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LADIES' AMERICAN MAGAZINE,)

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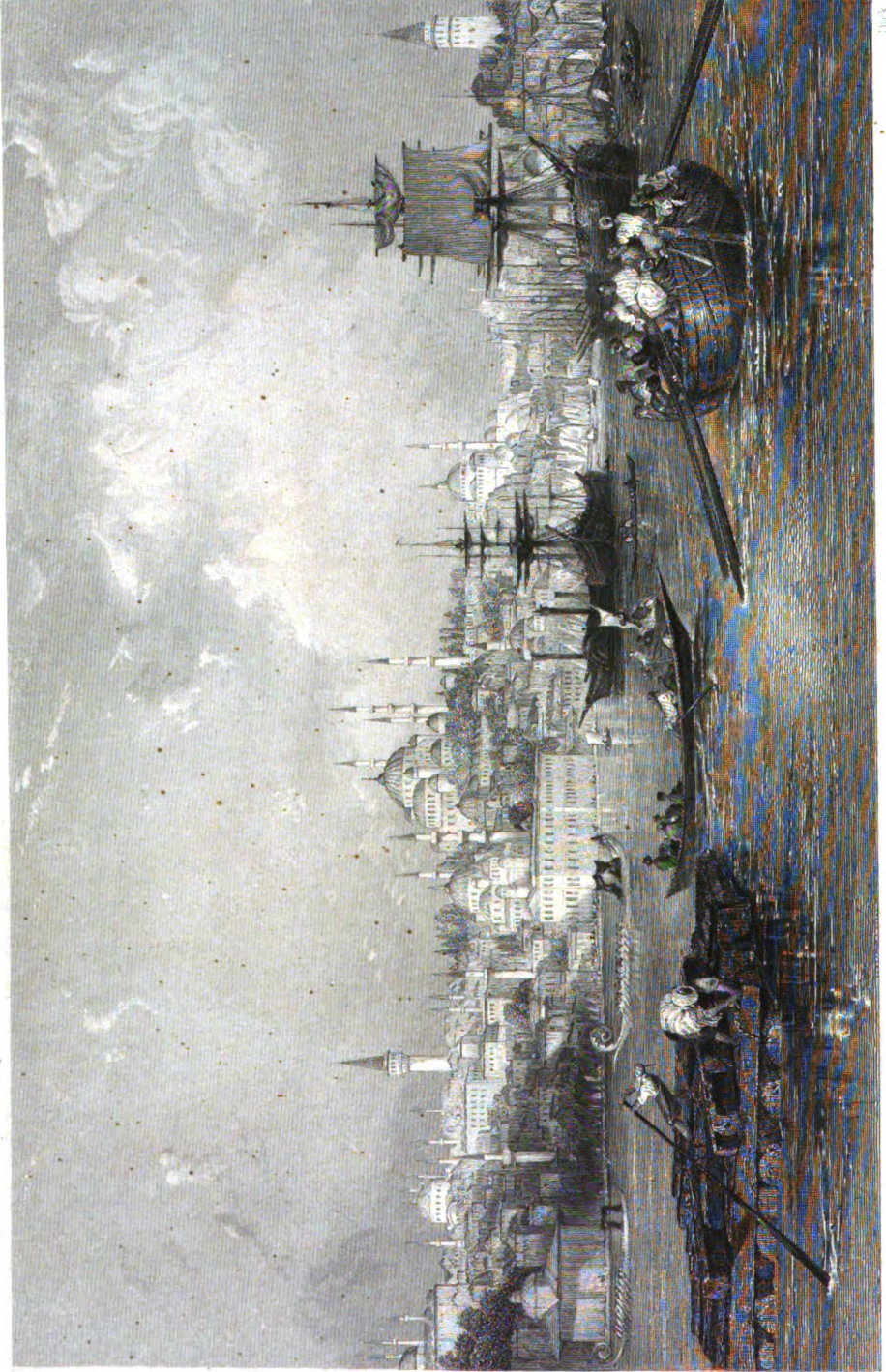
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L A D Y ' S B O O K .

JULY, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS AT HOME.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"I HAVE a sketch of the olden times, which I think will interest you, my dear madam," said the schoolmaster to Mrs. Marvin, after the usual evening greetings had passed around. "You may, possibly, have heard the story before, but I think it will be new to Ellen and Mr. Howard."

"Pray call me Charles," interrupted the young man. "It seems so formal and distant to be addressed as Mister Howard, that I shall think you consider me an intruder on these home amusements, if you are so particular."

"You might with more reason infer that I feel the privilege of being at home here with your good aunt and fair cousin, is too great for me to enjoy with perfect ease," said the schoolmaster. "To be sure, I consider Ellen as my own little niece," he was about to say *daughter*, till recollecting that Mrs. Marvin was a widow and himself a bachelor, he wisely altered it, "but it does not follow that her cousin is to be included in our relationship, unless he wishes it. Now, there is my hand, cousin Charles, and my warm thanks, too, for this proof of your esteem."

"I am glad to see this," said Ellen, her bright eyes sparkling with pleasure. "I do hate these formal ceremonies among friends."

"So do I," said Mrs. Marvin, "when we are sure of our friends; still I think there is more danger of giving offence in being too free, than too ceremonious."

"Very true," observed the schoolmaster. "Forms of polite respect are always necessary; even in the nearest family relation, that of husband and wife, this attention should never be dispensed with. I believe domestic happiness is much oftener interrupted, if not even destroyed between a married couple by the neglect of good breeding than by the actual vices of either party."

"But you do not think that calling each other by

their christian names, is too familiar?" said Ellen earnestly.

"Oh, no, no—I think it one of the pleasantest modes of expressing that perfect confidence which always accompanies true and *mutual* affection," he laid a strong emphasis on mutual, "and which to a third person, should rather be felt to exist, than seen displayed. What I object to is rudeness, rather than familiarity; when a husband, for instance, calls his wife "old woman," or a wife pays less attention to her husband's requests than she would to those of a stranger—why I wish they would study the rules of good manners, if they will not cultivate good principles. Nothing," continued the schoolmaster, warmly, "is more utterly disagreeable to me than these ill-manners in private life; no, not even the east winds in dyspepsia, or the tooth ache at thanksgiving."

"Both dreadful inflictions," said Charles Howard.

"From which may we all be preserved," said Ellen, moving the lamp nearer the schoolmaster, as a hint that she would prefer to hear what the manuscript he held so carelessly contained, rather than to have the conversation prolonged.

As the schoolmaster slowly unfolded his papers, the title caught Ellen's eye; "The Witch!" she exclaimed, "pray, my dear sir, are you going to give us a tale on witchcraft? That will be delightful."

"I hope it will please you," said the schoolmaster, "but it is a sketch, an incident in the life of a humble woman, rather than a tale of romance. I cannot succeed in fiction. I must have a real basis for my superstructure."

"You cannot build castles in the air, then," said Charles.

"Never could finish one in my life," returned the schoolmaster. "It always would be down around my ears before I had made it fit for my residence. So I have been looking up old traditions, as Ellen insisted on something strange."

"And good too, it will be, I am sure," said Mrs. Marvin; "if you have prepared it, the moral will be excellent."

After this compliment, the schoolmaster could do no less than begin, which he did as follows:

THE WITCH OF DANVERS.

"Mabel Burroughs was an inhabitant of Danvers, Massachusetts. It is not certain that she was a native of that town, neither is the year of her birth accurately known; but in 1719 she bore such evident marks of age, that she became distinguished by the appellation of 'old maid.'

Such antiquated ladies were much more rare in the then British colonies of America than they are now in our "United States," a confirmation, if any were needed, of the estimation in which liberty is held as well by the women as the men of our Independent Republic. Surely no gentleman will be so uncivil as to suggest that it is from necessity alone that a lady retains her freedom, after she is five and twenty. Certainly that could not, with truth, have been said of Mabel Burroughs. She had been a famous beauty; had had a number of admirers, and was at one time, engaged to be married.

"But Mabel's lover, as lovers have often done since the example of Phaon, proved a recreant. The disappointed fair one did not possess the genius or indulge the despair of the Lesbian maid—Mabel neither rhymed nor raved, nor made any attempt to drown herself. She acted a much more common, and, in truth, more feminine part. She secluded herself from society; became sad and taciturn; grew thin and pale; and finally, as her beauty waned, she resigned herself, uncomplainingly, to neglect and celibacy. No one could conduct more inoffensively, and but for one circumstance, her life would have passed without notice, and this biographical sketch never have appeared.

"It is astonishing what trifling incidents often confer notoriety, and sometimes what is called immortality, on an individual. A well spent, peaceful life has no claims to such a distinction. Something singular must be said, or suffered, or designed, or done. It matters little, whether this *something* be for good or for evil. He who burns a temple is as long and well remembered as he who builds one. What then is the worth of fame? Nothing, when considered merely as the distinction of having one's name widely known and often repeated. Fame is only valuable and to be coveted, when it brings to the mind of the possessor, while living, the consciousness of good motives and actions; and when he is dead, exhibits a pattern worthy to be imitated."

Here the schoolmaster looked around on his hearers with an expression that said, "am I not right?" Every face responded in the affirmative—he proceeded.

"I said that Mabel Burroughs grew old, and she faded as every fair girl will fade. Beauty is only a rose, a rainbow, a meteor—gone while we are gazing and praising. The once fair young Mabel became sallow, wrinkled, grey, and stooping—she was called ugly—'dreadful ugly!' by young maidens who did not possess half the loveliness she exhibited at eighteen. But add two score to eighteen, and what female can command attention by her personal beauty?

"Woman must possess some more lasting charm than is imparted by a set of features or complexion,

or her reign will be brief as April sunshine, or May flowers.

"But there is another evil under the sun, to which women are subjected. It is to have cultivated minds, and yet be confined to a society that does not understand, and cannot appreciate their merits, talents and intelligence. This not unfrequently happens. And women have so little power of changing their residence, varying their pursuits, or extending their acquaintance, that she who has taste and talents ought to consider herself peculiarly fortunate if she is placed where her gifts do not subject her to envy and ill treatment. Should she be so blessed as to enjoy a refined and congenial domestic circle, let her never breathe a wish for a wider theatre of display.

"Had poor Mabel Burroughs possessed the wit and genius of Madame de Stael, or the talents and literature of Miss Edgeworth, it would have added nothing to her popularity in the place where she resided. There, nothing was at that time, (I hope the people have improved) appreciated but good housewifery, a good visit, and a good talker; and unluckily Mabel did not like to talk, nor to visit, and as she lived alone and never received any company, no one knew much about her domestic management. But the less they knew the more they guessed; till finally as she grew older and more reserved, they first called her odd—then cross—then strange—and then a witch!

"It is now matter of grave astonishment that any rational and Christian being should ever have believed that people would sell themselves to the grand enemy of souls, merely on the condition of having power to wrong their neighbours, and ride through the air on a broomstick! Yet such was the firm faith of our ancestors, pious as they unquestionably were, and it seemed that, in those days, learning only made them more credulous. Cotton Mather is a melancholy proof that neither erudition, nor piety, can free the human mind from prejudice and superstition.

"In truth, nothing has so much contributed to enlighten the world as the strivings of men for personal and political liberty, which have been made during the last fifty years, and the study of experimental philosophy.

"With experimental or inductive philosophy, however, the neighbours of *old* Mabel, as she was usually called, had nothing to do. Circumstances were all they required, after assuming that she was a witch, to prove their hypothesis.—In the first place, she lived in a poor, old, lonely house and alone; then she kept a large black cat, which she had been frequently seen to caress; and, lastly, she had been several times heard, by those who ventured to approach her dwelling early in the morning, or near the close of the day, talking, as they drew near her door, and yet when they entered, strange, to say, no one but herself was visible. These were dark and mysterious proceedings, and the more they were canvassed, the more dark and mysterious they became.

"Not an individual thought of vindicating poor Mabel by suggesting, that her old, lonely dwelling was the very house in which her parents had resided; where she was born, and which, at their decease she inherited—that she was, of necessity, compelled to live alone, having no relation or friend on earth to reside with her—that the heart must have something to love, and she had no living object but her cat, on which to lavish her affections—and, lastly, that she

must talk to herself, or run the risk of losing the use of her tongue, altogether, as nobody around her was willing to hold much converse with the suspected witch.

"Probably these reasons never occurred to the good people of Danvers; if they did they were never mentioned. All seemed united in the opinion, that there were such strong circumstances against old Mabel Burroughs as warranted the accusation of unhallowed acts, constituting witchcraft (a very indefinite crime after all) against her.

"It was fortunate for her, that the darkest period of delusion had passed. The bitter regret for the scenes which had been enacted under the influence of the Salem mania, checked the effervescence of zeal to accuse and punish, and the people practised the more humane method of accusing in order to reclaim.

"The case of Mabel made a great bustle. Her supposed compact with the prince of darkness was regretted or condemned, sighed over or inveighed against, till it was finally the opinion of all, that something must be done. Either she must confess and abandon her wicked ways, or be dealt with and dismissed from the church, of which she was then a member.

"Accordingly the clergyman, the two deacons, and two of the most pious and influential members of the church, were chosen to visit Mabel, at her dwelling, and then and there propound certain questions; and from her answers, it was concluded, the full proof of her guilt, which no one doubted, would be obtained.

"It was near the close of a gloomy November day, that the formidable deputation took their way towards the dwelling of the supposed witch.—She was totally ignorant of the honour intended her, as it had been judged expedient to take her by surprise, as the most likely method of eliciting truth from one whose study was to deceive.

"Mabel's house did, indeed, stand in a wild lonely place, and to reach it you had to pass half a mile, or more, through a thick wood. The gentlemen had been delayed longer than they intended, settling preliminaries, and night was gathering as they entered the shaded path. The tall trees increased the gloom, and the wind, which had all day been very high, seemed to gather furious strength, as it swept through the decaying forest, and scattered its leaves by thousands. It is not strange that those men should imagine the wind uncommonly furious, and that darkness came on with awful rapidity. They did think so; and when, emerging from the wood, they came suddenly upon the house they sought, not one of the five but wished himself a good five miles off. But honour and conscience alike forbade their retreat. The abode of witchcraft was before them. A whole community were eagerly awaiting their report.

"On, therefore, the deputation proceeded; the clergyman, as in duty bound, some steps in advance. As he softly and silently drew near the door, he heard a sound within. He paused—then motioned the party to advance; they cautiously crept forward, and all distinctly heard the same noise. It was not like mortal conversation; it was a low, but continued and monotonous sound, such as no one of the party ever recollected to have heard before. They all trembled. At length, as it did not cease, and as there was no window on the side they stood, through

which to reconnoitre, they were obliged to enter, in order to discover the cause of their alarm.

"It was a trying moment. The clergyman laid his hand on the latch of the door, the boldest deacon stood near to support him. The door was thrown open, with the crash and velocity of a thunder-bolt, and the whole party stood before the astonished eyes of Mabel Burroughs!

"She showed no terror, however, at this sudden apparition. Surprised she was; but not a cry of alarm or dismay escaped her. She only drew nearer to her heart that blessed Book from which she had been that moment reading, that consoling promise of the Saviour—

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

"The clergyman was a pious, and naturally, a very sensible man. He did not wish to increase his influence over his people by encouraging their superstitious fears. The transactions of former years rushed at once on his mind; he recollected the disgraceful scenes in which the Rev. Mathew Paris was such a distinguished actor, and his cheeks glowed with shame at the thought that he, too, was an abettor of persecution against the innocent. A sudden light seemed imparted to his mind, and he saw at once how a few unimportant circumstances, in the way of living adopted by this poor old woman, had been worked up, by the credulous and wonder-loving into proofs of witchcraft against her. But being convinced himself of her innocence, he so well exerted his clear and strong mind, that before he left her house the whole party acknowledged they believed her not only guiltless of witchcraft, but they saw no reason to doubt that she was a very good Christian.

"It was some time, however, before the prejudice against her subsided; a prejudice that but for the spirited exertions of one rational as well as religious man, would have subjected her to ignominy, if not consigned her to penal inflictions.

"Such is the injurious effect which an ignorant credulity, when fostered by the love of scandal can produce on social happiness."

"And the moral is, that women must not talk scandal, and men must not believe them, if they do," said Ellen, laughing.

"Something to that purpose, I confess," said the schoolmaster.

"An excellent moral, too," said Mrs. Marvin, "though I never can believe that my own sex are more guilty of slanders and scandal than the men."

"Nor do I believe it, nor does any man of sense and observation," said the schoolmaster. "The political slanders in which men only engage, are a hundred fold more gross and wicked and selfish than any which women ever are guilty of. Still it is not a matter of comparative merit, or demerit rather, between the sexes, that we wish now to settle. I would have woman not only perfect herself, but her example ought to be so perfect as to constrain man to follow it. I hold the poet's opinion of the ladies—

"Heaven formed ye like angels, and sent ye below,
To prophesy peace, to bid charity flow."

And above all, never should any circumstance be permitted to

"Blot from your bosoms that tenderness true,
Which from female to female for ever is due."

Written for the Lady's Book.

THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A BELLE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

THERE was a rushing to and fro in the chamber of Ellen Loring, a tread of hurrying feet, a mingled hum of voices, an opening and shutting of doors, as if some event of overwhelming importance agitated the feelings, and moved the frames of every individual in the house. A stranger, in the apartment below, might have imagined an individual was dying, and that all were gathering round, to offer the appliances of love and sympathy. But Ellen Loring, the object of all this commotion, was in all the bloom and beauty of health. She sat in a low chair in front of a large mirror, half-arrayed in the habiliments of the ball-room, her head glowing with flowers, and streaming with ringlets, her feet encased in silk cobweb and white satin, her face flushed with excitement, her waist compressed into the smallest possible compass, while the strongest fingers the household could supply, were drawing together the last reluctant hook and eye, which fastened the rich and airy mixture of satin blonde, that fell in redundant folds round her slender person. "I am afraid Ellen, your dress is *rather* too tight," said Mrs. Loring, who was superintending the process with a keen and experienced eye, "you had better not wear it, it may give you a consumption." "Ridiculous!" exclaimed Ellen, "it feels perfectly loose and comfortable, I am sure it fits delightfully. Look, Agnes," addressing a weary looking girl who had been standing more than half an hour over her arranging her hair, in the most fashionable style. "Look Agnes, is it not beautiful?"

"Very beautiful," answered Agnes, "but I think it would look much better if it were not so very low and the night is so cold, I am sure you will suffer without something thrown over your shoulders.—These pearl beads are very ornamental, but they will not give warmth," lifting them up as she spoke, from a neck, that "rivalled their whiteness." Ellen burst into a scornful laugh, and declared she would rather catch her death-cold, than look so old-fashioned and old-womanish. Mrs. Loring here interposed and insisted that Ellen should wear a shawl, into the ball-room, and be sure to put it around her, when she was not dancing, "for you must remember," added she, "the dreadful cough you had last winter; when you caught cold, I was really apprehensive of a consumption."

"I do think, mother, you must be haunted by the ghost of consumption. Every thing you say begins and ends with *consumption*—I am not afraid of the ghost, or the reality, while such roses as these bloom on my cheeks, and such elastic limbs as these bear me through the dance."

Mrs. Loring looked with admiring fondness on her daughter, as she danced gaily before the looking-glass, called her a "wild, thoughtless thing," and thought it would be indeed a pity to muffle such a beautiful neck, in a clumsy kerchief. The carriage was announced, and Agnes was despatched in a hundred directions for the embroidered handkerchief, the scented gloves, and all the *et ceteras*, which crowd on the memory at the last moment. Agnes followed the retreating form of Ellen, with a long and wistful gaze, then turned with a sigh to collect the scattered

articles of finery that strewed the room. "Happy Ellen!" said she to herself, "happy, beautiful Ellen! favoured by nature and fortune. Every desire of her heart is gratified. She moves but to be admired, flattered, and caressed. While I, a poor, dependant relative, am compelled to administer to her vanity and wait upon her caprices—oh! if I were only rich and beautiful like Ellen. I would willingly walk over burning ploughshares to obtain the happiness that is in store for her to night."

While the repining Agnes followed Ellen in imagination, to scenes which appeared to her fancy like the dazzling pictures described in the Arabian Nights, let us enter the ball-room and follow the footsteps of her, whose favoured lot led her through the enchanted land. The hall was brilliantly lighted, the music was of the most animating kind, airy forms floated on the gaze, most elaborately and elegantly adorned, and in the midst of these Ellen shone transcendent. For a while, her enjoyment realized even the dreams of Agnes. Conscious of being admired, she glided through the dance, gracefully holding her flowing drapery, smiling, blushing, coquetting and flirting. Compliments were breathed continually into her ears. She was compared to the sylphs, the graces, the muses, the houris, and even to the angels, that inhabit the celestial city. Yes; this daughter of fashion, this devotee of pleasure, this vain and thoughtless being, who lived without God in the world, was told by flattering lips, that she resembled those pure and glorified spirits which surround the throne of the Most High, and sing the everlasting song of Moses and the Lamb—and she believed it. Perhaps some may assert that the daughters of fashion are not always forgetful of their God, for they are often heard to call upon his great and holy name, in a moment of sudden astonishment or passion, and were a saint to witness their uplifted eyes and clasped hands, he might deem them wrapt in an ecstasy of devotion.

Ellen, in the midst of almost universal homage, began to feel dissatisfied and weary. There was one who had been in the train of her admirers, himself the star of fashion, who was evidently offering incense at a new shrine. A fair young stranger, who seemed a novice in the splendid scene, drew him from her side, and from that moment the adulation of others ceased to charm. She danced more gaily, she laughed more loudly, to conceal the mortification and envy that was spreading through her heart; but the triumph, the joy was over. She began to feel a thousand inconveniences, of whose existence she seemed previously unconscious. Her feet ached from the lightness of her slippers, her respiration was difficult from the tightness of her dress, she was glad when the hour of her departure arrived. Warm from the exercise of the dance, and panting from fatigue, she stood a few moments on the pavements, waiting for some obstructions to be removed, in the way of the carriage. The ground was covered with a sheet of snow, which had fallen during the evening, and made a chill bed for her feet, so ill defended from the inclement season. The night air blew damp and cold on her neck and shoulders, for her cloak was thrown

loosely around her, that her beauty might not be entirely veiled, till the gaze of admiration was withdrawn.

Agnes sat by the lonely fireside, waiting for the return of Ellen. For a while she kept up a cheerful blaze, and as she heard the gust sweep by the windows, it reminded her that Ellen would probably come in shivering with cold and reproach her, if she did not find a glowing hearth to welcome her. She applied fresh fuel, till lulled by the monotonous sound of the wind, she fell asleep in her chair, nor waked till the voice of Ellen roused her from her slumbers. A few dull embers were all that was left of the fire, the candle gleamed faintly beneath a long, gloomy wick—every thing looked cold and comfortless. It was long before poor Agnes could recall the cheering warmth. In the mean time, Ellen poured upon her a torrent of reproaches, and tossing her cloak on a chair, declared she would never go to another ball as long as she lived—she had been tired to death, chilled to death, and now to be vexed to death, by such a stupid, selfish creature as Agnes. It was too much for human nature to endure. Agnes bore it all in silence, for she eat the bread of dependence and dared not express the bitter feelings that rose to her lips. But she no longer said in her heart “happy beautiful Ellen;” she wished her admirers could see her as she then did, and be disenchanted.

“Take off this horrid dress,” cried Ellen, pulling the roses from her hair, now uncurled by the damp, and hanging in long straight tresses over her face—what a contrast did she now present to the brilliant figure which had left the chamber a few hours before. Her cheeks were pale, her eyes heavy, her limbs relaxed, her buoyant spirits gone. The terrible misfortune of not having reigned an unrivalled *belle*, completely overwhelmed her. He, whose admiration she most prized, had devoted himself to another, and she hated the fair, unconscious stranger, who had attracted him from his allegiance. The costly dress which the mantua-maker had sat up all night to complete, was thrown aside as a worthless rag, her flowers were scattered on the floor, every article of her dress bore witness to her ill humour.

“I cannot get warm,” said she, “I believe I *have* caught my death-cold,” and throwing her still shivering limbs on the bed, she told Agnes to bury her in blankets, and then let her sleep. Can we suppose that guardian angels hovered over the couch, and watched the slumbers of this youthful beauty? There was no hallowed spot in her chamber, where she was accustomed to kneel in penitence, gratitude and adoration, before the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Perhaps, when a mere child, she had been taught to repeat the Lord’s Prayer at her nurse’s knee, but never had her heart ascended unto Him, who created her for his glory, and breathed into her frame a portion of his own immortal Spirit. She had been educated solely for the circles of fashion, to glitter and be admired—to dance, to sing, to dress, to talk, and that was all. She knew that she must one day die, and when the bell tolled, and the long funeral darkened the way, she was reluctantly reminded of her own mortality. But she banished the dreadful and mysterious thought, as one with which youth, beauty and health had nothing to do, and as suited only to the infirmities of age, and the agonies of disease. As for the judgment beyond the grave, that scene of indescribable grandeur, when every created being must

stand before the presence of uncreated glory, “to give an account of the deeds done in the body,” she deemed it shocking and sacrilegious to think of a subject so awful, and to do her justice, she never heard it mentioned except from the pulpit, (for there are fashionable churches, and Ellen was the belle of the church as well as of the ball-room.) Thus living in practical atheism, labouring to bring every thought and feeling in subjection to the bondage of fashion, endeavouring to annihilate the great principle of immortality, struggling within her, Ellen Loring was as much the slave of vice, as the votary of pleasure. Like the king of Babylon, who took the golden vessels from the temple of the Lord, and desecrated them at his unhallowed banquet, she had robbed her *soul*, that temple of the living God, of its sacred treasures, and appropriated them to the revelries of life. But the hour was approaching, when the invisible angel of conscience was to write on the walls of memory, those mystic characters which a greater than Daniel alone can interpret.

* * * * *

It was the afternoon of a mild summer’s day, a lovely, smiling, joyous summer day, when two female figures were seen slowly walking along a shaded path, that led from a neat white cottage towards a neighbouring grove. One was beautiful, and both were young, but the beautiful one was so pale and languid, so fragile and fading, it was impossible to behold her without the deepest commiseration. She moved listlessly on, leaning on the arm of her less fair, but healthier companion, apparently insensible of the sweet and glowing scenery around her. The birds sung in melodious concert, from every green bough, but their music could not gladden her ear, the air played softly through her heavy locks, but awaked no elastic spring in her once buoyant spirits. It was the late blooming Ellen Loring, who, according to the advice of her physician, was inhaling the country air, to see if it could not impart an invigorating influence. She had never recovered from the deadly chill occasioned by her exposure, the night of the ball, when she stood with her thin slippers and uncovered neck in the snow, and the blast, in all the “madness of superfluous health.” It was said she had caught a “dreadful cold,” which the warm season would undoubtedly relieve, and when the summer came, and her cough continued with unabated violence, and her flesh and her strength wasted, she was sent into the country, assured that a change of air and daily exercise would infallibly restore her. The fearful word *consumption*, which in the days of Ellen’s health was so often on the mother’s lips, was never mentioned now, and whenever friends inquired after Ellen, she always told them, “she had caught a bad cold, which hung on a long time, but that she was so young, and had so fine a constitution, she did not apprehend any danger.” Ellen was very unwilling to follow the prescriptions of her medical friend. She left the city with great reluctance, dreading the loneliness of a country life. Agnes accompanied her, on whom was imposed the difficult task of amusing and cheering the invalid, and of beguiling her of every sense of her danger. “Be sure,” said Mrs. Loring, when she gave her parting injunctions to Agnes, “that you do not suffer her to be alone, there is nothing so disadvantageous to a sick person as to brood over their own thoughts. It always occasions low spirits, I have put up a large supply of novels,

and when she is tired of reading herself, you must read to her, or sing to her, or amuse her in every possible manner. If she should be very ill, you must send for me immediately, but I have no doubt that in a few weeks she will be as well as ever."

Poor Agnes sometimes was tempted to sink under the weary burden of her cares. She wondered she had ever thought it a task to array her for the ball-room, or to wait her return at the midnight hour. But she no longer envied her, for Ellen pale and faded, and dejected, was a very different object from Ellen triumphant in beauty and bloom. The kind lady with whom they boarded, had had a rustic seat constructed under the trees, in the above mentioned grove for the accommodation of the invalid. As they now approached it, they found it already occupied by a gentleman, who was so intently reading he did not seem aware of their vicinity. They were about to retire, when lifting his eyes, he rose, and with a benignant countenance, requested them to be seated. Ellen was exhausted from the exercise of her walk, and as the stranger was past the meridian of life, she did not hesitate to accept his offer, at the same time thanking him for his courtesy. His mild, yet serious eyes, rested on her face, with a look of extreme commiseration, as with a deep sigh of fatigue she leaned on the shoulder of Agnes, while the hectic flush flitting over her cheek, betrayed the feverish current that was flowing in her veins.

"You seem an invalid, my dear young lady," said he, so kindly and respectfully, it was impossible to be offended with the freedom of the address; "I trust you find there is a balm in Gilead, a heavenly Physician near."

Ellen gave him a glance of unspeakable astonishment, and coldly answered, "I have a severe cold, sir—nothing more."

The dry, continuous cough that succeeded, was a fearful commentary upon her words. The stranger seemed one not easily repulsed, and one, too, who had conceived a sudden and irrepressible interest in his young companions. Agnes, in arranging Ellen's scarf, dropped a book from her hand, which he stooped to raise, and as his eye glanced on the title, the gravity of his countenance deepened. It was one of * * * * *'s last works, in which that master of glowing language and impassioned images, has thrown his most powerful spell around the senses of the reader and dazzled and bewildered his perceptions of right and wrong.

"Suffer me to ask you, young lady," said he, laying down the book, with a sigh, "if you find in these pages, instruction, consolation, or support? any thing that as a rational being you ought to seek, as a moral one to approve, as an immortal one to desire?"

Ellen was roused to a portion of her former animation, by this attack upon her favourite author, and in language warm as his from whom she drew her inspiration, she defended his sentiments and exalted his genius—she spoke of his godlike mind, when the stranger entreated her to forbear, in words of supplication but in accents of command.

"Draw not a similitude," said he, "between a holy God, and a being who has perverted the noblest powers that God has given. Bear with me a little while, and I will show you what is truly godlike, a book as far transcending the productions of him you so much admire, as the rays of the sun excel in glory, the wan light of a taper."

Then taking from his bosom, the volume which had excited the curiosity of Ellen, on account of its apparent fascination, and seating himself by her side, he unfolded its sacred pages. She caught a glimpse of the golden letters on the binding, and drew back with a feeling of superstitious dread. It seemed to her, that he was about to read her death-warrant, and she involuntarily put out her hand, with a repulsive motion. Without appearing to regard it, he looked upon her with sweet and solemn countenance, while he repeated this passage, from a bard who had drank of the waters of a holier fountain than Grecian poets ever knew:

"This book, this holy book, on every line
Mark'd with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedew'd with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last, this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow;
And evermore, beseeching men with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live."

Ellen listened with indescribable awe. There was a power and sensibility in his accent, a depth of expression in his occasional upturned glance, that impressed and affected her as she had never been before.

"Forgive me," said he, "if, as a stranger, I seem intrusive; but I look upon every son and daughter of Adam, with the tenderness of a brother, and upon whom the Almighty has laid his chastening hand, with feelings of peculiar interest. If I were wandering through a barren wilderness, and found a fountain of living water, and suffered my fellow-pilgrim to slake his thirst at the noisome pool, by the way-side, without calling him to drink of the pure stream, would he not have reason to upbraid me for my selfishness? Oh! doubly selfish then should I be if, after tasting the waters of everlasting life, for ever flowing from this blessed Book, I should not seek to draw you from the polluted sources in which you vainly endeavour to quench the thirst of an immortal spirit. Dear young fellow traveller to eternity, suffer me to lend you a guiding hand."

Ellen Loring, who had been famed in the circles of fashion, for her ready wit and brilliant repartee, found no words, in which to reply to this affectionate and solemn appeal. She turned aside her head to hide the tears which she could no longer repress from flowing down her cheeks. As the polished, but darkened Athenians, when Paul, standing on Mars Hill, explained to them, "that unknown God, whom they ignorantly worshipped," trembled before an eloquence they could not comprehend, she was oppressed by a power she could not define. Agnes, who began to be alarmed at the consequences of this agitation, and who saw in perspective Mrs. Loring's displeasure and reproaches, here whispered Ellen it was time to return, and Ellen glad to be released from an influence, to which she was constrained to bow, obeyed the signal. Their new friend rose also, "I cannot but believe," said he, "that this meeting is providential. It seems to me that heaven directed my steps hither, that I might lead you to those green pastures and still waters where the Shepherd of Israel gathers his flock. You are both young, but there is one of you, whose cheek is pale, and whose saddened glance tells a touching history of the vanity

of all earthly things. Take this blessed volume, and substitute it for the one you now hold, and believe me you will find in it an inexhaustible supply of entertainment and delight, a perennial spring of light, and love, and joy. You will find it an unerring guide in life, and a torch to illumine the dark valley of the shadow of death. Farewell—the blessing of Israel's God be yours."

He placed the book in the hands of Agnes, and turned in a different path. They walked home in silence. Neither expressed to the other the thoughts that filled the bosom of each. Had an angel from heaven come down and met them in the grove, the interview could hardly have had a more solemnizing influence. It was the first time they had ever been individually addressed as immortal beings, the first time they had been personally reminded that they were pilgrims of earth, and doomed to be dwellers in the tomb. The voice of the stranger still rung in their ears, deep and mellow, as the sound of the church-going bell. Those warning accents, they could not forget them, for there was an echo in their own hearts, and an answer too, affirming the truth of what he uttered. That night, when Ellen unusually exhausted, reclined on her restless couch, she suddenly asked Agnes to read her something from *that book*, so mysteriously given. It was the first time she had addressed her, since their return, and there was something startling in the sound of her voice, it was so altered. There was humility in the tone, that usually breathed pride or discontent. Agnes sat down and turned the leaves with a trembling hand.

"What shall I read? where shall I commence?" asked she, fearful and irresolute, in utter ignorance of its hallowed contents.

"Alas! I know not," replied Ellen, then raising herself on her elbow, with a wild and earnest look, "see if you can find where it speaks of that dark valley, of which he told—the dark valley of death."

By one of those unexpected coincidences which sometimes occur, Agnes at that moment opened at the twenty-third Psalm, and the verse containing this sublime allusion met her eye. She read aloud—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me—thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

"Strange," repeated Ellen, and making a motion for her to continue, Agnes read the remainder of that beautiful Psalm, and the two succeeding ones, before she paused. Dark as was their understanding, with regard to spiritual things, and deep as was their ignorance, they were yet capable of taking in some faint glimpses of the glory of the Lord, pervading these strains of inspiration. Agnes was a pleasing reader, and her voice now modulated by new emotions, was peculiarly impressive. Ellen repeated again and again to herself, after Agnes had ceased, "Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty?" She had never thought of God, but as of a Being dreadful in power, avenging in his judgments, and awful in his mystery. She had remembered him only in the whirlwind and the storm, the lightning and the thunder, never in the still small voice. She had thought of death, but it was of the winding sheet and the dark coffin lid, and the lonely grave—her fears had rested there, on the shuddering brink of decaying mortality. Oh! as she lay awake during the long watches of that night, and conscience aroused from its deadly lethargy, entered the silent chambers of

memory and waked the slumbering shadows of the past—how cheerless, how dark was the retrospect! Far as the eye of memory could revert, she could read nothing but *vanity, vanity!* A wide, wide blank, on which a spectral hand was writing, *vanity*, and something told her, too, that that same hand would ere long write this great moral of life on her mouldering ashes. She cast her fearful gaze upon the future, but recoiled in shivering dread, from the vast illimitable abyss that darkened before her. No ray of hope illumined the dread immense. The Star of Bethlehem had never yet shed its holy beams on the horoscope of her destiny, not that its beams have ever ceased to shine, since that memorable night when following its silvery pathway in the heavens, the wise men of the East were guided to the cradle of the infant Redeemer; to offer their adoration at his feet; but her eyes had never looked beyond the clouds of time, and in its high and pure resplendence it had shone in vain for her.

"I will seek him to-morrow, this holy man," said she, as hour after hour, she lay gazing, through her curtains, on the starry depths of night, "and ask him to enlighten and direct me."

The morrow came, but Ellen was not able to take her accustomed walk. For several days she was confined from debility to her own room, and had ample leisure to continue the great work of self-examination. As soon as she was permitted to go into the open air, she sought her wonted retreat, and it was with feelings of mingled joy and dread, she recognised the stranger, apparently waiting their approach. This truly good man, though a stranger to them, was well known in the neighbourhood for his deeds of charity and labours of love. His name was M * * * *, and as there was no mystery in his character or life, he may be here introduced to the reader, that the appellation of stranger may no longer be necessary. He greeted them both with even more than his former kindness, and noticed with pain the increased debility of Ellen. He saw too from her restless glance, that her soul was disquieted within her.

"Oh, sir," said Ellen, mournfully, "you promised me joy, and you have given me wretchedness."

"My daughter," replied Mr. M * * * *, "before the sick found healing virtue in the waters at Bethesda, an angel came down and troubled the stillness of the pool."

Then at her own request, he sat down by her side, and endeavoured to explain to her, the grand yet simple truths of Christianity. And beginning with the law and the prophets, he carried her with him to the mount that burned with fire and thick smoke, where the Almighty descending in shrouded majesty, proclaimed his will to a trembling world, in thunder and lightning and flame; he led her on with him, through the wilderness, pointing out the smitten rock, the descending manna, the brazen serpent, and all the miraculous manifestations of God's love to his chosen people; then taking up the lofty strains of prophecy from the melodious harp of David to the sublimer lyre of Isaiah, he shadowed forth the promised Messiah. In more persuasive accents he dwelt on the fulfilment of those wondrous prophecies. Gently, solemnly he guided her on, from the manger to the cross, unfolding as he went the glorious mysteries of redemption, the depth, the grandeur, the extent, and the exaltation of a Saviour's love. Ellen listened and wept. She felt as if she could have listened for

ever. At one moment she was oppressed by the greatness of the theme, at another melted by its tenderness. Those who from infancy have been accustomed to hear these divine truths explained, who from their earliest years have surrounded the household altar, and daily read God's holy word, can have no conception of the overpowering emotions of Ellen and Agnes; neither can they, whose infant glances have taken in the visible glories of creation, comprehend the rapture and amazement of those who being born blind, are made in after years to see.

From this hour Ellen and Agnes became the willing pupils of Mr. M * * * *, in the most interesting study in the universe; but it is with Ellen the reader is supposed most strongly to sympathise; the feelings of Agnes may be inferred from her going hand in hand with her invalid friend. Ellen lingered in the country till the golden leaves of Autumn began to strew the ground, and its chill gales to sigh through the grove. What progress she made during this time in the lore of heaven, under the teachings and prayers of her beloved instructor, may be gathered from *another, and the last scene*, through which this once glittering belle was destined to pass.

* * * * *

The chamber in which Ellen Loring was first presented to the reader, surrounded by the paraphernalia of the ball-room, was once more lighted—but what a change now met the eye! She, who then sat before the mirror to be arrayed in the adornments of fashion, whose vain eye gazed with unrepressed admiration on her own loveliness, and who laughed to scorn the apprehensions of her fatally indulgent mother, now lay pale and emaciated on her couch. No roses now bloomed in her damp, unbraided locks, no decorating pearl surrounded her wan neck, no sparkling ray of anticipated triumph flashed from her sunken eye. Pride, vanity, vainglory, strength, beauty—all were fled.

Come hither, ye daughters of pleasure, ye who live alone for the fleeting joys of sense, who give to the world the homage that God requires, and waste in the pursuits of time the energies given for eternity, and look upon a scene through which you must one day pass. There is more eloquence in one dying bed, than Grecian or Roman orator ever uttered.

The dim eyes of Ellen turned towards the door, with a wistful glance. "I fear it will be too late," said she, "mother, if he should not come before I die—"

"Die," almost shrieked Mrs. Loring, "you are not going to die, Ellen. Do not talk so frightfully. You will be better soon—Agnes, bathe her temples. She is only faint."

"No, mother," answered Ellen, and her voice was surprisingly clear in its tones, "I feel the truth of what I utter, here," laying her wasted hand on her breast, as she spoke. "I did hope that I might live to hear once more the voice of him, who taught me the way of salvation, and revealed to my benighted mind the God who created, the Saviour who redeemed me, that I might breathe out to him my parting blessing, and hear his hallowed prayer rise over my dying bed. But oh, my dear mother, it is for your sake, more than mine, I yearn for his presence—I looked to him to comfort you, when I am gone." Mrs. Loring here burst into a violent paroxysm of tears and wrung her hands in uncontrollable agony.

"Oh! I cannot give thee up," she again and again

repeated, "my beautiful Ellen, my good, my beautiful child."

Mournfully, painfully did these exclamations fall on the chastened ears of the dying Ellen.

"Recall not the image of departed beauty, O my mother! I made it my idol, and my heavenly Father, in infinite mercy, consumed it with the breath of his mouth. Speak not of goodness—my life has been one long act of sin and ingratitude. I can look back upon nothing but wasted mercies, neglected opportunities, and perverted talents. But blessed be God, since I have been led in penitence and faith to the feet of a crucified Saviour, I dare to believe that my sins are forgiven and that my trembling spirit will soon find rest in the bosom of Him, who lived to instruct and died to redeem me."

Ellen paused, for difficult breathing had often impeded her utterance, but her prayerful eyes, raised to heaven, told the intercourse her soul was holding with one "whom not having seen she loved, but in whom believing, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." At this moment, the door softly opened, and the gentle footsteps of him, whom on earth she most longed to behold, entered the chamber. As she caught a glimpse of that benign, that venerated countenance, she felt a glow of happiness pervading her being, of which she thought her waning life almost incapable. She clasped her feeble hands together, and exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. M * * * * *" It was all she could utter, for tears, whose fountains she had thought dried for ever, gushed into her eyes and rolled down her pallid cheeks. Mr. M * * * * * took one of her cold hands in his, and looked upon her, for a time, without speaking.

"My daughter," at length, he said, and he did not speak without much emotion, "do you find the hand of God laid heavy upon your soul, or is it gentle, even as a father's hand?"

"Gentle, most gentle," she answered, "oh! blessed, for ever blessed be the hour that sent you, heaven-directed, to guide the wanderer in the paths of peace. Had it not been for you, I should now be trembling on the verge of a dark eternity, without one ray to illumine the unfathomable abyss. Pray for me once more, my beloved friend, and pray too for my dear mother, that she may be enabled to seek Him in faith, who can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are."

Ellen clasped her feeble hands together, while Mr. M * * * * * kneeling by her bed-side, in that low, sweet solemn tone, for which he was so remarkable, breathed forth one of those deep and fervent prayers, which are, as it were, wings to the soul, and bear it up to heaven. Mrs. Loring knelt too, by the weeping Agnes, but her spirit, unused to devotion, lingered below, and her eyes wandered from the heavenly countenance of that man of God, to the death like face of that child, whose beauty had once been her pride. She remembered how short a time since, she had seen that form float in airy grace before the mirror clothed in fair and flowing robes, and how soon she should see it extended in the awful immobility of death, wrapped in the still winding sheet, that garment whose folds are never more waved by the breath of life. Then, conscience whispered in her shuddering ear, that had she acted a mother's part, and disciplined her daughter to prudence and obedience, the blasts of death had not thus blighted her, in her early bloom. And it whispered also, that

she had no comfort to offer her dying child, in this last conflict of dissolving nature. It was for this world she had lived herself, it was for this world she had taught her to live, but for that untravelled world beyond, she had no guiding hand to extend. It was to a stranger's face the fading eyes of Ellen were directed. It was a stranger's prayers that hallowed her passage to the tomb. The realities of eternity for the first time pressed home, on that vain mother's heart. She felt, too, that she must one day die, and that earth with all its riches and pleasures could yield her no support in that awful moment. That there was something which earth could not impart, which had power to soothe and animate the departing spirit, she knew by the angelic expression of Ellen's upturned eyes, and by the look of unutterable serenity that was diffused over her whole countenance. The voice of Mr. M * * * * died away on her ear and an unbroken silence reigned through the apartment. Her stormy grief had been stilled into calmness, during that holy prayer. The eyes of Ellen were now gently closed, and as they rose from their knees they sat down by her side, fearing even by a deep-drawn breath, to disturb her slumbers. A faint hope began to dawn in the mother's heart, from the placidity and duration of her slumbers.

"I have never known her sleep so calm before," said she, in a low voice to Mr. M * * * * Mr.

M * * * * bent forward and laid his hand softly on her marble brow.

"Calm indeed are her slumbers," said he, looking solemnly upward, "she sleeps now, I trust, in the bosom of her Saviour and her God."

Thus died Ellen Loring—just one year from that night when Agnes followed her retreating figure, with such a wistful gaze, as she left her for the ball-room, exclaiming to herself, "Happy, beautiful Ellen," and Agnes now said within herself, even while she wept over her clay cold form, "Happy Ellen!" but with far different emotions; for she now followed with the eye of faith, her ascending spirit to the regions of the blest, and saw her, in imagination, enter those golden gates, which never will be closed against the humble and penitent believer.

A few evenings after, a brilliant party was assembled in one of those halls, where pleasure welcomes its votaries.—"Did you know that Ellen Loring was dead?" observed some one, to a beautiful girl, the very counterpart of what Ellen once was. "Dead!" exclaimed the startled beauty, for one moment alarmed into reflection, "I did not think she would have died so soon. I am sorry you told me—it will throw a damp over my spirits the whole evening—poor Ellen!" It was but a moment, and the music breathed forth its joyous strains. She was led in haste to the dance, and Ellen Loring was forgotten.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE VIOLET.

BY H. M. A.

THE Violet—'tis peering through
In light and life, earth's carpet green,
A matchless flower, and bright and blue,
That modest asks not to be seen.

Chaste Viola—her calyx holds
Five petals of cerulean dye,
A pearl of dew her bosom folds,
And each are natives of the sky.

So poets sing—But stay, that Power
Who gave us being, fashioned thine—
Arise, my soul! this little flower
Speaks of the Architect divine.

Unchecked it breathes the mountain airs,
As freely sips the morning dew;
No foreign charms the beauty wears,
Those smiles, her own, are always new.

The west wind passing stoops to kiss,
Then bears her fragrance on its wings;
The bee here finds a latent bliss,
And tastes a thousand honied things.

Sweet Viola—exemplar bright,
Content to bloom, and blush, and fade,
Neglected—yet the true delight,
Of sunny bank, and shadowed glade.

Ye fair, how long must we admire
The tightened zone—the studied smile?

Or Europe's art our bosoms fire?
Must imitative toils beguile?

A freeman's heart? When storm winds rise,
And winter roars across the plain,
Frost binds the earth, clouds wrap the skies,
Oft bringing snow, and sleet, and rain.

But need they tyrant fashion's aid
To rifle bloom, to light the eye
For the dark grave, till youth is laid
Where hecatombs of beauty lie?

O! no—let midnight rest, ye fair—
Awakened breathe the zephyr morn;
While young, be radiant health your care—
Art should improve, but not deform.

If woman's worth can manhood raise,
Live, live to bless—be guardians thine,
Of goodness—long be yours the praise,
Of making lovers nobler men.

Lay Fashion's fatal toys aside,
And we will oft with joy confess,
That virtue can adorn a bride—
That nature's art is loveliness.

Live for your sex—be charming too—
Let worth awaken each desire;
If folly flies—then men can woo,
And long adore—ah no—admire.

Hartford, May, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

INTROVERSION;
OR, MAGICAL READINGS OF THE INNER MAN.

BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who move our envy now!

WHAT an appalling thought! yet how amusing and instructive! Imagine, if you can, the metamorphosis that would take place in the great world, if that thought should be suddenly realized—if every smooth, smiling face you meet in your walks, in parties, or on 'change, should in an instant become transparent, allowing you to read, through the thin disguise, all that was passing in "the little world within." What surprising revelations would be made to us all! We should scarcely know our best friends—for the inner feeling, graven in letters of light on the heart thus unexpectedly thrown open to our view, would so contradict and belie the honied words that had just trembled on their lips, that we should be utterly at a loss which of our senses to believe. And who would not shrink from himself, to be thus exposed? If the heartlessness or treachery of supposed friends, or the deep laid cunning and cool malignity of persons regarded as indifferent, would mortify and alarm us—with what painful shuddering should we not cower and tremble under the searching glance, that should for the first time, disclose our inmost motives, and read, as in a book, the most hidden thoughts of our hearts! The idea is absolutely an awful one. I do not like so much as to write it, and I have the charity to believe, that there is not, on the face of the earth, a man or a woman—ay, *a woman*, who, if assured beyond a doubt that such a revelation was immediately to be made, would not, in very agony of spirits, call on the mountains and rocks to cover them. Strange that we have so little thought or anxiety about that great day when the thoughts of all hearts shall be thus revealed, and all the universe read them!

But the subject is growing serious. I said it was amusing, and it behooves me to make it out so. When I made the remark. I was not thinking of myself. I confess there would be no fun at all in showing up myself, inside out. I would rather act upon the advice of that excellent poet, Robie Burns, who cunningly says to his young friend,

"Conceal yourself as wool's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek through every ither man
Wi' sharpened sly inspection."

It was that "ither man" that I was thinking of. Do you see him there, sauntering carelessly along on the side walk, with one hand in his pocket, and flourishing an elegant cane in the other. He is richly and fashionably dressed. He has evidently bestowed great pains upon his toilette, and there is no part of it that would not do credit to the most judicious valet, just arrived "from Paris." His hair, whiskers, beard, and moustaches are of the latest cut, and would do honour to a goat, a bear, or a polecat. He would have you think that he is perfectly indifferent, to all these matters, and to the world's opinion of them. But look there! Read what is written on

his brow. Self complacency like a peacock!—vanity that would swim a modern politician!—A love of admiration that would put Narcissus to the blush! and envy of the good smiles and good will won by others, that is absolutely consuming him like an inward fire! Poor fellow! I do pity him—though but a moment ago, I was envying him his easy grace and nonchalance. A hundred times, I have heard others remark, as he passed, "What a happy dog that must be—contented as an oyster—cares for nobody— independent as a lord—(that, allow me to say in passing, is a great mistake—a lord is the least independent man living, unless it be a king; the proper reading is—*independent as a loafer*)—alas! little did such shallow observers know what was in the man!

But look! there is another man just coming over the way. Short, active, bustling, irritable—he seems to have a world of business on his shoulders, and not half time to do it in. Every thing seems at stake upon the present moment. He flies from one to another, asks half a question of each, waits not an answer from either, and so drives on. What an immense business he must have! How I should like to wield his capital, and share his profits! But stay—what says that illuminated tablet on his forehead? His story is not an uncommon one—a briefless lawyer, hungry for business, and trying to secure it by making it appear that he has already more than he can attend to.

Here comes my particular friend, Henry Morton. He is absolutely the noblest fellow I ever saw, open-hearted, generous, liberal, he will do any thing in the world to serve a friend. And such is his uncommon regard and affection for me, I am sure he would risk his life to save mine. It was in my power once to do him a great service, and his gratitude seems to know no bounds. I have never had occasion to call for a similar service from him before; but, being fairly "cornered" this morning, I sent to him to say that the loan of a few hundreds would accommodate me exceedingly. I have no doubt he is coming to bring it to me. "Good morning, my dear Harry, let me present you to my friend, Mr. Browreader, of Phrenological Hall. I was sorry to trouble you this morning, Harry, but was desperate short, and did not know where else to look."

"And I am very sorry, too, Edward, that it is out of my power to accommodate you. I have been greatly disappointed in my receipts, and shall have to borrow for myself, unless something more comes in. Nothing would give me more pleasure, if it were in my power to serve you. I hope it will not be so again with me, when you are in want. Good morning."

"Dunder and blaxum! Did you read that brow, Charles?"

"No, I was taken up with watching the changing expression of yours, so that I had no time to look at your friend's. What did it say?"

"My friend's, indeed! Never say that again of any man. The truth telling tablet on his brow said, that he was inwardly chuckling over his peculiar good fortune, in collecting the whole of an old and doubtful debt, which had placed him in funds to anticipate all the payments of the month, so that he had made up his mind to start this evening for Saratoga and the Lakes, on a tour of recreation. But never mind that—hypocrisy is an every day matter in every circle."

Yesterday I was at the Chapel, in ——— street. Directly before me, sat a venerable looking man, with a few straggling locks of long white hair carefully braided over the shining head that had lost its natural covering. My position was such that I had a full view of his face during the greater part of the service. He bore his part in it all with the utmost apparent solemnity and sincerity; and I certainly should have set him down as an admirable example of pure patriarchal piety, and warm-hearted undivided devotion, if I had not—unfortunately, perhaps, for me—been compelled by my position to read the strange revelations of his tell-tale brow. There I saw the record of his busy soul, which was wholly given to Mammon. Ships and Voyages, Instalments and Dividends, Rents and Interest, Profit and Loss, stood out in bold relief.

"What comfortable looking, smooth-faced, smiling old gentleman is that, taking his ease in that beautiful barouche? Do you know him, Charles?"

"Yes, very well—and so do you. It is ———, the millionaire, whose property has grown so rapidly during the last few years, that he has found it difficult to know what to do with it. He is the envy of half the city for his princely wealth, and his princely style of living."

"He certainly may be happy. He looks so easy and comfortable, I have no doubt he is so. But see the barouche has stopped for a few moments, let us go a little nearer, and see what the handwriting on the wall of his soul will reveal to us."

Strange! strange indeed! Even this man is dissatisfied and envious. At the very moment when we were admiring the air of comfort and ease with which he seemed to enjoy his splendid barouche, he was inwardly cursing himself, because he was not as rich as Astor, and resolving to leave no effort untried to rival even him.

Just as the barouche drove on, four or five dashing young fellows came up, talking and laughing very loud, and apparently in the highest spirits. You would have thought they had never known care or trouble. And, by way of a relieving shade to the singular brightness of the group, two or three half-clad, half-starved beggars stood near them, wondering how any body could be so happy in so miserable a world, and questioning the goodness of Providence in making such sad distinctions.

We approached the mirthful group, to continue our lesson in heart-reading. They were profuse and eloquent in praise of what they had done, seen and enjoyed, that day. Each seemed to vie with the others, to express, in the strongest terms, his deep and entire satisfaction with all the circumstances, appointments and results of their frolic, vowing an eternal remembrance of the day and its events. Troubled with my morning's business, disappointed in some very important expectations, I began to feel some emotions of envy, in witnessing such an exhibi-

tion of seemingly unalloyed human happiness. As I caught a glimpse, however, of the frontal transparency, now of one and now of another, of this merry company, my feelings and reflections were suddenly changed. We had looked upon the scene in silence, but my friend had evidently passed through the same fluctuations with myself. And when, as we passed round the circle, and read upon the brow of one "twenty dollars abstracted from my employer's money drawer"—upon another, "left at home an affectionate indulgent mother, at the point of death, and requiring my attentions"—upon a third, "an ample patrimony now wasted to the last farthing in these scenes of dissipation and debauchery"—and so upon each, some withering sentence of guilt and condemnation, and utter misery within;—we exchanged mutual looks of congratulation, that, with all our cares and trials, our sufferings were not those of self-reproach, and a consciousness of deserved infamy.

But again our subject is getting too grave. It is not half so amusing as I imagined. My groups have been unfortunately selected, or I have read too deeply the secret lore of their thoughts. Let us try another field. There is a fashionable lady. She is fashionably made—just the air and figure to make a show in Broadway—and fashionably dressed—as perfectly so as the best mantuamakers and milliners in the city are capable of doing. She is beautiful, too, very beautiful—and young, and rich. She is intelligent and well educated, as far as the mind is concerned; and, if the education of the heart had been as carefully attended to as that of the mind, what a paragon of a woman this fresh, young beautiful girl might be! And how happy too! But is she not happy now? She has no notes to pay, no money to borrow, no delinquent debtors to dun, no anxiety about rents or dividends, bank stocks or cottons, or bills of exchange—in fine none of the ills that man is heir to. She must be happy. Let us look at the index. Alas! there is a shadow on it, long, deep and dark. It tells of disappointed love—of the young buds of affection too early trampled and crushed.

"She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her better purpose—"

till her worthless lover, abused her confidence, and left her to pine in a loneliness of heart, embittered by wounded pride and self-reproach, which the world of heartless worshippers about her know nothing of.

What a beautiful smile kindles about her lips as she gracefully salutes her friend, Mrs. Morris, and kindly inquires of the health of her family! The wife and the mother, though many years older, is scarcely less lovely than her young and fashionable friend. What a brilliant intelligent eye! What a rich complexion! What a musical voice! What a womanly grace and dignity! What purity of feeling and elevation of thought! Her husband is the most elegant man in the city, wealthy, intelligent, learned, high in the confidence and respect of the people. Her children are young and happy about her, and she—surely she must be happy, too. Truly, every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and hers has begun to find that there is wormwood and gall where she least expected it. Her husband, her idol, is a ruined man, and the keen eye of a woman's true heart has discovered and wept tears of blood over his inevitable fall, before the world has seen ought to provoke even the whisper of slander. His hospitalities and popularity have de-

stroyed him. He has tasted so often, and drank so deeply the poisoned cup, that taste and passion have taken the reins from judgment, and he loves what he once feared, and seeks in secret what he once took only as matter of form.

The pageant passes on—and here is another subject. A man about midway between youth and manhood, whom I have known intimately for some years. He is of a very light, cheerful, elastic temperament, always seemingly happy, because always looking on the bright side of every thing that is dark, gloomy, or doubtful. He has a remarkable tact for discovering a bright side where nothing of the kind would be discernible by others, so much so that some of his friends have supposed his mind must be gifted with a new faculty—somewhat like that which Plato attributed to the eye—of emitting light to see by. I confess I have sometimes been half inclined to that opinion myself, and have thought, in reference to my ought-hearted, happy friend, of Moore's description of one of the daughters of men, for whom the culprit "angel was suffered to entertain an unlawful passion, but walking in light of her own making." You see how bright and hopeful his countenance—how cheerful and active his mind! You would certainly suppose here was nothing about him but smooth sunny waters, nothing above him but peaceful skies, nothing before him but promise and hope! But look again. The magic tablet is illuminated, and the secret of the heart is written there. This very day, one of his most promising schemes has fallen through. He has suffered a severe, an almost ruinous loss, and he cannot yet see how he is to escape bankruptcy, and perhaps reproach? His conscious integrity, and calm abiding hopefulness will sustain him; but he is suffering inwardly what few men of his sensibility could endure.

Every body knows Sam Phillips—and here he comes, as if on purpose to afford us the very contrast we want, by which to try our philosophy. He is apparently the most vain, self-satisfied chatterbox the world ever knew. He knows every body and every body's business. He talks with the authority of a book upon every subject, spinning out into the most attenuated threads of small talk, the little he does actually know, till it is a matter of wonder to every one how it holds together. The world's opinion of him is, that he is perfectly satisfied with himself, and does not even dream that the field of human knowledge has any other boundary than the walls of his own capacious mind.

"Good morning, Sam, what have you to-day that is strange or entertaining?"

"Oh! the world is full of news, you know, to those who have ears to gather it up. There is a nice little scandal on foot, about a certain Rev. Doctor, and the beautiful Mrs. Jones."

"Indeed!—what can it be?"

"Something very serious, I assure you, and if true, it will blast their characters for ever. But as I have been admitted somewhat confidentially into their secrets, I am not at liberty to say much about it. I beg you will not expose what I have said, for it will naturally be attributed to me, in consequence of my known familiarity with the parties."

"Never fear me, Sam, I am as tight as a chip basket."

"But do you know much of the circumstances?"

"More than I can stop to tell. Good morning."

"Hold! I have a word more for you."

"Thank you; I am too much occupied for it now."

There, did you read the tale of truth on his brow, that gave the lie so pointedly to his tongue? He knows nothing of the scandal of which he claims to be the confidential depository, but is dying to learn the particulars, that he may have something to talk about. He thought he could have wormed the story out of me, by appearing to know all about it already, and leaving me to feel that I should be divulging no secret, if I should speak to him freely about it. Perhaps the ruse might have put me off my guard, if I had not seen the magic writing on his forehead.

But, after all, in spite of my assurances and efforts, the subject will not be amusing. There is an inveterate gravity about it, that begins to look vastly like a constitutional disease. Let us get out of Broadway, and try its virtues in some more retired place.

Agreed! Here is the office of the Daily ——. The Editor is cyphering out the returns of late elections, and calculating the chances. Just look over his shoulder at the flaming thrice repeated hurra, with which he has commenced his paragraph. And now look at the tell tale record on his brow—"Loss, loss on every side—defeat is certain, and I—I shall lose that glorious salary which—" Poor fellow! leave him to fate.

"How are you? Bixby—glad to see you—hear you have made a glorious operation in cotton."

"Yes, yes—glorious indeed—one more such a hit, and I am fixed and can retire."

Marginal reading on the brow—*Fixed truly—in just such a fix as there is no way to get out of, but to retire into the night shade of bankruptcy.*

Well now, is there no way to make a laugh out of this subject—to raise one poor smile upon the daily quarrels of the human heart, with the human face divine? Shall we go a dinner party, or to a ball room—to a wedding, or to the funeral of a rich old father.

No, no, you have given me the blues already. Let men lie, if they will, and let me believe them if I can; for the more you open my eyes to the truth, the more wretched you make me. I shall not soon forgive you the disgust you have now excited, unless you give me a brighter chapter, with a smile all over it.

THE HUMAN MIND.

Nothing, perhaps, would conduce so much to the knowledge of the human mind, as a close attention to the actions and thoughts of very young children; and yet no branch in the history of human nature is more neglected. The pleasant and extravagant notions of the infantile mind amuse for the instant, and are immediately forgotten, whereas they merit to be

registered with the utmost care: for it is *here and here alone*, that we can discover the nature and character of *first principles*. An attention to the commencement and development of their ideas would correct many of our speculative notions, and confute most of the sentiments of abstract philosophers, respecting what they so confidently advance concerning these first principles.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

SOME THOUGHTS ON WORKS OF FICTION.

BY L. A. WILMER.

A writer whose views are generally correct, has lately published some observations on novels, &c. which, (besides being opposed to the sentiments of the majority,) are not sustained by such conclusive arguments as might have been expected from such an accomplished logician. At the outset, he takes it for granted that the *sole* object of the novelist should be to inculcate lessons of morality; and, if this design has been steadily pursued and accompanied by some degree of grammatical accuracy, I understand him to say that the writer of fiction has thereby attained all that is excellent in his art. Consistently enough with these views, he places *Richardson* in the first rank of novelists;—nay, according to this gentleman's ideas, *Richardson* is the nonpareil of the whole tribe.

Now, let it be acknowledged that a positive moral tendency in works of fiction is indeed a most excellent circumstance, and that *immorality* is such a fault as no good qualities can redeem; still it must be apparent to every one who considers the subject, that the writer of fiction is usually bent on producing a couple of entertaining volumes, and if he succeed in this, decorously and in good taste—he thinks he has done as much as could reasonably be expected from him. We know that few persons take up a novel for the purpose of receiving instruction of any kind from its pages;—amusement is all that is sought by the reader, and, (generally speaking,) all that is intended by the writer;—and if these two parties are satisfied with each other, all interference must be considered as idle and impertinent.

If the *chief* design of such an author were to afford moral instruction, he would, most probably, defeat his own object;—for his book would not pass currently among a great majority of readers, and, being but little read, it would not be likely to do much good. This gives evidence of an unfortunate state of things, it is true;—but so it is, and it cannot be remedied. We must take the world as we find it, and act accordingly, even when we wish to produce beneficial effects. The novel of *Defoe*, called “*Religious Courtship*,” and another called “*Thornton Abbey*,” are excellent works, having not only a moral but a religious tendency;—the design of the author is apparent on every page, and, undoubtedly for this very reason, the books were never popular. If people are to be cheated into instruction, it must be done cautiously. The medicine must be well disguised; for if once detected, it becomes more distasteful than if offered in its original purity.

But the medicine has sometimes been disguised by such ingredients as made it absolutely pernicious. Novelists have, (with the evident intention to do good,) produced such works as are certainly injurious. *Richardson* is one of this class. His paragons, *Grandison*, *Clarissa*, &c., have that kind of perfection which every moulder in plaster gives to his *Cupids* and *Psyches*. They are intrinsically correct, and so far blameless; but they are unnatural; and thus, as images of men and women, they are intolerable. There is but little imagination or skill displayed in the delineation of such perfect characters; but the genuine artist is content with adhering to *nature*, and

his genius becomes conspicuous even in the representation of her faults. *Richardson's* personages are beyond imitation, and perhaps above our sympathy—as they can scarcely be conceived to exist in that class of beings with which we have a community of feeling. If he succeeds in impressing the inexperienced with a belief in the possibility of such existences, he does harm; for his pupils must be disappointed, and thus they will become disgusted with human nature, as they find it in real life. When young people begin the world with exalted notions of the human character, they are either ensnared to their ruin, or, discovering the fallacy of their expectations, they become misanthropes. This fact affords grounds for one of the strongest objections which may be brought against novels in general, and the productions of such authors as *Richardson* are especially liable to that kind of censure. A lady once remarked that the perusal of “*Sir Charles Grandison*” was the most deplorable circumstance of her life; expecting to find some counterpart to this piece of imaginary perfection, she had refused several advantageous offers of marriage, and afterwards lived long enough to repent of her folly.

As *Richardson* has been cited as a *model*, and that by a man whose opinions on most subjects are valuable, let us glance at one of this author's productions, which is probably more read in these days than any other work he has bequeathed us. I speak of “*Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*.” What is the moral tendency of this book, which, above all other similar works, professes to have been written for the encouragement of virtue? Many of its scenes are shocking to a mind of the least delicacy;—it abounds with descriptions which, of all things in the world, are the last I should have suspected of being conducive to virtuous resolutions. The great point of morality on which the whole story depends is, that the heroine is at length rewarded. Rewarded!—how? Why by becoming the wife of a professed libertine, a desperately wicked fellow, who is guilty of more evil practices than a pilgrimage to *Loretto* would expiate; and who, even after marriage, gives good reason to suspect that *Pamela* does not possess his undivided affections. Titled relatives, and a large fortune sanctify every excess in this gentleman's conduct, or at least make mere *pecadilloes* of those offences for which, according to our views, the state's prison would scarcely be an adequate punishment. And, to show how virtue is rewarded, *Mr. Richardson*, after detailing the startling adventures of the gallant *Mr. B*—, unites him in marriage to the beautiful, the gifted, the saintly, the unparalleled *Pamela*!—In the contemplation of this union, we detest one of the parties and pity the other. If the author could have contrived to send *Mr. B.* to *Newgate*, and then made a nuptial arrangement between *Pamela* and *Mr. Williams*, (the lover whom she jilts rather unmercifully,) the morality of the tale would certainly have been improved.

What very erroneous notions some people must have concerning the morality of certain novels!—Many works which are placed unscrupulously in the

hands of young people are far more dangerous than others which are rigidly forbidden. An admired authoress of the present day has produced one book, at least, which, professing to be auxiliary to virtue, and no doubt intended to be so by the writer, is nevertheless a very improper companion for those persons who are most likely to peruse it. The scenes exhibited in this work are altogether in *high life*, and present pictures of moral depravity, the originals of which can hardly be supposed to exist in any state of society. Vice of the most odious description is there represented as a general characteristic of the noble personages who figure in the history; and those only appear to be the less esteemed who are the least successful in concealing their crimes from the *public*. One lady, who meets with unmitigated misfortune and dies in the most unhappy circumstances, is the only *innocent* character in the book. And yet this work has been praised in Reviews, and confidently recommended to young readers as an excellent, and a *moral* performance!

The authoress just referred to, has availed herself of a privilege usurped by numerous scribblers of these times, by inserting an immense quantity of foreign words and phrases in her novel. This is one of the greatest of modern literary abominations, and for it I can think of no apology, unless it be that some sentiments and descriptions in certain books are unfit to appear in English. This fantastic habit of quotation gives no evidence of *learning*, for we have scraps from every language, compounded and prepared, (like imported sauces,) to be used by thousands who know nothing of their composition. Hence we are not to wonder if these seasonings are often used with ridiculous impropriety. If such ambitious writers could justly conceive the nature of their own wants, they would find one tongue amply sufficient to express all their ideas. They murder the English vernacular, and invite a host of French and Italian words to the funeral. We find that doubtful morality, bad taste, and indifferent English are all tolerated by self-constituted censors, if the author, in his title-page or preface, makes some specious pretence to establish correct principles.

On the whole, it appears that the writers of fiction, whose object, almost invariably, is to acquire present fame and pecuniary recompense for their labours, are usually not the most zealous of moral instructors. They know that among nine-tenths of the human species, pastime is preferred to either moral or mental improvement, and if they expect to succeed according to their wishes, they must please the greater number. Again;—when the avowed and evident purpose of a novelist is to dispense useful instruction, he rarely succeeds in making a popular book; for the multitude of readers are instantly on their guard when they perceive indications of the writer's design. Their prejudices are awakened, and their approbation must then be taken by storm, if it be taken at all. Moreover; novels which are ostensibly moral, are often the reverse. This may proceed from the author's ignorance of the motives which commonly have the strongest influence on human actions. A writer, in his zeal to strengthen the defences of virtue, may make extensive breaches in the citadel, to fortify one particular point, which is possibly in but little danger. Thus Richardson, while enforcing the maxim that servant girls, by strict adherence to virtuous principles, may be preferred to marry their masters, at the same time teaches his readers that un-

equal alliances are commendable, that an honest and worthy female is *rewarded* by marrying with a wealthy and unprincipled booby, and that the most scandalous outrages are mere trifles in the conduct of a man of fortune and family!—

For every praise-worthy object there are appropriate means of accomplishment;—moral instruction may be disseminated in many better and more efficacious methods than through the medium of fiction; or at least such fictions as, by any propriety of speech, may be called novels and romances. I should despair of meliorating the moral condition of that mind which requires to be instructed by such a process.

