's bed; Jim 'ad a nation sight *ruther* lay 'long o' the keow, any time, than in his own cot.'

"A log house, hardly perceptible except by its curling smoke, was now pointed out, across the next field, and as it was utterly unapproachable by a carriage of any sort, it was soon settled that, 'if the sickly lady, poor soul! could walk through the field by the sheep-path, she would find a clean bed and kind welcome, at the old widow's, who, however, had little else to offer.' At this last observation, several private signals passed among the honest countrywomen, who had collected round the speaker, the result of which appeared in a basket filled with bread, a large lump of fresh butter, and a new-made cheese, which was entrusted to the care of another ragged urchin, who ran by the side of Bill, the latter parading before us in all the dignity of *avant-courier*, carrying, at the same time, a large pitcher of cream, all evidently intended to eke out the old widow's scanty stores. Revived by the sweet fragrance of the air, and my spirits tranquillized by the soft twilight, I moved slowly through the fields, supported by the kindest arm, and watched by the most affectionate eye, that ever soothed and comforted the weary. A small garden, neatly enclosed, appeared on one side of the cottage, and on the other, a fine old tree spread its branches in bold relief against the horizon, while a beautiful boy stretched beneath its broad shadow, sharing his supper with a pampered tabby cat, completed the picture. At our approach he started up, and, seizing the animal, rushed into the house, exclaiming, 'Oh, mammy! Bill Jones is bringing some quality here to see you, and may be they want to buy Tab—but don't, don't mammy let her——' be sold, he was going to add, but a burst of tears drowned the petition, and, hugging the cat in his arms, he retreated into the inner apartment.

"The old woman now appearing at the door, greeted us very courteously, and invited us to enter; then, looking at me through her spectacles, my pale face seemed an immediate passport to her heart, for, after assisting me to a seat in an old, but very easy, arm-chair, and learning my weak state of health, she insisted that my husband should remain also at her cottage; adding, with a faint smile, 'I have often slept soundly in that arm-chair, and, if the gentleman can sleep in his cloak, in my only spare room, he need have no anxiety on my account, and Philip

can easily make a pillow of his cat before the fire.' Having received the gifts of her good neighbours with gentle acknowledgments of their liberality, she called little Philip from his hiding-place, and having full assurance that no harm should happen to his favourite, he proceeded with joyous alacrity to assist his grandmother in preparations for supper. Fresh eggs, honey, and a fish, just caught by little Philip in a stream hard by, being added to the kind villager's provisions, were soon arranged with a most appetizing neatness, and—as I always carried some tea in my travelling bag—I was glad of the excuse to press its acceptance on the widow, knowing the difficulty of procuring this truly feminine comfort in a place so remote from cities. After partaking the hospitable meal, which we insisted the bashful Philip should join, I requested to retire to rest, and taking down a small silver lamp, our hostess preceded me to the next apartment.

The appearance of the room drew from me an involuntary exclamation of surprise, as it was not only plastered and finished throughout, but furnished with a degree of taste, not always perceptible in the abodes of wealth. A bed of white linen was shaded by curtains fastened by knots of green ribbon; a few white chairs, painted with small green leaves, with a bureau, &c. to match, filled, without crowding, the room; the floor was covered with what had been a very rich carpet; a green gauze veil was drawn gracefully over the plain looking-glass, and adorned with branches of ever-green, while two vases of very delicate china were filled with *artificial* flowers; but what most attracted my attention were several fine oil-paintings, which hung round the walls, and a guitar which lay on the bureau. The old woman, noticing my expression of surprise, calmly observed, 'The trifling comforts of this little room are not common, madam, in this new part of the world; indeed, they seem luxuries in a wilderness like this, and, weaned as I am, or ought to be, from things of this world, when I look at these simple articles, and remember whose hand once arranged them, I feel they are too dear, even to me: I have contrived, amid all my sad reverses, to preserve these few mementos of former days:—this was the furniture of my daughter's room at M——,' continued the lone woman, in a smothered voice, 'and I have a sad pleasure in keeping it neat and orderly, as she liked to see it.'

" 'These are her paintings, I presume,' said I, glancing generally at the pictures, which I had not yet examined.

" 'Yes, madam, the water-colours are her work; the oil-paintings were some of the amusements of my own happier hours.'

" 'Yours!'

" 'Yes, madam; though it seems incredible that an old woman, whose sight, dimmed by age and tears, can hardly scan the book of God, should once have revelled with the eye of an artist upon the fairy scenery which is now transferred to that canvas;—perhaps these views are familiar to you.'

“ ‘Wonderful!’ said I, in unrestrained admiration of the bold and beautiful landscapes, where truth and harmony so gracefully blended, that, even to my not unpractised eye, they seemed productions of a great master. ‘Wonderful!—you must have studied at Rome.’ The same wan smile flitted over her face, for a moment as she answered: ‘No, lady, I was never in Rome, but Roman artists, you know, sometimes stray into other countries. I have no wish,’ added she, ‘to excite curiosity you are too polite to express, therefore, if it will give you any pleasure to listen to my simple account of myself, I will gladly gratify you to-morrow.’

“ ‘To-morrow!—oh, why not now,’ I eagerly exclaimed: ‘Sit down, my kind hostess, I pray you, and tell me how you came to be in a situation for which you are evidently so unfit.’

“ ‘No, not to-night,’ said she, gently resisting my entreaties. ‘I am too good a physician to allow my patients to be in the slightest degree excited before going to rest. I will bring you a composing draught, and hope to find you better in the morning.’

“ She went out, and, returning speedily with a small antique silver cup, full of warm wine whey, she placed it on a little stand, by my bed-side, and, bidding me not disturb myself until summoned in the morning, kindly bade me good night. Frederick soon after entered the room, and, after looking with affectionate delight at my comfortable accommodations, threw himself in his cloak on the carpet, and soon slept the calm slumber of the weary. As soon as all was quiet, I distinctly heard, through the thin partition, the old wifely reading a part of the episcopal liturgy, in which she was joined by the responses of little Philip, whose clear young voice contrasted finely with the solemn tones of his aged protectress: then followed her emphatic blessing upon the child, and then a long, low murmur, not one word of which caught my ear, but which, I doubt not, was heard in heaven.

“ Notwithstanding the good dame’s prohibition, I rose early the next morning from a bed, whose snowy linen might have rivalled the gowan-scented sheets of Ailie Dinmont, and drawing aside a clear muslin curtain from the window—beneath which a canary bird was joining his matin-song to the native warblers, so abundant in the western States—I opened the window to inhale the dewy fragrance of the flowers which bloomed in the little garden below, and to bid good morning to little Philip, who—even at that early hour—was already digging in the adjoining potato-field. Having awakened Frederick, we hastened to join our hostess, who received us with kind inquiries for my health, at the same time carefully closing the open window, through which an autumnal sun streamed brightly, while a cheerful fire on the hearth tempered the chillness peculiar to that season. On the small table was spread a napkin of the finest damask, and a tea-equipage of French china was covered by another, of the same material. On observing these preparations, I ventured to express a fear

that our kind entertainer was taking unnecessary trouble: the same peculiar smile gleamed on the widow’s faded lip, as she replied, ‘this is a holiday, you know, and there cannot be many more for me in this life; suffer me, then, to display all my gala finery, and do not disappoint the poor ghost of departed vanity.’

“ The breakfast corresponded with our supper in neatness and excellence, and after the meal was concluded, I expressed so strong a desire to remain all day in the cottage, that Frederick agreed to ride over to a neighbouring settlement, to examine some Indian antiquities, and to return for me the next morning. As soon as he had departed, and little Philip gone to a school in the village, the widow, having arranged her little apartment in its customary neatness, drew her spinning-wheel near the window, and requesting me to be seated in her arm-chair, began:—‘I am the more willing, my dear young friend—for so I must call you—to communicate to you my simple narrative, from having been told, by your amiable partner, that your low state of health is owing to the recent loss of an only child: a gush of bitter tears was my only response. She was silent for a few minutes, and then proceeded: ‘doubtless your grief is poignant, and seems, to you, intolerable; but listen to me, and you will perceive, and thankfully acknowledge the wide difference between the comparative sufferings you endure, and the positive calamities which have withered up my heart, and darkened my lonely passage to the grave. I have been the happy mother of eight children, and nothing now remains to me but that helpless boy, so soon to be left literally alone in the world;’ I hastily interrupted her with an assurance—which shall be religiously kept—that he should never want a friend, and gratefully, but mournfully, pressing my hand, she went on: ‘I was the only child of an opulent merchant in Liverpool; my care was bestowed on my education, and the first masters in England procured, at great expense, to perfect my accomplishments. My dear parents, too vain of the person and acquisitions of their daughter, looked forward to an alliance far above my birth, deeming me capable of adorning any station: but I was fated to disappoint their expectations, for, at the house of a relation, who was also largely engaged in mercantile concerns, I often met a young American, who insensibly won my attention, and ultimately possessed my whole heart. I had not resolution to discourage his addresses, though I knew they would never meet the approbation of my parents, for, though well-born and educated, and a gentleman in the best sense of the word, he was but the youngest son of a reduced family in New England, and had accepted the command of a merchant-ship, that sailed regularly from B— to Liverpool.

“ ‘Long my duty struggled with my affection, until the conflict was decided by my father’s accepting for me, in my absence, the splendid offers of a fox-hunting baronet, who had seen me once on horseback, and swore that ‘such a devilish fine woman deserved to go hunting, and drink

claret every day of her life.' My kind, but misjudging parents, never doubting I should be delighted to preside at so magnificent an establishment as that of Sir Thomas Langford, having informed me of his proposals, desired me to prepare for my nuptials on the following week, and their surprise at my tears and entreaties, at length drew from me a full confession of my attachment to the young sailor. I will pass over their astonishment and indignation, my own irresolution and wretchedness, with my youthful detestation of the wealthy, but vulgar, baronet:—you can imagine how it all ended; Charles Lorimer's ship was to sail the next evening, I married him an hour before she weighed anchor, and accompanied him to America.

“A faithful servant attended me, and with my relation, Mrs. Sedley, I left a letter, imploring my parents' forgiveness, of which, for a long time, no notice was taken. This was the only drawback to my happiness, for my husband's friends received me very kindly, and, settled in one of the beautiful villages near B——, I lived contented and happy. After the birth of a son, I wrote again to my mother, and when Charles's ship arrived next at Liverpool, a note awaited him from my father, requesting him to make his house a home during his stay; the meeting was agitating to all, but my husband had the comfort of bringing me, on his return, many a written and oral word of love from the dear authors of my being, and a profusion of costly gifts for the grand child they pined to embrace. The next few years of my life were scenes of unclouded sunshine: My maternal cares and domestic duties preventing me from visiting England, my parents came to America and spent two years in my house, and departing, promised to come over as soon as my father could arrange his affairs, and pass the remainder of their lives with us.

“Our means seemed to increase as our family circle widened; my children were growing around me in health and beauty, and my heart glowed with gratitude, though not with that humble sense of unworthiness, which I was soon taught to feel: my time of trial was at hand. A terrible epidemic broke out in the neighbourhood—one of my sweet blossoms was cut down—another—two more in one day—and now four only of the eight remained; at the same time came the news of my father's insolvency, and my mother's loss of reason; next, my father's suicide! Then, *then* I cast myself upon the earth, and exclaimed, in utter despair, ‘Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow, where-with the Lord hath afflicted me!’ You think, probably, that *this* was trouble, young lady,’ said the narrator, after the pause of a few minutes, while I still retained the attitude of deep attention, ‘and oh! I then thought so too—but I may not dwell upon my feelings at that time; let me pass on to my further trials. My spirits never recovered their shock, but my duties to my husband and remaining children were still performed with mechanical precision. We had one daughter left; for her we procured every advantage of books and instruction, and cultivated her talents

of music and drawing in the best manner we were able; she was a perfect flower of beauty, and we watched over her as the miser guards his treasure. Of our three sons, the eldest, Richard, followed his father's profession, and was soon in honourable and lucrative employment; the second, Edward, we sent to the university of —, and, though not a boy of brilliant intellect, he took his degree as doctor of medicine, and opened an office in New York.—Let me hasten over his melancholy history: For several years he struggled with poverty and neglect—unknown and unnoticed—shrinking from competition, and pining for the kind home and friends he had left, the cold world's contumely soon chilled his feeble nature. As a last resource, he wrote a treatise on diseases of the brain, which was severely and cruelly criticised in the papers of the day; his disappointment and wounded feelings, joined, perhaps, to too close a contemplation of his subject, soon brought on a fever, which triumphed over his reason, and he died a maniac. This was a sore affliction, and another chord snapped in the mother's heart—but I uttered no murmur now. Richard, my eldest, my beautiful, my brave, remained—my blooming Philippa, and Frank, our youngest born, and the delight and comfort of our now almost deserted hearth. Our circumstances were now much straitened, in consequence of the failure of the mercantile house, one of whose ships my husband had always commanded, with profit to himself and his employers, yet, as Frank was a boy of uncommon promise, when he reached the age of fourteen, at his earnest solicitation, we sent him also to the university. Would to heaven we had sooner laid him in his grave! May God forgive me if I judge wrongfully, but I fear the splendid genius which emanates from that college has too often its counterpoise in recklessness and vice!

“Frank's fine talents and intellectual powers, soon gained him the applause of his tutors, and placed him far above his competitors in every branch of knowledge, while envy was disarmed, and kindness won by his engaging manners and person. We knew that his associates were mostly young men of wealth and fashion, and, with a pardonable anxiety to save him from mortifying comparison, we denied ourselves many things—though unknown to him—in order to furnish him a suitable purse. Alas! perhaps we were thus accelerating his ruin!

“For two years Frank returned home regularly, and gladdened our hearts by his evident improvement, and we once more indulged the fond dreams of parental ambition: but latterly, strange rumors and vague reports reached our ear—we had been told of the dissipated habits of many of the collegians, but flattered ourselves that our child's early principles would be his shield in temptation.—Yet his letters, gradually, were fewer in number; they became hurried and unsatisfactory—his visits were less frequent, and of shorter duration—and, at last, when he did come, his varying cheek no longer presented the hue of health, his eye was wild, and he would, at

times, start from a fit of gloomy musing, and a smile of repressed anguish would distort his pale lip, as he evaded our eager inquiries, by assurances that 'nothing ailed' him; he was 'quite well—quite at ease.' He seemed glad when the time arrived for his return to college, and, promising to write every week, and to come back immediately at the end of the term, with a smile and a hurried step he turned away—and forever from the home of his youth.

Charles, having quitted his nautical profession, remained, now, altogether at home, cultivating our little farm, and his society was an unspeakable comfort to me under my many troubles. Our precious Philippa often exchanged visits with her young friends and schoolfellows in B—, and, at the house of Mr. Dorriton, an old friend of her father's, she was always gladly received. She was now sixteen; handsome, amiable, and well versed in many elegant accomplishments.— In several of her letters she had mentioned a 'Mr. Merton, a young Englishman of very pleasing manners and person,' and at length, in a letter, enclosing one from himself, requesting our sanction to his addresses, she avowed her decided preference for the agreeable stranger. My husband went to bring her home; and, on being introduced to Mr. Merton, was so charmed with his appearance and conversation, that, without due reflection, he gave his unqualified consent. Mr. M. desired the marriage might take place as soon as letters should arrive from England from gentlemen well known in B—, which, he observed, with great appearance of honest frankness, 'might satisfy Miss Lorimer's friends of his claims to their notice,' but, at the same time, he lamented so much the delay which must occur before their receipt, that Charles at length agreed to allow the ceremony to be performed immediately on Philippa's return home, whither her young lover was to follow her.

"One circumstance, alone, startled us; Mr. Merton was a Catholic, and had an insuperable objection to being married by any Protestant clergyman, except one, who, he said, was an old friend of his father, and who would re-perform the ceremony as soon as they should arrive in England, as he proposed to take his young bride home with him, in the next packet. These arrangements were very revolting to our opinions and feelings; but, all objections being finally overruled by Philippa's too captivating admirer, a priest of the Romish church was procured from B—, and, with one witness beside ourselves, he pronounced the nuptial benediction. Just before its conclusion, Philippa, without any previous illness, heaved a deep sigh, and fainted, and, though not superstitious, I could not divest myself of a strange foreboding, which was not lessened, when, in the confusion that ensued, I saw Merton irreverently push aside the priest, with his book, saying, hastily, 'there—that'll do—that's quite enough of it!' Yet, when I beheld his bright eye fixed with so much affection on my daughter, and caught her answering glance of

deep devotedness—I hoped—I trusted—I prayed all might be well.

"The expected letters soon arrived, and were read by us with exultation, as they stated Mr. Merton to be the only son of a gentleman of good family and fortune, and giving the most satisfactory evidence that he was all that he appeared. Charles well knew the handwriting to be that of Mr. Fenton, one of the very respectable house of Morley, Fenton & Co., in Liverpool, and his own private seal was affixed to the letter; and, when he observed that the name of Merton seemed blotted in many places, as if erased or re-written, the latter gaily replied, that, 'though Fenton certainly was a very good fellow, yet he could never spell a name right; and, most probably, he was talking to his partner Morley, too, all the time,' said he, 'for look! here is 'ley' very plainly written after 'Mer,' instead of 'ton;' 'twas well he did'n't make it *lie*,' and he left the room, laughing, and whistling carelessly to his dog to follow him into the fields. On returning, he said he had nearly forgotten to mention that the same packet of letters brought him a sudden recall to England, which admitted no delay, but he should improve the disagreeable necessity, by preparing a house for his lovely bride, who, he hoped, would be ready to accompany him immediately on his return to America, which he meant should be as soon as possible. Philippa wept bitterly at parting with him, but, lightly kissing away her tears, and promising to write by the next conveyance, he departed.

"Weeks, months rolled on; no letters—no news of Merton: Philippa's pale cheek became paler, but she strove to conceal her anguish, and always spoke cheerfully of his return, and of the many letters which 'must have been lost.' At last a ship letter was brought one morning, as we sat at breakfast, and Philippa could hardly repress a scream of joy, as she entreated her father to let her open her husband's letter: but he had already broken the seal, and, after glancing with a blanched cheek and quivering lip over a few lines, fell back with a groan in his chair. The letter was from Mexico, stating that the young Captain Lorimer had died of a prevailing fever, and that his effects, papers, &c. were sent home in the same vessel which brought the dreadful tidings. I thought now the portion of evil allotted me must surely be exhausted, and in my presumption I ventured to believe my heart was sufficiently purified by troubles so complicated, but, had I foreseen the rest, what light afflictions would all the past appear! My poor Charles was obliged to go to B—, to receive all that remained of our dear son and to settle his accounts, and, as soon as he had regained some degree of composure, he set out on his dismal journey. A few days served to arrange all his business in B—, and the evening before his intended return, he wandered into a public room, and took up a daily paper, to beguile a few moments before going to rest: his eyes being weak, were covered by a large green shade, and as he sat rather apart from the lighted centre of the apart-

ment, a group of gentlemen went on conversing freely, without noticing him, but a few words from one of them instantly chained his attention. 'So, Benson, you are returned from your trip to England; tell us something of what you saw there, and what they are all about.' 'Oh pray, Benson,' interrupted another, 'did you dine often with our quondam acquaintance and boon companion Tom Merton, who was so profuse in his invitations to all of us?'

"'No,' replied the traveller, 'I did not see Tom Merton, for no such person ever existed, but I did often see, though he pretended not to recognise me, the notorious Stanley, who, I am credibly informed, is as arrant a scoundrel as ever lived;—why, I am told that the very money with which he was dashing away here, was part of the fortune of a charming woman in London, whom he had persuaded to bestow it on him, with her hand, in marriage, and that, having spent it all, he now leaves her and her two children to struggle with poverty, while he riots among his dissolute companions.'

"'Merton,' said the first speaker, 'was not that the same, who used to flutter about the beautiful Miss Lorimer, last winter, when she was staying with the Dorritons?'

"'Yes,' replied Benson, in an under tone, not one word of which, however, escaped the horror-stricken father, 'and did you hear, too, of his rascality in pretending to be a Catholic, and dressing up an oyster-man like a priest, to beguile the poor girl into a sham marriage, of which his own servant, as great a wretch as himself, was the sole witness.'

"'But surely,' interposed another speaker, 'the Stanley's, of Liverpool, are a very respectable and ancient family.'

"'Doubtless,' returned Benson, 'they are unexceptionable in every respect; their misfortune is only that this fellow should belong to them;—indeed, I was told, they had lately cast him off altogether, after having tried in vain to reclaim him: and this reminds me of a most artful ruse he employed, while in this country, to obtain letters of credit for the vile purpose of misleading the unfortunate girl, who believes herself his wife: he wrote to the house of Morley, Fenton & Co., to whom his father had formerly rendered some essential service, and, expressing great contrition for his youthful folly and idleness, requested them, for his father's sake, to send out such letters as would serve to win the confidence of the American citizens, among whom he wished to establish himself as a commission merchant, and to endeavour, by his future good conduct, to obliterate the memory of the past.'

"'On his return, next day, his wild looks and incoherent words alarmed us, though we suspected no new cause of affliction; for not until Philippa had retired for the night, did he unburthen his overcharged heart, and then with such agonizing groans and sobs that I forgot my own griefs, in exertions to combat his. Still, I urged, no disgrace attaches to our name: death has visited us—treachery has wronged us—poverty

and troubles beset our path—but no infamy can affix itself to our poor deceived daughter, or to her nameless child. Never let her know the extent of her misery, my beloved; she will at last suppose her husband dead, and she will live with us, and be a comfort to our age, and our Frank, too, remains. My blood seemed to freeze around my heart, as I pronounced his name, and hastily reminding my woe-fraught partner of his great need of rest, we went to our sleepless couch. In the presence of our poor daughter, we forced a cheerfulness we could never feel, and a few weeks afterwards she gave birth to a feeble infant. I received the babe with calm, though mournful, tenderness, but her father's firmness instantly forsook him when I carried it to him, and, clasping the little creature in his arms, he exclaimed, in tones of the bitterest anguish, 'My poor child, I will be a father to you, since you have no other!' The partition was thin, and, though I had left Philippa asleep, a wild shriek from her room instantly told us she had heard all. I flew to her bed-side, and found her in strong and frightful convulsions: every remedy was tried, every effort used, in vain. She died that night, in the belief that she was following her husband to the grave, and happily unconscious of the extent of his perfidy.' Another dreary pause, and the widow proceeded:—'Was this trouble, my young friend? Oh, yes—it was sorrow—deep—enduring, scathing sorrow; but now my spirit was subdued, and no murmur issued from the broken heart, which now lay low before its God.'

"'I have little more to tell. My husband could no longer bear the spot where we had known so much happiness and so much misery, and, wishing to remove as far as possible from former associations, we determined to dispose of all our remaining property in M——, and to purchase a little farm in one of the Western States. Having effected this sale, though at great loss, we bid adieu to our once delightful abode, and set out on our melancholy journey. On the road we endured many hardships, and a fit of illness with which my dear Charles was seized, considerably diminished our slender finances; but at length we reached this lonely place, and, having cheaply purchased this small lot of ground, the kind inhabitants of the neighbouring village assisted in building the cottage, which, from time to time, we finished in a manner that seems so superior to most of the dwellings in this wild territory. This occupation served to divert my husband's mind, for a while, and I found abundant employment in nursing our little Philip, who soon grew strong and healthy, and in arranging my narrow household with every appearance of comfort I could give. All earthly happiness was for ever lost to me, but I regained a degree of composure and serenity, in striving to cheer the drooping spirits of my grief-worn partner, and in seeking humbly, but sincerely, to direct his thoughts and hopes towards our treasures in Heaven; and when, at last, he was joined unto them—when, after a winter of almost ceaseless suffering, he

was taken from me, I wept his loss with that chastened sorrow which acknowledges the departed to have made a blissful exchange. And now,' said the widow, gasping for breath, 'now let me nerve myself to relate the one *real* calamity of my darkened life—the one *black* drop in my cup of bitterness—the thorn in my heart, which must rankle there for ever. One child remained: Frank—my pride—my boast—my youngest one—he who had been, unconsciously, my darling from his birth: whose boyish career shone so bright in its outset—but round whose young fame the dark clouds of evil report had already gathered, though spurned by me in scornful disbelief—too soon they burst in thunder. For a long time I had received no news of the wanderer; for he had never answered my letters announcing his father's death, and I sometimes feared—*feared!*—he, too, was no more; till, at last, one day, as I sat musing in agonized thought on the dreadful rumours which were afloat concerning him, an anonymous letter was brought me, from a person residing near the university, detailing his whole shameful history. He had become deeply involved in gambling debts, to extricate himself from which he had resorted to dishonourable practices, in which being detected and ignominiously chastised, he had been advised to quit the country for fear of further punishment. Accordingly, he had fled to Europe, accompanied by a female of the vilest description, abandoning the virtuous and amiable daughter of a wealthy farmer to whom he was betrothed, and whose ample dowry would have established my infatuated son in ease and affluence, and my informant added, it was well he had escaped, as the officers of justice were in pursuit of him, having discovered that he belonged to a gang of counterfeits, and that he had committed several forgeries.

"By dint of diligent, though heart-rending, inquiries, made through the medium of a friend in B—, for two years I traced the sinful course of my miserable and God-forsaken boy. Those two years, young lady, have blanched my hair, and stamped the wrinkles on my brow, and driven the iron into my soul. And when, at last, the blow fell—when all was over with him in this world, and he was gone to his awful doom in another—*then* I felt that all my former troubles were as dust in the balance—were less than nothing! Aye,' and her voice sunk to a low, sepulchral moan, 'when the child I had nursed at my breast, had cherished in my arms, whom I taught to kneel before the Eternal throne, and for whom my earliest and latest prayers had been poured in vain—when he, the young—the beloved—the wept—the dearest—and the last—when he was apprehended as a robber and a murderer, and perished on a scaffold—that—*THAT* was trouble!'"

H—S.

[The above tale was written for this Magazine, but is not one of those offered in competition for the Prize.]

FRIENDSHIP.

LORD SHAFTESBURY defines friendship to be "*that peculiar relation which is formed by a consent or harmony of minds, by mutual esteem, and reciprocal tenderness and affection.*"

Friendship has a place in the ethics of Confucius; but he takes the term of friend in a loose, vague sense, as it is sometimes used in common language now, when Chinese speak of "flesh and wine friends"—the friends of good cheer. He said, "there are three sorts of friends who do one good—three that do harm. The plain-spoken, the sincere hearted, and the well-informed, are useful friends; those of pompous, showy exterior, of easy, soft compliance, and of flattering lips, are hurtful friends." He said, again, "have no friend inferior to yourself," (i. e. in knowledge or virtue.") On two occasions, he advised that one friend should not often reiterate his expostulation to another. "If a friend will not listen," says he, "desist; for by perseverance you will create distance, and bring insult on yourself." Tsangtze, another worthy of the Confucian school, examined himself daily, whether he had adhered strictly to truth in all his dealings with his friends. Those who are required to adhere to truth with all men, whether friends or foes, as Christians are, can have little occasion for this special self-examination. But friendship, patriotism, and love, to the degree to which they have been carried, and are daily carried by the selfish or the mistaken, in as much as they withdraw from God and his creatures those affections and services which are due, in order to bestow them, with a lavish hand, on the religion, or on the individual that has been set up as an idol, are not only undeserving the name of virtues, but are vices. The "pro patria" often heard in the mouths of some Christians, of Europe and America, vitiates even their benevolence, because it is evident the glory of their own nation is a motive which takes precedence of the glory of God, and the good of men. "It was one great object of the Christian religion to introduce into the world a temper of universal benevolence and good will. With that view, its business was not to contract, but to expand our affections, as much as possible; to throw down all the little mean fences and partitions made by seas or rivers, literal mountains, or artificial hills, within which the human heart is too apt to intrench itself, and to lay it open to nobler views, to a large and more liberal sphere of action."

Voltaire has spoken well on the subject before us. "Friendship," said he, "is a tacit contract between two sensible and virtuous persons. *Sensible*, I say, for a monk or a hermit may not be wicked, and yet may live a stranger to friendship. I add, *virtuous*; for the wicked have only *accomplices*; the voluptuous have *companions*; the designing have *associates*; the men of business have *partners*; the politicians have *factious bands*; idle men have *lounging connexions*; princes have *courtiers, flatterers, favourites, &c.* but virtuous men alone have friends."

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FRONTIER MAID."

Wild was the night, and roaring wide
Roll'd on Delaware's stormy tide,
The drifting ice from side to side
Driving and crushing restlessly.

Then, through the wintry tempest's roar,
Flourished the swelling trumpet tone,
Their little barks, the host unknown
Are launching forth impetuously.

Of o'er the flood was heard the roar,
As thro' the drift some barges bore
With clanging axe and crashing oar,
Bursting their way resistlessly.

For high the chieftain's signal bright,
Blazed ahead, and who to-night
Would tamely lag behind that light
That leads to death or victory.

O! what's this lonely martial power,
That in this wild, unwonted hour,
While darkness and wild tempests lower,
Puts forth so stern and fearlessly!

'Tis Liberty's last hope below,
Thro' flood and storm they seek the foe,
To strike the bravest, mightiest blow
That e'er was struck for Victory.

This awful hour the die is cast,
For Trenton they are tolling fast,
When every heart must bleed its last,
Or save expiring Liberty.

Loud was the storm o'er all the land,
And cold it swept the darksome strand,
When, struggling from their barks, the band
Mustered in dread serenity.