Without aspiring to give positive rules and precepts for our conduct in life, (in which he usually succeeds but indifferently,) the writer of fiction, in connection with his main design, which, as we have seen, is to afford amusement, *may* produce some results which are entitled to a higher praise than that of not being actually *bad*.

If a novel present *just* views of life, it will be most likely to be beneficial in the perusal, for virtue cannot be represented more amiable than it is, nor can vice be exhibited in colours more disgusting than the reality. History itself, in its veritable details, strongly enforces the precept, that good actions usually meet with a reward, even in this life, and that crimes seldom fail to incur their appropriate penalties. If this be the truth, then it is no disparagement to the moral rectitude of a novel, if it approximate to historical accuracy. There is no necessity for presenting unnatural characters and improbable circumstances to make a work of fiction strictly moral. It is, moreover, no dispraise to an author, if his chief design be to exhibit a faithful picture of the manners of some particular age or people; if he accomplish this design, without a moral transgression, he does well. Books of this kind are positively beneficial; and these are almost the only kind of novels that are worthy of preservation, for their usefulness must be diffused through all time, while their existence is continued. Such works will serve hereafter to elucidate many obscure portions of history, by affording just representations of domestic habits and other minutiae which are considered beneath the dignity of historical detail. A book of this sort may scarcely be called *fiction*—for though the story itself may be wholly imaginary, all that is important as a matter of record, the peculiarities of the people, &c., are *facts*. We have an instance in the “*Arabian Nights*,” the narratives of which are the wildest coinage of fancy, and yet the portraiture of local customs is truth.

Furthermore; it is a laudable task for a novelist to unfold, decorously, the involutions and intricacies of the human heart;—thereby affording his readers that species of human knowledge which, of all others, is most excellent. I have always been of the opinion that it is a safer course to represent men as *worse*, rather than as *better* than they really are. And hence, the novels of Fielding, which contain many caricatures of human nature, I take to be less dangerous works than those of Richardson; though the occasional indelicacy of the former is a just ground for excluding them from general perusal. If we prove, by our intercourse with the world, that men are better than we expected, we are more likely to become philanthropists than if we hear good reports of them first and are unpleasantly disappointed afterwards. Besides, in the former case, we are less liable to suffer from colli-

sion with the more exceptionable portion of our species; and it is no small part of ethics to know how to take care of ourselves.

Few persons will deny that amusements may be innocent, and yet productive of no advantage beyond a mere relaxation of the mind. Should we condemn the games of Hunt the Slipper and Blind Man's Buff because they have no moral import?—And why

should we condemn a novel, which is a mere literary toy, if it serves to amuse, and is harmless? The object, in that case, is gained; and consequently no censure is merited. But if instruction be superadded, the author deserves positive praise, at least for his intentions;—though his success as a novelist, or as a teacher of morality must depend on the ability with which he executes the work.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE POET'S DOOM.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Yes! but *one* doom has e'er been read
Upon the Poet's mortal page!
With flowers his early path is spread,
But clouds and shadows shroud his age.

The love that lights the Poet's heart,
Is not the love that *others* feel;
From the world's creed 'tis all apart,
And oft'ner works his woe than weal.

'Tis born of high imaginings!
Kindled to life by passion's fire,

And o'er earth's dross his fancy flings
The golden dreams that wrap his lyre.

From the blue heav'n's his spirit borrows
Ethereal forms to fill his mind,
With the pale stars his spirit sorrows
For bliss unknown and undefin'd.

And in these thoughts and high aspirings
The Poet seals his mortal doom;
Too bright for earth, those wild desirings,
Fulfilment ask—*beyond the tomb!*

Written for the Lady's Book.

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR—AUTHOR OF "TIRED OF HOUSEKEEPING."

"If I saw any reason in your objection, Mr. Howard, I would not hesitate to comply with your wishes; but as you have yet given none that seems to me to have any weight, I must decline subjecting myself to your humour, this morning, and call, as I intended, upon Mrs. Jervis."

"I am sorry, Emily, that an expressed wish of mine, should have so little influence over you. There was a time —," but he paused, and was silent.

"Mr. Howard, this is unkind. I understand what you would have said. But remember, that a wife's affection is not proof against unreasonableness and mystery. You tell me that you don't want me to visit Mrs. Jervis this morning, and yet you assign no reason for your objection. I must say that, in this, you do not act towards me with the frankness a wife has a right to expect."

"It seems to me, Emily, that a wife should have so much confidence in her husband, and so much affection for him, as at once to be willing, cheerfully, to comply with an expressed wish, even though the reason for a desired action be not given. I, of course, have a reason for asking you not to visit Mrs. Jervis this morning—that reason I do not wish now to give. But I will not urge you. I see that I have miscalculated my influence."

"You seem strangely moved this morning, Henry," said his young and beautiful wife, who loved him with a pure affection. "This is the first time you have spoken so coldly and so unreasonably to me. What have I done to forfeit your confidence? Surely —" but her feelings, which had, since the last cutting remark of her husband, been struggling to overcome

her assumed indifference, now became too strong for her, and she burst into tears.

Her husband, who now saw that he had not approached her in the right way, was grieved at the effect his unexplained request, urged in a way that might be called unkind, had produced upon her. He soothed her agitated feelings in the kindest manner; still, however, leaving untouched the main question, the reason of his disapproval of her visit to Mrs. Jervis.

"But may I not go to see my friend, Mrs. Jervis, Henry," she said, with a smile, that was brighter from shining through her still tearful eyes. "Say yes, dear! for I don't want to go against your will!"

It was a sore trial for Henry Howard to say "no," to the loving and lovely creature who stood looking him in the face so expectantly. A momentary struggle ensued, as powerful as it was brief, but right prevailed.

"I cannot say yes, love; though I would almost sacrifice my life to make you happy. But I leave you in perfect freedom." He kissed her glowing cheek, and left, in the next moment, for his counting room.

Henry Howard was a young merchant, but a few years in business. He was one of the clear headed school, and always knew the exact state of his affairs. He aimed less at sudden and large profits, than at a steady and healthy increase of his business. His capital was not large, but so invested as to ensure early, and moderately profitable returns. His father, who was a sturdy old sea captain, had early placed him in the counting room of his employers, who inducted him into all the art and mystery of

merchandising. Henry proved to be a lad of industrious habits, and to have an early and clear perception of the true principles of trade. His employers, perceiving this, took great pains to give him a thorough mercantile education, not neglecting to impress his mind with the fact, that no state of a man's worldly prospects, in after life, would justify unnecessary extravagance in any thing.

Henry had been of age only a few months, when his father died, leaving him ten thousand dollars in cash. As he felt no disposition to begin business in a hurry, he invested the money in such a way as to make it accessible whenever he wanted it, and waited until a fair prospect of going into business, safely, should offer.

Such a prospect offered, in the course of the next two years, and Henry Howard opened a wholesale dry goods store in Philadelphia. Before doing so, he had entered as salesman, one of the largest jobbing houses in the city, and remained a year, without salary. By this means he acquired a general idea of the business; and became aware of the locality of the best customers.

With a general and particular eye to his business, and a thorough devotion to it, he found himself gradually gaining ground. In the mean time he had become acquainted with Emily Justin, the daughter of a shipping merchant, reputed to be immensely rich. With a lovely face, winning manners, a good heart, and a polished mind, Emily soon won upon the feelings of Henry Howard; nor were the inroads which Howard's manly form and pure elevation of character, made upon the affections of Emily, less rapid. Mutual acknowledgments of affection were, in the end, made, and the rich and beautiful Miss Justin became affianced to Henry Howard.

The wedding passed off with the usual accompaniment of brilliant parties and fashionable dissipation, into which the young bride entered with the liveliest enjoyment. When all was over, and Henry Howard found himself quietly settled down in the elegantly furnished mansion, provided for them by Mr. Justin, he began to breathe more freely again. The artificial atmosphere of fashionable life was one in which he could only be said to exist. He could not *live*, in the broader acceptance of the term, in such a sphere.

It was impossible for him to conceal from himself a regret, that Emily seemed to take such delight in the parade, and show, and empty vanities with which they had been surrounded for some months; but he hoped that she would soon discover, that in the quiet, healthful joys of home, there was a charm superior to all that could attract the affections abroad. He had, however, to learn the painful truth, that the artificial life which she had lived for years, had perverted her moral vision, and given her false perceptions. The continual theme of her conversation was, the light vanities which engage so much of the attention of fashionable people, and which, to Henry Howard, were peculiarly irksome. By many gentle means he endeavoured to win her from what he conceived to be a dangerous folly, and to check, in a way that she would feel, but not understand, a disposition to indulge in wild extravagance. But in all his efforts, he was pained to find himself misconceived.

A man of system, and with the habit, confirmed by years of application, of knowing all about the practical operations of his business, he could not feel satisfied in observing, that his wife considered domes-

tic affairs as something entirely below her attention. She had her housekeeper, her chambermaids, her cook and kitchen assistants, and her man-servant, to whom were resigned all the care and responsibility of household affairs. She knew as little as did her husband, when he came home from his business, what was to be served up for dinner; and never thought of consulting any peculiarity in his appetite, or of busying herself in his absence in little arrangements for his comfort. Sometimes such thoughts as the following would force themselves into his mind:—"It is a little strange that Emily should not reflect, that I devote myself to business from morning until night, with patient assiduity, and as much for her sake as for my own; and that in her sphere of home, it is but right that she too should perform the duties necessary to the regulation of her household, that home may be to her husband a quiet retreat, full of comforts, arranged by the direction of the one most beloved." But he would instantly endeavour to force the thoughts out of his mind, as unkind and ungenerous towards the delicately formed, and beautiful creature who welcomed his coming with smiles so full of warm affection.

Among the female friends of Mrs. Howard, was a Mrs. Jervis, the wife of a man who had grown rich, slowly at first, but of late years rapidly, through his sagacity in taking advantage of the right moment to speculate, at a time when one half of our business men were engaged in hazardous adventures, too often resulting in sudden ruin. This Mrs. Jervis was particularly extravagant, and was always inducing Mrs. Howard to indulge in some unnecessary expenditure. She was constantly in the habit of drawing comparisons between the dress or furniture of different individuals in the circle in which she moved, and thus of exciting in the minds of those who could be influenced by her remarks, an envious desire to have something more costly, or more splendid. Mrs. Howard was weak enough to allow this woman to direct her taste, and to induce her to indulge in the most unnecessary extravagance.

Her husband was much pained at discovering the undue influence which Mrs. Jervis exercised over her. The more so, as he readily perceived that the indulgence in expensive dressing, and frequently costly changes of furniture, like every other indulgence, continued to increase; and he knew would increase, unless checked, to an inordinate and ruinous degree. How to check this desire, now became a subject that occupied much of Mr. Howard's thoughts.

While revolving these things in his mind, he was startled and alarmed, by a rumour that the credit of Mr. Justin, his wife's father, hitherto looked upon as among the richest merchants in the city, had received a powerful shock, in consequence of the failure of an extensive commission house in Lima, at a time when he had consignments to a large amount in their hands. This rumour soon assumed the form of certainty, for in a short time it became known that Mr. Justin's paper to the amount of twenty thousand dollars had been thrown out of bank, and that he was, in consequence, obliged to make extraordinary sacrifices to sustain himself. In many of his recent money operations, he had requested the name of Mr. Howard, which was, of course, cheerfully given, until he had become implicated in his father-in-law's transactions, to an amount considerably beyond his own real capital.

Forced to contend with the disadvantages of a shattered credit, and not having so broad a foundation to stand upon as was generally supposed, he was compelled to yield to the circumstances that surrounded him. His failure, of course, involved Mr. Howard in responsibilities which could not possibly be met without total ruin.

Mr. Howard was not a man to be disheartened by even the very worst aspect of affairs; and like a good seaman, his first thoughts were bent on preparing to meet the storm. In this mood of mind he came home on the evening previous to the morning on which, with his interesting wife, he is introduced to the reader. He had, after a long interview with, and investigation of the affairs of his father-in-law, ascertained that his business was in a very deranged state, and that, not over seventy-five cents in the dollar could be paid, unless the house in Lima proved solvent, which was extremely doubtful. As the notes loaned to, and endorsed for Mr. Justin, had all some time to run before maturity, he ascertained, from a careful examination into his resources and liabilities for the next two months, that he could go on for about that time without difficulty. Beyond that period he did not permit himself to look.

Under the pressure of such circumstances, he came home at evening, but not to find a friend with whom he could share the burden that weighed heavy upon him. Conscious that a great change would be required in their style of living, and a great curtailment necessary in their expenses, he yet shrunk from even hinting it to one who seemed to take so much pleasure in mere show and useless expenditure.

"How glad I am that you have come home at last, Henry; why have you staid so late this evening?" said his wife as he came in.

"Business occupied me rather later than usual," said he, with a smile.

"O I am jealous of that business. It is always business—business. I declare, Henry, you will bend over your ledgers until you become a real drone. It won't do, dear, I must reform you," she continued, affectionately twining an arm round his neck, as she stood beside the chair on which he had seated himself.

Howard looked up into the sweet face that bent down over him, lit up with a ray of affection, with a quiet smile, though there was a chilliness about his heart. How could he make up his mind to rob her of a single delight.

"I take far more pleasure in attending to my business, Emily, than I should in neglecting it. It is as necessary to the health of my mind, as food is to the vigour of my body."

"That savours too much of the old Dutch counting house principles, as Mrs. Jervis would say. The fact is, Henry, I think you are rather antiquated in your notions—a little behind the age. It is all work and no play with you. And now, I remember, you have not ridden out with me once in six months. The fact is, I must reform you. But where and how to begin puzzles me."

"Which would be best, do you think," he replied, smiling, "for you to conform to my ideas of right and propriety, or for me to conform to yours."

"O, you to mine, of course," she said, with a laugh less animated than usual, for she could not misunderstand the covert censure implied in his words.

"But I vote that too grave a subject, at least the turn you have given it, for this evening's conversation, so I will change it," continued Mrs. Howard. "Mrs. Jervis told me to-day that her husband had just made her a present of a new carriage and a span of beautiful horses, as a birth-day gift. To-morrow I am going to ride out with her in it, for the first time. I expect to come home quite dissatisfied with our own carriage, and, in case such an event should occur, I now engage you to attend me in the afternoon to Howell and Vandervoort's Repository for the purpose of choosing one a little more beautiful than even Mrs. Jervis'. Of course you will be at my service," she said laughingly, tapping his cheek with her fingers.

"I cannot promise, Emily, for to-morrow," he replied, rather gravely—"I shall have much to do, and could not be away from the store without an injury to my business."

"There it is—*business* again. I believe you will soon have but one set of ideas, and they will all be included within the word business. Indeed, indeed, Henry, you are doing yourself injustice by such an exclusive attention to business. Surely, we live for something else besides the dull ploddings of business, business. Of course, it must be attended to as a means of acquiring wealth, but it is paying too dear for it to devote every hour of every day to its requisitions."

The supper bell here broke in upon their conversation. At the table Mrs. Howard renewed the subject of the carriage, and seemed delighted with the idea of having one that should eclipse even Mrs. Jervis' wedding gift. It was a painful trial for her husband to listen to the almost childish prattle of his young wife, unconscious all the time, as he was, that in all human probability, a reverse so complete would come in a short time, as to make their condition one of privation and great self-denial—one, that he feared, would utterly destroy in Emily's mind every thing like contentment. How could the beautiful creature before him, who had never yet had a desire within the bounds of wealth to procure, ungratified; upon whose fragile form nothing but spring-zephyrs had yet blown, endure the storms of adversity which were now gathering darkly in the horizon of his worldly prospects. Rallying his spirits with a strong effort, he maintained a cheerful temper, evading, however, as much as possible, any conversation which alluded to show and extravagance. In doing so, he could not but be painfully struck with the fact, that Emily's thoughts were interested in nothing so much as in dress, equipage, and appearance.

He found that sleep forsook him, after retiring to bed on that night. If there had been only a total wreck of all his worldly prospects, it would not have driven sleep from him an hour. But the effect the disaster would have upon his wife, troubled him more than all, and drove slumber from his eye-lids. His imagination pictured her in the deepest distress; pale and weeping, and refusing to be comforted; and with this image ever present, how could his troubled spirit sink into quietude. Before morning he had determined to begin to check gradually her disposition to extravagance by gently opposing her intended visit to Mrs. Jervis—and thus awakening in her mind some degree of concern, that would engross it to the exclusion of worse than idle thoughts. He had another reason for wishing her to suspend her calls on Mrs. Jervis. That lady's husband was involved in a con-

siderable loss by the failure of Mr. Justin; and although he had good reasons for keeping the failure as yet a secret from his wife, he knew that no such reasons could weigh with Mr. Jervis. To have his wife tantalized and her hopes excited by a woman who knew that they could not be realized, was more than he desired to have occur. He wished the trouble, when it did come, to fall as lightly as possible upon the tender flower he would gladly shelter from the approaching tempests.

On the next morning the subject of the call upon Mrs. Jervis was again alluded to, when the rather embarrassing scene occurred which the reader has been made acquainted with in the opening of this sketch.

After Mr. Howard had gone, his wife sat for nearly an hour upon the sofa, in a state of mind that might be called painful, in contrast with any other that she had ever experienced. In spite of her efforts to repress them, the tears would steal over her cheeks, and fall, drop after drop, upon her folded hands. But as the hours stole away, her interest in the new carriage of Mrs. Jervis gradually revived, and at twelve o'clock she was ready to go out, dressed in a style of costly elegance, that but few of the circle in which she moved felt willing to imitate. Her own carriage was at the door, and she was soon whirled off at a rapid rate. Just as her beautiful equipage drove up to the elegant mansion of Mrs. Jervis, and while her servant was handing her out, the steps of a magnificent carriage were hastily put up, and in the next moment it dashed away, drawn by a pair of splendid horses in rich and glittering harness. Her eye naturally turned towards the passing vehicle, and to her surprise and keen mortification, she saw her friend Mrs. Jervis seated at the window. She did not return the nod and smile that were accorded her, but hastily retired into her own carriage, and drove home.

When Mr. Howard came in at the usual dinner hour, he found his wife in her chamber, with pale cheeks, and eyes from which the tears were not yet dried. His instant conclusion was, that she had thought his words and his manner in the morning, cold or arbitrary, and that she had felt the chill upon her young heart—that while he had been absorbed in his business, she had been weeping alone in her chamber. To his tender inquiry, she related the cruel disappointment she had met, and the mortification to which she had been subjected.

"And what do you think was the cause of this, Emily?"

"The cause? How can I imagine any cause for such treatment?"

"I did not wish you to go this morning, Emily, and I had my reason for it."

"And what *was* the reason, dear husband?" she asked, with an expression of alarm upon her countenance; a fearful suspicion arousing her mind.

Mr. Howard was silent for some moments, for he dreaded to make known to his wife what he knew she would learn too early. But, fearing to lose the opportunity, he at length took her hand in his, and looking steadily in her pale face, said:—

"My dear Emily, it is time for me to speak out plainly to you. A sudden and unexpected change has taken place in my affairs, which will, I doubt not, result in the total wreck of my little property. Such a change cannot, of course, take place, without becoming generally known among men of business. Mrs. Jervis doubtless learned the fact last evening

from her husband, and this will account to you for her conduct this morning."

Howard paused to see what effect this communication would have upon his wife. She seemed startled and confused for a few moments, and then looked him in the face with an affectionate and encouraging smile, and said—

"But my father, Henry, he is rich, and will hasten to your aid, when he learns your situation. I shall have much wealth coming to me, and it will all be yours."

"It pains me, Emily, to dash even that hope from your mind. Your father's affairs are in as bad a condition as my own. We will go down together."

It was now that the real character of Emily was to appear. Her husband expected her to sink at once into a state of distressing despondency; and had even fortified his mind to bear up under the double trials which such an event would occasion. Such an effect was not, at least, instantaneously apparent. A great change did, indeed, pass upon her, almost in an instant. The expression of her countenance, the tone of her voice, her manner, all seemed changed. With a calm, earnest attention did she listen to a detail of the circumstances which had conspired to embarrass her husband. From a thoughtless, giddy votary of fashion, she seemed at once changed into a rational, sympathizing woman. After Mr. Howard had given her to understand fully the true position of his affairs, she looked him tenderly in the face, and said—

"Dear Henry! I am your wife still—here is no change," laying her hand upon her breast—"yes, there is a change, for you are now dearer to me than ever. Through prosperity or adversity, through evil report or good report, I am your wife, to share with you all that is good, and to bear with you all that is evil."

How like wild and strangely beautiful music did the voice of his wife thrill upon the heart of Henry Howard! How did her face shine with a new and surpassing loveliness, caught from the form of lively affections within! Could he do less than fold her to his heart as a treasure, worth more than all he was about to lose.

Light was the heart that beat in his bosom, when he returned to his store in the afternoon, and as evening came on, he felt impatient to get home again, to look upon the face of her whose countenance had changed the beauty of its expression, in correspondence with the elevation of character which so instantaneously occurred. The smile that met his return was not a glad smile. It was something more quiet, subdued, affectionate; mingling an expression of tender concern for the one whose burdens she now seemed anxious to share. There was a great change, too, in her appearance. Most of her ornaments, such as rings, and chains, and other articles of jewellery, with which she had been fond of decking her person, were removed; and in a simple white dress, she met her husband. Never had she appeared in his eyes so lovely. Never before did such a charm invest her every movement.

During the evening, Mrs. Howard introduced a subject which occupied much of her husband's thoughts—the subject of retrenchment.

"Had we not better," she said, looking him earnestly in the face, "take some early steps towards accommodating our style of living to our changed circumstances?"

"How greatly you have relieved my mind by thus alluding to a course that I feared I should have to urge upon your unwilling compliance," replied Mr. Howard, his eye beaming with an expression of pleasure that richly repaid the heart of his wife for the real sacrifice she was forcing herself to make.

"You see I have already begun," she said, alluding to her ornaments, just mentioned as having been laid aside.

"And bravely have you commenced; may your courage not fail when the extremity comes," replied her husband, with a voice that trembled from overpowering emotion. Opposition, distress, wretchedness, and almost despair, he had expected. But of such meek endurance; such an anticipation of his wishes he had never dreamed. "May kind Providence reward you a thousand fold," he said, drawing her to his breast, while the first drops that had moistened his eyes for years, fell upon her crimson cheek.

The evening was spent in plans and arrangements for the future; and in more minute explanations of the real state of Mr. Howard's affairs, and those of Mr. Justin. Mrs. Howard listened to these explanations with deep interest, and many painful thoughts crossed her mind as she perceived that it was alone through her father that her husband's affairs had become embarrassed. And keenly did she feel for the parent, who had ever been to her the kindest and most indulgent of fathers.

One month passed away, and a great change had taken place in the internal economy of Mr. Howard's family. The splendid mansion in Chestnut street had been exchanged for a neat two story dwelling in Southwark. The beautiful carriage and horses had been sold, servants dismissed, and, with only a cook and a chambermaid, Mrs. Howard managed to get along very pleasantly. Many articles of furniture too massive for the parlours they now occupied, had been disposed of; but still every thing was neat and even elegant. Not a single one of the many dear friends who had been so fond of Mrs. Howard called upon her in her new residence, and for a time she felt keenly the heartless desertion. But the seclusion of home, passed in duties pertaining to her household, and in the society of her husband, whose real character she had never before understood, amply repaid her for all she had lost.

Time wore on, and at last the crisis came. That event, which a merchant looks forward to with even more fear than to death, a failure, happened to Mr. Howard. The paper upon which he had placed his name was protested, and he deemed it prudent at once to call a meeting of his creditors, and make an assignment of his effects. The trusteeship the creditors placed in his hands, so entire was their confidence in his integrity; and he commenced closing up the business as fast as possible, preparatory to a division of the property.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Howard had become at once superior to those feelings of pride which cause such deep mortification, when it is first beginning to be known in the fashionable circles that an individual has lost caste by misfortune. It was a severe trial to her fortitude to think of the heartless remarks that would be connected with her name, and the reputation of her husband. But she did not long suffer such thoughts to disturb her mind. The shock which the first announcement of reverse had occasioned, called into activity new and higher powers,

and her true character continued to become more and more developed. From a thoughtless, she had become a reflecting woman; and now that her affections were interested in right objects, she was becoming daily more and more strengthened to bear her changed condition, and received increased delight in the steady discharge of her duties.

About two months from the date of Mr. Howard's failure, at a time when he had so far progressed in the duties of his trusteeship, as to find it necessary to look about him for some new employment, in which to secure a support for his family, he came home one evening unusually serious and thoughtful. His affairs, in this time, had so far become settled as to show pretty accurately the result. Ninety cents in the dollar would certainly be paid. Thus much for his creditors. Now his thoughts necessarily turned to his own prospects. While he had a certain property upon which to calculate his future movements, he could easily decide the best way. Then he could feel secure in the present, and confident of success in the future. But it was different now. He stood alone. The most he could expect for some time to come, was a fair salary as a clerk; and with the income of a clerk, even his present style of living could not be sustained. As far as he was concerned, this would have given him no pain of mind; but his feelings shrunk from the necessity of his wife becoming involved in the practice of such close economy as would be required, and in submission to privations to which those she had already endured were light and trifling.

He could not conceal from his wife the troubled state of his mind, for she had learned to read his feelings at a glance. He did not attempt to evade her affectionate inquiries, for he knew that it would be best that she should know the worst aspect of his affairs.

"Are you certain of obtaining employment at once?" was her first question, after he had stated his present gloomy prospects.

"O yes. I have ascertained that my old employers would gladly have my services; and my salary there was fifteen hundred dollars a year, and will no doubt be at least that again."

"Then I see nothing to cause despondency," she said, with a smile so cheerful, that he felt it warming over his heart like a ray of sunshine. "Our world is now our own fireside. What need we care for all beyond it?"

"But, Emily, you have never been used to the cares which such limited circumstances will bring. They will be irksome; and I fear your mind will faint under them."

"Do not fear me, my dear husband. I am in earnest when I tell you that I have known more true happiness since my banishment from fashionable life, than I ever before experienced. Nor would I wish to go back to the circle of false friends again were you richer than ever."

The last word had scarcely died on her lips, when the parlour door was suddenly thrown open, and Mr. Justin came bounding in as if wild with some passion of grief or joy. Before either Mr. Howard or his wife had time to rise, he had sprung to the side of the former, and after shaking his hand violently for a moment, exclaimed—

"Good news, my boy!—good news, I tell you! It was all a false alarm! The house of R —— and P —— is as sound as any in the world. I am not ruined!—hurrah!"

"Oh, my father! are you sure?"—said his daughter breathlessly, springing to his side, and looking him earnestly in the face.

"Am I sure, you jade? Yes I *am* sure. And hark'e Em', you shall have a carriage that will eclipse Madam Jervis, and live in a larger house than ever. Dy'e hear that Em'?" said the delighted old man, kissing her cheek fervently.

"I want no carriages and no fine horses, father, and care not to live in better style than now. But make haste and explain, for I am eager to know all."

"Listen to this then"—and Mr. Justin drew a letter from his pocket and read—

"*Lima, June 10, 18—.*

"Shipped on board the brig Selina, in good order, by R ——— & P ———, etc., etc., ——— boxes, containing one hundred thousand dollars in Spanish Dollars and Doubloons, etc., etc., to be delivered to Mark Justin or order, of Philadelphia, United States of America, etc., etc., etc.'—

"Do you hear that? And here is another Bill of Lading for copper, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, shipped on board the Jane. And what is better, the Selina has arrived, and the Jane is inside of the Capes. What do you think of that my boy?"—said the delighted old man, slapping his son-in-law on the shoulder. "Won't we come out again with flying colours?—ha!—won't we?—ha! ha! ha!"

"Good news truly!"—responded Howard. "How strange are the ways of Providence!"

It was an hour before old Mr. Justin could calm his feelings at all; and he went away late, still in a high state of pleasurable excitement.

The house of R ——— & P ———, in Lima, had temporarily suspended at the last advices, but were again in a healthy condition in a few weeks. From the date of this news, there was no arrival from the Pacific for four months, during which time,

Mr. Justin's affairs had become deranged as just stated, involving Mr. Howard in a like ruin of his worldly prospects.

One year has passed away since the night their worldly prospects so suddenly assumed a brighter aspect, and Mr. Howard is again doing a large and profitable business. We will look in upon them once more, before we take our final leave of them. Shall we find them again amid the splendour and blandishments of fashion? Is Emily Howard again a worshipper at the shrine of a false god? We shall see.

How softly the light is diffused over this elegantly furnished room. How refined a taste must preside here, for every thing seems to form a part of a beautiful whole. There is nothing redundant, nothing wanting. And is that beautiful woman, caressing a smiling babe, the once gay and thoughtless Emily Howard? It is the same. And this is the neat two story brick house in Southwark, where there has been no change in the internal arrangement since it first became a pleasant retreat amid the storms of adversity. What a sweet expectant smile plays upon her face as she suddenly looks towards the door! It opens, and Henry Howard, changed only in the happier expression of his countenance, is by her side. Who will say that the lessons of adversity have not proved sweet to them. How mysterious are the ways of Providence—but how fraught with kindness are they to the children of men. That Being, whose essential nature is love and wisdom, does not bring sorrow or trouble upon any of his children, except for their ultimate happiness; and whether the individuals stand amid the rich and the proud, or with the poor and the humble, the chastening is alike for good. And with such wisdom are afflictions always sent, that few come out of them without being better and wiser.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TAKE THE HEART.

BY J. E. DOW.

TAKE the heart with feeling proffered,
Take it glowing from above;
'Tis a gift most freely offered,
Offered from the fount of love.
Spurn it not, thou selfish creature,
Break it not, with guilt or scorn.
Read it, in each beaming feature;
Beautiful as summer morn.

Take the heart, that beats with rapture,
When thy footstep rings along;
Call it not a priceless capture,
Oh! in love, it beats how strong!
Who can tell its hidden treasure?
Who can know its sympathy?
Take it, then, thou child of pleasure—
Take it, it was made for thee.

Life is short, a weary season,
Cheerless often as the wild,
Where devoid of heavenly reason,
Roams in silence, nature's child.
But, when gentle feeling, rushing
From a warm heart, springs to thee,
Take it, even in its gushing,
Take it, in its purity.

God is Love! yes, love unmeasured,
Angels feel the glowing flame.
High in light its beams are treasured,
High above each glorious name.
Then receive it, child of sadness,
Give it an exalted shrine;
Take it—to refuse is madness!—
To receive it—bliss divine.

REPUBLICS furnish the world with a greater number of brave and excellent characters than kingdoms; the reason is, that in republics virtue is honoured and promoted, in monarchies and kingdoms it incurs suspicion.

THERE is a time when men will not suffer bad things because their ancestors have suffered worse. There is a time when the hoary head of inveterate abuse will neither draw reverence nor obtain protection.

For the Lady's Book.

MODERN ITALIAN NOVELS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

HECTOR FIERAMOSCA.

HECTOR FIERAMOSCA has obtained great favour among the novel readers of Italy. It is neither ambitious in style, nor crowded with incident; but the story, though told with simplicity, has considerable interest. It is founded on an event mentioned by Guicciardini in his history of the Italian wars; a combat between thirteen Italians and the same number of Frenchmen, in vindication of the national honour of the former, which had been impugned.

The historian gives the names of the champions, many of whom figure in the romance, as well as other personages better known to fame, such as the Grand Captain Gonsalvo, the Duke de Nemours, Victoria Colonna, and a prince of infamous celebrity, Cesar Borgia. The hero of the "challenge," is the one who occupies the most prominent place in the book—Hector Fieramosca. He is first introduced to the attention of the reader upon a terrace near the castle of Barletta, occupied by Gonsalvo and the garrison. Inigo, a young and heroic Spanish knight, joins him and informs him of the challenge which had been given and accepted by a party of Frenchmen and Italians on the preceding night. The champions are named, and Hector and Brancalone are despatched by Gonsalvo to the Duke de Nemours, commander of the French troops in Naples, to demand the names of their opponents, and a free field for the strife.

On the way, the young knight relates to his friend the history of his past life; his early enlistment under Count Bosio di Monreale, his love for Ginevra, the daughter of that noble; her maiden coyness, and his separation from her in ignorance of her real sentiments; and her forced marriage with Grajano d'Asti, a recreant Italian, to save her father's life. Fieramosca had after her unfortunate marriage obtained access to her; but on attempting to repent his visit the next morning, learned that she was seized with a mortal illness, which, before evening, terminated in her death. He thus pursues his narration:

"Ginevra lost, the world had nothing more for me. I left the house with fixed and tearless eyes; whither I went, or what happened in those first moments of anguish, I could not have remembered had not succeeding incidents fixed them in my recollection. I felt as if reason had deserted me; as if smote on the head by an iron mace, every thing swam before my eyes, and strange sounds hissed in my ears. Hardly preserving a distinct idea of what had passed, I crossed the bridge, (the dwelling of Ginevra was near the Tower di Nona,) and entered the Piazza of St. Peter.

"The affectionate Franciotto, aware, in part, of my misfortune, came to seek me, and found me stretched on the ground, at the foot of a column; I have no recollection of falling. I felt his arms around my waist, raising me from the ground, and assisting me to sit up; then, recovering a little, I perceived him near me. He began to console me with tender words; helped me to rise, and with great trouble conducted me back

to the house; unrobed and laid me on the bed, and seating himself by my side, ceased to distress me with words of consolation, which would have been ill timed.

"We thus passed the night in total silence; a burning fever had attacked me which mounted to my brain, and my excited fancy represented to me continually a figure completely armed, seated on my breast and attempting to suffocate me.

"At, last suffering nature was relieved by tears. It had struck ten* from the castle, and the first rays of dawn were visible through the window. My sword and other weapons were hanging on the wall, at the head of my couch; raising my eyes, I saw the blue belt given me by Ginevra, many years before. This sight, like an arrow shot, opened the flood gates of my grief; my tears flowed in torrents, and soothing and calming my agony, restored me again to life. I was able once more to listen and reply to the kind expressions of good Franciotto, and towards the evening I left my couch.

"As my composure was gradually restored, I revolved in my mind what resolution it was best to take under the pressure of a calamity so terrible; despairing at the prospect of a life consumed with sorrow inch by inch, I returned to my first resolution of dying to follow that blessed soul. Thus I resolved, and feeling as if I had gained a triumph, I was calm.

"Franciotto, who had been with me since the preceding evening, left me to return for a moment to his shop, promising to be with me speedily. Taking up my dagger, (it is the same I have now at my side,) I was about to execute my purpose, when I remembered that the burial of Ginevra was to take place that evening, and I resolved to behold her for the last time, and die near her. Dressing myself, I buckled on my sword, and taking with me my last treasure, the blue belt, left the house.

"Passing the bridge, I met the funeral procession. The Friars della Regola came two by two, and there followed other companies of holy brethren chanting the *miserere*; they passed by the Ponte Sisto, carrying the bier, covered with a pall of black velvet. At this sight I lost not my self possession, but with the thought that, if not in life, we should be at least in death united, that we were bound on the same journey, and that one chamber should receive us both, I followed full of sad joy, leaving the world behind, and careless whither I was led. We passed Ponte Listo by Trastavere, and entered into Saint Cecelia.

"The bier was deposited in the Sacristy, where is the tomb of the son of San Francesco Romans; I stood at one side leaning against the wall, while the brethren were chanting their last hymns over the corpse. At last the vault resounded with the mournful music

* The Italians of that period reckoned twenty-four hours by the clock, commencing after the *ave Maria*; so that the hour of *ten*, at that season of the year, struck between four and five in the morning, according to our mode of calculation.

of the 'Requiescat in pace.' They all departed in silence, and I remained alone in the gloom; there was no light save the lamp burning before the image of the Virgin. I heard from the distance talking and the footsteps of those who were going out. Then the hour of night struck, and the sexton passed through the church, shaking his bunch of keys and making ready to close the doors. Passing near me, he perceived me, and said, 'I am going to shut the doors,' I answered, 'I will remain.'

"He looked at me, and with the air of one who recognises another, said,

"You are the Duke's man? You are somewhat too eager. The door shall remain half closed, and since you are here, it is none of my doings.' Then without saying more, he went out.

"I gave him little heed, yet those words startled me, and I knew not if he or I was dreaming. What Duke? what half closed door? What could the poor man mean? I pondered on it; but incapable of reasoning at that moment, I returned to my first determination, and after a brief space, all around being quiet, approached the bier shuddering with awe.

"Having removed the pall, and drawn my dagger, which was sharp and strong, I applied my strength to force open the coffin; with great pains I raised the heads of the nails, but finally succeeded so far that I was able to lift up the lid. The fair corpse was enveloped in a shroud of the whitest linen. Anxious before death to look once more upon that angelic face, I knelt down, and carefully unfolded the drapery that concealed her. As I turned aside the last fold, I saw the countenance of Ginevra; it seemed that of a waxen statue. Trembling all over, I stooped my forehead to hers, nor could I refrain from kissing her cold lips. The lips gave a slight tremor! I was ready to swoon with agitation. 'Can thy mercy, omnipotent God!' I cried, 'do so much!' I placed my fingers on her wrist—the palpitation I felt took away my breath. The blood flowed in her veins—Ginevra was alive!

"Judge of my bewildering sensations, finding myself alone at this juncture. Should her senses, I thought, return in so doleful a place, fear will destroy her! I knew not what to do; I raved; I turned, with arms extended towards the Virgin, and prayed; 'O, mother of God! permit me to save her, and I swear by thy divine Son, my thoughts shall be only turned to good! I pledge a solemn vow never to seek from her aught contrary to virtue, if I succeed in restoring her to life; and to abandon for ever the thought of slaying her husband! (for that project had till then been fixed in my soul, and I had continually sought means for its execution.)

"Franciotto, who, as I told you, had left the house, in returning, saw me going towards the bridge, and in part guessing the truth, ever fearing, as he said afterwards, some desperate act on my part, had followed me secretly. He sought not to speak with or disturb me, knowing well my condition was not to be remedied by counsel, but by solid aid when there should be need. He entered with the others into the church, and remained hid in an obscure corner; had approached me, was about to seize my arm when he saw me lay hand on my dagger, but stood still when he saw my only object seemed the opening of the coffin; and only when I needed him, did he discover himself. I heard his footsteps as I ceased praying; I turned and saw him near me; prostrate I embraced

his knees as one who had given me two lives at once, as an angel sent from heaven to my aid. Then we considered how most gently and without delay we could remove the lady. At last we took the velvet pall that covered the bier, and turning it on the wrong side, that reviving she might not perceive the funeral vestment that served her as a bed, and arranging the shroud which enwrapped her in the best manner possible, with great care we lifted her from the coffin, and softly placed her on the temporary litter.

"The unfortunate lady had not opened her eyes, but broken sighs burst from her bosom. Franciotto searching among the closets found, by good chance, some of the wine used in the celebration of the mass, and administered a few drops to assist in restoring animation. Then we raised the litter, and bore her from the church, taking the way by San Michel to Ripa, where lay the boats."

A body of armed men was seen to enter the church just after they left it, and a leech whom Hector and his friend got into their boat and forced to a confession, acknowledged that he had been ordered by Duke Valentino, (Cæsar Borgia,) to declare the death of Ginevra to her family, Valentino having administered to her at supper a medicated wine, which had the power of throwing her into a death-like lethargy. The Duke was to take her from the church while in this trance, but his minions were disappointed, finding the coffin open and the victim withdrawn from their power.

The lady recovers and retires into a convent, where Hector visits her as her brother. Thus two years passed, till war was rekindled between the French and Spaniards; when the life he led seemed to Fieramosca unworthy of a soldier and an Italian. He resolved to enter into service under the Grand Captain Gonsalvo, and they consequently embarked from Messina, their place of refuge hitherto. On the passage to Manfredonia, a romantic incident bestows on our hero another female companion.

"It was a cloudy day in the month of May; and our vessel, propelled by two sails and twelve oars, flew over a sea smooth as glass. At noon we perceived behind us four ships; they fired and ordered us alongside. We would have escaped, and could have done so as the wind was in our favour; but apprehensive of the injury their arms might do us, we determined to obey.

"They were Venetian ships on the way from Cyprus, conducting to Venice Catherine Cornaro, the queen of that island. When they discovered who we were they did us no harm, and we pursued our voyage behind them. At night the mist grew denser; and we esteemed it fortunate to have fallen in with those who could serve us as guides through the gloom.

"It was near midnight. Ginevra slept; two men only were on foot to regulate the sails and steer the vessel; but even they were soon overpowered by drowsiness. I sat at the prow, absorbed in varying thoughts. Suddenly I thought I heard on the deck of the queen's ship which preceded us about half a bow shot, hurried footsteps; I heard a suppressed whispering, but in agitated and angry tones; listening attentively, a female voice mingled with the others, and seemed to implore mercy; then followed moans, then a stifled noise, as if of suffocation. At last, a plunge into the sea as of a body; I rose in haste, and

straining my sight, thought I saw something white fluttering on the surface of the water; I leaped into the waves, and in four strokes reached the spot, snatched the border of a floating garment, and securing it between my teeth, swam back to my vessel, bearing the body with me. My men had been routed by the noise; they helped me to ascend the boat's side, and drew up the body. It was that of a young female, half dressed, her hands tied by a cord; she gave no sign of life. By the help of restoratives, at length she revived."

Who was the lady so miraculously rescued from the waves we have no account. She chose to give no history of her life, and all that we learn of her is that she was born in the East, and was probably a Saracen, besides being "the most gentle and affectionate creature in the world." She remained from that day with Ginevra, and the two ladies are received into the convent of St. Ursula, where, from its vicinity to Barletta, then the abiding place of the troops, Fieramosca could visit them frequently.

The combatants on the side of the French are appointed; among them is Grajano d'Asti, the husband of Ginevra, whom Hector is surprised at meeting in the camp of the Duke de Nemours.

There is a diversion of interest in the description of Cæsar Borgia, whose arrival at the inn is mentioned in the first chapter; his messages to Michel, about whom hangs a tale of horror and revenge, and the manœuvres and apparent zeal of the latter in the service of his master, are detailed with spirit, and furnish some amusing scenes. The object of Borgia in coming to Barletta is to obtain possession of Ginevra, against whom he has vowed a horrid revenge for her former slight of his offered love, and whose retreat he at length discovers through the agency of Michel.

Meanwhile Ginevra, in her convent on an island near the town, where she resides in peaceful seclusion with Zoraida, feels continual remorse for her flight with Fieramosca, and her involuntary abandonment of her husband; and resolves to escape as speedily as possible from the temptations that beset her in the society of her lover, to rejoin Grajano, whom she had never loved, but to whom she feels herself bound by the ties of duty. There is a suspension of hostilities between the French and Spaniards, and Gonsalvo invites the Duke de Nemours and his knights to a feast and tournament given in honour of his daughter Elvira. Fieramosca relates these occurrences to the two recluses at the island, and so vehement a curiosity to witness the tourney is excited in the mind of Zoraida that with the help of the gardener she leaves the convent privately and repairs to the place prepared for the contest. The chivalry and beauty of both nations are assembled to witness the festivities; Donna Elvira, a young and beautiful maiden, with her friend Victoria Colonna, takes her place in the balcony, attended by Fieramosca, whose graces and gentle demeanour make no slight impression on the heart of the Spanish girl. The description of the bull fight, a spectacle then much in vogue among the Italians, and the contest between the bull armed with mail and Diego Garcia is graphically described; then follows the tilt, at the close of which Grajano d'Asti is declared victor of the field, and receives the prize from the hands of the lady Elvira. At the return of Zoraida she gives Ginevra an account of the festivities, but is wholly unable to account for the surprise and emotion

of the latter at the name of the conqueror. Convinced that her husband, of whose existence she had hitherto been uncertain, is alive and in Barletta, Ginevra forms the resolution of flying to him at once; vows to the Virgin that she will leave the convent that night, to throw herself on his forgiveness, whom she had unwittingly injured; and impatiently waits for evening that she may execute her purpose. Meanwhile a scheme is matured between Martin and Boscherino to seize her in the convent and deliver her into the hands of Valentino; this plan, however, is overheard by Petraccio, a person whose episodic story, by the way, is touching and interesting, and who resolves to give warning to Hector in time to prevent the consummation of this villany.

The noble guests dine at the castle, and the description of the banquet is so picturesque, that we must extract a portion of it.

"Gonsalvo, seated between Victoria Colonna and the Duke, placed his daughter at the right hand of the French general, Hector being seated on the other side of her. His courteous manner towards the lady Elvira had been such throughout the day as to produce a strong impression on the susceptible maiden; and seated near each other at table, a lively conversation was maintained between them, till by degrees the brow of the Italian became clouded, and his answers hesitating, and at random. Donna Elvira cast furtive and doubtful glances on him, mingled with impatience, till she perceived him grow paler, and fix his eyes on the ground as if absorbed in thought. She would fain have persuaded herself that she was the cause of his abstraction; the thought rendered her more indulgent to his mood, and she also ceased to speak; so that both remained long in silence amid the festive gaiety of the rest of the company. But the poor maiden flattered herself groundlessly; the cause of Fieramosca's change of manner was occasioned by an accident. From the place where he sat, opposite one of the large windows of the hall, open on account of the warmth of the season, he saw through the casement the bosom of the sea, and Mount Gargano tinted with the bright blue, which robes mountains at noon when the air is limpid and serene; he saw rising from the waters the island and the convent of St. Ursula, and could even discover like an obscure point in front of the pile, the balcony of Ginevra, under the vines that shaded it. Over the celestial beauty of this picture a shadow of gloom was cast—the dark figure of Grajano who sat between him and the window.

"The light that streamed into the apartment heightened his complexion and the expression of his features. Thinking of the man who sat before him, Fieramosca grew moody; well for him he knew not the strait in which Ginevra then was! precisely at that moment she had passed into the church, and confirmed her resolution to leave her asylum for ever.

"In the confusion of a numerous company little heed was given to Hector and Elvira; but Victoria Colonna, in whose mind suspicion was awake, observed with anxious brow and attentive eyes the movements of the cavalier and her friend, for whose peace she could not but tremble. While all parties were thus occupied, the several courses of the feast appeared, displaying profusion and variety agreeable to the taste of the age. Before Gonsalvo was a large peacock with his starry train spread, surrounded in the same dish by smaller birds, that seemed to

stand gazing at him, all filled with rich spices and aromatic drugs; at different distances rose enormous pasties, two or three feet high, from which, at a signal given, the covers were lifted by unseen aid, and from the interior appeared as many dwarfs, strangely attired, who distributed the contents with silver spoons, and flung flowers on the guests. Among other devices was a small wild boar, which seemed assailed by the spears of hunters formed of paste; hunters and game were soon distributed among the revellers. Towards the close of the banquet, four pages entered the hall, clothed in red and yellow liveries, bearing a plate on which lay an enormous fish. They placed the dish before Gonsalvo, while all admired the size of the fish and the ornaments about it; its back being surmounted by a mythological figure of a naked youth with a lyre in his hand. The Grand Captain turning to the Duke de Nemours, presented him a knife entreating him to open the mouth of the fish.

"As the Duke opened, there flew out a number of doves, that took flight through the hall, seeking egress from their prison. This piece of sport was received with marvellous glee by the company; but as the doves lighted here and there, they perceived that from the neck of each hung a jewel, and a paper on which a name was written. Perceiving the fanciful and elegant manner in which the liberality of the host had shown itself, there ensued no little strife to secure the birds, and whoever caught one, reading the name, with great exultation presented it to the person for whom it was designed.

"Fanfulla pursued one of the doves, and perceiving that it bore the name of Donna Elvira, redoubled his efforts to be able to present her the gift. Having secured the bird he advanced, and kneeling on one knee, offered it to her, with a splendid clasp of diamonds, suspended around its neck. The lady received the gift with grateful courtesy; approaching it to her face, as if to caress it, the wings of the fluttering bird discomposed the fair ringlets on her brow, and tinged her cheek with a deeper crimson. * *

"But Fanfulla could not see without envy and anger, that after having attentively examined the jewelled clasp, and praised its splendour, she turned to Fieramosca, and giving him a golden pin, begged him to fasten the buckle on her bosom. Victoria, who was near, advanced to render her this service; and even Hector, aware of the indiscretion of her request, was about to give up the pin; but Elvira, capricious and self-willed as an over indulged child, stepped between them, and said to Fieramosca with a smile that concealed some pique,

"Are you so used to handle the sword, that you disdain to touch an humbler instrument?" The Italian could do no more than obey; the Colonna turned away with displeasure on her noble and beautiful features; and Fanfulla looking a moment at Hector, exclaimed:

"It is well others sow, and you reap!" he then passed from the spot, muttering as if he had been alone in the street, and not in the midst of a crowded assemblage.

"The presents of Gonsalvo were not confined to the ladies: he had also thought of his French guests; the Duke and his Barons received rich gifts of rings, and ornaments of gold, &c., designed to wear in their bonnets or about their persons. The magnificence of the Grand Captain displayed in this banquet, was not without design; he wished to show his enemies

the amplitude of his means, no less to supply the wants of his people than his present courteous profusion.

"The Duke de Nemours, according to the custom of his country, then rose, and taking up his goblet, turned to the lady Elvira, and prayed her to accept him henceforward as her cavalier, saving his obedience due to the most Christian King. The damsel accepted his service and answered courteously; after other healths were drank, Gonsalvo rose, and, followed by all the guests, went out upon an open gallery that overlooked the sea, where the remaining hours of the day were passed in conversation.

"The greater part of the time, Elvira and Fieramosca were together. The youth scarce found himself a moment from her side; for if he left her to mingle with the company in some other circle, she was again in a few minutes near him. Hector, too discerning not to perceive this preference, from a sentiment of honour avoided encouraging it; but could not appear discourteous, influenced by deference to Gonsalvo's will, and the gentleness of his own nature. Many observed their movements, and smilingly whispered among themselves. Fanfulla, piqued at the affair of the dove, was vexed to see his companion in such favour, and when he approached him, took occasion to say, half in jest and half in anger, 'You shall pay me, at all events, for this!'"

To those of our readers who are unacquainted with the details of a ball in the beginning of the sixteenth century, some account of the concluding festivities may not be uninteresting.

"Two o'clock in the evening* had struck, when the amusements of the theatre being over, the company returned into the hall where they had dined, which, altered in its decorations, shone with numberless lights from wax torches in huge candlesticks, and from a vast chandelier hung from the vaulted roof. The orchestra, as during the dining hour, was in an open gallery around the walls, about two thirds of the way from the floor to the ceiling; besides the musicians, who occupied one side, there were in it all sorts of people, of the lower grade, who wished to be spectators of an amusement in which their rank did not suffer them to take part.

"Gonsalvo, with his guests and the ladies, seated themselves on a carpet spread where the banners hung from the wall, and the Duke rising as soon as the hall was filled, requested the honour of Donna Elvira's hand to begin the dance. When it was over, and the maiden conducted to her seat, Fieramosca, desirous also of showing courtesy on this occasion, came to offer her his hand, praying excuse beforehand for his own unskilfulness. The proposition was accepted with evident joy; several other couples joined them, Fanfulla among the rest, who, not fortunate enough to obtain the hand of the lady Elvira, had provided himself a partner among the ladies of Barletta, and in the mazes of the dance found himself frequently close to Hector and his fair companion. The eager attention with which he observed her every action and movement, did not reward him by informing him of aught grateful to his feelings; in the timid glances of the young girl might be read her emotion at every look of her partner; and the sound of the music, the giddy whirl of the dance, and the frequent touching of hands which the changes of position

* Between eight and nine, according to modern computation.

rendered necessary, had wrought the feelings of the daughter of Gonsalvo to a pitch of excitement that could scarcely be repressed. Her state of mind was equally evident to Hector and Fanfulla; the former was grieved at it—the latter incensed; he continued with whispered words or meaning looks to molest Fieramosca, who not relishing such railery, preserved a serious countenance; his melancholy interpreted by the Spanish maiden in her own manner.

“At length, Donna Elvira, with that adventurous imprudence belonging to her character, seizing a moment when her partner held her hand, leaned towards him, and whispered—‘When the dance is over, I shall walk on the terrace that overlooks the sea; be there, for I wish to speak with you.’”

“Fieramosca, unpleasantly surprised at these words, merely nodded assent with countenance slightly changed, and uttered not a word in reply. But whether that the damsel lacked caution in not lowering her voice sufficiently, or that Fanfulla stood too much on the watch, he also overheard the whisper, and cursed in his heart the fortune that favoured Fieramosca.”

The persecuted hero has nothing better to do than retire precipitately from the ballroom, availing himself of the excuse of a headache, one of those pleas which our author informs us, served on similar occasions in the sixteenth as aptly as it does in the nineteenth century.

“The young cavaliers who took part in the dance, according to custom and to avoid inconvenience, had thrown aside the mantles that usually hung from their shoulders, and deposited them in an adjoining apartment, remaining for the most part simply attired in white satin. Fanfulla and Hector both wore this dress, and were alike in stature and proportions; their mantles only were different; Fieramosca wore blue embroidered with silver; that of Fanfulla was scarlet.

“Hector found Diego Garcia (master of the ceremonies,) and prayed him to present his excuses to Gonsalvo and his daughter, he being compelled through indisposition to retire; he then hastened to the next apartment to don his mantle; but on crossing the threshold, at a moment when the crowd was not great, no one being near him, he felt a light touch on his shoulder, as if occasioned by something falling from the ceiling, and, at the same instant, a folded paper fell at his feet. Looking upward, he saw no one, nor did any seem to be observing him. He was about to pass on; then stooped and picked up the paper; unfolding it, a stone was found within, placed there merely for the purpose of giving it weight. On the paper was written in large and scarcely legible letters—‘Madonna Ginevra is to be stolen from St. Ursula this night, by order of Duke Valentino, as the bell strikes three. He who gives you this information, awaits you, with three companions at the castle gate, and will be known by a javelin in his hand.’”

“A cold shudder ran through the knight’s frame as he read and remembered that half past two had already sounded from the clock of the tower; pale as a man, who wounded unto death, makes his last steps forward as he is about to fall, with the swiftness of thought he sprang to the door and down the staircase, without mantle or hat, striking with amazement all who saw him, and hastened to the spot pointed out; the arch of the entrance was dark; but

as he gazed, breathless with haste and anxiety, he saw, leaving the wall, against which he had been leaning, a man with a javelin in his hand.”

He departs in haste to rescue the lady, with Brancaloneo and Inigo, who had followed him at a distance; meanwhile,

“Fanfulla, to whom chance had revealed the secret of Donna Elvira, was resolved to profit by it, but could not hit upon the method, till seeing his favoured rival rush out in so much haste, without hat or mantle, a mad thought entered his brain, and he who never hesitated at the gratification of a moment’s caprice, resolved to put it in execution.

“Watching the daughter of Gonsalvo, he had seen her when the dance was concluded, depart for the balcony, and knew she could not be aware of the departure of Fieramosca. He ran quickly to the apartment where the mantles were left, which had all been resumed by their wearers, with the exception of his own and his friend’s. Hector’s velvet cap, surmounted by flowing plumes, he placed on his head so that the plumes overshadowed his face; threw the blue mantle on his shoulders; and none who saw his figure could have doubted that it was Fieramosca himself. Thus he passed through the crowd quietly to the balcony, where there were no lights—the gloom only dissipated by the splendour within the hall; many boxes of fruit disposed tastefully around, contributed to darken the place, so that concealment was easy from those who came from the dancing room. When the young man entered, he saw that the balcony was solitary, and advancing cautiously beheld Donna Elvira seated near the parapet overlooking the sea, her elbow resting on the iron bar; supporting her head with her hand, she was gazing at the heavens.

“The moon was obscured by driving clouds at the moment; Fanfulla knew that if he did not seize the instant, her returning light might discover him, and approached so gently that the lady was not aware of his presence till he was close to her. When she turned her head to look at him, the youth bending gracefully in act of reverence knelt on one knee at her feet and taking her hand raised it to his lips; thus concealing his visage so completely that the daughter of Gonsalvo dreamed not of doubting that Fieramosca was before her.

“She attempted to withdraw her hand, but it was retained with gentle violence; the maiden’s fancy was capricious, and it may be easily credited that finding herself alone with the knight, she should experience some timid remorse for having invited the encounter, or fear blame should she be discovered there by her father, or her severer friend.

“A breath of wind wafted the cloud from the face of the moon; a flood of clear light fell upon the spot, and on the brilliant attire of Fanfulla and Elvira. Perhaps neither of them perceived it, but a thrilling shriek in a female voice, that came from the water at the bottom of the terrace, startled them suddenly, and recollecting that others from the ball room might be drawn by alarm to the spot, they hastened to re-enter the hall by different passages, where the few persons who had heard or heeded the mysterious cry, took no notice of them. The first shriek had been followed by another more feeble, half smothered in the throat of the sufferer, and was succeeded by a noise as of a human body falling on the bottom of a boat; but the balcony was deserted; within all were

intent on festivity, and none troubled themselves about the unfortunate being who thus implored help."

While these things were happening at the castle, the boat that carried Fieramosca and his companions, urged onwards by seven strong men, flew over the waters towards the island of the convent. They meet a boat guided by a single person, on the way towards the city, but Hector's impatience will not permit them to pause and examine it, though had he done so, future misfortunes might have been averted. They encounter Michel and his crew carrying off a lady, and rescue her, after a short contest, in which Hector is slightly wounded. He uncovers the lady's face, it is Zoraida! Tortured by his uncertainty respecting Ginevra's fate, he hastens to the island, and ascending the staircase, seeks her in her chamber, but she has disappeared, and the whole island is in a state of the most profound quiet. Fieramosca finds himself sinking from the effect of his wound, which was from a poisoned dagger; feeling his strength fail, he despatches his companions to the town to search after Ginevra, while he is taken in charge as a patient by the skilful and assiduous Zoraida, who possessed, like other eastern maidens, some knowledge of medicine. In the midst of his agonizing anxiety, his pain is increased by the remembrance of the approaching combat, to which he is pledged in common with the other champions, who were all bound by a solemn vow not to expose themselves to any risk or wounds, lest their default should bring shame upon Italian valour.

"I am disgraced for ever! The challenge! Zoraida—the challenge! it wants but a few days, and I am reduced to such a pass that I shall not be able to bear arms in a month. O God! for what great sin is this wound fallen upon me?"

"The damsel knew not how to answer to this speech, but rather than of what pertained to battles she thought of the present danger of him who was so dear to her; danger which her experience convinced her was every moment increasing. The moment of intense excitement was followed by a lethargy; he sank back, his head reclined on the pillow; the veins of his neck appeared convulsed, and Zoraida looking at the wound, found the appearance of inflammation much increased."

The fever produced by the poisoned wound mounts to his head, and after raving deliriously awhile, fancying his gentle nurse now transformed into the likeness of La Motta, now into that of Grajano, and Valentino, and calling frantically upon his lost Ginevra, the unfortunate knight sinks into insensibility.

We are next introduced to Borgia, alone in his chamber, in the lower part of the castle. He receives a characteristic letter from Pope Alexander his father, which makes us shudder at the cold atrocious villany in the characters of both. He falls asleep on his couch; his dream presents to his mind the phantoms of a guilty conscience, and is vividly described. The bell strikes three; the hour appointed for the wicked attempt of his agents; Borgia hears the same shriek that had startled Elvira and Fanfulla on the balcony, and finds that it proceeded from a small boat that has floated within reach. He finds in it the insensible body of a female and carries her into his room. It is Ginevra, who had set out alone on her flight from the convent, to seek her husband; the exultation of Valentino at finding his victim placed in his power by so unexpected a chance, is unbounded.

"At length, a profound sigh burst from her bosom, lifting the drapery that covered her. She opened her eyes for a moment, and immediately closed them; opened them again, and again, then fixed them steadily on the face she saw above her. But she saw it only with her outward sense, the mind received no idea from the sight; nor could her eyes remain long fixed on that hateful countenance. She turned them away with a languid motion that would have excited compassion in any one else. As her senses gradually returned, the first thought that struck her was the recollection of Fieramosca on the terrace, at the feet of Donna Elvira.

"O Hector!" cried she, faltering, 'then it was true, and I am betrayed by thee' and pressing her clasped hands on her eyes and brow, she paused; the lip of Borgia, at that name, was curled with a malignant smile.

"Ginevra then recollected that she should be in the boat, and lifting herself on her elbow with intent to rise, felt the bed beneath her, gazed around her terrified, and seeing the Duke, uttered a cry which was stifled by his hand, as he, grasping her throat, compelled her to lie down again.

"Do not shriek, Ginevra," said Valentino, 'you would waste your breath; I am very glad to have found you, and will save you the trouble of a journey at this hour. You did not seek me—eh! What would you?"

"His victim heard these words with a shudder that took away her breath. Not having seen the Duke for a long time, she did not recognise him; but her horror arose from some confused reminiscence connected with that face. Conscious of her helplessness, she only said, 'Signor, who are you? Have compassion on me! Let me go—'

"Dost remember, Ginevra, in Rome,' said the Duke, 'what thou didst to one who loved thee and would have poured at thy feet miracles of gifts and caresses! Dost remember that thou heapedst on him what would have been insults to a stable boy? that thou didst laugh to scorn his love, didst spurn his proffers, didst robe thyself in a pride too lofty even for a queen? Know'st thou him? I am he. Know'st who I am? I am CÆSAR BORGIA.'

"That name fell like a mass of lead into the heart of Ginevra, to stifle every hope; she, therefore, without reply, looked at the Duke, trembling, as she would have regarded a tiger that had her in his claws, whose fury she could never hope to soften by words.

"Now you know me,' pursued the Duke, 'think if you can hope compassion from me. Yet I can bend myself to forego the vengeance I can and ought to execute. But with a compact, Ginevra; that is reasonable.'

"These words could not but awaken in the bosom of the unfortunate lady a spark of hope, and with clasped hands, striving not to show in her face the horror she felt, she besought him, as worshippers beseech the cross, not to oppress a woman already too desolate and unhappy.

"I implore you, Signor, by that day in which even you, though so powerful on earth, must stand a naked soul in the presence of the Judge Eternal! If there was ever woman dear to you, say, if in strange hands she besought mercy in vain, if your mother, if your sister were in my strait, imploring and imploring vainly, would you not cry for vengeance to heaven, against those who wronged her?"

"These words, associating the idea of virtue and honour with the names of Vannozza and of Lucretia Borgia, moved somewhat the laughter of Valentino. His smile was a horrible one, which increased the fears of his victim; yet she continued her prayer, her voice faltering, so that it was difficult amid her sobs to distinguish her words. 'I am a wretched woman, what good, what glory can a mighty lord like you find in revenge on me? Who knows that a moment may not come, when the remembrance of mercy shown to me shall be as balm to your soul?' But to paint all the woe, the anguish, the desperation of the hapless lady, in finding herself in so terrible a strait—to describe her tears—her prayers—and, finally her frantic shrieks and maniac imprecations, would be impossible, and would offer to our readers a picture too horrible. Enough to say—her doom was fixed and irrevocable."

Michel arrives unsuccessful in his enterprise, accompanied by Pietraccio among his companions. They depart in the boat; Borgia with them, Pietraccio in revenge for the death of a mother, attempts the life of the infamous Duke; but is slain by his hand and thrown overboard. Heaven has reserved to a more distant period the punishment of this demon in human form. Meanwhile Inigo and Brancaloneo return to the castle, and relate all that has happened to Gonsalvo; search is made for the hapless lady, who is at length discovered in Borgia's chamber.

"Ginevra was lying in a species of lethargy, induced by her unparalleled sufferings; an entire prostration of all strength; she could not be said to be insensible, nor yet conscious; if an arm was moved, or her head, she suffered it passively, and seemed not to notice it. Her eyes opened naturally, but they were lustreless, and moved about without looking at any thing. Victoria Colonna saw that her condition though it seemed calm, was the more alarming; that there was not a moment to lose; and dismissing the men, summoned her women, who brought spirits and cordials, that restored in a short time the life apparently ready to be extinguished.

"The first sign she gave of returning sense, was in gazing about her a moment with a terrified air, then springing eagerly from the bed in the attempt to fly; but her weakness was so great, she would have fallen had not the arm of Victoria supported her, and with gentle force drawn her to the couch.

"O God!" cried she, at length, 'and you also? You seem to me a noble lady; you are young and fair; yet will you not have pity on me?'

"Believe me,' said Victoria, taking her hand and touching it with her lips, 'we and all who are in this castle, are at your service, to aid or defend you; compose yourself for the love of heaven; you must fear no one here.'

"Well, if it is so,' said Ginevra, starting again from the couch, 'let me—let me go!'

"Victoria believing that her desire of flight arose from vacillation of mind, seeing her so weak and so disordered, would have persuaded her to have patience; but her horror of the place had become a madness, and she continued weeping—'Madonna! for the love of God and the holy Virgin, I ask nothing more than to be removed from this place! throw me into the sea, into the flames, but take me from this place! It shall be little trouble I will give you—a draught of water, for I am burning with thirst—and let me speak a few words with Fra Mariano of San

Domenico—let us go—let us hasten from this place.'

She is removed to another chamber, confesses to the priest, and relates the cause of her misfortune, her agitation at seeing Hector at Elvira's feet. Under the pious counsel of the good father, she gradually conquers her earthly feelings so far as to forgive her unconscious rival, and desires to see her. Victoria summons the young lady from her bedchamber, to which she had just retired, not at all pleased with her evening's amusement—to the side of the dying.

"The beauty of the lady Elvira had never been so striking even when her dress was arranged with the most ostentatious care, as it now appeared in the disorder that suffered her long golden tresses to float unconfined over her neck and shoulders. Fra Mariano dropped his eyes; and poor Ginevra on seeing her, felt an internal shudder, and breathed a sigh to which the good priest could not refuse compassion. The three females thus remained silent for some minutes, after which, Ginevra, raising herself a little, said,

"Signora, you will wonder why I have been so bold as to disturb you, not knowing, or being known to you; but all is pardoned to one in my condition. I must ask your permission before speaking more openly; may I speak freely? Whatever your answer may be, it will shortly be buried with me in the grave. Shall I speak in presence of this lady, or would you rather we were alone?"

"Oh,' answered Elvira, 'this is my most intimate friend; who loves me better than I deserve; therefore say on, *cara mia signora*, I have come to hear you.'

"If so—and you have given me leave, I would only ask this question—"

"But at this point, when gathering strength to say what she knew not how to begin, she stopped for a moment. Her resolution to pardon her who had been the cause of so much suffering, was fixed in her heart with all sincerity; but who would be so severe as to impute it as a crime to the unhappy lady, that, at the moment she was to become certain that her eyes had not deceived her, and that the youth seen at the feet of Donna Elvira was really Hector—she should feel an invincible reluctance to acquire this certainty? Who could condemn her if she yet nourished an indefinite hope of having been mistaken, and of being convinced that Hector was yet faithful to his former feelings?"

"At last, she said resolutely, and in clear and distinct tones:

"Tell me, then, and pardon that I venture to ask so much—were you not yesterday evening on the balcony that overlooks the sea—at the hour of three, and was not Hector Fieramosca at your feet?"

"This question, equally direct and unexpected, struck both, though with different emotions; the face of Elvira became crimson, and she stood without power to utter a syllable. Ginevra, looking fixedly at her, understood all, felt a chill at her heart, and resumed with a changed voice:

"Signora, I am too bold. I know it—but see—I am dying—and I pray you by the forgiveness we all hope in another world—deny me not this grace; answer me. Were you—was it he?"

"Donna Elvira almost doubted her senses; she turned a timid look to Victoria, who, reading in her eyes, that she dreaded her displeasure, and conscious

that this was not the time to show it, embraced her, and reassured her without uttering a word.

"Ginevra felt herself sinking, and in uncertainty; she stretched her trembling hands towards the damsel, and with a voice that might be called desperate,

"Tell me," said she.

"Elvira pressed closely to her friend, dropped her eyes on the ground, and replied :

"Yes—we were—"

"The face of the unhappy invalid underwent a change as if it had been suddenly contracted; with difficulty she raised herself so as to sit in bed, took Elvira by the hand, and drawing her towards her, threw her arms around her neck, crying—"God bless you then—and make you happy!"

"The last words were scarce uttered, perhaps not quite articulated, when the released spirit was receiving in heaven the reward of the most arduous victory woman can obtain over herself, forgiveness the most difficult and magnanimous, a human heart can grant.

"Her arms that had been twined about the neck of the daughter of Gonsalvo, relaxed, and she fell back on the bed. Her countenance assumed that moment the appearance and hue of death; the two ladies remarked it, and uttered a cry of dismay. The priest stood some minutes as if breathless, at last joining his hands, and kneeling all three, he prayed for the repose of the soul that needed rest so much, and had deserved it so well. He crossed her hands upon her breast, placed a lamp at her feet, and uttered the blessing 'Requiescat in pace,' now in his heart praying for her, now imploring her intercession as a soul he believed already admitted into paradise, he led the two ladies from that melancholy place, and returning to the side of the dead, passed in prayer the hours that remained of the night."

The author has but done justice to his heroine, since her love, bestowed as it was, though involuntarily, on another than her husband, could not be called proper—in affording her an occasion for so signal a triumph over her feelings. The spirited details of the combat, which occupy the remainder of the volume, remove the impression of horror, perhaps too unmitigated, which is left by the preceding events. Fieramosca is saved by Zoraida's skill, and enabled to appear in the lists with the other combatants. The solicitude of his friends conceals from him the fate of Ginevra till the important contest is over; they assure him she is safe, in the care of the Colonna, and of the Grand Captain's household. He writes a letter to her to be delivered in case of his death on the ensuing day, and buoyant with hope goes forth to the conflict which is to vindicate the honour of his countrymen. The descriptions of the actors and events of that day are highly graphic. The following extract describes the field, not far from Burletta.

"It was a noble spectacle to see so rich a rural picture enlivened with such a multitude full of motion and life; on the right hand, huge oaks lifting themselves towards heaven, the deep green of their foliage mingled with the lighter and gayer verdure of small trees and shrubs; upon a more distant plain, the field of Quarato, on which was seen only the fortified gate of a tower, built in front of the rocks, at whose feet meandered the road, and beyond, the shore of the Adriatic, the city and castle of Burletta, its painted edifices shining above the blue bosom of the sea;—still further off, the island of St. Ursula, the high peaks of Gargano, and the line of the horizon; to

the left, hills swelling gradually; and opposite, the place destined for the judges, on unequal ground covered with fresh herbage, and groups of sturdy oaks, with trunks wreathed with ivy, in the full vigour of rich vegetation. The nocturnal mists rent asunder by the breeze of morning, sailed away into the upper regions of the air, and took the form of fantastic clouds, that smote by the sunbeams, shone like masses of gold. Piles of denser clouds rested lightly on the edge of the horizon, over them rising here and there the tops of the loftiest trees, or the crest of some mountain. The sun, about to rise from the sea, sent his rich light through the heavens, though it touched as yet no terrestrial object. The eyes of all the spectators were turned almost involuntarily towards the east; upon the line of the sea appeared a point of intense radiance; it grew broader and broader, and presently emerged the majestic sun, like a globe of fire, spreading abroad his rays, which gave form and colour to every object, and were tinged with the tremulous reflection from the bosom of the waves."

We had marked for extraction a description of the accoutrements of the combatants, and of the engagement, but our limits already cry—"hold—enough!" The Italians are completely victorious; the French champions being all taken prisoners, with the exception of the recreant Grajano d'Asti, who is left dead on the field. Fieramosca, who has vanquished La Motta and some of the most redoubted warriors with his single arm, is full of joyful anticipations, now that the sole impediment to his marriage with Ginevra is removed. He seeks her at St. Ursula; not finding her in her apartments, passes into the chapel, and descending into the vault sees her corpse, over which the priests are performing the funeral rites. Stupified with grief and horror, he suffers himself to be led passively from the spot by Fra Mariano; then springing on his horse that stood at the gate, and spurring him to his utmost speed, quickly disappears. From that period, says the story, he was seen no more by his friends; though the tale of an armed cavalier seen upon the summit of inaccessible rocks, was afterwards current among the superstitious peasantry, and the mouldered skeletons of a man and horse were many years after found by a fisherman in a bed of rocks at the base of Mount Gargano.

Such is the main story; there are besides, many episodical incidents connected with individuals whose names we have merely mentioned. The narrative is interesting; the descriptions picturesque, and the scenes well contrasted. The picture of the manners of the times is vivid, and correct so far as our antiquarian knowledge extends, though too minutely detailed. The characters are not so strongly individualized as in *Marco Visconti*; they are rather sketched than accurately painted. The hero's want of strongly marked traits may, however, be owing to the unfortunate circumstances in which the author has placed him; though passive, he is bold, noble and honourable. Ginevra is more of an abstraction than the lady Elvira; though even she is far from realizing the ideal of a noble Spanish maiden. The picture of Borgia is probably true to history, and that is enough. The chief fault of the story is the uniform melancholy of its details; but that will scarcely be regarded as a fault by Italian readers; the pensive and sentimental forming an agreeable variety in the light literature of so gay a people. It is the cloud which relieves the eye in an ever brilliant heaven.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SUPERFICIAL ATTAINMENTS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

It is often asserted that the attainments of women are superficial. If the fact be admitted, the reason is obvious; for our system of education is continually enlarging its circle of sciences and accomplishments, without extending the time in which to acquire them.

Yet are there not causes which concur to make the age in which we live, as well as our own sex, superficial? Does early discipline enforce that fixedness of attention, which was formerly held essential to the acquisition of profound learning? Is not the unfolding mind, especially in our large cities, made miscellaneous, by the number and variety of objects presented to its view? May not the ease and luxury of fashionable life, lull it into sloth until its powers are enervated? Hear we of any Daniel, who for the sake of wisdom, avoids the dainties of a princely table, and chooses pulse and water? Are our own times likely to produce a Salmasius, who at the age of fourteen, published a Latin work, with critical annotations? or a Theophrastus, who at ninety-nine, wrote delineations of human nature, with the fervent spirit of youth? We require of those who seek intellectual eminence, a conformity to customs which almost destroy the possibility of such eminence. We expect a student to sacrifice his time to the routine of calling and visiting, to be a man of genteel dress and manners, to acquaint himself with the etiquette of ceremonious society, to have the power of saying trifling things elegantly. The days are past, when a Demosthenes might retire to his solitude, with his head half shaven, and escape censure, or a Diogenes take refuge in his tub, and be applauded for wisdom.

The multitude of miscellaneous works, sweeps away the power of mental application, and breaks up consecutive trains of thought. A rapid mode of reading is thus rendered necessary, which omits to call into exercise the retentive powers, until they become inert, and languish; or vengeful from neglect, and refuse their aid, when invoked. The ancients, with their few books, were like men of small estate, who cultivated their domain carefully, and left wealth to others: the moderns, like the settlers on our new western lands, purchase a province, and die ere its forests are felled. When we read merely the titles of books, which have sprung forth in a single department of literature, it would seem that our threescore and ten years, frittered away as they are, by other claims, would scarcely suffice for their perusal.

The state of the sciences, as well as the influence of modern habits, render profound knowledge a rare possession. What wonderful accessions have been made to the boundaries of some of the sciences, within the memory of the present generation. And he, who would grasp their whole circle, how far may he hope to travel, before the little hour-glass of life runs out? How have the limits of History been extended since the time of Herodotus, of Geography, since the dim outline of Strabo, of Natural Philosophy, since the days of Bacon. The mutability of those sciences which depend on experiment, keeps the mind of their votaries on the stretch, like Columbus with his spy-glass amid the billows of the Pacific. Others have

a more permanent basis, and promise the student a surer foothold. Political Economy takes note of man as of a merchant, the amount of his capital, his facilities for transmuting his capacities into gold: Mathematics views him by his faculties of counting and admeasurement: Law takes cognizance of him as capable of "impeding, or being impeded;" the study of the human mind, and of the Deity invite him to their magnificent thresholds, by peculiar allurements, the object of the first having received no new powers, by the lapse of centuries, and the last having in Himself neither change or shadow of turning. He who dives deep into the knowledge of himself, and of his Maker has not the mortification to find the treasure that he amasses, the continual sport of the passing wave. In Intellectual Philosophy, we still look back to the Stagyrte, of whom it has been well said, that he "surpassed all men in acute distinctions, in subtle argument, in severe method, in the power of analyzing what is most compounded, of reducing to simple principles, the most various and unlike appearances;" while in Theology, the babe and the sage of hoary hairs, are alike learners, from One Book, of that love to God and man, on which "hang both the law and the prophets."

To the obstacles to profound erudition which grow out of the habits of modern times, the vast extent of ground occupied by the sciences, and the unsettled and advancing character of some of them, we add another, peculiar to our own country, and the universal strife and labour for riches. Though the desire of wealth, is, in some degree, inherent in human nature, yet the scope allowed for its exercise, in our republic, is unusually broad. No titled aristocracy here says to the peasant, "hitherto shalt thou come, and no further," but the son of the day labourer may in imagination clutch a purse, as long as the heir of thousands. The false sentiment that it is necessary to be rich, in order to be respectable, inwrought with the elements of mind, leads the man of genius, to jostle in the thoroughfare, with the crowds who but imperfectly comprehend him, and by whom he will be sure, on such a ground, to be surpassed. In the realm of learning, it produces the same effect, which the expectation of mines of the precious metals wrought on the colony at Jamestown, where in the words of its quaint historian, all other employments were abandoned for the sake of a vague hope to "dig gold, refine gold, wash gold, and load gold." Could the man who covets learning, make a sacrifice of his desire to die rich, what lofty heights might he attain, among what serene contemplations and elevated pleasures might he revel.

"But these he must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to his corrupted heart,
For ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart,
Prompting the ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve, unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long, distressful dream;
Return, my roving muse, pursue thy purpos'd theme."

Yet if the tendencies of the present age, are rather to draw men from the heights of contemplative phi-

losophy, or the depths of scientific research, they reveal here and there, a salient point, decidedly favourable to the intellectual progress of our sex. One of these, is the cordiality with which they are welcomed to pursuits from which they were formerly excluded. Man, among his recent discoveries, has made one, to which the keen eye of all antiquity was blind, that in educating his weaker companion, he doubles his own strength.

"Knowledge was long since pronounced to be power," and yet it remained locked up in hieroglyphics from one half of the human race. Had there been no monopoly, on the part of the stronger sex, when "Learning cowed her head," and was cloistered with the monk—no mistake, when in the madness of chivalry, they defied one moment, what the next, they cast away—no jealousy of the feeble companion who guarded their hearthstone—with what strides had the world advanced in civilization and refinement. From time immemorial, man has not feared to entrust power to his allies, or to give honour to his friends, but with her, who dwelt nearer to his heart, than friend or ally, he hesitated to share the rich fruits of knowledge; he divided himself, and walked on alone, in those paths where he might have had, if not vigorous aid, at least, sweet companionship.

But the present age, though not absolutely the discoverer of the gain which might arise from educating her, who is in one form or another, to educate all mankind, has exerted itself, beyond all its predecessors, to atone for long neglect. It has proclaimed that he who obstructs in woman, the attainment of fitting knowledge, is his own enemy; that the guardianship of domestic comfort, the nurture of the unfolding mind, the regency over home's hallowed sanctuary, cannot safely be committed to a soul darkened by ignorance. It has perceived that in each of these departments, she needs the sustaining power of a love and respect which cannot well be steadily accorded, unless she is intellectually worthy of such distinction.

It is no slight generosity which voluntarily throws off ancient prejudices, and hastens to make restitution. The man who aids the mental progress of his weaker companion, deserves gratitude from the community, and from a future generation. Pliny spoke his own praise, though he supposed himself to be praising only his wife Calphurnia, when he said, "to her other good qualities, she unites a taste for literature, inspired by her tenderness for me." Those conjugal attachments where intellectual improvement is made a mutual object, have been observed to contain elements of peculiar tenderness and constancy. The philanthropist, who promotes female culture, on a thorough and extended scale, that culture which combines the love and practice of womanly duties, with the knowledge which elevates, and makes them graceful, will confer a benefit on posterity, which shall endure, when the eloquence of Peter the Hermit, and the exploits of Cœur de Lion, or the Saladin, shall have faded from remembrance, like a worn out tale.

I would say to the young of my own sex, be grateful for the rich gift which is put into your hands, and zealous to improve it to the utmost. Give diligence not to defraud those from whose generosity you enjoy the blessing of education, by allowing them to suffer in their domestic comforts; but rather, "let them receive their own, with usury." Neither defraud yourselves, by becoming superficial, a sound,

without a substance. If as high or profound acquisitions in science, are not expected of you, as of the other sex, it is still indispensable, that all your advances be marked by patient study, and thorough comprehension. Keep the plain rule for your guide, that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well." A good foundation in literature and a familiar acquaintance with the best authors, will fit you for companionship with the intellectual and refined, and enable you to make your firesides, altars of wisdom. Whatever may be your occupation, devote a portion of every day to the standard writers in your native language, the historians and poets, the essayists, and theologians. Do not consider the more ancient poets, as of slight consequence, in a course of reading, which consults improvement. "For Poetry," says Coleridge, "that of the loftiest, and seemingly that of the wildest kind, hath a logic of its own, as severe as that of the sciences, and even more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more fugitive causes."

You will find a well-disciplined literary taste, a source of great delight. It has a self-sustaining power, when the tinsel of life fades. We are in our inherent structure, as well as by the usages of refined society, far more dependent than the other sex. Our happiness rests on a few props, formed out of the affections. If they fail us, and they may, we cannot turn to the world for a substitute. Even were its fame and honour subject to our control, they could not sooth us, if the heart's sanctuary was invaded, any more than the imaginary music of the spheres, might console the homeless wanderer who shrinks from the beating of the tempest. But a well regulated mind, full of rich resources, is a fortress of no ordinary strength. Among those resources, is a substitute for friendship, in that fellowship with the great of every age, which makes the solitary study a peopled land of choice spirits. We share a satisfaction almost like personal intercourse, with those mighty minds which the world has worshipped. "Literary characters," said de la Mothe, "are cotemporaries of all ages, and citizens of every clime." Even the page that has silently chronicled our thoughts, becomes to us a sister. "I part with my manuscripts as with dear friends, who have cheered me in hours of sadness," said the sensitive Cowper.

The power of calling forth friends, from buried ages, and from distant realms, will naturally be prized by the sex, so prone to friendship, and whose life is in the affections. They are also incited to cast off the odium of being superficial students, by the hope of doing good. Who can estimate the amount of good which may be done, in a country like ours, by educated women? Men may have more knowledge, yet influence others less. By the nature of their pursuits, they cannot often pause to scatter its seeds by the way side. Borne on by the current of a restless and excitable age, multitudes of them struggle for wealth, or honour, as the swimmer breasts the wave; they ride for a moment upon the crested billow, or sink beneath it, and their wisdom perishes with them. But the daughter and sister in the quietness of the parental home, the faithful teacher in the village school-house, the mother in her secluded nursery, are all forming others after their own model, writing upon that which is never to die.

Man may have more knowledge, and yet hoard it up in his cabinet, or embody it in expensive tomes,

or confine it to the professions, through which he seeks sustenance, or attains distinction. He lifts himself up, like a mountain in its majesty—like the solemn forest, which overshadows and awes the traveller. But woman, like earth, the sweet mother, gives freely what has been entrusted to her, the corn ripening for the harvest, the flower blushing in the sunbeam, the rich grass that covers the dark, brown mould with unconscious beauty.

My dear young friends, be studious to prepare yourselves, for every duty that may devolve upon you, in this age of high intelligence. If it has been justly said of any of our sex, that they were superficial, let it not be so said of you. Be grateful to those who

have thrown open to you the doors of the temple of knowledge, and be just to yourselves. Do all the good in your power, with whatever mental wealth you have acquired, for "*the time is short.*" In the strong language of a great moralist, "the certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every one to the active prosecution of whatever it is desirable to perform. It is true that no diligence can ensure success, death may interrupt the swiftest career; but whoever is cut off in the midst of persevering improvement, has at least the honour of falling in the ranks, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory."

For the Lady's Book.

STUDY OF THE EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. WALTER.

No. II.—SPENSER.

BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE.

1553. Spenser, born in East Smithfield, London.
 1569. Enters Pombroke Hall, Cambridge.
 1579. First publication—The Shepherd's Calendar.
 1580. Appointed Secretary to Lord Grey, of Wilton, Lord Deputy to Ireland.
 1590. FAIRY QUEEN, first three Books.
 1592. Returns to London, and publishes several of his Minor Poems.
 1595. His Amoretti or Sonnets.
 1596. Fairy Queen, other three Books.
 1597. Returns to Ireland, and narrowly escapes in the Rebellion of Tyrone.
 1598. Returns to England, and
 1599. Dies in an obscure inn, in King street, Westminster, and is buried in the Abbey.

THERE are few readers who are not, more or less, acquainted with The Fairy Queen. The prominent place which it holds in the school of English poetry, makes it a matter of conscience not to be wholly ignorant of this great masterpiece of the Elizabethian era—this "triumph," as it has been termed, "of the inventive faculty." But beyond this, the reading public know little or nothing of the great Spenser. His Minor Poems are not found appended to such editions of the Fairy Queen as are within the reach of the generality of readers, claiming a place only in such voluminous collections as those of Anderson, Chalmers, &c. They may consequently be looked upon as book rarities, and yet they abound in beauties with which it is un pardonable not to be acquainted. Miss Smith, the well-known translator of Job, has the following remark on this subject: "I once gave up Spenser in despair: I think some of his lesser poems even superior to the Fairy Queen." She instances the elegaic fancy, entitled "Astrophel," some of the Eclogues, and the Hymns in honour of Beauty. It is surprising that she should have passed in silence the Sonnets, by far the most vigorous and finished of all Spenser's compositions. They form one of the brightest gems in his poetic diadem, and it is chiefly with these that the page we here dedicate to Spenser will be adorned. Our poet followed immediately in the track of Wyatt and Surrey, the last of the bards of chivalry, and his pages breathe the same lofty spirit with which they were animated. Witness his sentiments upon the true beauty.

How vainly do poor idle wits invent

That beauty is nought else but mixture made
 Of colours fair, and goodly temperament
 Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade,
 And pass away, as doth the summer shade.

Have white and red in them such wondrous power,
 That they can pierce the eye, and reach the heart?
 Or can proportion of the outward part
 Move such affection in the inward mind,
 That it can rob the sense, or reason blind?

Why do not, then, the blossoms of the field,
 Which are arrayed with much more orient hue,
 And to the sense most dainty odours yield,
 Work like impression in the gazer's view?

But ah! believe me, there is more than so,
 That works such wonders in the minds of men,
 I who so oft have prov'd, too well do know,
 That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
 An outward show of things that only seem.

For that same goodly hue of white and red,
 With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall decay.
 And those sweet roseate leaves, so fairly spread
 Upon the lip, shall fade and fall away
 To that they were—e'en to corruptful clay;
 That golden wire, those sparkling stars so bright,
 Shall turn to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
 That light proceeds which kindleth lovers' fire,
 Shall never be extinguish'd nor decay:
 But when the vital spirit shall expire,
 And to her native planet shall retire:
 For it is heavenly-born, and cannot die,
 A part and parcel of the purest sky!

The same lofty reasoning is enforced throughout the sonnets. Love, with Spenser, is no dalliance of an idle hour, nor beauty a toy to be lightly won and lightly worn. In his view, they are things of serious import, objects on which he can meditate gravely and discourse philosophically.

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself ye daily such do see;
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit,
And virtuous mind, is much more praised by me.
For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue;
But this alone is permanent, and free
From the corruption that doth flesh ensue [follow];
That is true beauty; that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed,
Deriv'd from that bright source whence did all true
And perfect beauty from the first proceed;
The only fair, and what the fair hath made:—
All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

The sovereign beauty which I do admire,
Witness the world how worthy to be praised,
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire
In my frail spirit, by her from baseness rais'd;
And being now with her vast brightness dazzl'd [dazzled],
Base thing I can no more endure to view:
But, looking still on her, I stand amaz'd
At wondrous sight of so celestial hue!
So, when my tongue would speak her praises due,
It stopp'd is with the thought's astonishment;
And when my pen would write her titles true,
Is ravish'd with the fancy's wonderment:
Yet, in my heart, I then both speak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot indite.

Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride!
The thing which I do most in her admire,
Is by the world unworthily espied:
For in those lofty looks is clear implied
Scorn of base things, and disdain of foul dishonour,
Threat'ning rash eyes which gaze on her too wide,
That loosely they may not dare look upon her.
Such pride is praise, such portliness is honour;
That boldness innocence bears in her eyes:
And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world aught worthy tried,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

Fresh Spring, the herald of Love's mighty king,
In whose coat-armour richly are display'd,
All sorts of flowers that on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously array'd;
Go to my love, where she is careless laid
Yet in her winter-bower, not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time will not be staid,
Unless she do him by the forelock take.
Bid her, therefore, herself soon ready make
To wait on Love amid his beautiful crew;
Where every one that misseth then her mate,
Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
Make haste, then sweetest love! while it is prime,
For none can call again the gone-pass'd time.

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary days have I outworn,
And many nights, that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn:
For when the day the heaven doth adorn,
I wish that night the joyless day would end;
And when the night hath us of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time in expectation spend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,

That further seems his term still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a mile.
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
But joyous hours do wing their flight too fast!

The famous warriors of the ancient world
Used trophies to erect in stately wise,
On which they would the records have enroll'd
Of their great deeds and valorous emprise.
What trophies, then, shall I most fit devise,
On which I may record the memory
Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prize,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity?
Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortal monument,
And tell her praise to all posterity,
That made admire such world's rare wonderment,
The happy geerlorn of my glorious spoil,
Gotten at last with labour and long toil.

The doubt which ye misdeem fair love is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty,
When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.
Sweet are the bands the which true love doth tie,
Without constraint, or dread of any ill!
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.
When pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them, whom loyal love hath bound,
But simple truth and mutual good will
Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's wound.
There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower!

One day I wrote her name upon the sand,
But came the waves and wash'd it all away;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains his prey.
"Vain man!" said she, "that fruitless dost essay
A mortal thing so to immortalize!
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And e'en my name shall be effac'd likewise."—
"Not so," quoth I, "let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame;
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And on the heavens inscribe your glorious name,
Where when as Death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

The above sonnets have been so selected out of the eighty-eight, as to form something of a subject; and we think it will readily be allowed, that rarely has a tale of love been told with so much loftiness of thought, joined to so much tenderness and delicacy.

We must afford space for a specimen of Spenser's powers on a loftier theme. After moralizing on the folly

Of rearing trophies for devouring death,
With so great labour and long-lasting pain,
As if our days for ever should remain,

and describing Rome as a tyrant-mistress,

Who made all nations vassals of her pride,
And on the neck of all the world did ride,
Yet with her own weight now down-press'd she lies,
And by her heaps her hugeness testifies;

he has bequeathed us a noble pair of sonnets on the same subject, undeniable evidences of his great powers of conception, and of his command of language worthily to embody them.

O that I had the Thracian poet's harp,
To waken from the deep infernal shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in dark,
The which this ancient city whilom made!

O that I had Amphion's instrument,
 To quicken with his vital note's accord
 The stony joints of these old walls now rent,
 By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd:
 Or that, at least, I could with pencil fine
 Fashion the portrait of these palaces,
 By pattern of great Virgil's spirit divine:
 I could essay with that which in me is,
 To build with level of my lofty style
 That which no hands can ever more compile.

He that hath seen a huge oak dry and dead,
 Yet clad in reliques of some trophies old,
 Lifting to heaven her aged hoary head,
 Whose foot on ground hath left but feeble hold,
 And half disbowel'd, lies above the ground,
 Shewing her wreathed roots and naked arms,
 And on her trunk all rotten and unround,
 Only supports herself for meat of worms:
 And though she owe her fall to the first wind,
 Yet by the crowd devoutly is ador'd;
 While many young plants spring out of her rind.
 Who such an oak hath seen, let him record
 That such this city's honour was of yore,
 And 'mongst all cities flourish'd much more.

This sonnet leads us by a natural association to Spenser's Fable of the Oak and the Briar. There is a power of painting, and a picturesque vigour in the language of this piece, which stand alone and unapproached in that, or perhaps any age of English poetry. We must find room for it, to the exclusion of some more airy pieces, which we had marked for insertion.

FABLE OF THE OAK AND THE BRIAR.

There grew an aged tree on the green,
 A goodly Oak had it sometime been,
 With arms full strong, and largely display'd;
 But of their leaves they were disarray'd;
 The body big and mightily pight [*built*],
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height:
 Whilom had it been the king of the field,
 But now the gray moss marr'd his rind,
 His bar'd boughs were beaten with storms,
 His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
 His honour decay'd, his branches sere.
 Hard by his side grew a bragging Briar.
 It was embellish'd with blossoms fair,
 And thereto age wanted to repair;
 The shepherd maidens to gather flowers,
 To paint their garlands with his colours;
 And in his bushes small was used to shroud
 The nightingale so sweet, and thrush so loud,
 Which made this foolish Briar to wax so bold,
 That on a time he cast himself to scold,
 And snub the good Oak for that he was old.

"Why stand'st thou there, (quoth he), thou brutish block,
 Which nor for fruit nor shadow serves the flock,
 Behold how fresh my flowers are spread,
 Dyed both in lily-white and crimson-red,
 With leaves engrain'd in lusty green,
 Colours meet to cloathe a maiden queen.
 Thy vast hugeness but cumbers the ground,
 And darks the beauty of my blossoms round;
 The mouldy moss which thee encloseth [*encircles*],
 My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth;
 Therefore I rede thee, soon from hence remove
 Lest thou the force of my displeasure prove."

So spake this saucy Briar with great disdain,
 But little him answer'd the Oak again,
 But yielded, with shame and grief ad-awed,
 That by a weed he was so over-crow'd [*crowded over*].
 It chanced soon after, upon a day,
 The husbandman's self to come that way,

As custom was to view his ground
 And his trees of state to compass round;
 Him when the spiteful Briar espied,
 He causeless complain'd and loudly cried
 Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife:

"O sovereign liege! thou lord of my life,
 Pleaseth you weigh your suppliant's plaint,
 Caus'd by wrong, and cruel constraint,
 Which I, your poor vassal, daily endure,
 And but your goodness the same do cure,
 Am like, for desperate dole, to die
 Through felonous force of mine enemy."

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the good man on the lea,
 And bade the Briar in his plaint proceed,
 With painted words then 'gan this proud weed.
 (As mostly usen ambitious folk)
 His colour'd crime with craft to cloak.

"Ah! sovereign lord of us creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants, both humble and tall,
 Was I not planted by thine own hand,
 To be the primrose of all thy land,
 With flowering blossoms to furnish the prime,
 And scarlet berries in summer-time?
 How falls it then that this faded oak
 Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
 Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
 Unto such tyranny doth aspire,
 Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
 And robbing me so of the sweet sun's light?
 So to beat with his boughs my tender side,
 That oft the blood springeth from woundèd wide;
 Untimely my flowers are forc'd to fall,
 That are the honour of your coronal;
 And oft he lets his canker-worms alight
 Upon my branches, to work me spite;
 And oft his hoary locks he down doth cast,
 Whereby my flowrets' freshness is defac'd.
 For this, and many other such outrage
 I crave your kindly power to assuage,
 The rancorous vigour of his might,
 Nought ask I, only but to hold my right.
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be guarded from grievance."

To this the Oak did cast him to reply
 Well as he could, but this his enemy
 Had kindled such coals of displeasure,
 That the good man could not stay his leisure,
 But home he hasted with furious heat,
 Increasing his wrath with many a threat.
 His harmful hatchet he hent in hand,
 (Alas, that it so ready should stand!)
 And to the field alone he speedeth,
 For little help to harm there needeth.
 Then to the root he bent his sturdy stroke,
 And made full many wounds in the vast Oak;
 The axe's edge did often turn again
 As half unwilling to cut the grain,
 It seem'd the senseless iron did fear,
 Or to wrong holy old it did forbear;
 For it has been an ancient tree,
 Sacred with many a mystery,
 And often cross'd by the priestly crew,
 And often hallow'd with holy-water dew;
 But such like fancies were foolery,
 For nought might they save him from decay,
 For fiercely the good man at him did lay;
 The block oft groan'd beneath his blow,
 And sigh'd for his near overthrow.
 At length the steel hath pierc'd his pith,
 And down to the ground he falls forthwith;
 His wondrous weight made the ground to quake.
 The earth shrank under him, and seem'd to shake.
 There lieth the old Oak pited by none!
 Now stands the Briar, like a lord, alone,

Puff'd up with pride and vain plaisance,
 But all this glee had no continuance;
 For eftssoons winter 'gan to approach,
 And blustering Boreas did encroach,
 And beat upon the solitary Briar,
 For now no shelter was seen him near.
 Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
 All naked left, and all disconsolate
 His stalks the biting frost had nipt them dead,
 And watry moisture weighed down his head;
 Tho heaped snow it burthen'd him so sore,
 That now he can his head upraise no more,
 But is down—deep trampled in the mire:
 Such is the end of this ambitious Briar!

The following are happy instances of Spenser's poetic phraseology:

The tenor of my tale
 No leasing [*lying*] new, nor grandame's fable stale,
 But ancient truth, confirm'd by credence old.

There no disquiet cometh to annoy
 The safety of our joy.

There doth soft Silence her night-watches keep,
 And here in the still hour of rest doth sleep
 Pour his limbs forth upon the pleasant plain.

However men may me despise and spight,
 I feed on sweet contentment of my thought,
 And please myself with mine own self-delight,
 In contemplation of things heavenly wrought.
 And loathing earth, I look to yonder sky,
 And being driven hence, I thither fly.

Triumphal arches towering on high,
 And lofty spires, *the neighbours of the sky.*

Fame with her golden wings aloft doth fly
 Above the reach of envious decay,
 And with brave plumes doth beat the azure sky,
 Admir'd of base-born men from far away.

Spenser also abounds in powerful moral painting: the following are specimens of his talent this way.

Each sweet with sour is wisely temper'd still,
 That maketh it be covered the more;
 On easy things, that may be had at will,
 Most sorts of men do set but little store.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft delight
 Been long time lull'd, and fed with pleasures sweet,
 Fearless, or through his fault or fortune's spight,
 To stumble into sorrow and regret;
 If chance him fall into calamity,
 Finds greater burthen of his misery.

What difference 'twixt man and beast is left
 When the heavenly light of knowledge is put out,
 And wisdom's noble ornaments are left?
 When wanders man in error and in doubt.
 Unweeter of the dangers round about.
 In this wide world in which the wretched stray,
 It is the only comfort which they have;
 It is their light, their loadstone, and their day:
 But ignorance is like the grisly grave,
 In which there never shineth cheery ray.

Nay, better learn of them that learned be,
 And have drank deeply at the Muses' well:
 The kindly dew drops from the higher trees,
 And feeds the little plants that lowly dwell.

Is not the following image capable of national application?

I saw the bird that can the sun endure,
 With feeble wings essay to mount on high,
 By more and more he 'gan his wing t' assure,
 Following the example of his mother nigh;
 I saw him rise, and with a larger flight
 To pierce the clouds, and with his mighty pinions
 To measure the most haughty mountain's height,
 Until he reach'd the Thunderer's own dominions.

W O M A N .

THE right education of this sex is of the utmost importance to human life. There is nothing that is more desirable for the common good of all the world: since, as they are mothers and mistresses of families, they have for some time the care of the education of their children of both sorts, they are intrusted with that which is of the greatest consequence to human life.

As the health and strength, or weakness of our bodies, is very much owing to their methods of treating us when we were young; so the soundness or folly of our minds is not less owing to their first tempers and ways of thinking, which we eagerly received from the love, tenderness, authority, and constant conversation of our mothers.

As we call our first language our mother-tongue, so we may as justly call our first tempers our mother-tempers; and perhaps it may be found more easy to forget the language, than to part entirely with those tempers we learned in the nursery.

It is therefore to be lamented, that the sex, on whom so much depends, who have the first forming both of our bodies and our minds, are not only educated in pride, but in the silliest and most contemptible part of it.

Girls are indulged in great vanity; and mankind seem to consider them in no other view than as so many painted idols, who are to allure and gratify their passions.

O N E D U C A T I O N .

I THINK we may assert that in a hundred men, there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received. It is on education that depends the great difference observable among them. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy, have consequences very important, and of a long duration. It is with these

first impressions, as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn, by different canals, in quite opposite courses, so that from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other; and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please.

Written for the Lady's Book.

EDWARD WESTON.

BY MRS. THOMAS A. DAVIS.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
 When hope shall be for ever flown;
 No sullen murmur shall reveal,
 No selfish murmurs ever own.
 Nor will I through life's weary years,
 Like a pale, drooping mourner move.

Annot Lytle.

THE scene of my story is laid in the busy, bustling city of New York. Incidents will sometimes occur there, which have in them a touch of the romantic, notwithstanding the good citizens are descended straight from the honest Dutchmen, who eschewed romance and preclacy with all other forms of human frailty—except smoking!

Our nursery stories generally begin with "once there was a man," but mine begins with "once there was a woman." Not but what there was a man too, but he was only a cypher beside his wife. She had all the talent, all the energy, all the ambition, and of course, all the management; while it happened oddly enough, that the gentler qualities, which should by right have fallen to her share, belonged to him. His heart was the home of every kind feeling. He loved every body—even his termagant wife. It was as easy for him to submit, as for her to rule. But unfortunately for him, and unfortunately for those readers who are perhaps beginning to feel an interest in him, his head was as soft as his heart! Alas! for poor human nature, virtue is little prized when she comes alone.

The name of this worthy couple was Ross. At the time our story commences, Mr. and Mrs. Ross lived in an old brick house on Broadway. The front part of the house was used by Mr. Ross as an English goods' store; that is, James Ross was on the sign and James Ross stood behind the counter, but Mistress Margaret Ross was the real head of the establishment. She kept the store, and the money—besides keeping boarders. She had a rare talent for money making. All the powers of her mind—and they were of a high order—were bent to this one object. By dint of close calculation and close economy, the old lady had contrived to scrape together some thousands, and though they made no show, Mr. and Mrs. Ross were considered "well to do in the world."

This honest pair had one child—a lovely daughter of eighteen. This beautiful girl, as you suspect, is to be the heroine of my tale. And certainly if you could have seen her, you would pronounce her just the thing for a heroine. So fair, such witching eyes, such soft brown hair, curving over the finest forehead in the world; and then such winning ways—a voice all music, and a step all grace. I am sure you would have fallen in love with her at once.

Whatever points of difference the old folks had, (and they were not few,) both agreed that their Emily was the prettiest girl in the world. I presume that no man, not himself a parent, ever felt inclined to dispute it. Of course, this only child was dearly loved by both her parents—but most by the father. Mistress Margaret loved her daughter as well as she could, but the love of money had taken such entire possession of her heart, that there was no room left in it

for her husband, and—if the truth must be told—not a great deal for her child. There was another reason why the father loved her best—she was like himself, all kindness and gentleness. She was a kindred spirit, and he found in her that companionship of the soul, of which he had painfully felt the want in his more energetic helpmeet.

Now I suppose you will be asking whether the daughter resembled her father in mind as well as heart. That's a very foolish question. What do you care about a lady's intellect, provided she has a pretty face and a kind heart? You are now introduced to a young lady that is pretty and amiable, and I advise you in this and all similar cases, not to be too inquisitive. What if Miss Emily could not "reckon the leger up" as readily as her more experienced mother, (who seemed to have an intuitive perception of every thing which led to money,) she could manage a bow of ribbon or a *beau* of another kind with much more skill. If she did not understand as well as her mother the art of earning money, she knew perfectly well how to spend it. Her having any to spend, was the only sign of maternal weakness that I ever noticed in the old lady.

When Miss Emily came into the room with a new bonnet on, I have seen the scowl of care dispelled for a moment, while an expression of gratified pride gleamed in her hard eyes.

"So Miss Em, you've got a new bonnet! what did you give for it?"

"Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars! well, that's a real waste of money, you extravagant gypsey! But it's a handsome bonnet though, and very becoming to you."

"Ah, my dear," said the fond father, drawing her towards him, "you must not think too much of the vanities of the world." But the pleased expression of his admiring eyes quite nullified the graver counsel of his lips, and the light hearted girl tripped away, satisfied that she might safely make some further investments in the "fancy stocks" of Broadway, without alarming her father's piety, or her mother's parsimony.

One morning, as Mrs. Ross was busily engaged in attending to the manifold duties of house and shop keeper, the servant informed her that there was a young gentleman in the dining room who wished to see her. On entering the room, she saw a young man of very prepossessing appearance, who rose and introduced himself as Mr. Weston. He wished to be accommodated with board. The landlady showed him her rooms and named the price, both of which suiting him, he gave her his references and took leave, promising to call next day.

"I shan't trouble myself about the references," said Mrs. Ross, as she run her eye over the paper, "I know by his looks that he is just the right sort of a man."

"Why mother," said Emily, who was busy at her drawing, "how does he look?"

"Why, he's got a real good face, and looks as if he knew what he was about."

Mrs. Ross was a keen observer, and would read your face like a book; you felt when with her, that you must take care of your thoughts, or she would see them! In this single interview, she had made up her mind that Mr. Weston was well bred, well educated, intelligent, amiable, and—what was to her mind of more value than all the other qualities combined—a good business man. Nor was she mistaken; Edward Weston was all this. He had a fine person, agreeable manners, and a well balanced mind. He was a New England man, and had received that substantial matter-of-fact training which most of the yankee boys get; and was thereby fitted to act well his part on the stage of life, whatever that part might chance to be.

The next evening Mr. Weston called, agreeably to his appointment, and arrangements were at once concluded for receiving him into the family. He met them at tea for the first time. The easy manner in which he paid and received the civilities of the table, and entered into conversation with those who sat nearest him, confirmed the favourable impression which his first appearance had made, and satisfied every one that he would be a valuable acquisition to their circle.

While they were thus observing him, he was equally busy in forming opinions of them. Of course he was introduced to Miss Ross—"and of course," you say, "fell in love with her." No, not quite—he only thought her the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He had too much sense to fall in love at first sight.

The next morning Emily came in to breakfast, as bright and fresh as a rose; and Weston thought her lovelier than before.

"I wonder if she is engaged," he said to himself, "but what's that to you, Edward Weston? What right have you to be starting such a query about a young lady you have seen but once? I won't be so silly as to love a girl for having a pretty face!" So he magnanimously resolved to preserve the most perfect indifference towards Miss Emily—for the present. But alas, for poor Edward's brave resolutions! They melted so fast before the bright glances of Emily's beautiful eyes, that he had them all to make over again every morning!

Philosophers and moralists may say what they will about the insignificance of beauty; it sways them all. In a conflict where older and wiser men have fallen, no wonder if our warm-hearted friend was conquered. But to Edward's credit it must be said, that he did not yield—or at least did not acknowledge to himself that he had yielded, until *careful, cool, and deliberate* observation had convinced him that Emily was as good as she was beautiful. Having satisfied himself that she was worth winning, the next question was could he win her? Would such a piece of perfection deign to look at him? He was a modest man, and had no great opinion of his powers of pleasing; but he would try.

Now when a young gentleman has a particular reason for wishing to be particularly agreeable, he is sure to be particularly awkward. So it was with poor Edward. He could not offer Miss Ross the most common-place civility without a blush and a blunder. He who talked so well to every body else, could not ad-

dress the simplest observation to her without "muttering the king's English." Every word he spoke to her came from his heart, but was sure to stick in his throat. If he attempted to pronounce her name, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. This was very mortifying, but I believe it is the common experience of your genuine lovers, in the incipient stages of the malady. But somehow, it never seems to be any impediment in the way of success. I have wondered at this not a little, but my observations at that time threw some light on the subject. I perceived that Emily was always too much embarrassed herself, to notice the embarrassment of Mr. Weston. If he addressed an awkward remark to her, she only thought how stupid was her reply! O that people were always as blind to the faults of others, and as wakeful to their own!

Time rolled on, and Edward sped well with his wooing. Now I suppose you will think it is time for the old folks to interfere. But they will do no such thing. Mr. Ross likes Mr. Weston because he is good, Mrs. Ross likes him because he is smart, and Miss Emily likes him because—but she don't tell why. I surmise, however, that it is because he likes her. This with most young ladies would be deemed a good and sufficient reason. Love, in their eyes, hides a multitude of faults. Yet a man is capable of loving you fervently, who would make but an indifferent husband. Of course, this remark is not meant to apply to our hero, it is only dropped by the way, for the benefit of young readers.

Edward and Emily were like all lovers, the happiest of the happy.

"Before them lay one long bright day,
Of summer and of joy."

In soft moonlight evenings they would walk together on the battery, and talk over the bright present, and the still brighter future—and say a thousand tender things which will not bear repeating.

But happy days fly as swiftly as any others, and theirs flew away all too soon. Important business required Mr. Weston to go to Europe, where he would be detained some six or eight months. This was sad news to Emily. The tears which started in her beautiful eyes on hearing it, gave Edward more heartfelt pleasure than her brightest smiles had ever done. The day of parting came—the sad farewells were spoken, and Edward set sail for Havre. Will they meet again?

Edward reached his destined port in safety, and entered with alacrity on his business. Time passed less heavily than he expected, for every arrival brought a letter from Emily. Is there any thing in the world of a scribbling kind, so delightful as a love-letter? The first sight of it sends an electric thrill through the frame! How your hand trembles as breaking the seal! With what delight is every line and word read again and again, till you have it all by heart! So it was with Edward. He felt—as who has not?—that the pain of separation was well nigh balanced by the pleasure of writing and receiving letters. For three or four months he was allowed this happiness, and then,

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream."

The letters failed! Packet after packet arrived, but not a word from Emily. He wrote to his partner in New York, inquiring if any thing had happened to

her, or if he could account for her silence. But his partner was as silent as the lady; and poor Edward was left a prey to anxiety and conjecture. At length he resolved to endure this uncertainty no longer; and closing his business arrangements as soon as possible, prepared to return home. Just as he was on the point of embarking, a letter was put into his hands, informing him that Emily Ross was on the eve of marriage with another. Edward was overwhelmed at this intelligence. He immediately relinquished the idea of returning home, and wrote to his partner accordingly, requesting that their connection in business might be dissolved, as his feelings would never allow him to return to America.

Frederic Rockwood had long been an admirer of Miss Ross, but while Weston was by, he was obliged to admire her at a distance. He was gay, good humoured, and good looking, and passed very well in society; but he had none of Mr. Weston's stability of character; in short, he was without principle. As soon as Edward Weston was gone, and Emily had time to dry her tears, Mr. Rockwood took the field. He flattered himself that he knew the avenues to a lady's heart much better than his rival; and perhaps he did, to a foolish one like his own. At first his advances were met with haughtiness, then with coldness, then with indifference, but at length with favour. Whether the young lady had become tired of writing letters, whether she experienced the truth of the saying, "out of sight, out of mind," or thought "a bird in the hand worth two in the bush," whether she found a lover at her feet more serviceable than one three thousand miles away, or whether her affection for her first lover was cooled by the wide ocean which had rolled so long between them, it is impossible to say. Certain it is, that Mr. Frederic Rockwood did at length succeed in gaining Miss Emily's heart—if she may be supposed to have had such a thing—at

any rate, he obtained her hand, and that with the consent of both parents. Her mother favoured the match because Rockwood was richer than Weston. Her father consented because he could not help it. He felt the injustice done to Weston, and spite of his charity towards all men, he could not help seeing that Rockwood was not so good a man. But he never had opposed the wishes of his wife and daughter—how could he begin now?

Accordingly the marriage took place, and the happy—no, the gay pair set off for their new residence in Philadelphia. But such a faithless girl could not be a happy wife, and the man who could attempt to gain the affections of a young lady engaged to another, was not likely to make a good husband. At first they lived in considerable style; but their splendour soon began to wane; they became poor, and what was worse, Rockwood became intemperate, and treated his wife with such cruelty, that she was obliged to leave him, and return to her father's house, in fact though not in name—a widow.

Edward suffered long and deeply. He had "ventured his all in one frail barque, and the wreck was total!" For some time he was unfitted for the ordinary duties of life. He felt as if he had nothing to live for—no motive to exertion. The world had lost all its brightness!

But at length, better thoughts came; the feelings of the man and the christian triumphed over those of the wounded lover. "Nothing to live for!" said he to himself, "it proves all too surely, that hitherto I have mistaken the great object of life. *The great object of life can never be lost*;—but an idol has prevented me from seeing it. Hitherto I have been living for myself, let me now live for God and heaven."

He was enabled to keep this resolution, and spent a long and happy life in promoting the good of his fellow men.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MY SISTER'S CHILD.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

It has my sister's gentle eyes,
Her soft and shining hair;
Her cheek, in form and changeful dyes,
And placid brow are there.
My darling! when with merry laugh
I echo back thine own,
'Tis oft that I forget me, half,
What cares my way have strown;
The partner of my being's spring,
Herself, while seemest thou,
I scarce can feel the world-worn thing
That acts thy mother now.

Yet while by yonder turf-bank low
Thou hid'st in feigning sleep,
Thine eyes, a glance may hardly know
From violets, whence they peep;
While o'er the runlet thou dost lean
And from its eddies dip
The foam, in cups of oak leaves green,
To wet thy smiling lip;
Though bounds my heart to meet thy play,
'Tis sometimes chilled with fear;—
Thus rang her voice but yesterday—
How long shall thine be here?

"My sister's child!"—how well that sound
Recalls the happy hour,
When, looking innocent and fond
As thou upon yon flower,
A mother's title sweet she heard
And on the accents hung,
While first thou marred the tender word
With thy unpractis'd tongue:
How proud I spoke! your beauty rare
To me was triumph high;—
Ye formed a picture strangely fair,
Its owner rich was I!

"My sister's child! my sister's child!"
With aching heart I said,
To watch her stroke thy ringlets wild,
Upon her dying bed.
She gave thee to my love, her trust
Most precious and the last,
To guard, when unto silent dust
Her worshipp'd form had pass'd;
I clasped thee from her thin white hand,
She faded as she smiled;—
God help me in her stead to stand
And bless her angel child!

Written for the Lady's Book.

CABALLERO LADRONE.

A TALE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE DILIGENCE AND THE ATTACK.

"Arre! Arre!" shouted the postilion to his seven mules; and away went the lumbering Diligence from before the door of the inn at Toledo, with the first glimmering of light, on the morning of a day in April 182—. Its several compartments, cabriolet, interior, and rotunda, were filled with passengers, and six rough looking horsemen, variously and grotesquely armed—pistols, knives, and dirks in their belts, carbines and sabres dangling at their saddles—accompanied the vehicle as a guard. The postilion, or *zagal*, as the Spaniards term him, ran beside the leading mule, for some distance, and then, bestowing a smart stroke of his whip upon him, and upon each of the succeeding pairs as they passed by, which startled them into a full gallop, vaulted up to the seat on the top of the coach, already partly occupied by the *mayoral*, or conductor. No sooner did the cortege reach an ascent, than down he sprung again, and the sound of his well plied lash, and the echo of his "arre! arre!" formed until broad day light, the only relief to the monotonous creak of the heavy machine, the roll of its wheels and the clattering of hoofs.

When, however, the sun, just peering above the horizon, greeted the passengers with a sudden ray, as the diligence turned the brow of a hill, they began to shake off their lingering drowsiness, and to contemplate each other's appearance. The cabriolet contained a captain of the Imperial Guard, a merchant of Valencia, and a portly monk. The former, a tall man, with a naturally stern countenance, rendered doubly repulsive by the disfiguring cicatrice of a sabre cut, that extended from the left angle of his mouth nearly across his cheek, and huge whiskers, and moustaches, bent a searching look from a large glaring eye, upon the merchant, and when satisfied with his scrutiny, deliberately transferred his gaze to the monk, his face assuming a most significant sneer of contempt as he concluded his survey. The small, twinkling grey eyes of the merchant were busy in their turn, while the monk satisfied his curiosity with a dull and careless stare.

The diligence was now whirled along a more uneven country, covered with woods, and as it descended into a valley, where the thick underbrush, that skirted the road, formed dark and suspicious looking interstices, the merchant, with a glance of intense satisfaction at the officer's sabre and pistols, ventured to break the silence.

"*Por el amor de Dios*," said he, "I hope that we shall be unmolested by the robbers that have been lurking in the neighbourhood. It is much as one's life's worth to travel now, to say nothing of property."

"*Vaya!*" responded the monk; "it's little they will get from me, a poor monk!"

The captain turned up his lip in a second and undisguised sneer, at the monk's reply, not vouchsafing to join in the conversation; but the merchant,

a loquacious individual, encouraged by the padre's attention, began a doleful history of the outrages committed by a band of robbers, on the very road they were travelling—the marauders being headed by a young Andalusian, so fierce, brutal, and cunning withal, that the utmost efforts of the police had been unable to ferret him out. He was in the very midst of a tale of this formidable fellow, when the Diligence suddenly stopped, while the reports of a half dozen carbines simultaneously resounded in the echoing air. "Virgen Santissima!" cried the merchant, "here they are!" and pale with affright and with chattering teeth, as a second discharge was heard, he crouched down in a corner, while the monk, equally terrified, sat motionless. But the captain was of different mettle. Hastily thrusting his pistols into his belt, and grasping his naked sabre, he threw open the door, and bravely sprung from the vehicle. A single glance betrayed the position of things. The guard were hotly engaged, some rode in advance, with about an equal number of robbers, mounted like themselves, amidst the discharge of pistols, the clashing of swords, and yells and outcries of every description. The *mayoral*, whose brain had been pierced by a ball at the first onset of the robbers, had tumbled, lifeless, from his seat, and lay in a heap, by the wheel; while the *zagal* had extended himself flat in the road with his face downward, vociferating "*Misericordia! Misericordia!*" in a doleful tone, as though he expected with every instant, to feel a sabre through his back. With a furious oath, the captain rushed towards the combatants, who were fast receding, the guards having, apparently, the mastery; when suddenly, one weakened by loss of blood, fell headlong from his horse; at which the animal, with head erect and a wild snort of terror, wheeled about, and would have galloped from the scene. But the captain caught him by the rein, and, with a single bound, vaulted into the saddle and urged him again to the well contested fight. Rearing and plunging, however, he resisted every effort, rendered the more unmanageable by the sudden appearance of a robber on foot, who sprung from the bushes by the road side, where he had lain concealed, until his mounted associates should have drawn off the horsemen. This was the leader of the wretches, the fierce, brutal and cunning Andalusian of the merchant's story. He was a tall, swart, muscular, well made and strikingly graceful rascal, with regular features, but of stern expression; while his eye was peculiarly piercing. He had all the Andalusian vanity of dress; for his whiskers, even more luxuriant than those of our friend, the captain, whom we have left in a furious passion, beating the refractory beast he is bestriding with the flat of his sabre, were tastefully trimmed and brushed; his round conical hat was adorned with a tuft of black silk on the top, while a silk tassel dangled gracefully from the side of the upturned brim. In addition, it was encircled by a broad band of black velvet, secured by a glittering buckle. His velvet jacket, studded with rows of gold buttons, was elegantly embroidered, a

bright yellow silk kerchief, fastened by a ring of gold, enveloped his neck, and a sash of the same colour and material was wound about his waist. Such was the "*Caballero Ladrone*," (the robber cavalier,) who now, standing within a few feet of the captain, deliberately discharged his pistols at him. The ball took effect in the officer's left arm; and, rendered the more enraged by the wound, he hastily drew his own pistols from his belt, and returned the fire, but to no effect. Then, suddenly dismounting, he rushed up to the robber, whose face wore a most impudent compound of pride in himself and scorn of his foe. Not a word was spoken on either side, but their sabres flashed in the sunlight, and they engaged at once in deadly fight. The robber found it necessary to exert all his skill and prowess, for he was mated with an experienced swordsman, while the captain, who had anticipated an easy victory, lay, before many minutes, prone in the dust, in the convulsions of death, his life-blood pouring from a gaping wound, where the neck joins the shoulder.

Coolly wiping his sabre on the dress of his victim, the Andalusian approached the diligence. When within a short distance, he shouted forth the usual robber command, "*A tierra! boca abajo, ladrones!*" (To the earth! mouths in the dust, robbers!) upon which the doors flew open, and the fourteen souls inhumed in its capacious bowels, with pallid cheeks and tremulous haste, bundled out, and placed themselves flat upon the ground in prompt obedience. The fat padre had no sooner plumped himself down in the road, than he began to call most dolorously upon all the saints in the calendar for protection, intermingling his invocations with aves and nosters, most unintelligibly gabbled over. In the mean time, a second command from the robber, like the "*presto!*" of a magician, summoned forth purses and watches from all sides, which he received very composedly, in his hat. The monk protested he had nothing; but his garb did not seem a sufficient security for his word; for, sternly bidding him to rise, the robber handled him pretty roughly in examining his dress, and finally, an ejaculation denoting success in the search, caused the poor monk's knees to totter, while with clasped hands, he supplicated for "*piedad! piedad!*" (pity) "*por el amor de Dios, Jesu Christo, La Virgen Santissima del Pilar, Santiago,*" etc. The only response of the irreverent freebooter, was a gruff command to "*hold his tongue!*" while he ripped up his reverence's flannel robes with a dirk, careless of scratching his skin, and took from its hiding place a well filled purse, which he tossed into his hat, with the rest of the spoils. By this time two or three of his victorious troop had galloped up, and dismounting, and fastening their horses to trees, they obeyed his command to rifle the luggage. Staving in the tops of the trunks, without ceremony, with the butts of their carbines, they selected daintily from the clothing and valuables, stuffing what they thought worthy to be appropriated to themselves, into a large sack, until it was crammed to the very mouth. Their leader, meanwhile, stood guard over the prostrate sufferers, disdainful further toil. Unfortunately for the poor monk, his fears rendered him desperate; so finding himself somewhat behind his sentinel, he stole softly away into the bushes, creeping carefully on his hands and knees. But no sooner was the sack tied and slung across the back of one of the horses, than the wary glance of the Andalusian detected the ab-

sence of the devoted monk. Darting, with an oath, into the bushes, he drew out the skulking padre, now speechless with affright, by the hair, and, with a bloodthirsty ferocity, completed the dreadful tragedy of the hour, by severing his throat with a single stroke of his sabre. Down dropped the convulsed and bleeding corse, and while a cold shudder of horror ran through the fellow travellers of the murdered man, who, though, in their prone position, from which which they dared not move, they could not see the terrible deed, were yet fearfully conscious of its commission;—the clattering of hoofs announced the departure of the robbers. The zagal, after a time, ventured to lift his head, and seeing no lingering foe, summoned the rest to rise also. The bodies of the slain were first placed upon the top of the diligence, the mutilated trunks were gathered up, the passengers, in solemn silence, then resumed their seats within, the zagal's "*Arre!*" was the signal for motion, and the vehicle went on; leaving the disordered ground, the distained dust, where the captain and mayoral had met with their unhappy fate, and the yet unabsorbed pool of gore, yet reeking from the veins of the monk, the trophies of the fearful encounter.

CHAPTER II.

THE MOTHER AND THE WIFE.

A PRIEST had been murdered by the Andalusian—a priest! The pale of religion had been violated, the Holy Catholic Church desecrated, and all Madrid was astir! Groups collected here and there, discussing the terrible event, and ejaculating, in wondering horror, at the enormity of the deed.

"Who was the monk?" asked one of four or five, gathered in close confabulation upon the matter, on the walk before the church of "*Buen Suceso*," in that centre of all the bustle and stir of Madrid, "*La Puerta del Sol*."

"Padre Lorenzo, of our monastery of San Geronimo," was the reply.

"*Maria!*" exclaimed the questioner.

"*La Virgen!*" echoed a tall commanding figure in a montera cap, with his brown *capa* folded so closely around him, that only a pair of piercing eyes were visible—who had paused, a moment before, by the group.

"They say this Andalusian is a handsome dog," said one.

"Yes; but the devil within him shows itself in his eye," replied another. "I heard a passenger, whom he has robbed, say so; and he cuts a throat with his band around him, as a butcher would a poor lamb!"

"*Tunantes!*" again exclaimed the second speaker, lifting up both hands.

"*Demonios!*" was the echo from the stranger in the montera cap.

"But the government has taken the affair seriously in hand now," continued the third speaker; "I have it, too, from an under secretary, that one of the rascals was taken this morning, and will disclose the lurking places of the Andalusian. Hush—hush!"

The speaker beckoned to his companions to lay their heads close to his own. The stranger in the montera cap followed their example.

"It's whispered that he is often here in the *Puerta del Sol*, to discover who is about leaving the city, and where there will be a chance for spoil; and mingles in disguise directly among us!"

"*Benedito sea San Jose 'y La Virgen!*"

"*Picaro!*"

"*Virgen Santissima!*" were the simultaneous exclamations of the listeners, as fear or indignation actuated them. The stranger in the montera cap shook his head as he walked away, saying, in a tone of devout resignation, "*Valgame Dios!*"

As he passed from the square into the Calle Mayor, he quickened his pace, and moved yet faster, when he had left the deserted street, and was threading numerous narrow and dirty lanes leading in the direction of the Toledo gate. Then, too, he gave expression to his thoughts.

"If we are betrayed," he muttered, between his clenched teeth, "it is by that accursed Catalan, Tomaso. His chicken heart has failed him. Santiago! he had better have held his tongue!"

He entered a tenement, somewhat superior to the generality of the dwellings in that quarter of the city, situated in a narrow street, leading from the Calle de Toledo. Once within, all was comfort. A bright eyed creature sprung to meet him, so soon as his footstep touched the threshold, and was folded in his embrace. It was his wife. A second female, with a stern countenance like his own, and similarly tall and commanding in stature, extended her arms forward; and crossing his hands on his breast, he bowed before her to receive her blessing. It was his mother. For several hours, he sat with them, in seeming composure and delight; then, anticipating that the seal might have been set upon him, he said lovingly to his wife,

"I must leave you now, Antonita; perhaps to be gone for months. 'Tis sudden notice of so long an absence, but 'twas received to-day as suddenly. Behold! here is money for you—enough until my return. Farewell!"

His leavetaking was short; though his lips, when he kissed her, dwelt longer than usual upon her own. She did not venture to entreat against his departure, for his will was law; and his expeditions had before this, induced an equal degree of despatch. The tears that filled her eyes were her only testimonials of grief, as she returned his parting caress; while his pious mother again bestowed her blessing, with a "*Vaya usted con Dios!*"

The next morning, all Madrid was again astir with the news that the Andalusian was a prisoner, through the treachery of one of his band, Tomaso, a Catalan; but horror was also again awake; for it was told, Tomaso had been found on the pavement of an unfrequented street, a cold and stiffened corpse!

CHAPTER III.

THE EXECUTION.

THE "Plaza de la Cebada," ordinarily a market place, was cleared of its stalls and tables, for it was to witness the execution of the Andalusian. The preparations for death by the gallows, are, in Spain, of the most primitive description. Two huge upright posts support a horizontal beam, to the centre of which the fatal rope is secured; the ascent being obtained by means of a ladder resting on the beam. On this occasion, the gallows was guarded by the police from the contiguity of the crowd, (the hangman alone, being admitted to enter within the limits they preserved;) and lifted itself in air, in the full sight of all, a mournful emblem of the scene to be enacted.

A dense mass of spectators, men and women, filled the square, while the balconies and windows of the enclosing houses were crowded with either sex; for custom hallows any thing, however repugnant to the sensibilities—and it is customary in Spain for even gentle woman to witness the bloody bull fight in the amphitheatre, and to make an execution a spectacle. The motley mingling of all Spain's various garbs was curious to see. Here strutted the Andalusian in his gay and beautiful dress—there stood a Catalonian, wild and picturesque, with his red woollen cap falling over his shoulder, and his silver buttoned jacket. Further on was a Valencean, a brilliant kerchief, in Moorish style, folded about his head; and yet further a sturdy Gallegan, with coarse brown jacket and pointed cap; while the grave Castilian, wrapped closely in his *capa*, gazed around with a dignified air. It had been a gala scene, but for the horror inspired by that gallows-tree, which lifted itself in the midst.

A sudden impulse at length moved the motley crowd, as the church bells tolled the hour of noon; and as the din of voices was hushed in intense curiosity, from afar off, along the Calle de Toledo, were heard the mournful notes of attendant monks, as they chanted the death-dirge of the condemned. They swelled louder and louder as the procession moved slowly on, and first appeared the mounted police, or "*celadores*," spurring their horses from side to side, and waving their sabres, that glittered in the sunbeams, to clear a way through the thronging crowd. Next came file after file of soldiery, their bayonets swaying, with measured motion, as they marched. In their midst was the prisoner. How changed from the bearing of the careless Andalusian! A shroud was his garment, his feet were tied together under the belly of the ass which he bestrode, and his hands clasping a crucifix, were secured before him with a cord. The staring spectators had come out to gaze upon the face of the terrible murderer, but he had balked them. He held his head bowed upon his breast, and his dark luxuriant hair, which he had suffered to grow untrimmed, during his imprisonment, hung down over his features and shut them from sight, as with a veil. Ever and anon the crucifix was pressed to his lips by an earnest monk, but of his own accord he moved not a muscle. Still on went the solemn procession, until it reached the corner of the street, where it opens into the square.

Thereby, stood a woman, aged, yet tall and erect, gazing upon the sight with a beautiful girl in the Andalusian garb, fast clinging to her arm. They were the mother and wife of the criminal. Alas! they dreamed him afar off, and were watching with each passing day, to greet his loved return. They knew not of his hardened heart—of the blood upon his soul—they knew not that the shrouded wretch before them, bowing his head in shame, was the dear one of their hearts!

What sees that aged mother to rivet her gaze upon the doomed man? Her cheek grows bloodless, her lip tremulous; he is before her now, carried onwards, motionless as stone. She suddenly releases herself from the hold of her companion, and darts to his side; and now she is drawing aside his hair—yet carefully, so that no eye but her own can see—to look upon the face it conceals. Her lips are seen to move, as if addressing the guilty man; then she turns away, the paleness of her cheek grown more ghastly still, and her quivering lips of a livid hue!

"What is it, mother?" anxiously inquired her young companion as she rejoined her.

"Nothing—nothing, Antonita; 'tis only that I am a coward at such sights."

None, save the devoted robber, had heard her low tremulous tones, as she caught a glimpse of his face, "Maria Santissima be with thee, my poor boy!"

The procession was now wheeling before the church of Saint Domingo, to reach the centre of the square. Still the prisoner preserved the gloomy stillness of his manner—still his heart was not uplifted. But now the beast he bestrides is turning the angle; and, at once, a startling cry, from many voices in unison, echoes through the air! The crowd on either side of the prisoner, are violently pushed into the open space before and behind him, to divide him from the soldiery, and trammel their action. The cords that secure him to the ass, are cut, his hands too are freed, and he disappears in the horror-stricken throng! What startling sounds, like the sullen roar of an angry sea, issue from the mass of bewildered spectators at this sudden and unlooked for event—and what appalling shrieks from those near the rescued and the rescuers, as they strive to force a passage from the spot, to escape the fire of the soldiery, momentarily expected! "An escape!" "A rescue!" "A rescue!" is heard on every side. Recovered from the shock of amazement, and obtaining sufficient room, the soldiers charge with their bayonets, while the celadores spur their horses forward, reckless of trampling some unfortunate under their hoofs, in their eagerness to secure the criminal again. In the mean time, the shroud is torn from him; yet his long hair marks where, surrounded by his faithful band, he strives to make his way. Two or three of the celadores are beside them now, cutting and slashing with their sabres, and inflicting gory wounds. Pistols sound in the air, and one reels and pitches from his horse! The little band, with the Andalusian in their midst, fight their way, with desperate determination, foot by foot, towards the church. They strive but to protect him to its portal. Once kneeling beside its holy altar, he is safe! The panoply of the church is over him and around him, and though his crimes

be piled up, mountains high, and all of bloody hue, in that blessed sanctuary even the arm of justice dares not descend to strike! But his hope is vain—he will not escape his threatening doom! A long and deafening yell from the crowd greets the appearance of a file of soldiers in the balcony of an adjoining house—where, with sure and deadly aim, they fire! Not a man of the rescuers has escaped; dead or severely wounded, they are stretched upon the ground, and even the Andalusian reels with his hurt! At the moment he is seized and dragged forward to the gallows, where he is seated upon the lowest round of the ladder. But he droops more and more, as the blood flows faster and faster from his wounds. With eager haste, lest he be cheated of his victim, the executioner, sitting above him, grasps him beneath his arms, and lifts him up, step by step; while the discordant outcries of the crowd are hushed, and the slow and solemn chaunt of the monks beneath the gallows, is heard alone. Now the top of the ladder has been reached by the executioner, half exhausted with the toil of the ascent. Scated on the topmost round, with the criminal just below him, he is forced to sustain him in a firm grasp with one hand, while he adjusts the noose about his neck with the other. Then, with his foot against the victim's back, he draws with his might upon the rope. But no convulsions follow—justice has been cheated of its prey—and when he casts the Andalusian from the ladder, he swings to and fro, already a lifeless corse!

A few days after this event, a grim visaged man knocked at the Andalusian's door. The wife opened it with a smile of eager expectation, that was changed to bitter disappointment when she saw who stood beside it. But her sorrow was more bitter at the tale he told. He said that her husband had been lost upon the sea, and took from beneath his *capa*, a huge purse of gold, sent to her, as he said, with her husband's dying blessing!

She dreams, even now, as she weeps in her cottage in her own sunny Malaga, that her Francisco is sleeping beneath the waters—but the silent mother knows that he has hung upon the gallows!

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE ZEPHYR.

BY JOHN HICKMAN, JUN.

He comes, he comes, at summer morn,
Across the sleeping sea,
With fragrance gathered from afar,
The zephyr winging free.

With fairy tread among the boughs
He seeks the linnet's nest,
And fans her plumage as she lies,
To break her matin rest.

He comes, he comes, at burning noon,
With cooling in his breath,
And kindly touches in his path
The fevered couch of death.

He lends a pinion to the cloud,
That skims the mountain's crest,
And lulls, with sighs, the infant ones
Upon the mother's breast.

He comes, he comes, at stillly eve,
When the west is one deep glow,
With spirit voices in his train,
That breathe in accents low.

He sighs around the cottage lone
When pains their vigils keep,
And with his softly-whispered tone
Lulls sorrow into sleep.

THAT state of life is most happy, where superfluities are not required and necessaries are not wanting.

4*

Those beings only are fit for solitude, who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

THE HORN OF MY LOV'D ONE I HEAR.

WORDS BY

J. K. MITCHELL, M. D.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

W. D. BRINCKLE, M. D.

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ALLEGRETTO.



The horn of my lov'd one I hear—I hear! The hunter is coming, his dogs are near, Their



bark it is mu-sic, for oh! how lone, My home in the forest, when he is gone! My

birds and my flowers are nothing when he, The spirit that brightens them, is not with me.

II.

Oh! look how he stands on the wild sunny slope—
 He springs o'er the rocks like an antelope:
 The signal he promis'd—his rifle—I hear,
 And he waves his cap in the mountain air:
 His voice, like a silver horn, 's ringing with glee,
 And sweet as an angel smiles, smiles he for me.

III.

The dark woods are hiding him—heart be thou still!
 The foam of his footstep is white in the rill;
 The boughs of the flower shrub crash as he flies;
 He heeds not the blossom that trodden down lies:
 He darts o'er the grass, and he springs to my side,
 And presses me to him—and calls me his bride.

IV.

And oh! as I gaze on his forehead so high,
 His soft sunny cheek, and his love-beaming eye,
 And listen to accents, as sweet as the dove
 Among the wild beech trees, pours out to his love:
 I think not of absence—of hours so lone—
 The pride of the wilderness calls me his own!

Written for the Lady's Book.

JOTHAM'S PARABLE.

Judges ix.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE trees of Israel once conven'd
 In conclave, strange and bold,
 To choose a ruler, though the Lord
 Had been their king of old;
 And first, the homage of their vow
 They to the Olive paid,
 But she the flattering suit repell'd,
 And lov'd the peaceful glade.

Next, to the fruitful Fig they turn'd,
 On Shechem's shadowy height,
 And spread the gilded lures of power
 Before her dazzled sight;
 But shivering low, in every leaf,
 As the light breeze swept by,
 Ambition's sinful thought she spurn'd,
 And rais'd to Heaven her eye.

So then, the lowly Vine they sought,
 That round her trellis bound,
 In sweet contentment humbly dwelt,
 Belov'd by all around;
 Yet, hiding 'neath her clusters broad,
 With unobtrusive smile,
 And clinging closer to her prop,
 She 'scap'd th' insidious wile.

Then up the thorny Bramble spake,
 To every lofty tree,
 "Come, put your trust beneath my shade,
 And I'll your ruler be."

"The Bramble-shade!—The Bramble-shade!
 Have ye forgot the day,
 When Midian's old, oppressive yoke
 Was nobly rent away?"

"My glorious sire!—Have ye forgot
 How in God's strength he rose?
 And took his dear life in his hand,
 And triumph'd o'er your foes?"

So now, if with my father's house,
 Ye have dealt well and true,
 Rejoice ye in your new-made lord,
 While he exults in you.

"But if my slaughter'd brethren's blood,
 Still from the dust doth cry,
 And echo in that Judge's ear
 Who rules both earth and sky;
 Then from the bramble where ye trust,
 Break forth at midnight hour,
 The o'erwhelming and vindictive flame,
 And all your host devour."

That voice the ingrate people heard,
 With deep remorse and dread,
 And deem'd some spirit, strong in wrath,
 Had risen from the dead;
 For there, on Gerizzim, he stood,
 Amid its cedars bright,
 And frown'd one moment on the throng.
 Then vanish'd from their sight.

But fearful was the fiery doom
 Of Shechem's leaguer'd tower,
 When fierce Abimelech arose,
 With war's disastrous power;
 Each soldier bore a sever'd bough,
 And rear'd a mighty pile,
 From whence the wild, unpitiful flame
 Consum'd the men of guile.

And on that tyrant's head there fell
 A weight of wrath and pain,
 Dire judgment for usurping guilt,
 And for his brethren slain;
 The mill-stone, by a woman thrown,
 A servant's deadly thrust,
 Aveng'd the usurper's ruthless deed,
 And crush'd him to the dust.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

ABRIDGED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK.