Then roar'd a shot!—who would not die,
To mix with hearts so bold and high?
For "Battle!"—"Battle!"—was the cry,
That thunder'd loud and cheerfully.

"On" was the word—and grim and dread,
While all is silent as the dead,
Save the quick march's hurried tread,
The host is rushing rapidly.

What do yon glimmering watch-fires tell?
What distant sounds so faintly swell,
What lonely voices cry "all's well,"
Amid the night's solemnity.

Huzza!—"Tis Trenton!—Hark that cry—
That shriek of death!—The pickets die;—
A foeman's trump is pealing high!
His drums are rolling furiously.

"On! on!—we conquer or we die,"
Was WASHINGTON'S resounding cry,
And glorious was the glad reply,
The shout of "Death or Victory."

O, Charge! Charge! on!—The strife is o'er,
Swell, swell, the bursts of joy once more—
Shout it to every sea and shore,
The morning sun of liberty.

Millions, 'mid tyranny's alarms,
Shall start to hear that music's charms,
And shouting thousands shine in arms,
To rival Trenton's Chivalry.

TO _____

BY JAMES O. ROCKWELL.

The suns of many days have rolled
Their weary journeys over;
And still my thoughts their treasures fold,
And still I am a lover.
My soul delights in that domain
In which thy charms have bound it,
And hugs with joy the golden chain
Which thou hast thrown around it.

Mysterious power of Love! This heart
Was cold as Greenland's ocean,
And now its crimson fountains start
Delirious with emotion;
In all my dreams thy presence seems
My path of life to lighten,
And every hour thy angel power
With some new charm to brighten.

In memory's record of the past,
There shine a few dim pleasures,
And hope's bright waves before me cast
Their gifts of pearls and treasures;
But thou, dear one, art just as far
Beyond earth's brightest blossom,
As yonder clear and notched star
That shines on heaven's blue bosom.

There are proud hearted ones in whom
Thy presence wants a splendour;
But thy young fate of grief and gloom
To me hath made thee tender;
The morning cloud that dimmed thy light,
And waked thy tears so often,
Hath made it romance in my sight,
And served my heart to soften.

I know not why it should be so—
But nature so hath made me—
The saddening hue thy features know
Hath more than all betrayed me;
I watched thine eye, and all the while
When most thou feign'd'st gladness,
A tear-drop shone behind the smile,
And clouded all with sadness.

I love thee for it—for my own
Brief way hath been so lonely;
Few were the gladdening stars that shone,
And they far dim ones only;
My spirit's path on earth was cast
Through sorrow's thick and shady,
But these thy smiles have lit at last—
Therefore I thank thee, lady!

I thank thee, and I keep with me
Each kindness thou hast spoken,
And offer up a heart to thee
By sadness nearly broken.
If in the embers of past joys
Thou canst new joys awaken,
I know a bliss that never dyes—
I am not quite forsaken!

Farewell—the lingering moments pass
With leaden feet before me;
But in the future's brightening glass
New joys seem gathering o'er me;
And in the brightest scene that shines
In all the deep blue distance,
Thy fairy hand a wreath entwines,
To gladden my existence!

From a late English publication.

THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

"Absence increases great passions and decreases lesser ones, as the same wind which extinguishes a candle will fan a fire into a flame."—ROUHFRAUCAULT.

NOTHING tries the test of friendship so much as absence, and nothing severs friends more than a neglect of correspondence. Bear this in mind, ye negligent.

In tracing back early reminiscences, there is much food for meditation, regret, and amazement; particularly when we revert to that juvenile reign of terror, our scholastic occupations, which now we call the happiest part of our lives then felt as any thing but happy; tasks, tyranny, classes, compulsion, obedience, learning, all dull and dreary, and most wearying to the natural playfulness of a childish imagination. Though ultimately for our good, the ignorance of youth cannot discern how such toil to obtain instruction can form, by these duties, the much-talked of "happy days of childhood:" age and maturity soon solve the problem.

A youthful friendship existed between a fair school-companion and myself for three years; we had studied together, were in the same grammatical, geographical, and historical class, pored over the celestial and terrestrial globes, wrought, wrote, read, danced, and romped together.

"Here with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
Had been incorporate; so we grew together
Like a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition."

On leaving school, Marcella soon married; for she was young, handsome, accomplished, and possessed a fortune, which, with the interested, had more weight than all her other accomplishments, and, with a natural smile of good humour and an amiable disposition to balance the worldly dross, she was not only an inestimable, but a fair and enviable prize.

It would be useless to enumerate all our tears and embraces on parting, previous to Marcella's departure from England, on her marriage with Alfred Burgoyne. Vows were made on both sides of unalterable friendship, and promises given to write by every post; so ardent is the mind at that age that the bare possibility of any circumstance or change ever interrupting such elaborate performances is looked upon as quite impossible. Yet it was surprising to see the warmth of friendship gradually diminish in the distance by one short year's separation—one little year!

The first letter after her departure, by the first post, commencing, "My ever dearest K—," was a true picture of herself, frank, affectionate, cheerful, happy, and confiding. Every epithet Cupid ever coined, or her delighted heart could

think of, was bestowed in generous terms on her "Dear Alfred;" in fact, from her account, he must have been selected by the angels, accomplished by the cherubim, and sent down by the seraphim for her especially. Now he really was such perfection, to use her own terms, "such a love of a duck," that I cannot help thinking Sir Charles Grandison must have been his grandfather. This letter, which filled two sheets of foolscap, one entirely in his praise, and was crossed and recrossed with many endearing regrets at our separation, delightful anticipations of meeting again, and a thousand loves and remembrances, concluded with "Your own affectionate Marcella," was sealed with "God bless you!" and one of Cupid's messengers, a spot of red wax purposely dropped near the seal.

The second letter commenced with, "Respected friend!" "Can this be?" thought I, looking again at the signature, to be sure it was from Marcella: the "M. Burgoyne" assured me it was. This gave a description of all she had seen, and where she had been—here and there a humorous remark on the occurrences they had met with, and told me they were going to the continent with Lord and Lady Blaze, and that Mr. B— (no longer "dear Alfred") had bought her a new carriage. She went on in the fashionable unintelligible style of penwomanship to say, that their projected tour would take them at least six months, and then they should remain in town. This was only one sheet of gilt-edged paper, not crossed, and sealed with *bon soir*. I read it again, and exclaimed, with Shakespeare's Helena.

"Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The visitors' vows, the hours that we have spent
When we have chid the hasty foot of time
For parting us—oh! and is all forgot?
All schooldays, friendship, childhood, innocence!"

The third and last letter, received some time after, begun, in compliment to my new dignity, "Dear Madam," for I had written to tell her of my marriage, thinking, very naturally, that she would feel as interested in my future fate as I was in hers. However she might feel, I regret to say, her reply was cold, formal, and respectful. She adopted a sort of stately method of congratulating me, which diplomatic style I was not surprised at when I heard her husband had been elected for an obscure borough; so she thought, by way of identifying herself with him, she would play off a little pasquinade upon me. In a most forensic manner, she gave me the information, that "Cupid was blind—marriage all a lottery," and how to keep up a proper establishment ought to be the first consideration with

all young people, prior to forming such serious engagements, for no one could live decently upon less than £2,000 a-year. Here was the line of demarcation strongly marked between us. Amidst all this theoretical prosing, she hoped I might be happy. The formal, frigid note I gave her for her hopes, in the first person singular, signed the death-warrant of our friendship. There was something about "look before you leap," partly hid by the great seal of her arms, a griffin couchant, which I did not think it worth my while to decipher; and, as this cool epistle was franked by Lord Blaze, I thought it appropriate to consign it to the flames. I watched it, as the repeal of our union, and, as the children say, "There goes the parson, and there goes the clerk," and so the sexton closed the door upon the never-ending correspondence that *was* to be, of Marcella and myself.

Thus did her new life teach her conventional forms of society, and dazzle her imagination, to the annihilation of better feelings; thus did all intercourse drop between us; while hers with the gay world tarnished the emanations of her once unaffected heart, to the destruction of all sentiment, or even sociability.

Many years passed away after all communication had ceased, from forgetfulness on her part, and pride on mine, indifferent as to ever meeting again. All inquiry, even of abode or destination, ceased; all affection or interest subsided, and we became as a dead letter to each other, apart and forgotten.

Let us now no longer dwell on the past—shake off old grievances, and turn to more pleasant subjects, in this cheerful spring time and in another country.

Every body knows, who has been in Dublin, what a fashionable promenade the Arcade, in College-green is, when thronged with the gay, from twelve till six o'clock in the day. What Dublin was before the Union I cannot say, but few cities can excel it, even now in its distressed state. In going up the steps of the Arcade, we met a little boy, who came running out of one of the shops with a new toy in his hand, which he twisted into so many ludicrous forms as to cause considerable amusement. His humour increased by the attention it excited, but was checked by one of the ladies of the group, who appeared waiting for him. The voice of this lady, who smilingly entreated him to desist, appeared familiar to my ear, but the ermine-lined cloak, hat, and feathers, so concealed her figure I could not form any opinion, until, taking the boy in her hand and turning round just as she was stepping into a carriage, our eyes met, and I recognized my once-loved Marcella! I was motionless: her lady friend levelled her glass at me, but the first impulse of Mrs. Burgoyne was, holding out her hand, "I cannot be mistaken: my dear K—, do I see you again?"

Her actual presence, after so many years—her voice, her smile, banished all thought of her neglect, and, for a moment, our joy was so great that neither of us could speak. At length she

asked, "What has brought you to this country?" "The same," I replied, "which brought you a husband." "Get in with me," said she, "and tell me all." Other engagements and friends who were waiting for me prevented this. She gave me her card, and I promised to dine with her the day following, in Merrion Square.—"Come early," said Marcella, "for I want to introduce you to my dear Alfred and children. I have heard of you frequently," continued she, "but have delayed writing so long that I was ashamed, but you must forgive me."

We parted with the assurance of our meeting on the morrow, mutually pleased that nature, which first implanted, still kept a strong hold on our affections in regard to each other; the latent spark of friendship still slumbered, and was not totally extinguished. I did forgive her; for why should she be an exception, when

"Love, friendship, charity are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time?
One touch of nature makes the world akin."

How I was received, and how I liked her "dear Alfred," whose name I was happy to hear again, and Marcella's little family, may form the subject of another sketch some idle evening, when the household affairs are over, the children gone to bed, and the stockings all mended, for this working-day world has little time allotted for past remembrance; if I do not tire my readers with what may appear common-place, but which is, nevertheless, part of the reality which forms the romance of real life to
K. H.

THE MOSS ROSE.

OF the thousand allegories upon this favourite flower, the best may be traced to one of the celebrated Parables of Krummacher. But though so frequently paraphrased in prose and verse, no ornament that the ingenuity of the translator has superadded can compare with the exquisite simplicity of the original, which is here given, immediately from the German:

"The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them the dew in the still night, slumbered, on a spring day, in the shade of a rose-bush. And when he awoke he said, with a smiling countenance—Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odour and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favour, how willingly would I grant it!

"Adorn me, then, with a new charm, said the spirit of the rose-bush, in a beseeching tone.

"And the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss.

"Sweetly it stood, then, in modest attire, the *Moss Rose*, the most beautiful of its kind.

"Lovely Lina—lay aside the splendid ornament and the glittering jewel, and listen to the instructions of maternal nature."—*Knickerbacher, for January.*

Who does not feel comforted when he reflects on Socrates, who said, all that he knew was that he knew nothing.

THE BRIGAND'S RITORNELLA;

SUNG BY MADAME VESTRIS.

Written by F. W. N. Bayley, Esq.—adapted and arranged by Stony Waller.

PIANO FORTE.

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 common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with various note values and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the musical piece. It features a melodic line in the upper staff and a supporting accompaniment in the lower staff. The notation includes slurs and accents, indicating phrasing and dynamics.

The third system includes the first line of lyrics. The lyrics are: "Thy balm - y gale swept gent - ly by, 'Twas e - ven's soft and sl - lent hour; When". The music is written in three staves: vocal line, piano accompaniment, and a lower piano accompaniment line. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present.

The fourth system continues the lyrics: "strains of thrill - ling mu - sic burst in low tones from the". The musical notation follows the same three-staff format as the previous system.

The fifth system concludes the lyrics: "Jas - mine bow'r. The". The musical notation continues in the same three-staff format, ending with a final cadence.

witch - ing sweetness of the lay Like ma - gio charm'd it

I - sa - bel - la, She no - ver dreamt it

p

might be traced To the bold Bri - gand's Rit - or - nella.

Calando.
a tempo

mf

II.
 She hasten'd to the fairy spot,
 Beguil'd by music's melting power;
 The joyful Brigand seized his prey!
 And bore her panting from the bow'r.
 Long years have roll'd away! her friends
 Have ceas'd to mourn for Isabella!
 But even now the minstrel warns
 The maiden of the Ritornella.

III.
 Beware, he sings, my pretty fair,
 Of being made a Rover's booty;
 No forts are e'er so much besieg'd,
 By Love, as those of Grace and Beauty.
 Then never list to flatt'ring tales,
 From any young and dashing fellow;
 But fancy when you hear them vow,
 That 'tis the Brigand's Ritornella.

Original.

THE ALHAMBRA.

It was in the reign of Mahomet the Second that the famous palace of the Alhambra was begun. An account of this singular monument must be interesting, as it throws light upon the manners and peculiar customs of the Moors.

The Alhambra was a vast fortress, built upon one of the two hills which are comprehended within the walls of Grenada. That hill which is insulated by the waters of the Xenil and the Darro, was likewise defended by a double range of walls. On its summit, which overlooks the whole city, and affords one of the finest prospects in the world, and in the middle of a platform, shaded with trees and refreshed with fountains, did Mahomet choose to rear his palace.

Nothing that we know in architecture can give us correct ideas of the architecture of the Moors.—Their buildings were, externally, without order, proportion, or grace; it was on the interior parts that all their cares were lavished. There, indeed, they exhausted all the resources of taste and magnificence, and strove to reconcile in their apartments, all the accommodations of luxury with the charms of rural nature. The walls of their saloons were inlaid with marble, and the floors paved with a sort of porcelain; their beds were covered with rich gold and silver stuffs; the air was cooled by water gushing upwards from handsome pipes: the richest perfumes exhaling from precious vases, and aided by the native fragrance of myrtles, orange trees, and various flowers, shed around odours, the deliciousness of which overpowered the sense.

The stately palace of the Alhambra has no regular front; it is approached by a charming walk, which is frequently broken by rivulets, running with a serpentine course among clumps of trees. The entrance is by a square tower, which was formerly called *The Gate of Judgment*. A second inscription indicates that the king used here to distribute justice, after the ancient practice of the Hebrews and other nations of the East. On entering by the north side into this palace of the Moorish kings, it is as if one were suddenly transported into the fabled country of the fairies. The first court is a long square, surrounded with an arched gallery, the walls and floors of which are covered with mosaics, festoons, and arabesque figures, painted, gilt, and carved in stucco, and of admirable workmanship.—These ornaments are covered over with passages from the Koran. In the middle of this court, which is paved with white marble, is a long basin of running water, and of such depth that a person may swim in it. On each side are borders of flowers and alleys of orange trees. This place was called *Mesuar*, and served as a common bath to the servants of the palace.

We next enter the celebrated *Court of the Lions*. It is a hundred feet long, and fifty in breadth. The gallery which runs round it is sustained by columns of white marble. The columns, which are arranged by two, and some-

times by three, are slender, and in fantastic taste: their grace and lightness please the astonished eye. The walls, and especially the roof, of the gallery, are covered with gold, azure, and stucco, wrought in arabesque, with a degree of care and delicacy, which our most skillful modern workmen would find it no easy matter to imitate. At each end of this long square is a charming cupola, fifteen or sixteen feet in diameter, projecting towards the middle of the court, and, like the rest, supported upon marble pillars; under the cupola's are *jets d'eau*. In the centre of the edifice, in the midst of a vast bason, is a capacious alabaster cup, six feet in diameter, borne up by twelve lions of white marble. This cup, which is supposed to be made after the model of the sea of brass in Solomon's Temple, has above it another smaller cup, out of which a stream of water used to flow, which, falling from the one cup into the other, and from the cups into the great basin, formed a continued cascade, which was augmented by water gushing from the muzzles of the lions. This fountain, like the rest, is decorated with inscriptions. The rest of the Alhambra is composed of halls of audience and of justice; others, containing baths, for the use of the king, queen, and their children. The bedchamber is still to be seen: the beds stood in alcoves, near a fountain, and upon a raised flooring of porcelain. In the hall of music were four rows of elevated seats, upon which the musicians were placed, while the whole court sat upon a carpet, beside an alabaster basin. In the cabinet in which the queen used to dress and say her prayers, and which is still an enchanting sight, there is a slab of marble, full of holes, through which perfumes exhaled, that were kept constantly burning beneath.

The doors and windows are so disposed as to afford the most agreeable prospects, and to throw a soft, yet lively, light upon the eyes. Fresh currents of air are admitted, so as to renew, at each moment, the delicious coolness of the apartment. As we leave the Alhambra, we observe, on an adjacent hill, the famous garden of the *Generalif*; a name which signifies "the house of love." In this garden was a palace, in which the kings of Grenada used to pass the spring: it was in the same style as the Alhambra, and displayed equal magnificence. Now, the Generalif retains none of its beauties, but such as could not be ravished from it—yet, of all places in the world, it still speaks the most forcibly to the eyes and heart.—*Colomenar Delices d'Espagne, tom. V. —Du Perron, Voyage d'Espagne, tom. 1.*

CÆDECIVS, a Roman tribune, having once undertaken to perform a service of extreme danger, addressed his soldiers as follows:—"My friends, it is necessary for the safety of the army that we should march to yonder station. It is not necessary that we should return." The army was saved, but every one of the followers of Cædecivus perished. He himself was found desperately wounded.

THE GRAVE.

Written in a Lady's Album

BY S. DUNLAP ADAIR.

ARE none with whom thou in the rainbow hours
Of childhood have sported, 'mid blossoms and flowers,
And cull'd thornless roses from pleasure's gay bowers,
Laid in the grave.

Go walk in yonder churchyard, the chamber of gloom,
And there thou may'st weep o'er the grass-cover'd tomb
Of some early friend, who in youth's short liv'd bloom,
Went to the grave.

Oh, Mary! when mem'ry recalls to our view,
The image of those whom in childhood we knew,
That long have been laid where the evening dew
Waters their grave.

How gladly we'd kiss the pale ashes away
From the brow that is wrapt in the damp fetid clay,
Could they be released from the house of decay,
And leave the grave.

But ah! we shall all meet that long dreamless rest—
When the writ which can never be sent back *non est*
Has been issued; we too must obey the behest,
And kiss the grave.

The dead!—Ah! what are they? their names are decay'd,
And shall all thy *loveliness* wither and fade?—
Yes, Mary!—ere long thy loved form shall be laid
In the cold grave.

But though thou shalt slumber beneath the earth's sod,
The cold clay thy couch, and thy pillow the clod,
Yet thou hast a house in the arms of thy God—
Beyond the grave.

The just, there made perfect, who chaunt evermore,
Their loud hallelujahs, their Saviour before,
Shall hail thee their sister on that blissful shore,
Beyond the grave.

And would'st thou "inhabit this bleak world" of woe
Forever—since thou to a Heaven can'st go,
Where ne'er shall be felt cold affliction's keen throes,
Beyond the grave.

Where angels' and archangels' songs thou shalt share,
And joys everlasting shall banish despair,
Where righteousness' robes thou forever shalt wear,
Beyond the grave.

THE RISING YOUNG MAN.

Oh, yes, he is in Parliament;
He's been returning thanks:
You can't conceive the time he's spent
In giving people franks.
He's grown a most important man;
His name's in the *Gazette*;
And though he swears he never can,
I'm sure he will—forget.

He talks quite grand of Grant and Grey;
He jests at Holland House:
He dines superbly—every day—
On ortolans and grouse.
Our salads now he'll never touch,
He keeps a different set;
They'll never love him half so much
As those he must forget.

He used to scrawl the sweetest things
In all our Albums once;
But now his lute has lost the strings,
His Muse is quite a dunce:
They print his speeches in the *Times*,
And vast renown they get;
But ah! his dear, delicious rhymes,
All hearts, but mine, forget!

He flirts this year extremely ill,
His flattery don't improve;
When Weipert plays a new quadrille,
He says, "I rise to move!"
And when I sing "The Soldier's Tear,"
The song he call'd his "pet,"
He bows and whispers, "Hear, hear, hear!"
How can he so forget?

I'm studying now, to please his taste,
Macculloch, Bentham, Mill;
To win his smile, I'm making haste
To understand the Bill.
I master, in their proper turn,
Corn, Currency, and Debt;
It's sad that I can never learn
So fast as I forget!

I wish he'd leave his friend, Lord Brougham,
The nation's wrongs to cure;
Wherever else, in him there's room
For some Reform, I'm sure!
His Borough is in Schedule A,
And that's some comfort yet;
'Twill hardly give him time, they say—
Poor fellow!—to forget!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started into discourse; but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies.

The most flourishing period of Greece was about 2,130 years ago, (Alexander's time.)

If those alone who "sowed the wind reaped the whirlwind," it would be well. But the mis-

chief is, that the blindness of bigotry, the madness of ambition, and the miscalculation of diplomacy, seek their victims principally among the innocent and unoffending.

Envy is a passion whose characteristic is cowardice, no less than malice and detraction.

It is but rarely that serpents will attack man without being highly provoked, and we may observe, that their poison is more subtle and active in proportion to the heat of the climate

which they inhabit. The hot and humid steppes and savannahs of Asia and America, and the burning sky of the African deserts, seem by far the best suited to the multiplication and development of these reptiles. Only 15 or 16 of their species inhabit Europe, while Russel has described 43 merely for the coasts of Bengal and Coromandel.

When all things have their trial, you shall find
Nothing is constant but a virtuous mind.

Hope sets off at a hard gallop, Consideration soon contents herself with a more moderate pace, and Doubt is reduced at last to a slow trot.

If you wish to make a tool of a man, first see if you can easily flatter him, and if you succeed, your purpose is half gained.

Rhyme is a modern discovery, it is the image of hope and memory. One sound makes us desire another corresponding to it, and when the second is heard, it recalls that which has just escaped us.

Patience, unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause;
(They can be meek, that have no other cause.)
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

The worst government in the world is one which practises every species of extortion and monopoly under the mask of liberty. The corruptions of a free government are worse than the most inflexible despotism.

Death is not sufficient to deter men who make it their glory to despise it, but if every one that fought a duel were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice.

Prithce, forgive me;
I did but chide in jest, the best loves use it
Sometimes; it sets an edge upon affection.
When we invite our best friends to a feast,
'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them;
There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet appetite,
And make them taste their wine well: so, methinks,
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
A kiss tastes wond'rous well, and full o' th' grape.

If we did not take great pains, and were not at great expense to corrupt our nature, our nature would never corrupt us.

Erzerum, in Turkey, is a very ancient city, the inhabitants dating its foundation from the time of Noah.

Plato, in his dialogue on Temperance, put this assertion in the mouth of Socrates:—"We should not consider *by* whom such a thing was said, but whether it be true and reasonable in itself."—The Arabians make use of a proverb, "Examine what is said, not him who speaks."

What real good does an addition to a fortune already sufficient procure? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusements.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

EPITAPH ON THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA, IN ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, BONO.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley slaves and kings;
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead,
Fate pour'd its lesson on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread.

Men oftener affect to *appear* than to *be* singular; and therefore when they have once declared for those opinions and habits that are so, they are so complaisant as to follow the fashion, and act like other men.

RECIPE.

TO DYE BLUE ON COTTON AND MUSLINS.

THE theory of this is described in the directions for giving the azure to counterpanes.

You must first wet out your cottons in warm water, and hang them in your vat; this is done by having a stick put across it. Having strings pinned to the articles, hang them on the sticks, and let them down an inch or two below the surface of the liquor: your cottons are to remain in a longer or a shorter time, as required, now and then taking them out and changing ends, that the dye may take on evenly. When your article is dyed, take it out and rinse it in cold water.

As it may not be convenient for housekeepers in general to erect a blue vat for the purpose of dyeing their muslins and cottons, the following is a method of dyeing those substances with *chemic blue*. This blue is not a fast colour, but answers for many purposes:

Take some chemic blue, put it into a pan of convenient size, but large enough to hold twice as much as you intend to use, in order that there may be room to stir it; add some pot-ash, or other alkali by degrees, till, after several trials, you find it does not taste sour, or until the acid is entirely saturated, or neutralized. Take of this neutralized liquor enough to dye what goods you require, and put it into a tub of water, about blood-warm, and by dipping a small piece of cotton into it, you may judge of the depth of the colour.

To dye with this *Chemic Vat*, for so it is called, first wet out your goods in warm water, then immerse them in the dye-water, and handle them to the shade required.

Blue, when dyed this way, should be dried in a warm room; if book muslins, they must be pinned out; if cotton furniture, it must be made stiff with starch or flour, and afterwards be glazed, sleeked, mangled, or calendered.

Remarks on this Dye.—If the acid of the vitriol is not overcome by the pearl or pot-ash, the goods worked in this dye will be rotten; the liquor should rather have a salt than an acid taste, and then you would be sure of its working well; but the nearer you can bring it to neutralization the better will be the effect.



A SCENE IN VENICE.

Engraved for the Lady's Book Phil^a June 1833. L. A. Godey & C.^o

THE LADY'S BOOK.

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THE HISTORY OF VENICE;

ABRIDGED, AND DIVIDED INTO EIGHT EPOCHS.

THIS city, which has never been taken by storm or blockade, is built upon about seventy small islands which rise out of the Lagune; it is divided in its length by two great canals, is subdivided by one hundred and forty-seven small ones, and re-united by three hundred and six public bridges, nearly all marble, connecting two thousand one hundred and eight small streets. Upon the islands and borders of the canals, stand about twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighteen houses, formerly containing one hundred and ninety thousand, and at present about one hundred thousand individuals. This assemblage of water, earth, and buildings, presents a very irregular figure, measuring from east to west two and three-fourths Italian miles, from north to south one and three-fourths; in circumference six and one-fourth; covering a surface of two and a half square miles, and is washed on all its sides by the Lagune.

First Epoch—Origin of Venice—A. D. 421.

• We think it reasonable enough to fix the epoch of the permanent establishment of the Venetians on these isles as early as the year four hundred and twenty-one, when the cruelty of the people from the north, who invaded Italy at the commencement of the fifth age, often obliged the inhabitants of the Terra Firma to seek an asylum in the most retired marshes of the Adriatic Gulf. In running over the progress of the first insulars during their democratic government under the Tribunes, who were annually elected in each principal isle, we arrive at the time when the enlargement of the state and the development of its resources, obliged them to concentrate the executive power in the hands of one alone, which naturally produced a change which constitutes the

Second Epoch—Paul Lucius Anafesto, first Doge of Venice—A. D. 697.

The election of a chief for life with the title of *Doge*, in place of the annual Tribunes, did not establish monarchy, but only fixed the primitive democracy under the direction of one president instead of many. Thus all the national force and activity was concentrated and directed with wisdom, and the Venetians made astonishing progress during five ages. The Republic, by the glory of its arms and riches continually extended its political influence as well as the high standing of its members, who commenced forming alliances with princes, kings, and em-

perors; and in the tenth age, a successor of Cæsar, who occupied the throne of the east, honoured, by his consent, by the magnificence of the presents that he made, and by the splendour of the fetes that he gave, the marriage of his niece with a citizen of Venice.

A long and brilliant suit of prosperity, the fruit of those admirable traits of heroism which form the grandeur of states where public glory and utility are inseparable from families and individuals, conducts us to the thirteenth age, which we will call our

Third Epoch—Conquest of Constantinople—Henry Dandolo forty-first Doge—A. D. 1204.

The brilliant success of the expedition of the east, the loftiness of genius and talents, and the magnanimity of the chief of the government, made this the most brilliant epoch of Venice. Not only should we admire the noble hardiness of the Doge Henry Dandolo, who, although nearly blind and bent down under the weight of ninety-four years, commanded a fleet of five hundred sail, crossed the sea with forty thousand warriors, directed courageously the assault of Constantinople; and who, ready to sacrifice the precious remains of his illustrious career to the glory of his country, was the first to land under the walls, which his warriors, animated by his example, immediately scaled and planted the standard of the republic; but, we ought to be much more struck with admiration by considering the wisdom and ingenuity of this great man, in the midst of all the obstacles which opposed his enterprize, and obliged him to struggle without cessation against the enemy, and against the prejudices of the age, which fettered his noble efforts in arriving at the achievement of the glory, that he knew, nevertheless, to acquire by the reunited force of the heterogeneous elements of which the Crusades were composed. The heroic patriotism and wisdom of Dandolo shone with a greater lustre when he refused the diadem of the Eastern Empire, to which the Electors wished to add a new splendour by placing it upon his venerable and majestic head. After the example of Dandolo wonder disappeared, for such men could not but obtain the most brilliant success. The dominion of the Republic, at this epoch, was extended over a very considerable part of the Eastern Empire, and over the half of Constantinople; Morea was joined to it as a fief attached to the title of Despot, or Imperial

Prince, granted to the Doge; and the Isle of Candia, which was bought of the Marquis de Montferrat. In this manner the establishments of Venice formed a long series of islands, provinces, and kingdoms, which extended from the Atlantic to the Black sea. What a source of advantages and riches for them at this time, when all the commerce of Europe, with the Indies, was carried on by this way!