[See Plate.]

FROM THE GOLDEN HORN.

THE approach to this magnificent city, from the Sea of Marmora, is more beautiful, perhaps, than that of any other city in the world. Before the spectator lies a romantic archipelago of islands covered with pine, arbutus, and oak woods, from whence emerges, on every summit, some monastery of the Greek church. These lovely islets seem to float upon a sea generally calm and unruffled, and are beautifully reflected from a surface singularly pure and lucid. Beside them is the coast of Asia Minor, from which rises at a distance, the vast contour of Mount Olympus, not, as the poet describes it, with "cloudy tops," but usually unveiled and distinct; its flanks clothed with forests, and its summits crowned with eternal snows, glittering in sunlight, imparting to the heated atmosphere below an imagined feeling of refreshing coolness. In some states of the air, the effect of refraction is so deceptive, that the mountain seems almost to impend over the spectator.

From hence the coast sweeps round to the mouth of the Bosphorus, in a recess of which lies the town of Chalcedon. Beside it stretches, for more than three miles, the great cemetery of the Moslems, the most extensive, perhaps, in the world; and rising from the plain, and ascending the side of a hill, is the fine city of Scutari, associated with early historical

recollections. It is of considerable extent, covering the inclined plane of the hill on which it is built, till the ascent is terminated by the lofty mountain of Bourgerloo, a detached portion of the great Bythinian chain. From thence a splendid view is commanded, including the romantic windings of the Bosphorus, almost for the whole extent of the strait, from the Euxine to the Propontis.

Below the promontory of Scutari, the Bosphorus rushes out with its rapid current, and no longer confined within its narrow shores, expands itself into the open sea. The limpid torrent, like that of some great river tumbling down from its source, now wheels and boils, and creates such commotion that boats are oftentimes dangerously entangled.

On the European shore, and opposite to Scutari, two promontories project into the Bosphorus. The first is the peninsula of Pera, its lower part terminated by the ancient city of Galata, where the enterprising Genoese established one of their commercial marts under the Greek emperors, and where their language still attests their origin. The walls, with their ramparts and towers, are still entire; and the gates are nightly shut by the Turks with the same vigilant precaution as they were by their former masters. This is the crowded

mart, where merchants of all nations have their stores and counting-houses, and which the active and busy genius of the Genoese still seems to animate.

The town of Pera occupies the elevated ridge of a high promontory between the harbour and the Bosphorus. On the spine of this eminence the European natives have established their residences. The merchants, whose stores and offices are below, have their dwelling-houses on this lofty and healthful elevation, to which they are seen climbing in groups every evening, when the business of the day is over. Their habitations form a strong contrast to those of the Turks. They are lofty, solid, and convenient, and from their height command a magnificent view of the circumjacent seas, with all their bays and islands. Here also the ambassadors of the different powers of Europe have their palaces, among which the British, before its destruction by fire, was the most beautiful and conspicuous.

Below the promontory of Pera, the noble harbour of "The Golden Horn" opens to the view, its entrance formed by the points of Galata and that of the seraglio.

From the "Golden Horn," the city of Constantinople rises with singular beauty and majesty. The view of the city displays a mountain of houses, as far as the eye can reach: the seven hills form an undulating line along the horizon, crowned with imperial mosques, among which the grand Soleanie is the most conspicuous. These edifices are extraordinary structures, and, from their magnitude and position, give to Constantinople its most characteristic aspect. They consist of large square buildings, swelling in the centre into vast hemispherical domes, and crowned at the angles with four slender lofty minarets. The domes are covered with metal, and the spires cased in gilding, so that the one seems a canopy of glittering silver, and the other a shaft of burnished gold.

Their magnitude is so comparatively great, and they cover such a space of ground, that they seem altogether disproportioned to every thing about them, and the contrast gives them an apparent size almost as great as the hills on which they stand.

Among the conspicuous objects arising above the rest, and mingling with the minarets of the mosques, are two tall towers, one on each side of the harbour, called the "Janissaries' Tower," and the "Tower of Galata." They command an extensive view over both peninsulas, and are intended for the purpose of watching fires, to which the city is constantly subject. Instead of a bell, a large drum is kept in a chamber on the summit, and when the watchman observes a fire, for which he is always looking out, he strikes the great drum with a mallet; and this kind of tolling produces a deep sound, which comes on the ear, particularly at night, with a tone singularly solemn and impressive.

The valleys between the hills are crossed by the ancient aqueduct of Valens, which conveys the water brought from mountains of the Black Sea to the several cisterns of the city. The humidity oozing through the masonry, nourishes the roots of various plants, which, trailing down, form festoons with their long tendrils, and clothe the romantic arcades, which cross the streets, with a luxuriant drapery. Almost every house stands within an area planted with jujube, judas-tree, and other fruit and flowery shrubs peculiar to the soil and climate; so that the vast mass of building covering the sides and summits of the hills, is interspersed and chequered with the many hues displayed by the leaves, fruits, and flowers in their season. Of these the judas-tree affords the predominant colour. The burst of flowers from every part of it, in spring, at times actually gives a ruddy tint to the whole aspect of the city.

EDITORS' TABLE.

x word

THE era of magicians and conjurers is past, but still there are words of power—words that raise before the mind's eye, visions of riches and splendour, as suddenly as the genie of the lamp roared the palace of Aladdin. "Speculation" has acted the genie's part in our land, both in raising and destroying fortunes.

But the real cabalistic word of Americans is *economy*. This is used by all classes and found useful on all occasions. The politician, when he would secure a snug office and good salary for himself, has only to boast of his skill in promoting "national economy." The man of business, when asked to tell the secret by which he has lured gold to his coffers, will whisper "It is my economy."

The farmer and mechanic owe all their wealth and importance to the "successful practice of economy."

The ladies, too, are thorough economists. You will meet with none who advocate extravagance, however unthinkingly they may practise it. Hence, those who purchase the "dear and far fetch'd" materials for their dresses, will tell you that it is good economy, because of their superior durability, colours, lustre, or some other excellence, never taking into account how soon the forms or patterns may become unfashionable. A fifty dollar bonnet will become as obsolete at the end of the season as one that costs but five.

There are economists who always save in little things, while they indulge in ruinous extravagance in their general arrangements or luxurious tastes; like the London fine lady, who was spending thousands of pounds for old china, while she refused to let a two shilling mango be cut at her table.

Some practise "severe economy" in regard to the wages of their help or their washerwoman. A lady will congratulate herself, if she saves ninepence a week in this way, and imagine herself an economist, though she may spend fifty dollars in the same time, on elegant superfluities. Persons who have not been blessed with a discriminating judgment, or who have not a judicious and methodical system of regulating their expenses according to their income, seem to think that the practice of some little mean, paltry act or management, by which they save a sixpence, is economy. They will feast the rich—it is

hospitality; they will screw the poor—it is economy. Parents will deck their daughters in the most costly finery, while they complain bitterly of the expenses of education; and mothers often employ a third rate teacher, because such an one can be obtained cheaper, while the most fashionable milliner must make their dresses, coat what it may.

These hints on economy are thrown out for the consideration of our readers. American ladies—there was never a time, probably, since the close of the Revolutionary war, when the practice of true economy was more generally needed. The great mass of our people, for the last ten years, have lived beyond their incomes; they have dressed too fine, and each family has aimed at being thought richer than its neighbour. This state of things has been caused partly if not wholly by the facility with which credit was granted. Every body could run in debt—and it was such good economy to purchase things when you could get them cheap and be trusted for their besides!

The country is now wofully embarrassed by foreign debt, and though that is entirely the fault of the men who manage all such business, yet we wish our own sex would reflect on the encouragement they have given to this extravagance, by the eagerness with which they purchase all such foreign frippery.

The daughter of a bankrupt lately purchased, in the course of three months, French lace to the amount of *forty dollars*. Now if all our population bought superfluities in the same proportion, it would create a foreign debt of seven hundred and twenty millions of dollars. (allowing eighteen millions of inhabitants.) against the United States, in the space of three months. The father of that young lady is certainly most to blame for this extravagance; but is she innocent of the fraud which is always practised when people buy what they do not need and cannot pay for? Yet she calls herself an "economist."

"Order is heaven's first law"—and whoever boasts of economy, except it be in conformity with a system which has justice for its basis, and then has reference to the best good of the individual, family and country, for whom the plan was framed, is not an economist.

The present number commences the twenty-first volume of our publication. In presenting ourselves to our readers on this occasion, we take the opportunity to renew our thanks for the very liberal patronage which has been constantly bestowed upon us, and to express our determination to merit that patronage by unremitting exertions to add to the interest and value of our work. In each successive volume of the *Lady's Book*, since we commenced it, we have made a promise similar to that we have just uttered, and we appeal with confidence to our early and long-continued subscribers whether we have not in every instance complied with all our undertakings.

In the volume of which the present is the opening number, we purpose to make various improvements. What these will be we need scarcely enumerate, as our subscribers will have an opportunity of seeing them for themselves; but we may mention in a general way, that they will be such as we know will command their approbation. In our embellishments there will be noted both an improvement in the style and an increase of the number, and in the other mechanical arrangements there will also be changes for the better. Our list of contributors, it will be observed, is also increasing, and altogether, our means and advantages are such as to enable us to accomplish various results.

We take pleasure in announcing a story by Miss Leslie, for the August number—"Mr. Smith."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles are accepted:

"*Tears for the Dead.*"

"*The Broken Vow.*"

"*Recollections*"—But we must take the liberty of revision, and also of excision; the last pretty freely, which we trust the authoress will excuse.

"*Canzonet.*"

"*The Dance of the Spirits,*" and "*Winter Sunset.*"

Dryden somewhere remarks, that a friend of his, a man of much critical acuteness and keen wit, declared that if the naval battle between the English and Dutch fleets, (which occurred June 3d, 1665.) had not been of such great national concernment, he would prefer it should be lost by the English, rather than read the many bad odes and poems which a victory would inflict upon them. Adding, that "these eternal rhymers always watch a battle with more diligence than the birds of prey! and the worst of them were surest to be first in upon the quarry."

This was very severe; yet that the most ordinary poets or rather rhymesters are always the first to celebrate any great event, or pour the dirge of sorrow for any accidental calamity is true enough.

The loss of the *Lexington* was one of those mournful and deep tragedies which thrill every soul—move and melt every heart. Not so the poetry it has called forth. We have not seen one published poem on the subject, which we have considered good—of the number sent us (seven in all) we have not found one worth publishing. The four now on hand, entitled—"The *Lexington*"—"The *Burning Ship*"—"A *Voice from the Lexington*"—and "*The Lexington is Gone,*" are all labelled "Not accepted." It is rather late in the day, when such an awful catastrophe as the destruction of *Natchez* is ringing in our ears, to revert to the tragedy of the *Lexington*; but having received several letters from the authors of the rejected articles, we take this mode of answering them. The other articles which have been examined and declined, are the following—which are all we have examined.

"*A Request*"—(Very ordinary.)

"*The Vision*"—(Too long.)

"*Tribute to the Memory of a Brother.*"

"*The Three Tiaras*"—(A pretty idea, but the versification is imperfect.)

"*'Tis sweet upon yon crystal Lake.*"—As a specimen of the "soft" style of poetry—which is often inflicted upon us—we give an extract from this poem:—

"'Tis sweet when twilight gently steals
On hours with hopes full laden,
To roam, when not a breath reveals,
With one fond, lovely maiden:—
Oh, who would wish for purer bliss,
For joy more near to Heaven,
Than thus to roam in happiness
With one beloved maiden.

"'Tis sweet to know that there is one
Will kindly think upon us;
Who, when our cheerless toil is done,
Will sweetly smile upon us;—
Oh, could I find one eye or lip
To give so sweet a token,
I then from Love's fond cup would sip—
Would sip, till it was broken!

We have still a large roll of MSS. unread. We hope our contributors will have patience; we find it a necessary virtue.

Miss Mary W. Halo, who has contributed several articles to the "*Book*," is not, as many suppose, daughter of Mrs. S. J. Halo. Mrs. Halo's daughters have never written for the public.

TO THE BORROWERS OF THE LADY'S BOOK.

We cannot but feel gratified to know that our periodical is in general favour. This the large number of regular subscribers—who pay—is good evidence, and heartily do we wish we were rich enough to present the work to all such as wish to possess it, but are not able to subscribe. One thing, however, troubles us—the complaints which are made of borrowers; and as we feel quite sure, that all who borrow it would like to subscribe, if they felt able, we take the liberty of hinting, at this beginning of a volume, the propriety of such individuals uniting, say three or four families, and taking one copy of the *Lady's Book*. The expense, for each family, would be but trifling; and they would secure the privilege of an independent perusal of the work, which should be of no small importance to an American. Besides, they would confer a great favour on the Editors, by freeing them from such complaints as the following:

To the Editors of the *Lady's Book*.

I have been for nearly two years a subscriber to the *Lady's Book*; but, though I esteem the work very highly, I shall be forced to discontinue it, unless some mode be devised to deliver me from the intolerable nuisance of lending.

Time was when I and my family anticipated much pleasure from the successive numbers as they came to hand, and we were always as anxious to have our books neat and clean as our garments. The case is now widely different. Five or six families in the vicinity are as eager to get the numbers as we are, and watch the post office as carefully. No sooner is a number received than my neighbours are in motion. "Miss A. begs you will send her your *Lady's Book*." Answer—"We have not yet read it ourselves." Miss B. says, "Please, send her your *Lady's Book*." Answer as before—sometimes to half a dozen applications in a day. But perseverance is their motto, and we have no rest till they get it. It then goes the rounds of the neighbourhood; and about the time another number is expected, it is returned; the plates torn, or soiled with grease and dirt, and the cover commonly gone; no longer fit to occupy its place on the centre table or in the library. I have reason to believe that it is often made a play thing for children, "the dear little ones are so fond of pretty pictures."

The Rev. J. R. GOODMAN proposes to open a seminary for lads in the vicinity of Reading, Penn. No place could be better adapted for such a purpose. The soil is salubrious—the water excellent—the scenery picturesque and beautiful, and the society of the town is of the best possible kind. Mr. Goodman is extremely well qualified for the proposed undertaking. He is a ripe scholar, and an able teacher, and having bestowed much and careful thought upon the subject, understands and can apply practically the philosophy of instruction.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Lectures of the American Institute of Instruction.

This volume contains the Lectures—nine in number—delivered at the meeting of the "Institute," held last August, at Springfield, Massachusetts. The introductory, by Robert Bantoul, jun. "EDUCATION OF A FREE PEOPLE," is a masterly production. There is an excellent one on "Physical Education," by Dr. Pierson, of Salem, and, in truth, every Lecture in the volume deserves, and will reward, a careful perusal. The work should be widely circulated.

The Future Life of the Good, is a little volume, published some months since, from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Greenwood. It is a precious amulet for mourning hearts, who weep for the dear departed. In the holy light of the future life, thus beautifully described, how poor seem the pleasures of the present!

Proverbial Philosophy: by Martin Farquhar, Esq., A. M.

This, a reprint from the London edition, is really an extraordinary work. It purports to be the secret meditations and original thoughts of the author on many important subjects. The style is clear and concise—the illustrations and similes forcible and often beautiful. Occasionally, a little affectation of quaintness appears, as in the preface; but the spirit and tone of the whole is so pure and benignant, that no one can study it without profit. Here are a "few of the gems of thought" with which it abounds.

"Despise not thou a small thing, either for good or for evil; a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy wealth; the walking this way or that, the casual stopping or hastening hath saved life or destroyed it, hath cast down and built up fortunes.

"The stream of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness; and the deepest wretchedness of life is the continuance of petty pains.

"Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in motion: for we learn upon a hint, find upon a clue, we yield an hundred fold; but the great sower is analogy. There must be an acrid slice before a luscious peach; by culture may man do all things, short of the miracle—Creation. To improve and expand is ours, as well as to limit and defeat; but to create a thought or a thing is hopeless and impossible.

"While a man liveth he may mend: count not thy brother reprobate: when he is dead his chance is gone, then remember not his faults in bitterness. If thou think evil of thy neighbour soon wilt thou find him thy foe; if thou think of him in charity, wishing and praying for him, there is a secret charm which will draw his soul to love thee. Charity is prized of all; and fear not thou that praise; God will not love thee less because men love thee more."

But we must stop now; if our readers like these extracts we can assure them, they will like the book better.

This and the preceding work are published by J. Dowe; Boston.

Poems: By William Thompson Bacon. Third edition. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co., pp. 235.

We are glad to find the genius of the author of these poems so well appreciated. A volume which has reached its third edition, does not require a laboured notice; it has been read. We shall, therefore, only say that this new edition is beautifully printed, and that the corrections and additions seem to have been made with much care and good taste. The following poem we think a fair specimen of the writer's powers.

LIFE'S TRUEST PHILOSOPHY.

"Oh! how many of these sorrows
Meeting us in this vexed life,
Herald in as bright to-morrows,
Spite of dangers, spite of strife!

* * * * *

There is not one heart now lonely,
But that heart some good may find—
Evils are not evils only—
Chains are nothing to the mind.

* * * * *

Life's true wisdom is in taking
Hence the powers thou hast in trust,
And in keeping thee from asking
Whether Providence is just."

This poem reminds us a little of Professor Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." In truth, Mr. Bacon seems to catch his inspiration somewhat too much from the light reflected from other poets, not from the sacred fire in his own soul. We are reminded of Wordsworth, Bryant, and occasionally of Willis, while reading his poems. But he is not a tame imitator. We think, indeed, that he has more genius than he has yet shown; that if he would observe and think more, and read and copy less, he would write what would be better worth preserving.

Outlines of Disordered Mental Action. By Thomas C. Upham. New York; Harper & Brothers, 1840.

This forms the hundredth volume of the Family Library, and we cannot but congratulate the publishers on the eminent success which has attended their efforts. The entire series is composed of valuable works, and the Library forms a valuable addition to our popular literature.

The "Outlines of Disordered Mental Action," is a clever treatise upon a subject of very great interest. The author has purposely made his volume of a familiar character, and it is not therefore distinguished by any high-reaching philosophy or science. It is, however, clear in its general arrangement, and its views are developed with a proper regard to the importance of the topic, and the comprehension of the general reader.

The Youth of Shakspeare. 3 vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1840.

The success of the very pleasant novel entitled "Shakspeare and his Friends," has induced the author to adventure on a second experiment, and if he has not in this succeeded so well as in the first, it is only because the subject has lost some of its freshness. The "Youth of Shakspeare" is managed with great ability, and all the admirers of that wonderful bard may peruse the fictitious account of his earlier years here given with amusement, if not with instruction.

The Countess Ida: A Novel. By T. S. Fay. 2 vols. 1840. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The design of Mr. Fay in writing these volumes, as he himself avows, was to illustrate the evil tendencies of duelling, and to show how much more praiseworthy it is in a man of real courage to defy the world's opinion and censure than to be driven to do what he believes to be wrong and criminal. This design is certainly highly commendable, and though the execution of the work is not exactly all that might be wished, we cannot withhold our praise from the meritorious attempt.

Application of the Science of Mechanics to practical Purposes. By James Renwick, L. L. D. Harper & Brothers, 1840.

Books of this kind are truly valuable. One such is worth a thousand trashy novels. Now here, for example, is an essay of not unsuitable length; easy in its style, illustrated by numerous engravings; and altogether adapted for popular use, which embodies an immense amount of valuable information, on subjects of daily and increasing importance.

The Poetical Works of Lord Byron, complete. 10 vols. R. W. Pomeroy. Philadelphia, 1840.

For those who wish a convenient portable edition of Lord Byron's works, this is the very thing. The volumes are of the exact size to slip into a reticule or the pocket, and they are, moreover, of an exceedingly neat and graceful appearance. The type is clear and sufficiently large for all readers, and the arrangement is such that each volume is complete in itself. There are a number of embellishments, and the binding is very beautiful.

History of British America. By Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1840.

At this juncture, when the relations of this country to Great Britain, in regard to the north eastern boundary, and the recent disturbance in the Canada, have drawn general attention to the subject of the British American colonies, the publication of these volumes must be regarded as peculiarly opportune.

Under all circumstances, it would be a matter of interest to our citizens to become acquainted with the rise, progress, and history of our neighbours, but in view of the facts just referred to, it is especially important. The work of Mr. Murray seems to have been prepared with great care. Many authorities, neglected by former writers on the subject, have been examined, and much local intelligence, traditionary and of record, has been gathered from those best qualified to furnish it.

Mr. Murray's plan comprehends the history, statistics, topography, commerce, fisheries, &c., as well as the social and political condition of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island, The Bermudas, and the Fur Countries; and in carrying out this plan he has shown great diligence in the collection, and skill in the arrangement of materials. Some unimportant details have been omitted in the American edition, and numerous explanatory notes have been added by the Editor.

Georgia Scenes. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1840.

This is a collection of very clever sketches, intended to illustrate the manners and local customs of a portion of the Southern people. Many of them are very high-coloured and exaggerated, but there is in agreeable vein of humour running through them all, that will commend them to general notice and regard.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Democracy in America. The second part of this great work, by De Toqueville, is about being published by the Messrs. Langley, of New York. It is a work of exceeding merit and uncommon interest for Americans. We hope our readers will obtain it as soon as possible. De Toqueville deserves the thanks of American women for his warm and bold tribute to their worth. He thus concludes his remarks:

"As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow, that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is in some respects one of extreme dependence, I have no where seen women occupying a loftier position: (that is, of moral influence,) and if I were asked, now that I am drawing to the close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many important things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply—to the superiority of their women."

We shall refer to this work again.

Hawaiian Spectator.—Such is the title of a quarterly periodical, published at the Sandwich Islands!—Truly the march of mind is over the deep—the schoolmaster has become an adventurer. The number before us, for October 1839, contains, among other articles of much interest, a well-written account of the visit of the French ship of war *l'Artemise*, to the Islands, last July. The transaction does no credit to the French nation. The testimony in favour of the good wrought by the American missionaries and teachers is strong, and we should think must be conclusive to every unprejudiced mind. There is a very interesting article, "Sketches of an Overland Journey in Central America," by J. J. Jones, Esq., lately of Boston. In short, the work, when considered as coming from a region which, about twenty years since, was only inhabited by debased, ignorant savages, must take the place of quite a *lion* among periodicals.

We have before us several numbers of Huddy's Military Magazine, a beautiful periodical, with coloured plates to correspond with its title. The letter press is good, and every effort is made by the enterprising proprietors, to put forth such a publication as will command respect and patronage. Perhaps some of our fair subscribers have husbands who are imbued with a military spirit—if so, let them send \$5 to Messrs. Huddy & Duvall.

Master Humphrey's Clock has reached the third number. We welcome back Mr. Pickwick and his man Sam Weller. Right welcome are they and old Tony the widow-hater. An elegant edition is published by Lea & Blanchard, and can

be obtained of the publishers of this work. A remittance of Five dollars will pay for *Lady's Book* one year, and one set of Master Humphrey's Clock.

Periodicals.—We have been for some time, intending to notice the series of Foreign periodicals, republished in New York by the indefatigable *Mrs. Jennina M. Mason*.—As a lady she is deserving of praise in our "Book," for the discretion and perseverance with which she has discharged the duties, devolved on her by the death of her first husband, Mr. Lewer. Though she has since changed her name, she has not changed her pursuits; and the success which attends the enterprise sufficiently proves that her judgment and care are usefully employed. Of the merits of the works reprinted, it is not necessary to speak particularly—the four Reviews—"The London, Edinburgh, Westminster, and Foreign Quarterly," are all well known in this country. Then there are the magazines—Blackwood's, Bentley's, and the Metropolitan; all popular works—but Blackwood's is our favourite.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

1. Plaid silk dress, skirt trimmed with three flounces, each flounce edged with black lace. Bishop sleeves, plaited down the top, and trimmed with lace. Cape to cross in front, and trimmed with lace to correspond with the dress. Straw bonnet trimmed with ribands.

2. *Sitting Figure—Morning Neglige.*—Blonde cap, this pretty cap is simply cut out of a half square, with the ends and point taken off. As may be seen by the plate, it is quite plain and flat at top, and has merely a few gathers at the back. The blonde border is turned up all across the front, and only turns towards the face when below the ear, the full frilling of the border falls exceedingly low, and is intermixed with flowers and satin ribands. A second fall of blonde may be seen further back on the cap, it turns up like the border in front. The hair is in bandeau as far as the temple, the remainder braided and turned back. Robe de chambre of China foulard silk, a nuncheon coloured ground with a showy eastern pattern in bright colours. It is made with a piece put in at the neck, which is covered with a flat collar, the remainder of the dress which is all in one, is gathered to the neck piece. The sleeves are gathered down in three places at the shoulder, the remainder of the sleeve which is immensely wide and long is drawn up by a silk cord at the inner part of the arm (see plate.) The entire dress is lined with bright blue Florence (sarsnet.) It is fastened round the waist by a cord and tassel the colour of the lining. Long white sleeves are to be seen, underneath the others. Bronze shoes of pean Anglaise, white kid gloves, embroidered handkerchief.

3. We have no description to give of the riding dress, only to mention that it is the one worn by Queen Victoria, and is copied from the *World of Fashion*, in which publication the face is said to be a portrait of her Majesty.

4. Evening dress of white crape over satin skirt, trimmed with two flounces, festooned at the side with roses. Grecian corage, confined in front with a single rose. Short full sleeve, plaited down at top, and festooned at the side with a rose to correspond with the general trimming of the dress. Head dress formed of flowers and ribands (see plate.)

CHIT CHAT OF FASHIONS.

Flowers.—The most fashionable for hats are two branches of the camelia, pink acacia, two dahlias, roset, or a wreath of mixed flowers. For caps! Hop blossoms in every colour, roses, and field flowers. For straw bonnets: A branch of lilac, violets, lily of the valley; and for silk hats, all the above, with bachelor's buttons, daisies, and fancy drooping flowers, pink, or blue, consisting of large bells, one inside the other; they are placed quite at the side; wreaths going all round are sometimes worn.

The trimmings for caps and inside of hats are worn as low as possible at the sides of the face, far below the chin. It is not every face that this fashion becomes; at the top of the head the cap or borders cannot be too far back; but coming down at each side they are brought as much forward as possible.



Drawn by J. Browne

Dick, sc

THE PILGRIM

Capitulum per the Holy Book

LADY'S BOOK

cases of my readers who, connected with
 Washington Potts, may not be aware that
 less than two years after the death of
 Thomas and Abner, Mrs. N. sold
 her planter of great wealth
 with whom she had lived for many years
 on a summer excursion to Newport
 her new name was
 especially in her elegant
 establishment, mistress of two
 she continually engaged in
 her response to a friend
 with similar happy events
 her capacious neighbour
 with the most charming
 great city. Her only trial
 Potts could say that
 second, Mrs. N. had
 that a distant
 a great gift
 of my

admission of trifles—neither did she
 assent very cordially to the common remarks about
 this great invention annihilating both time and space,
 and bringing "the north and the south and the east
 and the west" into the same neighbourhood.

Bromley Cheston, having succeeded to a handsome
 inheritance by the demise of an opulent relative, in
 address to his house in Philadelphia purchased as a
 summer residence that of his mother-in-law on the
 banks of the Delaware, greatly enlarging and improv-
 ing it, and adding to its little domain some meadow
 and woodland; also a beautiful piece of ground which

sional annoyances and petty vexations inseparable
 from even the happiest state of human life—but these
 were only transient shadows, that on passing away
 generally served as topics of amusement, and caused
 them to wonder how trifles, diverting in the recol-
 lection, could have really so troubled them at the
 time of occurrence. Such, for instance, were the
 frequent visitations of Mrs. Quimby, who told them
 (after they had enlarged their villa, and bought a
 carriage and a tilbury,) "Really, good people, now
 that things are all so genteel, and pleasant, and full-
 handed, I think I shall be apt to favour you with my



Drawn by J. Browne

l.ick.ac

THE PILGRIM

Engraved for the Lady's Book.

G O D E Y ' S

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

AUGUST, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MR. SMITH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

THOSE of my readers who recollect the story of Mrs. Washington Potts, may not be sorry to learn that in less than two years after the marriage of Bromley Cheston and Albina, Mrs. Marsden was united to a southern planter of great wealth and respectability, with whom she had become acquainted during a summer excursion to Newport. Mrs. Selbourne (that being her new name) was now, as her letters denoted, completely in her element, presiding over a large establishment, mistress of twelve house-servants, and almost continually engaged in doing the honours of a spacious mansion to a round of company, or in complying with similar invitations from the leading people of a populous neighbourhood, or in reciprocating visits with the most fashionable inhabitants of the nearest city. Her only regret was that Mrs. Washington Potts could not "be there to see." But then, as a set-off, Mrs. Selbourne rejoiced in the happy reflection that a distance of several hundred miles placed a great gulf between herself and Aunt Quimby, from whose Vandal incursions she now felt a delightful sense of security. She was not, however, like most of her compatriots, a warm advocate for the universal diffusion of railroads—neither did she assent very cordially to the common remarks about this great invention annihilating both time and space, and bringing "the north and the south and the east and the west" into the same neighbourhood.

Bromley Cheston, having succeeded to a handsome inheritance by the demise of an opulent relative, in addition to his house in Philadelphia purchased as a summer residence that of his mother-in-law on the banks of the Delaware, greatly enlarging and improving it, and adding to its little domain some meadow and woodland; also a beautiful piece of ground which

he converted into a green lawn sloping down towards the river, and bounded on one side by a shady road that led to a convenient landing-place.

The happiness of Albina and her husband (who in the regular course of promotion became Captain Cheston) was much increased by the society of Bromley's sister Myrtilla, a beautiful sprightly and intelligent girl, whom they invited to live with them after the death of her maternal grandmother, an eastern lady, with whom she had resided since the loss of her parents, and who had left her a little fortune of thirty thousand dollars.

Their winters were passed in Philadelphia, where Albina found herself quite at home in a circle far superior to that of Mrs. Washington Potts, who was one of the first to visit Mrs. Cheston on her marriage. This visit was of course received with civility, but returned by merely leaving a card at the door. No notice whatever was taken of Mrs. Potts's second call; neither was she ever invited to the house.

When Cheston was not at sea, little was wanting to complete the perfect felicity of the family. It is true they were not entirely exempt from the occasional annoyances and petty vexations inseparable from even the happiest state of human life—but these were only transient shadows, that on passing away generally served as topics of amusement, and caused them to wonder how trifles, diverting in the recollection, could have really so troubled them at the time of occurrence. Such, for instance, were the frequent visitations of Mrs. Quimby, who told them (after they had enlarged their villa, and bought a carriage and a tilbury,) "Really, good people, now that things are all so genteel, and pleasant, and full-handed, I think I shall be apt to favour you with my

company the greatest part of every summer. There's no danger of Billy Fairfowl and Mary being jealous. They always let me go and come just as I please; and if I was to stay away ten years I do not believe they'd be the least affronted."

As the old lady had intimated, her visits instead of being "few and far between" were many and close together. It is said you may get used to any thing, and therefore the Chestons *did not* sell off their property and fly the country on account of Aunt Quimby. Luckily she never brought with her any of the Fairfowl family, her son-in-law having sufficient tact to avoid on principle all visiting intercourse with people who were beyond his sphere: for though certain of being kindly treated by the Chestons themselves, he apprehended that he and his would probably be looked down upon by persons whom they might chance to meet there. Mrs. Quimby, for her part, was totally obtuse to all sense of these distinctions.

One Monday evening, on his return from town, Captain Cheston brought his wife and sister invitations to a projected pic-nic party, among the managers of which were two of his intimate friends. The company was to consist chiefly of ladies and gentlemen from the city. Their design was to assemble on the following Thursday at some pleasant retreat on the banks of the Delaware, and to recreate themselves with an unceremonious *fête champêtre*. "I invited them," continued the captain, "to make use of my grounds for the purpose. We can find an excellent place for them in the woods by the river side. Delham and Lonsgrave will be here to-morrow to reconnoitre the capabilities of the place."

The ladies were delighted with the prospect of the pic-nic party; more especially on finding that most of the company were known to them.

"It will be charming," said Albina, "to have them near us, and to be able to supply them with many conveniences from our own house. You may be assured, dear Bromley, that I shall liberally do my part towards contributing to the pic-nickery. You know that our culinary preparations never go wrong now that I have more experience, good servants, and above all plenty to do with."

"How fortunate," said Myrtille Cheston, "that Mrs. Quimby left us this morning. This last visit has been so long that I think she will scarcely favour us with another in less two or three weeks. I hope she will not hear that the pic-nic is to be on our place."

"There is no danger"—replied Cheston—"Aunt Quimby cannot possibly know any of the persons concerned in it. And besides, I met her to-day in the street, and she told me that she was going to set out on Wednesday for Baltimore, to visit Billy Fairfowl's sister Mrs. Bagnell: 'Also,' said she, 'it will take me from this time to that to pack my things, as I never before went so far from home, and I dare say I shall stay in Baltimore all the rest of the fall—I don't believe when the Bagnells once have me with them they'll let me come away much this side of winter.'"

"I sincerely hope they will not!"—exclaimed Albina—"I am so glad that Nancy Fairfowl has married a Baltimorean. I trust they will make their house so pleasant to Aunt Quimby that she will transfer her favour from us to them. You know she often tells us that Nancy and herself are as like as

two peas both in looks and ways; and from her account Johnny Bagnell must be a third pea, exactly resembling both of them."

"And yet"—observed Cheston—"people whose minds are of the same calibre do not always assimilate as well as might be supposed. When *too* nearly alike, and *too* close to each other, they frequently rub together so as to grate exceedingly."

We will pass over the intervening days by saying that the preparations for the pic-nic party were duly and successfully made: the arrangement of the ground being undertaken by Captain Cheston and Lieutenants Delham and Lonsgrave, and completed with the taste, neatness, and judicious arrangement, which always distinguishes such things when done by officers, whether of army or navy.

The appointed Thursday arrived. It was a lovely day, early in September: the air being of that delightful and exhilarating temperature that converts the mere sense of existence into pleasure. The heats of summer were over, and the sky had assumed its mildest tint of blue. All was calm and cool and lovely, and the country seemed sleeping in luxuriant repose. The grass, refreshed by the August rains, looked green as that of the "emerald isle:" and the forest trees had not yet begun to wear the brilliant colours of autumn, excepting here and there a maple whose foliage was already crimsoned. The orchards were loaded with fruit, glowing in ripeness: and the buckwheat fields, white with blossoms, perfumed the air with their honied fragrance. The rich flowers of the season were in full bloom. Birds of beautiful plumage still lingered in the woods, and were warbling their farewell notes previous to their return to a more southern latitude. The morning sunbeams danced and glittered on the blue waters of the broad and brimming Delaware, as the mirrored surface reflected its green and fertile banks with their flowery meadows, embowering groves, and modestly elegant villas.

The ground allotted to the party was an open space in the woodlands which ran along an elevated ridge looking directly down on the noble river that from its far-off source in the Catskill mountains, first dividing Pennsylvania from New York and then from New Jersey, carries its tributary stream the distance of three hundred miles, till it widens into the dim and lonely bay whose last waves are blended with the dark-rolling Atlantic. Old trees of irregular and fantastic forms, leaning far over the water, grew on the extreme edge of this bank: and from its steep and crumbling side protruded their wildly twisted roots, fringed with long fibres that had been washed bare by the tide which daily overflowed the broad strip of gray sand that margined the river. Part of an old fence that had been broken down and carried away by the incursions of a spring freshet, still remained, at intervals, along the verge of the bank; and his ladies had prevailed on Captain Cheston not to repair it, as in its ruinous state it looked far more picturesque than if new and in good order. In clearing this part of the forest many of the largest and finest trees had been left standing, and beneath their shade seats were now dispersed for the company. In another part of the opening, a long table had been set under a sort of *marquée*, constructed of colours borrowed from the Navy Yard, and gracefully suspended to the wide-spreading branches of some noble oaks: the stars and stripes of the most brilliant flag in the world blending

in picturesque elegance with the green and clustering foliage. At a little distance under a group of trees whose original forms were hidden beneath impervious masses of the forest grape-vine, was placed a side-table for the reception of the provisions as they were unpacked from the baskets; and a clear shady brook which wandered near, rippling over a bed of pebbles on its way down to the river, afforded an unlimited supply of "water clear as diamond spark," and made an excellent refrigerator for the wine bottles.

Most of the company were to go up in the early boat: purposing to return in the evening by the railroad. Others, who preferred making their own time, were to come in carriages. As soon as the bell of the steamboat gave notice of her approach, Captain Cheston, with his wife and sister, accompanied by Lieutenants Delham and Lonsgrave, went down to the landing-place to receive the first division of the pic-nic party, which was chiefly of young people, all with smiling countenances, and looking as if they anticipated a very pleasant little fête. The Chestons were prepared to say with Seged of Ethiopia, "This day shall be a day of happiness—" but as the last of the gay procession stepped from the landing-board, Aunt Quimby brought up the rear.

"Oh! Bromley"—said Mrs. Cheston, in a low voice to her husband—"there is our most mal-a-propos of aunts—I thought she was a hundred miles off. This is really too bad—what shall we do with her—on this day too, of all days—"

"We can do nothing but endeavour as usual to make the best of her"—replied the captain—"but where did she pick up that common-looking man whom she seems to be hauling along with her?"

Mrs. Quimby now came up, and after the first greeting, Albina and Myrtilla endeavoured to withdraw from her the attention of the rest of the company, whom they conducted for the present to the house; but she seized upon the captain, to whom she introduced her companion by the appellation of Mr. Smith. The stranger looked embarrassed, and seemed as if he could scarcely presume to take the offered hand of Captain Cheston, and muttered something about trespassing on hospitality, but Aunt Quimby interrupted him with—"Oh! nonsense now Mr. Smith—where's the use of being so shame-faced, and making apologies for what can't be helped. I dare say my nephew and niece wonder quite as much at seeing me here, supposing that I'm safe and sound at Nancy Bagnell's in Baltimore. But are you sure my baggage is all on the barrow—just step back, and see if the big blue band-box is safe, and the little yellow one; I should not wonder if the porter tosses them off or crushes in the lids. All men seem to have a spite at band-boxes."

Mr. Smith meekly obeyed: and Aunt Quimby taking the arm of Cheston, walked with him towards the house.

"Tell me who this gentleman is"—said Captain Cheston. "He cannot belong to any of the Smiths of Market, Arch, Race and Vine, Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce and Pine."

"No"—replied Mrs. Quimby—"nor to the Smiths of the cross-streets neither—nor to those up in the Northern Liberties, nor them down in Southwark. If you mean that he is not a Philadelphia man, you've hit the nail on the head—but that's no reason there shouldn't be Smiths enough all over the world.

However, the short and the long of it is this—I was to have started for Baltimore yesterday morning, bright and early, with Mr. and Mrs. Neverwait—but the shoemaker had not sent home my over-shoes, and the dyer had not finished my gray Canton crape shawl that he was doing a cinnamon brown, and the milliner disappointed me in new-lining my bonnet: so I could not possibly go, you know, and the Neverwaits went without me.—Well—the things were brought home last night, which was like coming a day after the fair. But as I was all packed up, I was bent upon going some-how or other, this morning. So I made Billy Fairfowl take me down to the wharf, bag and baggage, to see if he could find any body he knew to take charge of me to Baltimore. And there, as good luck would have it, we met with Mr. Smith, who has been several times in Billy's store, and bought domestics of him, and got acquainted with him; so that Billy finding this poor Mr. Smith was a stranger, and a man that took no airs, and that did not set up for great things, got very sociable with him, and even invited him to tea. Now, when we met him on the wharf, Mr. Smith was quite a wind-fall for us, and he agreed to escort me to Baltimore, as of course he must when he was asked. So then Billy being in a hurry to go to market for breakfast, (before all the pick of the butter was gone,) just bade me good bye, and left me on the wharf, seeing what good hands I was in. Now poor Mr. Smith being a stranger, and, of course, not so well used to steamboats as our own people, took me into the wrong one; for the New-York and Baltimore boats were laying side by side, and seemed both mixed together, so that it was hard telling which was which, the crowd hiding every thing from us. And after we got on board, I was so busy talking and he a listening, and looking at the people, that we never found out our mistake till we were half-way up the river, instead of being half-way down it. And then I heard the ladies all round talking of a nic or a pic, (or both I believe they called it,) that they said was to be held on Captain Cheston's grounds. So then I pricked up my ears, and found that it was even so; and I told them that Captain Cheston was a near relation of mine, for his wife was own daughter to Mrs. Marsden that was, whose first husband was my sister Nelly's own son; and all about your marrying Albina, and what a handsome place you have, and how Mr. Smith and I had got into the wrong boat, and were getting carried off, being taken up the river instead of down."

"And what did the company say to all this?" inquired Cheston.

"Why I don't exactly remember, but they must have said something; for I know those that were nearest stopped their own talk when I began. And after awhile, I went across to the other side of the boat, where Mr. Smith was leaning over the railing and looking at the foam flying from the wheels (as if it was something new) and I pulled his sleeve and told him we were quite in luck to-day, for we should be at a party without intending it. And he made a sort of humming and hawing about intruding himself (as he called it) without an invitation. But I told him to leave all that to me—I'd engage to pass him through. And he talked something of betaking himself to the nearest hotel after we landed, and waiting for the next boat down the river. However, I would not listen to that; and I made him understand that

any how there could be no Baltimore to-day, as it was quite too late to get there now by any contrivance at all; and that we could go down with the other company this evening by the railroad, and take a fresh start to-morrow morning. Still he seemed to hold back, and I told him that as to our going to the party all things had turned up as if it *was* to be, and I should think it a sin to fling such good luck aside when it was just ready to drop into our mouths, and that he might never have another chance of being in such genteel company as long as he lived. This last hint seemed to do the business, for he gave a sort of a pleased smile, and made no more objection. And then I put him in mind that the people that owned the ground were my own niece and nephew, who were always crazy to see me and have me with them; and I could answer for it they'd be just as glad to see any of my acquaintance—and as to the eatables, I was sure *his* being there would not make a cent's worth of difference, for I was certain there'd be plenty, and oceans of plenty, and I told him only to go and look at the baskets of victuals that were going up in the boat; besides all that, I knew the Chestons would provide well, for they were never backward with any thing."

She now stopped to take breath, and Cheston inquired if her son-in-law knew nothing more of Mr. Smith than from merely seeing him in his store.

"Oh! yes—did not I tell you we had him to tea? You need not mention it to any body—but (if the truth must be told) Mr. Smith is an Englishman. The poor man can't help that, you know: and I'm sure I should never have guessed it, for he neither looks English nor talks English. He is not a bit like that impudent Mr. Montague, who took slices out of Albina's big plum-cake hours before the company came, at that great party she gave for Mrs. Washington Potts."

"Pshaw"—said Cheston.

"Yes—you may well pshaw at it. But after all, for my own part, I must say I enjoyed myself very much that evening. I had a great deal of pleasant talk. I was sorry afterwards that I did not stay down stairs to the last, to see if all the company took French leave like me. If they did, it must have been quite a pretty sight to see them go. By the bye (now I talk of French leave) did you hear that the Washington Potts have broke all to pieces and gone off to France, to live upon the money that he made over to his wife to keep it from his creditors?"

"But Mr. Smith"—resumed Cheston.

"Why Bromley, what makes you so fidgety! Billy Fairfowl (though I say it that should'nt say it) is not the man to ask people to tea unless he is sure they are pretty decent sort of folks. So he went first to the British Consul, and inquired about Mr. Smith, and described his look and dress just as he would a runaway 'prentice. And the Consul knew exactly who he meant, and told him he would answer for Mr. Smith's being a man of good character, and perfectly honest and respectable. And that you know is quite as much as need be said of any body. So then we had him to tea, quite in a plain way; but he seemed very easily satisfied, and though there were huckleberries and cucumbers and dough-nuts, he did not eat a thing but bread and butter, and not much of that, and took no sugar in his tea, and only drank two cups. And Billy talked to him the whole evening about our factories, and our coal and iron: and

he listened quite attentively, and seemed to understand very well, though he did not say much; and he kept awake all the time, which was very clever of him, and more than Billy is used to. He seems like a good-hearted man, for he saved little Jane from pulling the tea-waiter down upon her head as she was coming out from under the table; and he ran and picked up Johnny when he fell over the rockers of the big chair, and wiped the blood off his nose with his own clean handkerchief. I dare say he's a good soul; but he is very humble-minded, and seems so afraid of saying wrong that he hardly says any thing. Here he comes, trudging along beside the porter; and I see he has got all the baggage safe, even the brown paper parcel and the calico bag. That's his own trunk under all the rest."

Mr. Smith now came up, and inquired of Captain Cheston for the nearest inn, that he might remain there till a boat passed down for Philadelphia. "Why Mr. Smith"—interrupted Aunt Quimby—"where's the sense of being so backward. We ought to be thankful for our good luck in getting here on the very day of the pic-nic, even though we *did* come by mistake. And now you *are* here, it's all nonsense for you to run away and go and mope by yourself at a country tavern. I suppose you are afraid you're not welcome. But I'll answer for you as well as myself."

Civility to the stranger required that Captain Cheston should second Mrs. Quimby; and he did so in terms so polite that Mr. Smith was induced with much diffidence to remain.

"Poor man"—said Aunt Quimby, in a low voice to the Captain—"between ourselves it's plain enough that he is not much used to being among great people, and he's afraid of feeling like a fish out of water. He must have a very poor opinion of himself, for even at Billy Fairfowl's he did not seem quite at home; though we all tried to encourage him, and I told him myself as soon as we sat down to the eatable, to make just as free as if he was in his own house."

Arrived at the mansion of the Chestons, Mrs. Quimby at first objected to changing her dress, which was a very rusty black silk, with a bonnet to match; declaring that she was sure nothing was expected of people who were on their travels, and that she saw no use in taking the trouble to unpack her baggage. She was, however, overruled by the representations of Albina, who offered to both unpack and re-pack for her. Accordingly she equipped herself in what she called her second-best suit. The gown was a thick rustling silk of a very reddish brown, with a new inside kerchief of blue-tinted book muslin that had never been washed. Over her shoulders she pinned her canton-crape shawl, whose brown tinge was entirely at variance with the shade of her gown. On her head was a stiff hard cap trimmed with satin ribbon of a still different brown colour, the ends of the bows sticking out horizontally and scolloped into numerous points. She would not wear her best bonnet lest it should be injured; and fortunately her worst was so small that she found if she put it on it would crush her second-best cap. She carried in one hand a stiff-starched handkerchief of imitation-cambrie, which she considered too good to unfold: and with the other she held over her head a faded green parasol.

Thus equipped, the old lady set out with Captain and Mrs. Cheston for the scene of the pic-nic; the

rest of the party being a little in advance of them. They saw Mr. Smith strolling about the lawn, and Mrs. Quimby called to him to come and give his arm to her niece, saying, "There Albina, take him under your wing, and try to make him sociable, while I walk on with your husband. Bromley how well you look in your navy-regimentals. I declare I'm more and more in luck. It is not every body that can have an officer always ready and willing to squire them."—And the old lady, (like many young ladies) unconsciously put on a different face and a different walk while escorted by a gentleman in uniform.

"Bromley"—continued Aunt Quimby—"I heard some of the pic-nic ladies in the boat saying that those which are to ride up are to bring a lion with them. This made me open my eyes, and put me all in quiver; so I could not help speaking out, and saying—I should make a real right down objection to his being let loose among the company, even if he was ever so tame. Then they laughed, and one of them said that a lion meant a great man; and asked me if I had never heard the term before. I answered that may be I had, but it must have slipped my memory; and that I thought it a great shame to speak of Christian people as if they were wild beasts."

"And who is this great man"—inquired Cheston.

"Oh! he's a foreigner from beyond sea, and he is coming with some of the ladies in their own carriage—Baron Somebody"—

"Baron Von Klingenberg"—said Cheston—"I have heard of him."

"That's the very name. It seems he is just come from Germany, and has taken rooms at one of the tip-top hotels, where he has a table all to himself. I wonder how any man can bear to eat his victuals sitting up all alone, with not a soul to speak a word with. I think I should die if I had no body to talk to. Well—they said that this Baron is a person of very high *tone*, which I suppose means that he has a very loud voice—and from what I could gather, it's fashionable for the young ladies to fall in love with him, and they think it an honour to get a bow from him in Chesnut street, and they take him all about with them. And they say he has in his own country a castle that stands on banks of rind, which seems a strange foundation. Dear me—now we've got to the pic-nic place—how gay and pretty every thing looks, and what heaps of victuals there must be in all those baskets, and oceans of drinkables in all those bottles and demijohns. Mercy on me—I pity the dish-washers—when will they get through all the dirty plates! And I declare! how beautiful the flags look! fixed up over the table just like bed-curtains—I am glad you have plenty of chairs here, besides the benches.—And only see!—if here an't cakes and lemonade coming round."

The old lady took her seat under one of the large trees, and entered unhesitatingly into whatever conversation was within her hearing; frequently calling away the Chestons to ask them questions or address to them remarks. The company generally divided into groups; some sat, some walked, some talked; and some, retreating further into the woods, amused themselves and each other with singing, or playing forfeits. There was, as is usual in Philadelphia assemblages, a very large proportion of handsome young ladies; and all were dressed in that consistent, tasteful, and decorous manner which distinguishes the fair damsels of the city of Penn.

In a short time Mrs. Quimby missed her protégée, and looking round for him she exclaimed—"Oh! if there is not Mr. Smith a sitting on a rail, just back of me all the time. Do come down off the fence Mr. Smith. You'll find a much pleasanter seat on this low stump behind me, than to stay perched up there. Myrtilia Cheston, my dear, come here—I want to speak to you."

Miss Cheston had the amiability to approach promptly and cheerfully: though called away from an animated conversation with two officers of the navy, two of the army, and three young lawyers, who had all formed a semicircle round four of the most attractive belles: herself being the cynocure.

"Myrtilia"—said Aunt Quimby, in rather a low voice—"do take some account of this poor forlorn man that's sitting behind me. He's so very backward, and thinks himself such a mere nobody, that I dare say he feels bad enough at being here without an invitation, and all among strangers too—though I've told him over and over that he need not have the least fear of being welcome. There now—there's a good girl—go and spirit him up a little. You know you are at home here on your brother's own ground."

"I scarcely know how to talk to an Englishman"—replied Myrtilia, in a very low voice.

"Why, can't you ask him, if he ever in his life saw so wide a river, and if he ever in his life saw such big trees, and if he don't think our sun a great deal brighter than his, and if he ever smelt buckwheat before?"

Myrtilia turned towards Mr. Smith (and perceiving from his ill-suppressed smile that he had heard Mrs. Quimby's instructions) like Olivia in the play, she humoured the jest by literally following them, making a curtsy to the gentleman, and saying—"Mr. Smith, did you ever in your life see so wide a river—did you ever in your life see such big trees; don't you think our sun a great deal brighter than yours—and did you ever smell buckwheat before?"

"I have not had that happiness"—replied Mr. Smith with a simpering laugh, as he rose from the old stump and, forgetting that it was not a chair, tried to hand it to Myrtilia. She bowed in acknowledgment, placed herself on the seat—and for awhile endeavoured to entertain Mr. Smith, as he stood leaning (not picturesquely) against a portion of the broken fence.

In the meantime Mrs. Quimby continued to call on the attention of those around her. To some the old lady was a source of amusement, to others of disgust and annoyance. By this time they all understood who she was, and how she happened to be there. Fixing her eyes on a very dignified and fashionable looking young lady, whom she had heard addressed as Miss Lybrand, and who with several others were sitting nearly opposite, "Pray Miss,"—said Aunt Quimby—"was your grandfather's name Moses?"

"It was," replied the young lady.

"Oh! then you must be a grand-daughter of old Moses Lybrand, who kept a livery stable up in Race street; and his son Aaron always used to drive the best carriage, after the old man was past doing it himself. Is your father's name Aaron?"

"No madam"—said Miss Lybrand—looking very red—"My father's name is Richard."

"Richard—he must have been one of the second wife's children. Oh! I remember seeing him about

when he was a little boy. He had a curly head, and on week days generally wore a grey jacket and corduroy trowsers; but he had a nice bottle-green suit for Sunday. Yes, yes—they went to our church, and sat up in the gallery. And he was your father, was he? Then Aaron must have been your own uncle. He was a very careful driver for a young man. He learnt of his father. I remember just after we were first married, Mr. Quimby hiring Moses Lybrand's best carriage to take me and my bridesmaids and groomsmen on a trip to Germantown. It was a yellow coachee with red curtains, and held us all very well with close packing. In those days people like us took their wedding rides to Germantown and Frankford and Derby, and ordered a dinner at a tavern with custards and whips, and came home in the evening. And the high-flyers when they got married, went as far as Chester or Dunks's Ferry. They did not then start off from the church door and scour the roads all the way to Niagara just because they were brides and grooms; as if that was any reason for flying their homes directly. But pray what has become of your uncle Aaron?"

"I do not know"—said the young lady, looking much displeas'd—"I never heard of him."

"But did not you tell me your grandfather's name was Moses."

"There may have been other Moses Lybrands."

"Was not he a short pockmarked man, that walked a little lame, with something of a cast in his right eye: or, I won't be positive, may be it was in the left."

"I am very sure papa's father was no such looking person"—replied Miss Lybrand—"but I never saw him—he died before I was born—"

"Poor old man"—resumed Mrs. Quimby—"if I remember right, he became childish many years before his death."

Miss Lybrand then rose hastily, and proposed to her immediate companions a walk further into the woods; and Myrilla, leaving the vicinity of Mr. Smith, came forward and joined them: her friends making a private signal to her not to invite the afore-said gentleman to accompany them.

Aunt Quimby saw them depart, and looking round said—"Why Mr. Smith—have the girls given you the slip. But to be sure, they meant you to follow them."

Mr. Smith signified that he had not courage to do so without an invitation, and that he feared he had already been tiring Miss Cheston.

"Pho, pho"—said Mrs. Quimby—"you are quite too humble. Pluck up a little spirit and run after the girls."

"I believe"—replied he—"I cannot take such a liberty."

"Then I'll call Captain Cheston to introduce you to some more gentlemen. Here—Bromley—"

"No—no"—said Mr. Smith—stopping her apprehensively—"I would rather not intrude any further upon his kindness."

"I declare you are the shame-facedest man I ever saw in my life. Well then you can walk about, and look at the trees and bushes. There's a fine large buttonwood, and there's a sassafras; or you can go to the edge of the bank and look at the river and watch how the tide goes down and leaves the splatter-docks standing in the mud. See how thick they are at low water—I wonder if you couldn't count them.

And may be you'll see a wood-shallop pass along, or may be a coal-barge. And who knows but a sturgeon may jump out of the water, and turn head over heels and back again—it's quite a handsome sight."

Good Mr. Smith did as he was bidden, and walked about and looked at things, and probably counted the splatter-docks, and perhaps saw a fish jump.

"It's all bashfulness—nothing in the world but bashfulness"—pursued Mrs. Quimby—"that's the only reason Mr. Smith don't talk."

"For my part"—said a very elegant looking girl—"I am perfectly willing to impute the taciturnity of Mr. Smith and that of all other silent people to modesty. But yet I must say, that as far as I have had opportunities of observing, most men above the age of twenty have sufficient courage to talk, if they know what to say. When the head is well furnished with ideas, the tongue cannot habitually refrain from giving them utterance."

"That's a very good observation"—said Mrs. Quimby—"and suits me exactly. But as to Mr. Smith, I do believe it's all bashfulness with him. Between ourselves (though the British consul warrants him respectable) I doubt whether he was ever in such genteel society before; and may be he thinks it his duty to listen and not to talk, poor man. But then he ought to know that in our country he need not be afraid of nobody: and that here all people are equal, and one is as good as another."

"Not exactly"—said the young lady—"we have in America, as in Europe, numerous gradations of mind, manners, and character. Politically we are equal, as far as regards the rights of citizens and the protection of the laws; and also we have no privileged orders. But individually it is difficult for the refined and the vulgar, the learned and the ignorant, the virtuous and the vicious to associate familiarly and indiscriminately, even in a republic."

The old lady looked mystified for a few moments, and then proceeded—"As you say, people's different. We can't be hail fellow well met with Tom, Dick, and Harry—but for my part I think myself as good as any body."

No one contradicted this opinion, and just then a gentleman came up and said to the young lady—"Miss Atwood allow me to present you with a sprig of the last wild roses of the season. I found a few still lingering on a bush in a shady lane just above."

"I hid their blossoms in my bonnet wave,"

said Miss Atwood—inserting them amid one of the riband bows.

"Atwood—Atwood"—said Aunt Quimby—"I know the name very well. Is not your father Charles Atwood who used to keep a large wholesale store in Front street."

"I have the happiness of being that gentleman's daughter"—replied the young lady.

"And you live up Chestnut now, don't you—among the fashionables—"

"My father's house is up Chestnut street."

"Your mother was a Ross, wasn't she—"

"Her maiden name was Ross."

"I thought so"—proceeded Mrs. Quimby—"I remember your father very well. He was the son of Tommy Attwood who kept an ironmonger's sloop down Second street by the New Market. Your grandfather was a very obliging man, rather fat. I have often been in his store when we lived down

that way. I remember once of buying a waffle-iron of him, and when I tried it and found it did not make a pretty pattern on the waffles, I took it back to him to change it: but having no other pattern, he returned me the money as soon as I asked him. And another time, he had the kitchen tongs mended for me without charging a cent, when I put him in mind that I had bought them there; which was certainly very genteel of him. And no wonder he made a fortune; as all people do that are obliging to their customers, and properly thankful to them. Your grandfather had a brother, Jemmy Atwood, who kept a china shop up Third street. He was your great uncle, and he married Sally Dickison, whose father old Adam Dickison was in the shoe-making line, and died rich. I have heard Mr. Quimby tell all about them. He knew all the family quite well, and he once had a sort of notion of Sally Dickison himself, before he got acquainted with me. Old Adam Dickison was a very good man, but he and his wife were rather too fond of family names. He called one of his daughters Sarah after his mother, and another Sarah after his wife; for he said 'there couldn't be too many Sally Dickisons.' But they found afterwards they could not get along without tacking Ann to one of the Sarahs, and Jane to the other. Then they had a little girl whom they called Debby, after some aunt Deborah. But little Debby died, and next they had a boy; yet rather than the name should be lost, they christened him Debbius. I wish I could remember whether Debbius was called after the little Debby or the big one. Sometimes I think it was one and sometimes t'other—I dare say Miss Atwood, you can tell, as you belong to the family."

"I am glad that I can set this question at rest"—replied Miss Atwood, smiling heroically—"I have heard the circumstance mentioned when my father has spoken of his great-uncle Jemmy the chinaman, and of the shoemaker's family into which uncle Jemmy married, and in which were the two Sallys. Debbius was called equally after his sister and his aunt."

Then turning to the very handsome and *distingué*-looking young gentleman who had brought her the flowers, and who had seemed much amused at the foregoing dialogue, Miss Atwood took his hand, and said to Aunt Quimby—"Let me present to you a grandson of that very Debbius, Mr. Edward Symmington, my sort of cousin; and son of Mr. Symmington, the lawyer, who chanced to marry Debbius's daughter."

Young Symmington laughed, and after telling Miss Atwood that she did every thing with a good grace, he proposed that they should join some of their friends who were amusing themselves further up in the woods. Miss Atwood took his arm, and bowing to Mrs. Quimby, they departed.

"That's a very pleasant young lady"—said she—"I am glad I've got acquainted with her—she's very much like her grandfather the ironmonger—her nose is the very image of old Benny's."

Fearing that *their* turn might come next, all the young people now dispersed from Aunt Quimby's vicinity, who accosting a housewifely lady that had volunteered to superintend the arrangements of the table, proposed going with her to see the baskets unpacked.

The remainder of the morning passed pleasantly away; and about noon, Myrtille Cheston and her companions, returning from their ramble, gave notice

that the carriages from town were approaching. Shortly after, there appeared at the entrance of the wood, several vehicles filled with ladies and gentlemen, who had preferred this mode of conveyance to coming up in the early boat. Most of the company went to meet them, being curious to see exactly who alighted.

When the last carriage drew up, there was a buzz all round—"There is the Baron—there is the Baron Von Klingenberg—as usual, with Mrs. Blake Bentley and her daughters."

After the new arrivals had been conducted by the Chestons to the house, and adjusted their dresses, they were shown into what was considered the drawing-room part of the woods, and accommodated with seats. But it was very evident that Mrs. Blake Bentley's party were desirous of keeping chiefly to themselves, talking very loudly to each other, and seemingly resolved to attract the attention of every one round.

"Bromley" said Mrs. Quimby—having called Captain Cheston to her—"is that a baron?"

"That is the Baron Von Klingenberg."

"Well—between ourselves, he's about as ugly a man as ever I laid my eyes on. At least he looks so at that distance. A clumsy fellow with high shoulders, and a round back, and his face all over hair; and as bandy as he can be, besides. And he's not a bit young, neither."

"Barons never seem to me young"—said Miss Turretville, a young lady of the romantic school—"but Counts always do."

"I declare even Mr. Smith is better looking—pursued Aunt Quimby, fixing her eyes on the baron. "don't you think so, Miss?"

"I think nothing about him"—replied the fair Turretville—"Mr. Smith"—said Myrtille—"perhaps is not actually ugly, and if properly dressed might look tolerably—but he is too meek, and too weak—I wasted much time in trying to entertain him as I sat under the tree, but he only looked down and simpered, and scarcely ventured a word in reply. One thing is certain, I shall take no further account of him."

"Now Myrtille, it's a shame to set your face against the poor man in this way. I dare say he is very good."

"That is always said of stupid people."

"No doubt it would brighten him wonderfully if you were to dance with him when the ball begins."

"Dance!"—said Myrtille—"dance with *him*. Do you suppose he knows either a step or a figure. No no, I shall take care never to exhibit myself as Mr. Smith's partner—and I beg of you Aunt Quimby, on no account to hint such a thing to him.—Besides, I am already engaged three sets deep"—and she ran away on seeing that Mr. Smith was approaching.

"Well, Mr. Smith"—said the old lady—"have you been looking at the shows of the place. And now, the greatest show of all has arrived—the Baron of Clinkanbeg—have you seen him?"

"I believe I have"—replied Mr. Smith.

"You wander about like a lost sheep, Mr. Smith"—said Aunt Quimby, protectingly—"and look as if you had not a word to throw at a dog—so sit down and talk to *me*. There's a dead log for you. And now you shan't stir another step till dinner-time.—Mr Smith seated himself on the dead log, and Mrs. Quimby proceeded—"I wish, though, we could find

places a little nearer to the Baron and his ladies, and hear them talk. Till to-day I never heard a nobleman speak in my life—having had no chance." But after all, I dare say, they have voices much like other people—did you ever happen to hear any of them talk when you lived in England?"

"Once or twice, I believe"—said Mr. Smith.

"Of course—(excuse me Mr. Smith)—but of course they didn't speak to you."

"If I recollect rightly, they chanced to have occasion to do so."

"On business, I suppose—do noblemen go to shops themselves, and buy their own things? Mr. Smith just please to tell me what line you are in."

Mr. Smith looked very red, and cast down his eyes—"I am in the tin line"—said he—after a pause.

"The tin line!—Well—never mind—though, to be sure, I did not expect you were a tinner—Perhaps you do a little also in the japan way?"

"—No"—replied Mr. Smith magnanimously—"I deal in nothing but tin—plain tin."

"Well—if you think of opening a shop in Philadelphia, I am pretty sure Billy Fairfowl will give you his custom: and I'll try to get Mrs. Pattypan and Mrs. Kettleworth to buy all their tins of you."

Mr. Smith bowed his head in thankfulness.

"One thing I'm sure of"—continued Aunt Quimby—"you'll never be the least above your business. And I dare say after you get used to our American ways, and a little more acquainted with our people, you'll be able to take courage and hold up your head, and look about quite pert."

Poor Mr. Smith covered his face with his hands, and shook his head, as if repelling the possibility of his ever looking pert.

The Baron Von Klingenberg and his party were all on chairs, and formed an impervious group—Mrs. Blake Bentley sat on one side of him; her eldest daughter on the other; the second and third Miss Bentleys directly in front; and the fourth, a young lady of eighteen, who affected infantine simplicity and passed for a child, seated herself innocently on the grass at the Baron's feet. Mrs. Bentley was what some call a fine-looking woman—being rather on a large scale, with fierce black eyes, a somewhat aquiline nose, a set of very white teeth (from the last new dentist) very red cheeks, and a profusion of dark ringlets. Her dress, and that of her daughters was always of the most costly description; their whole costume being made and arranged in an ultra fashionable manner. Around the Bentley party was a circle of listeners, and admirers, and enviers—and behind that circle was another and another. Into the outskirts of the last Aunt Quimby pushed her way, leading or rather pulling the helpless Mr. Smith along with her.

The Baron Von Klingenberg (to do him justice) spoke our language with great facility; his foreign accent being so slight that many thought they could not perceive it at all. Looking over the heads of the ladies immediately around him, he levelled his opera-glass at all who were within his view; occasionally inquiring about them of Mrs. Blake Bentley, who also could not see without her glass. She told him the names of those whom she considered the most fashionable: adding, confidentially, a disparaging remark upon each. Of a large proportion of the company, she affected, however, to know nothing, re-

plying to the Baron's questions with—"Oh!—I really cannot tell you. They are people whom one does not know—very respectable no doubt; but not the sort of persons one meets in society. You must be aware that on these occasions the company is always more or less mixed—for which reason I generally bring my own party along with me."

"This assemblage"—said the Baron—"somewhat reminds me of the annual *fêtes* I give to my serfs in the park that surrounds my castle, at the cataract of the Rhine."

Miss Turretville had just come up, leaning on the arm of Myrtille Cheston. "Let us try to get nearer to the Baron"—said she—"he is talking about castles. Oh! I am so glad that I have been introduced to him—I met him the other evening at Mrs. De Mingle's select party—and he took my fan out of my hand, and fanned himself with it. There is certainly an elegant ease about European gentlemen that our Americans can never acquire."

"Where is the ease and elegance of Mr. Smith?" thought Myrtille as she looked over at that forlorn individual shrinking behind Aunt Quimby.

"As I was saying"—pursued the Baron—lolling back in his chair and applying to his nose Mrs. Bentley's magnificent essence-bottle—"when I give these *fêtes* to my serfs I regale them with Westphalia hams from my own hunting-grounds, and with hock from my own vineyards."

"Dear me!—ham and hock!"—ejaculated Mrs. Quimby.

"Baron"—said Miss Turretville—"I suppose you have visited the Hartz mountains?"

"My castle stands on one of them."

"Charming!—Then you have seen the Brocken?"

"It is directly in front of my ramparts."

"How delightful!—do you never imagine that on a stormy night you hear the witches riding through the air, to hold their revels on the Brocken?—Are there still brigands in the Black Forest?"

"Troops of them—the Black Forest is just back of my own woods. The robbers were once so audacious as to attack my castle, and we had a bloody fight. But we at length succeeded in taking all that were left alive."

"What a pity!—Was their captain any thing like Charles de Moor?"

"Just such a man."

"Baron"—observed Myrtille, a little mischievously, "the situation of your castle must be *unique*. In the midst of the Hartz mountains, at the falls of the Rhine, with the Brocken in front, and the Black Forest behind."

"You doat on the place don't you?" asked Miss Turretville—"did you live there always?"

"No—only in the hunting season. I am equally at home in all the capitals of the continent. I might, perhaps, be chiefly at my native place Vienna, only my friend the emperor is never happy but when I am with him; and his devotion to me is rather overwhelming. The truth is, one gets surfeited with courts and kings and princes: so I thought it would be quite refreshing to take a trip to America, having great curiosity to see what sort of a place it was. I recollect at the last court ball the emperor was teasing me to waltz with his cousin the Archduchess of Hesse Hoblingen, who he feared would be offended if I neglected her. But her serene highness dances as if she had a cannon ball chained to each foot, and

so I got off by flatly telling my friend the emperor that if women chose to go to balls in velvet and ermine and with coronets on their heads, they might get princes or some such people to dance with them: as for my part, it was rather excruciating to whirl about with persons in heavy royal robes."

"Is it possible?"—exclaimed Miss Turretville—"did you venture to talk so to an emperor?—Of course before next day you were loaded with chains and immured in a dungeon: from which I suppose you escaped by a subterranean passage."

"Not at all—my old crony the emperor knows his man—so he only laughed and slapped me on the shoulder, and I took his arm and we sauntered off together to the other end of the grand saloon. I think I was in my hussar uniform—I recollect that evening I broke my quizzing glass, and had to borrow the princess of Saxe Blinkenberg's."

"Was it very elegant—set round with diamonds?" asked Miss Matilda Bentley, putting up to her face a hand on which glittered a valuable brilliant.

"Quite likely it was—but I never look at diamonds—one gets so tired of them. I have not worn any of mine these seven years—I often joke with my friend Prince Esterhazy about his diamond coat, that he *will* persist in wearing on great occasions. Its glitter really incommodes my eyes when he happens to be near me, as he generally is. Whenever he moves you may track him by the gems that drop from it, and you may hear him far off by their continual tinkling as they fall."

"Only listen to that, Mr. Smith"—said Aunt Quimby aside to her protégée—"I do not believe there is such a man in the world as that Hester Hazy with his diamond coat, that he's telling all this rigmarole about. It sounds like one of Mother Goose's tales."

"I rather think there is such a man"—said Mr. Smith.

"Nonsense, Mr. Smith—why you're a greater goose than I supposed."

Mr. Smith assented by a meek bow.

Dinner was now announced. The gentlemen conducted the ladies, and Aunt Quimby led Mr. Smith; but she could not prevail on him to take a seat beside her, near the head of the table, and directly opposite to the Baron and his party. He humbly insisted on finding a place for himself very low down, and seemed glad to get into the neighbourhood of Captain Cheston, who presided at the foot.

The Blake Bentley party all levelled their glasses at Aunt Quimby; but the old lady stood fire amazingly well, being busily engaged in preparing her silk gown against the chance of injury from any possible accident, tucking a napkin into her belt, pinning a pocket handkerchief across the body of her dress, turning up her cuffs, and tying back the strings of her cap to save the ribbon from grease-spots.

The dinner was profuse, excellent, and handsomely arranged: and for a while most of the company were too earnestly occupied in satisfying their appetites to engage much in conversation. Aunt Quimby sent a waiter to Captain Cheston to desire him to take care of poor Mr. Smith: which message the waiter thought it unnecessary to deliver.

Mrs. Blake Bentley and her daughter Matilda sat one on each side of the Baron, and showed rather more assiduity in helping him than is customary from ladies to gentlemen. Also their solicitude in antici-

pating his wants was a work of supererogation, for the Baron could evidently take excellent care of himself, and was unremitting in his applications to every one round him for every thing within their reach, and loud and incessant in his calls to the waiters for clean plates and clean glasses.

When the dessert was set on, and the flow of soul was succeeding to the feast which, whether of reason or not, had been duly honoured, Mrs. Quimby found leisure to look round, and resume her colloquy.

"I believe, madam, your name is Bentley"—said she to the lofty looking personage directly opposite.

"I am Mrs. Blake Bentley"—was the reply—with an imperious stare that was intended to frown down all further attempts at conversation. But Aunt Quimby did not comprehend repulsion, and had never been silenced in her life—so she proceeded—

"I remember your husband very well. He was a son of old Benny Bentley up Second street, that used to keep the sign of the Adam and Eve, but afterwards changed it to the Liberty Tree. His wife was a Blake—that was the way your husband came by his name. Her father was an upholsterer, and she worked at the trade before she was married. She made two bolsters and three pillows for me at different times; though I'm not quite sure it was not two pillows and three bolsters. He had a brother, Billy Blake, that was a painter: so he must have been your husband's uncle."

"Excuse me"—said Mrs. Blake Bentley—"I don't understand what you are talking about. But I'm very sure there were never any artist people in the family."

"Oh! Billy Blake was a painter and glazier both"—resumed Mrs. Quimby—"I remember him as well as if he was my own brother. We always sent for him to mend our broken windows. I can see him now—coming with his glass-box and his putty. Poor fellow—he was employed to put a new coat of paint on Christ Church steeple, which we thought would be a good job for him: but the scaffold gave way and he fell down and broke his leg. We lived right opposite, and saw him tumble. It's a mercy he wasn't killed right out. He was carried home on a hand-barrow. I remember the afternoon as well as if it were yesterday. We had a pot-pie for dinner that day; and I happened to have on a new calico gown, a green ground with a yellow sprig in it. I have some of the pieces now in patch-work."

Mrs. Blake Bentley gave Mrs. Quimby a look of unqualified disdain, and then turning to the baron, whispered him to say something that might stop the mouth of that abominable old woman. And by way of beginning she observed aloud—"Baron, what very fine plumbs these are—"

"Yes"—said the baron—helping himself to them profusely—"and apropos to plumbs—one day when I happened to be dining with the king of Prussia, there were some very fine peaches at table (we were sitting, you know, trifling over the dessert) and the king said to me—"Klingenberg, my dear fellow, let's try which of us can first break that large looking-glass by shooting a peach-stone at it—"

"Dear me! what a king!"—interrupted Mrs. Quimby—"and now I look at you again, sir (there, just now, with your head turned to the light) there's something in your face that puts me in mind of Jacob Stimbel, our Dutch young man that used to live with us and help to do the work. Mr. Quimby bought

him at the wharf out of a redemptioner ship. He was to serve us three years: but before his time was up he ran away (as they often do) and went to Lancaster, and set up his old trade of a carpenter, and married a bricklayer's daughter, and got rich, and built houses, and had three or four sons—I think I heard that one of them turned out a pretty bad fellow. I can see Jake Stimbel now, carrying the market-basket after me, or scrubbing the pavement. Whenever I look at you I think of him—may be he was some relation of yours, as you both came from Germany."

"A relation of mine, madam!"—said the Baron.

"There now—there's Jake Stimbel to the life. He had just that way of stretching up his eyes and drawing down his mouth when he did not know what to say—which was usually the case after he staid on errands."

The baron contracted his brows, and bit in his lips.

"Fix your face as you will"—continued Mrs. Quimby—you are as like him as you can look. I am sure I ought to remember Jacob Stimbel, for I had all the trouble of teaching him to do his work, besides learning him to talk American; and as soon as he had learnt, he cleared himself off, as I told you, and run away from us."

The baron now turned to Matilda Bentley, and endeavoured to engage her attention by an earnest conversation in an under tone; and Mrs. Bentley looked daggers at Aunt Quimby, who said in a low voice to a lady that sat next to her—"What a pity Mrs. Bentley has such a violent way with her eyes. She'd be a handsome woman if it was not for that."

Then resuming her former tone, the impenetrable old lady continued—"Some of these Dutch people that came over German redemptioners, and were sold out of ships have made great fortunes"—and then turning to a lady who sat on the other side, she proceeded to enumerate various wealthy and respectable German families whose grandfathers and grandmothers had been sold out of ships. Bromley Cheston perceiving that several of the company were wincing under this infliction, proposed a song from one of the young officers whom he knew to be an accomplished vocalist. This song was succeeded by several others, and during the singing the Blake Bentley party gradually slipped away from the table.

After dinner the company withdrew and dispersed themselves among the trees, while the servants, &c. were dining. Mrs. Cheston vainly did her utmost to prevail on Aunt Quimby to go to the house and take a *siesta*. "What for?"—said Mrs. Quimby—"Why should I go to sleep when I ain't a bit sleepy. I never was wider awake in my life. No, no—these parties don't come every day; and I'll make the most of this now I have had the good luck to be at it. But—bless me! now I think of it—I have not laid eyes on Mr. Smith these two hours—I hope he is not lost. When did he leave the table? Who saw him go? He's not used to being in the woods, poor man!"

The sound of the tambourine now denoted the approach of the musicians, and the company adjourned to the dancing ground, which was a wide opening in the woods shaded all round with fine trees, under which benches had been placed. For the orchestra a little wooden gallery had been erected about eight feet from the ground, running round the trunk and amid the spreading boughs of an immense hickory.

The dancers had just taken their places for the first set, when they were startled by the shrieks of a woman which seemed to ascend from the river-beach below. The gentlemen and many of the ladies ran to the edge of the bank to ascertain the cause—and Aunt Quimby looking down among the first, exclaimed—"Oh! mercy!—if there isn't Mr. Smith a collaring the baron, and Miss Matilda a screaming for dear life!"

"The baron collaring Mr. Smith, you mean"—said Myrtille, approaching the bank.

"No, no—I mean as I say. Why who'd think it was in Mr. Smith to do such a thing! Oh! see—only look how he shakes him. And now he gives him a kick—only think of doing all that to a baron—but I dare say he deserves it.—He looks more like Jake Stimbel than ever."

Captain Cheston sprung down the bank, (most of the other gentlemen running after him) and immediately reaching the scene of action rescued the foreigner, who seemed too frightened to oppose any effectual resistance to his assailant.

"Mr. Smith"—said Captain Cheston—"what is the meaning of this outrage—and in the presence of a lady too!"

"The lady must excuse me"—replied Mr. Smith—"for it is in her behalf I have thus forgotten myself so far as to chastise on the spot a contemptible villain. Let us convey Miss Bentley up the bank, for she seems greatly agitated, and I will then explain to the gentlemen the extraordinary scene they have just witnessed."

"Only hear Mr. Smith, how he's talking out!"—exclaimed Aunt Quimby—"And there's the baron-fellow putting up his coat collar and sneaking off round the corner of the bank. I'm so glad he's turned out a scamp!"

Having reached the top of the bank, Matilda Bentley who had nearly fainted was laid on a bench and consigned to the care of her mother and sisters. A flood of tears came to her relief, and while she was indulging in them, Mrs. Bentley joined the group who were assembled round Mr. Smith and listening to his narrative.

Mr. Smith explained that he knew this *soi-disant* Baron Von Klingenberg to be an impostor and a swindler. That he had, some years since, under another name, made his appearance in Paris, as an American gentleman of German origin, and large fortune; but soon gambled away all his money. That he afterwards, under different appellations, visited the principal cities of the continent, but always left behind the reputation of a swindler. That he had seen him last in London, in the capacity of valet to the real Baron Von Klingenberg, who, intending a visit to the United States, had hired him as being a native of America, and familiar with the country and its customs. But an unforeseen circumstance having induced that gentlemen to relinquish this transatlantic voyage, his American valet robbed him of a large sum of money and some valuable jewels, stole also the letters of introduction which had been obtained by the real Baron, and with them had evidently been enabled to pass himself for his master. To this explanation, Mr. Smith added that while wandering among the trees on the edge of the bank, he had seen the impostor on the beach below, endeavouring to persuade Miss Bentley to an elopement with him; proposing that they should repair immediately to a

place in the neighbourhood, where the rail-road cars stopped on their way to New York, and from thence proceed to that city, adding,—“You know there is no overtaking a rail-road car, so all pursuit of us will be in vain; besides, when once married all will be safe, as you are of age and mistress of your own fortune.” “Finding,” continued Mr. Smith, “that he was likely to succeed in persuading Miss Bentley to accompany him, I could no longer restrain my indignation, which prompted me to rush down the bank and adopt summary measures in rescuing the young lady from the hands of so infamous a scoundrel, whom nothing but my unwillingness to disturb the company prevented me from exposing as soon as I saw him.”

“Don’t believe him,”—screamed Mrs. Blake Bentley.—“Mr. Smith, indeed!—Who is to take *his* word? Who knows what Mr. Smith is?”

“I do”—said a voice from the crowd—and there stepped forward a gentleman who had arrived in a chaise with a friend about half an hour before. “I had the pleasure of knowing him intimately in England, when I was minister to the court of St. James’s.”

“May be you bought your tins at his shop”—said Aunt Quimby.

The ex-ambassador in a low voice exchanged a few words with Mr. Smith; and then taking his hand, presented him as the Earl of Huntingford—adding—“The only tin he deals in is that produced by his extensive mines in Cornwall.”

The whole company were amazed into a silence of some moments: after which there was a general buzz of favourable remark; Captain Cheston shook hands with him, and all the gentlemen pressed forward to be more particularly introduced to Lord Huntingford.

“Dear me”—said Aunt Quimby—“to think that I should have been so sociable with a lord—and a real one too—And to think how he drank tea at Billy Fairfowl’s in the back parlour, and ate bread and butter just like any other man—And how he saved Jane, and picked up Johnny—I suppose I must not speak to you now Mr. Smith, for I don’t know how to begin calling you my lord. And you don’t seem like the same man, now that you can look and talk like other people: and (excuse my saying so) but even your dress looks genteeler.”

“Call me still Mr. Smith, if you choose”—replied Lord Huntingford—and turning to Captain Cheston he continued—“Under that name I have had opportunities of obtaining much knowledge of your *unique* and interesting country:—knowledge that will be useful to me all the remainder of my life, and that I could not so well have acquired in my real character.”

He then explained, that being tired of travelling in Europe, and having an earnest desire to see America thoroughly, and more particularly to become acquainted with the state of society among the middle classes, (always the truest samples of national character) he had on taking his passage in one of the Liverpool packets given his name as Smith, and put on the appearance of a man in very common life, resolving to preserve his incognito as long as he could. His object being to observe and to listen, and fearing that if he talked much he might inadvertently betray himself, he endeavoured to acquire a habit of taciturnity. As is frequently the case, he rather overdid his assumed character: and was much amused at perceiv-

ing himself rated somewhat below mediocrity, and regarded as poor Mr. Smith.

“But where is that Baron fellow”—said Mrs. Quimby.—“I dare say he has sneaked off and taken the rail-road himself, while we were all busy about Lord Smith.”

“He has—he has”—sobbed Miss Bentley—who in spite of her grief and mortification had joined the group that surrounded the English nobleman—“And he has run away with my beautiful diamond ring.”

“Did he steal it from your finger”—asked Aunt Quimby eagerly.—“because if he did you can send a constable after him.”

“I shall do no such thing”—replied Matilda, tartly—then turning to her mother she added—“It was when we first went to walk by the river side. He took my hand and kissed it, and proposed exchanging rings—and so I let him have it—and he said he did not happen to have any ring of his own about him, but he would give me a magnificent one that had been presented to him by some emperor or king.”

“Now I think of it,” exclaimed Mrs. Bentley, “he never gave me back my gold essence-bottle with the emerald stopper.”

“Now I remember,” said Miss Turretville, “he did not return me the beautiful fan he took out of my hand the other evening at Mrs. De Mingle’s. And I doubt also if he restored her diamond opera glass to the Princess of Saxe Blinkinberg.”

“The Princess of Saxe Fiddlestick!” exclaimed Aunt Quimby, “Do you suppose he ever really had any thing to do with such people. Between ourselves, I thought it was all fudge the whole time he was trying to make us believe he was hand and glove with women that had crowns on their heads, and men with diamond coats, and kings that shot peach stones. The more he talked, the more he looked like Jacob Stimbel—I’m not apt to forget people—so it would be strange if I did not remember our Jake, and I never saw a greater likeness.—”

“Well, for my part,”—said Miss Turretville, candidly—“I really *did* think he had serfs, and a castle with ramparts, and I did believe in the banditti, and the captain just like Charles De Moor. And I grieved, as I often do, that here, in America, we had no such things.”

—“Pity we should?”—remarked Aunt Quimby.

To be brief—the Bentleys, after what had passed, thought it best to order their carriage and return to the city: and on their ride home there was much recrimination between the lady and her eldest daughter; Matilda declaring that she would never have thought of encouraging the addressess of such an ugly a fellow as the baron, had not her mother first put it into her head. And as to the projected elopement, she felt very certain of being forgiven for that as soon as she came out a baroness.

After the departure of the Bentleys, and when the excitement caused by the events immediately preceding it had somewhat subsided, it was proposed that the dancing should be resumed, and Lord Huntingford opened the ball with Mrs. Cheston, and proved that he could dance, and talk, and look extremely well. As soon as she was disengaged, he solicited Myrtilla’s hand for the next set, and she smilingly assented to his request. Before they began, Aunt Quimby took an opportunity of saying to her—“Well, Myrtilla—after all you are going to exhibit yourself, as you call it, with Mr. Smith.”

"Oh! Aunt Quimby—you must not remember any thing that was said about him while he was incog—"

"Yes—and now he's out of cog it's thought quite an honour to get a word or a look from him. Well—well—whether as poor simple Mr. Smith, or a great lord that owns whole tin mines, he'll always find me exactly the same—now I've got over the first flurry of his being found out."

"I have no doubt of that Aunt Quimby,"—replied Myrtila,—giving her hand to Lord Huntingford, who just then came up to lead her to the dance.

The afternoon passed rapidly away, with infinite enjoyment to the whole company; all of whom seemed to feel relieved by the absence of the Blake Bentley party. Aunt Quimby was very assiduous in volunteering to introduce ladies to Lord Smith, as she called him, and chaperoned him more than ever.

The Chestons, perfectly aware that if Mrs. Quimby returned to Philadelphia and proceeded to Baltimore under the escort of Mr. Smith, she would publish all along the road that he was a lord, and perhaps convert into annoyance the amusement he seemed to find in her entire want of tact, persuaded her to defer the Baltimore journey and pass a few days with them; promising to provide her with an escort there in the person of an old gentleman of their neighbourhood, who was going to the south early next week; and whom they knew to be one of the mildest men in the world, and never incommoded by any thing.

When the fête was over, Lord Huntingford returned to the city with his friend the ex-minister. At parting he warmly expressed his delight at having had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Captain Cheston and his ladies; and Aunt Quimby exclaimed—"It's all owing to me—if it had not been for me you might never have known them—I always had the character of bringing good luck to people: so it's no wonder I'm so welcome every where."

On Captain Cheston's next visit to Philadelphia, he gathered that the fictitious Baron von Klingenberg was really the reprobate son of Jacob Stimbel of Lancaster, and had been recognized as such by a gentleman from that place. That he had many years before gone to seek his fortune in Europe, with the wreck of some property left him by his father; where (as Lord Huntingford had stated) he had been last seen in London in the capacity of a valet to a German nobleman, and that now he had departed for the west, with the design, as was supposed, of gambling his way to New Orleans. Nothing could exceed the delight of Aunt Quimby on finding her impression of him so well corroborated.

The old lady went to Baltimore: and found herself so happy with her dear crony Mrs. Bagnell, that she concluded to take up her permanent residence with her on the same terms on which she lived at her son-in-law Billy Fairfowl's, whose large family of children had, to say the truth, latterly caused her some inconvenience by their number and their noise; particularly as one of the girls was growing up so like her grandmother as to out-talk her. Aunt Quimby's removal from Philadelphia to Baltimore was, of course, a sensible relief to the Chestons.

Lord Huntingford (relinquishing the name and character of Mr. Smith) devoted two years to making the tour of the United States including a visit to Canada; justly believing that he could not in less time accomplish his object of becoming well acquainted with the country and the people. On his return

through the Atlantic cities, he met with Captain Cheston at Norfolk, where he had just brought in his ship from a cruise in the Pacific. Both gentlemen were glad to renew their acquaintance; and they travelled together to Philadelphia, where they found Mrs. Cheston and Myrtila waiting to meet the captain.

Lord Huntingford became a constant visiter at the house of the Chestons. He found Myrtila improved in beauty, and as he thought in every thing else, and he felt that in all his travels through Europe and America he had met with no woman so well calculated to insure his happiness in married life. The sister of Captain Cheston was too good a republican to marry a foreigner and a nobleman merely on account of his rank and title: but Lord Huntingford as a man of sense, feeling, and unblemished morality, was one of the best specimens of his class, and after an intimate acquaintance of two months, she consented to become his countess. They were married a few days before their departure for England, where Captain and Mrs. Cheston promised to make them a visit the ensuing spring.

Emily Atwood and Mr. Symmington were bridesmaid and groomsmen, and were themselves united the following month. Miss Turretville made a very advantageous match, and has settled down into a rational woman and a first-rate house-wife. The Miss Bentleys are all single yet; but their mother is married to an Italian singer, who is dissipating her property as fast as he can, and treating her ill all the time.

While in Philadelphia, Lord Huntingford did not forget to visit occasionally his early acquaintance Mr. William Fairfowl, (who always received him as if he was still Mr. Smith) and on leaving the city he presented an elegant little souvenir to Mrs. Fairfowl, and one to each of her daughters.

At Lord Huntingford's desire, Mrs. Quimby was invited from Baltimore to be present at his wedding (though the company was small and select) and she did honour to the occasion by wearing an entirely new gown and cap, telling the cost of them to every person in the room, but declaring she did not grudge it in the least; and assuming to herself the entire credit of the match, which she averred never would have taken place if she had not happened to come up the river, instead of going down.

The events connected with the pic-nic day had certainly one singular effect on Aunt Quimby, who from that time protested that she always thought of a nobleman whenever she heard the name of Smith.

Could all our readers give in their experience of the numerous Smiths they must have known and heard of, would not many be found who, though bearing that trite appellation, were noblemen of nature's own making.

REFLECTIONS ON WOMEN.

THE uselessness and expensiveness of modern women multiply bachelors.

Vile men owe much of their vileness to women of character, who hardly ever scruple to receive them into their society, if the men are rich, talented and fashionable, even though they have been guilty of ever so much baseness to other women.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN OLD GENTLEMAN.

No. I.—THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

BY MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.

NEVER shall I forget the dignity and sense of importance which swelled my mind, when I was first pronounced old enough to go to meeting. That eventful Sunday I was up long before day, and even took my Sabbath day suit to the window, to ascertain by the first light that it actually was there, just as it looked the night before. With what complacency did I view myself completely dressed!—how did I count over the rows of yellow brass buttons on my coat! how my good mother, grandmother, and aunts fussed, and twitched, and pulled to make every thing set up and set down, just in the proper place! how my clean starched white collar was turned over and smoothed again and again, and my golden curls twisted and arranged to make the most of me! and last of all, how was I cautioned not to be thinking of my clothes! In truth, I was in those days a very handsome youngster, and it really is no more than justice to let the fact be known, as there is nothing in my present appearance from which it could ever be inferred. Every body in the house successively asked me if I should be a good boy, and sit still, and not talk nor laugh; and my mother informed me, “in terrorem,” that there was a tithing man who carried off naughty children, and shut them up in a dark place behind the pulpit, and that this tithing man, Mr. Zepheniah Scranton, sat just where he could see me. This fact impressed my mind with more solemnity than all the exhortations which had preceded it: (a proof of the efficacy of facts above reason.) Under shadow and power of this weighty truth, I demurely took hold of my mother's forefinger to walk to meeting.

The traveller in New England, as he stands on some eminence, and looks down on its rich landscape of golden grain and waving cornfield, sees no feature more beautiful than its simple churches, whose white taper fingers point upward, amid the greenness and bloom of the distant prospects, as if to remind one of the overshadowing providence whence all this luxuriant beauty flows; and year by year, as new ones are added to the number, or succeed in the place of old ones, there is discernible an evident improvement in their taste and architecture. Those modest doric little buildings, with their white pillars, green blinds, and neat enclosures, are very different affairs from those great uncouth mountains of windows and doors that stood in the same place years before. To my childish eye, however, our old meeting-house was an awe-inspiring thing—to me it seemed fashioned very nearly on the model of Noah's ark and Solomon's temple, as set forth in the pictures in my scripture catechism—pictures which I did not doubt were authentic copies, and what more respectable and venerable architectural precedent could any one desire? Its double rows of windows, of which I knew the number by heart, its doors with great wooden quirls over them, its belfry projecting out at the east end, its steeple and bell, all inspired as much sense of the sublime in me as Stratsburg Cathedral itself, and the inside was not a whit less imposing.

How magnificent, to my eye, seemed the turnip

like canopy that hung over the minister's head, hooked by a long iron rod to the wall above, and how apprehensively did I consider the question what would become of him if it should fall! How did I wonder at the pannels on either side of the pulpit, in each of which was carved and painted a flaming red tulip, bolt upright, with its leaves projecting out at right angles—and then the grape vine, bas-relieved on the front, with its exactly triangular bunches of grapes alternating at exact intervals with exactly triangular leaves. To me it was an indisputable representation of how grape vines ought to look, if they would only be straight and regular, instead of curling and scrambling, and twisting themselves into all sorts of slovenly and irregular shapes. The area of the house was divided into large square pews, boxed up with stout boards, and surmounted with a kind of baluster work, which I supposed to be provided for the special accommodation of us youngsters, being the “loop holes of retreat,” through which we gazed on the “*remarkabilia*” of the scene. It was especially interesting to me to notice the coming in to meeting of the congregation. The doors were so contrived that on entering you stepped *down* instead of up, a construction that has more than once led to unlucky results in the case of strangers. I remember once, when an unlucky Frenchman, entirely unsuspecting of the danger that awaited him, made entrance by pitching devoutly upon his nose into the middle of the broad aisle, that it took three bunches of my grandmother's fennel to bring my risibles into any thing like composure. Such exhibitions fortunately for me, were very rare, but still I found great amusement in watching the distinctive and marked outlines of the various people that filled up the seats around me. A Yankee village presents a picture of the curiosities of every generation:—there, from year to year, they live on, preserved by hard labour and regular habits, exhibiting every peculiarity of manner and appearance as distinctly marked as when they first came from the mint of nature. And as every body goes punctually to meeting, the meeting-house becomes a sort of museum of antiquities—a general muster ground for past and present.

I remember still with what wondering admiration I used to look around on the people that surrounded our pew. On one side, there was an old Captain McLean, and Major McDill, a couple whom the mischievous wits of the village designated as Captain McLean and Captain McFat, and in truth, they were a perfect antithesis, a living exemplification of flesh and spirit. Captain McLean was a mournful lengthy considerate looking old gentleman, with a long face which digressed into a long thin horny nose, which, when he applied his pocket handkerchief, gave forth a melancholy minor key'd sound such as a ghost might make, using a pocket handkerchief in the long gallery of some old castle.

Close at his side was the doughty, puffing Captain McDill, whose full-orbed, jolly visage was illuminated by a most valiant red nose, shaped something like an overgrown dough-nut, and looking as if it had been

thrown at his face, and happened to hit in the middle. Then there was old Israel Peters, with a wooden leg, which clamped into meeting with undeviating regularity, ten minutes before meeting time; and there was Jedediah Stebbins, a thin, wistful, moonshiny looking old gentleman, whose mouth appeared as if it had been gathered up with a needle and thread, and whose eyes seemed as if they had been bound with red tape; and there was old Beniah Stephens, who used regularly to get up and stand, when the minister was about half through his sermon, exhibiting his tall figure, long, single breasted coat, with buttons nearly as large as a tea-plate, his large, black, horn spectacles, stretched down on the extreme end of a very long nose, and vigorously chewing, meanwhile, on the bunch of caraway which he always carried in one hand. Then there was Aunt Sally Simpson and old Widow Smith, and a whole bevy of little dried old ladies, with small straight black bonnets, tight sleeves to the elbow, long silk gloves, and great fans big enough for a wind mill, and of a hot day it was a mighty amusement to me to watch the bobbing of the little black bonnets which showed that sleep had got the better of their owners' attention, and the sputter and rustling of the fans when a more profound nod than common would suddenly waken them and set them to fanning and listening with redoubled devotion. There was Deacon Dundas, a great wagon load of an old gentleman, whose ample pockets looked as if they might have held half the congregation, who used to establish himself just on one side of me, and who seemed to feel such entire confidence in the soundness and capacity of his pastor that he could sleep very comfortably from one end of the sermon to the other, except when one of your officious blue flies, who, as every body knows, are amazingly particular about such matters, would buzz into his mouth, or flirt into his ears a passing admonition as to the impropriety of sleeping in meeting, when the good old gentleman would start, open his eyes very wide, and look about with a very resolute air, as much as to say, "I wasn't asleep, I can tell you," and then setting himself in an edifying posture of attention, you might perceive his head gradually settling back, his mouth slowly opening wider and wider, till the good man would be as soundly asleep as if nothing had happened.

It was a good orthodox custom of old times, to take every part of the domestic establishment to meeting, even down to the faithful dog, who as he had supervised the labours of the week, also came with due particularity to supervise the worship of Sunday. I think I can see now the fitting out on a Sunday morning—the one wagon, or two as the case might be, tackled up with an "old gray" or an "old bay," with a buffalo skin over the seat, by way of cushion, and all the family in their Sunday best, packed in for meeting, while Master Boase, Watch, or Towser, stood prepared to be an outguard behind, and went, meekly trotting up hill and down dale, in the rear. Arrived at meeting, the canine part of the establishment generally conducted themselves with great decorum, lying down and going to sleep as decently as any body present, except when some of the business loving blue bottles aforesaid, would make a sortie upon them, when you might hear the snap of their jaws as they vainly sought to lay hold of the offender. Now and then between some of the sixthlys, seventhlys, and eighthlys, you might hear some old patriarch giving himself a rousing shake, and pit pat-

ing soberly up the aisles as if to see that every thing was going on properly, after which he would lie down and compose himself to sleep again, and certainly this was as improving a way of spending Sunday as a good christian dog could desire.

But the glory of our meeting house was its singers' seat, that empyrean of those who rejoiced in the divine mysterious art of *fa sol la*, who, by a distinguishing grace and privilege could raise and fall the cabalistical eight notes, and move serene, through the enchanted region of flats, sharps, thirds, fifths, and octaves.

There they sat in the gallery that lined three sides of the house, treble, counter, tenor, and bass, each with its appropriate leaders, and supporters—there were generally seated the bloom of our young people; sparkling, modest, and blushing girls on one side, with their ribands and finery, making the place where they sat as blooming and lively as a flower garden, and your fiery forward confident young men on the other, and in spite of its being a meeting-house, we could not swear that glances were never given and returned, and that there was not often as much an approach to flirtation as the distance and the sobriety of the place would admit. Certain it was, that there was no place where our village coquettes attracted half as many eyes or led astray half so many hearts.

But, have I been talking of singers all this time, and neglected to mention the Magnus Apollo of the whole concern, the redoubtable chorister, who occupied the seat of honour in the midst of the middle gallery, and exactly opposite to the minister! Certain it is, that the good man, if he were alive, would never believe it, for no person ever more magnified his office, or had a more thorough belief in his own greatness and supremacy, than Zedekiah Morse. Methinks I can see him now as he appeared to my eyes on that first Sunday, when he shot up from behind the gallery as if he had been sent up by a spring. He was a little man, whose fiery red hair, brushed straight up on the top of his head, had an appearance as vigorous and lively as real flame, and this added to the ardour and determination of all his motions, had obtained for him the surname of the "burning bush." He seemed possessed with the very soul of song, and from the moment he began to sing, looked alive all over, till it seemed to me that his whole body would follow his hair upwards, fairly rapt away by the power of harmony. With what an air did he sound the important "*fa sol la*," in the ears of the waiting gallery, who stood with open mouths, ready to seize their pitch, preparatory to their general *set to*—how did his ascending and descending arm astonish the zephyrs, when once he laid himself out to the important work of beating time. How did his little head whisk from side to side as now he beat and roared toward the ladies on his right, and now toward the gentlemen on his left. It used to seem to my astonished vision as if his form grew taller, his arm longer, his hair redder, and his little green eyes brighter, with every stare; and particularly when he perceived any falling off of time, or discrepancy in pitch, with what redoubled vigour would he thump the gallery and roar at the delinquent quarter, till every mother's son and daughter of them, skipped and scrambled into the right place again. Oh it was a fine thing to see the vigour and discipline with which he managed the business, so that if on a hot, drowsy Sunday, any part of the choir hung back or

sung sleepily on the first part of a verse, they were obliged to bestir themselves in good earnest, and sing three times as fast, in order to get through with the others. Kiah Morse was no advocate for your dozy drawing singing, that one may do at their leisure between sleeping and waking, I can promise you:—indeed, he got entirely out of the graces of Deacon Dundas, and one or two other portly, leisurely old gentlemen below, who had been used to throw back their heads, shut up their eyes, and take the comfort of the psalm, by prolonging indefinitely all the notes. The first Sunday after “Kiah” took the music in hand, the old Deacon really rubbed his eyes and looked about him—for the psalm was sung off before he was ready to get his mouth opened—and he really looked upon it as a most irreverent piece of business.

But the glory of Kiah's art consisted in the execution of those good old billowy compositions called fugeing tunes, where the four parts that compose the choir, take up the song, and go racing round one after another, each singing a different set of words, till, at length, by some inexplicable magic, they all came together again, and sailed smoothly out into a

smooth rolling sea of song. I remember the wonder with which I used to look from side to side when treble, tenor, counter and bass were thus roaring and foaming, and it verily seemed to me as if the psalm was going to pieces among the breakers, and the delighted astonishment with which I found that each particular verse did emerge, whole and uninjured from the storm.

But alas for the wonders of that old meeting-house, how are they passed away. Even the venerable building itself has been pulled down and scattered away, yet I still retain enough of my childish feelings to wonder whether any little boy was gratified by the possession of those painted tulips and grape vines, which my childish eye used to covet, and about the obtaining of which, in case the house should ever be pulled down, I devised so many schemes during the long sermons and services of summer days. I have visited the spot since—but the new modern fair looking building that stands where it stood, bears no trace of it, and of the various familiar faces that used to be seen inside—not one remains. Verily, I must be growing old; and, as old people are apt to spin long stories, I check myself, and lay down my pen.

Written for the Lady's Book.

INCIDENT IN A SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY E. C. STEDMAN.

A PRISONER from the battle-field,
Of wearied, starving mien,
Protected by an armed shield,
In sunny France was seen.

His bleeding feet refused at length
Their wonted task to make,
And halting from exhausted strength,
No onward step would take.

An ancient village was the spot
Where now he paused to rest;
There, plenty filled the rural cot,
And peace the happy breast.

He sat beside a quiet door,
The tear runs in his eye,
And thoughts of home, now his no more,
Awoke the prisoner's sigh.

But now, a gentle girl came forth,
Adorn'd with gems and lace,
While yet a pearl of rarer worth,
Was beaming through her face.

She bent, the soldier's feet to view,
And dropp'd one listening tear,
Then, with a smile so sweet, withdrew,
As e'en his heart might cheer.

And quick as mercy's angels move,
She doffed her gay attire,

And came in humbler garb, to prove
Compassion's kind desire.

A bowl of water warm she bore,
And placed it on the ground;
Then knelt the soldier's feet before,
And bathed each bleeding wound.

What luxury then the prisoner knew,
Those tender hands to feel;
Such condescension might subdue
A soldier's heart of steel!

And then his feet she gently bound
In linen, clean and soft,
Whilst kneeling there upon the ground,
Her tears bedew'd them oft.

And food the maiden's mother brought
And shoes to guard his feet;
Though many an eye the scene had sought,
And crowds now filled the street.

But those kind angels heeded not
The gaze of stranger eyes;
For they had sooth'd a sufferer's lot,
And hush'd a prisoner's sighs.

Refresh'd, the soldier onward went,
But there his blessing staid;
And oft in dreams his thanks are sent
Back to the dark-eyed maid.

VIRTUE AND VICE.—Every man has actually within him the seeds of every virtue and every vice; and the proportion in which they thrive and ripen depends in general upon the situations in which he has been, and is placed.

GOOD SENSE AND LEARNING.—He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE OLD ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.—No. II.

THE SPECTATOR.

BY A. STEVENS, A. M.

THE Spectator followed the Tatler, and was projected jointly by Addison and Steele. In our first number we anticipated, in general remarks on Addison's character as a writer, the question of the merits of the Spectator. It is perhaps the most generally known and popular of all the writings of the Essayists. It was published in the same form as the Tatler, a half sheet of two pages, at the price of a penny. The stamp duty of 1712, raised the price to twopence. Swift mentions that this duty threw most of the papers of the times into confusion, and exploded some, but the Spectator doubled its price immediately without any diminution of patronage, for a contemporary writer informs us that its sales rose to 14,000 per day; some days they were 20,000.

The first number was issued March 1st, 1710—11. It was written by Addison, and describes the character of the Spectator most admirably. It is an excellent example of the calm humour of its author. It is the portrait of a fine old man, taciturn, but not austere, inclined to credulity, and whose studies were more curious than learned. The sketch is throughout a delicate satire on the egotistical vanity of mankind. The estate to which he was heir had been preserved unaltered in its "very hedges and ditches" from the days of William the Conqueror—a satirical allusion to the habit of sacrificing improvement to a stupid reverence for antiquity. His mother too, we are gravely informed, "dreamed before his birth that he would be a judge," and we are assured that he "threw away his rattle before he was two months old," and "would not use his coral until they had taken away the bells from it." At college he was distinguished by a profound silence, and he does not believe that he ever spoke three sentences together all his life. His taciturnity, however, was construed by his taste into "*solidity which would wear well.*" He diligently devoured all books ancient and modern. On the death of his father, he travelled over Europe, and even visited Grand Cairo to get the measurement of a pyramid, on ascertaining which he immediately returned home "with great satisfaction." At London he frequented all the famous resorts, and was taken for a merchant on 'change for more than ten years, and also for "a Jew in the Assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's." He would not have presumed on appearing before the public if his friends had not often assured him that it was a pity so much knowledge as he possessed should be lost to the world. The character of the aged gentleman is well sustained, and the satire smooth but cutting as a razor's edge.

The second paper is by Steele, and contains a description of the imaginary club, by whom the work is supposed to be conducted. We have heretofore mentioned that we are indebted to Steele for the chief *dramatis personæ* of the Spectator, and that even the idea of Sir Roger de Coverly, usually attributed to Addison, originated with him. The proportions and lineaments of the character are fully drawn in this

paper, yet the facility and completeness with which Addison afterwards takes up the idea and extends it through at least fifteen various papers, reflects the highest credit on his pen. Sir Roger is thus introduced by Steele. "The first of our family is a gentleman from Worcestershire, of an ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverly. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with lowness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes or forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he is a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman; had often supped with my Lord Rochester, and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry moods, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind, but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game act."

All the elements of this much admired character are contained in this sketch.

Addison in No. 106, describes the household of the knight. He is the more at ease in Sir Roger's family because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care to leave him—by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother; his butler is gray-

headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that he had ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

He could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of those ancient domestics, upon Sir Roger's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

The chief companion of the Spectator, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or in the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house, in the character of a chaplain, above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humourist; and his virtues, as well as imperfections, are tinged by a certain extravagance which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. "As I was walking," says the Spectator, "with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. 'My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time, asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his

judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

While the knight is proceeding in his description of the chaplain, the venerable gentleman himself appears before them. On Sir Roger's accosting him with "who was to preach the next Sabbath?" he replies, "the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon," at the same time he shows his list for the "whole year," among which are the names of Tillotson, Calamy, Saunderson, and Barrow. The character of the Priest is in striking harmony with that of the knight.

So much for Sir Roger's chaplain. Our readers will be disposed to smile at the qualifications which the good knight considered so indispensable in him. We would not mar the beauty of his well-drawn character, by "odious comparisons," but a divine in this age of improvement, would find his "*calls*" "few and far between," with no other recommendations to public favour than those negative qualities so much insisted upon by Sir Roger de Coverly. The "plain sense, clear voice, good aspect, and sociable temper," are all very well, but the idea of "not much learning," and entertaining a congregation the year round with "all the good sermons which have been printed in English," would, we opine, be matters of question, notwithstanding the "continued system of practical divinity" they might form;—to say nothing of the *sine qua non* accomplishment of *back-gammon*.

In paper 517, Addison records the death of the venerable Sir Roger. We have heretofore mentioned that this event was contrived by Addison, because of the admiration and even love that he had conceived for the fine humour and perfect ideal of this interesting character, which Steele had begun to mar by introducing him in immoral scenes. His end corresponded with the old-fashioned virtue of his life. A letter from his butler describes it. We cannot forbear introducing this pathetic account of the "the melancholy news which afflicted the whole county." Says the letter, "I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to the lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady, his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and

has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement, with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great freeze-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church, for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverly church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he has made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur." The butler further remarks, that Captain Lentry, his master's successor, "makes much" of those whom his master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog that "he was so fond of." "It would have gone to your heart" says he "to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire."

"This letter," says the Spectator, "notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it, there was not a dry eye in the club."

Sir Roger de Coverly! peace to his memory, says many a pale-faced student at the mention of his name. Delectable is the recollection of the midnight hours, after the hard and late study of the college domicile, and the days of languishing in the sick chamber, when more arduous thinkings gave way to the benign presence and quaint converse of the bachelor Knight of Worcestershire. "His reasons "why men of parts alone ought to be hanged"—the famous history of his ancestors—his love for the inexorable widow, and his enumeration of her marvellous qualities—his exploits in fox-hunting—his opinions of merchants—his criticisms on the illustrious dead of Westminster Abbey—how redolent they are of the old sterling humour of other days; how they smack of the ever-blessed times of pure Anglo-Saxon genius and manners, the days of roast-beef and plumb-pudding, when the old English gentleman had not yet lost the individuality of his character, but

— "Had his old estate,

And kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate.
Whose custom was, when Christmas came to bid his friends
repair

To his old hall, where feast and ball for them he did prepare;
And though the rich he entertained, he ne'er forgot the poor,
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from the door
Of this good old English gentleman, one of the oldest times!"

None of the other characters of the Spectator compare with Sir Roger de Coverly, yet they are all more or less excellent. "The gentleman next in esteem," is also a bachelor, a member of the Inner Temple,

of great probity, wit, and understanding. He understands Aristotle and Longinus better than he does Littleton or Coke. His father sends up every post, questions relating to marriage articles, leases, and tenures, all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of modern cases. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends know he has a great deal of wit." His turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present times. He is an excellent critic, and "the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins;" "he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rade." It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

Sir Andrew Freeport is a merchant of great eminence in London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, "and (as every rich man has usually some slight way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea, the British common." He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and asserts that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry.

He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is "A penny saved is a penny got."

Captain Lentry is likewise a member of the club, a gentleman of great valour and good understanding, but marvellous modesty; he "deserves very well, but is awkward of putting his talent within the observation of those who should take notice of them." He was captain some years, behaved with great gallantry on sundry occasions, but having a small estate, and being heir to Sir Roger de Coverly, has quitted his military life. He is very frank, no sourness is found in his remarks, and he is the very soul of candour. His military life has furnished him with many anecdotes and adventures which amuse much the club, "for he is never overbearing though accustomed to command, and never obsequious, though he once obeyed men who were above him."

Will Honeycomb comes next, the very impersonation of gallantry. He is a gentleman, who, according to his years, should be in the decline of life; but having "ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain." His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can

smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. "He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you, from which of the French king's wenches, our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world." "As other men of his age will take notice to you, what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. This way of talking of his, very much enlivens the conversation amongst us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him, as of that sort of man, who is usually called a well-bred, fine gentleman"—a satirical picture not inapplicable to the "fine gentleman" of later times.

The last of this list of worthies is a clergyman, who visits the company very seldom. He is very philosophical, has great learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. "He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are all so far gone in years, that he shows when he is among us, an earnestness to have us fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities!"

Many other dramatis personæ are met with in the pages of the Spectator. Will Wimble is among the most interesting. The idea is Addison's. He gives the character with remarkable completeness in very few words, which he puts in the form of a letter from Will to Sir Roger. "I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the black river. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it: I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely."

Here we see the veritable Will, not as in a mirror but face to face. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and "descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles." He is between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well used in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes "a May fly to a miracle;" and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a "good-natured, officious

fellow," and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries "a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the country." Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has woven or a setting-dog that he has trained himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them "how they wear!" These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours, make Will the darling of the country.

This well-drawn character is not without its moral. "Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade, or profession that is beneath their quality!" A more pungent satire on the wretched effects of the system of primogeniture could not be written.

Having heretofore discussed the general merits of the Spectator, we need say but little more. As a model of style it is considered first in our language. Its study in this respect would be of no little advantage at this time, when the perspicuity and smooth elegance of our old classics are disappearing before the bombast, inverted construction, and straining for effect, which the unnatural popularity of a foreign and fermented literature has produced among us. Johnson said that any one who would become a master of English style, must spend his days and nights in the study of Addison. It is favourably adopted as a model of style, by the general interest of its subjects; the student can never tire over these vivacious pages, and his pleasure will render easy the acquisition of a diction, which, from its being the natural style of the tongue, is, of itself, more readily acquired than any other.

The humour of Addison has always been commended without reserve. It is tranquil and refined. It is altogether intellectual, unperverted by the grossness of mere animal exhilaration. It is consistent with the highest moral sobriety. Beattie observes of Sir Roger de Coverly that "we always smile, but never laugh at him." Excepting Will Honeycomb, all the characters of the club are similar to Sir Roger. Each is well discriminated, but they all have one point in common, the ground of their common friendship, the secret of their congeniality of temper, and that is the free, but calm good humour of each. The moral tone of the Spectator is high. Many of its papers are devoted to religious topics. Not a few of the numbers on moral subjects are alike profound in their reflections and elegant in their style. It was Addison's design in projecting the Spectator, to refute a common impression of his day that "wit and impiety, talents and vice were inseparable."

The name of Addison has become almost a synonym for every grace of the mind, and every excellency of the heart. The combination of so much genius with so much virtue is rare, it is rare in this day of the acknowledged triumph of religious principles; its singularity in his age is infinitely more remarkable. "If any judgment be made of his moral character," says Johnson, "from his books, nothing will be found but purity and excellence. It is reasonable to believe

that Addison's professions and practice were at no great variance, since amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was spent, though his station made him conspicuous and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies; of those with whom interest and opinion united him, he had not only the esteem but the kindness; and of others whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence."

Addison was born in 1671. His father was a clergyman and no doubt his early training produced that virtuous bias which marked his whole life and has shed a moral radiance over all his writings. He always had a strong predilection for the church, but was deterred from taking orders by an unconquerable diffidence. He pursued his studies first at the Charter House School, in London, an institution venerable in the biographical history of English literature. It was here that he became acquainted with Steele, who was his intimate associate in the best literary labours of his life. Addison assisted Steele by some valuable papers in the *Tatler*, they jointly conducted the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, and were fast friends until the acrimony of political feeling dissolved a fellowship which had been endeared by a close congeniality of literary habits and matured through years of familiar intercourse.

At the Charter House and at Oxford, Addison devoted himself to classical studies, especially the Latin poets. His *Musæ Anglicanæ* was his first work—it is distinguished by the peculiar excellencies of his own mind. He sent a copy of it to Boileau, who, it is said, had, until its reception, entertained a contemptuous opinion of the poetical powers of the English.

A poem on one of the campaigns of the day, attracted to him the attention of the Court, and though no office was offered by the government, a pension of three hundred pounds a year was settled upon him by the crown, through the influence of Lord Somers, by which he was enabled to travel in France and Italy. It was during this tour that he wrote his *Dialogues on Medals*, and a considerable part of his *Cato*. He returned home in want, his pension having been suspended by the removal of his friends from power. His travels, which were soon after published, are devoted almost entirely to the topographical illustration of the Latin poets, and a comparison of the modern aspects of the country with their descriptions.

A poetical piece procured him again the patronage of the government, and he was appointed Commissioner of Appeals; in two years he became Under Secretary of State, and subsequently accompanied to Ireland, as Secretary, the Lord Lieutenant; having at the same time a nominal office, with a salary of three hundred pounds a year. It was during his stay in Ireland, that his old friend Steele, started the *Tatler*. Steele attempted to write secretly, but Addison detected him by the appearance of an observation on *Virgil*, which the latter remembered to have communicated to him. In about a month afterwards Addison's first article was published in the *Tatler*.

But a couple of months had elapsed after the cessation of the *Tatler*, when the *Spectator* made its appearance. The commencement of this paper, with so ample a plan, after the discussion of almost every subject of manners and light literature in the *Tatler*, shows a remarkable confidence and boldness in the

writers, but the eminent success of the attempt fully justified their courage. The conductors were not a little influenced by the party excitements of the day, and some of the earlier papers savour of their politics. It is said that a hearty whig preface, prefixed by Dr. Fleetwood to a volume of sermons, was inserted that it might be read by the Queen, who had the *Spectator* brought in regularly with her breakfast, and that the paper of that day was not published till twelve o'clock, (her breakfast hour,) in order that no time should be allowed to those about her to examine it, before it should be presented.

His next work was the tragedy of *Cato*. It was acted in 1713, with great *eclat*. The political spirit of the times dictated the popular judgment of the stage, and this fact unquestionably gave to the *Cato* its splendid triumph. Says Johnson, "The Whigs applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories, and the Tories echoed every clap to show that the satire was unfeigned." Sustained thus by a clamorous spirit, entirely uncongenial with just criticism, it was acted night after night, a greater number of times than had been the lot of any drama before on the London stage. Though this celebrated tragedy has been justly called "the most splendid of his works" yet as a drama it is seriously defective. "It is rather a poem in dialogue than a tragedy," it wants the verisimilitude in its characters and that power of exciting solicitude, growing in intensity as the scenes revolve and consummating instead of evanescent in the denouement, which form the effective excellence of tragedy. Its popularity was, however, boundless, the Queen even sent a request that it might be dedicated to her, and it raised the author's fame at once to its acme. Its success on the stage was no doubt owing in a great measure to its reception the first night, when Steele, as he acknowledged himself, "packed the audience" for the purpose.

At the same time the *Guardian* was started, which will come under review hereafter. Subsequently the *Spectator* was revived, but owing to the civil tumults of the times, with little success. Addison wrote more than a fourth of the papers which are distinguished by a larger proportion of religious subjects than any he had before written. The *Freeholder* was commenced in 1715. Though devoted to politics, it is adorned with many instances of his elegant humour, and is celebrated particularly for the fine character of the *Tory Fox-hunter*, perhaps not inferior to *Roger de Coverly*. "Bigotry itself," says Johnson, "must be delighted with it."

The next year occurred his marriage with the Countess of Warwick, perhaps the most unhappy event of his life. He had been tutor to her son, and it was after a long courtship that he obtained her hand; the disproportion of their rank had its usual effect, and Addison's last years, we have reason to believe, were embittered by the worst of human afflictions.

In 1717 he was elevated to the dignity of Secretary of State. He found himself entirely unfit for this station, being too diffident to defend the Government in the House of Commons, and, says Pope, "too fastidious in the use of fine expressions to issue with expedition the ordinary orders of his office." He retired with a pension of three hundred pounds. He devoted the remainder of his life to literary pleasures and labours. One of these, which was published after his decease, was a *Defence of Christianity*; it was not completed according to his original design. It is

painful to record that the tranquillity of his closing days was interrupted by the political controversy which has been referred to, and which dissolved the cordial friendship that had so long bound him to his literary co-labourer, Steele.

He died 1719, of asthma and dropsy. He called Lord Warwick, a profligate young nobleman, to his bedside, and said, "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die?" The virtues which had adorned his life and chastened his genius, shed their mild lustre on his final hours, and he sinks from our view more amiable, more admired than he appears to our contemplation, when conversing with

him, through the beautiful, the refined productions of his pen.

Chesterfield said, that "he was the most timorous and awkward man that he ever saw." Pope declares his conversation had "something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when he was familiar; before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence." It was his extreme diffidence that interfered with his success in office, yet it gave him an air of amiability which won the esteem even of his enemies. Swift said, that "if he had asked for the crown it would have been given him without opposition."

Written for the Lady's Book.

A SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Sally St. Clair was a beautiful, dark-eyed Creole girl. The whole treasury of her love was poured out to Sergeant Jasper, who, on one occasion, had the good fortune to save her life. The prospect of their separation almost maddened her. To sever her long jetty ringlets from her exquisite head, to dress in male attire, to enrol herself in the corps to which he belonged, and follow his fortunes in the wars, unknown to him, was a resolution no sooner conceived than taken. In the camp she attracted no particular attention, except on the night before the battle, when she was noticed bending over his couch, like a good and gentle spirit, as if listening to his dreams. The camp was surprised, and a fierce conflict ensued. The lovers were side by side in the thickest of the fight; where, in endeavouring to turn away a lance aimed at the heart of Jasper, the poor girl received it in her own, and fell bleeding at his feet. After the victory, her name and sex were discovered, and there was not a dry eye in the corps when Sally St. Clair was laid in her grave, near the river Santee, in a green shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise."—*Tales of the Revolution.*

In the ranks of Marion's band,
Through morass and wooded land,
Over beach of yellow sand,
Mountain, plain and valley;
A Southern maid, in all her pride,
March'd gayly at her lover's side,
In such disguise,
That e'en his eyes,
Did not discover Sally!

When return'd from midnight tramp,
Through the forest dark and damp,
On his straw-couch in the camp,
In his dreams he'd dally
With that devoted, gentle fair,
Whose large black eyes and flowing hair,
So near him seem,
That, in his dream,
He breathes his love for Sally!

Oh! what joy that maiden knew,
When she found her lover true!—
Suddenly the trumpet blew,
Marion's men to rally!
To ward the death-spear from his side,
Battling by broad Santee she died!
Where sings the surge
A ceaseless dirge,
Near the lone grave of Sally!

For the Lady's Book.

MODERN ITALIAN NOVELS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

FALCO OF THE ROCK: THE CASTLE OF TREZZO: SIBILLA ODALETA: FOLCHETTO MALASPINA: THE PRISONERS OF PIZZIGHETTONE: THE PROSCRIBED: THE GE-NOESE BETROTHED: THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.

FALCO DELLA RUPE, or Falco of the Rock, is more properly a historical narrative than a romance; the greater portion of the book being occupied by the political intrigues and battles of the Marchese di Marignan, in the rebellion against his legitimate sovereign, Francesa Sforza, Duke of Milan. The ambitious prince is aided in his struggle to make himself an independent sovereign by a notorious pirate of the Lake of Como, who saved the life of his younger brother Gabriele di Medici, in an encounter with the Dukists on the lake, in the beginning of the tale. The love plot, if so it may be called, consists only in the birth and growth of a passion between the above-mentioned Gabriel, a handsome and brave youth, and Rina, the beautiful daughter of the pirate Falco. When we first discern the mutual impression made on the heart of the lovers, we, of course, anticipate many difficulties and anxieties growing out of their different conditions in life, and the political storm in which they are involved. But there is none of all this; the loves of the youth and maiden are undisturbed by the interference naturally to be expected from the haughty elder brother; nay, the course might have run smooth even to the end, but for the unlucky chance of Gabriele's being killed in one of the Marchese's battles. There is no connexion whatever between the attachment of the young pair and the political incidents; the contemplation only serves to divert the attention awhile from the true hero, and the stirring events of the chieftain's treason. This is a heinous fault in a novel; but it is half redeemed by the vigorous and graphic delineations of the struggles between the party of Marignan, and that of the Duke; and the occasional touches of the manners and superstitions of the age are very happy. We would instance the scene of the death of Grampo, one of Falco's crew, the attempt of the monk to save the life of the wounded man by some miraculous water in which a nail from the true cross had been dipped, and the bitter execrations of the witch Imazza, the mother of the dead, against him who had been the innocent cause of his destruction. Altogether the work is superior to *Il Castello di Trezzo*, by the same author. The latter relates the treacherous imprisonment and murder, by Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Count of Vertù, of his kinsman Bernabo, who shared with him the government of a moiety of Lombardy. The book is chiefly occupied with the adventures of a young cavalier, Palamede de' Bianchi, in his endeavour to obtain access to the Lady Ginevra, the daughter of Bernabo, confined with her mother and brothers in the same castle with the unfortunate prince. After many disappointments and perils, in which he is assisted by the faithful Enzel, one of the Italian *arioli*, or gypsies, common in that age, he at length succeeds, by the intercession of a French prince whom he rescues opportunely from a band of robbers, in obtaining an order from

Giovan Galeazzo for the release of his fair one. Poor Bernabo is poisoned; his remains have the honour of being interred with regal magnificence behind the high altar of the church of San Giovanni in Conca, beneath "a superb mausoleum, supported by six columns, on which is sculptured in white marble a horse, mounted by an armed cavalier—the image of Bernabo." The lovers are united after his death, but never visit the court of Visconti.

The author of *Sibilla Odaleta*, and other fictions of the same general class, has by some been ranked next to Manzoni, on account of the vigour and cleverness of his sketches of past times, and the dramatic force with which many of his scenes are painted. His powers of description and dialogue, however, are not equalled by skill in constructing a story out of his materials; almost all his plots are badly managed. The incidents of his first novel, which he calls "An Episode of the Italian wars at the close of the fifteenth century," are wild and improbable to the last degree; yet the book, especially the first part of it, is animated and interesting from his vivid pictures of the events and characters of the age. The epoch is the invasion of Naples by Charles VIII., and he gives us by the way sketches of Ludovico *Il Moro*—of the city of Florence and the feelings of its inhabitants on the approach of the French monarch—of the wild and mysterious Savonarola—of the entrance of Charles into the city and his interview with the magistrates of the Republic—of the flight of the Neapolitan king, and his return to his dominions after the departure of the French. The following is a description of the coronation of Charles before leaving Italy.

"It was towards the middle of May, and the dawn promised a day cloudless and brilliant. Scarcely had the sun's rays begun to gild the summits of the mountains, when countless multitudes thronged the streets, and besieged the doors of the cathedral, which was to be the scene of the solemnity. That massive Gothic edifice had been adorned with great magnificence for the occasion; entrance had been prohibited for many days to the curious, that no impediment might be placed in the way of the artizans, for whose labours scarce sufficient time was allowed. Great was the anxiety among the people to see the result of their efforts; but as soon as the doors were opened two companies of halberdiers, sheathed in armour of polished steel, disposed themselves so as to guard the entrance and keep back the crowd, and Swiss guards were arranged in files extending even to the altar's foot, ready for their assistance should it be required. These troops made a brilliant display, arrayed in the antique fashion, wearing scarlet mantles over their leathern vests and buskins; but the most singular spectacle was to be seen in the crowd itself. Some walked around the square, or crowded about the doors of the cathedral, waiting with impatience for

the royal cavalcade; others, assembled in groups near a pedestal on which once stood a statue of Tiberius, talked of the ceremony soon to take place, or the approaching tournament. Many discoursed of less important affairs; all accompanying their speech with the lively gesticulation peculiar to that dramatic people—capable of every generous action when liberated from the thraldom and darkness of ignorance.

“After tedious expectation, the roar of cannon from Castle St. Elmo announced that the King of France had left the palace on his way to the church. Then the confusion became general. The cannons of the other fortresses responded to the signal; the peal of warlike instruments resounded from vessels anchored in the bay; the bells of all the churches were rung, and the people crowded the streets more eagerly where the procession was to pass. The *lanzieri* led the way, their pennons fluttering in the breeze; they were followed by the cuirassiers, whose armour flashed back the rays of the sun, dazzling all eyes; then five hundred Swiss infantry, and a thousand Gascon soldiers preceded the twelve knights forming the body guard of the sovereign, who surrounded him, dressed in magnificent uniform. Charles himself, mounted on a superb horse of the Norman breed, covered with trappings of velvet and gold, rode majestically in the midst. He wore no cuirass or helmet as when he entered Florence; but a sumptuous mantle of crimson velvet, studded with points of gold and bordered with ermine, fell in graceful folds from his shoulders. An under vest of white silk, wrought with flowers in the Chinese fashion, covered his breast, on which sparkled the badges of various knightly orders, chief among them that of St. Michael. His breeches of white silk were terminated by yellow leathern buskins, garnished at the heel with the golden spurs indicative of his rank. At his right hand rode Brissonet, attired in the rich dress suitable to the eminent dignity conferred on him a few months before in Rome, by Pope Alexander. The splendour of his purple robe over his tunic embroidered with gold, displayed to advantage his noble person and features, which he knew how to invest with the imposing majesty of a church dignitary. His right hand, resplendent with precious jewels, was slowly raised as he bestowed benedictions upon the people.

“It was customary in those days for the king’s dwarf to be ever seen at the left hand of his master; but Charles on this occasion deemed it prudent to dispense with the arrangement, desirous that nothing approaching to the ludicrous should diminish the solemnity. He was aware that in Florence the perpetual vicinity of the buffoon, who always assumed a comic air of importance, had contributed in no slight degree to remove from the minds of the spectators the awe excited by his name and presence. Therefore in place of the dwarf rode Gilbert de Montpensier, who was appointed to remain in Naples in his quality of Lieutenant of the kingdom. Behind him followed the Grand Constable D’Obigni, and the Seneschal De Dabari; followed in their turn by the nobles according to their rank. Two hundred Swiss soldiers made up the retinue, and with their heavy weapons kept back the multitude. The music of drum and trumpet filled the air, mingled with the peal of bells and the roar of ordnance; these, with the stunning acclamations of the people, formed a confusion of sounds more readily imagined than described.

“Arrived at the great door of the cathedral, the

company dismounted, and leaving their horses to the care of the squires, entered in the order prescribed by etiquette. They were met by the Archbishop, arrayed with ecclesiastical pomp in the sacerdotal robes, who led the king towards the throne prepared at the right of the great altar. As the monarch touched the railing, the officials who had accompanied him thither stopped, yielding the honour to the Italian barons, since it was not as king of the French Charles was received within the sanctuary, but as king of the Neapolitans. Only Brissonet as Cardinal, and Gilbert Montpensier as Viceroy, were admitted with him, and sat upon the seats prepared in honour of their rank, by the side of the monarch. The king ascended the throne, and the ensigns of royalty were presented to him; then the oath of allegiance was administered in due form, first to the clergy, next to the representatives of the kingdom, the nobility, and finally, to various corporations of the second and third orders.

“During this somewhat lengthened ceremony, a select band of musicians without, made the vaults of the cathedral echo, and from the *piazza* military companies responded with their gorgeous symphony, that would have suited a day of battle. The pulpit was then occupied by the orator who spoke in the name of the people; and this harangue concluded, with other ceremonies too tedious to describe, the new sovereign made ready to return to his palace, whence, having changed his dress after a brief rest he was to depart for the amphitheatre prepared for the tourney.”

Folchetto Malaspina exhibits in a certain degree the same beauties, with nearly the same defects, which are prominent in *Sibilla Odaleta*. The time is the twelfth century, during the period of the famous confederation of the Lombard cities, at the head of which was Milan in the struggle against Frederic Barbarossa. The love scenes are but slenderly connected with the incidents of the tale and with the catastrophe; indeed the hero might as well have been a resolute Benedict, for aught that his *amourette* has to do with the plot. The three volumes are filled with his adventures in endeavouring to avenge the wrong done to his sister, by a false marriage, upon the profligate Guglielmo, his rival in politics and love. His formal challenge of his enemy at a banquet of Guglielmo’s own adherents—the scene of the duel—the cowardice of Guglielmo, and their preconceived interruption by the aged hermit, who forbids the fight—the public insult afterwards hurled upon the villain by Folchetto, in presence of the clergy, the nobles, and the people; and finally, his generous pardon of his humiliated and captive foe, are drawn in the most lively and picturesque colours. A new order, or profession is introduced to our notice in the course of the narrative; one, the author tells us, long afterwards common in Sardinia; the *Accabaduri*, or people whose trade it was to abridge the sufferings of the old or the infirm, by the summary process of *knocking them on the head*, from which action their *caste* took its name. A woman of this class figures largely in the story. She has wandered from Sardinia to the scene of the novel, and though athirst for human blood, is opportunely bound by a debt of gratitude and a vow, to rescue and serve Folchetto. She not only informs him where to find the false certificate of his sister’s marriage, but duly advises him, after the siege and capitulation of Tortona, that the convents are to be sacked by Frederic’s troops—thus giving him time to

rescue his sister and his lady love from the fury of the soldiery.

The story of *I Prigionieri di Pizzighettone*, (The Prisoners of Pizzighettone) is yet more incoherent, and unequal in style. There is a total want of connexion in the fate of the two "Prisoners," one of whom is no less a person than Francis the First, and the other a Spanish lady of some celebrity. The French king, however, and his warlike nobles, and the celebrated astrologer Cornelius Agrippa, are vigorously sketched. The monarch is made to be beloved most romantically by a half crazed girl, on whom our author has bestowed the faculty of *second sight*; and who translates Moore's lines, "I never loved a tree nor flower," &c., without deigning to give the poet the credit of the original. The first volume closes with the battle of Pavia; the novel ends with the death of the second sighted girl and the removal of the captive Francis to Spain.

The next romance of our author introduces us into a country new to the novelist; to wit—the island of Sardinia. *Il Proscritto* (the Proscribed), with another Sardinian novel—*Preziosa di Sarluri*, is designed to present something like a complete picture of the manners of the men and women of that island; the latter of the Sard mountaineers, as the former of the more civilized citizens. Both contain striking scenes and graphic representations of natural scenery, and ancient ceremonies; "hair breadth 'scapes" and imminent perils by sea and land also abound. The story is told by a gentleman, Brunetto by name, who on the death of an uncle resident in Sardinia, is sent to that island from Genoa by his father, to divide with another uncle the patrimony of the deceased. He finds on board the vessel a mysterious youth, who repels all advances towards acquaintance, yet gives Brunetto some advice respecting the division of the estate. The youth is landed upon one of the small islands on the Sardinian coast. Our hero proceeds to his uncle's castle, where having nothing else to do, while waiting for the settlement of his affairs, he falls in love with his beautiful cousin Helen. But his hopes are speedily checked by the information that her affections are already engaged. He remarks also that a vacant chair is always set at his uncle's table; endeavours in vain to find out from his male cousins the meaning of this strange custom, but at last obtains an explanation from Helen. Her elder brother had been murdered a year or two before by unknown assassins. The men who brought home the body, swore that they had seen him fall by the hand of Naborre a youth in the neighbourhood, who had once saved her father's life, between whom and her brother there had been some slight dispute. The family and connexions of the deceased take an oath to revenge his death; and there was an old Sardinian superstition that till such an oath was accomplished, the shade of the murdered man would continue to haunt his former residence, and sit at the table with his surviving relatives. Helen, however, is certain of the innocence of Naborre; (Sardinian names are not particularly euphonious!) it is to him she has given her heart, and Brunetto, by her description, soon recognises him as the mysterious youth seen on his passage from Genoa. Naborre has been tried by the civil authorities for the murder; but in the lack of sufficient evidence to convict him, has merely been banished, under the penalty of death if he should return to the island. Brunetto with chivalrous gene-

rosity pledges himself to assist in vindicating the innocence of the persecuted lover of Helen, and in bringing the real assassins to punishment. He goes to Naborre's retreat; and, by the help of another friend, possessed of the faculty of *ventriloquism*, they succeed in detecting the criminals, a band of robbers in the vicinity. One of these bandits, dangerously wounded, is neglected by his companions; and with him the ventriloquist, concealed in the cave, plays the part of *conscience*, by whispering in his ear unseen; finally inducing him to confess the whole tale of guilt. The story ends with the restoration of the Proscribed, and his union with the lovely Helen.

The imitations of Scott are very evident in these volumes; both in the sketch of the uncle and his sons, and the character of Helen, who is drawn after Diana Vernon. The description of the fishing on the island of San Pietro is picturesque in the highest degree. The incidents succeed in natural order; the interest is well sustained till the discovery of the assassins, when the details become tedious. Altogether it is a weaker production than most of the author's novels.

La Fidanzata Ligure (the Genoese Betrothed) is a story of the present day, designed, says the author, to illustrate "the customs, manners, and character of the inhabitants of the Riviera of Genoa;" a beautiful region of country. The plot is simple. A young Spanish nobleman, Velasco by name, comes to the Riviera to seek a young lady whom he had met and loved in Spain—Ida Contarini, the daughter of a rich Genoese merchant. The maiden has been informed that there are objections on the part of Velasco's father, a proud old Spanish grandee, to his son's union with one who cannot boast equally ancient parentage—and too proud to enter a family reluctant to receive her—determines to separate from her lover. She cannot, however, forget him; a meeting takes place; but their reconciliation is again prevented by the interference of a mysterious stranger "in a dark mantle"—who afterwards turns out to be the agent of a Spanish marchioness, enamoured of Velasco, whose jealousy occasioned all the former difficulties, and who has employed this Garzia to prevent the union of the young pair. Garzia is executed for the murder of a fellow knave; and the obstacles to the happiness of Ida and Velasco removed—the romance ends *selon la regle*. The pictures of costumes and manners are not a little entertaining. There is a minute and interesting description of the villa Contarini, and of the family mansion, within and without; no doubt a correct sketch of the residence and the habits of a *parvenu* gentleman, who endeavours by splendour to conceal his want of pretensions on the score of descent. Ida the heroine, writes sentimental letters to her confidante, and solaces her leisure hours with the writings of Richardson, Sterne, Byron, "Valter Scott," and others, whom she quotes frequently with an air of something very like pedantry. We cannot say we found "the tissue of her story" nor that of "the dark mantle" particularly interesting.

On the whole, the author of "Sibilla Odaleta" and the novels succeeding, has displayed sufficient ability to induce us to expect from him in the future something better than any work he has yet produced. If he but knew how to make the most of his materials, like Manzoni, nothing could prevent his rising to an equal station. He possesses considerable power of

writing, and of dramatic conception; and occasionally succeeds in giving strong individual reality to his personages. His picturesque style increases greatly the effect of his more striking scenes; nor are we disposed to deny him praise for his merit in dialogue; always excepting his attempts at humour, which we cannot forbear regarding as "most dolorous mirth."

The subject of *La Bataglia di Benevento*, or the Battle of Benevento, is intensely interesting, and affords an admirable ground-work for an historical romance. In the hands of a skilful writer, what space for portraiture of character and varied incident, within the splendid outline furnished by history! What a magnificent scene is open to the efforts of the artist! the epoch—that critical period in the annals of Europe—the fall of the dynasty of the Hohenstufens;—the locality—in the court of the Swabian Sicilian monarch—or the plains of Apulia, where Saracen and Christian fought, where the soldiers of Manfred contended with the chivalry of France, and the armies of the Pope—the character of Manfred himself—brave in the field and wise in council—walking in the shadow of those fearful crimes imputed to him by his enemies, invested with all the glorious qualities attributed to him by his ghibelline historians—genius, heroism, and lofty ambition—need such materials the embellishment of fancy? It appears to us that truth is here stranger than fiction, transcending the creations of imagination. But so thought not Signor Guerrazzi. He has tried to idealize the narrative, and in doing so has injured its *vrai semblance* materially. He has invented fictitious personages, and events so widely improbable, that the dignity of the historical portions is woefully lessened. When we say that the four volumes before us are replete with the worst faults of the Italian school of novelists, our readers may be assured that the author has failed in constructing a work at all worthy of the materials employed.