The affairs of the state were then managed by virtuous, skillful, and valiant men, who, after considering the enlargement of territory and the change of circumstances, perceived the necessity of modifying the constitution, after the events and according to the difference of the times, to maintain the glory of the nation, which produced the

Fourth Epoch—The Democratic government takes the form of an Hereditary Aristocracy—Peter Gradinigo, forty-ninth Doge—A. D. 1297.

The impulse of the people, well directed, is often sufficient to make conquests, but it is only possible to maintain them by foresight, firmness, and wisdom, which qualities united are not to be found in the people. From the year eleven hundred and seventy-two, a representative council of four hundred and seventy members, which were annually changed, was already substituted at Venice for the general Assembly. The citizens of all classes had the right of electing members of this council, which still preserved the democratic system, although the ancient popular influence in the affairs of state was considerably weakened. The Fathers of the country perceiving that this constitution would no longer agree with the new order of things, guided by the wisdom and address of their Doge, Peter Gradinigo, and animated by courage proportionate to the greatness of the enterprise, resolved, in twelve hundred and ninety-seven, that hereafter the members of the representative council of the nation should not be chosen from individuals of all classes, but only from the members of the council of this epoch, from those who had been members during the four preceding years and from their descendants; thus aristocracy succeeded the primitive democracy. It was astonishing to see this great change take place without a drop of blood being shed, without noise or tumult, which proved the wisdom with which it was executed; and, although some time after, it produced troubles, the same talents which had conceived it, knew how to maintain and re-establish tranquillity. The effect answered the views of the reformers. Aristocracy sustained with honour the political existence of the state, and was able to resist the attacks of jealousy launched against it by the powers of Italy, and even by Europe, and the Ottoman force which menaced all the east. The Republic, always respectable even in its reverse, was at last obliged to cede, but, not before she had disputed the ground, step by step, with the irresistible power of the Turks, who with the price of floods of blood overturned every obstacle. But, if on one side she was forced to lessen the mari-

time frontiers, she knew how to enlarge the others, by extending her power over the continent near the Lagunes, which will be the subject of the

Fifth Epoch—The Venetian Terra Firma from A. D. 1338, to A. D. 1508.

Venice saw that celebrated sentence of Machiavel, "That the people submit voluntarily to the government that treated the vanquished as friends and not as enemies," realized in her favour. Order, economy, wisdom, justice, and equity, the fundamental basis of the Republic of Venice, engaged the cities and provinces of Italy that occupied the space situated between the sea and the Alps, to submit spontaneously to her laws, and thus unite with the virtuous descendants of their ancestors, who had taken refuge many years ago on the Lagunes, and who were happily established and multiplied. The Venetians then employed their politics to the utmost extent to profit by the disposition of the times and circumstances which were favourable to their interests; thus, by the aid of persuasion, of silver, and of force, they possessed, from the commencement of the sixteenth century, their new conquests along the sea from Ravenna to Trieste; and to the centre of all the country lying between the sea, the Alps and the Po; extending in Lombardy upon the coast of the Adda, and occupied, even beyond the Po, many strong places in the Romagna, and in the Pouille. But, although it is true that prosperity is often the recompense of virtue and valour, it is nevertheless true that it almost always gives birth to hatred and jealousies, thus the princes having possessions in Italy, and among others, the Pope, envious of the Venetian power, prepared the great events which form the

Sixth Epoch—The League of Cambray, A. D. 1508.

Hatred is sometimes the price of benefits, because they humiliate the one who receives them. Jules II. who owed his elevation to the Pontificate, both to the favour of Caesar Borgia and to the Venetians, imprisoned the former, from whom he exacted the cession of his estates and rights for his ransom, and purposed to dispossess the latter of all they possessed in the Romagna. He easily obtained the first object; but, irritated at having been frustrated in the second, and not considering the consequence of a foreign invasion of Italy, but only listening to the desire of lowering those who had elevated him, he employed all his address and influence to engage Spain, France, Germany, and all the Italian princes to league with him against Venice. Such was the origin and composition of this formidable coalition, signed at Cambray, the tenth of December, 1508. To the armies of so many powerful princes, the sainted Father added his, with interdiction and excommunication, which he launched against the Venetian government. Europe, astonished, saw the Republic resist in a miraculous manner all the efforts directed against her: opposing force to force, and wisdom to the wrath of the Vatican. The Emperor Maximilian, at the head of one

hundred thousand men, besieged Padua. Louis XII. King of France, commanded in person his army, with which he descended into Lombardy. The armies of Spain, of the Pope, and the other Italian princes, occupied different situations on the territory of the Republic.

The Venetian army having been vanquished, retreated to the Capitol, and the Terra Firma was almost entirely conquered by the enemy; but the love of the people, the most sure and precious resource of governments in adversity, was not extinguished. The fidelity of Trivisa and Padua, the general wish to return under the laws of the Republic, her wise foresight, her energy and promptness to take advantage of the attachment of the provinces, her firmness and patriotism rescued her, and caused her to shine forth with more splendour from under the cloud of misfortunes which had been the touchstone of her courage and strength. They recovered in a little time nearly all their territory, except some strong places, having been obliged to cede to the Pope those of Romagna, to appease the sainted Father, and to obtain absolution of the interdiction and excommunication. After having again thus restored peace abroad, and established order at home, the Republic occupied herself with embellishing the capital, for it was at this precise period that a great number of edifices were built, and decorated by Scarpagnino, Sansovino, Sanmicheli, and other architects and artists of the highest reputation, and at this same time, Henry the Fourth, King of France, asked, and obtained, the title of Patriarch of Venice, an honour sought after by the Pontiffs and many other princes.

But the Turks, already having possession of Constantinople, harassed the establishments of the Republic, in the east. Wars, ravages, and ruins succeeded each other rapidly. The arms and politics of the Venetians courageously opposed them. The country was teeming with heroes, who, in victory or reverse, covered themselves equally with glory: the enemy always paid dearly for their advantages over the Venetians; success was reciprocal, and the Republic knew how to maintain her honour, notwithstanding the great superiority of her adversary.

About the end of the fifteenth century, she had lost almost all Morea, but, at the same time she acquired the kingdom of Cyprus; it is true that she lost it in 1571, but, only after a glorious resistance. The celebrated M. A. Bragadino, the intrepid defender of Famagouste, and a great number of brave men, performed extraordinary feats of valour there. In the same year, the victory of Lepanto, brought back, in one day, to the Venetian banner, all its ancient glory, and blotted out the misfortunes that the Republic had experienced. In 1669, it was necessary to cede the Isle of Candia, but this misfortune did not happen until after a defence of twenty-five years, the glory of which excited the envy of the Paladins, and the admiration of the universe; this war was memorable for the numerous examples of valour of the Venetians, among the number of which

we cite the celebrated Thomas Morosini, who, with only one vessel, had the courage to defend himself against forty-five Turkish galleys. It was in the course of the same war that one town alone, made eighty sorties, resisted the impetuosity of sixty-nine assaults, and the explosion of one thousand three hundred and sixty-four mines, and only surrendered to very honourable conditions. Again, in 1687, Francoio Morosini, the Peloponesian, repelled the Ottomans, and conquered the Morea a second time; the occupation of which was recognized by the treaty of peace of Carlowitz, in 1699.

Seventh Epoch—Peace of Passarowitz—A. D. 1718.

The exploits of the Peloponesian were the last efforts of the power of the rulers of the Adriatic; for, some years after, Venice signed a humiliating peace at Passarowitz, on the 21st July, 1718, by which she ceded to the Turks, the kingdom that Morosini had reconquered with so much glory. Human wisdom may retard and moderate the order of nature and events, but it can never destroy or change them; men renowned for their wisdom had been the pride of the Republic, but their efforts could not arrest the irresistible influence of time; although the worm of time works silently and slowly, still it never ceases to gnaw.

The government now began to show evident signs of its ruin; every thing revealed its perplexities and fears. The globe had already changed its face during two centuries; the discovery of the Cape of Good-Hope and America, had opened, in the sixteenth century, a new channel for commerce. Italy had always been a central point, but now it ceased to be; Portugal, Spain, Holland, France, and England, took possession of the seas, the land, and the riches which were discovered. Venice, which had, during so many ages, furnished these nations with the products of Asia and Africa, was now obliged to receive them from these very people; and far from preserving nearly the exclusive navigation of the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, she was obliged, in 1577, to allow the flag of England, and in 1598, the flag of Holland, to float freely on the seas which washed Turkey. The political system of the European states, the art of war and navigation, the finances, the public instruction, the industry, the different branches of civilization, in-fact, all things experienced a very sensible change after the fifteenth century; but Venice alone still held to her ancient customs. At the commencement, the Venetians replaced the Tribunes by the Doge, and when circumstances, brought about by the succession of events, required it, democracy gave place to aristocracy. Another reform was necessary after the peace of Passarowitz, to give a new impulse and a spirit more conformable to the genius and experience of the age, to the government. The Republic knew this want; she still had some men of genius; they had recourse to consultations, they spoke of reform, but the tranquillity which the Republic then enjoyed, made them neglect not only their future tranquillity, but even the safety of the state. Her

marine, formerly superior to the others, did not like the others adopt the modern naval architecture. Her land armies did not understand the refined tactics and discipline which the other sovereigns had newly introduced into theirs. Her finances were preserved upon the ancient footing, and the fear of overburdening the people deprived her of the necessary funds for her defence. The long repose of the Ottoman Porte, plunged the fleet of the Republic into a state of inactivity; the fidelity of Austria, the feebleness of the Italian princes, the weakness of the ecclesiastic censures, made them neglect the fortifications of their forts, their artillery, and their infantry.

It often happens that a long peace destroys the means to make war. Besides, the revolution of the commercial system had considerably diminished the number of sea-faring men, and exhausted the source of riches, which during the preceding years had repaired all the losses and raised up Venice from the gulf of the most terrible vicissitudes. But if the universal and almost exclusive commerce, the superiority of their marine, the order of the administration, and their political wisdom had raised them to the pinnacle of grandeur; the loss of the first, and their inferiority in the rest, in comparison with the other powers of Europe, carried away all the elements of their prosperity, without which they had either to perish or to create new ones.

Eighth Epoch—Downfall of the Republic of Venice—A. D. 1797.

The Republic wanted neither armies nor men of talents even in her last moments. She possessed more than three millions of subjects, the love of the people, many fortresses, a land and sea army; the annual revenue of six and a half millions of ducats of silver (about five millions and two hundred thousand dollars;) her Capitol, which nature had rendered inaccessible to the enemy, was defended, in the Lagune which surrounds it, by two hundred men-of-war of every kind, manned by eighty thousand four hundred men and armed with seven hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. The arsenal was abundantly supplied with every thing; one hundred and forty thousand citizens were able to furnish, in case of need, more than twenty thousand soldiers for the defence of their country. But with all this the government wanted the necessary energy to collect, dispose, and employ usefully these resources, and to adopt measures proportionate to the intricacy of circumstances. A fallacious hope of tranquillity kept the Venetians in a state of inactivity, and made them decide not to take a part in the war which had broken out between Austria and France, and which disturbed Italy in 1796. This conduct drew upon them the contempt of the other nations, and forced them to submit to the fate reserved for those who have neither the means of defence nor the talent to employ them. The French army occupied a great part of the Venetian territory; the government encouraged the French, by the timidity or incertitude of

its measures, and, at last, the Great Council of the Republic rendered legitimate their hostile marches, by its abdication, adopted on the 12th May, 1797, without using the forces and resources which were still at its disposal. They delivered, by this act of pusillanimity, the Capitol and all the state, which was treated afterwards as a conquered country. Such was the sad end of a republic which had existed during fourteen centuries, which had merited the respect and admiration of sovereigns as well as the love of its subjects, and which had given birth to so many heroes. The souvenir of its history, and the monuments of its Capitol, are at present objects of general admiration, and since the happiness of nations is always the result of the wisdom of its laws, and of the good order of the political administration, it will not be difficult to find among the precious relics, proof of the ancient prosperity of Venice, and in the history of its government, facts which bind the causes to the effects. As we judge of the talents of an architect, sculptor, or painter, by the beauty of an edifice, statue, or painting, so we draw the same conclusion in considering a government, by fixing its degree of merit upon the results of its riches, studies, manners, characters, habitudes, and even the amusement of the people.

In the brief and rapid view we have taken of Venice, we have purposely omitted to notice the manners, customs and habits of the people—our object being the exposition of her history, and not the delineation of her character: but as illustrative of one of the moral qualities for which they have been so long distinguished, the love of music, the annexed plate has been prepared representing a *Serenade*.

Whether their enthusiastic predilection for music and poetry is to be referred to their sunny skies, or to some peculiarity of moral constitution, or to both, we shall not pretend to determine; but certain it is, no race of people have displayed a more passionate fondness for melody.

Travellers, almost without exception, and among others, Byron, have spoken in terms of the most liberal praise of their moonlight Serenades, and the plaintive song of "the Gondolier."

There is a peculiar sweetness and irresistible fascination in the soft notes of music, borne on the water and on the breeze; and in such an atmosphere and beneath such a sky, they melt, subdue and harmonize the soul, as if the voice of a spirit had spoken on enchanted ground.

"All classes," says Byron, "are alike characterized for their love of music and poetry. There is a poetry in the life of a Venetian, which, in its common course, is varied with those surprises and changes, so recommendable in fiction, but so different from the sober monotony of northern existence: amusements are raised into duties—duties are softened into amusements—and every object being considered as equally making a part of the business of life, is announced and performed with the same earnest indifference and gay assiduity."

DELTA.

From the *Amulet*

A BROTHER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MARY HOWITT.

BROTHER, alas! our life
Was one unending strife!
And there thou liest now,
Death's seal upon thy brow,
Stretched on thy pallet-bed,
Cold straw beneath thy head!
I shall lie down to sleep
In soft state pillowed deep;
In fine and silvery lawn,
With damask curtains drawn!
Yet thou art gone to rest,
Like Lazarus in Abraham's breast;
And I, another Dives, shall awake
Within the ever-burning lake.
Wretch that I am!—through life have been!—
Now comes the first reward of sin—
Remorse, that with relentless ire
Gnaweth my soul like fire;
And pointing to this death-bed state,
Crieth, "Repentance comes too late!"

My soul is tortured thus to see,
Brother, thy latest misery!—
These panes, of poverty the proof;
Those naked rafters in the roof;
That fireless grate, this broken floor;
And here thy miserable store—
The last drop in the pitcher drained,
The bread from charity obtained,
Dry, tasteless morsel, at thy side!—
And thus my brother died!

Well, life and all its wants are o'er;
His heart will ache no more!
And no more in the street
Will he my chariot meet,
And say, Indignant at my pride,
To the poor beggar at his side!—
"Yon rich man is my brother,
The first-born of my mother.
Our father died: and he
Possessed our property.
A tyrant was he from a boy,
Dominion was his life's sole joy;
And with an iron sway he broke
At first my spirit to his yoke.
Oh, happy were the three
That died in infancy!
They felt not what my life has borne—
Capricious enmity and scorn.
I was a trampled slave for years,
I craved mine own with bitter tears;
And, after long and cold neglect,
'Twas offered me—for what?—my self-respect!
Oh, happy were the three
That died in infancy!
For they knew not the bitter feud—
The life-long strife that thence ensued;
And saw not, as I daily see,
His pride insult my poverty!"

Thus wilt thou say no more—no more!
The hatred and the pride are o'er;
And I would give my luxury
As low as thou to lie,
Could that the lost regain,
Or from my soul remove the guilty stain!

Oh! what a dread amount,
'Fore me, to judgment went on his account!
And he, this day, hath stood before the throne,
'To testify of evil I have done:
And judgment is gone forth—therefore in dread
Stand I accused and trembling with the dead!

Ay, I would give my golden luxury,
Brother, to be like thee!—
To meet without despair
The old man with the silver hair—
To say, "Thy words I did obey,
And kept through life the narrow way!"
To fly, with garments undefiled,
To that pure mother, her redeemed child!—
To say, "Thy prayers were heard;
And, at the eleventh hour, I was restored;
And then to hear her say triumphantly,
"Thank God! the sons he gave are all with me!"

THE EARLY DEAD.

Too bright, too beautiful for earth,
Was she who gladdened every heart!
The blessed sunbeam of each heart,
Her light seemed of our life a part!
Weep—for her voice will greet no more:
Weep—for her brow of love is dim!
Where Heaven's eternal fountains pour,
Her spirit breathes its glorious hymn.

Mother of *her*, our loved and dead,
Though many a fair plant round thee bloom;
Long will thy bitter tears be shed,
Where the pale roses shade her tomb:
Yet as thou mourn'st, remember too,
She hath been spared the toil and strife,
The wasting griefs, the dreams untrue,
The thousand ills of human life.

Remember, when mid your sweet band,
Thou art offering up thy soul in prayer,
That she who treads the "better land,"
Her vow with thine is mingling there!
Thou hast the memory of her worth,
Thy future's shadowy vale to cheer;
Though brief her pilgrimage on earth,
'Twas marked by virtues rare and dear.

Father! rejoice that *esse* thou'st called
So rich a treasure all thine own—
Rejoice, e'en though by cares enthralled,
That o'er thy path her love once shone;
Speak of her oft to those who still
Around thee shed hope's blissful ray;
And, as with joy their young hearts thrill,
Bless *Him*, who thus hath strewn thy way.

Sisters, at noon and eve who'd miss,
As wearied from yon halls ye come,
Her bounding step, her playful kiss,
Her laughing glance to greet you home;
New pleasures in your path will spring,
New ties perchance will round you twine,
Yet think not Time's o'erladen wing
Hath sought more fair than her we shrink.

Brothers! it seemed a darkened hour
When from this world your playmate passed!
When on each tree and bursting flower
Your idol sister gazed her last:
The turf is on her! and for you
Love's harp its sweetest chord hath lost—
Brothers! prove to her memory true,
As on life's wave your barks are tossed.

The turf is on her! Weep not now—
All blessings crown the early dead!
She was called home, ere from her brow
One trace of radiant mirth had fled:
Knowing but Love's unclouded sun,
Her dream of earth was bright as brief—
Rejoice, that when the goal she won,
Her crown had not a withered leaf!

SWAMP HALL;

OR, THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

THE Pennys lived at Richmond. They were of that happy class denominated the respectable, but made themselves continually miserable, in their anxiety to be fine. Happiness was very well—but then, fashion was something. They had a snug house—a beautiful garden, sloping down to the Thames—two “fair daughters” and three promising sons. Add to this, ten thousand pounds in the 3 per cents., with the best of health, and you have a brief summing-up of the possessions and advantages of the family of the Pennys. No, we have forgotten one treasure—they had a family friend. He was the oracle of the house, by virtue of his threescore years, a broken constitution, and an estate called Swamp Hall, in not the most fertile part of Lincolnshire. Mr. Solon—such was our “friends” name—gave the law to the Pennys; although we cannot disguise the fact, that his dicta were, at times, not uncomplainedly allowed by Mr. Penny himself, who, animated by some extraordinary prejudice, wished sometimes to guide the interests of his own family. It needed all the arguments of Mrs. Penny, to contend against this wrong-headedness of the father of her children.

“My dear Mr. Penny,” Mrs. P. would exclaim, when desirous of effectually silencing any rebellious scruples of her husband, “I should not persist in my opinion, were it not, as I have told you before, the opinion of Mr. Solon.”

“Nor, my dear,” would reply Mr. Penny, in the mildest of tones, “should I, were I not certain that when Mr. Solon heard my arguments—”

They had one morning pursued thus far, when Mrs. Penny, with more than usual energy, retorted—“Nonsense!—Mr. Solon never hears arguments; ’tis enough that he advises. Is he not—” And here Mrs. Penny called up one of those looks which we are apt to assume, when we would knock down opposition with a self-evident truth—“Is he not the family friend?”

What could Mr. Penny do?—what could he say to this? Why, nothing but press his hands gently together, raise them nearly to his chin, incline his head, slightly elevate his shoulders, and reply—“Unquestionably.”

Mrs. Penny felt her vantage ground, and followed up the attack with merciless vehemence. She had received her education at the best boarding-school in Kensington—and knew the full force of argument by interrogation. Thus, when Mr. Penny had allowed her premises, that Mr. Solon *was* the family friend, she continued, with a growing air of triumph—“Can any thing be done without him?”

The question went to Mr. Penny’s heart. Nevertheless, he replied—“Certainly not.”

“Have we a secret from him?—Does he not read the confidential letters of our dearest friends?”

Something of the most delicate tint of a blush rose to Mr. Penny’s cheek, as he satisfied the query—“Every line.”

“Has he not stood for the three last children?”

“Every one of them.”—To which Mr. Penny might have added, “and given them names, most of them borne by the now dead and buried members of the family of the Solons.”

“Do we not allow him to pay for the education of Jemima and Petrarch? Was he not once horsewhipped, in mistake for yourself? And did he not take your place in a duel—you remember how I scolded him for it—with a murdering ensign, from the north of Ireland?”

Mr. Penny hesitated to answer this latter question. Mrs. Penny, however, thought ingratitude a heinous sin, and again enforced it.

Mr. Penny still shrunk from the thrust. He could only return to his wife’s first interrogatory—“As you say, Mr. Solon is the friend of the family.”

“Say!—I know him to be so.—Well then, is Mary to be married off, before Mr. Solon makes his decision?”

“Decision!”—For once Mr. Penny ventured to ask, “Am I not her father?”

“Father!—What of that?—Isn’t Mr. Solon the family friend?”

Mr. Penny ventured to lower his brow.—“Humph!—It’s a pity so much friendship is wasted on strangers. I wish he’d a family of his own.”

“Then it seems you forget Mr. Solon’s Lincolnshire estate—(that Mecca of Mrs. Penny’s hopes)—you forget Swamp Hall—that fertile and fashionable retreat.”

This was a subject on which, spite of the frowns of his wife, Mr. Penny would, at times, venture a jest.—“Fertile and fashionable!—why nothing grows there but rushes—and no one ventures there but geese—and they, only as visitors.”

“Rushes and geese!” retorted Mrs. Penny, with a contemptuous glance. “I vow, I have heard Mr. Solon declare that his grounds produced for the London tradesmen.”

“Yes—for London chair-menders, and London poulterers.—I forgot—in seasons of great plenty, he has an acre or two of wild water-cresses.”

“This, Mr. Penny, is all idle. You know that he has willed his estate to our boy. We mustn’t neglect the dear child’s interest. I’m sure—” (here Mrs. Penny cast a look of consolation at her husband)—“Mr. Solon can’t live long.—Doesn’t he break every winter?”

“Yes—but, hang it! he mends every spring.”

“Mr. Penny, look at his face.”

“Hav’n’t I watched the coming of every wrinkle into it? Had I studied the stars, as I have studied his features, I had got more money by

almanac making, than ever I shall gain by Swamp Hall."

Mrs. Penny was shocked.—"This of the friend of the family!—One who gives his advice—"

"Faith, he ought to give it," quickly retorted Mr. Penny, "else 'twould often be dear indeed.—Didn't he make me speculate, and lose in hops, when I wanted to invest in camphor?—Didn't he foretell a hard winter—" (It was now Mr. Penny's turn to act the querist.)—"I suppose the geese were early at Swamp Hall—and make me buy up bear-skins, when the currant-trees conspired to bud in January?—I always lost by his advice—but once."

Here was a straw of comfort for Mrs. Penny, and her drowning hand snatched at it.—"Well, I am glad you own so much. Once, then, his advice did serve you?"

"Yes—he counselled one way, and I took exactly the contrary.—To say the truth, I am almost tired of Mr. Solon."

"Husband—be reasonable:—you know he must die soon."

"Die!—I tell you what, wife—I have long suspected it, but now I am sure of the fact. People who promise to will away estates, *never* die. If ever they fall sick, it's only to tease us, by getting well again."

"The man can't live," replied Mrs. Penny, with great emphasis—"I tell you—"

We know not what consolatory proofs of Mr. Solon's early dissolution would have been advanced, had not a shuffling at the door, and the shrill voice of Becky, the servant, suddenly snapped the chain of Mrs. Penny's evidence.

"Well, Mr. Solon, I'll give your name," cried the girl, backing into the room, and vainly endeavouring to delay the entrance of an old gentleman, who flung himself into the middle of the parlour, and stood with his hat perched on the very summit of his head—one arm flung behind the tail of his coat, the other extended forth—and, with the eye of a "death-darting cockatrice," looking now at the girl, and now at her master and mistress, as, with a voice spasmodic with surprise, he cried out—

"Name, name!—Mr. Penny—Mrs. Penny!"—The friend of the family stood gasping with astonishment—Mrs. Penny brought a chair, and in the softest manner possible, chid Mr. Solon for venturing out so early "The dews were yet upon the ground."

Mr. Solon, shaking his forefinger at Becky the maid, inquired of Mr. Penny—"who is this?—asked my name—barred me at the door!"—his voice rose as he enumerated each new indignity—"Me!"—He literally crowed out the monosyllable.

As they say in Parliament, Mrs. Penny explained. "It was the new servant."

"She's better than the last, I hope!" observed the family friend, scarcely permitting himself to be mollified: then to Becky, most impressively—

"Young woman! behave yourself, or I shall discharge you."

Becky muttered something about "two mas-

ters." Mrs. Penny caught the sound of discontent—"What's that, Becky?—Remember, in this house, Mr. Solon is the same as Mr. Penny."

Becky caught the eye of her master, and with a significant "Oh!" vanished from the parlour.

"I hope, sir," inquired the master of the mansion of the family friend "you remain in excellent health?"

"You do hope, eh?—I thought you didn't—you didn't speak before. Perhaps, I'm troublesome?"

"Now, my dear Mr. Solon," exclaimed Mrs. Penny in the greatest concern.

"I can go to Lincolnshire," cried Mr. Solon.

"I wish you would," thought Mr. Penny.

"In fact, I ought to go—I *will* go."—Mrs. Penny said nothing, but smiled beseechingly at the friend of the family, who, by degrees, let his anger subside in his paternal care for Miss Mary Penny, whose choice, or rather, whose reception of a husband was at this time, the grand household question. There were two aspirants for the young lady's hand, linked as it was with three hundred per annum by the will of her grandfather. Mr. Edmund Wilkins, the junior partner of a respectable house in the city, had, for some two years past, been received by the Pennys, was by no means indifferent to Mary, and what was, indeed, a still greater recommendation, was not decidedly objected to by Mr. Solon. Unhappily, however, the friend of the family, was "the fortunate holder" of a somewhat irascible bull-terrier, that on a very slight provocation, laid bare the shin-bone of Edmund Wilkins, who, in his agony, unmindful of the sacrilege—for the terrier-bull was sacred as the *lares* at the fire-side of the Pennys—returned the assault with so vigorous a kick, that a fractured rib was the lot of (in Mrs. Penny's words) "the dear dumb animal." This, in the emphatic language of Mr. Solon, "ruffian-like assault," on the part of Edmund Wilkins, was construed into an open declaration of war by the friend of the family, and thus the lover had at once to contend against the fancied horrors of hydrophobia, and the powerful interest of the owner of Swamp Hall. Besides this, Mr. Solon had formed a street acquaintance with the Honourable Frederick Rustington—a gentleman, who had gallantly delivered the family friend from a knot of pick-pockets on a levee day—who was connected with the first families, whose dress was the very flower of the mode, and whose mustachios were as black as Erebus. Of course, the Honourable Frederick Rustington had been made at home with the Penny's: too much attention could not be paid to the preserver of the family friend. At any time, Edmund Wilkins would have willingly dispensed with the presence of the visitor, but coming as he did, pat on the attack of the bull-terrier, introduced and patronized by the vindictive Solon, he was a rival not to be despised. Edmund Wilkins could see that Mrs. Penny began to look coldly upon him—that Mr. Penny seemed half-afraid, to venture as he was wont, a cordial shake of the hand—that Mary would sit

for half an hour, with her pretty blue eyes, contemplating the pattern of the carpet—and, worse than all, that Mr. Solon would cast a supercilious look of triumph from the junior partner, to the mustachios of the Honourable Frederick Rustington. All this, had Edmund Wilkins to endure, together with a wound in his shin, and a nervous excitement at the thoughts of water.

"I have made up my mind," said Mr. Solon, when induced by the attentions of Mr. Penny to descend from his wrath to the affairs of the family. "I am determined—Mary must marry the Honourable Mr. Rustington." Mr. Penny was about to remonstrate, but was summarily checked by the friend of the family. "Marry him directly, and the young couple can go and spend the honeymoon at Swamp Hall—Swamp Hall!" Had the tongue of Demosthenes enriched the mouth of Mr. Penny, it would have been paralyzed with the syllables—"Swamp Hall"—he was dumb—and the matter, at least, in the opinion of Mr. Solon, was finally arranged.

Enter Becky, with letters. They were scarcely glanced at by Mr. Penny, ere they were in the hands of the friend of the family.—"A plague on the impudence of this world," cried Mr. Penny, "here is that fellow, Rogers, sending to me for the loan of a hundred pounds! The brazen rascal!"

"Why, Mr. Penny, you forget—Mr. Rogers—a man of honour—a man of substance."

"Substance! My dear sir, he has been going to pieces this twelvemonth!"

"Have a care, Mr. Penny—defamation, sir—Mr. Rogers is, I repeat, an honourable man; and, not that I would desire my wishes to weigh with you—in fact, I have no right—none whatever—yet, Mr. Penny, allow me to say, that you will best support your character as a liberal man, by obliging Mr. Rogers with—"

"But my dear sir!"