The first peculiarity that strikes us in the book is its excessive exaggeration. Scenes, manners, feelings, characters, are seen through a medium so highly coloured, that all aspect of truth disappears. We cannot recognize features so strained and distorted. The style is feverish; the author cannot describe the most

ordinary incident or scene without becoming extatic, and taxing every object in heaven and earth for comparisons. He is unwilling to let the sun rise or set in peace. His language is frequently "a world too wide" for his thought. All this prodigality of enthusiasm is needlessly thrown away on trivial matters, for there are a sufficient number of really interesting and striking scenes, on which it could have been bestowed with propriety. The description of Manfred's remorse, his detection of the conspiracy of his disaffected nobles against him, and their escape—his last battle and death scene—are well conceived and dramatic. So in an earlier portion of the book is the account of the passage of the Alps by the French, and the crowning of Charles of Anjou and Beatrice. There are many episodical incidents so wildly told that they linger in our memory as some incoherent nursery tale. We must not omit, however, to yield Guerrazzi due praise for the vigour with which he has drawn some of his characters—Manfred—to wit;—the counts of Caserta and La Cerra—and the fictitious Rogiero.

Grassa e Ceresio is a story of lovers divided, like Juliet and Romeo, by the ancient feuds of their families. They are more fortunate than the gentle pair of Shakspeare, matters being reconciled very comfortably between them after the decease of the heads of their respective houses.

The foregoing brief review of the works of the living novelists of Italy has, we trust, demonstrated that there exists sufficient talent in that country to work even more successfully the rich mine of materials so recently laid open. Great allowance must be made for want of experience in that species of composition; but since the new direction of popular taste, authors will undoubtedly continue to labour with increased energy; and we should be doing injustice to the abilities already developed, did we not confidently anticipate some more signal achievement in a field where there are already so many competitors. We take our leave of them for the present, hoping ere long to welcome some fascinating stranger to our shores, whose attractions shall cause him to be forthwith supplied with the national costume, and introduced as a familiar friend into our literary circles.

Written for the Lady's Book.

LINES.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Peace—O for that which cometh from above—
That owns no fellowship with aught on earth!
Brighter than sunshine—subtler than the air—
More deep and grateful than the forest shade—
Purer and milder than the bending sky!
The peace ineffable—that passeth thought!
My soul doth sigh for it.—Life's pageants vain,
The phantom joys that float on starry wings
Around youth's path, and strew their many flowers—
She has beheld—and scorned their tributes all:—
The multitudinous voices, wild and loud
As chafing ocean, wherewith Folly calls,
She would not hear.—My spirit craveth peace.
The shrouded day on earth is waning fast—

She casts her earthly help and hope away!
—Father of life! bestow that better life!
Thou, who with woe didst purchase joy for man,
O write thy law of meekness on my heart!
Thou, from whose brooding wings shot living light
Into the mass of chaos, on my soul
Let shine the light it needs but will to see!
Then—o'er the path where now I weeping walk,
Shall beam the glory of its distant goal!
Then from the deserts into pastures green
By the Good Shepherd led, the weary soul
Shall drink of fountains by the tree of life,
Where peace hath planted her immortal grove.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

"I WILL adopt Emily Sinclair! Yes, she shall be as my own child, and I will be to her a mother—if I have your consent and approval, Mr. Morton?" and the handsome woman who had uttered the above sentence, lifted up her dark eyes for a moment, and rested them inquiringly upon the face of her husband.

"My consent," he replied, "will certainly be given if you desire it; my approbation is a different affair. Much, very much is to be considered ere you take the keeping of another's happiness into your own hands, as I think you will do by voluntarily adopting Emily Sinclair." The cheek of Mrs. Morton flushed slightly, and a look of mingled shame and vexation passed over her fine face as she answered,

"It is apparent you consider me unfit for the task; I should like to make the experiment were it only to prove you a false prophet."

Mr. Morton was silent; many feelings struggled in his bosom, but he shrank from giving them utterance. He could not well explain to his wife why he deemed her incapable of giving or receiving pleasure in the adoption of Emily Sinclair. Let us, for a moment, advert to their past history. In early life, Mr. Morton was a clerk in the Ellsworth firm, one of the most flourishing, and prosperous in ——— city. The only daughter of Mr. Ellsworth, the fair and spoiled Ella, had singled him out from among many wealthier suitors, given him the passionate love of an affectionate but unregulated heart, married him with the consent of her father, and had thus been the means of raising him to rank and station far beyond his most sanguine hopes. The love of Morton was devoted enough to satisfy even Ella, exacting and capricious as she had ever been; his feelings of gratitude rendered him forbearing and gentle—yet resolute, when occasion demanded—the calm and even mildness of his disposition, the firm dignity of manner and character which preserved his own rights from being encroached upon, while he yielded often and tenderly to her—won upon her respect, and increased her love and esteem as the years of her life rolled on. Yet the faults of Ella were not corrected, scarcely ameliorated; many painful hours she had caused her husband, and remorse never failed to visit her with bitter and accusing pangs, but the strong pride of her character, either stifled such feelings too soon, or prevented any good results. They were now in the autumn of life, and very beautiful still was Ella Morton, while her husband, with his open and placid countenance, his broad ample brow, and the winning smile that played about his mouth, as though it loved its resting place, the gentleness of his manners united to uniform kindness and benevolence of character, was one upon whom the eye loved to linger, and the heart bounded with a warm gush of feeling and sympathy to meet. Ella Morton had no children; long since her parents were dead, and upon her husband the one strong stream of a passionate and loving heart poured itself forth. Morton knew well it was so—that all of earthly feeling her heart had garnered was lavished upon him; yet oh! how often and how bit-

terly she pained him—stung his soul with reproaches that were undeserved—doubting his faith, and filling his heart with sorrow, that he could not constitute her happiness, while his own was destroyed. He loved her truly; she was indeed fair, and very captivating, and when the imperious and exacting temper, that sullied her character lay sleeping, there was a soft and winning tenderness in her manners, that wound round the heart of her husband, till he deemed her once again the Ella of his youth, the young wife of his bosom. Much of bitterness mingled in the thread of their destiny—much also of happiness; often she had erred and as often been forgiven; perhaps both felt of late that some one else to love, would give a new charm to their domestic life. Morton alone feared the experiment; his wife, self-confident and haughty, believed herself fully competent to discharge the important duties that would devolve upon her in the adoption of a daughter. Emily Sinclair was eighteen, timid, gentle, and sensitive; shrinking from coldness, and clinging fondly to those who met her with tenderness and affection; her disposition was open and ingenuous, her temper regulated, her mind improved, her manners captivating, and her beauty of a kind to win love as well as admiration. This young girl was an orphan; she had few friends in her adversity, and none so able to assist, and aid her as Mrs. Morton. Her mother had been for years that lady's nearest and most intimate companion, and she loved Emily well for her own sake, but more tenderly for that of her lost mother. All this Morton knew; he hesitated in refusing a home to one so alone in the world, so very desolate—yet he feared her life would be one of outward splendour, while the bonds of dependence would wear upon the heart. As these thoughts passed through his mind, they left their shadows upon his face, and his wife liked not the expression of his countenance: she leaned forward, and resting her hand lightly on his own, for a moment, said:

"Your decision now, if you please—I can wait no longer."

He looked up earnestly into her face as he answered, "My dear Ella, this is a very serious matter, not to be lightly judged of or acted upon. Emily Sinclair had a faithful, judicious, but very tender mother; no shade of caprice ever rested on their mutual love; the timid sensitiveness of Emily's character has been fostered, rather than checked, and were she now exposed to coldness or mistrust from those she loved, it would prey heavily upon her mind—utterly destroy her happiness."

"So I do believe," replied Mrs. Morton, calmly; "knowingly, therefore, I take the risk; she shall never receive from me the slightest unkindness; and as to mistrust—such a feeling could not exist in the heart of any human being, when Emily's sunny eyes and truth-telling face were before them."

Morton sighed; he knew when evil thoughts are strong within, reason is blinded and powerless, and will not see, though the truth be clear before them.

"I would not," he said gently, "discourage you entirely; but you should take time to reflect; to weigh well the responsibilities that attach to the character of mother. Ella! that young girl had better beg her daily bread from door to door, than meet with harshness, when her heart is pining for affection, and her spirit is bound in the strong chains that gratitude winds round the feeling heart!"

The fine eyes of Morton sparkled with the benevolence and kindness that actuated him: his wife felt the appeal, but she never doubted her power to do right; she forgot that when long indulged in, we lose command over the evil passions of our nature, and we may give no promise with safety for the future. Once again she spoke:

"You have wrought no change in my wishes, by your arguments. I feel satisfied I can be a faithful mother to Emily; and now, for the last time, are you content I shall make the trial?"

"Yes—but remember Ella, in becoming your child also becomes mine; and hereafter, if there is injustice done her, it will be my painful province to interfere."

Morton, as he ceased speaking, left the room. The few bitter and scalding tears that had gathered into the eyes of his wife, stole silently down her face; she could not but feel very deeply her husband's want of confidence in her character; yet, if her heart had been read aright at that moment, wounded pride would have been found mingling its lava stream with other and better feelings, until as it flowed onward, all that was redeeming in her nature, seemed prostrate beneath its power.

Emily Sinclair came to her new home with every warm and gentle feeling roused into action; the uniform and affectionate kindness of Mrs. Morton to her mother had filled her heart to overflowing with love, and gratitude—beside she had none other to love—and her young heart yearned for sympathy and affection! Strange what a winning power there was in that artless girl, to wind into the affections of those she loved—perchance it was that she never thought of *self*, that she lived and moved in the happiness of those around her; certain it is the heart of Mrs. Morton was deeply touched, and a change came over her disposition, that imparted pleasure, not unmingled with astonishment to her husband. Once or twice, when Mrs. Morton had shown, though very slightly, something of the unhappy temper she really possessed, Emily had manifested such a degree of startled surprise and even alarm, that Mrs. Morton exercised a strong check upon herself, and she was more than repaid by the happiness she bestowed; she felt it so, and resolved in secret to be ever after on her guard. Alas for the chains that bind us! forged by our own hands, and fostered by long indulgence, they are not broken without patient watching and waiting, long continued and persevering struggles to accomplish that which is right.

One morning they were at the breakfast table; the only silent one among them was Mrs. Morton; Emily chatted in the glad enjoyment of present happiness, to her kind "father," as it was his wish she should call him, while it was apparent from his manner how much he reciprocated her feelings, and how tenderly he regarded his adopted child. Somewhat abruptly Mrs. Morton addressed her husband:

"Pray, Mr. Morton, when is your nephew expected? He is so very changeable in his mood, I

should not be surprised if the next news be, that he is not coming at all; however, there never was the least dependence to be placed upon him."

"Nay, not so bad as that either," said Mr. Morton, smiling good humouredly, "poor Fred was never a favourite of yours, and you judge him hardly; he is somewhat self-willed, I admit—over blunt in his speech to please a lady, perhaps—but frank, honest, and upright, full of feeling and generosity."

"Quite a character," said Mrs. Morton, while a sneer played over her beautiful but scornful mouth; "yet I really cannot see that it was called for, unless it was for Emily's especial benefit; he pays you but a poor compliment, my love, when he supposes you could ever become interested in such a bore as Fred Meradith."

"Meradith!" exclaimed Emily, as a sudden and burning flush shot up to her very temples. "Did you say Meradith—and call him Mr. Morton's nephew?"

"To be sure I did," said Mrs. Morton. "What do you know of him—if you allow me to ask?"

"I—I—know him very well," stammered Emily, in confusion at the manner of the interrogatory, "we met him at the Springs, last summer."

"And found him irresistible and charming?" sneered Mrs. Morton.

"I did not say he was either," said Emily, in a low voice, while her lip quivered, and the tears came into her eyes. "He was very kind to my sick mother; the poor have few friends—we had none!"

"You do well to remember his attention, my dear little girl," said Mr. Morton, affectionately, "though had you forgotten it, Mrs. Morton would have loved you none the less. Frederick Meradith is the son of my only sister, and I, at least, am grateful for your testimony in his favour."

Mr. Morton rose up from the table, with the look and manner of one who felt himself injured, and as he left the room, there was an expression of stern displeasure in his countenance, such as Emily had never seen before. She did not even look at Mrs. Morton, but waited for the sound of her voice; it came at last, cold and austere. "Do not let me detain you for a moment, Miss Sinclair."

"You are angry at me—how have I offended? Oh, forgive me, mamma, and love me once more!" exclaimed the young girl, as she approached Mrs. Morton, and even laid her hand tremblingly upon that of the latter.

"My own Emily, it is I have been wrong!" said Mrs. Morton as tears gushed from her eyes. "I do not deserve such tender forbearance from you," and remorse sent a pang to the heart of the erring woman, which was stamped for an instant in lines of agony, and distress upon her countenance—but it was gone as soon; brief, momentary, without repentance, was the mental torture inflicted in the hour when conscience *would* be heard. She explained to Emily—"That Frederick Meradith had resided with them during the prosecution of his studies in that city. His father having died when he was very young, he was thrown much upon the protection and guardianship of his uncle, for whom he had always manifested the most extraordinary affection; she herself had believed it partly affected, that he might in some future time become heir to his uncle's wealth; she had even hinted the same to him, in a moment of strong irritation; he had resented it in the most inso-

lent manner—had, indeed, never forgiven her for it. Moreover, he had in all misunderstandings with Mr. Morton, advocated his uncle in the most improper manner, (and here Mrs. Morton hesitated, and with all her tact, was slightly confused) using irritating and disrespectful language, even to the length of insinuating she was the cause of much misery to her husband." Mrs. Morton was silent for many moments as she closed her account, then she said, "I do not scruple to say to you, Emily, that Mr. Morton and myself have differed most seriously about this ill-mannered boy; it has been a source of contention, and bitterness to both of us; yet he clings fondly to him, still loves him with the tenderest affection; while to me he is an object of contempt and dislike. For my sake then, Emily, never speak his name again approvingly to his uncle?"

Mrs. Morton rose hastily as she ceased, determined to hear nothing further from the young creature, who sat silent in astonishment and sorrow; but she kissed her affectionately, and as she did so, parted the long silken curls that lay upon her forehead, and looked, almost tearfully, into her loving and tender eyes. "Softly and deeply blue," they beamed upon her, while fresh from the heart came the truth and innocence that sparkled there. Her mouth was full, small, and beautifully formed; her skin fair and clear; her colour the hue of unbroken health and happiness; her form, child like in proportion, but perfect in the grace, ease, and elegance acquired by long association with one who had been strikingly gifted with each—her mother.

Mrs. Morton scarce knew how strong the affection she bore to Emily had grown, till that moment—she would have given worlds to have seen that troubled expression pass from her countenance, and cheerful trust in herself take its place: she saw doubt and sorrow in the young tender face before her, and she felt she had caused the one and deserved the other. Her proud heart throbbed, and her voice faltered as she bent over her, saying tenderly, "Trust me, Emily; love me and trust me!" and Emily sprang to meet her embrace, and hope and confidence entered into her heart again.

The morrow came, and Frederic Meradith. Morton received him with undisguised pleasure; all memory of the scene of yesterday seemed to have passed from his mind; perchance, for his own peace, he forgave too easily, forgot too soon. It was apparent Meradith was quite indifferent to the stately greeting he received from Mrs. Morton; it seemed, indeed, rather to amuse him; he had not forgotten old times, and incapable of bearing malice himself, he was at once surprised at her coldness, and amused at the recollections it called up in his mind. His face wore an expression of humour quite characteristic; eye-lashes, singularly long and heavy, shaded an eye, black, piercing, yet full of archness and fun; his mouth was finely formed, while it gave to the mind an impression of decision, not unmingled with scorn; his broad, noble brow was his uncle's, and Mrs. Morton could not but admit to herself, that he was excelled by few, in striking and manly beauty. As he turned from the salutations of each, aware there was some one else in the room, Mr. Morton said,

"Allow me, Miss Sinclair, to make known the scrape-grace nephew we were discussing yesterday morning!—Mr. Meradith."

Meradith glanced with the irresistibly comic expres-

sion, he could instantly assume, at his aunt, "Ah! I doubt not I was most favourably reviewed." Then turning to Emily with a manner at once respectful and considerate, said, "Believe me, I am most happy to meet you here, Miss Sinclair; our acquaintance at the springs is one of the few recollections I love to cherish, for the sake of its pleasant memories. I trust the friendship there begun, will lose nothing by a nearer intimacy."

Emily bent her head, but did not reply: ah! what busy thoughts came knocking at her heart, laden with memory of the dead! The mother she had lost, rose up before her; but then, tenderly, and as a true friend, had Meradith ministered to her wants in that trying time; and he lost nothing by the recollection. Perchance he divined her feelings, for a softened expression came over his countenance, and he spoke in a more subdued, and gentler tone to his uncle. Mrs. Morton was a quick observer; what she saw gave her pain; and, as usual, she lost all control of her temper; she spoke harshly to Emily, contemptuously to Meradith: but by a strong effort the latter controlled himself and made no reply. Mr. Morton saw all, as he had seen for years, in silence: when alone with his wife, he endeavoured to reason with her upon the folly of her conduct. If she feared an attachment between Emily and Meradith, was she not taking the very course to precipitate measures? Let the lady answer for herself.

"I have warned Emily against any prepossession in favour of Meradith; and I *have a right* in common gratitude, to expect my warning will be attended to."

Morton sighed heavily as he replied:

"Remember Ella, I told you before adopting Emily Sinclair, that such a connexion would not promote your own happiness or secure hers. She is now your child, and mine also; no injustice must be done her; none shall be; whatever lengths your unfortunate temper may carry you in this affair, you shall not bring sorrow upon her innocent head. Be advised in time; let the young people alone, and ten to one they tire of each other, but if you excite commiseration for Emily in the mind of Meradith, you bring things to a crisis at once. Oh! if you could but be induced to like him."

"Like him!" she answered, with a glance of mingled scorn and bitterness; "like Meradith—ay! I have cause—when his insolent remarks have been a source of torture to me; and his base and petty interference has nearly alienated my husband's affections from me!"

"No Ella! no!" said Morton earnestly, "it is not so; true, I have opposed your course of conduct to my nephew, believing it to be most unjust; he has been to blame, perhaps, more than I deem, but he is young and thoughtless—forgive him, love, for my sake!" and Morton bent down and kissed her, while his tone was one of mingled tenderness and sorrow. "He is the sole child of my only sister, the only relative of mine that has ever asked for your affection; grant it, Ella—let me tell Meradith you forgive him, and will be his friend hereafter?"

She bent her head down upon his arm, to conceal the tears that started to her eyes; but her heart was stubborn though it yearned with tenderness for him; "I cannot," she said; "ask any thing but that, and oh! how gladly I will grant it."

Morton coldly released his arm from the hand that clasped it, and without speaking left the room. He

had never, perhaps, in his life felt more deeply wounded; his trust in his wife was shaken; he doubted her love—"Selfish," he thought, "how utterly selfish she has proved herself!" Yet it was not so; it was the demon of an ill regulated temper that possessed her; it blinded her reason, and stifled the exercise of every womanly and gentle feeling. To what fearful consequences does temper, long indulged in, and un-governed in character, often give rise! Mark the exclamation of Mrs. Morton as her husband left her.

"He thinks he will destroy my happiness—that he will triumph over me, and trample upon me! let him beware!" and deep and deadly hate of Meradith, mingled its dark current with the stream of troubled emotions that found place in her bosom.

It was not lost upon Meradith, that each advancing day Mrs. Morton disliked him more; she was at no pains to conceal it; and as he answered her with equal bitterness, he began to find his position a painful one. Still the time fixed upon for his stay had been two months, and a hint to Mr. Morton to shorten it, had given him so much pain, his nephew feared to speak more openly: it seemed indeed doubtful if Mr. Morton really saw things as they were, from his apparently unobserving and total silence upon the subject. Certainly, Meradith admitted with wonderful facility, every excuse for prolonging his visit; there was powerful attraction in the winning manners and fairy beauty of Emily Sinclair; time seemed to glide away noiselessly, without imparting token of his presence, in her society. It was apparent to him that Emily was constrained in presence of Mrs. Morton; but they were often alone together; and as Mr. Morton's presence was a check upon his wife, she feared wholly to set at defiance, there was more of pleasure to Meradith in the home circle, than could have been under the circumstances anticipated. Poor Emily! hers was a sad situation. Loving Mrs. Morton so tenderly, she was pained to the soul by the withdrawal of all manifestation of affection for her; she strove by every winning charm in her power, to bring back the looks and tones of other days, and though she often succeeded, the presence of Meradith seemed instantly to destroy every new created feeling, and cold looks and colder words came in their place. It is true, these were not often directed to her, but when they were, Meradith met them with a severity of retort, an overwhelming and contemptuous scorn of manner and language that irritated Mrs. Morton almost to madness. In this he was much to blame; he never had or would conciliate his aunt, and he scarcely made an effort to conceal how much he despised her. His indignation was honest, but not much governed by the dictates of prudence.

One evening they sat round the drawing room fire, before candles were lighted, expecting Mr. Morton's return. Mrs. Morton was reclining far back, in a large easy chair, in a somewhat better humour than usual with Meradith, and pleased with Emily, who sat near upon an ottoman, conversing with the animation that gave to her soft and child-like features, so striking and peculiar a charm. Enthusiasm, intelligence, and present enjoyment sparkled in her bright expressive eyes, and gave to her countenance that beauty the most of all to be coveted, having its source in a gifted mind and feeling heart. Meradith sat in shadow, partly to screen himself from Mrs. Morton's observation, and that unnoticed himself, he might look upon one whose loving and gentle face

was ever present in his waking hours, and over the silent night time, seemed hovering like his good angel, to guard from all sorrow and harm. Much conversation had passed between them, when Meradith addressed Mrs. Morton:

"Shall you go to Mrs. Linden's ball, to-morrow evening?"

"We think of it," she replied coldly, "but do not desert any of the fair ladies of your acquaintance on our account. Miss Sinclair and myself have secured attendance."

"Indeed!" said Meradith, in a voice of slight vexation, "may I ask, Miss Sinclair, who has been so fortunate?"

"Oh! I am sure I cannot tell, unless it is papa," she exclaimed laughingly, "and hark! there is his step upon the stairway," and she sprang lightly from her seat, met Mr. Morton at the door, and her bright eyes sparkled with delight as she received his affectionate greeting—"I am sure there is not such another daughter in the city as mine!" he said fondly, as he passed his hand caressingly over her forehead: "Nor a father who better deserves such a one!"—added his wife, in a low, gentle tone, while her eye rested, in earnest love, upon the open and benevolent countenance of her husband.

"Thank you, Ella!" and he took the seat next her. "Come here, Emily, and sit upon this stool; see what I have brought you, love, for the dance to-morrow night." He unclasped a small box he held in his hand, and held up to view a rich set of pearl. "Beautiful!" was echoed on all sides; and very beautiful they were.

"I saw you wear a dress, a few evenings since, to which those pearls would prove a fitting accompaniment," said Meradith.

"You mean the white satin and crape?" said his uncle. "Yes, old man as I am, I was struck with its appropriateness to Emily's style of face and form; then we must have the white dress and pearls for the ball?"

"Emily's dress is already decided upon," said Mrs. Morton, somewhat abruptly; "she wears blue, to-morrow evening."

"But surely, my dear, she can change her mind—no unusual thing for a lady, you know. Now Emily, let us have *your* opinion; which shall it be, the white dress or the blue?"

Emily glanced timidly at Mrs. Morton, but could not see her face, designedly on the part of the latter; she was too proud to add one syllable to what had already been said; but she waited none the less eagerly for Emily's decision. Meradith saw the gentle girl's hesitation, and he exclaimed—"You decide for her, my dear uncle; depend upon it, the white would be in better taste—every way more suitable, and, if I read aright, more acceptable to Miss Sinclair."

"Well then, Emily, shall I decide for you?" said Morton.

"If you please—no," answered Emily. "Mamma, will you?"

"I thought the matter settled," was the reply, in a tone of severity, "and, at all events, I think we are wasting time in a most ridiculous manner—let us have tea," and the sharp, nervous pull she gave the bell rope, to order it in, was evidence enough of the irritation of her mind. A most uncomfortable meal it proved to all parties: poor Emily was disheartened and unhappy, and could scarce refrain from tears—

Morton looked vexed and wearied, and his nephew almost savage, as from time to time, he glanced at Mrs. Morton and Emily. And what were the feelings of Mrs. Morton? She had sensibility and tenderness of character enough to feel deeply that *she* was the serpent in her domestic Eden—that but a few brief moments before, all were happy around her; but the workings of an ungoverned temper had polluted the fair scene of enjoyment, and turned into sorrow and bitterness the kindly feelings that filled the minds of each. Pride came to her aid, giving her strength to conquer the mental torture conscience was inflicting; she hardened her heart, and believed against conviction, that Meradith was the cause of all.

Through the ensuing day Mrs. Morton made no allusion to the dress, but told Emily, with much coldness of manner, that she expected her to go in the evening. Late in the afternoon, Emily went down stairs to seek her; she was not in the drawing room, but Meradith was, and as he handed her a chair, he said abruptly:—"You look pale, Miss Sinclair—almost ill; I doubt not that abominable discussion last night has caused it. Allow me to advise you as a friend, in this, and every other matter, to consult your own wishes, and not those of Mrs. Morton."

"I beg you will not speak thus again," said Emily, gravely; "I owe all of present happiness to the love of Mrs. Morton, and I would do any thing in the world to show her I am not ungrateful for all her kindness." Her voice faltered; she was silent, and it went to the heart of Meradith to see that bright face so sad and sorrowful.

"If I could be of any benefit," he exclaimed, "if it were only in my power to be of service to you!"

She looked up eagerly as he spoke, and said:

"You may think me very bold, Mr. Meradith, but you could do me the greatest service: treat your aunt with more attention and respect."

Meradith gazed at her in astonishment for a moment, and then laughed outright:—"Treat her with attention—why she would order me out of doors for taking such a liberty!" and again he laughed at the bare idea of a good understanding between Mrs. Morton and himself. Emily rose from her seat hurt and displeased. "Do not go, Miss Sinclair—stay, I entreat you?" but she was gone, apparently without hearing him. "Well," he muttered, "I have managed finely to be sure—what a confounded disposition I have to laugh, when I ought to be serious. I am afraid she is really angry, and hurt too—I wish to fortune I had held my tongue! But to think of the thing in earnest—Mrs. Morton and I playing the agreeable. Oh Jupiter!" and yielding to the merriment that filled his mind, he broke out fairly in a prolonged and hearty fit of laughter. Emily at that moment passed the open door; she had been unsuccessful in her search for Mrs. Morton, and was returning to her own room. Her face flushed and her eye sparkled, "I might have spared my advice," she thought, "it is only a source of ridicule to him," and a few burning tears chased each other down her cheeks as she closed the chamber door. "It was very cruel," she murmured, "very thoughtless in him, he must know I have suffering enough."

But Emily's was a firm mind, though her woman's heart often warred against it. In this instance, her sex's pride came to her aid, and she conquered every outward trace of emotion. She dressed herself with care in the oft mentioned blue dress, whose pale,

delicate colour accorded well with the snowy whiteness of her complexion; and beautiful she looked in her youth and innocence; but that which touched the heart was the goodness and truth depicted in every line of her fair and speaking countenance! She sought Mrs. Morton's chamber, and to her timid knock that lady answered "come in," but without rising, as was her wont, to receive her. Emily approached her, and placing in her hand the gift of the preceding night, said in a voice that trembled, though she struggled to be calm:—"Look kindly on me, dear mamma, once more! Here are the pearls to dispose of them as you wish." Through her affections alone, could the heart of Mrs. Morton be touched.

"Oh! Emily, love!" she exclaimed passionately, "it is I have been to blame—dear girl, if you are always thus, I must be better at last!" and she kissed her often, as she held her in her arms, calling her by every endearing name, that a heart gushing with warm feeling sent forth to her lips. It was the happiest moment of Emily's life; blessed indeed is the woman who can forgive as freely and forget as entirely as Emily Sinclair. And she was richly rewarded by the warm affection her conduct called forth from Mrs. Morton—by the brief, but emphatic words of contrition that escaped the erring woman. Whatever remorse Mrs. Morton might have felt, *she* never would have sought Emily's forgiveness—her pride was rigid; inflexible in character; and she herself was so conscious of the fact, that she had in the fullness of her heart uttered the exclamation, we have elsewhere recorded, when Emily effected a reconciliation.

Together they sought the drawing room, and found Mr. Morton alone, who looked wearied and sad: a smile that absolutely beamed over his whole face, played upon his lips as he advanced to meet them.

"Beautiful, both!" he exclaimed, "where shall I find such another mother and daughter?"

"Then you *do* admire Emily in the blue dress?" said Mrs. Morton, while her splendid eyes flashed in triumph—"my taste must be right then, after all."

"It was not your taste I doubted," replied her husband seriously, "it was the assertion of it under the circumstances." Mrs. Morton felt the reproof, but it produced its customary result—irritation; she turned away in anger. "Let us go," she said, hastily, "we shall be late."

"Not till my nephew is ready," said Mr. Morton, "he just left me, and will soon return."

"As you like, my dear sir," replied his wife contemptuously, "I suppose if it is his pleasure not to go at all, we may remain at home to entertain him. Well! it must be confessed it is turning the tables most effectually, for *us* to wait on him." Mr. Morton made no reply; he drew a chair towards the table, and opened a book, but the words swam dimly before his eyes, and his thoughts wandered afar off—a sickness of the heart came over him; a heavy, oppressive sense of unhappiness—he was disappointed where his love had been garnered; he was weary of contending further—he was weary of the world! Meradith entered the room.

"All here before me!" exclaimed he, with a countenance of such honest pleasure, it cheered his uncle to look upon it—"do excuse me—pray excuse me? I have been very remiss, but I was not sure you were going, or that I should be allowed to accompany you

if you were." He glanced at Emily, but her eyes were turned away, her manner seemed cold. "I have offended her," he thought, "and deserve to suffer." He approached to offer his arm, but Emily, as if anticipating his purpose stepped quickly forward, and secured that of Mr. Morton.

"You promised to be my beau to night," she said smilingly, "and I know you are one to regard a promise even in trifles."

"Most willingly, I will take charge of you," was the answer, but he looked at his wife, and saw with surprise, an expression of satisfaction upon her haughty features. With the quick observation of her sex, she discovered the confusion of Meradith, the coldness of Emily; no words can express the keen, joyous sense of triumph that filled her heart; a mocking smile hovered on her lip, and her dark eye flashed the scorn she bore him, as he approached to lead her to the carriage. Meradith felt his face flush with anger, as he read her countenance, but he controlled himself, and in total silence they were transported to a scene of gaiety, and splendour, that moved even Emily to forgetfulness, though her young heart was heavy with new and sad feelings. It was a proud night for Mrs. Morton; she had never appeared to more advantage—her stately, and striking beauty, the animation and elegance of her manners, at all times rendered her an object of interest, but now it was increased tenfold for the sake of one lovelier, and younger—Emily Sinclair. Pride and affection were both gratified by the attention she received; yet her gentle countenance wore a shade of sorrow that pained and annoyed Mrs. Morton, at last she hinted it to Emily, who shrank in confusion from her words, and with feelings of shame, struggled with the thoughts that oppressed her, but—

"The heart is a free and a fetterless thing,
A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing!"

and ever the feeling would recur—"To think he should make me the object of his ridicule!" It was no consolation to Meradith to mark Emily's want of sympathy with the scene around her; that he had given her pain, filled his mind with sorrow, yet he found no opportunity to explain, as she quietly, but studiously avoided him through the whole evening. The night wore on, and the spirit of mirth and music still floated in the fragrant air—bright eyes and brighter faces were there—forms of loveliness and grace "moved down in the dance" before admiring eyes—smiles played upon rosy lips, and glad voices like music on the night wind, came over the listening ear—and yet in that stately hall there was sorrow and care, envy and repining! "The trail of the serpent"—the baser passions of our nature—were in the hearts of countless numbers, who swelled the glittering throng, ay! and excited by the very scene of splendour that surrounded them—eyes were brighter—snowy necks were whiter. Sad! and sorrowful! that thoughts like these should stir up within the human heart, the dark passions of discontent and envy!

Mrs. Morton departed early, as was her custom: on the morrow she was slightly feverish, apparently suffering from cold, and was confined to her room through the day. Emily remained with her most of the time, thus effectually avoiding Meradith, who, out of spirits—and I fear we must add humour—was very near making a vow against laughing the remainder of his existence. He changed his mind,

however, after a brisk ride on horseback; exercise imparted its invigorating glow to his frame, the blood stirred joyously in his veins, and he returned home in a happier and more hopeful mood, believing that all things would yet work for good. Evening came; Mrs. Morton retired early, and Emily, released from attendance, bent her steps to the drawing room in search of a book she was reading, intending to take it to her chamber. When she entered and saw Meradith, she would have retreated, if she could have done so without notice, but he rose instantly and approached her.

"Do not go Miss Sinclair, I entreat you—all day I have wished for an opportunity of apologizing for my conduct—it was inexcusable. Can you forgive me?"

"For laughing at me? Oh certainly! I cannot object to any one laughing at me, if they have a fancy for it!" and Emily's tone was light, and scornful, but her manner was not wholly free from embarrassment.

"You did not suppose I laughed at you, surely!" he said, colouring with vexation and shame—"allow me to explain?" and he did so. Emily heard him gravely, but courteously, and said:—

"I am sorry indeed, you regard a reconciliation with Mrs. Morton as unworthy an effort—as only deserving of ridicule; there seems to be a mutual misunderstanding, which respect and attention on your part would soon remove."

"You do not know her," said Meradith earnestly, "you never can feel as I have felt, for my good and excellent uncle. He has borne patiently, with such conduct in his wife, as would have driven most men distracted, or have brought on a separation. I cannot respect her when I think of it—how impossible to love? You too, Miss Sinclair, suffer from her temper, are made to feel it often, and bitterly!"

"Hush!" said Emily in a softened voice, "no word of me; when I had no other earthly friend, she was my friend and mother! She took me to her home and heart, and oh! how truly she has loved! how tenderly she has cherished me!"

"Who would not love and cherish, if he might claim the blessed privilege to do so!" burst from the full heart of Meradith, "oh! Emily, let such privilege be mine? I will cherish and love thee dearest, through all the days of my life—yes! after the beauty of that sweet face is gone, and the tender and loving heart sends up in its place the impress of its own excellent virtues! Will you be mine, Emily?—you whom I have loved since the first hour I saw you—will you bless me with your love?" and he bent down over the soft white hand, that trembled as he touched it, and raised it to his lips. Emily spoke not—not for worlds would she have broken the spell that bound her—was she loved thus? she, the lone orphan, who a brief time before had no friend but her God? By one too, who had wound around her own young heart, touching as if by magic, one by one, her best and tenderest feelings? Meradith looked upon her fair, innocent face, in its soft and child-like beauty, and he knew as he looked, all the warm feelings of a woman's passionate and loving heart, were pictured there—gently he bent over her, and moved a shining curl from her forehead—"Emily! mine! may I call you thus?" She looked up, and Meradith's rapturous expression of mingled joy and tenderness, told how entirely his heart was satisfied with that mute answer.

It was late that evening when Mr. Morton returned, he found Emily and Meredith together;—the latter, with the straight-forwardness that characterized him, explained their altered situation, asking his uncle's approbation.

"You have my consent—my warmest approval!" exclaimed Morton in much emotion—oh! Emily, I have loved him as a son, though I scarcely dare say so, beneath mine "own vine and fig tree." I do believe you love, most worthy of him—one who will make his path through life a happy one, though burdened with earth's trials and cares"—he kissed her forehead and seemed deeply moved. "It is no light thing, my Emily, for a maiden to give up her happiness into the keeping of another—neither is it a slight responsibility for that other to assume. Do not weep love, that I speak thus seriously—mine has been a chequered career—the brightest days of my life are over, and their memory is sorrow! How many bitter scenes are stamped upon my heart, in characters that can never be erased. And she, that I have loved so well, and so faithfully, has abused the glorious gifts that nature gave her, and the fair fruit so tempting to the sight, has been ashes at the core!" Morton bent down his head, while his frame seemed literally shaken by strong distress, but it passed, and he spoke again—"This morning I told Ella of your mutual love—I have long observed it, and knowing her ignorance of the truth, I wished her to hear it, first from me—what passed I will not relate, but there is a limit to human forbearance, and it has reached that point with me. I will make known the facts to her now; she can effect no change, perhaps she may submit in silence."

"Be patient with her, my kind father!" exclaimed Emily as she clasped his hand, while the warm tears sprang to her eyes—"oh! be patient, she is ill now; has been feverish all day."

"Not so, Emily," said Morton sadly, "what passed between us this morning may have excited her almost to fever, but she was perfectly well when she rose. I will not see her until morning—and I think, love, hitherto, I have been too patient—do not fear me now!" Emily kissed the hand she held with a mingled feeling of reverence and love, and almost wondered at her own folly, in doubting the justice, or the tenderness of such a man, for the wife of his bosom. Good night was mutually repeated, and they separated.

The morrow came—the sun had ascended high in the heavens, ere Morton sought the chamber of his wife; his face was thoughtful, his step slow, and a something there was of resolve in his countenance—of settled resolution—not easily to be shaken or turned aside.

"I trust you are better," he said, as he entered her room, "Emily tells me you have been indisposed."

"I should not have supposed it a matter of much consequence to you, as I have not seen you since yesterday morning," replied his wife, her haughty mouth curving with scorn, and her fine eyes flashing with feelings very far removed from those of wounded tenderness.

"That is, you fancied I would bear your insults of yesterday, as I have borne many other things of the same kind, with patience. But you have tried me too far—allow me to recapitulate some few of your accusations? I was accused of trying to make a match between Meredith and Emily, for the express purpose of getting rid of the latter, whose adoption

I had never been satisfied with—also of favouring my nephew, and encouraging him in insolence of conduct and language to yourself—shall I go on? or are you satisfied upon review, that you have judged me falsely?" Morton looked earnestly into her face, as he ceased, and he hoped from his inmost soul she would do as he asked her—retract. But alas! for the stubborn pride, the head-strong temper that blinded her to a sense of her own errors. Her face reddened to crimson, as she exclaimed passionately, "Retract! it must be very different conduct on your part that will induce me to retract any thing I have once asserted!"

"Enough," said Morton, with an impatient gesture of the hand, "I did not come here to renew the subject, although inadvertently I have done so—my object was a different one—to acquaint you with the fact of Emily Sinclair's consenting to become the wife of Meredith."

"You do not tell me so!—you dare not!" burst from the exasperated woman, on whom the intelligence fell like a thunderbolt—"Emily love Meredith! Impossible! a creature all loveliness and grace, to wed with one so rude, so insolent in manners, so unamiable in disposition!—it is not so—it shall not be so!"

Morton's face flushed with anger: "Spare your reproaches of my nephew," he said bitterly, "I love him as a son, and by heaven it is disgraceful in me to listen to them! It is not in your power to influence their fortunes for better or worse; they love each other—he will marry her and bear her to a happier home than this is!" Morton was fearfully excited, never before had his wife seen any thing of the passion he now exhibited; it did not allay—it only added to the rage that possessed her, to listen to language such as she had never received from him on any former provocation—she forgot that strong feelings were roused in his bosom at that moment, and her conduct was lashing them to madness. Every womanly emotion—generosity—delicacy—honour—yielded before the demon that held her in his iron fold.

"Is it for *you* to tell me this home is an unhappy one?" she fiercely interrogated. "There was a time when you were homeless, friendless, and the prey of grinding poverty—when, fool that I was!—I married and gave it to you!—Ay, to *you*, a clerk out of my father's counting room—without name, without connexions, and my hand gave them all!" Terrible, yet oh! how mournful! was the sight of that woman; she stood erect, her face and lips wearing the hue of death, every nerve quivering, and every muscle rigid with excitement, her brow knit, and her eyes literally glaring with intolerable light. Her husband grew pale as he looked upon her, but he confronted her with the dignity of a firm mind that feels itself injured. "Let me undeceive you, Ella, on one point—I am not the mean receiver of your bounty you deem me—it is true your father advanced the capital that enabled me to commence business—but I afterwards repaid him, doubly, trebly. It was my aid, my exertions, that saved him from ruin, and what is more, disgrace—he had involved himself to an unjustifiable extent, and without the assistance I gave him, would have brought poverty upon hundreds that trusted him. Your father wished to tell you every thing—I objected, from the romantic idea, that having performed a generous act, yours was a mind would never repent

it. It seems you were fully conscious of the obligations I was under to you."

"And you expect me to believe this folly?" she exclaimed, with a countenance of unutterable scorn, "this trumped up story, to impose upon my credulity?"

"Ella! you dare not doubt my word?" said Morton, and a fearful change came over his brow and eye.

"Go!—order your nephew from your doors, or I will doubt your honour, truth, and love! He *shall* not marry Emily—she is mine; and I would see her dead at my feet before she should marry him. Go!—if you have the spirit of a man, and bid him never cross your threshold again!"

"I will—but Ella, we go together! you are no longer my wife—before God and man I am absolved—we part for ever!" He turned, and she raised her closed hands high in the air, the white foam gathered on her lip, the veins stood out rigid and swollen, over her forehead—"Aye go! forsake me for him—but mark me sir! our separation is eternal. Deluded as you are, in the day of repentance make no appeal to me!"—He left the room ere she ceased to speak. She stood erect—motionless—with eyes dilated, and hands raised, till she heard his step no more—she strove to move forward, and fell headlong to the floor, the blood gushing from her nose and mouth.

Meradith was passing the open door at the time; with a misgiving of something wrong, as he heard the heavy fall, he entered the room, and was inexpressibly shocked at what he beheld. He lifted her to the bed and sought Morton, who could not be found; his chamber door was locked, and as no answer was returned to knocking, it was concluded he was not there. A physician was summoned; Meradith and Emily watched till he came—tears filled every instant into the eyes of the gentle girl, and ran silently over her face—she felt too surely, that in some way this terrible scene had connection with herself. Meradith had the same thoughts, and he would have given much in that hour had he followed Emily's advice. "I have been to blame; would that I had tried to soothe her excited feelings, to gain her friendship," passed through his mind many times, during the few short moments before the physician came. As the reader has anticipated, Mrs. Morton had broken a blood vessel; no immediate danger was apprehended; but perfect quiet of mind and body were strictly enjoined, any deviation from which, might lead to the most fatal results. The first person Mrs. Morton recognized on coming fully to herself was Meradith, she turned away shuddering, and the soft, loving eyes of Emily met her glance—"Dear Emily!" and she strove to move. Tenderly, but firmly, Emily repeated the injunctions of the physician, and a strange and fearful sense of her situation came over the mind of the unhappy woman—"Danger!" she murmured, "and death! Great God, how little am I fitted to die—oh my husband!"—and her voice was one of piercing anguish—she looked imploringly up to Emily, as again she said faintly, "My husband!" Tears mingled with the soothing words of Emily—"he is not here now, but be calm, he will soon come, and you will see him."

"Never!" she uttered despairingly, "oh God forgive me!" She was silent then, but her heavy eyes wandered incessantly to the door—she looked for her husband—their light was quenched, their beauty dimmed, their expression hopeless and despairing. Hours

and days rolled on, and Ella Morton still lay there—stricken down in the towering pride of her guilt, by an arm mightier than her own, and terrible in its power. Not once had she looked upon her husband; firm in his purpose, he resisted the tears of Emily, the entreaties of Meradith. The bitter cup her own hand had prepared, the erring woman drained to the dregs; remorse with its iron fangs pierced to her very soul, and eventually wrought out repentance deep and sincere. The near approach of death, brought forcibly before her mind, the *truth*; she saw herself as she really was—her conduct in its proper light—and she shrank in dismay and terror from the evil she had brought upon her husband—he too, so worthy of a better fate! The scalding tears that wet her pillow, sprang from a source that had power to purify, they humbled the pride of her heart, and turned it gently, but surely, to Him, who can alone give efficacy to repentance. No surer proof of Mrs. Morton's altered feelings could be found, than her treatment of Meradith; true, he had sought most earnestly to soften her dislike, to win her esteem—but she had much to overcome, and it was a great triumph over self, when she was enabled to feel and speak with cordiality and kindness to him. She did so at last, and more: to Emily she spoke approvingly of their mutual love—and her reward was great in the gratitude and affection they both evinced.

Many times she had sent to her husband; when strength returned she wrote, but no notice was ever taken of either. One afternoon she was alone, sitting up, much altered in appearance, but with a look of returning health in her pale, sad face; she thought of her husband, of him who had loved her so well, and cherished her so tenderly—then her thoughts were of the past, miserable was its history, her own guilt and condemnation. Suddenly she rose up, gathered her white wrapper around her, and with slow, feeble steps, sought her husband's room. She entered without knocking; perchance the slumbers of Morton were interrupted at night, for he lay upon the sofa sleeping; his wife approached—Ah! he was changed also—yes, the suffering was not all hers, though the guilt had been. Tears gushed from her eyes, she knelt down by his side, wound her arms around him, and pressed her lips upon his cheek. He started instantly, awakening to full consciousness, when he saw her, he became very pale—"Mrs. Morton," he said, striving to disengage himself as he rose upon the sofa.

"Ella! your own Ella! your wife! My husband forgive me—and if the future do not prove the sincerity of my repentance, cast me off for ever!" She clung to him closely—she wept bitterly—she was changed, and suffering—and Morton lifted her from the floor, laid her head upon his bosom, and called her "his own" again!

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

HE that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; therefore we should cherish ardour in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.

Written for the Lady's Book.

ABRAHAM AT MACPELAH.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

DEEP wrapp'd in shades,
Olive, and terebinth—its vaulted door
Fleck'd with the untrain'd vine, and matted grass,
Behold Macpelah's cave.

Hark! hear we not
A voice of weeping? Lo, yon aged man
Bendeth beside his dead. Wave after wave
Of memory rises, till his lonely heart
Sees all its treasures floating on the flood,
Like rootless weeds. The earliest dawn of love
Is present with him, and a form of grace,
Whose beauty held him ever in its thrall:
And then, the morn of marriage, gorgeous robes,
And dulcet music, and the rites that bless
The eastern bride. Full many a glowing scene,
Made happy by her tenderness, returns
To mock his solitude, as the sharp lance
Severs the quivering vein. His quiet home
Gleams thro' the oaks of Mamre. There he sat,
Rendering the rites of hospitality
To guests who bore the folded wing of Heaven
Beneath their vestments. And her smile was there,
Among the angels.

When her clustering curls
Wore Time's chill hoar-frost, with what glad surprise,
What holy triumph of exulting faith
He saw fresh blooming in her wither'd arms
A fair young babe, the heir of all his wealth.
For ever blending with that speechless joy
Which thrill'd his soul, when first a father's name
Fell on his ear, is that pale, placid brow
O'er which he weeps. Yet had he seen it wear
Another semblance, ting'd with hues of thought,
Perchance unlovely, in that trial-hour,
When to sad Hagar's mute, reproachful eye
He answer'd nought, but on her shoulder laid
The water-bottle and the loaf, and sent
Her, and her son, unfriended wanderers, forth
Into the wilderness.—

Ah, who can mourn
Over the smitten idol, by long years
Cemented with his being, yet perceive
No dark remembrance that he fain would blot,
Troubling the tear. If there was no kind deed
Omitted, no sweet healing word of love
Expected yet unspoken—no light tone
That struck discordant on the shivering nerve,
For which he fain would rend the marble tomb
To cry *forgive!* oh, let him kneel and praise
God, amid all his grief.

We may not say
If aught of penitence, was in the pang
That wrung the labouring breast, while o'er the dust
Of Sarah, at Macpelah's waiting tomb
The proud and princely Abraham bow'd him down,
A mourning stranger, 'mid the sons of Heth.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE MOORISH FATHER.

A TALE OF MALAGA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

It was the morning of the day succeeding that which had beheld the terrible defeat, among the savage glens and mountain fastnesses of Axarquía, of that magnificent array of cavaliers which, not a week before, had pranced forth from the walls of Antiquera, superbly mounted on Andalusian steeds, fiery, and fleet, and fearless, with helm and shield and corslet engrailed with arabesques of gold, surcoats of velvet and rich broidery, plumes of the desert bird, and all in short that can add pomp and circumstance to the dread game of war. The strife was over in the mountain valleys; the lonely hollows on the bare hill-side, the stony channels of the torrent, the tangled thicket and the bleak barren summit were cumbered with the carcasses of Spain's most noble cavaliers. War steeds beside their riders, knights of the proudest lineage among their lowliest vassals, lay cold and grim and ghastly, each where the shaft, the stone, the assagay had stretched him, beneath the garish lustre of the broad southern sun. The Moorish foe had vanished from the field, which he had won almost without a struggle—the plunderer of the dead had plied his hateful trade even to satiety, and, gorged with booty that might well satiate the wildest avarice, had left the field of slaughter to the possession of his brute comrades, the wolf, the raven, and the eagle. It was the morning, and the broad sun, high already, was pouring down a flood of light over the giant crags, the deep precipitous defiles, and all the stern though glorious features which mark the mountain scenery of Malaga; and far beyond over the broad luxuriant Vega, watered by its ten thousand streams of crystal, waving with olive groves, and vineyards, and dark woodlands; and further yet over the laughing waters of the bright Mediterranean. But he, who having found concealment during that night of wo and slaughter in some dark cave, or gully so sequestered that it had escaped the keen eyes of the Moorish mountaineers, now plied his bloody spurs almost in vain, so weary and so faint was the beautiful bay steed which bore him, paused not to look upon the wonders of his road, tarried not to observe the play of light and shadow over that glorious plain, although by nature he was fitted to admire and to love all that she had framed of wild, of beautiful, or romantic. Nay more, he scarcely turned his eye to gaze upon the miserable relics of some beloved comrade, who had so often revelled gaily, and in that last awful carnage had striven fearlessly and well, even when all was lost, beside him. He was a tall, dark featured youth, with a profusion of black hair clustered in short close curls about a high pale forehead; an eye that glanced like fire at every touch of passion, yet melted at the slightest claim upon his pity; an aquiline thin nose, and mouth well cut, but compressed and closely set, completed the detail of his eminently handsome features. But the dark curls—for he had been on the preceding day unhelmeted and slightly wounded—were clotted with stiff gore, matted with dust, and bleached by the hot sun under which he had fought for hours bareheaded. The keen quick eye was dull and

glazed, the haughty lineaments clouded with shame, anxiety, and grief, and the chiselled lips pale and cold as ashes. His armour, which had been splendid in the extreme, richly embossed and sculptured, was all defaced with dust and gore, broken and dented, and in many places riven quite asunder. The surcoat which he had donned a few short days before, of azure damask, charged with the bearings of his proud ancestral race, fluttered in rags upon the morning breeze—his shield was gone, as were the mace and battle axe which had swung from his saddle bow—his sword, a long, cross-handled blade, and his lance, its azure pennoncelle no less than its steel head, crusted and black with blood, alone remained to him. The scabbard of his poignard was empty, and the silver hilt of his sword, ill-matched with the gilded sheath, showed plainly that it was not the weapon to which his hand was used. Yet still though disarrayed, weary, and travel-spent, and worn with wo and watching, no eye could have looked on him without recognising in every trait, in every gesture, the undaunted knight and the accomplished noble.

Hours had passed away, since, with the first gray twilight of the dawn he had come forth from the precarious hiding place wherein he had spent a terrible and painful night, and so far he had seen no human form, living at least, and heard no human voice! Unimpeded, save by the faintness of his reeling charger, he had ridden six long leagues over the perilous and rugged path by which, late on the previous night, the bravest of the brave, Alonzo de Aquilar, had by hard dint of hoof and spur escaped from the wild infantry of El Zagal to the far walls of Antiquera; and now from a bold and projecting summit he looked down upon the ramparts of that city, across a rich and level plain, into which sloped abruptly the steep ridge on which he stood, at less than a league's distance. Here, for the first time, since he had set forth on his toilsome route, the knight drew up his staggering horse—for the first time a gleam of hope irradiating his wan brow—and, as a pious cavalier is ever bound to do, stretched forth his gauntleted hands to heaven, and in a low, deep murmur breathed forth his heartfelt thanksgivings to Him, who had preserved him from the clutches of the pitiless heathen. This duty finished, with a lighter heart he wheeled his charger round an abrupt angle of the limestone rock, and, plunging into the shade of the dense cork-woods which clothed the whole descent, followed the steep and zigzag path, by which he hoped ere long to reach his friends in safety. His horse, too, which had staggered wearily and stumbled often, as he ascended the rude hills, seemed to have gained new courage; for as he turned the corner of the rock, he pricked his ears and snorted, and the next moment uttered a long tremulous shrill neigh, quickening his pace—which for the last two hours he had hardly done at the solicitation of the spur—into a brisk and lively canter. Before, however, his rider had found time to debate upon the cause of this fresh vigour, the neigh was answered from below by the

sharp whinny of a war-horse; which was succeeded instantly by the clatter of several hoofs, and the long barbaric blast of a Moorish horn. The first impulse of the cavalier was to quit instantly the beaten path, and dashing into the thickets to conceal himself until his foemen should have passed by. Prudent, however, as was his determination, and promptly as he turned to execute it, he was anticipated by the appearance of at least half a score of Moorish horsemen—who sitting erect in their deep Turkish saddles, goring the sides of their slight Arabian coursers with the edges of their broad sharp stirrups, and brandishing their long assagays above their heads, dashed forward, with their loud ringing Lelhies, to charge the solitary Spaniard. Faint as he was, and in ill-plight for battle, there needed but the sight of the heathen foe to send each drop of his Castilian blood eddying in hot currents through every vein of the brave Spaniard.—“St. Jago!” he cried, in clear and musical tones, “St. Jago and God aid!” and with the word he laid his long lance in the rest, and spurred his charger to the shock. It was not, however, either the usual mode of warfare with the Moors, or their intent at present to meet the shock of the impetuous and heavily armed cavalier. One of their number, it is true, dashed out as if to meet him—a spare gray-headed man, whose years although they had worn away the soundness, and destroyed the muscular symmetry of his frame, had spared the little and wiry sinews; had dried up all that was superfluous of his flesh, and withered all that was comely of his aspect; but had left him erect, and strong and hardy as in his youngest days of warfare. His dress, caftan and turban both, were of that dark green hue, which bespoke an emir, or lineal descendant of the prophet—the only order or nobility acknowledged by the Moslem—while the rich materials of which they were composed, the jewels which bedecked the hilt and scabbard of both scymetar and yatagan, the necklaces of gold which encircled the broad glossy chest of his high blooded black Arabian, proved as unerringly his wealth and consequence. Forth he dashed then, with the national war cry, “La illah allah La!” brandishing in his right hand the long light javelin, grasped by the middle, which his countrymen were wont to hurl against their adversaries, with such unerring accuracy both of hand and eye; and swinging on his left arm a light round buckler, of the tough hide of the African buffalo, studded with knots of silver; while with his long reins flying as it would seem, quite loose, by aid of his sharp Moorish curb, he wheeled his fiery horse from side to side so rapidly as utterly to baulk the aim of the Spaniard’s levelled lance. As the old Musselman advanced, fearlessly as it seemed, against the Christian knight, his comrades galloped on abreast with him, but by no means with the same steadiness of purpose, the track was indeed so narrow that three could barely ride abreast in it; yet narrow as it was, the nearest followers of the Emir did not attempt to keep it, on the contrary, giving their wild coursers the sharp edge of their stirrups, they leaped and bolted from one side to the other of the path, now plunging into the open wood on either hand, and dashing furiously over stock and stone, now pressing straight forward for perhaps an hundred yards as if to bear down bodily on their antagonist. All this, it must be understood, passed in less time than it has taken to describe it; for though the enemies, when first their eyes caught

sight of one another, were some five hundred yards apart, the speed of their fleet horses brought them rapidly to closer quarters. And now they were upon the very point of meeting—the Spaniard bowing his unhelmed head behind his charger’s neck, to shield as best he might that vital part from the thrust of the flashing assagay, with his lance projecting ten feet at the least, before the chamfront which protected the brow of his barbed war-horse, and the sheath of his two-handed broadsword clanging and rattling at every bound of the horse against the steel plates which protected the legs of the man-at-arms!—the Moor sitting erect, nay, almost standing up in his short stirrups, with his keen black eye glancing from beneath the shadow of his turban, and his spear poised and quivering on high. Now they were scarce a horse’s length asunder, when with a shrill, peculiar yell the old Moor wheeled his horse out of the road, and dashed into the wood, his baulked antagonist being borne aimlessly right onward into the little knot of men who followed on the Emir’s track. Not far, however, was he borne onward; for, with a second yell, even shriller than before, the Moslem curbed his Arab, till he stood bolt upright, and turning sharp round, with such velocity that he seemed actually to whirl about as if upon a pivot, darted back on him, and with the speed of light, hurled the long assagay. Just at that point of time the lance point of the Spaniard was within a hand’s breadth of the buckler—frail guard to the breast—of the second of those Eastern warriors, but it was never doomed to pierce it. The light reed hurled through the air, and its keen head of steel, hurled with most accurate aim, found a joint in the barbings of the war-horse. Exactly in that open and unguarded spot, which intervenes between the hip bone and the ribs, it entered—it drove through the bright and glistening hide, through muscle, brawn, and sinew—clear through the vitals of the tortured brute, and even (with such tremendous vigour was it sent from that old arm,) through the ribs on the further side. With an appalling shriek, the agonized animal sprung up, with all his feet into the air, six feet at least in height, then plunged head foremost! Yet, strange to say, such was the masterly and splendid horsemanship, such the cool steadiness of the European warrior, that, as his charger fell, rolling over and over, writhing and kicking in the fierce death struggle, he alighted firmly and fairly on his feet. Without a second’s interval, for he had cast his heavy lance far from him, while his steed was yet in air, he whirled his long sword from its scabbard, and struck with the full sweep of his practised arm at the nearest of the Saracens, who were now wheeling round him, circling and yelling like a flock of sea fowl. Full on the neck of a delicate and fine limbed Arab, just at the juncture of the spine and scull, did the sheer blow take place; and cleaving the vertebræ asunder, and half the thickness of the muscular flesh below them, hurled the horse lifeless, and the rider stunned and senseless to the earth at his feet. A second sweep of the same ponderous blade brought down a second warrior, with his right arm half-severed from his body; a third time it was raised; but ere it fell, another javelin, launched by the same aged hand, whizzed through the air, and took effect a little way below the elbow joint, just where the vant-brace and the gauntlet meet, the trenchant point pierced through between the bones, narrowly missing the great artery,

and the uplifted sword sunk harmless! A dull expression of despair settled at once over the bright expressive features, which had so lately been enkindled by the fierce ardour and excitement of the conflict. His left hand dropped, as it were instinctively, to the place where it should have found the hilt of his dagger; but the sheath was empty, and the proud warrior stood, with his right arm drooping to his side, transfixed by the long lance, and streaming with dark blood, glaring, in impotent defiance, upon his now triumphant enemies. The nature of the Moorish tribes had been, it should be here observed, very materially altered, since they had crossed the straits; they were no longer the cruel pitiless invaders offering no option to the vanquished, but of the Koran and the scymetar; but, softened by intercourse with the Christians, and having imbibed, during the lapse of ages spent in continual warfare against the most gallant and accomplished cavaliers of Europe, much of the true spirit of chivalry, they had adopted many of the best points of that singular institution. Among the principal results of this alteration in the national character was this—that they now no longer ruthlessly slaughtered unresisting foes, but, affecting to be guided by the principles of knightly courtesy, held all to mercy who were willing to confess themselves overcome. When, therefore, it was evident that any further resistance was out of the question, the old Emir leaping down from his charger's back, with all the agility of a boy, unsheathed his Damascus scymetar, a narrow, crooked blade, with a hilt elaborately carved and jewelled, and strode slowly up to face the wounded Christian.

"Yield thee," he said, in calm and almost courteous tones, using the *lingua franca*, or mixed tongue, half Arabic half Spanish, which formed the ordinary medium of communication between the two discordant races which at that time occupied the great peninsula of Europe; "Yield thee, Sir Knight! thou art sore wounded, and enough hast thou done already, and enough suffered, to entitle thee to all praise of valour, to all privilege of courtesy."

"To whom must I yield me, Emir?" queried the Christian, in reply; "to whom must I yield? since yield I needs must, for, as you truly say, I can indeed resist no longer. I pray thee, of thy courtesy, inform me?"

"To me—Muley Abdallah el Zagal!"

"Nor unto nobler chief or braver warrior could any cavalier surrender. Therefore, I yield myself true captive, rescue or no rescue!" and as he spoke he handed the long silver-hilted sword, which he had so well wielded, to his captor. But the old Moor put aside the proffered weapon. "Wear it," he said, "wear it, sir, your pledged word suffices, that you will not unsheath it. Shame were it to deprive so good a cavalier of the sword he hath used so gallantly! But lo! your wound bleeds grievously. I pray you sit, and let your hurt be tended—Ho! Hamet, Hassan, lend a hand here to unarm this good gentleman. I pray you, sir, inform me of your style and title."

"I am styled Roderigo de Narvaez," returned the cavalier, "equerry, and banner bearer to the most noble Don Diego de Cordova, the famous Count of Eabra!"

"Then be assured, Don Roderigo, of being, at my hands, entreated with all due courtesy and honour—'till that the good Count shall arrange for thy ransom or exchange."

A little while sufficed to draw off the gauntlet, to cut the shaft of the lance, where the steel protruded entirely through the wounded arm, and to draw it out by main force from between the bones, which it had actually strained asunder. But so great was the violence which it was necessary to exert, and so great was the suffering which it caused, that the stout warrior actually swooned away; nor did he altogether recover his senses, although every possible means at that time known were applied for his restoration, until the blood had been staunched, and a rude, temporary litter, framed of lances bound together by the scarfs and baldrics of the brave Emir's retinue, and strewn with war cloaks was prepared for him. Just as this slender vehicle was perfected and slung between the saddles of four warriors, the colour returned to the pallid lips and cheeks of the brave Spaniard, and gradually animation was restored. In the mean time, the escort of El Zagal had been increased by the arrival of many bands of steel-clad warriors, returning from the pursuit of the routed Spaniards; until at length a grand host was collected, comprising several thousands of soldiery, of every species of force at that time in use—cavalry, archers, infantry, arrayed beneath hundreds of many coloured banners, and marching gaily on to the blythe music of war-drum, atabal, and clarion. The direction of the route taken by this martial company was the same wild, desolate and toilsome road, by which Don Roderigo had so nearly escaped that morning. All day long, did they march beneath a burning sun and cloudless sky, the fierce heat insupportably reflected from the white limestone crags, and sandy surface of the roads; and so tremendous were its effects, that many of the horses and mules, laden with baggage, which accompanied the cavalcade, died on the way side; while the wounded captive, between anxiety and pain, and the incessant jolting of the litter, was in a state of fever bordering nearly on delirium, during the whole of the long march.

At length, just when the sun was setting, and the soft dews of evening were falling silently on the parched and scanty herbage, the train of El Zagal reached the foot of a rugged and precipitous hill, crowned by a lofty watch tower. Ordering his troops to bivouac as best they might, at the base of the steep acclivity, the old Moor spurred up its side with his immediate train and his enfeebled captive. Just as he reached the brow the gates flew open, and the loveliest girl that ever met a sire's embrace, rushed forth with her attendants—the sternness melted from the old warrior's brow, as he clasped her to his bosom, before he entered the dark portal. Within that mountain fortalice long lay the Christian warrior, struggling midway between the gates of life and death; and when at length he woke from his appalling dreams, strange visions of dark eyes compassionately beaming upon his, soft hands that tended his worn limbs, and shapes angelically graceful floating about his pillow, were blent with the dark recollections of his hot delirium, and that too so distinctly, that he long doubted whether these too were the creations of his fevered fancy. Well had it been for him, well for one lovelier and frailer being, had they indeed been dreams; but who shall struggle against his destiny!

Hours, days, and weeks rolled onward; and, as they fled, brought health and vigour to the body of the wounded knight; but brought no restoration to his

o'erwrought and excited mind. The war still raged in ruthless and unsparing fury, between the politic and crafty Ferdinand, backed by the chivalry of the most puissant realm of Europe, and the ill-fated Moorish prince, who, last and least of a proud race, survived to weep the downfall of that lovely kingdom which he had lacked the energy to govern or defend. Field after field was fought, and foray followed foray, 'till every streamlet of Grenada had been empurpled by the mingled streams of Saracen and Christian gore, 'till every plain and valley had teemed with that rank verdure, which betrays a soil watered by human blood. So constant was the strife, so general the havoc, so wide the desolation, that those who fell were scarcely mourned by their surviving comrades, forgotten almost ere the life had left them. Hardly a family in Spain but had lost sire, son, husband, brother, and so fast came the tidings in, of slaughter and of death, that the ear scarce could drink one tale of sorrow, before another banished it. And thus it was with Roderigo de Narvaez. For a brief space, indeed, after the fatal day of Axarquía, his name had been syllabled by those who had escaped from the dread slaughter, with those of others as illustrious in birth, as famous in renown, and as unfortunate, for all believed that he had fallen in the catastrophe of their career. For a brief space his name had swelled the charging cry of Antiquera's chivalry, when thirsting for revenge, and all on fire to retrieve their tarnished laurels, they burst upon their dark complexioned foemen. A brief space, and he was forgotten! His death avenged by tenfold slaughter—his soul redeemed by many a midnight mass—his virtues celebrated, and his name recorded, even while yet he lived, on the sepulchral marble, and the bold banner-bearer was even as though he had never been. Alone, alone in the small mountain tower, he passed his weary days, his long and woful nights. Ever alone! He gazed forth from the lofty lattices over the bare and sun-scoured summits of the wild crags of Malaga, and sighed for the fair *lucertas*, the rich vineyards, and the shadowy olives of his dear native province. He listened to the clank of harness, to the wild summons of the Moorish horn, to the thick-beating clatter of the hoofs, as with his fiery hordes old Muley el Zagal swooped like some bird of rapine from his far mountain eyry on the rich booty of the vales below; but he saw not, marked not, at least, the gorgeouslyness and pomp of their array; for, when he would have looked forth on their merry mustering, his heart would swell within him as though it would have burst from his proud bosom—his eyes would dazzle and grow dim, filled with unbidden tears, that his manhood vainly strove to check—his ears would be heavy with a sound, as it were of many falling waters. Thus, hour by hour, the heavy days lagged on, and though the flesh of the imprisoned knight waxed stronger still and stronger, the spirit daily flagged and faltered. The fierce old Emir noted the yielding of his captive soul, noted the dimness of the eye, the absence of the high and sparkling fire, that had so won his admiration on their first encounter; he noted, and to do him justice, noted it with compassion; and ever, when he sallied forth to battle, determined that he would grasp the earliest opportunity, afforded by the capture of any one of his own stout adherents, to ransom or exchange his prisoner. But, as at times, things will fall out perversely, and, as it were, directly contrary to their accustomed

course; though he lost many by the lance, the harquebuss, the sword, no man of his brave followers was taken; nay more, so rancorous and savage had the war latterly become, that Moor and Spaniard now, where'er they met, charged instantly—with neither word nor parley—and fought it out with murderous fury, till one or both had fallen. And thus it chanced, that, while his friends esteemed him dead, and dropped him quietly into oblivion, and his more generous captor would, had he possessed the power, have sent him forth to liberty on easy terms of ransom, fate kept him still in thrall.

After a while, there came a change in his demeanour; the head no longer was propped listlessly from morn to noon, from noon "to dewy eve," upon his burning hand; the cheek regained its hue, the eye its quick, clear glance, keen and pervading as the falcon's; the features beamed with their old energy of pride and valiant resolution; his movements were elastic, his step free and bold, the head erect and fearless; and the old Moor observed the change, and watched, if he perchance might fathom the mysterious cause, and queried of his menials; and yet remained long, very long, in darkness and in doubt.

And what was that mysterious cause, that sudden o'ermastering power, that spell, potent as the magician's charm, which weaned the prisoner from his melancholy yearnings; which kindled his eye once again with its old fire; which roused him from his oblivious stupor, and made him bear himself once more, not as the tame, heart-broken captive, but as the free, bold, dauntless, energetic champion; clothed as in arms of proof, in the complete invulnerable panoply of a soul, proud, active, and enthusiastic, and, at a moment's notice, prepared for every fortune?—What should it be but love—the tamer of the proud and strong—the strengthener of the weak and timid—the tyrant of all minds—the changer of all natures—what should it be but love?

The half-remembered images of his delirium—the strong and palpable impressions, which had so wildly floated among his feverish dreams, had been clothed with reality—the form, which he had viewed so often through the half-shut lids of agony and sickness, had stood revealed in the perfection of substantial beauty before his waking eye sight; the soft voice, which had soothed his anguish, had answered his in audible and actual converse. In truth, that form, that voice, those lineaments, were all sufficient to have spell-bound the sternest and the coldest heart, that ever manned itself against the fascinations of the sex. Framed in the slightest and most sylph-like mould, yet of proportions exquisitely true, of symmetry most rare, of roundness most voluptuous, of grace unrivalled, Zelica was in sooth a creature, formed not so much for mortal love as for ideal adoration. Her coal-black hair, profuse almost unto redundancy, waving in natural ringlets, glossy and soft as silk—her wild, full, liquid eyes, now blazing with intolerable lustre, now melting into the veriest luxury of languor; her high, pale, intellectual brow; her delicately chiselled lineaments, the perfect arch of her small, ruby mouth, and, above all, the fleet and changeful gleams of soul that would flit over that rare face—the flash of intellect, bright and pervading as the prophet's glance of inspiration—the sweet, soft, dream-like melancholy, half lustre and half shadow, like the transparent twilight of her own lovely skies—the beaming, soul-entrancing smiles, that

laughed out from the eyes before they curled the ever dimpling lips—these were the spells that roused the Christian captive from his dark lethargy of wo.

A first chance interview in the small garden of the fortress—for in the smallest and most iron fastnesses of the Moors of Spain, the decoration of a garden, with its dark cypresses, its orange bowers, its marble fountains, and arabesque kiosk among its group of fan-like palms, imported with great care and cost from their far native sands, was never lacking—a first chance interview, wherein the Moorish maiden, bashful at being seen, beyond the precincts of the harem, unveiled, and that too by a giaeour, was all tears, flutter, and dismay; while the enamoured Spaniard, enamoured at first sight, and recognising in the fair, trembling shape before him, the ministering angel who had smoothed his feverish pillow, and fitted round his bed during those hours of dark and dread delirium, poured forth his gratitude, his love, his admiration in a rich flood of soul-fraught and resistless eloquence. A first chance interview led by degrees, and after interchange of flowery tokens, and wavings of white kerchiefs by hands whiter yet, from latticed casements, and all those thousand nothings, which, imperceptible and nothing worth to the dull world, are to the lover confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ, to frequent meetings—meetings, sweeter that they were stolen, fonder that they were brief, during the fierce heat of the noontide, when all beside were buried in the soft siesta, or by the pale light of the amorous moon, when every eye that might have spied out their clandestine interviews, was sealed in deepest slumber. Hours, days, and weeks rolled onward, and still the Spanish cavalier remained a double captive in the lone tower of el Zagal. Captive in spirit, yet more than in the body, for having spent the whole of his gay youth, the whole of his young, fiery manhood, in the midst of courts and cities; having from early boyhood basked in the smiles of beauty, endured unharmed the ordeal of most familiar intercourse with the most lovely maids and matrons of old Spain, and borne away a heart untouched by any passion, by any fancy how transient, or how brief soever, and having at that period of his life, when man's passions are perhaps the strongest, and surely the most permanent, surrendered almost at first sight, his affections to this wild Moorish maiden, it seemed as if he voluntarily devoted his whole energies of soul and body to this one passion; as if he purposely lay by all other wishes, hopes, pursuits; as if he made himself designedly a slave, a blinded worshipper. It was, indeed, a singular, a wondrous subject for the contemplation of philosophy, to see the keen, cool, polished courtier, the warrior of a hundred battles, the cavalier of the most glowing courts, the bland, sagacious, wily, and perhaps cold-hearted citizen of the great world, bowing a willing slave, surrendering his very privilege of thought and action to a mere girl, artless, and frank, and inexperienced; devoid, as it would seem, of every charm that could have wrought upon a spirit such as his; skilled in no art, possessing no accomplishment, whereby to win the field against the deep sagacity, the wily worldly-heartedness of him, whom she had conquered almost without a struggle. And yet this very artlessness it was which first enchained him—this very free clear candour, which as a thing he never had before encountered, set all his art at nothing. Happily fled the winged days in this sweet

dream; until at length the Spaniard woke, woke to envisage his position, to take deep thought as to his future conduct, to ponder, to resolve, to execute. It needed not much of the deep knowledge of the world for which, above all else, Roderigo was so famous, to see that under no contingency would the old Moor, the fiercest foeman of Spain's chivalry, the bitterest hater of the very name of Spaniard, consent to such a union. It needed even less to teach him, that so thoroughly had he enchained the heart, the fancy, the affections of the young Zelica, that for him she would willingly resign, not the home only and the country, and the creed of her forefathers, but name and fame, and life itself, if such a sacrifice were called for. Fervently, passionately did the young Spaniard love, honestly too, and in all honour; nor would he to have gained an empire, have wronged that innocent, confiding, artless being, who had set all the confidence of a young heart, which, guileless in itself, feared nought of guile from others, upon the faith and honour of her lover. At a glance, he perceived that their only chance was flight—a few soft moments of persuasion prevailed with the fair girl—nor was it long ere opportunity, and bribery, and the quick wit of Roderigo wrought on the avarice of one, the trustiest of old Muley's followers, to plan for them an exit from the guarded walls, to furnish them with horses, and a guide, the very first time the old Emir should go forth to battle.

Not long had they to wait, as the month waned, and the nights grew dark and moonless, the note of preparation once again was heard in the hall, and armoury, and stable harness was buckled on, war-steeds were barbed for battle, and for a foray destined to last three weeks, forth sallied EL ZAGAL.

Three days they waited, waited in wild suspense, in order that the host might have advanced so far, that they should risk no interruption from the stragglers of the rear. The destined day arrived, and slowly, one by one, the weary hours lagged on. At last—at last—the skies are darkened, and Lucifer, love's harbinger, is twinkling in the west. Three saddled barbs of the best blood of Araby, stand in a gloomy dingle, about a bow-shot from the castle-walls, tended by one dark turbaned servitor; evening has passed, and midnight, dark, silent, and serene, broods o'er the sleeping world; two figures steal down from the postern gate, one a tall, stately form, sheathed *cap a pie* in European panoply, the other a slight female figure, veiled closely, and bedecked with the rich flowing draperies, that form the costume of all oriental nations. 'Tis Roderigo and Zelica—now they have reached the horses, the cavalier has raised the damsel to her saddle, has vaulted to his demipique—stealthily for an hundred yards they creep away at a foot's pace, till they have gained the green sward whence no loud clank will bruit abroad their progress—now they give free head to their steeds, they spur, they gallop—Ha! whence that wild and pealing yell—“La illah allah La!”—on every side it rings, on every side, and from bush, brake, and thicket, on every side up spring turban, and assagay, and scymetar—all the wild cavalry of el Zagal.

Resistance was vain; but, ere resistance could be offered, up strode the veteran Emir. “This, then,” he said, in tones of bitter scorn; “this is a Christian's gratitude—a Spaniard's honour!—To bring disgrace—”

"No! sir," thundered the Spaniard; "no disgrace! A Christian cavalier disgraces not the noblest damoiselle or dame by offer of his hand!"

"His hand," again the old Moor interrupted him; "his hand—would'st thou then marry—"

"Had we reached Antiquera's walls this night, to-morrow's dawn had seen Zelica the all-honoured bride of Roderigo de Narvaez."

"Ha! is it so, fair sir?" replied the father; "and thou, I trow, young mistress, thou too art nothing loth?" and taking her embarrassed silence for assent "Be it so!" he continued, "be it so! deep will we feast to-night, and with to-morrow's dawn Zelica shall be bride of Roderigo de Narvaez!"

Astonishment rendered the Spaniard mute, but ere long gratitude found words, and they returned gay, joyous, and supremely happy to the lone fortress.

There, in the vaulted hall the board was set, the feast was spread, the red wine flowed profusely, the old Moor, on his seat of state, and right and left of him that fair young couple, and music flowed from unseen minstrels' harps, and perfumes steamed the hall with their rich incense, and lights blazed high, and garlands glittered, but blithe as were all appliances, nought was so blithe or joyous as those young happy hearts. The feast was ended, and Abdallah rose, and filled a goblet to the brim, a mighty goblet, golden and richly gemmed, with the rare wine of

Shirez. "Drink," he said, "Christian, after your country's fashion—drink to your bride, and let her too assist in draining this your nuptial chalice."

Roderigo seized the cup, and with a lightsome smile drank to his lovely bride, and deeply he quaffed and passed it to Zelica, and she, too, pleased with the ominous pledge, drank as she ne'er had drunk before as never did she drink thereafter! The goblet was drained, drained to the very dregs, and, with a fiendish sneer, Muley Abdallah uprose once again. "Christian, I said to-morrow's dawn should see Zelica Roderigo's bride, and it shall—in the grave! To prayer—to prayer! if prayer may now avail ye! Lo your last cup on earth is drained—your lives are forfeit—nay, they are gone already!" Why dwell upon the hateful scene—the agony, the anguish, the despair! For one short hour, in all the extremities of torture, that hapless pair writhed, wretchedly convulsed, before the gloating eyes of the stern murderer—repressing each all outward symptoms of the tortures they endured, lest they should add to the dread torments of the other—not a sigh, not a groan, not a reproach was heard! Locked in each other's arms, they wrestled to the last with the dread venom; locked in each other's arms, when the last moment came, they lay together on the cold floor of snowy marble—unhappy victims, fearful monuments of the dread vengeance of a Moorish Father.



Written for the Lady's Book.

STANZAS TO ———

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

As smiles with glory, soft but warm,
The morning 'mid the wreathing mist,
So through thy fair and graceful form
Thy spirit plays—as flowers resist
Yet meekly bow before the blast
Their leaves, that but from lightness quiver,

And when th' unwelcome wind has pass'd,
Look up again as bright as ever—
So meets thy brow the storm of fate,
Yet meekly seems to yield the while,
And so, wert thou left desolate,
Thou'd'st at look to heaven with tender smile.



Written for the Lady's Book.

UGHT LADIES TO FORM PEACE SOCIETIES?

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

WE had the honour of a letter, some time since, from a distinguished advocate of the peace cause, on the above subject. The writer blamed the ladies of America, particularly the literary ladies, severely, for the encouragement they give to the warlike spirit among men. Mrs. Hemans' poetry was denounced in round terms, mothers were accused of kindling the martial enthusiasm of their sons by allowing them drums as playthings, and the opportunity of seeing military parades, and worse than these, it was affirmed, was the character and example of our Washington, to which these young aspirants for fame were always referred, as to a pattern of perfection.

Now it appears to us that the name of Washington is a surer check to the fierce and fiend-like passions unkindled by war, and to the lust of conquest, than all the prudential arguments which were ever urged

by the advocates of peace. His example has thrown shame on the selfish ambition of warriors who, for their own glory, poured out the blood of their soldiers, and freed their country from foreign oppressors only to fix a more galling yoke of servitude to themselves. Public opinion has a *new and moral model for a hero*. It is a model that will accelerate the reign of peace. It has made justice, self-denial, and humanity necessary to the soldier. The example of Washington withered the laurels of Bonaparte; it prevented Bolivar from placing a crown on his head. The war, therefore, in which Washington triumphed, should be kept in remembrance by every one who wishes the advancement of the world in knowledge, peace and happiness. From the history of that period, all may learn their duties as men, citizens, Christians. But the picture must be exhibited, if we wish to have it

examined. Mothers must tell their sons of the virtues of Washington, of the trials he endured, the wars in which he was engaged, if they wish them to profit by the example of prudence, justice, fortitude, moderation and piety which he has left as a most precious legacy to his countrymen.

And if the history of our Revolution must be withheld from our sons, lest they should acquire an admiration for war, we must also prohibit the Bible from being read, for we are there assured that God has taught "hands to war," and given "strength for the battle." And we as fully believe that God blessed the labours of our patriots, and directed the movements of our armies, as he did those of Israel of old, and that we are bound to remember his goodness and give him grateful thanks for inspiring the colonists with courage to resist their oppressors, thus exhibiting an example to the world of the holy patriotism of a people called to be free, and the pattern of a perfect hero.

We fully agree with our respected correspondent that this subject of "peculiar worth" is one which ought deeply to interest our own sex. Though the sins of war are chiefly perpetrated by men, the sufferings fall most heavily on the women. Devoutly do we wish the reign of universal peace; but we do not think that the cause will be materially advanced by the formation of "Ladies' Peace Societies;" nor, indeed, by urging on men to become professors of the "non-resistance principle." In all humility, we would suggest that peace has its dangers and temptations as well as war. It is far more likely that the virtues and liberties of our country will be destroyed by the luxuries of the former than the wasting of the latter. The tree which grew stronger for the tempest will in the hot sunshine droop and wither; the canker-worm may destroy what the lion could not have overturned.

Our peace societies must exert their influence in suppressing the peculiar vices which prosperity engenders, those which spring from idleness, security, and abundance, before they will deserve to be esteemed as of much benefit to public morals. What advantage is it to stay the thunderbolt, if the impure vapours are permitted to accumulate? The lightning might destroy a few lives, the pestilence will sweep away multitudes. All history attests the fact, that luxury, such as grows rank among the people of a Republic, only in times of peace, is more baneful than the ambition of renown. Greece, Rome, Venice, all perished by the corruptions of wealth, not the crimes of war. Carthage only, of all the ancient Republics, was destroyed in battle; that would not have occurred had not the soldiers of Hannibal been enervated by the luxuries of peace at Capua.

It appears to us, therefore, that our American ladies will act the wiser part to teach their children to be temperate in all things, to do, in all cases as they would wish to be done by, to practise self-denial and the noble spirit of forgiveness towards their enemies, and of ready kindness to every one, than to spend their time in discussions on the propriety of a "Congress of nations in settling the peace of the world," or even devising how they shall prevent their little sons from looking on a military review. We deem it better that woman should study the things which make for peace at home, rather than devote her thoughts to the dissemination of peace principles abroad. Is she careful to promote peace in her own family and neighbourhood, is she gentle, kind, and charitable in her opinion of others? she may be sure that she is fulfilling the duties assigned by her divine Teacher, and that these humble duties, when performed in a right spirit, will be blessed to the promotion of his kingdom of peace on earth.

Written for the Lady's Book.

"WHY SHOULD YOU WEEP AT A THOUGHTLESS WORD?"

STANZAS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

When, like a fairy scene, in youth
The untried world is spread before us,
When fancy wears the garb of truth,
And sunny skies are smiling o'er us,
When never yet one thought of woe
Our hearts' deep tenderness has stirred,
How little then our spirits know
The evils of a "thoughtless word."

When, one by one, our joys depart,
When hope no more each moment measures,
When, like a Niobe, the heart
Sits lonely mid its perished treasures,
When far from human aid we turn,
The voice of comfort rarely heard,
Oh, then how bitterly we learn
The anguish of a "thoughtless word."

Wisdom alone is the true power that is capable of checking the progress of oppression; it is the sword which God gave to man to drive violence out of the world. Therefore, teach, instruct, propagate useful knowledge, wisdom, and virtue; expel terror and superstition, and injustice will gradually cease of itself to prevail in the world. The time will and must come, when princes will deem it their greatest triumph to protect the laws, and to show themselves fathers of generous and virtuous subjects. Continual increase of truth is the only road that leads to that happy period. We cannot, however, accelerate by dint of force the arrival of those times. Yet they

will, and must arrive at last, because there is a Providence. Believe me, liberty cannot spring up from blood; the sword cannot prepare the soil where it is to grow up. Truth, light, and reason alone are the nurses of liberty. Liberty at all times declined again amongst every nation where it proceeded from riots, party spirit, and ambition, and was not supported by truth. Nor are a few individual wise men sufficient to establish liberty; the whole nation must be wise if it is to become free from oppression; wise men can only scatter the seeds of liberty. Therefore let us carry light and truth to those that are in darkness, and expel error and superstition from the world.

THE BROKEN HEART.

A BALLAD.

AS SUNG BY MR. QUAYLE.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

E. MERRIOTT, ESQ.

Selected for the Lady's Book, by James G. Osbourne, Philadelphia.

Walt. Fasting.

dolce. *ff*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Walt. Fasting.' and the dynamics range from 'dolce.' to 'ff'.

I saw that the glow of her beauty had faded, The eye that illum'd it gaz'd wildly and drear, Her

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "I saw that the glow of her beauty had faded, The eye that illum'd it gaz'd wildly and drear, Her".

tresses neglected, hung loose and unbraided, And shrouded a cheek dew'd with me-mo-ry's tear.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "tresses neglected, hung loose and unbraided, And shrouded a cheek dew'd with me-mo-ry's tear."

Yet she breath'd not the name of her truant de-ci-ver, The solace of friendship 'twas

vain to impart, She had lov'd with the warmth of a guileless be-liev-er, But man had been faithless, and

broken her heart.

II.

The dwelling is lone where she wither'd in sadness,
 The bower deserted, her harp is unstrung,
 The roses she twin'd, and the light notes of gladness,
 No longer shall blossom, no more shall be sung:
 The dove hath a refuge, a house of protection,
 When rent is the storm-cloud, and vivid its dart;
 But desolate wanders the maid of affection,
 Whose truth has been alighted, and broken her heart.

III.

She is gone, and her relics the willow weeps over,
 In the grave's quiet slumber are hush'd her deep woes—
 She hears not the sigh of a recreant lover,
 No promises blighted disturb her repose:
 Her spirit, too pure for the bonds that enchain'd it,
 Now hallow'd in realms whence it ne'er shall depart,
 Looks radiantly down on the wretch who disdain'd it,
 On him who has rifled and broken a heart.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE PILGRIM.

[SEE PLATE.]

BY MISS CATHERINE M. WATERMAN.

"WHITHER are thy footsteps wending
Gentle Pilgrim? night is nigh,
Darkness with the daylight blending,
Hides the sunny beams on high;
Here within my cottage bending
Rest 'till morning glads the sky.

"Thou art travel-worn, and needest
Timely aid, and succour now,
Wherefore on thy journey speedest?
Let the shrine await thy vow;
Best fair pilgrim, that thou heedest
Thy pale weariness of brow.

"Take this draught of cooling brightness,
'Twill reanimate thy frame,
From the spring of silvery whiteness,
Its glad diamond sparkles came;
To thy heart 'twill give new lightness,
Drink, in holy Virgin's name."

"For thy kindness, gentle maiden,
Hold me not unthankful here,
For my heart with grief is laden,
Which thy care must fail to cheer;
And my path is all o'ershaden,
Traced thro' many a misty tear.

"Leagues away, my Father's dwelling
Rises proudly on the sight,
And the song of joy was swelling
From fair dame and gallant knight;
But those strains were only knelling,
For my bosom's lost delight.

"Belted Earls did round me hover,
Nobles graced the stately hall,
But my heart could ne'er discover

In their eyes its pleasing thrall;
For a far off, nameless lover,
Still was dearest of them all.

"Book, and priest, and prayer were waiting
In the chancel for the bride,
But from that unhallow'd mating,
I have turned my steps aside;
And the turns my heart is hating,
In piousness fiercely ride.

"Hark! the hoofs of chargers ringing
Clamour thro' the evening air,
Holy mother!—they are winging
Hither, to my heart's despair;
Woes unnumbered they are bringing—
Shield me, maiden, from the snare."

To the portal swift advancing,
See a mounted horseman his,
While his brave steed, proudly prancing,
Pants to clear the goal hard by;
Dread and fear are wildly glancing
From the youthful pilgrim's eye.

Hark! that cry—the pilgrim's bounding
To the knight's extended arms,
Echo's airy bell is sounding
Notes, unmixed with grief's alarms;
While the peasant's eyes astounding,
Forth she burst in beauty's charms.

From her snowy shoulders lightly
Down the pilgrim's cloak doth glide,
And the ringlets clustering brightly,
The slouch'd beaver falls to hide;
And ere day, the chancel rightly,
Welcom'd back the willing bride.

Written for the Lady's Book.

WOMAN'S MISSION GROUND.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

• LIKE a fair plant that opens to the day,
And turns its blossoms to the rising ray,
Blending its sweetness with the sun's pure light,
So the young Christian, waked from sin's dark night,
With heart expanded, and with soul of love,
Lifts all her wishes, hopes, and thoughts above,
And consecrates, with humble prayers and tears,
To her dear Saviour, all her future years.

As budding flowers are op'd by gentle winds,
As the warm shower the frozen stream unbinds,
Those tears and prayers each generous impulse waken,
From the world's lethargy the soul is shaken;
And with new strength endow'd, new faith inspir'd,
New motives furnish'd, and new triumphs fired,
In fervent trust the true believer goes,
Fouring love's oil upon life's sea of woes,
And happy in diffusing happiness,
The lesson learns—it is most blest to bless.

And must she wend to India's sultry shore?
Or Afric's deep and untrod wilds explore?
The hopeless heathen seek 'mid isles afar,
Brave ocean's storms, and pestilence, and war?
This may be duty—and at fears she'll smile,

When call'd to aid her lov'd companion's toil:
Still woman's true appointed mission ground,
In every land, is where the young are found.
The guardian she of childhood's sinless band,
The teacher form'd by holy nature's hand,
Each young immortal to her care is given,
To train as slave of earth, or heir of heaven.

Ye, noble few, who try your race to mend,
Know the Reformer must be woman's friend;
The poor, neglected mother must be sought,
Her mind enlighten'd, and her duty taught;
She rears the tender plant, the blossom tends,
Her soul through every nerve and fibre sends;
What wonder dark, degrading evil reigns,
While in blank ignorance her soul remains!
Oh! give her light, that knowledge which imparts
The way of truth to warm and willing hearts:
And tremble not, proud man, lest she should dare
The sceptre of earth's sovereignty to share,
Thy boasted reason by her wit dethrone—
She has an empire dearer than thine own;
Thine are the thrones of life—her's human flowers;
Show her this realm, its duties, pleasures, powers:—
And doubt her not, though with all lore endued,
Her highest aim will be to make her children good!

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SUMMER.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. WALTER.

PARCH'D are the fields, the brazen sky
Seems to the faint earth stooping;
The founts that flowed so fresh, are dry,
And things of earth are drooping.

But Nature's wise economy
Knows what is good and fitting;
And to apparent ill shall we
Do best by calm submitting.

Not always in the cool of thought
'Midst academic bower,
Is wisdom's wholesome lesson taught:—
But in the fiery hour.

With persecution train'd to cope,
The mind learns all its vigour;
And ere it taste the fruit of hope,
Must know the martyr's rigour.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him (or her) an op'ning Paradise."

THESE lines of that true poet, Grey, always conveyed to our mind the most charming idea of a simple and refined taste, united with a cheerful temper and kind feelings; such as every woman should seek to cultivate, if she does not naturally possess.

What we would, at this time, more particularly urge on our young friends is the cultivation of a taste for the beauties of nature. Foreigners say we are, as a people, sadly deficient in this taste. They ascribe the indifference, which they assert prevails, to the wonderful, sublime, and romantic scenery with which our country abounds, to the selfishness and vulgarity of feeling fostered by our republican institutions. When only wealth is sought and valued, refinement of taste will not be appreciated, nor the sense of the beautiful understood. It is said we only view Niagara as a great water power for machinery, and visit the White Mountains to look at the notch for a road.

These accusations have been, no doubt, partially true, or rather the useful has been thought so important, that the beautiful has been too much neglected. We have just begun to learn that the greatest advantages may be gained by uniting them; that trees, for instance, actually make the grounds which they ornament, more fertile.

The love of Nature is a cheap, safe, and pure pleasure. When the contemplation of a beautiful flower is sufficient to bring a smile of happiness over a fair face, we feel sure that the heart is rich in sweet impulses, which need but discipline and a right direction, to flow forth in gentle and beneficent virtues.

"Who loves not Summer's splendid reign,
The bridal of the earth and main?"

The belle of the pent up city may almost be pardoned, if she does envy the country maiden's rural privileges. To be able to range at will among the fresh flowers and bright fruits, to explore the green pavilions of the old woods, and recline on the shady bank of some gentle stream, and listen to the soft music of its lapsing waters—these are delights that country life in summer may command. And if the study of botany have been at all pursued, how much interest it will add to our rural excursions.

In such communions with nature the heart is made better and more strong to resist the temptations with which the world and its votaries beset the path of life. When all around us is so peaceful and lovely, can we be otherwise than placid and thankful for the innocent enjoyments the good Creator

has placed within the reach of all his rational creatures? And though we must soon say, to use the words of the sweetest of nature's lyrists—

"Thou art bearing hence thy roses,
Glad summer, fare thee well,
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell!"—

may we so have improved the time as to feel that though the rose has gone, its perfume—the sweet, cheerful, and devout thoughts it was formed to inspire—is shrouded in our heart of hearts.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles are on file for publication.

The Past.

Where shall the Beautiful rest?

The Dying Girl.

The Banished Son.

The Land.

The Memory of the Dead.

A Singular Story—not without a Moral to the Wise.

Would that we could give all our correspondents the same good account of their articles. It is to us a most unpleasant office to condemn. But true kindness to the writers as well as justice to our readers, requires that we be careful to admit only what is *very good*. The character of the "Lady's Book" requires that a high standard of moral and literary excellence be sustained. We feel sure that those who favour us would prefer that their articles should be laid aside, rather than published to the injury of the work. We, therefore, respectfully decline the following:

Matilda—A true Story.

Fickleness—A Sketch.

Domestic Helps and Domestic Hindrances. Chapter I.—We cannot accept any article till we see the whole. From this specimen chapter, we infer the story will be too long for our purpose. We now come to the *Muses'* department, and as it is idle to dream of repressing the tide of song, which overflows our *free* country, we shall only aim at turning aside the rills which would inundate our little parterre.

Life's Flowery Path.—Too flowery.

The Polish Exiles.—The subject is worn out.

The Heart's Lament.—There is considerable merit in this poem; we insert one stanza.

And still I deem is brighter spheres
Where joys immortal beam,
When freed from earth's corroding cares,
To find my spirit's dream:

And as I gaze on the deep blue heaven,
My soul breathes forth a prayer,
That the mystic feelings Thou hast given
May find communion *there*.

The Exile, and *The Return*, by the same writer. We advise her to persevere in her studies, till she attain that excellence it is evident she admires.

Reason's Conquest over Love.—Fanciful and rather pretty, but not very correct in rhythm or metre.

The Memory of Mrs. A—B—, etc.—Good thoughts; and here are two of the best stanzas.

The Gospel, gift of love divine,
Makes man in God's own image shine,
And when the work of life is done,
Perfects in bliss what love began.

Blest one, if o'er this earth thy smile
Could sweeten sorrow, care, or toil,
How radiant must it beam, where thou
Supremely blest in love art—now.

Lovely Things.—Not the best poetry the writer can produce.

A Mother's Lament.—Cannot be accepted—it has been before published.

Two letters, signed "Franklin," and an essay, signed "W—" have been received. We agree with the writer (the papers were, we presume, all from the same hand) that the influence of American ladies is of vital importance in correcting the evils of "speculation, luxury and extravagance" which have so prostrated the country. We have done, and shall continue to do what we can to awaken the attention of our fair readers to the advantages of encouraging the industry of our people, and cultivating the taste for "American fashions with beautiful American materials."

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Tea—its Effects Medical and Moral. By G. G. Sigmond, M. D.

In noticing this elegantly written volume of 144 pages, published in London, we aim not to alarm any sociable tea-party. It is true that Dr. Sigmond speaks freely and confidently of the injurious effects of some kinds of tea on particular constitutions; but it is evident that he has not yielded to the *tetotote mania*. His mind is too well balanced, and too much accustomed to sober observation and reflection, to be exclusively occupied by one single dietetic idea, and to be rendered insane by its vain endeavours to comprehend it.

In speaking of the tea-plant, Dr. Sigmond has treated of its history, its botanical relations, and its agricultural and commercial importance. The limits of our notice will not permit us to quote his interesting observations on the history and botanical character of the tea-plant, and our readers must be satisfied with a glance at its commercial importance. In regard to this point, speaking of Great Britain, he observes—

"Individually and nationally we are indebted to the tea-plant. A curious, if not an instructive work, might be written on the singular benefits which have accrued to our country from the preference we have given to the beverage obtained from this plant, above all those that might be derived from the rich treasures of the vegetable kingdom. It would prove that our national importance has been intimately connected with it, and that much of our present greatness, and even the happiness of our social system springs from this unsuspected source. It would show us, that our mighty empire in the East, that our maritime superiority, and that our progressive advancement in the arts and sciences have materially depended upon it!"

If the above sentiments be true in regard to Great Britain, and we believe them to be so, how much more significant are they as regards our own country. If the tea-plant has been the means of the extension and present greatness of the British empire—it has done more for America. It has been the source, the very parent, as it were, of a new empire here, whose extent, resources, and capabilities far outstrip those of the

Island Queen!—The famous "tea-plot," the few boxes of the fragrant leaves, which were thrown into Boston harbour by a few fearless individuals, hastened, if it were not the immediate cause of the struggle, those great events which resulted in the establishment of our national independence. And if every tea-plant of the East had been rooted up and destroyed for ever, in consequence of this heroic act of the brave "Boston Boys," we should still have reason to thank God that he had permitted it to grow and produce its leaves. But no such fatality has happened to this exhilarating and prolific vegetable. The Creator has caused it to flourish and yield its increase, for wise and important purposes; the extension of our commerce, the improvements made in our naval architecture, our national wealth, and the increased respect which is paid as an independent people, may, in no small degree be said to be due to our extended traffic in this one single article of which our author treats in his interesting volume. Does any reader think we over-rate the importance of the tea-trade? Let them bear in mind, that it is hardly two hundred years since the traffic commenced.

About the middle of the 17th century, a small parcel of tea was carried into Holland, by the Dutch East India Company, and two pounds and two ounces were imported into England, as a present to the king—now, it is computed that no less than fifty or sixty millions of pounds are annually brought into Europe and America for consumption.

Dr. Sigmond properly observes that although water is the great beverage of animals, and the support of vegetables, it will not, in all cases, suit the human constitution. In some countries, and in many cities and towns, the water is bad and unwholesome from its various impregnations; and in such places, people find it necessary to tincture the water with some kind of stimulating extracts. In such cases, tea has been found a favourite beverage and a promoter of the health and vigour of the mind and body.

"In almost all warm climates," says our author, "those who have previously lived in more temperate regions, constantly sip or drink large draughts; but if the first of these habits be acquired, and a bland, slightly bitter fluid, such as tea, be employed, health will be promoted, and the comfort it produces will become apparent."

Still the Doctor allows people may injure themselves by drinking tea which is very strong—he thinks black tea far less likely to be hurtful than green—but recommends moderation in the use of both kinds. We would advise our readers, who may wish to become better acquainted with the history of the tea-plant, to consult this work of Dr. Sigmond, (we hope it will be republished in America) which will well repay the trouble of a perusal.

Master Humphrey's Clock goes steadily, and increases in interest as it advances.

The Young Maiden. By A. B. Muzzey. Boston: William Crosby & Co., pp. 200. Carey & Hart, Philada.

We thought the subject of advice to young ladies had been exhausted, the number of works of this description, having within the last two years, increased to quite a library. We accordingly took up "The Young Maiden" with somewhat cynical feelings, determined to look for faults, or at any rate not to be easily pleased. It is due to the author to acknowledge, as we cheerfully do, that we were disappointed. The book is good, very good. There has not, in our opinion, been one work on the subject, better deserving the favour of the public, with the exception of "Woman's Mission"—a reprint from an English author. We would commend this book of the Rev. Mr. Muzzey as one to be studied by those who would understand the "true sphere of woman," and the reasons for placing her empire at home. It is impossible, in a short notice, such as we must give, to attempt a synopsis of the work; the table of contents will show, in some degree, the course pursued by the writer. There are fourteen chapters, headed "The Capacities of Woman"—"Female Influence"—"Female Education"—"Home"—"Society"—"Love"—"Single Life"—"Reasons for Marriage"—"Conditions of True Marriage"—"Conduct during Engagement"—"Trials of Woman and her Solace" (an excellent chapter)—and "Encouragements." We

think it would be a good mental and moral exercise for our young friends, those who cannot, at present, enjoy the privilege of reading the "Young Maiden," if they would take the heads of the chapters and write out what they consider should be the expositions of each subject. What, for instance, my dear young lady, would be your opinions on "Single Life?" Can it be a desirable life? and how best can it be rendered useful and happy? What "Reasons" would you give for "marriage?" and how "conduct during engagement?" If you cannot well answer these questions, read the "Young Maiden."

Things by their right Names, and other Stories, Fables, and Moral Pieces, in prose and verse. Selected and arranged from the works of Mrs. Barbauld, with a Sketch of her Life by Mrs. S. J. Hale. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb, pp. 263. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is one of the Juvenile Series of the "School Library," now being issued by the above publishers. Our opinion of Mrs. Barbauld's writings may be inferred from the part we took in preparing this volume. We are sure it will be a popular one with all young readers; and a profitable one in all families and schools. It is beautifully printed, and the utmost care has been taken to render it perfect in its typography; and notes explanatory of all terms and allusions which might perplex the youthful reader, have been added.

Greyslaer, a Romance of the Mohawk. By C. F. Hoffman. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, 1840. Carey & Hart, Philad.

The scene of this novel as the title indicates, is laid chiefly in the vicinity of the beautiful and picturesque Mohawk. The time chosen is the commencement of our revolution, and the period that immediately preceded it, and the characters many of them, are personages of historical prominence. Among them are the famous Brant and his son John. To those who are acquainted with Mr. Hoffman's abilities the mention of these materials will naturally suggest, what is the fact, that *Greyslaer* is an exciting, interesting, and vigorous production, full of graphic description and stirring incidents.

Combe on Infancy, edited by Dr. Bell. Carey & Hart, 1840.

This is an admirable treatise for parents and especially for mothers. In a plain, familiar, and easy way it describes the condition of infancy in its physiological traits, and points out the proper means of management. The notes and the supplemental chapter by Dr. Bell, of this city, add greatly to the value of the work.

Keble's Christian Year: 1 vol. 18mo. Lea & Blanchard.

A sweet collection of poetry and fervent piety, in which the beauties of religion are heightened by the graces of the muse. The volume is edited by Bishop Doane, who has supplied a number of useful explanatory notes.

Woman and her Master, by Lady Morgan. 2 vols. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia, 1840.

There is no subject upon which a greater degree of interest is beginning to be felt than the intellectual position of woman. The progress of civilization, so necessarily dependent on her influence, requires that this should be ascertained and settled; and the tendencies of the age sustain the great demand. No social organization can be perfect until woman has received that place in it to which by nature and by reason she is alike entitled, and not only so, but her rights must be universally understood and acknowledged. She must take her stand side by side with man, not as his dependent, but his equal: his companion and not his slave. We do not mean to say that in the noisy clashing of polemics, or the turbulent strifes of politics she should take any direct part, nor enter into those jarring controversies to which man is so prone; but we do avow that in all the social and intellectual relations of life, she should not only be allowed to participate, but her participation should be that of entire and absolute equality.

Lady Morgan in the really clever book now under notice has assumed the position we have just stated, and she enforces it with no little vigour and skill. The character of her

work which is comprehensive, embraces a view of the condition of woman in all ages and countries; and while she painfully exhibits the deep and cruel degradation to which she has too often been exposed, she proves also both by argument and illustration that in every period, and under every form of the social compact, she has been a most important agent in the melioration and civilization of the world.

Lady Morgan's style is occasionally too diffuse, and in some instances she has suffered herself to be led into a panegyric upon the undeserving, but altogether her book is a very pleasant one, and contains much desirable information.

Memoirs of the Court of England, during the reign of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate. By John Henegau Jesse. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1840.

These volumes contain much curious information. Numerous anecdotes gathered from the gossiping chronicles of the period are given, and much light is shed not only on the personal characters of the different members of the royal family, and their favourites, but also on the political history of the times. Mr. Jesse seems to have consulted all the accessible authorities, and several letters are now published for the first time in his collection.

Dr. Bethune's Address before the Artist's Fund Society, is a very sensible and eloquent production. The advice it embodies is sound—the criticisms it offers are judicious, and the spirit in which it is composed is free and independent.

Life and Travels of Mungo Park. 1 vol. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The very name of this volume will procure for it attention and perusal. Every body has heard of Mungo Park, and sympathised in his wanderings. His simple-mindedness, his devotion, his untiring efforts, make him an object of much greater general regard, than many of his fellow labourers who possessed abilities of a higher order. His melancholy and mysterious death invests his story and name with a degree of romance.

History of the Fine Arts. By B. J. Lossing. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

An excellent book, and one that deserves to be carefully studied. In this branch of knowledge our people are unfortunately deficient. The Arts though yet young among us must, before a great while, become of the highest importance, and all who can should make themselves familiar with their history. To this end this volume is well adapted, and supplies in a condensed form much useful and curious information.

Natural History of Quadrupeds. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This compilation is seasonably published as the want of such a work for a text book was beginning to be felt in many of our schools. It is illustrated by numerous engravings.

Love's Progress. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is a story of the affections: a tale of mingled mirth and sadness, but full of truth and nature. It is designed to illustrate the strength of woman's attachment: the holiness of her zeal: her unselfish labours; her deep and enduring fortitude, and it accomplishes this design by a narrative full of interest, and occasional touches of the most exquisite pathos.

A New Home: Who'll Follow? or Glimpses of Western Life. By Mrs. Mary Clavers: 1840. New York, C. L. Francis. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The fact that this work has reached a second edition is sufficient evidence of the estimation in which it is held by the reading community; and it has been so generally praised by all classes of critics that there is but little opportunity left for further commendation. It is indeed a most agreeable volume, abounding in the liveliest and most vivacious sketches, and at the same time conveying a very large amount of the

most valuable information. The basis of the work is fact: to make the filling up more attractive the writer has ventured upon a little fiction. This is not permitted, however, to interfere with its accuracy in geographical or topographical subjects, nor with its general truth of character.

Scenes in the Life of Joanna of Sicily. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb. pp. 236. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The author of this interesting work holds, deservedly, a high rank among our literary ladies. Her translations from the Italian and German have been much praised. Her "Characters of Schiller" is a work highly esteemed for its elegance of style and just critical taste. The present volume will not derogate from the fame of Mrs. Ellet, though we wish she had taken some other scene in history. Few more interesting, we are persuaded would be found, but this has already been appropriated. The author of "Miriam," published not two years since, a volume entitled "Joanna of Naples," a choice little volume, which we presume Mrs. Ellet had not seen when she prepared hers. Both works abound in beauties; we do not know to which we should award the preference, were it our duty to decide between them.

Mrs. Ellet's is the most true to history, and her descriptions of the magnificent scenes of the "Vindication" and the "Coronation," are exquisite pictures. The real life of Joanna, Queen of Naples, was a romance of wilder and more thrilling interest than imagination has invented. But the state of society at that period was most deplorable, or such scenes could never have occurred. Who that reads this interesting work would wish to exchange our comfortable common-sense, common-place world, for the splendour which barbarian ignorance and lawless physical force then threw around the few who wielded power? We wish Mrs. Ellet would turn her attention a little more to her own country: she describes the past so beautifully, that we are anxious she should draw a portrait of the present.

"*The Well Bred Boy; or New School of Good Manners.*" is the title of a very good little book, prepared by a Boston lady for the young. We commend it to the notice of mothers.

Poems: by Mrs. Follen, pp. 192.

This unpretending work has been some months before the public, and received the praise of several impartial critics. We could hardly claim such a title, did we now take up the volume with the intention of reviewing it. But in truth we only write to commend it. We hope every lady who can afford the expense, will purchase a copy. And sure we are that the hearts of our readers will respond to our appeal, when they recollect that Mrs. Follen, the widow of the late lamented Dr. Follen, who perished in the Lexington, is now dependent on her own literary labours.

This work, and the preceding are published by William Crosby & Co., Boston. The Poems are beautifully printed.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Coloured silk skirt, the bottom trimmed with three folds, figured mull spencer, bishop sleeves, with sash to match the dress. Chip bonnet, ornamented with flowers.

FIG. 2.—White skirt trimmed with a broad flounce—spencer similar to that in figure 1—pink sash—straw bonnet, ornamented with roses and pink ribands.

CHAT CHAT OF FASHIONS.

At a late drawing room held by Queen Victoria, Lady Dinorbin, late Miss Smith (no relation to our Mr. Smith,) wore the following splendid dress.

Costume de Cœur, a splendid white pompadour satin train, sprigged with rich gold and coloured bouquets, and trimmed with rich gold dentelle; a rich white India muslin dress, embroidered with fine gold, and trimmed with two volants of rich gold dentelle, over white satin. Head-dress, plume of feathers, with rich gold dentelle lappets and diamonds.

The dress of D'Israelis' wife was also very rich, at the same time remarkable for its simplicity.

A mantle of rich pale green satin, lined with white, and trimmed with blonde; body and sleeves a Medicis, superbly ornamented with a profusion of the finest diamonds; petticoat of tulle, embroidered in a novel and beautiful style, forming bouquets of various colours. A head dress of feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, a splendid suite of diamonds and emeralds.

The Queen's dress—white net over rich white satin, trimmed with blonde flounces and flowers; the body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train of silver tissue, richly brocaded in colours, (of Spitalfields manufacture,) trimmed with silver and blonde, and lined with white satin.—Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

The Duchess of Northumberland.—Manteau of superb lilac satin glace, lined with silk, and ornamented with a bouffant of satin, with a deep fringe of pearls surrounded with a flouncing of Spanish point lace; corsage of the same, decorated with magnificent point lace, intermixed with pearls; stomacher of diamonds; skirt of lilac aerophane over a rich satin slip of the same colour, glace, tastefully trimmed with flounces of point lace and fringe of pearls. Head-dress, feathers and point lace lappets, and magnificent tiara of diamonds; necklace and ear-rings en suite.

Caps are more or less ornamented with flowers. There are other pretty coiffures, between a cap and a turban, the crown is that of a cap; but in place of the blonde border there is a roll of gauze, exactly such as would be to a turban—it may be with or without a falling end. The flowers adopted to these caps are hop-blossoms, in every possible colour. They are placed as low as where the cap-string should come on each side. Indeed all the trimmings are worn unusually low at the sides.

Hats.—The hats are getting smaller, and a more becoming shape. The front and crown seems all of one piece, and towards the back the form gradually slants, so that the back of the crown is even lower than the bonnet. These little bonnets sit very round and comfortable to the face; they come very long at the sides; the trimming is as simple as possible, or quite the contrary. Some have flowers and lace; others only a trimming of the material.

Sleeves.—The plain, tight, long sleeves are coming in again decidedly, notwithstanding all that has been said against them; it must be admitted that they are sadly disadvantageous to some figures, viz., to those remarkably tall and thin, or to those inclined to embonpoint and low in stature.

Head Dresses.—One of the prettiest caps that has appeared for some time, is composed of rose-coloured gauze; the caul is so very small that it does little more than cover the knot of hair behind. The front is formed of three rows of gauze bias, quilled full, and encircling the caul in such a manner as to form a diadem on the summit of the head, descending at the sides, and turning up at the back of the caul. A full knot of satin riband, with floating end, adorns one side, and a rose, with buds and foliage, ornaments the other.

We said nothing in the July number of No. I. of our Original large sized Steel Engravings—but our friends of the Press have done it for us. Are not twelve such Engravings in a year worth more than 3? The present number is also marked by a plate, equally as beautiful, but on a different subject. Our object is to give a variety. The next will be a View of Fairmount—our own Fairmount—and, if it is possible, will be still finer than Constantinople. By looking at this latter engraving with the hand partially closed, the effect of the distance is perfectly magical—the boats seem to stand out from the picture.

The most ridiculous and absurd stories are told by some of our papers, of the celebrated dancer, Mad. Elslser. We deem it a duty we owe ourselves as a Philadelphian, to say that there is but little truth in their account of the fulsome adulterations which have been paid her.

She has been seen and liked—has drawn good houses—been called upon by some few persons, and will be forgotten in a week after she has left us, for the next new lion.

G O D E Y ' S
L A D Y ' S B O O K .

SEPTEMBER, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE "BLACK KNIGHT'S RIDE;" OR, CLARE OF CLEAVES;

A LEGEND OF THE CASTLE OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," ETC.

MORN and eve he knelt before me!
Did with lip and eye adore me;
Knelt and prayed until he won me—
Won me but to mock and scorn me!
Pride! for thee I am forsaken,
My love become his jeer and jest,
Justice has my guilt o'ertaken—
The grave alone can give me rest!

[Altered from "THE DESERTED BRIDE."]

I.

THE stupendous castle of Ehrenbreitstein frowning in warlike strength above the Rhine, casting its vast shadow far over the opposite city of Coblentz, and almost mingling its banners with the clouds, has for centuries drawn forth the admiration and wonder of travellers. Its high and commanding position on the summit of a mountainous rock, from the perpendicular sides of which its walls rise skyward, crowned with turrets and towers of huge proportions; its extensive range of battlements that seem to enclose a city within their wide circumference; its impregnable air, and singularly majestic and stern feudal aspect, all convey to the mind the idea of massive strength co-enduring with the everlasting hill upon which its foundations are laid. Its origin is lost in the obscurity of the Gothic ages; but so far back as the close of the seventh century it was a feudal hold of great strength, and conspicuous in the baronial wars of the age; throughout the savage Germanic contests of a later period, and for a long time after the crusades, the surges of war roared around its base, but ever broke harmlessly against its impregnable sides; and to this day its possession, by hostile princes in the wars of that region, is deemed of the

first importance, and is striven for in seas of blood and carnage. It is now, and has been for a long period, a national fortress; but in the twelfth century it was in the family of the Duke of Cleaves, whose ancestor, so says one of the numerous fabulous legends relating to it, Hugh of Cleaves, a famous Gothic knight of great piety and prowess, aided by St. Peter, constructed it in one night to circumvent the devil in some scheme against the good knight, which is not recorded in the legend. Be this as it may—there exists a tradition connected with this castle, as it stood in the fourteenth century, the subject of which is one of this good knight's female descendants, and the last of his line, who dwelt therein, and the substance of which will be found in the following story.

II.

IN his extraordinary progress through Europe, calling on the nations to rise up and rescue the Holy Land from the unbeliever, and commanding every good knight to arm himself for the protection of the Holy Sepulchre, Peter the Hermit passed beneath the walls of Ehrenbreitstein, and Count Maurice of

Cleaves answered his challenge with a thousand mailed men at his back. With these warriors the old iron-knight fell into the vast human current that, ere it reached the confines of eastern Germany, swelled into a sea of casques, and spears, and gonfalons, and plumes, which threatened in its majestic advance to overwhelm the whole land of the Saracen. Beneath the walls of Jerusalem the brave knight left his bones, and those of his family and retainers, and in his own land there remained behind none to inherit his lands and castle of Ehrenbreitstein, save an only daughter who had just attained her twenty-third year. Clare of Cleaves, as she was called, had made her first appearance in public on the occasion of a tournament held at the castle of a neighbouring prince, in honour of the sanction of the "Golden Bull," as a maid of honour in attendance upon the "Queen of the Tournament." She was just then entering her seventeenth year, and her beauty was so extraordinary as to call forth the admiration of the Emperor, who honoured the lists with his presence, and elicit the marked homage of scores of youthful knights, and eke some gentle-born esquires in nonage, who yet aspired to knighthood. From that day the fame of her beauty spread abroad, and soon, at every tournament in Europe, was heard the name of "Clare of Cleaves, the Rose of Ehrenbreitstein;" and many was the knight who kept his eye on this opening bud, and inwardly resolved to pluck and wear it on his breast when time should have unfolded all its beauties; when the blooming girl should ripen into the glorious woman!

Among, and the most distinguished of these, was a young noble called the Count Ernest of Augsburg. He had first beheld Clare of Cleaves at the tournament; and shortly afterwards departed to the Holy Land to lend his sword in delivering the tomb of Christ from the Saracen. After seven years absence, during which he had won knightly rank and distinction, the death of old Count Maurice induced him to return to his native land, and sue, as became a brave knight and true lover, for the hand of his daughter, whose image he had faithfully treasured up in his heart since the day he beheld her gracing the gallery of the lists, distinguished among a thousand lovely women like a star in the galaxy. On his arrival at his own castle, therefore, he delayed no longer than sufficed to lay aside his battleworn armour in exchange for a burnished suit of fine steel mail, in which flowers of gold were cunningly worked by the armourer, and which was otherwise ornamented with devices emblematical of his character as a wooer. He then set forth, attended by a stately retinue, towards the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, his heart beating with anticipation, and fluttering between the fears and hopes which did then, as now, torture the bosoms of all who go a-wooing.

III.

SEVEN years had effected a great change in the person of Clare of Cleaves; and the hoyden maid of honour of sixteen, at twenty-three was a magnificent woman. Count Maurice had been dead a year, and, save twice to ride with the hawk and thrice to hear mass in the cathedral of Coblenz, she had not quitted her castle, where attended by her maids and pages, she lived in the greatest seclusion. Until her father's death she had remained in a convent, as was the custom in that day, and was little heard of in the

world; though the memory of her girlish beauty was living in a thousand chivalrous bosoms. That she was high-born, that she was heiress of a wide domain, that she was wonderfully beautiful was well understood; but of her mind, of her heart, and of her disposition, nothing certainly was known, because none knew her; though rumour strangely whispered that she was devilish as she was beautiful; and that her heart fed on cruelty as the vulture on blood.

One golden morning in autumn, and for the third time in that season, the lady of Ehrenbreitstein, tempted by the brilliancy of the day, took the field with her principal falconer, and some of the more immediate attendants upon her person. In the progress of the sport she had ridden to the summit of a hill a league south of the castle, the better to command the flight of her favourite falcon, which rejoicing in its freedom, soared at large above the open country, unmindful of the quarry in the plain, and heedless of her recall. At one moment he would sail away upon the wind with motionless pinions like an arrow shot from the bow; at another dart upward to a great height, and sweeping swiftly down towards the earth sportively brush his mistress' plumes with the tip of his long, slender wing, and soar again; now he would balance himself in mid-air above her head, and, at the sight of the silken jesses to which she tempted his return, he would shoot off horizontally as if he would no more fold wing until he had regained his native mountains, which were reposing, like blue clouds, in the far south west.

"Lo, Egli! Lo, la! lo lah! will you not obey me?" she cried, reining in her palfrey upon the hill-top, and watching, with an impatient eye, his playful circles. "Nay, then I will bring thee down, sir truant! If thou wilt fly thy jess, thou shalt ne'er perch on the wrist of another mistress!"

The speaker was in the full pride of virgin womanhood. Fame had not outrun truth in reporting her matchless beauty. The equestrian attitude in which she arrested herself on the summit of the hill, was strikingly fitted to display her superb figure, and the spirited character of her features. Her height was very little above the ordinary standard of her sex, but an air of pride and command, (the repulsive characteristics of which were lost in a nameless grace she blended with them) supremely suited to her figure, made her appear taller than she was. She wore a hawking jacket of black velvet, thickly studded with stones of jet, that closely fitted a waist and bust that, with the queenly neck and carriage of the superb head, Juno would have lost her throne to have defaced—so rounded, and faultless, was every undulating outline—so feminine, and yet so majestic, the graceful turn of the expansive shoulders—so full of harmony the magnificent whole! A single jet clasped the collar beneath her snowy throat, and stones of smaller size fastened the cuffs to the well-turned wrists, on one of which was secured the jess from which she had loosed her falcon. Her face was as nearly oval as was consistent with the contour of beauty, and her complexion was just enough shaded with the warm tint of Italy, to make it a matter of doubt whether she were brunette or blonde, did not the dark colour of her eyes decide it. Her features were moulded after a strikingly beautiful cast, and wore a lofty and decided character, that did not in the least take from her loveliness, but

rather harmonized with the high-toned air of her charms. The whole style of her face and head was of the most perfect model, and of singular finish. It was bewildering to gaze upon it! It seemed not earthly—yet it was *not* heavenly! Her large, glorious eyes! how deeply black they were! how like the sun their lustre—how full of command—how rich their hue—how brilliant and expressive—oh how beautiful they were—how very beautiful! yet there was something in them to dread! It did not speak in the look, but was covert there, beneath, and far within, the soft silky netting that fringed them! Save a stray tress that floated in the wind, her raven black hair was bound beneath a hat of sable velvet, from which depended a crimson plume tipped with the same mourning colour, which with strange taste she chose thus to unite with scarlet in her costume; for, she also wore loose Persian trowsers of crimson silk, relieved by a broad stripe of black, and on her feet were red velvet half-boots sparkling with jets. The contrasts, singular as they appeared, were strikingly becoming to her. She rode, as was the custom at that period among German ladies, as it is at the present day among those of Austria, with a foot in each stirrup. And such feet! They were, very evidently, too lovely to be hidden in an exercise in which a beautiful woman best displays the graces of her sex, and the elegance and action of her figure. She rode a snowy Arabian sent to her by her father from Joppa, and in his government exhibited the most perfect horsemanship. As she followed the truant bird with her eyes, after reining-up on the hill, there was an imperative action of her head and person that was alone wanting to complete the goddess-like expression of her more than mortal beauty. Her voice, though raised in angry command, was as rich as the clearer tones of an organ, or the notes of a silver bugle. The errant flight of her favourite at length angered her, and she gave utterance to the threat, "If thou wilt fly thy jess, sir truant, thou shalt ne'er perch on wrist again!"

As she spoke she made a signal to one of her pages, who carried a long, graceful bow in his hand, and at his back a well-filled quiver, rich and elegant enough to grace a lady's shoulder.

"My bow, Albert! and—stay! reach me the quiver!"

"Nay, lady Clare," interposed the youth, who saw by the settled determination of her look, her fell intention—"nay, you will not slay brave Egli!"

"Peace, boy! the vile bird shall die!" she said, drawing a shaft from the quiver, and fitting it to her bow. "Soh, Teekla, soh! will you be quiet, Teekla!" she cried, as her beautiful Arabian bounded and pranced with her, and the long bow was brandished before his head. "Soh, beast, or I will have a knife in thy heart!"

The hawk now returned from one of his long flights, and was rapidly approaching her, when she raised the bow and covered his white breast with her steady aim.

"Nay, lady Clare! he returns," cried the falconer. "I will punish him for this, if you will harm him not!"

At these words the lady depressed the point of her shaft, as she saw that the falcon was descending towards his usual perch on her wrist, when alarmed by seeing the bow, the sagacious bird turned his wing, and rose rapidly into the sky.

"Now by the head of the good St. Peter of Cleaves, the bird hath taken his last swoop!" she cried, rising and bending forward in her stirrups, and bringing the feather of the shaft to her eye. The next instant it cleft the air with unerring flight, and was within its length of the side of the bird, when it was struck by a shaft shot from an opposite direction, and shattered to fragments in the air. At the same time a young man in a green hunting-frock rode forth from the concealment of a neighbouring thicket of oaks, and betrayed the source from which this surprising shot had come.

"Thou art full bold, sir forester!" she cried, in admiration at his skill, and not grieved at the escape of her favourite.

"Grace for my boldness, fairest of women!" he interrupted, gracefully approaching, and deprecating with a look of mingled humility and gallantry, her rising displeasure, "it is a brave bird, and for a little sport in its native element when it is so elastic and clear, he deserved not death. Thou wilt forgive the truant, lady!"

The forester was very handsome, and his voice had something in its tones that was singularly pleasing, and there was in his clear blue eyes an homage to her charms that was flattering to her as a woman. It was, therefore, with a smile that she said:

"On condition you call him back to his perch, sir forester; which you can do if your skill in falconry be equal to that in archery! Faith, it was a true eye and a steady hand that sent that shaft!"

"Ne'er, in all falconry, hath shot like that been made," said the falconer, his eye glittering with pride at a hit so creditable to his craft. "Thy fathers for many a long year before thee have been yeomen of forestry, to perfect this so well in thee, fair sir!"

The young man smiled, and cast his eyes upward to seek the falcon, which had continued ascending until it appeared a black speck in the blue ether. Placing to his lips a small bugle, he blew a long and peculiar strain, which the bird no sooner heard than he was seen to descend towards the earth in concentric circles, whirling with greater or less velocity as the music of the bugle was lively or slow, and this ceased not its prolonged wild note until the bird had come within a few feet of their heads.

"Lo, loh, Egli! I will forgive thee if thou wilt return to perch!" said his mistress, as she saw him so near her. The bird, however, eyed her suspiciously with his keen, restless glance, and balanced himself on his outspread wings.

"Be not displeased," said the young forester; "he will soon be on his perch."

Then taking up the same note he had wound on his bugle, he whistled a low musical recall, which brought the bird to his wrist, from which he transferred it to that of its mistress.

"Thanks, good forester," she said, without fondling the recovered bird; "thou hast shown thyself master of thy calling. I would retain thee in my forest. I have had sport enough to-day; ride by my rein, and I will discourse with thee touching thy service with me. Whom serve you?" she asked, as they turned their horses towards the castle of Ehrenbreitstein.

"The young Count Ernest of Augsburg," said the handsome forester, who showed as much skill in

horsemanship as he had in the use of the bow and in falconrie. As he spoke he turned and looked upon her surpassing beauty, and seemed to be filled with wonder at it as he gazed.

"Ernest of Augsburg! I thought he was yet in the Holy land. It was he, if I mistake not, in whose arms my brave father died!"

"It was, lady. I am glad you remember this of him, for it will greatly favour his suit which he is about pressing in the court of love."

"Ah! hath he thought to wed?" she asked, abruptly.

"It is as his messenger that I am on my way to Ehrenbreitstein, lady!" he said, modestly.

"Sayst thou! we are like to have a suitor, then, and yonder rock-founded castle a lord, if its lady be willing," she said, with an expression between haughty surprise and feminine gratification. "Well, sir forester, know that your mission is at end. I am Clare of Cleaves!"

"To my heart—nay," he said, instantly correcting himself—"so your matchless beauty, lady, which fame hath trumpeted throughout Christendom, taught me, when I saw thee, like Diana, bending thy bow upon thy false falcon—thyself a goddess fairer than she! Ah, lady," he added, sighing, but his words reached not her ear, "there went then an arrow from thy bow, which too surely reached its mark!"

"Where now sojourns this lord of Augsburg, who thinks himself knightly enough to protect a bride that he must leave the defence of the cross to come a-wooing? Methinks he hath a good share of knightly vanity!"

"He is now, with his retinue, encamped not a league hence!"

"And hath sent you forward."

"To ask audience of you on the morrow, or such day as may fall in with your pleasure, in furtherance of the object on which he has come."

"As he has done me courtesy to journey thus far, I must needs yield to his demand. But stay, is this Count Ernest well or ill favoured?"

"Men do call him a good knight, but I have never heard ladies speak of him their opinion," answered the other with some hesitation.

"What think you of him, yourself, sir? surely you have an opinion to give!"

"He is something favoured like myself, I am told, and in stature we are equal."

She surveyed the speaker an instant, and then said, with a smile of approval:

"What colour hath his eyes?"

"Blue, lady."

"And his hair?"

"Auburn, lady, and worn long to the shoulder."

"Hath he a fair skin?"

"Nature gave him one, doubtless; but life in camp, and the ardent suns of Palestine, hath embrowned it something."

"This should not be a fault in a woman's eye. How carrieth he himself?"

"As becometh a gentleman, fair lady."

"Nay, sir, hath he the jaunting air, and gallant part that some of our young knights affect, or doth he bear himself like a brave and modest soldier, such as would please a lady's eye?"

"In sooth, fair lady," said the handsome young forester with a smile, and heightened colour, "if thou wilt be pleased to name a day when thou wilt re-

ceive him in audience, thou wilt then be able thyself to judge in these things."

"I will then receive him on the third morning from this at eleven. If he please me as well as his messenger hath done, i'faith! Clare of Cleaves will soon, perchance, become Clare of Augsburg! We are now at the portal of the castle. Wilt enter, sir, and partake our hospitality, or ride back and convey my answer to your master?"

"Thanks, fair lady. I will ride back."

"Then well fare thy speed, sir. If thy lord be as well skilled in the use of Cupid's bow as thou art in that thou carriest across thy saddle-peak, or knows as well as thyself the notes of a recall that will beguile a hawk from the sky, he will soon bring Clare of Cleaves from the rock of Ehrenbreitstein to his arms. Farewell, good forester."

"Lady, farewell!" said the youth, lifting his cap, and releasing by the act a cloud of auburn ringlets that swept his shoulders: then riding away as the lady entered the arch of the castle, he added—"if knighthood and true love can win thee, matchless creature, Ernest of Augsburg shall yet wear thee in his bosom!"

Thus spoke the young forester, blinded by her beauty so that he did not see in her any thing evil; this talisman, like a mantle, covering every thing that in a less lovely woman would have been seen in its own light—impatience, anger, a haughty spirit, and revengeful temper! Yet how few men can ever see any thing censurable in a beautiful woman! Her very beauty is her apology. Like the king, "she can do no wrong."

IV.

THE day named by Clare of Cleaves, on which the Count Ernest of Augsburg was to have audience, arrived; and half an hour before eleven it was announced to the lady, who was seated in her castle hall, which was hung with armour, and lighted from richly stained windows, surrounded by her maidens, that a knight glittering in steel, and mounted on a coal-black charger, attended by a brilliant retinue, was winding round the foot of the rock, and approaching the castle. In a few minutes afterwards a trumpet sounded from without, and was answered by a blast from the warder. This was followed by the entrance of a man-at-arms, who reported that a knight, styling himself Count Ernest of Augsburg, craved audience of the fair lady Clare of Cleaves.

"Have him conducted hither, and see that his retinue be hospitably entreated both with meat, drink, and lodges."

A short time elapsed when the seneschal ushered into the presence of the beautiful mistress of Ehrenbreitstein the newly arrived stranger. He was a knight of commanding presence and elegant person, which was set off by a suit of the richest armour. His appearance instantly prepossessed the maiden in his favour. He approached, and kneeling at her feet, did silent and reverential homage to her charms.

"Rise, noble knight! thou art welcome for seven days to the hospitalities of Ehrenbreitstein. Thy errand I have already learned from thy forester. If so please you, sir knight, unhelm, or at the least do us the courtesy to raise thy visor. I'faith! I behold the auburn locks thy messenger dwelt upon, but I fain would also see the face he so modestly likened

unto his own—which, beshrew me, would not have done discredit to his master, were he the handsome William de la Marck himself!"

The noble suitor lifted his visor at her command—and before her stood the forester.

"By the mass! thou wert thine own messenger then, and methinks thou didst not speak disparagingly of thy person. Thou art twice welcome that I also meet my brave forester in the person of Count Ernest of Augsburg."

"Fairest lady, thou art too gracious. Vouchsafe to receive me," he added, kneeling, "as thy true lover, whether I come in the guise of a forester, or as a mailed knight; for the same true heart beats for thee, whether covered by green coat or iron corslet. Seven years ago I first beheld thee at the tournament of Hainault, eclipsing the sun with the brightness of thy beauty. From that day thy image has been the light of my life. Three days since I rekindled on the altar of my soul the fire of my love by the blaze of thy beauty, and would now fain worship at the shrine of the deity I have so long adored afar off!"

"A well-spoken and figurative speech, and doubtless couched in knightly phrase," said the lady, casting upon him one of those fascinating looks which afterwards became the destruction of so many infatuated noble youths. "But, my lord of Augsburg, if I love thee not in return, thou wilt have had but poor compensation for the long passion thou speakest of."

"Lady, I do hope that my deep love will move thee. Even as the warm hand will lend warmth to that it presses, till both are of the same heat, so I trust my burning passion will kindle in your indifferent bosom a kindred fire."

"Nay, thou art too sanguine, sir knight!" she said, with a haughty look that heightened every charm of her face and person; "I can never return your passion."

"Sweet lady Clare, I beseech, bid me not cease to hope—crush not at once the dear and lovingly nourished dreams of years."

"They have, indeed, been dreams! I tell thee thy love meets no response in my breast, sir Count! It can never win Clare of Cleaves!"

"If my love may not, may not my arm do it? May I not make myself worthy of thee as a knight. Name the deed man dare attempt, and I will achieve it," he cried, with animation; it being no uncommon thing for ladies to name, and knights to perform achievements as the price of their hands. "If thou hast a vow to pay—a pilgrimage to be made—a knight to challenge—a deed of arms to be done—name either or all of them, and Ernest of Augsburg will pay the vow, perform the pilgrimage, and do the battle. Whatever mortal man may do, that becometh a gentle knight, will I do for thy love, lady!"

"None of these, sir knight. Yet he who would wear, must win me!—but not with *love*! *Love*, Count of Augsburg! Clare of Cleaves knows not the name, and laughs at the passion. It is a weakness my nature is free from, thank the saints! In all things, save love for thy sex, I am a woman. This I can never feel; and must ever be insensible to it in others. Seek not, then, sir wooer, to win me by your love. Deeds, knight, *deeds*! feats of coolness and courage, of risk and mortal daring! These I love—these alone can win the hand you aspire to!"

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"Lady, command me!" said the ardent knight, a little surprised at her words; but so great was his passion, and so irresistible her beauty, that they affected him not. He neither thought nor reasoned upon the extraordinary development of her moral nature. He saw presented only a temporary bar to his suit, and panted to achieve some deed of bravery that should make himself worthy of the object of his love—or rather, perhaps, of his blind adoration; for his senses, rather than his heart, were made captive.

"Thou hast heard of Margaret of Hainault, who gave her hand to the knight of Waldeck, for laying at her feet the skin of a Numidian lion slain by his own hand; and of Elenor of Nassau, who wedded the Count of Lichtenstein, who, at her bidding, encountered unarmed, and did valiantly slay the savage bear of the Baden forest, which had destroyed so many villagers!—of these and other deeds thou hast heard?"

"I have, lady!"

"He who would wed Clare of Cleaves must imitate them."

"Speak, noble and beauteous lady! By my knightly honour, I am proud to do service for one who hath such love for deeds of arms. Shall I seek out the Saracen chief, Saladin, and lay his casque and sword at thy feet? shall I man a war-ship, and search the Levantine seas for the vast serpent that stretches himself a league out upon the water, and slay the monster for love of thee; or shall I make capture a savage lion, subdue his fierce nature, and lead him to thee docile as the noble hound stretched by thy side!"

"Nay, knight, these are exploits that depend as much on superior strength of body, or finer temper of steel, as upon manly courage! Such trials as these are fit only for a man-at-arms, whose worth is measured by so much bone and sinew! I have a higher trial for such as would seek to wed with the heiress of Ehrenbreitstein! It is a feat that shall test not the power of a knight's arm, or the weight of his stroke, but it will try the bravery of his heart—the courage of his spirit—test the mettle of his soul—aye, prove if his love be stronger than life. For he who loves me not better than his life, and shrinks to prove it by the trial I put him to, is no fit mate for Clare of Cleaves!"

"Name the exploit, lady, and if it have nought to do with necromancie, by my knightly troth I'll do it," answered the brave young knight. But little did the enthusiastic youth know the trial that awaited him; that, instead of some notable feat of arms becoming a soldier and crusading knight, she was to mock his love, and indulge her barbaric taste, by putting him to the performance of a gladiatorial feat; which must, almost inevitably, result in a terrible death.

"Thou hast noted the position of my castle of Ehrenbreitstein, knight?" she answered inquiringly.

"With awe and admiration. I looked upward from below and saw an eagle swooping past its lower tower window, who looked no bigger to my eye than a sparrow; and when I cast my eyes down from your castle-gate, the boats upon the Rhine looked no bigger than egg-shells."

"Thou hast well remarked it, knight; and didst thou note the foundations?"

"By my troth, did I; and pointed out to my esquire how they seemed a part and portion of the perpen-

dicular rock—so sheer was the dizzy line from the battlements to the water's edge."

"And didst thou discover a projecting ledge extending around the foundations whereon a man could pass from the gate where you entered quite around the castle?"

"In truth, lady, it bethinks me now, that I did discern, at intervals of the precipice, something like a hand's breadth, or more, of the rock reach out beyond the wall of the castle; but—our Lady save the mark! a bird, save with a well-balanced wing, could scarce maintain foot hold thereupon."

"Nevertheless, Sir Knight of Augsburg, that shelf hath been passed on horseback."

"By the rood, (saving your presence, lady,) it must have been Sathanas who rode the beast."

"Nay, it was one of my own ancestors, Schwartz Ainhalt, known as the Black Knight of Cleaves.—Hear the tale. Being surprised in his castle, he issued forth from the gate in full armour, and finding the way down the rock filled with the enemy, with a desperate thought, he turned to the left where the shelf is for some yards, of secure breadth; and there being hotly pursued he had no alternative but to keep on. He accomplished the circuit of the rock in safety, and came upon his enemies so suddenly from the opposite quarter that they gave way before him in fear, and he thereby maintained his castle."

"Methinks I have heard something like this of one of our old German knights."

"And in order to see if our modern knights are worthy of their fathers, I fain would have this exploit again performed," she said, endeavouring by a look of the most fascinating influence to dissipate the thoughtful brow the knight had begun to assume at her words. He remained silent and deliberating for a few seconds, but a glance from her finely expressive eyes and an enchanting smile completed his infatuation.

"Lady, it shall be done, if man and horse be equal to it. If not, God be merciful to my poor soul."

She extended, with a smile of triumph, her hand; which he ardently pressed to his lips, and then signified his intention of immediately making the trial.

"Nay, good knight," she said, detaining him; "I give thee till the seventh day to prepare thy horse and armour."

"Not in armour, lady?"

"Horse and rider in full armour—so rode my brave ancestor," she said, without observing his surprise.

"Then thou wilt die a maiden, Clare of Cleaves, for the knight of Augsburg."

"Ha, dost thou shrink?"

"Nay; death is sweet from so fair an executioner. I do accept your challenge and shall make myself ready for the achievement. Presently I will go out and survey the path by which I am to win a bride, or meet a knightly death."

Such was the spirit of a gentle knight—such was the power of a noble maiden in that age. The one never hesitating to perform the most insane acts if imposed upon him by his "ladye-love"—the other too often abusing the singular power with which the extravagant gallantry of the times had endowed her.

v.

THE day for the trial of the love and gallantry of the young and brave Count Ernest arrived, and many of

the neighbouring barons and strangers of consideration who happened to be sojourning at Coblenz, hearing of an achievement that the knight of Augsburg was to undertake for the love of the beautiful lady of Ehrenbreitstein, and having heard of the fame of her beauty, assembled at the castle—as much to behold the lady herself as to witness a deed of bravery. At twelve o'clock the knight galloped into the court of the castle, mounted on his coal black charger. He was in full armour, and rode with his vizor up, around the court, gracefully saluting the lady of the castle and with a cheerful countenance and pleasant smile, returning the salutations of the knights and barons that hailed his appearance.