"I don't wish to persuade you—as I said, I have no claim to any influence—how should I have—none!"

Mr. Penny had no remedy: Mrs. Penny ably advocated the character of "their old friend Rogers." Mr. Solon, with wounded dignity, took "a more removed ground"—and, to be brief, Mr. Penny wrote the cheque, and enclosing it in a letter despatched it by a special messenger to London. "Hem," cried Mr. Solon—and as the missive was borne away, he repeated with a college air, "*Bis dat, qui cito dat.*" At this moment, little master Nicodemus Solon Penny was ushered into the apartment with the nursery maid, previous to his departure on a visit to his grandmother, at Hackney, Mr. Solon having promised the old lady the long-expected treat. "Just like the head of the old philosophers," cried Mr. Solon, as, rubbing up the stubby hair of Nicodemus, he looked with uncommon sagacity in the child's face; "Come, master Nicodemus," cried the girl, "or we shall lose the coach!"—"Coach!" exclaimed Mr. Solon, "I thought I desired the child should go

in the steam-boat? To be sure—I have no right to interfere, but I thought I said the steam-boat!"

A look of anxiety overspread Mrs. Penny's face, as she endeavoured to smile, and indistinctly, urged something about "the machinery!"

"That's it! look at the child's head—has a genius for mechanics—nothing like early cultivation; Sally, go in the steam-boat—but mind, not too near the boiler. You hear, Sally—the steam-boat!"

Mr. and Mrs. Penny looked at each other—kissed the child, who, enriched with a shilling from the purse of Mr. Solon, started for his voyage down the Thames. Scarcely had little Nicodemus departed, when Frankenstein Penny, (for the sake of Mr. P. we must repeat the names of his younger branches were the arbitrary taste of Mr. Solon), at home for the vacation from a preparatory school, bounced into the room, but having apologized for his violence by a particularly humble bow to the friend of the family, was graciously received by Mr. Solon, who, as was usual with his fortunate god-children, began to expatiate on the extraordinary capacity of Frankenstein. "I tried him last night," cried Mr. Penny, "he can read any thing!"

"No doubt. I'll be sworn he can with such a head as that." The mother had placed the "*Times*" in the hands of the young scholar, for the display of his precocity. Master Frankenstein, holding the leading journal of Europe crumpled in his little fists, with his eyes and mouth widely opened, stared at Mr. Solon for the word. "Any where, my dear—read any thing—the first thing you see," cried the god-father, who with a significant glance at Mr. Penny, raised his hand above the child's head in admiration of its extraordinary development.—"Any thing, my dear!"

The child, after a little stammering, literally astounded his hearers with his reading; for he began in a loud voice,

"Bankrupts.—Jonathan Rogers, St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, hop-merchant."

Mr. Penny gave a deep groan—Mrs. Penny uttered a slight hysteric shriek—the friend of the family looked as if his face was suddenly frost-bitten—and Master Frankenstein Penny, with the sweet unconsciousness of childhood, proceeded to read the days of meeting, and the names of the bankrupt's attornies. After the first shock, Mr. Penny looked at "his old friend Rogers' letter, which, according to the date, should have come to hand three days before. Some men, not wholly bigots to ceremony, would have kicked their adviser into the street. Not so, Mr. Penny; for though he looked as if his neckcloth was doing the work of a bow-string, all he said was—but the words came writhing through his teeth—"I knew I was right—I—" and he dashed down a chair with a vigour that, to the friend of the family, appeared something like a liberty. Mr. Penny continued to grumble:—"friends I—humph!—friends!"—with other significant syllables, broke from him; and we know not to what

extent his abuse—for that was the term given it by Mr. Solon—would have gone, had not the cause of this violence at once asserted his dignity, and offered consolation to the enraged, but still polite, Mr. Penny.—“There was no doubt that the dividend would be very handsome—very handsome.”—(Mr. Penny ventured a “pish!”)—“However, such was the reward of friendship:—and Mr. Solon rose, and positively prepared to put on his gloves.—“If, however, the dividend came short of the debt, he thanked his stars, he yet had property—and where people showed such ingratitude, he would again and again sell Swamp Hall.” The string was struck—Mrs. Penny again put on one of her imploring looks—even Mr. Penny felt he had gone too far; and as the husband and wife lowered in their tone and manner, of course Mr. Solon rose in his injuries; until, at length, it was the friend of the family who had been wronged—whose property had been sacrificed:—it was he who had been swindled by the “old friend” Rogers. However, after much exertion, on the part of man and wife, the proprietor of Swamp Hall took off his gloves, and was again seated in the easy chair. He had ceased to reproach, and was now gathered up in calm dignity. Luncheon was spoken of—the tray was brought up—and once more Mr. Solon was the friend of the family. The approaching marriage of Mary was talked of—Mr. Solon declaring, that the firm in which Edmund Wilkins was junior partner, was built on sand; that, in fact, he was little better than a sharper, with an eye to the “poor girl’s money;”—whereas, the Hon. Frederick Rustington was a man of birth and rank, with great connexions in the colonies; a circumstance not to be lost sight of by the father of three intelligent boys. Mrs. Penny bridled up at this, and Mr. Penny listened somewhat more complacently, when Edmund Wilkins was again stigmatised as an adventurer and a sharper. Thus went on the time, and Mr. Solon had raised a glass of champagne to his lips, when a shriek, a loud shrill shriek, pierced through the house, and Becky rushed in, wringing her hands; and with her eyes starting from her head, and her round face as ghastly as death, half-screamed, and half-sobbed—“Master!—the child—Nic—Nic—” At last, with a convulsive throes, she delivered herself of the word—“drowned!”

Mrs. Penny screamed, and went off in a fit; Becky ran to her assistance, and chafed her hands and temples. The friend of the family, with his mouth open, his face the colour of a new slate, aghast—his knees knocking each other, and his eyes averted from Mr. Penny—sat in the easy chair, the picture of ghastly imbecility;—whilst the father of the drowned child—(he was in the act of cutting a corner crust, as Becky rushed in)—with a case-knife griped in his hand, sprang to his feet, and, approaching Mr. Solon the paternal feeling overbearing all recollections of Swamp Hall, all “trivial fond records” of the friendship of its owner—exclaimed, in a voice rendered painfully piercing by emotion, at the

same time unconsciously shaking the glittering steel within a hand’s breadth of Mr. Solon’s neckcloth—“Wretch!—monster!—busy-body!—a curse to my house!—Begone, murderer!—fly my roof!—My—my poor boy!”—and here the tears rolled down the father’s cheeks—his voice was stifled in his throat—the knife fell from his hand—and, powerless, he sank sobbing into a chair, when his grief was diverted by a sudden rush into the room, and he felt a wet mass literally heaved into his lap. The load was Master Nicodemus—not, as the newspapers say, with “the vital spark totally extinct”—old father Thames having contented himself with sousing a beautiful suit of sky-blue, leaving undimmed the Promethean principle of the embryo Archimedes.

The story was soon told. Master Nicodemus, whilst in the wherry, making for the steamer, had amused himself by trailing in the water the thong of his toy whip, which, somehow or other escaping from his hand, he made a lounge after it—the nursery-maid made a grasp at his frock—the boat gave a lurch—and Master Nicodemus, rolling over the gunwale, was kicking in an element foreign to his youthful habits. He was, after due shrieking on the part of Sally, recovered by the waterman—hurried on shore—carried, all dripping as he was, to his home—Sally uttered the word “drowned”—Becky saw the water streaming from the child, and, without a thought, rushed to the parlour with her version of the tragedy. Master Nicodemus was despatched to hot blankets—“the natural ruby” returned to Mrs. Penny’s cheek—Mr. Penny gulped down two or three glasses of wine, after having, with a somewhat embarrassed air, picked up the case-knife, so lately held at the throat of the friend of the family. Great had been the outrage committed on Mr. Solon: however, on the present occasion, he displayed unusual magnanimity. Simply glancing at the case-knife, he let fall the undeniable truth, that “murder was a serious matter—passion was a bad thing!” Mr. Penny was less assiduous than usual, in his apologies, and even Mrs. Penny, with feminine penetration, remarked, “If Nicodemus had gone by the coach, he would not have run the risk of being drowned.” The accident was, however, to Mr. Solon, productive of a new illustration of the nascent will and energy of his god-child; for he subsequently obtained, from Sally and the waterman, the most concurrent testimony, that, when in the Thames, Nicodemus suddenly displayed an evident endeavour to swim:—had he been left alone, there was no knowing what might have happened.

Mr. Penny (for we must give a few more illustrations of the active zeal of the friend of the family) was the enlightened member of a literary club in Richmond. Now Mrs. Penny hated clubs, and cared but little for letters. This indifference was scarcely weakened by the frequent visits of Mrs. Penny to Mrs. Bluesoul, wife of a respectable neighbour, and who was, moreover, one of the few lady members of the

illuminated coterie. Mrs. Penny complained of these visits, to the friend of the family, who promised to remonstrate with Mr. P. He, however, as will appear in the sequel, took a more certain mode of eradicating (for such was his word) the "abuse."

Mrs. Penny was doatingly fond of flowers. A Chiswick fete was, to her, "an opening scene of Paradise." Mr. Bearsfoot was a great amateur florist, and, besides, was a near neighbour of the Penny's. Two or three times—Mr. Penny insisted on eight—but certainly they were not more than five—Mr. Bearsfoot had walked with Mrs. Penny in the gardens at Kew. Now, as Mrs. Penny could not disguise her wonder that her husband should always wish to compare opinions with Mrs. Bluesoul on the appearance of every new novel, so neither could Mr. Penny repress his astonishment, that his wife could not enjoy auriculas, or a newly-blown aloe, without oral illustrations of their beauties by Mr. Bearsfoot. Mr. Solon, as the friend of the family, promised to remedy this second "abuse."

The Hon. Frederick Rustington continued to come among the Pennys, and poor Mary continued to grow paler and paler. Edmund Wilkins no longer visited the family; but, in his daily rides to and from town, would, checking his horse to a snail's pace, gaze at the windows and walls of the house; and then, as his steed bore him on, watch the smoke curling above the garden elms. Mary's doom was sealed—she was inevitably to become Mrs. Rustington:—her wedding-dress was made—the day arrived. The Hon. Mr. Rustington—and his mustachios were never more exuberant—was in attendance—and, in short, poor Mary, pale as a ghost, the redness of her lips transferred to her eyes, received the congratulations of her friends; as the Hon. Mrs. Rustington. A post-chaise and four was at the door, and the "happy couple" were about to start, to spend the honeymoon at the Lakes.

Some people have a vindictive pleasure in shattering the happiness of their neighbours:—they have, besides, a malicious instinct, as to fitness of time for their attack:—else how, above all other days, all other hours, could Mr. Bluesoul and Mrs. Bearsfoot, almost simultaneously, rush into the family circle of the Pennys, just as it had received the "crowning rose" to its domestic wreath, in the shape of a son-in-law—an "honourable!" However, there they were—both hot—"hissing hot" with jealousy; the monster looking greenly from their eyes, and storming in their tongues. When the company had somewhat recovered themselves from the first surprise, they learned, and, all of them respectable persons, were dreadfully shocked at the insinuations, that Mr. and Mrs. Penny had severally caused the most fatal dissensions at the firesides of the Bluesouls and the Bearsfoots. The literary visits and the walks in the Kew Gardens were touched upon by Mr. Bluesoul and Mrs. Bearsfoot in no measured phrase—and, in evidence of the gross imprudence (to use a lighter term than was adopted) of Mr. and Mrs. Penny,

each party held forth a letter, warning them of the intimacy of either helpmate, and predicting, unless an end were put to the intercourse, the most fatal results. Mr. and Mrs. Penny were thunderstruck. That such an imputation should be made, was dreadful—but at such a time, when her daughter had just undertaken the delicate, yet arduous duties of a wife—to be suspected, villified—"who—who could be the slanderer?" This question was loudly put, both by husband and wife, and more loudly echoed by every visitor. On this, Mr. Bluesoul and Mrs. Bearsfoot placed the letters in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Penny.—The mystery was solved—the calumniator was discovered—the writer was "the friend of the family!"

Mr. Penny was a pacific man; but, certainly, the vague thought of kicking Mr. Solon, darkened the serenity of his mind. He involuntarily lifted his foot, but his eye caught the bridal favours of his daughter—and, with the exception of a terrible look cast at Mr. Solon, he was passive. Mrs. Penny bit her lips, and, bursting into tears, looked as if she could fall tooth and nail on the friend of the family. She turned and fell upon the neck of her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Rustington. Mr. Solon owned himself the author, at the same time expressed himself almost disgusted at the ingratitude of Mr. and Mrs. Penny. "He had done every thing for the best:—if he had highly coloured the danger, it was only that it might be more promptly avoided. He, however, had no wish to interfere with people's domestic affairs—he didn't wish to intrude—he could go to Swamp Hall!"

The charm of the day was broken:—the hy-meneal sun was obscured with clouds. The bride was dissolved in tears—the bride's father and mother looked gloomily at one another—the bridegroom twisted his mustachios—the guests were silent—Mr. Bluesoul and Mrs. Bearsfoot looked injured virtue—and the friend of the family looked at his nails. Matters were at this point, when the door was burst open, and in rushed three men—they—(but the solemnity of their mission demands the consequence of a new paragraph.)

Three men, of the most coarse and vulgar appearance, rushed in—and, looking neither to the right nor left, they made straight up to the Hon. Mr. Rustington, whom—shudder, ye nuptial loves! and Hymen drop an extinguisher on your flaming torch—they took in custody, on a charge of "forgery and swindling." Mrs. Rustington fainted—the guests exclaimed—Mr. Penny, who had lost all patience, clenched his fist in the friend of the family's face.

"Did you not—answer me—meddler, villain that you are—did you not say that you knew that man? did you not say, he had connexions in the colonies?"

"Lord love you, sir," replied one of the officers, "and so he has: for his brother and two uncles were transported last sessions!"

"Transported!" shrieked Mrs. Penny, "and has my dear Mary, married a convict?"

"Married your daughter, ma'am?" answered the same functionary, "why then we may clap to forgery and swindling, bigamy; for Charlotte Bunce, his lawful wife, an honest woman—takes in washing at Horsleydown!"

"Are you sure—tell me, are you sure," cried poor Mr. Penny, whose face was now as white as the wedding riband.

"Certain of it; you shall see her certificate 'afore you sleep."

The prisoner was removed. The guests, with the exception of two or three intimate acquaintances of the family, departed; and the Pennys remained in indescribable suspense for the return of the officer, that they might learn their fate. At length they heard a carriage dash up to the door, and in a moment Edward Wilkins rushed into the room—thrust a slip of paper into the hands of Mr. Penny, and snatching Mary from the neck of her mother, folded her in his arms, and kissed her, as though she had been restored to him from the dead.

The voice of Mr. Penny faltered, and the tears came to his eyes, as he read the certificate of marriage solemnized at Whitechapel church, between "Nicholas Bunce, bachelor, and Charlotte White, spinster." Added to this, was another witness in Mrs. Bunce herself, snatched from her washing-tub by the impatient Edmund Wilkins, and brought at full gallop to identify the Honourable Frederick Rustington, forger, swindler, and bigamist. If the reader ask, how it was that Mr. Wilkins should know so quickly of the intrusion of the police, with the existence and habitation of Mrs. Bunce, our only clue to

the mystery is afforded in the belief that he was a great favourite with Miss Mary Penny's maid, who sympathized with the unwilling bride, and heartily hated the Honourable Mr. Rustington.

All now was happiness, when the friend of the family ventured to enter on some explanation. Mr. Penny, with a sudden change of character, sometimes remarkable in greater persons than himself, "rose up like a pillar." He never had the look of a Socrates; but on the present occasion, there was a certain air of resolution, a strong significance of purpose in his face "that was not there before." The friend of the family began to stammer, when Mr. Penny, without uttering a word, made an eloquent reply, by pointing with his forefinger to the door. The friend of the family again essayed; Mr. Penny continued to point. Once more the friend wished to explain—Mr. Penny directed his finger inexorably to the door. "But one word," cried the friend of the family. Mr. Penny moved not his finger. The friend of the family walked out, and took the coach for Lincolnshire.

Three days after this Mary became Mrs. Wilkins. Some ten years afterwards, Mr. Penny read in the *Times*, the death of Nicodemus Solon, Esq. of Swamp Hall, Lincolnshire! The estate, mortgaged to treble its worth, descended as a disappointment to the money-lenders.

Again and again has Mr. Penny congratulated himself on the energy which made him cultivate and enjoy the substantial domain of his own home, and not sacrifice that real land of milk and honey to the visionary chance of the reversion of a Swamp Hall.

THE MONASTERY OF LA TRAPPE.

WITHIN seven miles of Amiens stands the monastery of La Trappe, where, by the rules of their patron and founder, St. Bruno, hospitality is extended to all who demand it after the hour of sunset. Anxious to behold a society of men who had renounced all the social ties of life for penitence, and silence never to be broken but in prayer, I determined to avail myself of the privilege, and pass one night within their walls. On my summons at the lodge, the porter, with his shaven crown, in the white dress of his order, appeared at the grate; he listened to my demand in silence, and after awaiting the return of a lay-brother, with whom he communicated by signs, the iron barrier between us was removed, and I entered the gloomy precincts. The monastery is situated in an extensive park, much of which is cultivated by the brothers for domestic purposes. It reminded me of the architecture so common to the chateaus in Normandy; although evidently, from the ecclesiastic style of building, and arms upon the front and keystones, originally intended for religious purposes. The chapel, a Grecian building of modern date, is connected with the

great square by means of a gothic cloister, the interior of which serves as the cemetery of the order. In my progress through the park, I passed many of the monks variously engaged; some were weeding the ground, others gathering fruit, and one old man, with a venerable white beard, was wheeling a barrow filled with potatoes towards a ruined oratory, now used as a storehouse for their winter fruit. My guide, having conducted me to the reception room, left me to announce my arrival to his superior. Scarcely had I time to look around, and observe the word "silence" written in large letters on the walls, when the father of the hotel, so called from his office of receiving strangers, entered the apartment, attended by several novices bearing a repast of vegetable-soup, fish, fruit, and a sweet omelette. I was about to ask some question, but the monk placed before me a board with the rules of the house written on it both in French and Latin. I found that even visitors were enjoined the strictest silence during their repasts. Scarcely had I finished, when the bell commenced for vesper; and, being anxious to behold the

brotherhood assembled for the exercise of their faith, I hastened to the chapel, which delighted me by its simplicity and chaste proportions. The altar with its rood or crucifix, is entirely of white marble—no gaudy Saints, in brocade robes, and tinsel crowns, disfigured it. The candlesticks, and ever-burning lamp before it alone were of silver. The fraternity had taken their seats when I entered: the effect was picturesque and beautiful; between seventy and eighty Monks were ranged on either side of the Prior, in richly carved black oaken stalls, against which their white robes and graceful scapularies, presented a bold relief. Vespers were chaunted without the accompaniment of music, and produced upon the mind, an impression at once soothing and solemn. At the conclusion of the service, the Prior gave the signal to depart, by striking his crosier upon the pavement, when the brotherhood slowly left the chapel in procession, each bowing as he passed the altar and the elevated chair of his superior. As I was leaving the chapel, a fellow countryman, whose angular habiliments, like my own, had appeared misplaced, when contrasted with the flowing dresses of the Trappists, addressed me in the course of our walk through the cloisters; he informed me that his name was Spencer, and that he had resided as a boarder at the Monastery, for some months, but expected to quit it in the course of a few days, in consequence of his approaching ordination. I accepted his offer of showing me over the establishment, with pleasure, nor did he seem disinclined for a companion; indeed, the long silence he had been compelled to observe towards the Monks, must have been irksome to one who had no intention of entering their order. The first department to which he conducted me, was the refectory, a gothic hall, with a painted window and ornately carved roof—the evening repast was placed on platters of wood, and only consisted of bread, fruit, and water; the name of each brother was attached by a label to his seat. I retired just as the fraternity entered in procession, with the superior at the head, chaunting a Latin grace. The library is a long gallery leading from the refectory to the private apartments of the Prior. The books, chiefly old fathers of the church, are arranged in presses. The only valuable works were a few missals, exquisitely illuminated, and a curious MS. of Virgil, most laboriously illustrated by the pencil. Above the book-cases are a number of pictures, representing the life of St. Bruno, painted by Carlo Maratti, commencing with his retirement from the world—his refusal of the mitre—his miracles—and death, in the full odour of sanctity. I was on the point of leaving the gallery, when my guide remembered a volume of MS. poems, in English, written by a brother of the name of Eloi, his original one it was impossible to ascertain, that, after they have once taken the vows, being never repeated. Some of them were curious, and reminded me of the celebrated monkish rhymes. A short specimen may not prove uninteresting. It is from the Messiah:—

"A God and yet a man,
A maid and yet a mother,
Wit wonders how wit can
Conceive this or the other.

"A God and can he die,
A dead man can he live,
What wit can well reply,
What reason, reason give."

The poem concludes with an exhortation to faith. The Prior's apartment was by far the best furnished in the building; the walls hung with portraits of his predecessors; the windows of rich stained glass. Just as we returned from the dormitory, where the beds, on hard mattresses, are arranged upon wooden frames, the bell rung for strangers to retire to their rooms. The father of the hotel, who was in waiting, conducted me to mine, where I found the accommodations much superior to what I had anticipated. I was disturbed by the bell summoning the brothers to their midnight devotions. I willingly would have witnessed them, but was prevented, my cell being barred on the outside. This, however, excited no alarm, and I slept soundly till morning. After an early breakfast I departed, much pleased with my first, and perhaps, last visit, to the far-famed monastery of La Trappe.

CHILDHOOD.

THERE is in childhood a holy ignorance, a beautiful credulity, a sort of sanctity, that one cannot contemplate without something of the reverential feelings with which one should approach beings of a celestial nature. The impress of divine nature is, as it were, fresh on the infant spirit—fresh and unsullied by contact with this breathing world. One trembles lest an impure breath should dim the clearness of its bright mirror. And how perpetually must those who are in the habit of contemplating childhood—of studying the characters of little children—feel and repeat to their own hearts, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Aye, which of us, of the wisest among us, may not stoop to receive instruction and rebuke from the character of a little child. Which of us, by comparison with its divine simplicity, has not reason to blush for the littleness, the insincerity, the worldliness, the degeneracy of his own.

MEMORY.

LET any one who has arrived at that middle age of existence, when the delusive anticipations of youth have ceased to beguile, and when to look back is as easy as to look forward, be asked from what source he derives the purest and sweetest enjoyment, his answer will be, from **MEMORY**. The pleasures of his school-boy days, he will tell you, often rise in shadowy semblance to his mental view; associations then formed, and never to be forgot, seem to be renewed, and "the orchard, the meadow, and deep-tangled wild wood," are again trod by busy feet, and vocal with the jocund laugh of innocent childhood.

Original.

SPRING.

Look up to yon mountain of splendour, where Spring,
In his garments of green, sits enthron'd like a king;
His gems are of blossoms, his sceptre of rays,
And the birds are the minstrels who sing to his praise.

The winds are the heralds who trumpet his way,
Through mountain and valley, by night and by day;
Releasing, like knights, from their magic repose,
The lily's fair brow, and the long-prison'd rose.

At his feet is a carpet of velvet and green,
With cowslips and primroses wreathed between.
His dwelling's the air, and the earth, and the sea,
Yet his couch is a leaf of the peach blossom tree.

At his bidding the night-spirit comes from the deep,
And with spell-utter'd melody lulls him to sleep.
Morn steals to his pillow with footsteps of light,
And the fainting stars follow the farewell of night.

At morning, and noontide, and evening, the Spring
Is loved as a bridegroom and thron'd like a king;
His lifetime is pass'd 'mid the song giving bowers,
And his bliss is bedewed with the weepings of flowers.

Fair Spring! in our love may we imitate thee,
Bright, bright as its morn may its evening be;
In sweetness to live, and in glory to set,
In pride to remember—in tears to regret: ALPHA.

THE THREE STARS.

BY KORNER.

THERE are three cheering stars of light
O'er life's dark path that shine;
And these fair orbs, so pure and bright,
Are song, and love, and wine!

For oh! the soul of song hath power
To charm the feeling heart,
To soothe the mourner's sternest hour,
And bid his griefs depart!

And wine can lend to song its mirth,
Can joys unwonied bring,
And paint this fair and lovely earth
In charms of deathless spring.

But thou, oh love! of all the throng
Art fairest seen to shine,
For thou canst soothe the soul like song,
And cheer the heart like wine!

Then deign, fair orbs! to shed your ray
Along my path of gloom,
To guide me through life's lonely way,
And shine upon my tomb!

For oh! the song, the cup, the kiss,
Can make the night divine;
Then blest be he who found the bliss
Of song, and love, and wine!

FASHION IN MUSIC.

ENGLAND, more than any nation in the world, is governed by fashion. In other countries she may be powerful, but here she is omnipotent. She controls our opinions, our manners, our habits of social intercourse, our tastes; reconciling us to error in our judgments, discomfort in our lives, and barbarism in the fine arts. Music is a fashion at present, and therefore everybody is musical. The *ton*, as usual, is given by a few, and implicitly followed by the multitude. And the essence of fashion is absurdity: this quality displays itself abundantly in the manner in which music is cultivated by all ranks. The leaders of the *ton* have determined that English music is low, and that nothing is admissible into good company but what bears a name dropping from the tongue with Italian softness, or rattling in the throat with German gutturals. A familiar English name must not be mentioned to ears polite. Much is said about the general cultivation of music in England; but it may be more than doubted whether this sort of cultivation has tended to its advancement.

Far be it from us to say that the blessings of music—one of the most delightful gifts of our merciful Creator—are to be the exclusive portion of a few. It has been given us to sweeten our toils, to soothe our griefs, to excite our best and purest feelings, and to heighten the enjoyment of our happiest hours. Its influence is almost as extensive as that of the blessed sun himself, cheering and animating all nature. The capacity, therefore, of being “moved with concord of

sweet sounds” is denied to few, indeed, of the whole human race. But we abuse this, like every other good gift of Providence, by sacrificing the genuine delights which we could derive from music suited to our different degrees of taste and education, to a vain and heartless affectation and parade of technical learning and skill. Nor is this abuse confined to the uneducated; the example is set by the great masters of the art, and followed by the whole world of music. The productions of our native composers are entirely neglected, our national music is utterly despised, and we constantly suffer the vexation of hearing ladies (for example) who could sing with sweetness and feeling such things as are within the compass of their powers, insist on exhibiting a feeble mimicry of Sontag or Malibran. Nay, the folly descends to the tradesman’s “fine daughter,” who awakens the echoes of Thames street, or Mincing Lane, with “Una voce poco fa,” or “Di tanti palpiti,” and astounds her auditors with strange noises on her piano, which she calls a Fantasia of Herz or Pixis.

This view of the present state of music is forced upon us, look which way we will. Among the composers of the present day (more particularly if we add those whom the world has recently lost) are to be found very great names; and many of their works will long survive them. Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Spohr, and Hummel, form only a part of this illustrious band. But even these great men have fallen into the error of mistaking the means for the end, of in-

dulging in difficulties for the sake of outdoing each other. They have ransacked their brains for strange modulations; and have put their fingers and instruments to the torture to achieve surprising feats of dexterity; while their auditors, bewildered by their intricacies, or wondering at their sleight-of-hand, have fancied themselves delighted with their music. It is true that this charge applies but partially to the great masters whom we have named; but it does apply to every one of them in a very serious degree; and the worst of it is, that their example has produced a set of artists of a lower grade, and yet possessed of talent enough to obtain popularity, in whose music display of difficulty is the principal feature. Beethoven himself, in his grand and expressive compositions for the piano-forte, introduced passages similar to those of which the music of Czerny, Herz, Pixis, &c. is almost entirely made up. And, while the powers of this noble instrument are daily extended by our manufacturers, those powers are every day more and more abused by our performers. What is the use of the mechanism by which our Clementis and Broadwoods have given it the mellowness of the voice, and almost the *sostenuto* of the violin, if it is to be used to exercise the two hands in galloping and clattering from one end of its keys to the other?—an employment at which some fashionable performer may be seen, at our concerts and in our drawing-rooms, working with unwearied perseverance for half an hour at a time. In the case of some performers, whose faculties have been devoted to the acquirement of this valuable accomplishment alone, such things occasion a smile; but when we see men of real genius and talent so employed, we are very differently affected. We have among us, however, at least one great performer, who has not been infected with the general contagion, and who, though equal to any of his cotemporaries in learning, richness of imagination, and power of hand, has never for a moment lost sight of the true end of his art:—we speak of John Cramer. Under his magic touch the instrument becomes an Italian voice, breathing the very soul of feeling, and supported by strains of harmony of inimitable richness and continuity, swelling like the loud peal of the organ, and dying away like the sinking tones of the Æolian harp. Of Cramer, too, it is to be said, to his immortal honour, that he *alone*, of all existing performers on the piano-forte, pays a true homage to the memory of Mozart, whose divine concertos, but for him, would have been forgotten for ever. While A will play only the music of A, and B that of B, Cramer, on the greatest occasions, when he calls into action all his powers, lays aside the music of Cramer, and takes that of Mozart—a noble trait of high-mindedness and classical spirit! Amid the prevailing vitiation of taste, it is pleasing to see that our countrymen are still able to value as they ought the qualities of this charming musician, whose impassioned simplicity never fails to give more universal delight than the most brilliant exhibitions of his rivals.

But this is a digression from which we must return. It is not in the case of piano-forte music alone that the general taste of composers and performers is corrupted. The same thing is the case with the violin. Look at the concertos of Viotti, those models of expression, grace, and purity; compare them with the fantasias of Mayseider, and consider which of them are preferable as works of art. In general it may be said, that instrumental music is no longer composed with any due regard to regularity of design and symmetry of structure. The established forms of the concerto and the sonata are thrown aside, and all instrumental compositions, for public or private performance, consist of *fantasias, capriccios, pot-pourris*—any thing, in short, that releases the author from the fetters of art, and enables him to string together as many flourishing vagaries as he may think proper. Even the SYMPHONY, the noblest of all forms of instrumental music, is in danger of passing away. The Philharmonic Society, the very object of which is the support of the highest kinds of music, hardly ever performs a new symphony—a proof of the decay of this species of composition in the foreign schools; and this great institution would not perform an English symphony, however excellent, because English music is not *the fashion*. Of this spirit they have exhibited more than one instance: even that lesser kind of symphony, the opera-overture, has suffered a decay. An overture by Mozart, Cherubini, or Beethoven, was a highly-finished symphony in all respects but length and number of movements. An overture by Rossini, Auber, and the other popular writers of the day, is a tissue of showy passages and pretty airs, mixed with great bursts and masses of sound, but connected in no way save that of being in the same measure, and in the same or relative keys;—unless they have the further connexion of being picked out of the piece that follows. Weber, in the Freyschutz, set an example of this method of constructing an overture, and the plan has been highly praised, as giving the audience an idea of the subject of the piece. But, though Weber succeeded in producing a very masterly overture, yet we never could discover that any of its merit arose from its different *motivos* being afterwards heard in the opera. How is the audience, before having seen the piece, to foreknow, while hearing the overture, the passages which they are to hear again? Or, when the audience already know the piece, what are they to learn by hearing, before it begins, snatches of airs, &c. picked out of it? We confess we cannot see the *philosophy* of this plan. That Weber has linked together with wonderful ingenuity the fragments out of which he has constructed this overture, is certain; but it is equally certain, that if he imposed on himself this task for the reason which has been assigned, it was a needless one. If he did so for the sake of saving himself the trouble of imagining new subjects, that is another affair; and this supposition, indeed, is far from unlikely. Mozart, who certainly had no such system in composing his over-

tures, makes a part of the ghost-scene in Don Giovanni serve as the introduction to the overture of that piece. But this is the overture which he is said to have delayed writing till the night before the opera was performed. Even then, however, his principal movement, a highly finished and elaborate one, was written without having recourse to the opera for a single bar; and, after this Herculean labour, it was no wonder that he was glad to avail himself of something he had already written, possessing the character he required. Be this as it may, we are very far from being singular in considering the overture to the Freyschutz inferior, not only in symmetry and unity of design, but in grandeur and effect, to the "Il Flauto Magico," the "Egmont," and other *chef-d'œuvres* of Mozart and Beethoven; while, on the other hand, it is immeasurably superior to any other similar production of the present day.

In regard to vocal music it may be remarked, that it has been saved, by the limited powers of the voice, from so extensive a corruption as has fallen to the lot of instrumental music. Singers have always attempted to emulate the feats of instruments, and do not do so now more than they did a century ago. The Gabriellis and Cuzzonis of former times seem to have astonished the world by feats very similar to those of our Catalinis and Sontags. But even they have been compelled to acknowledge that the true empire of the voice lies in expression; and expression, therefore, has ever been the quality most cultivated by the greatest singers, and most valued by the public. Even vocal music, however, has descended since it reached the point to which it was raised by Cimarosa and Mozart. The Italian school has become more and more shallow, and the German more and more profound; while the cause of vocal music has been equally injured in either way. The love of display exhibits itself equally in both schools. The Mercadantes and Pacinis of Italy cover their trite airs and flimsy harmonies with a gaudy tissue of roulades and flourishes; while the Germans think all melody commonplace, even in a ballad, unless it wander through a variety of keys and is full of sharps and flats; and they encumber their scores with an overwhelming load of accompaniments.

There is certainly no lack of genius at present in the musical world. But the masters of the art seem to be afraid of simplicity, and to consider it as something synonymous with imbecility. They should be aware that, in all the fine arts, simplicity is a point to which an approach is gradually made in the progress towards perfection. "*Questo facile quanto e difficile!*" exclaimed a great musician of a former age. When Mozart applied himself to compose, he was always sure of producing excellent music; but it must have been only in the happiest moments of inspiration that even his genius could give birth to "Batti, batti," or "Vedrai, carino," simple and inartificial as these lovely airs seem to be. Music, in the rudest periods of the art, was excessively

complex and difficult. Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Booke" contains lessons full of passages that would put Moscheles or Hummel to their mettle: and in days when vocal music had neither melody nor meaning, the parts were combined with a degree of intricacy and contrivance which, even now, appears wonderful. As the art advanced, composers gradually learned to be simple; and, though they have for some time been retracing their steps, we earnestly hope they will learn to be simple again.

Such being the state of music among the masters of the art, its state must be similar among the *dilettanti* and the public. Whatever the professors are, the amateurs will endeavour, or affect to be. Every young lady of fashion must play or sing all that is played or sung by her fashionable master; and every young lady of fashion must be sedulously imitated by every young lady of no fashion. In this age, when it may be said more truly than at any former period, that "the toe of the peasant galls the kibe of the courtier," all ranks almost affect the manners and pursuits of the highest; and thus a wretched smattering of fashionable music (among other fashionable things) is universal. Such music can never be a source of real enjoyment, either to the smatterers themselves or any body else; it is merely one of the thousand and one forms of the prevailing affectation and vanity.

Were it from a genuine love of the art that music is so much cultivated by the public, that music only would be sought for which is truly calculated to give pleasure; there would no longer be a competition among professors for pre-eminence in the art of constructing puzzles, or of performing feats of musical legerdemain. He would then be most highly valued who best knew how to employ the resources of learning and execution, not to raise childish wonder, but to heighten the beauty and expression of his music. Then, too, there would no longer be an indiscriminate study of the same kind of music among all classes and degrees of society. Were music cultivated for its own sake, its higher and more difficult branches would form the pursuit of those who, from station in society and education, possessed the means of studying it successfully. Nor would this deprive those not so situated of their full measure of musical enjoyment; for there is much good music suited to the opportunities and capacities of persons in every class. Then, certainly, the general diffusion of music would not only advance the progress of the art, but would have a beneficial effect on the manners of the age, by adding to the amount of pure and innocent enjoyment.

Notwithstanding this universal cultivation of music, and the multitude of professors who swarm in every quarter, composition does not flourish in England. At the theatres, the new musical pieces are almost always the works of Italians, Germans, or Frenchmen; and in our concert-rooms and drawing-rooms there is the same exclusive choice of foreign music. Bishop is the last dramatic composer who has gained a consi-

derable reputation in England. For a number of years he enjoyed a sort of monopoly in the supply of theatrical music—a monopoly, however, of a legitimate kind, derived from the merit of his productions. He took Mozart for his model, imitating that master in his means of producing dramatic effect, the open and natural style of his melody, and the richness of his accompaniments. In those days, the works of the foreign masters were familiar only to the frequenters of the Italian Opera. But the memorable season when "Don Giovanni" was brought out at that theatre, under the administration of Mr. Ayrton, was the beginning of a musical revolution. That gigantic production became popular in an unexampled degree, and thousands ran to see it, who had never before dreamed of entering an Italian theatre. It was immediately found expedient to adapt it to the English stage. This was done by Mr. Bishop himself; and from that time commenced the decline of his favour as an original composer. A similar adaptation of "Figaro" was found to be equally attractive. Then came the brilliant Rossini with his "Barber of Seville," and Weber with his "Frey-schutz;" and the public would no longer rest satisfied with what Bishop, or any other English composer could do for them. Since then, the stage has depended for its support on *adaptations* of foreign operas; the works of Mozart, Rossini, Weber, Paer, Winter, Auber, and Boieldieu, having been successively laid under contribution for that purpose.

This expedient of supplying the stage with foreign music adapted to English words, is a clumsy one, and has many bad effects. There is an intimate relation between the language of a country and the style of melody which belongs to it. The peculiarities, for instance, of the Italian melody, are derived from the syllabic feet, accents, and inflexions of the language; and a style of melody, quite different from the Italian, arises out of these features of our own language. Compare a fine melody of Cimarosa with a fine melody of Purcell; observe the relation of the notes to the words, and the difference will be apparent. To transfer, therefore, the music of the one country to the language of the other, is to make a forced marriage which can never be happy. The Italian musical phrases lose their continuity and smoothness by the English consonants and short syllables; while the English words lose their force and expression by being drawn out, as much as possible, to suit the Italian musical prosody. All this is most injurious to the art, as it breaks that union between sense and sound which is essential to good vocal music. The adaptation of English words to German music is more practicable, but still liable to a similar objection; and there is another objection, equally strong in both cases: literary men of talent will not descend to the drudgery of cobbling up these adapted pieces; which, accordingly—with an exception or two—are full of ignorance, awkwardness, and bad taste.

We are far from regretting, however, the pro-

duction of some of these foreign masterpieces on the English stage. Even under the great disadvantage which we have just noticed, they are admirable models of dramatic composition, and would have been of great benefit to our native school had it not been for the baleful influence of fashion. When it became the fashion to admire these foreign works, it became (*more Anglico*) the fashion to despise our native productions; and, in place of our artists having been stimulated and encouraged to exert their best powers, they have been chilled, disheartened, and absolutely driven from the field. How much better they have ordered this matter in France! The French school of music, till lately, was wretched. The national taste was bad; and they had not a single native composer who was truly great. Till within the memory of the present generation, every advancement in French music was effected by foreigners. Even those whose music became most eminently national—Lulli and Gretry—were foreigners; the one an Italian, and the other a Liegeois, with an Italian education. The French have had a succession of Italian and German composers constantly resident in Paris, and engaged in writing for their national opera. In this manner the talents of Gluck, Piccini, Cherubini, and, lastly, Rossini, have been employed; and the effect has been, that the French school is now as excellent as it was formerly execrable. The French have had too strong a spirit of nationality to allow fashion to prejudice them against their own countrymen; and even when these great foreigners were producing their finest works, the productions of the French artists, when they deserved it, were hailed with pleasure and pride. Mehul was not despised because Gluck was the great object of admiration; and, more recently, Auber and Boieldieu have not been crushed by the weight of Cherubini and Rossini. The consequence is, that France is now repaying her debt to Germany and Italy; and the operas of her composers are delighting the inhabitants of Naples and Vienna.

Is there less musical talent in England than in France? Our whole musical history proves the reverse. England can furnish her *contingent* of illustrious names from the very infancy of the art; and, at this moment, London possesses many artists of high talent in every department of music, who are evidently deterred from exerting their faculties by the chilling indifference with which every thing English is received. It is unlucky, too, that the most recent attempts have been made by composers of an inferior class, who, by their clumsy mimicry of the German masters, have given too much reason for their failure; while our composers of the highest rank have retired from the field, seemingly in disappointment and disgust. But we trust they will not be totally discouraged; indications of a better spirit are of late observable. It is *beginning* to be the fashion to pay some attention to native talent; and a really good English opera would probably now meet with justice from the public.

Original

THE KNIGHTS OF CALATRAVA;

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TALE OF RONCESVALLES."

"WHAT tidings from the host," demanded the King of Arragon, as he thoughtfully paced the floor of the lofty presence-chamber of his palace at Toledo; "have our brave knights been enabled to maintain the fortress, or must it fall into the hands of the false followers of the Prophet of Mecca?"

"There are rumours, my Lord," was the respectful answer of the page, to whom these questions were addressed, "of loss and defeat to its defenders, but no messenger has arrived who might bring us certain intelligence."

"I fear me much," said the monarch, in an under tone, "that this bright jewel will be torn from my diadem," and he relapsed into a moody silence.

The youthful attendant, too dutiful to interrupt his meditations, retired to the recess of a richly carved gothic window, and in a standing position surveyed the extended landscape. He had not remained long in this situation, when the bright gleam of spear and cuirass, denoted the approach of a body of mailed warriors. The sudden and indistinct expression of surprize occasioned by this circumstance, drew upon the page the attention of the monarch.

"What see'st thou, Ferdinand?" he exclaimed, "that thou evincest such agitation; are the Moors upon us?"

"No, by my faith!" was the energetic reply; "a goodly array, bearing the banner of the Temple, is advancing towards Toledo."

"Calatrava is safe," joyfully exclaimed the king; "the brave soldiers would else have perished in its defence. Let our court," he added, "be assembled, that due honour and respect may await those, whose skill and heroism proclaim them the chief bulwark of our throne."

But the nearer approach of the chosen troops, disclosed not the tokens of triumphant exultation, which the ardent imagination of the monarch had anticipated; and they sped over the wide heath, more like a company of pilgrims, than a chivalric array, returning from the won battle-field. No joyous shout burst from the stately ranks—the trumpet's voice was hushed—and the torn and soiled banner hung drooping from the dented staff. On the countenances of many of the knights composing the martial throng, the stern expression of pain, firmly endured, arising from the hastily dressed wound, could be observed; while the features of others disclosed the existence of some deep and absorbing reflection. Occasionally, the glances from their eyes were fierce, haughty, and confident, their lances would be grasped more firmly, and the bearing of the steel-clad soldiers indicated the high spirit of chivalry, that could not, under the most adverse circumstances, be re-

pressed or subdued. At length, the principal object of the march was attained, and leaving the rest of the body to the proffered accommodations of the palace, their leader, and chief commanders, were ushered into the presence of the king and his assembled court. The Knights of the Cross regarded not the admiring glances of the glittering throng of lords and ladies, that crowded the royal apartment, but slowly proceeded to the foot of the throne, and awaited in respectful silence, the address of the monarch. "The chivalry of the Temple are welcome," was the kingly salutation, "and we are indebted to the zeal which urges them to communicate, though at the expense of much labour, the intelligence of their success: Calatrava has been bravely defended."

"The glorious standard of Arragon," was the calm and somewhat saddened reply of the commander, Bertrand de Longueville, "still floats over the fortress; but it was no vain desire of display that brought us hither; the banner of the Temple has waved, and our war-cry has been heard in battle, for the last time in Spain."

A shudder of horror and amazement pervaded the listening group at this declaration, while the monarch, almost starting from his seat, exclaimed in a hurried tone,

"Do the Knights Templars, to whom was entrusted the defence of the important fortress, express their determination to abandon their high charge, even at the time of its greatest peril? I may not," he added, "impeach your valour, but such a resolution is fraught with shame, and loss, and disaster, to the holy cause in which we are at present engaged."

"Some eight years since," was the reply of De Longueville, "your gracious ancestor, King Don Alfonso, entrusted the extensive fortress of Calatrava to the keeping of the Knights of the Temple; and, though I myself say it, right well and valiantly has the duty been performed. By night, and by day," he proceeded, with more animation, "in storm, and in sunshine, have our battle-shouts been heard even above the pealing Teccbir, and thousands of the mis-believers have met their fate, by the lances of the soldiers of the cross. But all their efforts are vain and useless. The best and bravest of our band lie before the walls, and in the trenches of Calatrava, while hosts of barbarians from Africa supply the places of their slain comrades, and swell the number of the false followers of the Prophet. The last stand made, two days since, to stem the torrent, though we shed our blood like water, and remained masters of the field, served but little else than to show our desperate and unavailing resistance. Our task is done, and I resign unto the Lord King Don

Sancho, the charter which gave our order the possession of the fortress of Calatrava." As he thus spoke, he handed the parchment to the king, who received it with a slight acknowledgment of acquiescence, and the champion of the Cross proceeded; "Fresh bodies of infidels, as I have even now mentioned, are daily joining the ranks of their countrymen, eager for the assault of the doomed fortress, and it were pity to subject the slender garrison to the calamity that threatens to overwhelm them. To withdraw the brave soldiers, ere it be too late, would be wise policy!"

"By St. Jago! Sir Knight," exclaimed the king, "we can dispense with your advice, since you are so sparing of your services. There is no lack," he added, "of knights and gentlemen in Spain, to peril their lives and honour in the sacred cause of God and freedom; while the chivalry of the Temple withdraw from the contest and devote themselves to ease and inglorious inaction."

"Our warfare ceases only in the grave," was the calm reply of de Longueville to the taunt, "we go hence to defend the holy sepulchre from pollution, since our services here are of no avail, and in obedience to the behests of our superior. The war-cry of the Temple," he added, "shall re-echo amid the once fertile, but now desolate plains of Palestine, and the sands of the desert shall witness the triumph, or drink the blood of the sworn soldier of the Cross."

"Forgive me, De Longueville," was the frank observation of Don Sancho, "my hasty speech: we must not part in anger with those, whose valour has been the bulwark of our faith, and support of our throne. Accept this," he added, as he took a chain of gold, to which a jewelled cross was attached, from his person, "as a token of regard and respect, for your worth and services."

The Templar accepted the rich gift, with an indifference which expressed a sense of his own deserts, and suspending it over the red badge of his order, took his leave, and with his associates withdrew from the royal presence.

A deep silence pervaded the apartment during this interesting interview, and gathering emotions of gloom and sadness filled the bosoms of the courtiers as the knights departed, and their heavy tread was heard descending the lofty stairway. They inwardly shuddered as they thought upon the tide of Moslem conquest, swelling with devastating fury, now that the last barrier to its progress was removed, and instinctively turned towards the king to elicit from his countenance, some hope or mitigation of the expected calamity. But the monarch had thrown himself back in his chair of state, the moment De Longueville departed, and with his face shaded by his hand, sat absorbed in deep meditation. The trump of the warrior band, as it told the signal for its march, succeeded by a bursting shout, "for the Temple!" dispelled the trance-like silence of the presence chamber.

"Let my heralds," said Don Sancho, rising

with dignity, "proclaim throughout Arragon, that I, the King, will confer the possession of the Fortress of Calatrava upon such Barons, Knights, or Gentlemen, who, in its hour of danger and distress, will undertake to defend it from the misbelievers;" and, waving his hand dismissed the court.

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The brethren of the Convent of St. Mary, had received the benediction at the close of the evening service, and were retiring silently through the dim aisles of the chapel, to their respective places of rest and meditation. But there was one among the cowed assembly, upon whom the pealing anthem, the sacred homily, or the intensity of his own thoughts, seemed to have made a deep impression. He heeded not the departure of those around him, but retained the same station he had occupied during the performance of the religious exercises, and stood leaning his head upon his arm, which rested against a fretted column.

"Thou seemest disquieted, brother Ambrose," for by that name he was known in the convent, said the Abbot, addressing him, "and I would fain, if in my power, relieve thy uneasiness. The strict rules of our order, may press too heavily upon thy weakened body, or sickness may have caused this unusual dejection. And yet," he added, "I know not if I am right in so terming thy abstraction, for even during the solemn service, I observed thine eye to brighten with a lustre, more dazzling than the rays from the jewelled cross, the gift of the royal Alfonso. How am I to understand the exhibition of such opposite emotions?"

"I have been too long accustomed," replied the monk, "to the rigid severity of the convent, to feel aught of the hardships it may impose, nor does sickness or indisposition press its debilitating hand upon me. When but a short period since, the thrilling anthem pealed loudest, sounding the triumphs of Jehovah over the heathen, and the discourse explaining the character and beauty of our pure faith, filled my bosom with holy awe and admiration, the sound of the Moorish atabal seemed to ring in my ears, and the voice of the Imaun, extolling the camel-driver of Mecca, above the Saviour of the world, to proceed from yon altar. It might be, that indignation at the proud confidence of the misbelievers, as if their boasted crescent had never been trampled in the dust, mingled with my meditation, on the threatened calamity. Thou well knowest," he continued, "that the chivalry of the Temple, have abandoned in despair, the defence of the fortress of Calatrava, the chief barrier against Moslem conquest, and the royal city of Toledo, the convent of St. Mary, and this fair portion of Spain, will soon, unless aid is received, be involved in one common ruin."

"Thou mayest well lament, my son," was the sorrowful response of his superior; "the distress and desolation about to be brought upon us, by the ruthless hordes of misbelieving Afri-

cans. All that we could do, has been done, to avert the terrible catastrophe. Day and night have our prayers and petitions for deliverance ascended to Heaven. Our vigils and penances have been redoubled, and like the royal psalmist have I watered my couch with my tears."—"Ere long," proceeded the Abbot, "we must leave these peaceful and holy walls, and seek some remote province, where, undisturbed and unmocked, we can perform our devotions to the most High. To His will we must submit."

The monk, Ambrose, had hitherto remained in the same position, and exhibited the same tokens of thoughtful dejection, as when first addressed by the Abbot. But the words of the father were scarce uttered, when he threw himself from the supporting pillar, and standing erect, exclaimed in a voice, that was loudly re-echoed from vaulted ceiling and sculptured wall—"We must never abandon the House of God to defilement, but rather die fighting bravely in its defence. The turbaned infidel shall boast neither of our flight nor of our submission. We will accept the offer of the king of Arragon, and with God's blessing, preserve the fortress from their impious hands, and the slaves of the Caliph shall long have occasion to remember the faith and valour of the cloistered Knights of Calatrava."

Some moments elapsed, ere the Abbot could, in his surprise at the sudden conversion of one of the most quiet and submissive members of the community, into the resolute and daring soldier, find utterance for a reply.

"Thy enthusiasm is commendable," he at length exclaimed, "but I am fearful it will avail but little in our hour of need. The crown of the martyr, and not the wreath of the warrior, must be the object of our ambition. Thou saidst even now, that the well-trained chivalry of the Temple, have retired from the unavailing contest."

"The Red Cross Knights," was the more calm reply of the monk, "are called by duty to Palestine, to aid their brethren in defending the holy sepulchre, which is threatened by the Saracens. They are, besides, strangers and foreigners in the land, and the Spanish blood courses in the veins of but few of their number. But time presses; with your leave, we will assemble the whole fraternity in the hall of the convent, and I will lay my proposition before them."

His superior assented, and their departing footsteps were re-echoed with a hollow sound from the stony pavement, and deserted galleries.

Our story must now revert to the palace of the king of Arragon. In a small apartment, opening into one of larger dimensions, sat its princely owner, who, absorbed in painful and dispiriting meditation, heeded not the gathering gloom, for it was eventide, that enveloped the objects it contained, in a shadowy indistinctness. And well might the monarch of Arragon, indulge in sad and dark forebodings. At this period, the turbaned followers of the Prophet of Mecca, were engaged in a desperate effort to recover their lost provinces, and their immense superio-

riety of numbers gave the haughty warriors an assurance of complete success. The knights and nobles, the chivalry of Spain, worn down by incessant and strenuous exertion, had generally retired to their fortresses, as well for the purpose of gaining a short respite, as to place them in such a state of defence, as might defy the fierce impetuosity of the ruthless African. The hardy soldier of the Temple, had, as we have seen, abandoned, as vain, the further defence of Calatrava, and no voice responded to the call of the king, accepting the important charge. Toledo, the royal metropolis, won from the Moors by the valour of his ancestors, almost destitute of defenders, could oppose but a feeble resistance to the furious torrent, and the martial labour of years, seemed about to be destroyed in the lapse of a few weeks. The wild thoughts elicited by a review of these untoward circumstances, tormented the imagination of the king of Arragon, and rested sullenly upon one unbroken picture of defeat, desolation, and despair. These painful reflections were interrupted by the entrance of the page, Ferdinand, with the intelligence that the monk, Ambrose, and eleven brethren of the convent of St. Mary, earnestly entreated speech of the king.

"Were it not," muttered Don Sancho, "for these adverse times," as he gave a somewhat reluctant consent, "I should suppose they came to ask, or rather demand a broader valley for the flocks of the society, or some additional privilege; but now it is penance to the king for his transgressions, ere he can expect deliverance. By the saint! I have endured more suffering for the last three weeks, than was ever imposed by the most rigid head of a monastery upon his erring brethren. But they shall not," he added, with a feeling of kingly pride, as he advanced to the larger apartment, and seated himself in a chair of state, "observe the misery and wretchedness that oppress me."

Yet it is no easy matter, even for a monarch, to assume a placid brow, while the heart is rent with internal anxiety; and he had scarce acquired the requisite calmness, when his cowed visitors were introduced.

"Ye are welcome, brethren of St. Mary, to Toledo," was Don Sancho's salutation, as he slightly acknowledged their respectful homage, upon entering the apartment, "and I would fain know, for time at the present conjuncture is precious, to what I am indebted for the favour of this visit?"

"Some three weeks since," was the answer of the monk, Ambrose, "it was proclaimed throughout Arragon, that the king, Don Sancho, would confer the fortress of Calatrava, and its possessions, upon those who would undertake to keep it safe and harmless from the assaults of the misbelieving Moors, and we come authorized by the different convents and stations of the holy order of St. Mary, to accept in their behalf, the arduous but honourable trust."

"To your books, and your beads, Sir Priests," exclaimed the monarch in a passionate tone, the

moment he understood the purpose of their mission; "this is no period for mockery or jest: but if your proposal be made seriously, by my faith, I would rather place lance and blade in the hands of the women of Toledo, and rely on their aid," and he laughed in very scorn and bitterness.

"The proposition," answered Ambrose calmly, "has not been made lightly, nor without consideration, and we would urge it upon your deliberate and unprejudiced attention."

"And was the danger, the difficulty, the impossibility of the enterprize," demanded the king, "placed before your sage council? Even the daring and well-trained chivalry of the Temple," he went on, "have quailed before the barbarian host, and I am asked to entrust the fortress their daring valour could not protect, to the hands of the unwarlike and peaceful inmates of a convent. By St. Jago! it passes belief and patience, and it is well the communication was made in private, rather than before my assembled court."

"The knights of the holy Temple," was the modest remark of the monk, "are not always in the red battle-field: they too are governed by monastic rules, and when the strife is over, assuming the cowl for the helmet, they retire to their lonely cells, for prayer and meditation."

"Now, by my faith," exclaimed the king, in derision, "it is a pleasant matter to hear these sluggards of St. Mary, compare themselves with the most approved soldiers in the world."

"And why should they not?" said the speaker, Ambrose, in a firm, manly voice, no longer concealing his intense emotions; "why should not the monks of St. Mary be named at the same time with the soldier-priests of the Temple? Do the warriors of the cross endure with patience hunger and cold, fatigue, and watchfulness?—our fasts and vigils have prepared our bodies for a similar display of fortitude. Can they suffer, without sigh or groan, pain and torture?—even in the midst of the blazing faggots, the brow of the most youthful of my associates, would be as tranquil as the sleeping lake at noon-day. A thousand brethren of the several convents of our order await but your assent, to take steed and lance, and rescue the devoted fortress from the infidel, or perish before its walls."

During the delivery of this spirited appeal, the surprise of the monarch was extreme, and his gaze rested earnestly on the group before him, as if seeking to detect some deception in the assumed character of those composing it. A pause of some duration ensued—the delegates of St. Mary awaiting respectfully the decision of the king. But it was not given at once. His first impulse was to accept their proffered services, as a desperate remedy for the evils that surrounded him, but feelings of doubt and uncertainty resumed their sway, and restrained its immediate expression. "There is some difference," he thought, "between enduring privations and sufferings, with a fortitude induced by habit and a sense of religion, and to dash boldly and fearlessly, amid the frowning ranks of fierce and

fanatic enemies. They are still but monks and priests."

"Who is there," he demanded, in a tone and manner in which decision was blended with a spirit of anxious inquiry, "to lead these brethren of the convent to battle, and emulate the deeds of the brave De Longueville?"

"One," replied the monk, "whose blade is as keen as that renowned warrior's, and whose war-shout has as loudly mingled with the discordant *tecbir*—Diego Velasquez; and the same duty which led him within the walls of a cloister, now urges him to the battle-field." As he said this, he removed the hood that had partially concealed his face, and displayed to the king his well-known features.

"I had long supposed thee dead," exclaimed Don Sancho, warmly grasping his hand; "and well remember the gloom that overspread Toledo, upon the disappearance of one of the best knights of Arragon. My prayers to Heaven," he added, "for aid and deliverance, have been answered even when I had despaired of its favour. Thy proffer is most willingly accepted, and I entrust the fortress of Calatrava to thyself and associates, in the full confidence, that it will yet be preserved from the false misbelievers. The charter of possession shall be delivered to-morrow."

"We will do our best," said Diego Velasquez, as he took his departure with his companions, "but from God alone cometh the victory."

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It was almost midnight, yet the Moorish camp which held in leaguer the fortress of Calatrava, exhibited little of the silence and loneliness peculiar to that hour. Groups of chieftains and officers were to be seen reclining on the grass, or sauntering listlessly along the banks of the Guadiana, while those of meaner rank, unchecked by any severity of discipline, were holding discourse with the sentinels, or listening to the animated strains of the wandering story-teller. Bursts of harsh music from the horn, or atabal, would occasionally rise above the hum of the multitude, conveying to the warrior's bosom the thrilling recollection of some glorious battle-field; and at times, too, the peaceful harp or lute, more in accordance with the mild spirit of the scene, breathed forth the tender lay of love, or sang the beauties of the shady groves and verdant pastures of the happy Arabia. A moon of unrivalled brilliancy shed a rich lustre over the landscape, lending a snowy whiteness to the graceful drapery of the tent, and causing the surface of the river to glow like a mirror of silver. The standard of the Prophet, firmly planted amid the luxuriant grass, hung sullenly around its massy staff, as if scorning the tranquil scene, and sighing for the tempestuous atmosphere of battle. In the distance, the renowned fortress, its frowning front unilluminated by the oblique rays of the moon, rose like a huge mountain from the plain, or the grim evening-cloud, when the orb of day sinks angrily into the bosom

of ocean. But it was not alone the attractive splendour of the balmy summer night that beguiled the hardy soldiers of their repose. The few remaining defenders of Calatrava, despairing of a successful defence, especially since the departure of the Temple knights, had entered into a convention for its surrender, unless previously relieved, at the expiration of a week from the date of the capitulation. The extreme reluctance of the Christians to yield up the important post, induced them to insist on the latest period for its execution, and the midnight of the seventh day, was designated as the time for the fulfilment of the treaty. This term had now almost expired, and as the hour when the crescent should displace the standard of Arragon from the lofty towers drew near, the wakefulness and stir, among the Moslems, denoted their intention of availing themselves of their good fortune, without unnecessary delay.

Amid a luxuriant orange grove that adorned the verdant margin of the Guadiana, the Lady Zara, the daughter of the Moorish leader Abdallah, and her principal female attendants, were seated on embroidered cushions, while a crowd of princes and captains, formed an admiring circle round the object of attraction.

"How beautiful," was the observation of the Lady Zara, as she directed her animated glance towards the river, "are the moonbeams playing on the calm surface of the Guadiana, and how soothing the murmur of the crystal ripples, as they lave the flowery shore!"

"The scene is fair," said the veteran Chebar, looking for a moment upon the object of her admiration, "but the rays of the full moon, streaming upon the marble palace of the Spanish king, at Toledo, and the crescent waving in triumph over the city, would to me be a far more splendid spectacle."

"I have seen," observed the young Prince of Cordoba, gazing for an instant upon the lovely features of the daughter of Abdallah, but partially concealed by the transparent veil, "a sight far more beautiful than moonlit stream or palace, and have heard even now, a sound softer than the murmur of the sparkling ripples of the Guadiana!"

"To what next am I to be compared?" said Zara, playfully, in answer to the compliment; "the descendants of the Prophet are celebrated for fervour of imagination, and the romantic scenery of Spain is well adapted to give it scope and exercise. And yet," she added, "it would afford me much gratification to behold the royal palace of Toledo, either in the pale moonlight, or by the gorgeous blaze of the noontide sun. When I was at Cordoba, I heard much of the grandeur and stern magnificence of the ancient metropolis."

"The Lady Zara will soon enjoy that pleasure," observed the chieftain Chebar; "ere many days, the crescent of the Prophet shall wave in proud defiance over the boasted city of the misbelievers."

"The knights of the Temple," said Zara,

archly, "have retired from the contest, and your march will be probably unopposed."

"By the turban of Mahomet!" exclaimed the Prince of Cordoba, "it matters but little whether the dogs of the Temple are in the field or not. But they have acted wisely in not daring longer, to oppose our invincible host."

"When we regain possession," remarked another chieftain, playing with the gemmed hilt of his scymetar, "of the metropolis, formerly won by Moorish valour, the united force of all the misbelievers in Spain, though commanded by a second Pelago, shall not be able to expel us."

"By the might of Allah!" said the leader of the expedition, taking part in the conversation, "not only Toledo, but the remotest province shall be added to the dominions of the Caliph, and the north as well as the south resound with invocations to the Prophet of God. The hour is already at hand, when the surrender of Calatrava will usher in the commencement of a glorious series of successful achievements. Let the fleetest steed, Selim," he added, addressing one of the company, "be prepared to convey to the faithful at Cordoba, the earliest tidings of the fall of the fortress of the infidel."

"Thou seemest sad, Almanzor," observed the Lady Zara, upon the departure of the officer, to a young chieftain who wore a green turban, and was otherwise richly apparelled; "does the splendour of the moonlit scenery, or the anticipation of conquest to the Moslem arms, which swells with triumph every bosom, fill thine with dejection?"

"I have this evening," readily answered the chieftain, "been pondering on two circumstances, which, though happening at distant intervals, have reference to the same event. But it is useless to trouble the daughter of Abdallah and this company, with the recital."

"Nay," exclaimed the Lady Zara, "a story would add much to the enjoyment of this delightful hour, and it will not be the less acceptable if it be tinged with the hue of romance or melancholy."

"As we were lazily crossing the desert," said the descendant of the Prophet, commencing his narrative, "an old man, who called himself a Syrian soothsayer, joined our train. His dress and general appearance were strange; and upon his offering to read me a page from the book of futurity, I ordered the caravan to halt, and a tent to be pitched. When we were alone, after many curious ceremonies and long pauses, he told me I should die in Spain near the Castle of Calatrava. I received the intelligence with indifference, and have seldom thought upon such a common adventure; but last night, I had a dream or vision, which forcibly recalled to my remembrance the prediction of the soothsayer, uttered long since. It seemed such a night as this, when the moon gave distinctness to surrounding objects, that our camp was suddenly assailed by the bands of the misbelievers. I had scarcely tinged my steed, when a warrior

having a white cross on his breast, attacked me, and in spite of my resistance, transfixing me with his lance."

"What should a soldier dream of but the battle-field?" exclaimed Abdallah, interrupting the narration; "I have, myself, a thousand times, seen in my sleep the fierce conflict; nor, by the Prophet! does it become a soldier of the crescent, to be annoyed or disturbed by the idle caprices of the imagination."

"It moves me not," was the reply, "neither does it disturb me; but the vividness of the scene compels me to regard the occurrence as of singular character. The fortress of Calatrava, with its dark battlements and towers, appeared as now in the distance—the Gaudiana rolled with a gentle murmur its bright ripples—the camp exhibited the same stirring, animated appearance as at present, and I can readily point to the very spot where I was overthrown and slain by my fierce antagonist."

"We are governed by Destiny," observed the chieftain, Abdallah, "nor can all the soothsayers or astrologers in the world anticipate, or retard, its unerring decrees."

The pause which succeeded the remark of the Moorish commander was interrupted by a note of distant music, borne on the awakening midnight breeze, that mingled with, without overpowering the strains of the cymbal and lute, the soothing dash of the river, and the rustling of the silken folds of the standard. It arrested instant attention, and the party awaited in some suspense for a repetition.

"By the turban of the Prophet!" exclaimed the Prince of Cordoba, "it was no Moorish horn or atabal; to me it sounded like the trump of the dogs of the Temple."

"The garrison of the fortress," answered Abdallah carelessly, "are coming to deliver us the keys; they have anticipated the appointed period by a few moments only."

He had scarce uttered these words, when a fierce and startling blast filled the air, and some moments elapsed, ere its tremendous echoes ceased.

"What a dismal—what a dreadful sound!" exclaimed the daughter of Abdallah, while a faint scream burst from her affrighted attendants; "it seemed as if the trump of the angel of death rang in my ears."

But her last remark was unheeded in the rising tumult. The shrill notes of the atabal—the harsh tones of the Moorish horn—the stirring cries of Allah acbar!—to arms!—and the quick tramp of the war-steed, were all mingled in one common din, and the peaceful moonlit camp was, as if by magic, converted into a scene of wild and tumultuous confusion. Ere the hasty preparations for battle were completed, a dark body was seen to advance, slowly and steadily towards the encampment. A dazzling splendour—the gleam of a thousand lances, like the vivid streak of the portentous storm—cloud-edged the upper surface of the moving mass.

"By the scymetar of the Prophet," exclaimed

the veteran Chebar, who made one of a small party, that, a little in advance, was engaged in observing the motions of the enemy, "the dogs of the Temple are again in the field."

"It is rather," said Abdallah, "the feeble endeavour of the old men and boys of Toledo, to frighten us from Calatrava, and preserve their famed metropolis. We shall achieve two victories at once."

By this time the ardent soldiers were completely arrayed for battle. Ten thousand scymetars flashed fiercely, and ten thousand voices shouted the formidable tecbir.

"I will lead my warriors against the infidels," said the Prince of Cordoba to the Moorish commander, "and ere the sand hath told the sixth portion of an hour, yon plain shall be as free from an enemy, as the desert is destitute of vegetation."

A wave of Abdallah's blade was his answer, and the earth trembled under the rapid charge of the eager cavalry. Aware of the impetuosity of the Moorish soldiers, the Christians halted, and presenting a firm front, sustained, not only without shrinking, but repelled the furious assault. Again, the atabal sounded the charge, and again the followers of the Prophet, with loud shouts, threw themselves upon the scerried lances. But the defenders of Calatrava still maintained the same unyielding and martial front, in despite of the tempest-like onset of the Moslem cavalry, preserving the while a stern silence, which was strikingly contrasted with the rude clamour that burst from the ranks of their turbaned enemies. A second time were the Africans driven back, after suffering severe loss; and when the officers were preparing to lead to a third attack, the diminished numbers of their troops, they sullenly refused to advance. In the mean time the Moorish commander awaited with a feeling of indifference, the encounter of the Prince of Cordoba with the unexpected enemy, being assured of its successful termination.

"By the Prophet of Allah!" he exclaimed, in some surprise, upon beholding the repulse of his countrymen, "the eager haste of our soldiers has been the cause of their check; let them advance in more compact order, and the defeat of the misbelievers is certain. Amazement held the chieftain mute, as the disastrous results of the second attack, in despite of his prejudices, became apparent.

"May the wrath of Eblis pursue the recreants," he muttered, giving way to his indignation, as he beheld the reluctance of the Moslems to encounter a third time their formidable adversaries, and was about spurring his charger to the scene, when the Prince of Cordoba presented himself. His green turban, (for he boasted his descent from the Prophet), was torn and soiled, his armour of the same colour, was dyed a deep crimson, and his right arm hung bleeding and powerless by his side. "By Allah! I have seen a strange sight," was the angry salutation of the Moorish leader, unheeding the distressed appearance of his officer; "thy thousand warriors recoiled from an equal number of infidels, like

the gazelle from the savage leopard. Is it the first time they have been engaged with the dogs of the Temple?"

"Yonder array," was the faint reply of the Prince of Cordoba, "consists not of the red-cross soldiers, nor did they in the most desperate conflict, ever exhibit such valour and stubbornness, as those whom we have just encountered!"

"By the turban of Mahomet!" said Abdallah fiercely, "I could have excused thy failure, were thy opponents the stern warriors led by De Longueville; but cowardice or treachery has brought this dishonour upon the crescent, and it shall be strictly looked into."

The brow of the unfortunate prince, vied in colour with the deep hue of his armour, at the imputation, and his left hand sought the hilt of his scymetar; but ere he could raise the weapon, strength and life failed him, and he fell stiff, and heavily to the earth. The bosom of Abdallah glowed with the most intense passion, yet his voice and manner were calm, as he ordered the whole army to advance. But the soldiers had scarce moved from their stations, when for the first time, the thrilling war-shout of "God and St. Jago for Spain!" uprose from the ranks the Christians, and the hitherto motionless body rushed boldly and impetuously against the advancing squadrons. The fiery fanaticism of the Moors, the chief source of all their victories, was opposed by the stern enthusiasm of their adversaries, and, after the lapse of an hour, the victory remained undecided. While the combat still raged with undiminished fierceness, the emotions of those not immediately engaged in its sanguinary labours, were of the most intense and interesting character. The Lady Zara and her attendants, had retired on the first alarm, to the centre of the extensive encampment, and every moment she expected to hear the shouts of Moorish triumph. But the wild tumult of the midnight strife continued unabated, and while the animating tecbir pealed widely, the swelling war-cry of the foe rang as sharply, ever and anon blended with the portentous echoes of the appalling trumpet.

"That dreadful sound," exclaimed the daughter of Abdallah, as a louder and nearer blast fell startlingly upon her ears, "and, holy Prophet! it seemeth to proceed from the camp itself."

Ere her attendants could reply, the form of a warrior, was seen to advance slowly and with exertion, to the station they occupied.

"How goes the battle, Almanzor?" said the Lady Zara, as she recognized the chieftain; "we have been more than an hour in a fearful state of suspense."

"It is all over," was the faint reply; "the mis-believers are storming the camp."

A shriek of dismay followed this announcement, while the wounded chieftain proceeded—"The Syrian was right—the lance of the leader of yon host is stained with my heart's blood—and I die within sight of Calatrava."

"My father!" exclaimed Zara, in a voice scarce audible.

"Is in Paradise, and I go to join him."

As he said this, the descendant of the Prophet breathed his last, and, at the same moment, the daughter of Abdallah, overwhelmed with the dreadful tidings, sank fainting to the earth.

* * * * *

The king of Arragon had passed a restless and anxious night, for the following day, would disclose the fate of Calatrava and his metropolis. Few eyes indeed were closed in the hours of darkness—preparations for flight or resistance were made in all the hurry and tumult of despair; and many in their fears expected to behold the Moorish javelins glitter in the early rays of the sun.

"Take thy station at the window, Ferdinand," said Don Sancho, as he arose from his uneasy couch, and sought the presence chamber, "and tell me, for thy sight is quick, if aught appears coming from the direction of the ill-fated fortress."

The page obeyed; but more than an hour passed away, ere his eye rested on any object, save the blue peaks of the far-off mountain, or the wide extended plain that bounded Toledo.

"See'st thou nothing," demanded the king, impatiently. "Diego Velasquez," he added "promised me on his faith, ere the sun was two hours high, to advise me, whether victorious or defeated, of the result."

"There is something like a speck at the extremity of the plain," observed Ferdinand, "which I saw not before."

A few anxious moments elapsed, when the object was declared to be a horseman, approaching at the top of his speed.

"The attempt has failed," said the king, sorrowfully to himself; "I was but a silly old man to trust to the arms of monks and priests, in my greatest need: besides, they were but a thousand, while the Moors and Africans counted ten times that number. Make you out," he hastily added, turning to his page, "the cognizance of the horseman?"

"It is Diego Velasquez," said Ferdinand, after a few moments' pause, "the leader of the convent forces."

"Why tarries his lagging steed?" again demanded the king.

"The knight has halted, and is about to display his pennon—by St. Jago!" shouted the page, regardless of the royal presence, "it is no pennon, but the standard of the Moors, that Diego waves in triumph."

An exclamation of deep gratitude to Heaven burst from the relieved heart of the monarch, and he hastened to feast his eye on the interesting spectacle. The vision of the page had not deceived him: The crescent gleamed palely, amid the fluttering folds of the embroidered ensign; but while the royal gaze was still rivetted in mute admiration, upon the symbol of Moslem victory and power, it suddenly disappeared, and the next moment was trailing in the dust. The shout from the walls that hailed this most welcome exhibition, seemed to shake the firm found-

dations of the city, and pierce the very heavens. The praises of those who had wrought the high deliverance, resounded throughout Arragon, and in the fierce struggle which ensued for centuries after, against Moorish dominion and conquest, no hands were readier with lance and blade, and no hearts glowed with more zeal, than the hands and hearts of the cloistered KNIGHTS OF CALATRAVA.

RABY CASTLE.

TIME has thrown around the seats of the principal nobles of England an interest exceeded by those of no other country. Many of their ancient castles might supply materials for a history. Alternate seats of war and revelry, the banquet, or the tournament, strength was for them as necessary as splendour: hence the richly fretted roofs, and curiously paneled chambers were guarded with thick embattled walls and towers of defence. The breaking up of the feudal system throughout Europe, naturally tended to diminish the number of these strong holds;—the civil wars—the destroying hand of time—the violence of Cromwell—have left many a picturesque ruin, clad in the dark robe of ivy as in the garb of widowhood, to mark the spot where once the haughty noble ruled the surrounding country.

According to Camden, Raby was given to the church at Durham, by King Canute, from whom the family of the Nevilles, or de Nova Villa, had it, on condition of paying four pounds, and a stag, yearly. The family built here a spacious castle, which was their principal seat; but in the reign of James the First, it descended to the family of the Vanes, ennobled under the titles of Lord Bernard, of Bernard Castle, Baron Raby, Earl of Darlington, and Marquis Cleveland, its present possessor being the first of his family elevated to that dignity.

It might puzzle an architect to define the style of Raby Castle, one of the most splendid mansions in Europe. The rude Saxon arch, the Gothic buttress, the Norman tower, are clustered in proud grandeur together, and form a most imposing whole. As it is, however, our intention to describe its princely halls and chambers, we will wave the consideration of its architectural peculiarities.

The hall of entrance, a superb room, resembles a miniature cathedral; its carved roof is supported by two rows of porphyry columns. At the extreme end is a rich velvet curtain opening into the circular state drawing-room. The carriages of visitors *drive into this apartment*. After passing through this portal, they find themselves in the state saloon of reception; the walls of which are painted in Gothic panels, adorned with coronets and cyphers. The curtains, chairs, &c. are *en suite*, formed of rich brocaded satin and gold. The fitting up of this room, alone, cost ten thousand pounds. It was, we believe, prepared for the present King of Belgium on his

first visit to Raby. On that occasion, the people took the horses from his carriage, and dragged him in triumph into the hall of entrance.

Adjoining the state drawing-room, is a suite of apartments furnished in the Chinese style, for the reception of the late king. The ceilings are ornamented with rich trellis work; the walls painted to resemble the interior of a Pagoda, while vases, dragons, and piles of the most costly antique china are scattered around the room in splendid profusion. In viewing these articles of vertu, the visitor is frequently at a loss whether most to admire the taste which presided over the collection, or the almost boundless wealth necessary to bring so many treasures of art together.

The baronial hall next attracts the attention. It is, we believe, the largest in England—superior, in point of antiquity, to the one at Arundel, although it cannot boast of the superb painted windows of the latter, which the present Duke of Norfolk, from certain unpleasant associations, caused to be removed. That at Raby is now fitted up as a museum. The rough inmates of the forest, harmless as the fierce barons who once feasted beneath the fretted roof, are chained in mimic life to guard the doors. Handsome glass cabinets are arranged around the walls, enriched with all that mineralogy can yield, mingled with shells, fossils, bones, dried specimens of animal and vegetable life, works of art, and relics of the olden times. Several articles connected with the worship of the Catholic church are here preserved. Amongst others, a curious cross, or *rood*, as it was anciently called, and a spoon set with precious stones, doubtless formerly used in the ceremony of consecration. The windows of this banquet hall look into the Park, and over a circular tower. It has been contemplated by the present Marquis to extend the east end of the building till it shall form a continuation of the lower part, substituting a rich oriel Gothic window of a circular form, for the plain, half-Norman ones, which at present disfigure it.

Before taking our leave of this interesting apartment, we must not forget to notice Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the Marchioness, at the extreme end of the hall—one of his happiest efforts. There is a soft and womanly grace about the countenance, which those who know the noble original cannot fail to recognise.

The dining and private drawing-rooms are furnished in a mixed style, principally modern, but adorned with many good pictures, by Gainsborough, Ostade, Wouvermans, and Claud. Amongst the family portraits, many of which are valuable, is one of the ancestors of the noble Marquis, the celebrated Sir Harry Vane. It is in Vandyke's peculiar style, though I should think its authenticity as a painting of that celebrated artist, might admit of question. Many are the rooms in this stately fabric which the casual visitor is not conducted through. They are replete with all the elegancies of life, and worthy of the owners.



MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

IN our village we have an authoress too, and her name is Mary Mitford. Now, let nobody suppose that Mary, on account of the pretty alliteration of her name, is one of the fine and romantic young ladies who grace the pastorals in prose or verse. On the contrary, our Mary is a good-humoured spinster of a certain age, considerably inclined, we do not know whether with her own consent or not, to *enbonpoint*, and the very reverse of the picturesque. There are, however, few girls in our village, or twenty villages beyond it, that can dress up so pretty a basket of good-looking and sweet-smelling natural flowers, all of the true English soil, not foreign and flaunting, like the flaring dahlias that one class of bouquet gatherers thrust under our noses with so much pretence, nor smelling of turf and whiskey like the strong-scented bog-lilies which are offered to us by the basket-women of the provinces; nor yet at all resembling the faded imitation roses picked up in second-hand saloons, and vended as genuine posies of quality by draggletail damsels, who endeavour to pass themselves off as ladies' maids, generally without character. And Mary's basket is arranged so neat, so nice, so trim, so comely, or, to say all in one word, so very English a manner, that it is a perfect pleasure to see her hopping with it to market. We say nothing as to the way in which she applies the profits of her business though, if we did, it would redound to her praise and honour, because, in these our sketches, we have always looked at the subject before us only as it comes before the public.

We are afraid, however, that if we attempt to write any longer in this style, our prattle will be voted tedious; our imitation must partake of the vice of the original; and the only defect in Miss Mitford's own style of writing is its mannerism. We do not know any sketch manufacturer whose manner is so decided. Read only a single chapter, a character, a description, and you feel that you are introduced to one of a large family, the members of which have a likeness to one another, *qualem decet esse sororum*. It is hard to say how you get such a feeling from a single specimen, but so it is. Dropping all metaphor, then, we have only to remark, that it is impossible that any thing can be cleverer and racier than Miss Mitford's sketches, and if she has not made so much noise in the literary world as other ladies far more slenderly qualified, why, the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift; and, moreover, a lady who does not write politics or double entendres, or make herself a lioness, or enlist into the honourable corps of the puff-mongers, throws away a great many chances of renown, which are eagerly caught at by less scrupulous adventuresses.

From the good-humoured and sonsie physiognomy opposite, it may easily be conjectured that she is not exactly the muse of tragedy, and yet her plays have always been popular for the season, which is as much as can well be expected. In her pieces we find good situations, fine verses,

honourable sentiments, and sounding passages, which obtain, as they deserve, considerable applause. Male critics, however, are so ungallant as to say, that, superior as ladies are to gentlemen in all other particulars, there are a few things out of their power:—they can never be distinguished generals, scientific cooks, first-rate tragedians, high-class epics, or piquant epigrammatists; and in spite of Joan of Arc, Mrs. Rundell, Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford, and Louisa Sheridan, we are pretty much of that opinion.

Miss Mitford, in the plate, is attended, not by Eros, but rather Anteros;—not by love's god, but a printer's devil, to whom she is delivering copy, as they perversely call our original MS. for some of the thousand Annuals, perhaps, which she ornaments. As one of the same diabolic breed is at our elbow, we must finish our page by a wish, that,

Still may her picture, when she's pleas'd to sit for't,
Show her the same good-humour'd Mary Mitford.

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.

THIS ancient emblem of Scottish pugnacity, with its motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, is represented of various species in royal bearings, coins, and coats of armour; so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition:—"When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwelcome to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched bare-footed. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superb prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

THE USE OF ARTILLERY.

DURING the manœuvring on the Coa, between Wellington and Massena, "Our attention," says an officer, who was present, "was occupied in observing the practice of the French artillery and captain Thompson's brigade. It was admirable on both sides. I heard our men express delight when our side fired a howitzer, which made a greater volume of smoke than a gun. At last a tremendous cloud burst from our battery, and one of the dragoons cried out, 'Hurrah! there goes a shot that will kill half the French army.' It turned out to be one of the tumbrils (fortunately containing but a few rounds,) which was exploded by a French shell. It is a well known fact, that one great use of artillery is to keep up the spirits of the soldiers by its noise."

LEGEND OF THE RING.

- "LISTEN, oh, lady, listen to me,
For I must away ere daylight break,
And to thee I bring
A golden ring—
Then, lady, awake, awake!
- "I come, I come from the Holy Land,
Where many a Christian knight
For the blessed rood
Hath stoutly stood
With the Saracen in fight.
- "Oh, lady—oh, lady, thy own true knight
On Sidon's strand lies dead;
For he this day,
In Paynim fray,
His best life's-blood hath shed.
- "Oh, lady, I sat me down by his side—
And when midnight began to toll,
Though his mortal breath
Was hushed in death,
I had speech of his passing soul.
- "For when death hath fixed his seal on the lip,
And the spark of life hath fled,
At the midnight hour
I have the power
To commune with the dead.
- "Thy knight he sendeth thy pledge of love,
And, lady, he claimeth thee for his bride,
When the dismal bell
Doth ring his knell—
And thy couch it is spread in the grave by his side.
- "Then, lady, awake, awake!
And get thee a shroud for thy bridal vest;
For soon shalt thou wed
With the silent dead,
And the grave it shall serve for thy chamber of rest.
- "Then listen, oh lady, listen to me,
For I must away ere daylight break;
And to thee I bring
A golden ring—
Then, lady, awake, awake!"—
The lady she looked from her lattice tower—
She looked up on the sky;
The stars twinkled bright
On the brow of the night,
And the wind sighed mournfully by.
- The lady she looked from her lattice tower—
She looked far and near;
But none could she see
Whose voice that might be,
Though the night was wondrous clear.
But a star there shot athwart the heaven,
And there fell at her feet a ring,
And, far away,
Thus roundelay
A voice was heard to sing.
- "Tis pleasant to range through the paths of heaven
When the stars are glittering bright,
And far and wide
On the winds to ride,
In the solitude of night.
- "Oh, I love to float on the streamy breeze—
To bathe in the chill night air—
And, as I whirl past
In the eddying blast,
To unbind to the winds my flaxen hair.
- "Tis pleasant to drink of the morning breeze—
'Tis pleasant 'mid clouds to be—
'Tis pleasant to sail
O'er hill and o'er dale,
And to sweep on the billowy sea."

THE MARTYR-STUDENT.

- I AM sick of the bird,
And its carol of glee;
It brings the voices heard
In boyhood, back to me:
Our old village hall,
Our church upon the hill,
And the mossy gates—all
My darken'd eyes fill.
- No more gladly leaping
With the choir I go,
My spirit is weeping
O'er her silver bow:
From the golden quiver
The arrows are gone,
The wind from Death's river
Sounds in it alone!
- I sit alone and think
In the silent room,
I look up, and I shrink
From the glimmering gloom.
O, that the little one
Were here with her shout!—
O, that my sister's arm
My neck were round about!
- I cannot read a book,
My eyes are dim and weak;
To every chair I look—
There is not one to speak!
Could I but sit once more
Upon that well-known chair,
By my mother, as of yore,
Her hand upon my hair!
- My father's eyes seeking,
In trembling hope to trace
If the south-wind had been breaking
The shadows from my face;—
How sweet to die away
Beside our mother's hearth,
Amid the balmy light
That shone upon our birth!
- A wild and burning boy,
I climb the mountain's crest,
The garland of my joy
Did leap upon my breast;
A spirit walk'd before me
Along the stormy night,
The clouds melted o'er me,
The shadows turn'd to light.
- Among my matted locks
The death-wind is blowing;
I hear, like a mighty rush of plumes,
The Sea of Darkness flowing!
Upon the summer air
Two wings are spreading wide;
A shadow, like a pyramid,
Is sitting by my side!
- My mind was like a page
Of gold wrought story,
Where the rapt eye might gaze
On the tale of glory;
But the rich painted words
Are waxing faint and old,
The leaves have lost their light,
The letters their gold!
- And memory glimmers
On the pages I unroll,
Like the dim light creeping
Into an antique scroll,
When the scribe is searching
The writing pale and damp,
At midnight, and the flame
Is dying in the lamp.

From Croker's Fairy Legends.

THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

ON the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at day-break, stood Dick Fitzgerald, "shogging the dudeen," which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists clearing away out of the valleys went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth.

"'Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning," said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he, after a pause, "'tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or may be the misfortune," said Dick, with a melancholy smile, "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He's no more, surely, than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissors, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is no ways complete.—Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed, at once, that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuleen driuth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her; and he had heard that, if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away into the water: so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow saw that her little diving-cap was gone, the salt tears—doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low, mournful cry, with just the tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come out of it. Yet he could not help pitying her; and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most

of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own.

"Don't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand, by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot; but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

"What's your name, my darling?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him; but he got no answer; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him: he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeas'd at this mode of conversation, and, making an end of her whining all at once—"Man," says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face, "Man, will you eat me?"

"By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you, my pet?—Now, 'twas some ugly ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!"

"Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me, if you won't eat me?"

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife: he saw, at the first glimpse, that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke, too, like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man that settled the matter entirely.

"Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion; "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting for you, this blessed morning, that I'll make you mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do."

"Never say the word twice," says she; "I'm ready and willing to be yours, mister Fitzgerald; but stop, if you please, 'till I twist up my hair."

It was some time before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rock.

Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along, and

says he, in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?"

"It's nothing else," says she, quite carelessly, "I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

"And who's your father, my duck?" says Dick.

"What!" said the Merrow, "did you never hear of my father? he's the king of the waves, to be sure!"

"And yourself, then, is a real king's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be.

"Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father;—to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!"

"Money," repeated the Merrow, "what's money?"

"'Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick; "and may be, now, the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?"

"Oh! yes," said the Merrow, "they bring me what I want."

"To speak the truth, then," said Dick, "'tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that, I'm thinking, is no ways fitting for a king's daughter; so, if 'twould not be displeasing to you, just to mention a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets—but what am I talking about? may be you have not such things as beds down under the water?"

"By all means," said she, "Mr. Fitzgerald—plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones."

"You have," says Dick, scratching his head, and looking a little puzzled. "'Tis a feather bed I was speaking of—but clearly, yours is the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one, need never ask for the other."

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent.—Away they went, therefore, across the strand, from Gollerus to Ballinrinnig, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

"There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald," said his reverence, looking mighty glum. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry?—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever she came from."

Dick had the *cohuleen driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then says he—

"Please your reverence, she's a king's daughter."

"If she was the daughter of fifty kings," said Father Fitzgibbon, "I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish."

"Please your reverence," said Dick again, in

an under tone, "she is as mild and as beautiful as the moon."

"If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald," said the priest, stamping his right foot, "you can't marry her, she being a fish!"

"But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made man if I marry her; and," said Dick, looking up slyly, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job."

"Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the priest; "why there's some reason, now, in what you say: why didn't you tell me this before?—marry her, by all means, if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hansel of it as another that may be would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done."

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and, like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus well pleased with each other. Every thing prospered with Dick—he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for, at the end of three years, there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl.

In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take proper care of what he had got; many another man, however, beside Dick, has not had wit enough to do that.

One day, when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife minding the children at home after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing tackle.

Dick was no sooner gone than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing-net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her own *cohuleen driuth*.

She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them.

She sat down on a little stool and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. "But," says she, "he won't lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them?"

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it a tear trembled for an instant in her eye, and then fell on its rosy

cheek. She wiped away the tear, and, turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand—the sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and, placing the *cohuleen driuth* on her head, she plunged in.

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathelin, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange looking thing, like a cocked hat, in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the *cohuleen driuth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him.

Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade

him but that her father, the king, kept her below by main force; "For," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children."

While she was with him, she was so good a wife in every respect, that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country as the pattern for one, under the name of THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

The people of Feroe say, that the seal every ninth night puts off its skin and gets a human form, and then dances and sports like the "human mortals," till it resumes its skin and becomes a seal again. It once happened that a man came by while this took place, and seeing the skin, he seized it and hid it. When the seal, which was in the shape of a woman, could not find its skin to creep into, it was forced to remain in the human form, and, as she was fair to look upon, the same man took her to wife, had children by her, and lived right happy with her. After a long time, the wife found the skin that had been stolen and could not resist the temptation to creep into it, and so she became a seal again.

THE MIND.

BY THOMAS A. WORRELL.

I.

Yes—I shall change and fade away,
And though I change, I shall not die:
For mind will triumph o'er decay,
Unquench'd in light—eternity!
The grave may quench the body's breath,
But spirit cannot taste of death.

II.

The soul will dwell in mystic light,
With not a thought to mar its bliss:
And in that world so purely bright,
It will not even dream of this.
The grave may quench the body's breath,
But spirit cannot taste of death.

III.

Mind—vast expanse of life and light—
Rolling within its earthly bed,
Reflects by turns the day—the night—
The joys we feel—the tears we shed.
The grave may quench the body's breath,
But spirit cannot taste of death.

IV.

How brief is life!—its utmost years—
Its breath commingling with distress!
It was—now is—now disappears—
A spirit in its nakedness!
The grave may quench the body's breath,
But spirit cannot taste of death.

V.

The heav'nly life is second birth;
By spirit—spirit is rekind'ed;
Flesh will resolve itself in earth,
And mind ascend to purer mind.
The grave may quench the body's breath,
But spirit cannot taste of death.

SPIRIT OF SONG.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I WELCOME thee back again, Spirit of Song!
I've bent beneath sorrow's cold pressure too long;
I've suffered in silence—how vainly I sought
For words to unburthen the anguish of thought.
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I welcome thee back—as the Dove to the ark—
The world was a desert, the future all dark;
But I know that the worst of the tempest is past,
Thou art come with the green leaf of comfort at last;
Around me thy radiant imaginings throng,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I feared thee, sweet Spirit! I thought thou wouldst come
With memory's records of boyhood and home;
The home where I laugh'd away youth, and was told
It would still be my dwelling-place when I grew old:
But visions of Hope to thy coming belong,
And I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

Thou wilt not, sweet Spirit, thou wilt not, I know,
Mistled to the fruitless indulgence of woo;
That shrinks from the smile that would offer relief,
And seems to be proud of pre-eminent grief:
Thou'lt soothe the depression already too strong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

There's a chord that I never must venture to wake—
The sorrow a *loved one* hath borne for my sake;
But her love which no change in my fortunes could chill,
Her smile of affection that follows me still;
Oh! these are the themes I will proudly prolong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I welcome thee back, and again I look forth
With my wonted delight on the blessings of Earth;
Again I can smile with the gay and the young,
The lamp is rekindled! the harp is restrung!
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

"On the Quay de Soudres there lived an old woman, who used to sell oranges during one half the year, and pilchers during the other. Her best customers were the soldiers, to whom, besides her fruit and fish, she sold another kind of merchandize, viz. fortune-telling. Whether this old woman deceived herself, or only deceived others, I cannot pretend to say, but by all the vagabonds of the Quay de Soudres, and by all the foreign soldiers in the Police Legion, and the Legion of Alorna, she was looked upon as a *witch*. One very wet and stormy evening, after the soldiers had almost all returned to their barracks, a German, named Fritz Klump, presented himself to the old woman, who was just preparing to shut up her hovel. Fritz was completely intoxicated.

"Juana, Juana, I want you to tell me what is going to happen to me—I have just killed a man—I found him in company with my sweetheart. He was one of the relic bearers—but that did not save him—I have made an end of him;—now our colonel does not like those affairs—therefore good Juana, tell me what punishment awaits me."

"I have not time this evening," replied the old woman, who was, probably, not inclined to have anything to do with the business, "come back to-morrow."

"I cannot, you must tell me now. I must know what will be my punishment before I return to the barracks. If the colonel should be severe, I have a good pair of legs, and I shall be off."

"During this colloquy, several sailors and some of Kay's soldiers had assembled round the old woman's habitation. Some of the latter proposed throwing both the German and the witch into the Tagus. Fritz, as I have already observed, had been drinking, and on hearing this he became irritable, and, turning to the by-standers, he said:

"Let any of you touch her at your peril, and if you meddle with me—*sacramentskerl*—have a care of yourselves. Come, Juana, come, and be staggered towards the old woman.

"I said before that I will sell you nothing to-night. Leave me, or you shall *repent* of this."

"But I say that you shall tell me," exclaimed Fritz, in a passion, "and, though you should be in league with the devil himself, I will have satisfaction of you both.

"On hearing the name of the devil, every Portuguese in the group of by-standers crossed himself three times at least. Fear was stronger than curiosity, and the group now retreated from the two interlocutors. Fritz advanced to Juana for the purpose of forcing her into the wretched hovel where she cooked her pilchers and delivered her oracles.

"Touch me not," she exclaimed, "touch me not, or I say again you shall *repent* it."

Fritz replied only by an oath, and staggered

forward. The old woman stretched out her arm to defend herself, and she no sooner touched the soldier than he fell at her feet, as if struck by a thunderbolt.

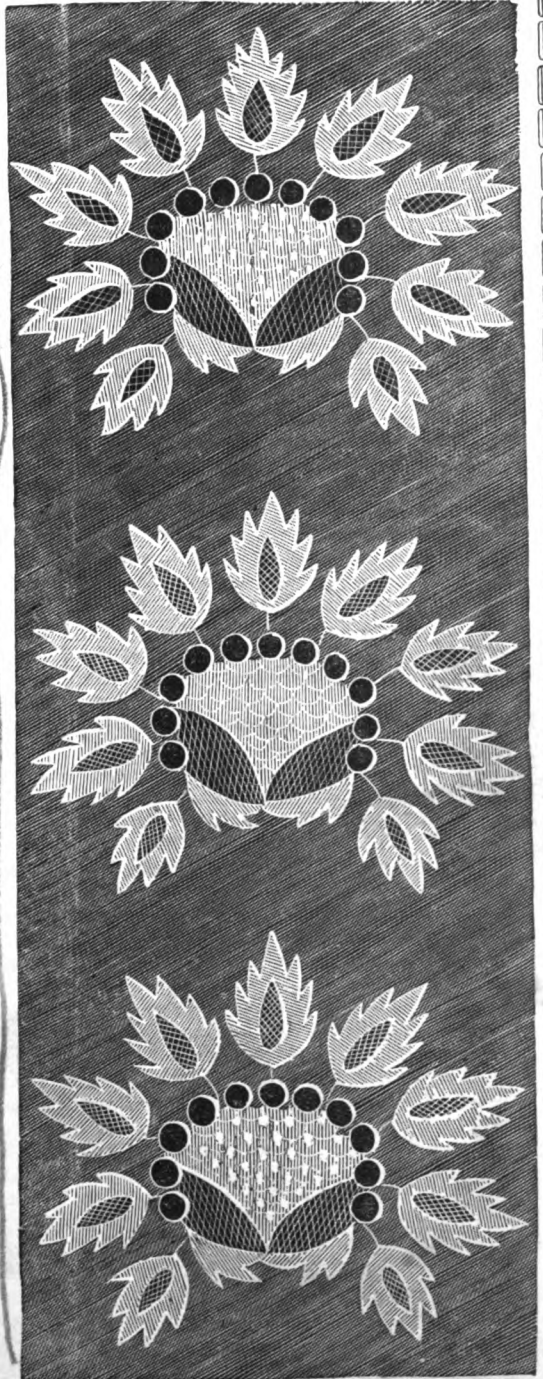
"On seeing this, the bystanders were, for a moment, petrified with terror. Juana herself was dismayed at what she had done. Fritz was raised up; but he showed no sign of life, and it was not until he had been bled, and after a lapse of two hours, that he at length opened his eyes. However, it would have been better for Juana had he kept them closed; for as soon as he was able to speak, he declared that, just as he was about to seize the old woman, he saw, standing beside her, a tall black man with fiery eyes, and that this black man had felled him to the ground with a club which he had in his hand. The most singular part of the affair was, that Fritz was now perfectly sober, and in all the different interrogatories he underwent, he never varied in his story. The result of this investigation was that poor Juana was confined in the blackest and deepest dungeon of the inquisition, and every preparation was being made to perform the second act of the ridiculous farce of the beggar of Madrid and his sympathetic powder, but luckily for the poor old woman, she was saved by one of her nieces, who, as if by a sort of inspiration, thought of applying to Junot, for whom she one day waited at the door, until he came out to mount his horse. The soldier, who had now got into the hands of the monks, and whose brain was excited to a pitch of insanity, positively persisted in his *first statement*. Through an aberration of intellect he had well nigh become the murderer of the poor old woman, who was praying for pardon—though too late—to all the saints in Paradise, for having had dealings with the demons in hell. The real facts of the case were these: Fritz, who could not stand very steadily, in attempting to walk on the muddy, slippery ground, lost his equilibrium on being touched by Juana. In falling, his head struck against a stone, and from this very natural incident ensued all that I have just detailed. M. Magnien, who saw Fritz and examined his head, found that the contusion had produced considerable injury, and that it was, indeed, within an ace of being fatal. However, he firmly persisted in his hallucination, and never could be convinced that poor Juana was nothing more than an innocent vendor of oranges and pilchers.

"She is a great magician," said he. "I did wrong to offend her; but she has punished me dearly for it."

"This affair, which scarcely seems to belong to the nineteenth century, was, thanks to our exertions, brought to a less awful conclusion than the *San Benito* and the *sulphured shirt*. The Nuncio interested himself for old Juana, and the poor creature was sent to a convent at Viseu or Ciudad-Rodrigo."

EMBROIDERY.

EDGING AND CAPE PATTERNS.



THE ADRIATIC BRIDE.

SCARCELY had Ziani, on his return to Venice, made the Doge acquainted with the unfortunate result of his pacific mission, than he went through the city with a throbbing heart, to see if the plague had yet taken possession of Daponte's cottage. Malapiero followed him, for Ziani had disclosed to him the secret of his love, and he now shared the anxiety of his friend. It was necessary to pass through a considerable part of the city, which disclosed many frightful scenes to their view. Many of the most populous streets were desolate; from several open houses was heard the low moaning of its last inhabitant, dying alone, amidst the corpses of those most loved. Dead bodies were lying on the steps of the palaces, whither they had dragged themselves to obtain relief. Children were clinging to their dead mothers, sucking in the poison from their livid, but still cherished lips; and in the midst of this frightful scene of misery and horror, men dressed in black were seen stalking about with cold indifference, silently placing the dead on carts, and affixing tickets to the houses, bearing the frightful word *EXTINCT*.

Ziani's heart was seized with dread and horror, but love and anguish gave wings to his steps—he flew to Daponte's dwelling.—The first object that struck his sight was the appalling ticket on the door.

In vain did Malapiero endeavour to hold back his friend; he rushed pale and like a maniac into the hut, crying out, "Giovanna, Giovanna!" But the hut was empty, the bodies had been taken away—furniture and clothes were lying about in disorder. Ziani would not quit the hut; he wished to die where Giovanna had ceased to exist, and Malapiero was obliged to take him by main force out of this abode of death.

As they quitted the cottage, a frightful noise at some little distance announced a tumult, and they saw an immense crowd of people rushing towards the palace of the Doge.

"Come, Ziani," cried Malapiero, "forget your own sorrows!—come, our presence will be necessary."

The people attributed the whole blame of their misfortune to the Doge; they thought, and with justice, that his imprudent delay on the island of Scio was the sole cause of the destruction of their fine fleet, and had brought death into their houses, instead of the advantageous peace they had expected. They were accustomed to the greatest sacrifices; they did not shrink from shedding their blood in defence of their country, but in their own homes, to see the lives of all that were dear to them falling a sacrifice to the imprudence of one person, was what they could not brook, and they called for vengeance, in the voice of despair and rage. The angry populace surrounded the palace of the Doge: "Down from the throne," they cried; "down with the traitor, who has brought us the plague, instead of peace!"

The Doge placed dependance on the body-guard; but, even amongst these, were fathers and sons, who had lost those that were dear to them, so that the tumult continued to increase. Vitali determined, therefore, to risk every thing, and confiding in the love of the people, who had ever been devoted to him, he left his palace, and endeavoured to tranquilize their minds. With stern dignity, arrayed in his ducal dress and ornaments, he appeared in the midst of the populace, who were preparing to attack his palace.

"Here am I, my children!" said he; "judge me if you will—it is not I, but God, who hath sent the angel of death amongst us!"

At the sight of his venerable figure, the people drew back an instant, and just at that moment Ziani and Malapiero arrived, who endeavoured to appease the enraged multitude. But several voices again cried out, "Down from the throne! No mercy for the traitor!—down with him!" Suddenly a voice was heard from behind, crying out, "make way! make way! where is the man that has murdered my wife and children?" With these words, an enraged old man pressed forward from the crowd, seized the Doge with the fury of a maniac, and plunged a dagger in his heart!—The unfortunate Vitali sunk a victim to his fate, while the assassin walked unimpeded through the astonished crowd, holding aloft his bloody dagger.

But Ziani immediately recognised him to be old Daponte—he hastily pursued him through the deserted streets, and, seizing him by the arm, cried: "wretched man, where is your daughter?"

Daponte looked at him with a frenzied laugh; "has death, then, spared you?" said he: "well, come then, I will lead you to your bride!"

He then, without giving any further answer to his questions, conducted him through several by-streets, to a solitary church-yard. In a corner of it, on a wretched heap of straw, lay Giovanna struggling with death. Daponte, when his wife and other children had breathed their last, quitted his home, and, half-frantic, had brought his daughter to the cemetery. In the madness of despair, he had wished to put an end to the torments of his cherished child, and to his own existence, and for that purpose had gone into the city to procure a dagger. He was there hurried along with the throng of the enraged populace, and, nearly in a state of frenzy, had struck the victim of his vengeance.

Ziani threw himself on his knees by Giovanna, and called loudly on her beloved name.—She opened her eyes, and recognised him, and, while a sweet smile played over her pale, disfigured countenance, she made a sign to him to leave her. He thought not on the frightful danger of contagion, but, raising up the diseased object of his affections, he carried her to his palace, while Daponte followed.

Ziani used every means in his power to save

his Giovanna; he never left her bed, and watched over her beloved existence, as though he would scare away the monster that would rob him of her. His care was crowned with success. The ferocity of death was subdued by such affection, and while himself and Daponte miraculously avoided all infection, Giovanna slowly recovered.

The assassination of the Doge had thrown all well minded people into the deepest affliction. The violent death of their chiefs, had already several times nearly effected the ruin and destruction of their republic; and the dangerous custom of rising against their princes on the least pretext, and requiring justification of their conduct, by the voice of sedition, was found so pernicious that they began to think of powerful means to quell such occurrences. At length the only existing power, the *Guarantia*, instituted a grand council of seven hundred and forty members, who elected from among themselves sixty of their most approved men, called *Pregadi*, in whose hands the business of the state was placed, and out of which body was formed, in later times, the Venetian Senate. The election of the Doge was given up to eleven of these. The people submitted cheerfully to this new regulation, and the plurality of voices decided for *Orio Malapiero*; as it was principally to the activity and prudence of his measures, whereby he exposed his life a thousand times to danger, that the cessation of the plague was finally to be attributed.

But *Malapiero* was totally free from pride and ambition; his country was more to him than glory and renown, and his penetrating glance quickly perceived, that it required a greater mind than his own to hold the reins of government at this important moment. With noble frankness he presented himself before the electors, and modestly declined the honour done him. He convinced them, by the force of his eloquence, that the difficult situation of the republic required a man who should not only inspire all parties with respect for his superior courage and strength of mind, but who should draw the eyes of the people on him by his riches and distinguished name, and concluded by entreating them to transfer the honour they had intended him to his friend, *Sebastiano Ziani*, in whom was combined all these qualities, and who alone could fulfil all these expectations. The electors, struck with admiration at the noble-minded *Malapiero*, and convinced of the truth of his reasoning, elected *Sebastiano Ziani*, without one dissentient voice, but on the express condition that his connexion with *Daponte's* daughter, which was now universally known, should be immediately broken off; for the vacillating populace, which had at first called out loudly for the death of the Doge, now mourned him, and execrated his assassin. It was, therefore, justly conceived that a Doge could never be loved and respected who should unite himself to the daughter of a murderer.

Malapiero hastened, overjoyed, to his friend. "The election is over!" he cried out, on seeing

him, while his eyes sparkled with the consciousness of having subdued himself.

Ziani looked at him, and his countenance beamed with pleasure as he took his hand:—"Heaven has directed the electors!" said he; "for if I can read in your eyes, I think I may venture to welcome you as Doge!"

"Not I!" replied *Malapiero*; "Heaven protect the electors and my country! You are the Doge!"

Ziani's countenance was instantly lighted up with ardour and enthusiasm; he raised his hand, as though taking an oath, and said:—"Since my people have placed their confidence in me, may God grant me energy and wisdom in ruling them!—I swear that I will never render myself unworthy of the throne!"

The enthusiastic friends sunk in each other's arms. "I am a witness of your present oath to Heaven," said *Malapiero*, "and have a sacred right to remind you of its fulfilment!"

The deputies from the Senate came to salute the newly-chosen regent, and to invite him to appear before the electors. *Ziani* went, accompanied by his friend, amid the loud rejoicings of the populace, to the palace, where the election had taken place, and which was now to be confirmed. He was occupied with the delightful sensation of possessing the love of the people, and of rendering himself worthy of it: but *Giovanna's* lovely image filled up the background of the picture; and the sweet thought frequently darted across his mind, of seeing this angel of innocence sharing the sovereignty with him. Agitated by these pleasing emotions, he entered the hall of the electors—but a cold shivering seized him when he heard the conditions. He long stood trembling and silent, incapable of comprehending it. At length he said, "No! you have calculated falsely! Keep your crown, if you wish to purchase with it the happiness of my mind! I do not understand governing a people who would wish to tear such a deep-rooted affection from the breast of their prince: they require a tyrant!"

On saying which, he quitted the astonished electors, with pride and coldness, and returned to his palace. He hastened to the room inhabited by *Giovanna* and her father, and, embracing her with ardour, said:—"You are now perfectly recovered, my *Giovanna*, will you still delay becoming my wife?"

"No!" she answered softly, and clung to his breast; "but I cannot comprehend how I can render myself worthy of you, for I never suspected that it was the great *Ziani* I loved; but I feel that I belong to you alone!"

Ziani now pressed old *Daponte* to allow his union with his daughter to take place in the evening. He would avoid all parade, and would take no farther excuse, as he thought he should be able to act much more freely when once *Giovanna* was his wife. In the mean time, the people had become acquainted with the motive of *Ziani's* open refusal to accept the throne; and the stronger the general wish became to coincide

the government to his hands, the more did their hatred increase against the assassin of the Doge Vitali Micheli, who now appeared to attach himself with his guilt to Ziani's fate. A deep murmur passed from mouth to mouth, like the hollow, portentous noise before the eruption of a volcano. The people sent deputies to the electors, requiring that the crown should be again offered to Ziani, and insisting on the imprisonment and punishment of Daponte and his daughter. Fresh deputies came from the Senate: he would not see them, but sent word that on the morrow he would make the electors acquainted with his decision.

In the meantime, Malapiero called on his friend and used every argument to dissuade him from his purpose: he reminded him of his oath, and of the time when he once told him, in Constantinople, that love should be sacrificed for one's country. But all his eloquence was vain.

"You do not know what you require," cried Ziani, much agitated; "you would tear from me the tutelary genius which would make me a father to the people! What has Giovanna to do with the crime of her unhappy parent? She is an angel sent me from Heaven, and it is only by her side that I can fulfil my vow!"

Malapiero soon perceived that he should lose the confidence of his friend, if he urged the subject any farther. He therefore inquired kindly after Giovanna's health. Ziani's heart now opened, and he disclosed to him how near he was to the happiest moment of his life, as that very night she would become his for ever. Malapiero was startled, as he saw but too well that by this rash act the best hopes of his country would be destroyed, and the throne for ever lost to Ziani. He was silent, but quickly formed his resolution.

Scarcely had Ziani left his palace to make the secret arrangements for his marriage, when Malapiero went to old Daponte and his daughter. He found Giovanna, her countenance lighted up with a heavenly smile, forming her bridal wreath, while her father was sitting in a corner of the room, absorbed in deep thought, his eyes seemingly fixed on vacancy. She went cheerfully up to him, gave him her hand, and asked:

"Are you coming to my wedding? Will you now be my friend, as you have ever been my Ziani's?"

"Yes, that will I ever be! Lovely creature," said he, much affected, "I am come hither to prove to you and Ziani the sincerity of my regard. But what is the matter with your father? Does your marriage not please him?"

"No!" said the old man: "no! I shudder at the wedding. In my breast there is no longer place for joy, loaded as it is with the consciousness of murder!"

"Oh, my unhappy father!" cried Giovanna, embracing him; "willingly would I sacrifice my existence, could I restore you to your former peace of mind!"

"Could you also sacrifice the wreath you have made, yonder?" asked Malapiero, significantly.

Giovanna looked at it long, while her eyes

filled with tears, and then said:—"Yes, I would also sacrifice that!"

Malapiero now threw off all restraint, and candidly related to her what had happened. He pointed out to her with enthusiasm, that Ziani alone was capable of saving the Republic from destruction, and that the country had the sacred right of requiring from him the sacrifice of his love for Giovanna.

"Has, then, his great heart not space sufficient for his country and for me?" asked Giovanna, trembling.

"No!" cried Daponte, his eyes sparkling with unwonted animation. "No! you must not be his wife! The people are right; the daughter of a murderer must not ascend the sacred steps of the throne. In the frenzy of despair, I plunged a dagger in the heart of the Doge—will you now, Giovanna, in the frenzy of love, destroy the still greater hopes of your country?"

Malapiero took advantage of the disposition of the old man: he seized Giovanna by the hand, saying:—"You would have sacrificed your bridal wreath to the peace of your father; the peace of your country is now laid in your hands: here stands the friend of yourself and Ziani, but likewise a true citizen, who asks you what you will do?"

Giovanna stood pale and trembling before him, looking fixedly at the wild, rolling eyes of her father. She then walked slowly up to the table, took up the wreath, held it to Malapiero, and said, in a low voice, while scarcely able to support herself: "Here is my sacrifice! Heaven protect my country!"

The old man caught his fainting daughter, and laid her on a couch. In great agitation, he seized Malapiero, drew him towards Giovanna, and proudly said, "See, that is my daughter!"

Giovanna at length recovered. Her strength of mind gave her courage to consent to the plan formed by Malapiero, which was, before night to leave the palace secretly with her father, get on board a vessel, and flee to some distant country. Malapiero promised to induce his friend to accept the crown.

It was scarcely night when Ziani, his heart overflowing with affection and joy, returned to his palace with a priest, who was to unite him to his beloved Giovanna. But he found her apartments deserted: a piece of paper, containing the following words, lay on the table, beside her bridal wreath:

"Ziani! you stand between the throne and my bridal garland. The country is right; you can only choose one of them. The crown is offered you by thousands of our poor, unprotected citizens: the bridal wreath is presented you by the hand of an insignificant girl. Your great mind will easily distinguish which you ought to accept; but, to spare you the struggle, I flee hence. If you really love me, do not endeavour to discover my retreat, but render my country happy!"

Who can describe Ziani's feelings!—So near the moment of fulfilling his most ardent wishes, he saw every thing vanish before him, like the

visions of fancy. "Giovanna!" he cried, "Giovanna! you have not left me voluntarily! But they shall not wrest you from my bosom! Your bridal wreath is worth more to me than all the crowns in the world!"

He called all his domestics together—offered a large reward to any who might discover traces of Giovanna, and rushed out himself in pursuit of her.

During this time, Malapiero had accompanied the fugitives to the harbour and procured them a vessel, in which they instantly set sail, by the clear light of the moon. He then hastened back to Ziani's palace, feeling that he might be of service to his friend. But not finding him there, and having long sought him in vain in every part of the city, he returned again to the harbour, and was alarmed and confounded when he here saw Ziani on board his galley, which was just pushing off, in pursuit of Daponte and his daughter, whose track he had been successful in discovering. To detain him was not now to be thought of: he had scarcely time to jump on board, and accompany his despairing friend. Ziani was determined to sacrifice every thing to his affection: he was deaf to every other feeling, and stood immovable on the bow of the vessel; his eyes fixed on the dark waters, as though he would discover the traces of Giovanna's flight on the bosom of the waves, on which the moon-beams were lightly playing.

At length, when the first rays of morn coloured the ocean, a vessel was discovered at a distance. Ziani was the first to discern it. "Row on!—row on!" he cried, "yonder is my Giovanna!" The oars struck deeper into the waves—the galley cut quicker through the waters, and brought them shortly near the vessel. Ziani soon recognized Giovanna. She stood at the bow of the vessel, as on the morning when she sang to him in the fishing-boat, clad in a white dress, glowing with the crimson rays of the morning dawn; but she made a sign to him to return back; and when he extended his arms towards her, and called on her loved name, she cried to him, in a voice of earnest entreaty, "Desist, Ziani, and listen to the voice of your country, which calls you"

But Ziani heard her not. "Ruin to my country!" he cried. "I despise the throne which dishonours such affection!" He urged the rowers to ply their oars, and they soon reached the fugitive vessel. Neither Giovanna's affecting entreaties, Malapiero's ardent and persuasive eloquence, nor the heavy curses thundered against him by old Daponte, were capable of restraining Ziani, who seized a board, intending to throw it across to the little vessel, when Giovanna called out to him, inspired with the most noble courage:

"Terrible man! why do you thus profane our love? If you force your way into this boat, I shall seek refuge in the arms of death!"

Still Ziani heard her not. "You are my own Giovanna!" he cried; "and no power on earth shall tear you from me!" He threw the board hastily across, and was already half over, when

old Daponte sprang forwards, brandishing a sword, to oppose his passage.

"I will stand here, between my child and my country!" cried he. "Hazard the contest with me if you will."

Ziani was no longer master of himself: he unsheathed his sword, and, overcome by his passions, rushed upon Daponte. When Giovanna saw her father and lover engaged in this fearful strife, and both bleeding profusely, she quickly fastened the cord of a small anchor that was lying on the deck of the vessel, round her slender waist, and calling out, "Farewell, my Ziani! I die for you and my country! render it happy, and think of me!" she cast herself courageously into the sea, pulling the anchor after her, which drew her down to the bottom of the unfathomable deep.

Struck with horror, the combatants let fall their weapons. Ziani would have plunged into the waves, to attempt her rescue, had not Malapiero powerfully held him back. The sailors also wished to save her, but Daponte opposed them. "Leave my child in peace," he cried; "she has chosen her path."

Ziani lay senseless in the arms of his friend; Giovanna remained firmly anchored at the bottom of the sea, and the two vessels returned slowly back to Venice.

The populace were informed, by Ziani's domestics, of the reason of his hasty departure. They had placed all their hopes on this man, and, more furious than ever against Daponte and his daughter, they ran in crowds to the harbour, and had already seized several vessels, to go in pursuit of Ziani and bring him back, when they saw his galley returning, and hailed its approach with an universal shout of joy.

Ziani awakened as out of a dream, and looked with surprise around him. "Do you hear your people call you?" asked Malapiero. "Do not you hear them requiring peace and happiness of you?"

But Ziani was silent—his eyes fixed on vacancy. Daponte then seized his hand, saying—"Have you forgotten Giovanna's last words? Shall she have sacrificed her life in vain?"

Ziani did not answer. He looked fervently up to heaven, while the big tears rolled down his manly cheeks, and stepped silently into the boat which was to take him ashore.

The people pressed round him when he landed, crying out, "Accept the crown, Ziani!—take the crown—you must be our Doge!" They kissed his dress and hands—threw themselves down before him—mothers, with their children, clasped his knees—the tumult was excessive. No sooner did they perceive old Daponte than several voices cried out, "There is Vitali's murderer! Down with him and his daughter! They will also tear Ziani from us!" A number rushed forward to seize him. Ziani then proudly raised his head, and demanded in silence—

"Whoever dares to lay hand on Daponte," he said, with dignified firmness, "is a dead man! I am now your Doge, and will judge him myself. You have chosen me to be your chief, I acquiesce in your wish, but be on your guard, for I ascend

the throne with a heart dead to the tender feelings of humanity!"

He was now conducted in triumph, amid the shouts and acclamations of the populace, to the palace of the Senate, where he informed the electors that he was ready to accept the crown. Thus did Ziani ascend the throne—but his heart remained desolate!

Daponte gave himself willingly up to justice. Ziani submitted his case to the Senate, and Malapiero defended the old man so successfully, that he was acquitted by this august assembly, in consideration of his daughter's noble sacrifice. Daponte then became Ziani's most faithful attendant.

By the firm and wise measures of the new Doge, the republic was soon restored to peace and tranquility, and again attained its former pitch of glory. The people, who idolized their present sovereign, but ever considered his murdered predecessor as a martyr to intemperate fury, now loudly expressed their wishes that Ziani should unite himself to the beautiful Bianca, Vitali's daughter, and thus endeavour to obliterate from her mind the melancholy fate of her father. His friends also pressed him to marry, hoping that the deep grief which constantly preyed on his mind might be soothed by female tenderness. But Ziani, who lived like a hermit in his own palace, remained inattentive to the wishes of his friends and the people, and gave Bianca's hand to Malapiero, who already possessed her affections.

During this time, the Emperor Frederick had never ceased persecuting Pope Alexander the Third, who, finding himself elsewhere insecure from the implacable hatred of his rival, and trusting on the friendship and patriotism of the republic, at length took refuge in a monastery at Vienna, where his wish appeared to be to live retired. But the republic was proud of having the head of the church under its protection; and the Doge, accompanied by the nobles, brought the Pope, with great pomp, out of his solitude, into a palace prepared for his reception. They offered to mediate between him and the Emperor, and sent a splendid embassy for that purpose to Frederick, who dismissed it, however, with contempt, and insisted on Alexander's being given up to him. But Ziani, who knew the strength of his country, answered firmly in the negative to this insulting proposition, and preparations were accordingly made for recommencing the war.

Pope Alexander felt that his fate was now entirely in the hands of Ziani, and thought it politic to use every means in his power to unite the Doge's interest to his own. He had a niece, the Duchess Valdrada, whose excessive beauty being in as great renown as her immense possessions, the richest and most distinguished nobles of the country became her suitors.

Alexander had reserved to himself the disposal of her hand, and as he had already rejected several powerful aspirants, he now ardently hoped through her means to attach the Doge for ever to his cause. He therefore invited her to Venice,

where, her beauty and charms far exceeding the renown which had preceded her, and being also a pattern of every feminine virtue, each was eager to render her homage. Even Ziani acknowledged that he had never seen a more perfect woman, and paid her the most distinguished marks of respect. As the Pope discovered that Ziani's noble figure had made a deep impression on his niece, he considered his plan of the union to have succeeded, and thought it was now incumbent on him to speak with the Doge on the subject. News arriving at this time that the Emperor Frederick was preparing a powerful fleet to send against Venice, under the command of his own son Otto, the republic, inflamed by the exhortations of the Pope, and the glory of protecting his sacred rights, did not hesitate going out to meet him with only thirty galleys. When Ziani went to take leave of the Pope, and ask his blessing, the latter said, "Go courageously to battle, my son! my blessing is stronger than a thousand swords. I have destined an incomparable jewel for the victor, the hand of the Duchess Valdrada."

Ziani went out with his squadron to meet the enemy, and found Frederick's fleet on the coast of Istria, where a dreadful battle ensued. Ziani fought like a lion, with Malapiero and Daponte by his side. The latter fell. The superiority of the enemy was great, but they could make no stand against the bravery and warlike skill of the Venitians. Many of the ships were overpowered, several were set on fire, and when at last Ziani and Malapiero boarded the Admiral's vessel, and made Prince Otto prisoner with their own hands, the contest was decided, and the remainder of the fleet escaped.

The conquerors returned triumphantly to their harbour, laden with booty. Never had the republic gained a more splendid or important victory. The news of it had reached Venice before them. The Pope was overjoyed, for he plainly saw that, after this mighty blow, which had thrown the Imperial Prince into their hands, the Emperor must now humiliate himself before him; in order, therefore, to celebrate the return of the victor, he manned a number of vessels and sailed from the harbour, accompanied by the Senate and the higher order of the clergy, to meet the Doge.

Whilst the warriors of Ziani's fleet were rejoicing and shouting, he stood thoughtful and melancholy on the deck of his vessel, looking down silently on the sea! Malapiero drew near him, and, seizing his hand, said:—"My Ziani, are you now satisfied with your fate?"

Ziani looked at him mournfully; "I am," he answered—"but do you know what day this is?"

It was the feast of the Assumption, the same day on which, two years before, Giovanna had buried herself in the waves. "See," continued Ziani, "we shall soon reach the sacred spot where the angelic girl sought refuge in the arms of death, from the wild frenzy of my passion; and now, without any bridal wreath, adorned only with the cold laurel, I am passing like a stormy cloud

over the watery couch of my beloved Giovanna, who lies slumbering there, the sleep of eternal rest!"

Malapiero endeavoured to divert his mind, by conversing with him on the important advantages of the victory, and ventured to mention the name of the beautiful Duchess Valdrada. But Ziani shook his head calmly, and said: "I plainly see that you are all calculating falsely! My heart, filled with the eternally beloved and sacred image of my Giovanna, and love for my country, finds no place for any other feeling."

They now perceived, at a distance, the splendidly adorned vessels, which were conducting the Pope and his magnificent suite to meet the conquerors. The mariners mutually saluted each other with shouts of joy, and as the vessels drew up together, the Pope went on board the Doge's galley, where he embraced him before all the people.

"You are the greatest hero of your time," said Alexander, "the pride of your country, and the support of the church. I am come to bring you blessings and thanks!"

Ziani sunk on his knee before him, but the Pope, after placing his hands upon him, raised him up, and continued: "But I bring you, also, my son, the promised reward; receive from my hand Valdrada's betrothing ring; she will salute the victor as his bride!" On saying which, he presented an elegant gold ring to the Doge.

Ziani took it, but his hand trembled, and his eyes, which were raised towards Heaven, filled with tears. "Do you know this spot in the sea?" he asked his friend in a whisper. Malapiero answered by a mournful inclination of the head, for the ships were now stationary, exactly on that part where the waves had closed over the lovely form of Giovanna. Ziani at length recovered himself, and, turning to the Pope, said: "The reward you offer me, holy father, is far greater than I merit; but I am already betrothed!—here lies my bride! permit me, in your presence, to affianc myself once more to her!" And so saying, he dropped the ring into the sea, and looked anxiously after it as it disappeared amid the lightly curling waves, and sunk beneath to his bride, who had found a nuptial couch in the vast depths of the ocean.

But the Pope, who put a different construction on Ziani's words, replied, "Well said, noble Duke! The sea shall henceforth be your bride, you have gained her by force of arms. In remembrance of this great day, I command that you and your successors shall annually, on the feast of the Assumption, wed yourselves in this manner with the sea, as a testimony of your sovereignty over her, which I here concede to you!"

The Venitians shouted with applause at the institution of this feast, which so much flattered their pride: but Ziani, with a look of deep melancholy, pressed the hand of his friend, who had alone understood him.

After they had entered Venice in triumph, Ziani sent his prisoner, Prince Otto, as a messenger of peace to his afflicted father, and Venice

had soon the proud pleasure of seeing the Emperor and the Pope brought to a reconciliation within its walls, by the mediation of their great Doge.

Ziani remained unmarried, and celebrated several times the feast instituted by himself and the Pope, on the day of the Assumption; but ever with the sentiment of a sacred, unalterable love for Giovanna, and he cast down the betrothing ring as a testimony that he remained true to her till death.

Ninety-one Doges have ascended the ducal throne since Ziani. During the space of six hundred years they have celebrated the feast of the Marriage with the Sea. But none were acquainted with the deep and tender sentiment which urged the founder to cast the first ring into the waves, and while they all, in their own vain opinions, conceived they were wedding themselves to the sea, as a proof of their power over it, its immense waves were only the silken curtains to Giovanna's bridal bed, whereon she slept, embosomed in the watery chambers of the fearful deep, and received the betrothing rings, only as a testimony of the tender and inviolable fidelity of her Ziani.

SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

PRAYER is not a smooth expression, or a well contrived form of words, not the product of a ready memory, or a rich invention exerting itself in the performance. These may draw the best picture of it, but still the life is wanting. The motion of the heart Godwards, holy and divine affection makes prayer real and lively, and acceptable to the living God, to whom it is presented; the pouring out of the heart to him who made it, and understands what it speaks, and how it is affected on calling on him. It is not the gilded paper and good writing of a petition, that prevails with a king, but the moving sense of it. And to the king who discerns the heart, heart-sense is the sense of all, and that which only he regards. He hastens to hear what that speaks, and takes all as nothing where that is silent. All other excellence in prayer is but the outside and fashion of it; this is the life of it.—*Leighton.*

WERE it not something profane to accuse so glorious a benefactor as Shakspeare of any offence, it might, perhaps, be justly observed, that while his works abound with pithy sarcasms on the foibles of the common people, they have never brought into a strong light their nobler qualities; even the virtues accorded them are the mere virtues of servants, and rarely aspire beyond fidelity to a master in misfortune. But not now, thank heaven, is it the mode, the cant, to affect a disdain of the vast majority of our fellow-creatures—an unthinking scorn for their opinions or pursuits; the philosophy of past times confused itself with indifference; the philosophy of the present rather seeks to be associated with philanthropy.

TO AGATHA.

BY A. C. AINSWORTH.

THEY say I must not love thee, Agatha;
Nor press thy trembling hand, nor taste the lip,
Which meeteth mine with a most passionate
Tenderness.

Yet wherefore should I not?
Thy fingers, when I press them, seem like stalks
From the young breathing flowers, and almost melt
With passion; they have magic—when thy hand
Glides up among the curls of my damp hair,
To press my burning forehead, and to quell
The unquiet throbbings of my troubled brain,
They touch the nerve that leads unto my heart;
And even as the delicate rod conducts
To earth the forked lightning, so there flies,
Quicker than thought, adown that tremulous string,
A fetterless delirium.

The leaf
Of the red rose in summer, hath no tint
Like that which dwells upon thy pleasant lip;
And the rich pulp of the blue bursting plum,
No sweeter is, nor softer.

Summer streams,
Careering on with a most cunning melody
Through leaves and blossoms, give to me no tone
Like the rich 'wildering music of thy voice;
I lean on thee and listen, all my soul
Is fraught with dreariness—mine eyes grow dim;
And then I sink to slumber, filled and faint,
With a most holy luxury.

I awake,
And find thee clasping me—my hand in thine—
Thy tenderest look is on me, such a look
Might tempt the highest angel to his fall.

Is it so strange, my Agatha, that when
A blight is coming on my early years,
And men bow coldly to me—and heed not
My bosom's lonely yearnings—I should turn
To rest my weary head near thee—and seek
A consolation from thy cherished love?

I have no want with thee; do I wish flowers?
Thou hast a chaplet woven seriously,
By thine own fingers, from the trailing vines,
And the unconscious blossoms, for my brow:
Do I ask music? The rich instrument
At thy command, as at a spirit's touch,
With a sweet pretude trembles—then it fades
Into the melody of voice—thy song
Comes forth in wildness—with each note as clear,
As if it bubbled from the deep cool wave
Of the heart's crystal fountain—then I breathe
But music—all the world seems harmony,
And thou, my Agatha, a living tone!

With me thou sittest to oswatch the stars;
And hear the moan of the uncertain wind;
They hold a deep communion with our spirits—
They touch the links of that mysterious chain,
We feel, yet cannot see—

Still no dark thoughts
Disturb us, as we trace the fading lights
In the blue heavens, whose beauty God hath made
A language unto man—

Oh, Agatha—
Regard our worship holy, and our love
As that on which pure spirits gladly look;
And let us never part—nor ever need
Words that forbid our meeting—nor lay down
Our broken hearts a sacrifice—but live,
And love, as we do now, and bid the world
Defiance.

Original.

LINES

Written on a Visit to the Fair Mount Water-works,
Philadelphia.

I.

WHAT beauty and brightness
Inhabit that wave,
Where those swan-birds their plumage
Of purity lave:
Rowing on, rowing on,
With a grace and a glow,
Not brighter above
Than their shadows below.

II.

There, the waters leap up
To the high-visor'd hill,
Their green margin'd fountains,
With freshness to fill:
While away—far away—
Piercing up through the skies,
The eve-gilded spires
Of the city arise.

III.

Those hills in their romance
Of scenery seem,
By the summer's bright wand,
Like a fairy-land dream.
And each maiden with eyes
Full of lustre and love,
Like some Peri just come
From the star-fields above.

IV.

Oh, where are there maidens
So sylph-like and fair,
With brows pure as snow
Touch'd by Ararat's air;
As they who the Schuykill
At evening seek,
And rival the rose
With the love-lighted cheek?

V.

So bright each enchantment,
I fancy me where,
Philosophy dwelt
With Athena's fair;
That I see all the bowers
Epicurus once wove,
Round the temples of pleasure,
And music, and love.

VI.

Yes, you is our Athens,
And here are the groves,
Where Beauty, delighting
Philosophy, roves.
Where nature still reigneth
As nature began,
For the pride of the stars
And the pleasure of man.

VII.

Flow on thou bright wave
To thy bridegroom, the sea,
Singing on, singing on,
Like a bird on the tree.
And oh, may our course
To its final decline,
Be all brightness and calmness,
And pureness, like thine!

ALPHA.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH;

A BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR.

The Poetry by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.—Music by Henry K. Bishop.

In moderate time, alternately with playfulness and romantic expression.

PIANO FORTE.

Dolce e semplice

The first system of music features a vocal line in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'In moderate time, alternately with playfulness and romantic expression.' and 'Dolce e semplice'. The piano part consists of chords and simple melodic lines.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall, The holly branch shone on the old oak wall; And the

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The mistletoe hung in the castle hall, The holly branch shone on the old oak wall; And the".

baron's retainers were blithe and gay, And keeping their Christmas ho - ll - day; The

The third system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "baron's retainers were blithe and gay, And keeping their Christmas ho - ll - day; The".

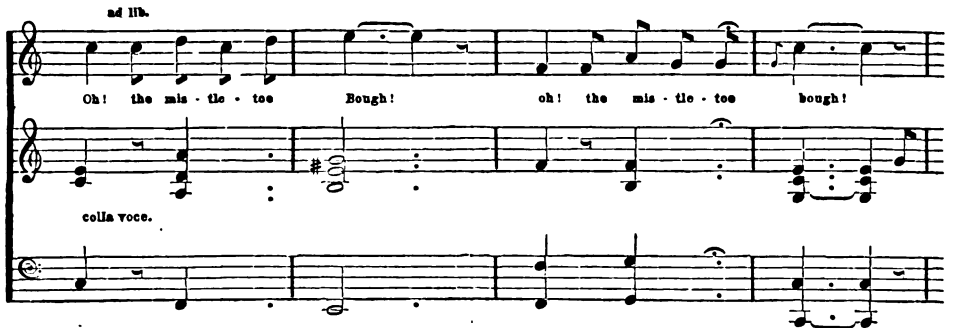
baron beheld with a father's pride, His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride; While

The fourth system of music concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "baron beheld with a father's pride, His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride; While".



she with her bright eyes seem'd to be, The star of the goodly company.

ad lib.



Oh! the mis - tle - toe Bough! oh! the mis - tle - toe bough!

colla voce.



fp *fp* *Dim.*

II.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
 "Here tarry a moment—I'll hide—I'll hide!
 And Lovell be sure thou'rt the first to trace,
 The clue to my secret lurking place."
 Away she ran—and her friends began
 Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
 And young Lovell cried, "Oh where dost thou hide?
 I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
 Oh the Mistletoe Bough!

III.

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
 And they sought her in vain, when a week pass'd away!
 In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot,
 Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
 And years flew by, and their grief at last,
 Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
 And when Lovell appear'd, the children cried,
 "See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
 Oh the Mistletoe Bough!

IV.

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid,
 Was found in the Castle—they raised the lid—
 And a skeleton form lay mould'ring there,
 In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!
 Oh! sad was her fate! In sportive jest
 She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
 It clos'd with a spring—and her bridal bloom
 Lay withering there in a living tomb!
 Oh the Mistletoe bough!

SUPERSTITIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

NO. 5.

In my last number I attempted to describe the feelings of a being who had imbibed the idea of an endurance of life, beyond all other earthly things. This superstition, it is well known, has existed ever since the time of our Saviour's crucifixion—and arose from a circumstance too well known to require of me a repetition.

Among all ranks and conditions of men—the most learned as well as the ignorant—there has prevailed an opinion, that by some means a few were premonished of approaching death. I acknowledge that, in proportion to the knowledge of the persons who professed this opinion, was the importance of the agent of their premonition; and this circumstance has often been used as an argument against the existence of the fact, and, perhaps, with truth. Yet I do remember those whose ideas were in general respected, and who appeared to draw their argument from some certain data, and yet they admitted that we might not only be, but that many within their knowledge actually were, forewarned of their death.

“May not,” would they say, “the soul which is an emanation from God, sometimes be permitted to catch a glimpse in prospective? or will not the Being who regards the good of the creatures he has formed, sometimes suffer that the good angel that is about them should announce impending danger?—And, as to the particular medium of information, the most effectual would certainly be that which is in accordance with their belief: so that, admitting the fact, the probability is, that different classes would be differently informed, according to the impressions of their infancy or their acquired belief.” But, argument aside, I state it as a fact, that this belief has extensively existed in the Old Colony, and, perhaps, at this time influences a few of its inhabitants.

Some years ago—subsequent, however, to the period in which I placed the existence of the person in my last number—I was informed that a young woman in the neighbourhood was labouring under a delusion which would probably prove fatal to her. On enquiring, I learned that she had been led by a dream, once or twice repeated, to believe that her end was near, and, although then in perfect health, the impression of the dreams was so strong that her mind was ardently affected: instead of directing her attention from the subject, she was continually employed in some means of eliciting a contradiction or confirmation of the fears which her dreams excited.

She had repeatedly turned to the bible, and opened its sacred page to find some satisfaction, and had as often found “thou shalt die and not live,” written as with a pen of fire; to whatever source of information she turned, the same intimation of the dark, irrevocable decree, seemed to be made. It is not my object to state the gra-

dation of her misery and its consequences—few who read this article can have any sympathy with an humble being at that distance. I shall barely sketch the operations of her mind, as they appeared in her conversations, or rather soliloquies.

It may be natural to suppose that such a person could have but little intercourse with the beings around her—she was usually in solitude; frequently wandering in the fields at a distance from the house, and would often be absent during the whole day.

It was in one of these wanderings that I met her, for the first time, after the commencement of her mental malady: she had strayed more than a mile from her home, and had seated herself upon a rock, on the edge of the bay, in the most solitary part of that portion of Kingston called, with great propriety, Rocky Nook.

On discovering the unhappy female, I approached as if I had not heard of the change; when the ceremonies of acquaintance were over, she knew me, but appeared to feel that our existence had nothing in common at present.

With a feeling that had more curiosity than sympathy in it, I endeavoured to lead the conversation to her situation, anxious to show my skill at argument—anxious, like thousands of phlegmatic scholars, to argue a being out of a belief in the existence of that which they *feel* they possess.

To discourse of that which was all her thoughts, was no difficult task for the unfortunate Mercy.

“You will not,” I said, “assuredly, attach importance to dreams, which you must feel, from every night's production, are undefinable and contradictory; and the accidental discovery of a verse in scripture, can be no intimation of a fate, because the passage was there before you opened the book—if these are conclusive, I should have been a good and a rich man long since.” But the restlessness of her eye convinced me that I was arguing in vain.

Mercy waited some time, after I had ceased to speak, before she attempted to answer.

“I will answer a fool,” said she, gazing across the bay, “according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.’ I trust not to dreams, nor visions, nor texts; they may intimate, but I am *sure*—and yet why deride any source of knowledge;—that your dreams contradict, is a proof that they do not foretell—but when they come strong and clear, when day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth forth knowledge of the events, shall we despise the facts for the medium through which they were conveyed? No—when the intimation points to a proof, the most incredulous will believe,

"But I, what shall I believe. I feel, and you can see it—I feel that my frame wastes with a more than natural decay. Were my sinews strong as the rocks that are heaped upon these unproductive fields, they would yield to my stronger conviction. I have tried, tried to convince myself it was not so." She arose, and as she stood between me and the thin mist upon the water, her emaciated form scarcely obstructed my sight. She proceeded without apparently noticing my presence: "I have said, I have youth and health; I will enjoy life, and its pleasures shall prolong its term; I will go forth as at other times, and walk in the light of my eyes, and the understanding of my heart; but my fate was on my brow, and mankind paused to read it; I planted the violet and it bloomed, but the saltness of my tears dried up its roots, and it withered as I was gazing upon it. I have asked at every fountain of knowledge, I have looked up to the heavens, I have gazed upon the expanse of waters, I have searched in the sacred scriptures, and it is written in all, in letters to scar the eye and dry up the heart, 'there is but a step between thee and death.' And shall I combat it, shall I oppose an obstinate incredulity to the decrees of heaven, which are written on every cloud that passes? No, I cannot, the mind may oppose, but the body is going down to its habitation;—I have a fondness for life," she continued, "a fondness which, if any earthly love may be admitted, might plead some excuse for its existence. But all hope is blasted, those treasured dreams of pleasure are all dissolved, the dread reality of death forbid their enjoyment.

"The dim smoke that rests upon the blue heights of Monument——"

I would that my readers could catch a glimpse of the being as she stood before me at that moment: we were on a projecting point of the fishing rocks that overhang the north-western part of Plymouth Bay; a flood tide had covered the flats and half islands, whose nudity occasionally disfigures that beautiful basin of water—the bright expanse of waters was rippled as the stronger current of the channel was opposed by a western breeze; large strips of the bay, where the sea grass floated and defended it from the wind, was smooth as the brow of infancy when shielded by the hand of maternal love. Mercy had advanced to the very edge of the rock which topped over the channel, her thin arm was extended and her long hair was swept out by the wind. The luridness, not of anger nor grief, but of deep impassioned feeling was in her eyes, as they alternately rested upon me and the object of their contemplation.

"The dim smoke that rests upon the blue heights of Monument," said she, "is not more evanescent than our life—when the summer heats have passed, the storms of winter shall blanch its top, but, ere then, we may—I must, I must be chilled by other colds than winter's:—moistened not by the blessed dews that I have drank from the dripping herbage. No, the chilliness of the grave shall lie round me, the dark moisture of

the sepulchre shall be on me; my eyes, that have gazed with such joy upon these scenes, that even now look with a mournful pleasure, as they are fading from me, they shall be closed in the darkness of death, nor ever open again in this earthly life."

It was some months before I visited again the neighbourhood of this unfortunate person, but I learned that the melancholy had increased with the diminution of her strength, and that it would be impossible for her to outlive the week.

The next evening I received a message from her, inviting me to the house. With sympathy for her sufferings, and, my heart this moment tells me, with too much curiosity to know how she would appear in her near view of death, I hastened immediately across the fields, and was there before the messenger returned. On entering the house, I learned that a change in her appearance had induced her parents to believe that her end was very near. Could I at this moment express the feelings which I experienced on entering the chamber, it would, perhaps, excite no emotion, if, indeed, they varied materially from those which are common to all who enter the chamber of the dying. The half receding step, the suppressed breath, the fixedness with which we gaze upon the object of solicitude, all these are natural to all who feel; and all who enter such a scene will feel.

"I have sent for you," said Mercy, as she attempted to lay her bony hand on mine—"I have desired to show you that I am changed, not less in mind than in body. Oh, how I clung to life, how I doated on earth and all that it has—the very certainty of my death made me wish to enjoy it more. I have envied the cattle upon the hills, for they had freedom and life—nay, I would have changed with the very flower that my hand had planted; this you know, and I have wished that you should see that my desires are changed. That affection, my friend," continued she, "which was placed on earth, has now a higher object, and I may say that I would not live always. But yet one feeling is earthly that is not yet conquered." Her eye turned slowly toward one who was reclining from the window. "He suffers—but I warned him months since; I urged him by the faithfulness of his love to leave me—but with the devotedness of despair, he has clung to me, although he felt that I was fast passing from his grasp. He has supported me when exercise was beyond my strength, he has watched me with a devotedness that bespeaks a more than human passion; his affection has appeared more than earthly, 'it is passing the love of woman.' Could I forget that, did that not hold me, I should go in peace, 'tis the last tie that binds me to earth, and I feel now that it must be rent asunder. William," said she, the young man turned from the window, and was at once by her side.

She made an effort to extend her hand, he seized it in both of his, and kneeled by the side of the bed.

"William, I feel that we must part." "But not now," said the agonized youth, "not now,

Mercy—you will, I hope, be spared to us long." "Even now," continued she, "I am entering the dark valley of the shadow of death. You have watched, oh, be at peace with him that smiteth, and kiss the rod."

The young man was attempting to speak, when she said: "Do not reply—if earthly love is sinful, we have sinned much, William; but heaven can witness in your behalf, that what there is of purity in human love you have shown me. But, oh, let my father be called."

In a few minutes he entered. "Father, dear father," said the dying daughter, "I must leave you now—oh, let me hear your last, last blessing—pray for me; 'tis the last prayer you can utter in my behalf."

"Let us pray," said the father, and he kneeled beside his placid child.

Years have passed since that solemn hour—pains and sickness, misfortunes, and every calamity but vice, has fallen to my lot, but none of these, nor the more Lethæan draught of prosperity, have been able to eradicate one incident of this night from my mind. In solemn contemplation 'tis with me; in dreams and visions of the night I have seen it, with all the imposing distinctness of that impressive hour; its recollection, while it shows how calm and placid may be the dying saint, convinces that *that* serenity and peace must be derived from conscious purity.

The good man's words were just audible at the extremity of the room, and when he had finished one of those solemn appeals to God, in which the pious resignation of the Christian was conspicuous over the subdued expectations and hopes of a doating father; when he had poured out before that Being the ardent desire of his soul, when he had prayed—and not mingled one *earthly* wish in his petition—no, not even to ask for life—"Strengthen her *hopes*," said the afflicted solicitor, "increase her confidence—let these, her last hours, be hours of peace, and may our lamentations be hushed, in *knowing* that she is with *thee*."

When his petition was closed, a new serenity appeared upon the countenance of the dying Mercy, and, for a moment I believed she might yet be spared. Subsequent painful experience has taught me to draw no favourable omen from that new, that almost heavenly brilliancy, which sometimes marks the eyes of the dying.

"Have you any request," said the yet kneeling father.

"Could I but hear your and William's voice," said she "joining in my favourite tune."

To some, it may be supposed that this was an hour in which the afflicted father could scarcely join in music; such, however, would do well to remember, that singing makes with the christian, in that land, a part of *real* devotion. With tuneful, but trembling voices, William and the submissive father commenced the tune which Mercy had almost sanctified to them, by her recent frequent repetitions of it. It was slow and mournful, and derived much of its applicability from the words to which it was set:

Firm was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night,
Fondly I said within my heart,
Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart,
But I forgot thine arm was strong,
That made my mountain stand so long——

The voice of William ceased almost with the first line. The father, however, continued, and even Mercy joined in the exercise, when her voice suddenly ceasing, her father stopped—the pure soul of his sainted child had fled from earthly love and earthly friendship, to the bosom of a heavenly and eternal rest.

Death, however visible its approach, surprises the living, and the father, as he felt that the dearest object of his earthly love had faded from him, joined the less submissive William in well deserved tears.

I turned from this scene to the window; the silence of the night was fitted for the feelings which such an hour must create; the rich light of a harvest moon was resting upon the hills, that rose beyond the neighbouring river, whose gushing current was all that disturbed the hallowed quiet of that eventful hour; a dim wreath of mist, which rose thin and lightly from the stream, for a moment assumed a form that almost cheated my senses—but it faded, and I was aroused to the painful realities of the night by the hysteric sobs of the bereaved William.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

LET this idea dwell upon our minds, that our duties to God, and our duties to man, are not distinct and independent duties, but are involved in each other; that devotion and virtue are not different things, but the same thing, either in different points of progress or circumstances of situations. What we call devotion, for the sake of distinction, during its initiatory and instrumental exercises, is devotion in its infancy; the virtue which, after a time, it produces, is devotion in its maturity; the contemplation of Deity is devotion at rest; the execution of his commands is devotion in action. Praise is religion in the temple, or in the closet; industry, from a sense of duty, is religion in the shop or field; commercial integrity is religion in the mart; the communication of consolation is religion in the chamber of sickness; paternal instruction is religion on the bench; patriotism is religion in the public.—*From a Sermon of Rev. J. Francis.*

It is a great mistake to imagine that the pursuit of learning is injurious to health. We see that studious men live as long as persons of any other profession. History will confirm the truth of this observation. In fact, the regular, calm and uniform life of a student conduces to health, and removes many inconveniences and dangers, which might otherwise assault it, provided that the superfluous heat of the constitution be assuaged by moderate exercise, and the habit of the body be not overcharged with a quantity of aliment incompatible with a sedantary life.

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