Up to this moment, but few of the spectators knew the exact nature of the feat he was to perform; supposing it to be some honourable deed of arms that should both prove the suitor's prowess as well as test the sincerity of his love. But after the emotion caused by his appearance had subsided, the seneschal of the castle proclaimed in a loud voice that, "In honour of the noble maiden, Lady Clare of Cleaves, and as the condition on which she is to be won and wed, Count Ernest of Augsburg, who hath sought her hand in marriage, like a good knight and true lover, hath vowed to ride in full armour around the castle of Ehrenbreitstein by the passage known as the "Black Knight's Ride."

This announcement was received with a murmur of surprise, which was soon changed to one of indignation, which sufficiently indicated that the nature of the "Ride" was well known. Many of the barons crowded about the young knight, and endeavoured to deter him from the madness of rushing on to certain destruction, while others frowning darkly upon the lady Clare, left her castle without the courtesy of an adieu. The daring knight and leal lover smiled at their earnestness and remained resolute. They then turned from him to endeavour to move the lady. But she was inexorable and put an end to their appeals by asking the knight if he had forgotten "why he was in armour and on horseback?"

The gentlemen then retired to one side wondering that in such a glorious body, nature had forgotten to put a soul. Nevertheless, her charms fired many a thoughtless youth, and more than one of those that plead in vain for the doomed knight, for a look or a smile from her would readily have taken his place had he shrunk from the task before him.

The lover kissed his hand in answer to her ironical interrogation, and closing his vizor made a signal that he was ready. The gates were thrown open and he rode prancing forth. In a few minutes the battlements of the castle were filled with anxious spectators; the river below, for the proclamation soon reached the town and opposite city, was lined with crowded barges; and Coblenz seemed to have poured out its population along the shores of the Rhine. On the loftiest tower of the castle, whither she had retired when the knight rode forth, was seen the beautiful, but wicked woman, whose pride and vanity, love of feminine power, and, above all, an innate cruelty of nature, had gathered together so vast a multitude.

Gallantly and gaily the knight pranced out beneath the arch, and leaving the broad path that descended the rock, turned short to the left, as the "Black Knight" had been forced to do, by his enemies. With a light rein, and at an easy, ambling pace, he

passed over the first part of the "Ride," which brought him beneath the tower where stood the lady Clare. Here the shelf became all at once so narrow as scarcely to admit the passage of an antelope between the yawning precipice and towering walls of the castle. After stopping and calmly surveying for a moment the dizzy descent, he cast his eyes upward and beheld the cruel lady of his love gazing down upon him, radiant with the fatal beauty that had intoxicated him. He raised his visor, smiled upon, and fervently kissed his hand to her. Then waving a farewell salute to the thousand spectators above and beneath him, he looked up to Heaven, and solemnly placed his hands folded cross-wise together upon his heart. At this silent act there was the stillness of death, for all men clearly saw in it that the knight had given his soul into the keeping of the Blessed Virgin. The next moment he had closed his visor, settled himself firmly in his saddle, and like the rushing whirlwind dashed forward along the narrow ledge of the precipice. Once, the hind foot of his horse slipped over the verge, but he instantly recovered himself; once, the knight in turning an angle of the castle reeled, but by an extraordinary muscular effort retained his seat. A second time the noble animal lost his footing, and yet a third time he stumbled bodily forward; but the good knight brought him up, while horse and rider seemed to be coursing through mid air. A buttress of a tower, at length obstructed the path, if such could be denominated the shelf on which hitherto he had been sustained by a miracle, for as far as he could see before him it did not appear to offer room for an eagle to cling with his talons. He did not hesitate or falter; but burying his spurs to their rowel heads, the horse leaped desperately forward—but his hoofs never more lighted on the ground! Headlong like a mass of iron hurled from the sky, knight and steed plunged roaring through the empty air, and striking the side of the rock half way down were dashed to pieces ere they reached the earth.

VI.

THE rumour of this event was speedily noised abroad. But as it chimed in with the rough temper of the age it caused little sensation beyond curiosity to witness the beauty which could produce such fatal effects. Many, it is true, condemned the cruelty of a maiden who could send so brave a knight and true a lover as he had shown himself to be, to almost certain death; but there were others of ardent temperaments, buoyant with youth and overrunning with the spirit of adventure, who panted for distinction, and were ready to woo the lady for her beauty's sake, and attempt the feat of the "Black Knights' Ride," for the honour of chivalry. Among these ambitious knights, and who were most noted for rank and deeds of arms was first, William de Croy, lord of Chievres; a gentleman of great daring, and the best lance of the age. He paid his suit to the beautiful heiress of Ehrenbreitstein, whose fame was now wider extended than that of any maiden in Christendom, at the head of a splendid retinue of gentlemen and eight hundred men-at-arms, each man six feet in height. Like the hapless Count of Augsburg he was dazzled by her beauty and swore to attempt whatever she should command, so that her hand should be the reward of his success. She named, as she had before done, the feat of the "Black Knight's Ride." Cheerfully the lord of Chie-

vres accepted the challenge; and for seven days afterwards he was entertained by her, with his whole company, in a style of princely magnificence. The eighth day the retinue of the brave William de Croy, lord of Chievres, returned slowly back from the fatal rock of Ehrenbreitstein, bearing on his shield, the mangled corse of their leader.

There was also the young Duke Edward of Weimar, a brave knight, as famous for his skill in gentle minstrelsy as for his prowess in battle. He heard of the beauty and cruelty of the maiden of Cleaves, and for his adoration of the first fell a victim to the last. There came then the prince Landgrave of Hesse who swore if beauty was to be won he would win it, and that where Black Schwartz rode he could ride. But seven days after he came to woo, he lay mangled at the foot of the cliff of Ehrenbreitstein. Another and another of greater or less degree, all distinguished as knights of valour and repute, and all remarkable for their manly beauty and noble spirits, shared the same fate.

Seven of the best knights in Europe had now fallen a sacrifice to the beauty and savage cruelty of Clare of Cleaves, and others after beholding her, were yet as ready to offer themselves up as victims on the altar of her sanguinary passion. So wonderful a circumstance filled Europe with wonder, till at length it began to be publicly hinted that the beauty she possessed in so extraordinary a degree, with the use she put it to could not but be of an unholy kind; and some of the churchmen even went so far as to say that she could be none other than Satan in the shape of a woman, such being the guise which he finds best suited to tempt mankind with. At length, feeling ran so high, the bench of bishops prepared to take up the case and summon her before them to answer to the truth or falsehood of the popular accusations. But at this crisis an event took place which rendered their interference unnecessary, while it satisfied the public mind that human may approach very near to diabolical nature, and be human still.

VII.

WILLIAM DE LA MARCK was the only son of the Elector of Saxony. He was about thirty years of age and the boldest spirit, the best knight, the most accomplished gentleman, and the handsomest man of the age. His deeds of arms in the Holy Land against the infidel had already become the theme of minstrel's song; and his conquests in the lists of love were sung from castle to castle by many a troubadour. It was said he had the fiercest eye in battle and the softest glance in beauty's bower, of any gentle knight, and that his voice in fight was like the sound of a trumpet, but in love soft as the tones of a lute. Through all Europe the fame of his beauty and valour had spread not less widely than the beauty and barbarity of the fair Lady of Ehrenbreitstein. Every maiden in the land dreamed of young William de la Marck and all who beheld him became as infatuated with love as did the seven knights with passion for the lady Clare. Yet he was as modest as he was well-favoured, and heeded not the smiles of fair ladies nor the admiring glances of their impassioned eyes. But this indifference was not because nature had denied him, as she seemed to have done Clare of Cleaves, susceptibility to the tender emotions of love. It was because he already loved! He had seen in Arabia a

beautiful girl the daughter of a Moslem Prince, who had taken him prisoner; and a mutual and romantic passion sprung up between them. He succeeded, for love hath much eloquence and argument, in converting her to Christianity and then escaped with the lovely Zaida from the infidel camp to his own tent, where he was privately united to her in marriage. This privacy he chose to preserve until a befitting time should arrive to disclose the step to his father. Shortly afterwards he quitted Palestine, she accompanying him in the disguise of a page, and returned to Saxony. It was but a few days after his arrival, that he heard of the fame of Clare of Cleaves and of the destruction of the seven knights. Until now his marriage had remained a secret. But it was remarked that on hearing this he instantly proclaimed it, and presented his oriental bride to his father's court.

This event soon flew through the country and was not long in getting to the ears of the heiress of Ehrenbreitstein, infinitely to her mortification and disappointment: for having previously learned that the handsome William de la Marck had arrived in Saxony, her vanity had whispered that as a true and adventurous knight he would feel himself bound, on hearing of her fame and the failure of her lovers' achievements, to cast himself at her feet and endeavour to redeem their honour. In this case she had mentally resolved, if he proved to be all that fame reported of him, that he should become her liege lord without trial—for her pride was as much interested in becoming the bride of such a distinguished knight as her love for cruelty in sacrificing him—and therefore, without requiring of him the feat of the "Black Knight's Ride," she determined at once to accept him. Her vexation therefore was infinite when the intelligence of his marriage reached her; and with mingled grief and anger she shut herself up in her castle and refused to see any of the chivalrous suitors that continued to resort at Ehrenbreitstein—the fate of the seven knights having served rather to fan, than allay the flame her beauty had kindled.

Nearly two months had elapsed since she had closed the gate of her castle against all wooers, when one silvery night as she was reclining on her bed, sleepless and thoughtful, her chamber, through the crimson windows of which the full moon poured her light, filled with a pale, rosy atmosphere, a strain of music of the most seraphic sweetness floated through the room. She listened entranced. Gradually it died away as if losing itself in heaven—then swelled again an undulating wave of melody that ravished her soul. She listened breathlessly, stilling even the beating of her heart, lest it should break the harmony. Low, deep, and rich as the tones of a wind-harp, a man's voice at length mingled and rose with the music as if borne upward on its wings and floated with harmony linked with harmony till it seemed to her as if two angels discussing their loves were floating around her. At length she could distinguish words that were addressed to herself. They were glowing with passion and tenderness, and, not less than the melody in which they were borne, reached her heart. At length both the lute and voice ceased, and, breaking the spell in which she was wrapped, she flew to the lattice. But there was no one visible; nor scarcely could there have been, for the lattice through which the music had entered her chamber overlooked the "Black Knight's Ride" at a point where the sheer descent was scarcely broken

from the top of the wall to the still, black surface of the Rhine beneath. It could not have reached her from the water; and either the minstrel had stood on the narrow projection of the cliff beneath or was upborne by the air. After vainly attempting to solve the mystery, though she did not doubt that her serenader was some enamoured knight, she retired to her couch with the knowledge for the first time that she possessed a heart. Throughout the whole night she seemed to hear the sweet voice of the invisible minstrel, and with it, gently crept into her heart the first emotions of love; and when she arose in the morning, with a sigh, she was fain to confess herself a woman in every thing, *love* not excepted. The next night she waited impatiently for the return of the same hour, when the same exquisite strains, accompanied by the singularly rich and melodious voice filled the chamber with melody. Her first impulse was to fly to the window to discover whence it proceeded; but fearing it would stop if she did so, she restrained her curiosity until it should cease.

The words did not discourse of love as before, but seemed to be the complaint of some wandering minstrel, with no home but the castle of the stranger. Yet all his words, she thought, might figuratively apply to a knight seeking a home for his houseless love in the rest of his lady-love's bosom.

"Ah, where in this cold, barren desert arid
Shall a home for the storm-driven spirit be found?
Some green, sunny spot, by no cloud darken'd o'er
Where each wild wish reposing shall wander no more?
Home, sweet home;

Ah where shall the care-tortured heart find a home?

"Bright beauty may tempt us with song and with smile,
In her rose-mantled arbour to linger awhile;
But an hour scarce is fled ere her charms all decay
And the fabric of bliss falls to ruin away!

Home, sweet home:

Ah 'tis not with beauty the heart finds a home!

"To the proud halls of fame for a home shall we fly!
There the tear still will fall and the heart still will sigh;
For see where the dust lies on armour and plume,
And the moth-cankered standard but droops on the tomb?
Home, sweet home!

O 'tis not in grandeur the heart finds a home!

"Shall we rise up and hasten at pleasure's loud call
Where the lamp glitters bright in the gay festal hall!
There the brow still will ache though with roses 'tis bound
And the dark spirit still for a home will look round!

Home, sweet home,

O 'tis not in pleasure the heart finds a home!

"And even in that circle, the dearest on earth,
Where the first hallow'd feelings of childhood have birth;
The glance of distrust, and the wild throb of care,
Will tell the lone heart that its home is not there!

Home, sweet home,

'Tis not o'en in friendship the heart finds a home.

"O there is but one spot whence the thoughts back will come,
With the green olive bough as the signal of home,
To tell that the deluge of sorrow is past,
And that verdure appears o'er the dark waves at last:

Home, sweet home,

Yes, there still is a spot where the heart finds a home!

"'Tis there, in that land 'bove the bright starry skies,
Where the beam never sets, where the bloom never dies,
Where no death e'er can blast, where no cares ever come,
O 'tis only in Heaven that the heart finds a home!

Home, sweet home,

Yes, 'tis only in Heaven that the heart finds a home!"

The voice of the singer fell upon her soul, like gentle dew, awaking all its tenderness, while the words deeply affected her spirit; and for several minutes after the song ceased she sat in tears. Then recollecting herself, she rose to fly to the lattice, when the melody was renewed, and he sang, in ravishing strains, of love and beauty; then, changing his theme, his clear voice rang with martial tones as he described deeds of chivalry done for love of ladies. He then skilfully improvisatized the loves and fates of the seven knights, and in the highest terms of chivalrous courtesy, and with the sweetest minstrelsy, celebrated the charms of the fair maid of Ehrenbreitstein, and closing by vowing himself her devoted slave, true and leal lover, ready to do to the death for the honour of her beauty, and to make manifest the greatness of his love and devotion.

"By'r Lady! thou, at least, shalt not attempt the 'Black Knight's Ride,'" she exclaimed with emphasis, involuntarily shuddering at the thought—so deeply already, were her heart's feelings interested in the unknown and nameless minstrel.

As she spoke she flew to the lattice, threw it open, and leaning over the oaken sill, glanced down the precipice just in time to see, on the shelf, forty feet below her, the gliding figure of a man, clad in a minstrel's cloak, disappearing behind a projection of the buttress. She uttered a cry of terror, and falling back on her knees, clasped her hands together in prayer for his safety. So wonderful was the change love had effected in the cruel maid of Cleaves—so omnipotent his power over the heart of woman, which cannot resist it with impunity! At that moment the proud lady of Ehrenbreitstein, the haughty and beautiful Clare of Cleaves, proved herself to be a woman!

The succeeding night she listened, in vain, for the return of the unknown singer. The next morning she would have given orders to have the entrance to the "Ride" watched; but fearing this would wholly prevent his return, she decided to wait for the evening in hopes he would yet re-appear. But that night and the next, and for many succeeding nights, the lute and the voice were hushed. She now began to fear that he would no more return, and that her love, finding no mate, would return upon her own heart, and die there consuming it. Thrice she ordered her horse and rode around the castle-rock to assure herself that he had not been destroyed by falling from the dizzy precipice. At length, as she heard of him no more, she began to tremble lest she had been the sport of some supernatural being who sought to punish her indifference to the love of others by kindling in her bosom a passion without an object—inextinguishable and hopeless!

VIII.

THE lady of Ehrenbreitstein had now been secluded full three months, on account of her chagrin at the marriage of the only knight in Christendom she would see at her feet; and nearly a month had elapsed since the mysterious minstrel's disappearance, when one clear morning the martial notes of a trumpet awoke the echoes of the castle. Shortly afterwards it was announced to its mistress, who was seated in her boudoir, surrounded by her maidens, that a knight craved audience with the noble lady of Cleaves.

"Doth he come with a train or unattended?" she asked, having, since the mysterious visit of the un-

known troubadour, began again to take an interest in the outer world.

"Alone, my lady," replied the seneschal.

"What message sent he?"

"None; save that he prayeth brief discourse with the fair and beauteous star of Ehrenbreitstein."

"These were his words?"

"To a letter, my lady. I marked them well, he did speak them with such knightly sweetness," said the old man.

"What style has he?"

"He gave neither his title nor dignity."

"Go, Eda, to the lattice that overlooks the portal-yard," she said to one of her maidens, "and tell me what device he beareth on his shield."

"Bless the Virgin! my lady!" cried she, looking from the window, "such a sight I have not seen since that poor, handsome knight of Augsburg—"

"Hush, minion, and tell what thou seest!" said her mistress quickly.

"A tall and noble knight, in silver armour, from casque to spur!"

"Silver armour, girl?"

"Not all silver, my lady, now that I look again! The bars of his vizor and gauntlets are of finest steel, and a golden chain, full five yards long, encompasses his neck."

"His shield, maiden—his shield! what is the blazonry thereon?" she demanded impatiently.

"It is of steel, polished like a mirror, and set in a silver frame curiously worked. His esquire beareth it."

"But the device?"

"It is plain, my lady. There is a handsome page leading his milk white steed!"

"Neither device nor motto?"

"No, my lady; all I see in it is the tower of the castle—and now I catch a glimpse of the lattice and myself as it wavers in his esquire's hands!"

"Do you see his face—look sharply, girl!"

"His vizor is down; but as he looks about at the tall towers, I can see through the bars the eyes and lips that should belong to a well-favoured knight."

"Leave your station, minion! Go, Gessner," she said, turning to the seneschal, "and, with Albert, usher him to our presence."

The immediate presence of a new suitor at once restored her former character, so far as pride and female vanity went to form it. Love, indeed, had possessed her heart for an unknown minstrel; but while she cherishes this love she still felt a disposition to enjoy the triumphs of beauty, and again have knights sacrificing themselves for her charms.

In a few minutes, preceded by the seneschal, a knight in shining silver armour entered the apartment and advancing, saluted in silence the lady. His form was elegant and manly, and his net armour yielded to every action of his body, as if woven of woollen instead of metal. His height was commanding and his walk stately, and yet full of ease, while in his carriage manly grace governed every motion. The lady Clare thought she had never beheld such a model of a knight. His vizor was closed, and a snow white plume, that drooped from his helm, shaded the eyes within.

After he had saluted her, he stood a few moments surveying her, as if struck with wonder by her beauty. Then recovering himself he approached, and kneeling offered himself as her suitor. There was something

in the sound of his voice when he opened his mouth to speak, which caused her to start, and brought the colour to her brow; but as he went on, it became so disguised by the confinement of his helmet, that, if she at first thought she detected something familiar in it, she now rejected the idea.

"Dost thou know the conditions, fair knight?" she asked, bending upon him the look that had infatuated and slain so many wooers.

"Lives there a knight in Europe that knoweth them not!"

"I then accept thee," she said, trembling even while she was speaking, lest, by some ill-chance, he might achieve what she believed was impossible for man to accomplish, and thereby for ever destroy her hopes of a union of hearts with the invisible minstrel, should she ever discover him. Nevertheless so strong was her passion for the exercise of her singular power, that she consented even at the risk she apprehended. "Seven days thou shalt be entertained within my castle when the trial thou hast sought will take place. Gessner, see this gentle knight well bestowed, and look hospitably after his attendants."

That night the maiden was alone in her chamber, her thoughts, indifferent to her knightly guest, wandering after the unknown minstrel, whom she felt could be none other than gentle born. As the full moonlight streamed through the stained window, she recollected that it was just a month since he first appeared. He chooses the full moon to guide his perilous steps, she thought! While thus musing, the same strains of music that had first awakened her woman's nature, floated through the apartment. She ceased to breathe, and listened with silent rapture. Higher and higher the strain rose and with it rose distinctly the same enchanting voice that had completed the captivity of her senses and unsealed the fountain of her heart's love. Almost breathless she remained until the melody was dying away, when springing to the casement, she looked out and by the light of the moon beheld the same figure in the minstrel's cloak she had before seen. He was standing on the verge of the precipice leaning in an easy, natural attitude against the buttress, with a small harp in his hand which he was holding in the position he had just ceased playing. She made a slight noise in opening the lattice, and he looked up. His face was clearly visible in the light of the moon, and she thought it was the handsomest in the world. But her terror at his situation left her no time for admiration.

"Gentle troubadour, for the love of the Virgin! fly from that dreadful place!" she cried.

"Lady," he said, kissing his hand to her, "I am happier to stand here, so I be near thee, than to occupy the downy couch of thy knightly guest."

"Nay, sweet minstrel, thou wilt fall and be dashed to pieces!"

"I shall then meet with many a gallant knight's end," he said, with a slight vein of irony which she was too much alarmed to notice!

"Nay, then, if thou carest for me as thou hast sung, leave this terrible spot!"

"Lady, that I care for thee—behold where I stand! That I love thee—remember my words! that I will not leave this place where I can be near thee, I swear by thy most fatal beauty!"

"Fatal!—it is indeed fatal if thou come to harm!" she cried bitterly. "Alas! what wilt thou do?"

"Lady, I will not return by the way I came; by mine honour, I will not! If thou carest indeed for a poor minstrel who hath adventured something for love of thee, there is a way in which thou canst serve me!"

"Name it quickly; my brain whirls with looking down! Nay, take heed, or thou wilt plunge headlong! How can I serve thee; for, in truth, never before felt I such fear for any man in peril!"

"If thou canst let down a cord within my reach, well secured to the bars of thy window, I may safely reach it!"

"Enter my casement! Thou art bold, sir!"

"It is my love that makes me so, fairest of women!" he said, in those tones of irresistible sweetness that had such power over her heart. She hesitated a moment, but her love conquered her maidenly suggestions of propriety. In a few seconds a rope was swinging in the air, and in a minute afterwards the bold troubadour was suspended between earth and heaven. It was but for a brief space, for lightly ascending by its aid, he scaled the wall, and leaped into the open casement, and kneeled at her feet!

Dawn discovered the handsome troubadour and the lady standing by the lattice discoursing still of love. She had confessed her deep passion, and wholly surrendered to him her heart! She had discovered that he was all her fervent wishes painted the unknown minstrel. But he was still unknown! He had told her he was a knight, and she knew it by his bearing: that he was gentle born his speech and carriage told her! She therefore gave herself up to her passion knowing that she was loving worthily. He had promised that he would disclose his name and title on the day of "the trial" of the Knight of the Silver Armour; and happy in her love, she did not censure the delay. Before sunrise he departed from the castle, by a postern, of which she gave him the key, leaving her in the exquisite consciousness of loving and being loved. And never was love more deep and absorbing in woman's breast than in hers!

By day, for six successive days, she coldly entertained the knight who was her guest; but impatient for night, it would no sooner approach than she would fly to her boudoir to meet him who shared her heart. They were a glorious pair! Her lofty forehead, her fine dark eyes, her classical features, and superbly cast head and bust, all found a manly counterpart in him. The same raven hue of the flowing hair was his—the same elegance of form!—He looked like a twin brother—but it was only the likeness that perfect beauty hath with itself!

The morning of the seventh day at length dawned and at the hour appointed, the knight, who had not yet unclosed his helmet, rode into the court of the castle, and, in the presence of numerous barons and knights whom the report of this achievement had drawn to the castle, signified his readiness to make the trial imposed on him.

The lady of Ehrenbreitstein was seated, as heretofore, in a balcony opening into the court. But her thoughts were now more on her absent minstrel, whom her eyes restlessly sought out in the assembly; for he had promised she should see him there, than on the fate of the knight who was about to adventure his life for her hand. If she suffered herself to think of him, it was with dread, now her heart was no longer her own, lest he should, by a miracle, succeed.

In conformity with knightly courtesy, it was necessary that the knight before entering on the performance of deeds of bravery or arms for his "lady-love," should, if he had hitherto kept his vizor closed, raise it at her command. Therefore, just before he was ready to ride forth, the lady of Cleaves intimated to him that as yet she had not seen the features of the knight who was to perform the conditions by which he was to win her hand. Thereupon, the knight, who was mounted on a snow-white steed of great beauty of limb, which, with his silver armour and snowy plume, presented altogether a singularly beautiful effect, rode up to the balcony and instead of lifting his vizor, at once unhelmeted and stood an instant before her bare-headed. She gazed in his face as if she beheld a spirit from the other world; and then clasping her hands together she dropped on her knees, and with a face pale as marble gasped—

"No—no!—oh—no!—do not—do not! I shall die!—no—no—attempt it not!"

She had discerned in the knight the minstrel!

Slowly he replaced his helmet with his eyes fixed upon her with a strange meaning—it was not love; it looked like menace! Settling himself in his seat, he made a signal for the gates to be thrown open.

"No, no!" she shrieked, stretching from the balcony; "thou shalt not die! I will be thine—I will be thine! only do not ride!"

The knight replied not, but gallantly waving his hand to her, and to the hundreds around him who were wondering at this scene, he galloped forth beneath the arch. At the same instant, tearing her hair and weeping fountains of tears, the justly-punished lady rushed to the battlements, expressing in tones of grief and despair her determination to leap from them if he should be lost. When she gained them, the air was filled with the encouraging shouts of a thousand men, and beneath her, all in shining white, like a spirit, rode the knight along the terrific pathway. Onward he flew like the wind! Now he approaches the fatal buttress, and lo! with a bound twenty feet forward, the flying animal clears the narrowest part and lights on the broader shelf beyond! Still onward he bounds! He turns yonder angle of the castle wall in safety! He is far beyond the "Seven Knights' Leap!" Safely he winds round the southern tower. There is the most perilous passage before him! It is a fissure. Heaven preserve the bold rider! The horse hesitates—it is to gather strength. He leaps—he is in the air—he has lighted on the shelf beyond—he is safe again! Now he courses like the wind. He has nearly accomplished the circuit. A few more leaps, bold rider. *He is safe!*

"*HE IS SAFE!*" filled the sky from twenty thousand grateful tongues. Lady Clare saw the last bound of the knight's steed as he reached the gate—heard the shout of victory, and fainted.

She recovered in a few seconds, and looked round upon the faces about her as if doubtful if the joy that filled her breast had foundation. "Does he indeed live?" she asked, shrinking from the dizzy precipice that met her eyes.

"He does, my lady," replied her page; "and behold, I see him coming up hither! His horse dropped dead, my lady, ere he leaped from him, yet he himself looks fresh as when he started. He is a noble knight."

"Hist, boy! Thou knowest naught of the worth which mocks praise. Support me. I will meet him here, that the vast multitude who have witnessed his daring may witness its reward."

As she spoke, she advanced a little way to meet the knight, who approached her with his helmet in his hand. "*My lord, my brave lord!*" she cried, rushing forward to cast herself on his bosom; "I should have been justly punished for my cruelty to so many brave knights, if I had lost thee this day. Now I am happy, and thrice happy too, that my true love and gentle minstrel is the knight that hath done this gallant achievement. Here is my hand and in the presence of this beholding assembly, I acknowledge thee as lord of Ehrenbreitstein and the husband of my heart's choice."

"Hold, lady!" he cried sternly, putting her back as she offered to embrace him. "In the presence of this beholding people, I call Heaven to witness that I have no wish nor power to wed thee nor any other woman—being already married. In me, behold William de la Marck, of the Electorate of Saxony, as many present will recognise me to be. Alone to punish thy pride and cruelty I have sought to win thy heart. As a minstrel I wooed thee—as a knight I have this day won thee, and also redeemed the honour of knighthood on which there was a stain through the failure of thy knights. This hand is therefore mine, and *thus* I fling it from me and put thee to open and public shame!"

As he spoke, the knight cast contemptuously from him the hand she had with so much love placed in his; and turning from her, prepared to descend from the tower. He had not made three steps ere a terrific cry, as if a human heart had broken, caused him to turn quickly round, when he beheld the wretched lady in the act of springing from the battlements. Ere he could reach her she had cast herself down headlong from the top of the tower.

Such was the extraordinary end of a woman who made her superhuman beauty the unholy instrument of great crimes; and thus, befittingly, Heaven always punishes those who abuse its gifts. To this day the "Maiden's Flight," and "The Seven Knights' Leap," as well as the dizzy path called the "Black Knight's Ride," are pointed out to the curious voyager up the Rhine, by the boatmen, who, with but little encouragement, are always found prepared to illustrate one and all of these places by some veritable legend.

EDUCATION.

In whatever light we view education, it cannot fail to appear the most important subject that can engage the attention of mankind. When we contrast the ignorance, the rudeness, and the helplessness of the savage, with the knowledge, the refinement, and the resources of civilized man, the difference between them appears so wide, that they can hardly be regarded as of the same species. Yet compare the infant of the savage with that of the most enlightened philosopher, and you will find them in all respects the same. The same *high capacious powers* of mind lie folded up in both, and in both the organs of sensation, adapted to these mental powers, are exactly similar. All the difference, which is afterwards to distinguish them, depends upon their education.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TARPEIA.

BY JULIET H. LEWIS.

"Tarpeia, the daughter of Tarpeius, the keeper of the Roman capitol, agreed to betray it into the hands of the Sabines, on this condition—that she should have for her reward, that which they carried upon their left arms—meaning the golden bracelets they wore upon them. The Sabines having been let in by Tarpeia, according to compact, Titus, their king, though well pleased with having carried the place, yet detesting the manner in which it was done, commanded the Sabines to give the traitress her promised reward, by throwing to her all they wore upon their left arms; and therewith unclasping his bracelet from his left arm, he threw that, together with his shield, upon her. All the Sabines following the example of their chief, the traitress was speedily overwhelmed with the number of bracclets and shields heaped upon her, and perished beneath them. There are many different accounts of this transaction."

UNBLUSHINGLY the maiden stood,
 Rome's recreant, shameless child;
 While round were ranged her country's foes,
 Those Sabine warriors wild.
 They stood with lips all proudly curled,
 And brows bent down in ire,
 And eyes, that on the traitoress
 Flashed forth their haughty fire,
 As though they'd scorch her very soul
 With their consuming scorn;
 Such deep disdain a noble heart
 Had never brooked, or borne.
 In his right hand each warrior held
 His blade, all stained with gore,
 And on his stout left arm a shield
 Of heavy weight he bore,
 And round that arm a bracelet bright
 Was clasped, of massive gold;
 'Twas for those shining bands that *Rome*,
 Proud, boasting *Rome*, was sold.
 All silently they stood: but hark!
 Their lord and chieftain speaks—
 "Ha! this is well—her just reward
 From us, Tarpeia seeks.
 "Thy *heritage*—is Rome's deep *hate*—
 Thy *memory*—lasting *shame*—
 And thou hast wedded to a *curse*
 Thy once untarnished name.
 "Thy *father* is the prey of worms—
 His life-blood stains my blade—
 Thy city is one mighty bier
 On which her sons are laid.
 "Thy *home*—earth doth not hold a spot
 Loathsome enough for *thee*,
 And one long life of bitter woe—
 Of torture—agonies—
 "Were all too blissful for thy lot
 And shall I let thee live,
 When anguish, such as thou should'st feel
 This world can never give?
 "But I have not discharged the debt,
 From Sabines due to thee—
 Warriors! on your left arms you bear
 The price of treachery."
 He threw to her the bribe for which
 Imperial Rome was lost,
 And then upon the traitoress
 His heavy shield he tossed.
 She fell beneath it with one shriek,
 One agonizing moan,
 While fast the weighty shields were piled
 And golden bracelets thrown.
 Buried beneath her infamy,
 Crushed 'neath her weight of guilt,
 Her ignominious monument
 Of her reward was built.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

THE FATE OF THE GIFTED.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

THE sun was just setting when Proctor, a student of painting in the Royal Academy, went forth from his studio to inhale the fresh air. He was pale and evidently fatigued by his incessant toil for several days past; but the expression of his countenance was one of triumph. He had just completed his model of the group of "Diomedes torn in pieces by his own horses."

"To-morrow," said he to his friend Clifton, as they strolled together along the crowded streets, "to-morrow I shall astonish the umpires of the exhibition with a piece such as they hardly expect from me. Ha! what think you our good President will say to Diomedes?"

"What can he say," replied his friend, "but that you have surpassed yourself? Yet be not too confident. The prize is not always to the best runner."

"I am not wont to be too sanguine," said Proctor, with some degree of pride in his manner. "I did not count much on my Ixion, which you know they so highly approved, and which brought me a pretty sum. But on the piece I send to-morrow I have laid out my best exertions. It has cost me many a wakeful night, and toilsome day, and now finished, it embodies my happiest conception. I am not too vain, George, in trusting that the high road to fortune is now open before me. And then—hey for Florence and Rome!"

"I respect your enthusiasm," said his friend, "in the pursuit of honourable distinction. When free to act, such ambition is unquestionably the test of genius bestowed to illuminate and instruct mankind. But necessity may sometimes chain down the reluctant spirit. Then—when the inspiring call of ambition can no longer be obeyed—it is a hard task, but one worthy a philosopher, to keep alive the desire after excellence. I hope you will never, in any circumstances, suffer that lofty feeling to expire in your bosom."

"You fear I may forfeit my title to praise should it be denied me," said Proctor.

"No, no! your powers cannot sink into inaction, but they may assume a savage, not a benevolent attitude; may dictate, rather than persuade—may deter, rather than invite. Urged by opposition into contest, you are in danger of listening to the impulses of irritated feeling—of deriding or abusing what nature formed you to admire—of subverting what you cannot improve."

"Trust me, George!" said Proctor.

"I will—I do!" cried Clifton, grasping his hand. And the friends changed their conversation.

A few days after, Proctor and his friend were together in his studio, and before them stood the group of Diomedes and his horses. The work had obtained at the exhibition a degree of admiration far surpassing that which had been in former years bestowed upon other productions of the artist. It had been pronounced masterly—but it had found no purchaser. Proctor had impoverished himself to com-

plete it suitably to the grandeur of his design; now it was returned to him with empty praise. The youth's countenance wore an expression of chagrin and bitterness it is impossible to describe. His friend was repeating the encomiums passed upon the work; its author's powers having been compared to those of Michael Angelo. He was pronounced inferior to Phidias alone.

"Yet no liberal patron could be found to help the beggarly artist to a meal, in return for the toil that afforded them so much pleasure!" cried Proctor, bitterly.

"Have patience!" suggested his friend; "the public may not always be ungrateful."

"I thank the public, who will let me starve on the hope of their remembrance!" cried the heart-stung sculptor. "No, no! I may sink into poverty—into debasement; I may become a pensioner on the charity of the public—but *this* shall not remain to show to gaping fools when I am dead, what I might have been! See," added he, scornfully, "I am more generous than my patrons, I destroy from the face of earth what might hereafter be a shame and reproach to them!"

So saying, he dashed his model furiously to the ground. It broke into a thousand pieces;—he spurned the fragments with his foot—and then became calm again.

Passing from one extreme of feeling to another, Proctor now abandoned himself to inactivity, and appeared no more at the house of the President, where he had before been a frequent and honoured guest. He shunned all his acquaintances, even Clifton, as much as possible; being seldom seen, and then always meanly dressed, and in deep dejection. Some friends who admired his genius, and compassionated the morbid sensibility which had made him feel neglect so acutely, took pains to ascertain his condition. They found he had taken lodgings in a garret in Clare market, at sixpence a night; and that he supported life on a few dried biscuits a day, drinking from a neighbouring pump, and wandering frequently, no one knew whither. A report of this state of things was carried to the Council of the Royal Academy, and Mr. West, the President, having proposed the consideration of some measures for his relief, it was moved and carried that he should be sent to Italy by the Academy, being allowed the usual pension; and that fifty pounds should be given him to make preparation for his journey. His friend Clifton was commissioned to invite him to dinner on an appointed day, at the house of his kind protector.

Clifton was grieved to find his unhappy friend had suffered more than even he had feared from the effect of his disappointment. He prevailed on him with difficulty to accept the President's invitation—not yet communicating the good news, as his benefactor wished to enjoy his surprise.

It was indeed a lifting up from the depth of despair to the summit of hope. Proctor listened in deep

agitation to the announcement of the resolution in his favour. It was settled that he should immediately prepare for his journey in company with the President's son. The day was named, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and joy, Proctor took his leave.

But the revulsion of feeling proved too much for his exhausted frame and broken spirit. The next morning found him in a paroxysm of raging fever. Through his illness Clifton watched devotedly by his side, having taken lodgings in the same house, and strove to tranquillize the patient's continual ferment of

mind. Alas! the powerful spirit reawakened to energy, seemed literally to prey upon the enfeebled body.

A week after, Clifton's name was announced at an early hour, at the house of Mr. West. The door of the great painter's study was eagerly thrown open; the visitor was seen coming slowly along the gallery, with tearful eyes, and a face full of sorrow. Proctor had died that morning.

Thus perished, in the blossom of his genius, a victim of neglect, and of a too ardent imagination, an artist who, with proper cultivation, might have become the Canova of Great Britain.

[The following poem, just received from a friend across the Atlantic, written by a young English poetess, will not, I hope, prove unacceptable to the Editors of the Lady's Book.—* * * * *]

For the Lady's Book.

WASHINGTON.

BY MISS ELIZA COOKE.

LAND of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page;
Let all the blasts of Fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far,
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star,
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart,
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won—
Land of the West, it stands alone—it is thy Washington.

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath:
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death!
France had its Eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore,
Those hero gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves,
Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal to make a world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on,
Oh! where shall be their glory by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend;
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—sword to sword.
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate, no burst of despot rage;
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington,

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links when he had broke the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down,
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown;
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask her Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine—my loved, my native earth;
The land that holds a mother's grave and gave that mother birth,
Oh! keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath, that sighed, "Farewell for ever more!"
But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song to tell;
Away, thou gallant ship! I'd cry, and bear me swiftly on,
But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington!

London, 1839.

Written for the Lady's Book.

ADVICE-GIVING.

BY MRS. VOLNEY E. HOWARD.

"Mr dear Mrs. Willet! do give me your advice?" cried pretty Mrs. Copeland, as she ran into her friend's drawing room, with the privileged air of an established favourite; "I have just received this card of invitation from Mrs. Cummings; I am aware that every body don't visit her, yet a great many quite respectable people do, and uphold her by their presence at her parties, which I am told are quite delightful; now—you know Edward well, and I want you to advise me what to do about going—I don't see why he should care about it—do you?"

"Why do you not ask him?" said Mrs. Willet, smiling.

"Oh, I can't—he is not at home, nor will he return till the very day of the party, if he does then—so do advise me what to do. Shall I venture?" cried the little beauty, busying herself in pulling over her friend's work basket.

"Any thing I can do for you, my dear, I will do cheerfully," said Mrs. Willet, "except giving advice. I have 'an oath—an oath in heaven,' against advising any one."

"But I really want your advice; now if I go, I must purchase an elegant dress, and have it made up immediately, and then if Edward should object to my going! Oh, if you will but advise me I shall be so obliged!" responded Mrs. Copeland.

"Aye—so I have been told an hundred times! But sit down a minute, and I will endeavour to recal for your edification a few of my sad experiences in the way of advising people. The reminiscences crowd upon my mind so thickly, that I scarcely know what examples to choose, but this very pin-cushion which I am sewing, reminds me of one instance. You have seen Mrs. Chapman: I once happened to go on a shopping expedition with her, she was making various purchases, and at last cheapened a piece of silk very much like *this* in hue and figure. I thought it very pretty, and told her I believed it would not fray or fade, and as she admired it very much she purchased it. Unlucky the day when I first set eyes on it! I never afterward met Mrs. Chapman without some allusion being made to that dress; sometimes it was—don't I look horridly to-day? but purple is very unbecoming to me; some people in recommending things never think of other people's complexions! or 'you see I have got this horrid silk yet; well, to be sure, it *don't* fade—I wish it *would*, it *might* look a little delicate then!' next, 'well, I never was so tired of any thing as I am of that gown you advised me to buy! I believe the ugly thing never will wear out!'

"Why don't you give it away?" said I, when the complaint had been iterated a dozen times, at least.

"Oh! I am not able to give away good dresses because they are ugly. Other folks may be able to afford it, but I am not so lucky!" would she exclaim.

"At another time, a young friend was addressed by two gentlemen with both of whom I was well acquainted. One of them was amiable, well principled, and prudent, with every prospect of doing well in the world, while I knew the other to be a reckless pro-

fligate, with talents and property, but of a temper and habits much to be dreaded. Louisa, as I then thought, most providentially, seemed much more inclined to admire the amiable Mr. Jones than the gay Mr. Hallet, although as she is a woman whose attachments are not very strong, circumstances or persuasion might have inclined the balance to the other side. As my advice was most earnestly requested, I did not scruple to give my vote in favour of Mr. Jones, and as her own fancy coincided with my advice, she became his wife, and in my opinion a very happy woman.

"By a series of fortunate chances, crowning some desperate adventures with a success they by no means deserved, Mr. Hallet became a rich man, and as success is with the crowd the test of merit, received the name of a very smart man. He obtained the hand of a lovely girl, an old friend of Louisa, whose better judgment was dazzled by his talents and splendid property, and the style in which they lived occasioned no little vexation to Mrs. Jones. It is true that Mrs. Hallet's cheek grew pale, that she lost her gaiety, and that her voice was heard no more in song or laughter; it is true, it was whispered that her life was far from happy, yet, as she dressed elegantly, and rode in a richly ornamented carriage, Mrs. Hallet was called a lucky woman. Never did I meet Mrs. Jones, without hearing some such speech as the following:

"Pray, did you see Mrs. Hallet's new carriage-horses? They are the most beautiful creatures I ever saw. She has two sets of horses, and I don't know how many sets of jewels. Well! they live in great style to be sure, but if it had not been for some of my friends' advice, Isabel Mason would never have rode in *that* carriage!"

"Perhaps it would be 'Have you been into Madame ———'s to-day? Mrs. Hallet has some most splendid dresses making there, I should feel rich with only one of them, and she has three, besides some made a month or two since! Well! to be sure I am very happy with Mr. Jones, he is one of the best husbands in the world, as far as he can; but I must own it provokes me to see Mrs. Hallet driving about in her splendid barouche, while I am walking, or what is as bad, in a hack, when I know—but all that is over now, only I do think folks ought to be careful how they undertake to advise young girls about marriage."

"Mrs. Jones would not have changed her fine baby for the childless Mrs. Hallet's diamonds, or her kind and attentive husband for the cold and sarcastic husband of her friend, but because she could not have diamonds too, I was somehow to blame; but I never could reconcile her love for her husband, with her perpetual repinings that she did not choose another lot.

"I will give you a third instance. 'My dear madam,' cried young Mrs. Stayforth, running into my room, which was next her own in the boarding house, 'Mrs. Williamson is in my room, she is going to a ball to-night, and wishes to borrow my beautiful

new cape. She happened to be in the store when I bought it, so she knows I have it; you know her better than I do, pray advise me; will she be careful of it? I would not have it hurt for any thing.'

"I cannot pretend to advise you," said I, 'but of the many articles which I have loaned to Mrs. Williamson, not one was returned uninjured, and I certainly will not lend her mine, which is of the same value of yours.'

"Well! I won't lend it then; I did not want to lend it, but did not know what to do; I am so glad I asked your advice! She is as well able to purchase one as I am,' cried she, as she left the room, and I, satisfied that I had done a friendly action to Mrs. Stayforth, thought no more of it.

"Mrs. Williamson was a woman whose passion for dress and fashion was unbounded, while her circumstances prevented her indulging it to the extent she desired. Distantly connected with several patrician families, she prevented the relationship from being forgotten by her undaunted assurance. Her husband was a man whose situation and character forbade her being entirely overlooked, and her venomous tongue made many dread to provoke her by omitting to invite her family to their public entertainments, though she was never admitted to their more private parties. She was invulnerable to all hints, cold looks, or covert slights; like a brazen statue she beheld those arrows fall harmless at her feet, and finally succeeded in establishing herself in a certain approximation to the first circles that enabled her to shine a reflected radiance on those beneath her. Envied by those of her old acquaintance who were as ambitious as herself, without her talents for pushing; laughed at and despised by those into whose society she had forced herself, she felt it necessary to dress and *fete* more extravagantly than those whose gentility rested on firmer foundations. Her husband's income, though stretched and economized to the utmost, would admit but few of these extravagances, and there was no act of meanness to which she would not stoop, to decorate her person or supply her table.

"Alas for my advice! Not long after the incident I mentioned, Mrs. Williamson, by means of a fortunate bet which she had gained, was enabled to give a party to which she invited some foreigners of distinction, but to which Mrs. Stayforth was not invited. As soon as I became aware of this, I began to tremble for the consequences, and retiring to my room, determined to ensconce myself there till the storm blew over. In vain; immediately after tea, I heard a tap at my door, and as my boding heart anticipated it was Mrs. Stayforth.

"Well!" said she, after seating herself comfortably, 'I have come to spend the evening with you: I feel quite lonely as Mrs. Smith and Miss Lincoln are going to Mrs. Williamson's party!' After a pause, she resumed, "Did you ever see the celebrated Mr. _____? I would give any thing to see him, but I suppose I never shall. Did you know that he is to be at Mrs. Williamson's party to-night?—Oh yes—and so is Mr. _____, and ever so many of the first people! Well! I don't wonder that she did not invite me, since I was so ill-natured to her about my cape; I'm sure I had rather have given it to her than have missed this party. It will be a lesson to me in future to do as I think right, without minding other people.'

"I ventured to hint that she might not have received a card even if she had loaned her cape, as Mrs. Williamson, when she *did* give a party, was noted for inviting only those whose notice she regarded as adding to her consequence, or to whose parties she expected to be invited in return. The idea was scouted.

"Oh dear! Mrs. Williamson was always so polite to her, till she was so mean about the cape! but it was no use talking about it.' Thus she rang the changes on this disagreeable theme the whole evening, never directly accusing me, but constantly letting me know how excessively disagreeable were the consequences of my advice! During the whole of our future residence under the same roof, not a day passed without some mention of her disappointment, and I had good reason to believe that in her eagerness to regain the favour of Mrs. Williamson, she threw the blame on my shoulders, for Mrs. Williamson suddenly left off speaking to me when we met, and though I neither loved nor esteemed her, I had no desire to make her my enemy.

"As Southey says, 'Mysteriously the hand of heaven worked out its hidden way,' actions the most trivial, apparently the most unimportant, have often a most singular influence upon our future lives. Trace back the most important incidents of our lives to their secret sources, and say 'if I had not gone there or done this, or if I had not gone there and didn't do so and so, this would not have happened;' and you will often find what a trifle has affected your most important interests. For instance, I could prove to you that dressing a doll fashionably for your little cousin, was the remote occasion of your marrying Mr. Copeland."

"How? my dear Mrs. Willet."

"I will tell you; I remarked the circumstances at the time; you were visiting me, you know. To dress the doll handsomely you needed a piece of pink silk, and determined to go to the milliner's to procure some. Despite the slippery state of the street, you persevered as you had an opportunity of sending it the next morning, and thought it would give so much pleasure to your little sick cousin. In returning, you slipped and sprained your ankle, which was the reason you did not go to a ball which you had promised to attend, and passed instead, a quiet evening with me. Had you been at the ball, you would in all probability, have never seen Mr. Copeland, who just called to see me previous to starting the next morning for the West, to which you are so soon to go. You know that after making your acquaintance, he suddenly discovered that it would be better to stay and 'wind up his business;' the rest you know.

"But apart from all that may look like levity, I will give you one piece of advice for general use; to govern your conduct throughout life. Do always that which is *right*, in preference to that which may *appear* more pleasing. Never do that of which you doubt the propriety, or the approval of your best friends, and never blame those of whom you have asked advice, when they have given it to you to the best of their ability. You are not bound to follow the advice given, unless your own judgment approves it; should the result prove unpleasant, it is as much the fault of your own judgment as that of your adviser. Though we can see the consequences of what we *have done*, we can seldom know what would have been the consequences of what we did not do."

Written for the Lady's Book.

MY FATHER.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

SHALL we not render thanks for him,
 Whose sorrows all are o'er?
 Whose footsteps leave the storm-wash'd sands
 Of this terrestrial shore?
 Who to the garner of the blest,
 In yon immortal land,
 Was gather'd as the ripen'd sheaf
 Doth court the reaper's hand.

Yet precious was that reverend man,
 And to his arm I clung,
 'Till more than fourscore weary years
 Their shadows o'er him flung—
 Not lonely or unlov'd he dwelt,
 Though earliest friends had fled,
 For sweet affections sprang anow,
 When older roots were dead.

There lies the Holy Book of God,
 His oracle, and guide,
 Where last my children read to him,
 The page still open wide;
 Yet where he bent to hear their voice
 Is but a vacant chair,
 A lone staff standing by its side—
 They call—he is not there.

He is not there, my little ones!—
 So suddenly he fled,
 They cannot bring it to their minds
 That he is of the dead;
 Yet oft the hymns he sang with them,
 So tunefully and slow,
 Shall wake sad echo in their souls,
 Like parting tones of woe.

There was his favourite noon-day seat,
 Beneath yon trellis'd vine,
 To mark the embryo clusters swell,
 The aspiring tendrils twine;
 Or lightly leaning on his staff,
 With vigorous step he went,
 A little way among the flowers,
 With morning dews bespent.

How dear was every rising sun
 That cloudless met his eye,
 And nightly how his grateful prayer
 Rose upward, warm and high;
 For freely to his God, he gave,
 The blossom of his prime,
 So, He forgot him not, amid
 The water-floods of time.

The cherish'd memories of the past,
 How strong they burn'd, and clear,
 Prompting the tale, the listening boy
 Still held his breath to hear,
 How a young cradled nation woke,
 To grasp the glittering brand,
 And strangely raise the half-knit arm
 To brave the mother-land.

Those stormy days!—those stormy days!
 When with a fearful cry,
 The blood-stain'd earth at Lexington
 Invok'd the avenging sky;

When in the scarce-drawn furrow
 The farmer's plough was staid,
 And for the gardener's pruning-hook
 Sprang forth the warrior's blade.

The glorious deeds of Washington—
 The chiefs of other days!
 Another lip is silent now,
 That us'd to speak their praise:
 Another link is stricken
 From the living chain that bound
 The legends of an ancient race
 Our thrilling hearts around.

We gaze on where the patriarchs stood,
 In ripen'd virtue strong,
 How shall we dare to fill the place
 That they have fill'd so long?
 How, on the bosoms of our race
 Enforce the truths they breath'd,
 Or wear the mantle of the skies
 That they to us bequeath'd?

And ah! to think that breast is cold,
 Whose sympathetic tone
 Responded to my joys and woes,
 As though they were its own:—
 To know the prayer that was my guard,
 My pilot o'er the sea,
 Must never, in this vale of tears
 Be lifted more for me.

There was no frost upon his hair,
 No anguish on his brow,
 Those bright, brown locks, my pride and care,
 Methinks, I see them now—
 Methinks, that beaming smile I see,
 In love and patience sweet,
 Oh father! must that smile no more
 My entering footsteps greet?

Yet wrong we not that messenger
 Who gathereth back the breath,
 Calling him, ruthless spoiler, stern,
 And fell destroyer, death?
 His touch was like the angel's
 Who comes at close of day,
 To lull the willing flowers asleep
 Until the morning ray.

And so they laid the righteous man
 'Neath the green turf to rest,
 And blessed were the words of prayer
 That fell upon his breast;
 For sure it were an ingrate's deed
 To murmur or repine,
 That such a life, my sire was clos'd
 By such a death as thine.

But thou, our God, who know'st our frame,
 Whose shield is o'er us spread,
 When every idol of our love
 Is desolate and dead;
 Father and mother may forsake,
 Yet be Thou still our trust,
 And let thy chastenings cleanse the soul
 From vanity and dust.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE CRIPPLE'S DREAM.

A LEGEND OF THE FIFTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRIAM," &c.

As the youth sat resting his distorted foot on its accustomed cushion, with every-day objects about him, and the familiar faces of the venerable Herocles and gentle Ianthe by his side, he felt that the emotions had fled with which he had listened to the predictions of a being, most august in appearance and pretensions, on the lonely seashore and under the gathering shadows of twilight. Aware that he could not transport his hearers back to the spot where his own blood had been chilled with a superstitious awe, he shrank from repeating what would be heard with feelings so different from his own. It was not till the old man again passed his hand over his dark curls, saying in a tone of encouraging kindness—"Tell us all, Reuben!"—that the stripling dared proceed. When age is neither harsh nor unreasonable, and youth is open and confiding, how much mischief may be nipped in the bud! how may the very beginnings of evil be tenderly removed without inflicting a wound on the heart where as yet they have taken no root! "Tell us all!"—Were that injunction obeyed, how often might parents fondly lead back unsuspecting youth from paths where temptation lies in ambush, and sin prepares her pitfalls!—Reuben did tell all, though the downcast eyes of the old man spoke a grave disapprobation; and he marked Ianthe shudder as he repeated the prophet's expression—"That shrunken foot shall rest on the Christian's neck."

But his ingenuousness had not yet been put to its full test. When his narrative was ended, Ianthe sat silent, as if conscious that the affair was too serious for comment of her's, and looked anxiously at her father. Herocles too mused a few moments, and then asked—"Why didst thou wish to see this man?" Reuben was confused. "I scarce know;" was his low reply. "It might have been an impulse of boyish curiosity," continued Herocles; "but now thou hast seen him and heard him too, what dost thou think of him? Is he an impostor—a madman—or is he a prophet?"—Again Reuben hesitated, and coloured deeply; and after surveying him a few moments earnestly, Herocles resumed: "There is then a shadow of doubt and uncertainty upon thy mind?—Nay, Ianthe, do not clasp thy hands and bend thine eyes upon him with such sorrowful surprise. A calm investigation alone can draw the truth from a perplexed spirit. Let him speak freely to us, as he hath done, ever since his tongue first lisped." "I will, father!" exclaimed Reuben with energy, "for you are to me all that a father could be. I will tell you the whole truth. I longed to see him, partly, as you say, from idle curiosity; I heard men and boys talk much of him in our streets; and they told many marvels of his eloquent discourse which stirred up multitudes to follow him; and of the wonders that he wrought. Then, too, I have listened of late, until my heart throbbed, as Zillah the beautiful Jewess talked of the former glories of her nation: how could I help remembering that her nation was my nation? that a

scroll found on the forehead of the poor foundling Reuben declared him a Hebrew, and that my face confirms it? Once, too, as Zillah looked on me with her dark sad eyes, I heard her say—"His parents would have joyed in him, but who—who are his parents?" Alas! how often since, as I have sat alone, that question hath sounded in mine ears and been echoed from my heart!—"Who are his parents?" Father, you know that I love you, but must I not sometimes yearn to know those whom God made my own real parents? Can I help pining to ask why they cast me off ere I had words to sue for love, or a memory in which to treasure their faces? Is it wrong?"

He looked at Herocles and Ianthe with such a mournful earnestness that they could not answer him, and he went on. "Then, too, I am not as other boys; they go leaping forth joyfully to their sports, while I lay this distorted limb and feeble frame apart in some nook, and as I watch their active games, and listen to their merry voices, my thoughts wander away, I know not where. Yet often are my dreams rudely broken; Christian boys scoff at me and tell me I was born a Jew; and Jewish boys go bounding past me with scornful glances because I have been bred a Christian; and my soul is often troubled by day and by night. So hath it been with me, father; and when I saw that Zillah believed this man a great prophet, it moved me to seek him. It seemed to me that if he were God's messenger, he might bring truth to my mind and peace to my heart." "And hath it been so, Reuben? hath thy soul been at peace since he talked with thee by the seashore?"—"Oh no!"—"Did he say aught that might make thee a better man?"—"No, father, no." "Did he tell thee aught of thy past lot which hath hitherto been known to God alone?"—"Nay, father, he spake only of those things to which our friends and neighbours have all been privy. The whole town knows that Herocles the rich Christian found me a deserted infant at his gate, and that from that hour"—his voice was choked for an instant, but he went on—"from that hour I have had a home and a father."—"Did he prophesy aught of thy future destiny which lieth not within the reach of thine own efforts?" Reuben paused; "I know not; he told me I should be rich and great, but I covet not such a lot."—"Thou dost not yet, my son; but if thou shouldst believe him, wouldst not the thought dwell much in thy mind? Wouldst thou not begin to long for the predicted splendours? Wouldst thou not at last venture a struggle for what thou hadst begun to covet? Then would ambition aid in the fulfilment of that very prophecy which called it into being. My child, dost thou not see that the tempter, the crafty one, hath been with thee? that he who would kindle the fires of worldly passions in thy young heart cannot be a messenger from the pure God? He said thou wouldst become a Jew; did he tell thee how, or why? did he utter one word to *prove* the faith of the

Christian false? did he not trust that superstitious credulity would check thy researches after truth, and that while thou shouldst labour under an awful impression that thy destiny was fixed, his words would work out their own accomplishment by a secret influence on thy actions? He hath insulted thy understanding by appealing solely to thy imagination. So doth not the true Master. My son, hear this man, if thou wilt; study him, the more closely the better; imposture bears no near approach. But with him study the written records of the perfect teacher, even Jesus of Nazareth. Compare the life, the actions, the teachings of both; then tell me which came from God. Thou art no longer a child, even in years; and amid the infirmities of the body, thy mind hath ripened fast. In thine hours of calmness and solitude, read those simple records with care—and never, whether the down be on thy cheek, or the silver beard descend on thy breast, wilt thou rise up in the synagogue and call thyself a Jew!"

Heracles rose as he uttered these words with fervour, and laying both hands on the head of Reuben, with a benediction, he passed from the apartment. Ianthe lingered, gazing wistfully on the boy, as he stood with his eyes fixed on the matted floor. Discreet as she was zealous, she felt that a single injudicious word at this moment might do harm; that an unskilful touch on the harp of many strings, when so highly tuned, might for ever mar some of its sweetest chords. But as she paused under the soft light of the alabaster lamp suspended from the ceiling, her whole soul looking out from her face with the expression of a guardian angel who beholds his charge threatened with danger, Reuben raised his eyes, and exclaimed, "Fear not, sister!"—"Wilt thou heed our father's injunction?"—"I will indeed; this very night will I again peruse the life of Jesus Christ as if I had never seen it before. I will read as for life."—A bright flush of joy passed over her face as she glided silently away; and as the sound of wooden bolts without told that the slaves were closing the house for the night, Reuben retired to his lonely chamber, to fulfil his promise in the stillness of midnight.

Comparatively fresh from the hands of the simple men who wrote them, the various portions of the New Testament had already been framed into a volume by the fathers of the church; and it had become what it has been for ages, the fountain of truth and virtue. The mists of centuries had not yet gathered thick over it; the true meaning shone out bright and unimpaired from every line of the gospels upon the youthful student. The manners they painted had not passed away; an oriental clime glowed around him, as around the beings of whom he read: many of the trees and plants, the garments, the diseases, the superstitions, the customs, the very phrases of every day use, which gave reality to the sketches, were familiar to him. His mind dreamed not of obscurities, and still more perplexing elucidations; the voices of Christians wrangling over disputed passages had never reached the ear of the recluse invalid; and what wonder if reading with new, intense, impartial interest, reading, as he said, "for life"—he studied till he felt conviction stealing over his mind, and glowing in his heart! And in spite of all that time and man's devices have done, have not those wonderful annals still the same power over him, who reads in such a spirit?

The stars were growing pale in the eastern sky, when Reuben rose with a glowing cheek and brightened eye; and reverently laying aside the parchments on which the narratives of the Evangelists were traced in a beautiful Greek character, he cast himself on his knees. The most susceptible thing on earth is the conscience of the virtuous; and those whose errors are fewest are often the readiest to reproach themselves. In silence the tear of penitence rolled down his cheek as he revolved his meditated wandering from the Shepherd, the recital of whose holy life and cruel death had just thrilled him with love and pity; and in silence rose the aspirations of his grateful heart.

When the young watcher at last laid his head upon the pillow, the scenes in which his fancy had just mingled, again rolled before him; but more and more confusedly as thought dissolved into dream. He saw floating before him the dark barren mountains of Judea, the blue sea of Galilee, the solitary well of Sychar under a noonday sun; he saw many human forms acting over, in strange confusion, things of which he had read; but in every groupe, one figure which he longed to behold was still wanting. At last he found himself hurried on amid a throng of figures, where the strong and the feeble, the healthy and the diseased, were jostled tumultuously together. The vigorous were bearing those whose wan cheeks, sunken eyes, and listless limbs, told of the weary sick bed whence they had been taken. Vacant or wondering eyes looked out from curtained litters that were carried past him; the blind touched him with outstretched hands as they groped along; the deaf and dumb gibbered in his ear with uncouth struggling sounds and rapid gestures; a glaring maniac broke from the grasp of two strong men, and rushed by him, rending his garments and uttering fearful howls; while afar off under a cyprus tree stood the horrid leper, from whom all men turned away shuddering. Towards one spot pressed the ghastly multitude; every eye, that had sense in it, turned in one direction; and presently there was a halt—a dead stillness. The crowd surged to and fro; it divided; and a majestic figure advanced; yet even now he could not discern its features, so strong was the spell cast by his waking reverence over his sleeping vision. It paused beside a litter; he heard a cry from those about it, and saw the bony cheek and dim eye of the man who lay within, utterly changed as he rose and sat upright. The form came nearer; and the blind man, who stood at his side, started back and clasped his hands before his eyes with a loud exclamation, as if the dazzling heavens and earth had suddenly opened upon them. And now Reuben felt that his own turn had come, that a look of superhuman sweetness and penetration rested upon him, that an outstretched hand almost touched his breast. His heart beat violently; faith, hope, love tempered with awe agitated his whole frame; and as if in response to his unuttered prayer, he felt the miraculous power rush through his system. The foot that had never touched the green sod "was whole;" the distorted limb assumed its fair proportions; the shrunken sole was involuntarily pressed with a firm and elastic tread on the earth, and the useless crutch fell from his grasp. The surrounding objects wavered and flickered; in a rapture of gratitude and joy he clasped his hands—and awoke!

Who can tell the bitterness of disappointment with

which he murmured—"was it only a dream?" But Reuben's character was of a texture so susceptible to all good impressions, that even the wild and wandering fancies of a dream, when capable of yielding a spiritual blessing, were not lost upon him. For a time indeed he wept, in the weakness of human nature; then he again remembered the uses of prayer, and it brought what it never can fail to bring, a spirit of resignation. As he afterwards lay calmly musing, he felt that never from that night should he peruse the account of his Saviour's miracles, and read the simple words—"great multitudes followed him there, and he healed them," without a most vivid and thrill-

ling conception of the scene; and a corresponding admiration of the beautiful ministry of Christ. How many thousands read that same brief phrase, with but a vague image of all that it discloses!

He did not fail, too, to realize how much the moral deliverance he had that night experienced was more precious than restoration from any physical infirmity whatever; and that marvellous as were the God-attesting miracles of Him who once walked the earth with power to cure the body's worst maladies, far more blessed was the influence left behind him—able, age after age, to pour balm on the wounded spirit and cure the yet more fatal diseases of the soul.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS.

BY T. H. CUSHMAN.

The trump and the banner still lead him afar—
Ambition, alone, seems his life-guiding star.
And tones that I loved as the music of song,
Now only to dreams and remembrance belong.

And while woodlands brighten, too soon to decay,
And flowers are passing like spirits away,
I can but half liken their fate to my own,
And think that hope, gladness, like them may be strown.

Ah! can all the joys that so long I have felt,
Like mists from the mount, into nothingness melt?
The last look at parting, its sorrow divine—
Can it fade from his bosom and cling but to mine?

Be still my sad heart—he yet will return,
And love's brightest torch more brightly shall burn,
And thou, my young blossom! smile on in thy glee,
No thought would I mingle of sadness with thee.

Yes! smile—and its rapture my heart shall renew,
I'll read in thy glance that the absent is true;
He called me his ever, his lip on my brow,
I trusted then fondly—I'll doubt him not now!

And though founts of feeling may close not at will;
His mem'ry returns to my heart with a thrill,
And let still for ever grief's fountain awake—
I well could bear madness, if borne for his sake.

Written for the Lady's Book.

EOLINE; OR THE WIND-SPIRIT.

BY CHARLES BEECHER.

CHAPTER I.

Uron the Rhine in one of the most romantic parts of Germany, lived once a youth who had a desire to become a great musician. His father was the village blacksmith, of skill in his craft, and known even to the neighbouring metropolis for his art in shoeing horses. And the ring of the old man's hammer, to which he whistled a lively accompaniment, was all day long heard from his shop at the foot of the hill; and the smoke from his forge curled up the side of the hill among the trees, and the furnace-fire gleamed across the still waters of the river even till after night-fall. But Karl was not like his industrious father, nor like his quiet mother, nor like any of his brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, nor like any boys in the village. His mother used to say she knew not what to make of him. As for his father, after vainly trying to make him a blacksmith, he called him (more in sorrow than in anger) a drone, and went on ham-

moring at his anvil and whistling, leaving Karl to take care of himself. This he did by wandering over the wild country, listening to the legendary lore of the peasantry, and often being gone for days together carrying sometimes a supply of provisions, at others trusting to his own skill in woodcraft, and the hospitality of the cottagers. Occasionally forcing his skiff far up the Rhine, he left it to float back again by day or by night, while he lay looking at the shores, at the skies, or at the celestial underworld in the waters, and thinking of nothing at all—at least nobody can say of what he thought. He was luxuriating in the sense of being and dreams of beauty ere yet the voices of passion had waked him.

As to his conversation, it was admitted to be quite stupid; for the little that he said was generally disconnected and unintelligible. "Alas," thought his parents, "his wits and his feet are equally wandering!"

This youth, as I have said, formed the resolution of becoming a great musician. How he came by such an idea nobody knows—because nobody knows what beings, human, divine, or infernal he met in his wanderings, or what communion he held with them. What is certain is, that one evening after a three days' navigation of the Rhine, he came home bringing music, and an old violin, whereupon he set himself to practice so diligently that many people declared that he neither ate nor slept—or hinted that when he did sleep, he hired some imp to keep his bow a-wagging. No more excursions—no more Rhine voyages—he stuck to his attic and became speedily a most intolerable nuisance to his good old parents.

"I would not be such a drone as thou for all the world," said the old man to him when he sat resting a moment one noon in the shade of a huge beech tree. "Thou makest noises that have no more music in them than my old bellows. Why if thou must fiddle, doest thou not learn a waltz or jig, of Hans the blind fiddler, and make us dance a merry measure, not sit there tweedling from the gutturals into those everlasting sky-flourishes."

"Yes!" said his good old mother, looking over her knitting, "and not worry my head off by thy hurry-pi-goes, thy harmonics, thy trills an hour long, thy seventh position, and I know not what position! Heaven bless thee, thou'lt be a cripple for life, screwing thyself into so many horrid positions. One would think sometimes we had a monstrous humble-bee in the house, and at other times one would say that several cats were fighting each other's eyes out."

Poor Karl! What said he to all this, and to similar daily tirades? He shrugged his shoulders, muttered something about "struggling genius," and crept back to his attic. There seated upon a rickety stool, before some impracticable combination of scientific difficulties, with a sad look, he toiled on.

Thus passed several years, and Karl having pursued his purpose steadily though not silently, resolved all at once, to go to the city and signalize himself by performing in a manner unheard of.

According to his usual custom, saying nothing to any one, he left his home, and wending his way to the city, presented himself at the domicile of a celebrated musician. "What dost thou wish?" said the benevolent old man with a smile of encouragement, "Wilt thou study the violin? thou art welcome—I will teach thee." "I wish," said Karl abruptly, "to perform a concerto." "Indeed!" said the musician, eyeing him from head to foot: "So young—a concerto? why my boy—but hold, let us hear what one so young can do." Karl rehearsed a passage.—"Bravo! that will do—thou shalt have thy wish—thou hast studied, I see—thou hast genius—yes tomorrow night thou shalt have thy wish. And meanwhile, thou shalt be as mine own pupil, and as it is easy to see thou knowest not the world, call this thy home!"

Karl was apparently lost in a reverie; for without saying a word, he continued looking in the musician's face, and there was a tear in his eye as he said "Do you think I can play?" "Play!" said the other touched by his simple modesty, "Why my boy, we will make a Viotti of thee yet!" Karl knelt and kissed the hand held out to him, and went forth burdened with extacy. All that day and the next, he

wandered through that great city, yet scarcely seeing or hearing any thing. He was ever running against people, stumbling over bundles, getting in danger of the horses' feet, yet on he went, smiling and whispering.

As the evening drew nigh, just before dusk he came again into the room of the musician, who was talking with several composers and performers, concerning the extraordinary boy, his skill, and his sudden disappearance.

"Here he is now!" said the musician, turning round and putting on his cap which he held in his hand; "Why, we had well nigh gone to the theatre without thee. Come along there is no time to lose." Karl seized his violin, and surrounded by the musicians, every one gazing curiously on him, at length reached the theatre.

The novelty of the spectacle, the splendour of beauty, the enchantment of the gorgeous scene, together with the delicious harmonies of a powerful orchestra filled his soul with an exalted joy.

Presently the old musician beckoned, and trembling, Karl advanced to the centre of the stage. Why was that applause? Why were roses thrown at his feet? Was it that his extreme youth and timid beauty won the hearts his music should subjugate?

He seized his bow, and waked the slumbering harmonies of the instrument. The hushed audience remained breathless with surprise, as leaving quickly his uninspired theme, and dashing on in the exultation of the moment, he threw off a succession of variations wild and of a singular sweetness; ever increasing in intricacy as the excitement of his fancy increased. The orchestral performers dropped their instruments and rose to gaze; fair and beautiful faces from every side eagerly turned to him not unmoved by his strains. At length, his soul all kindled, and now for the first time realizing its own immortal power of passion and of conception, broke forth within him like a volcano, prompting him to heights to which his yet limited mechanical powers could not go. Tears were pouring from his own eyes; his bosom was heaving; and he launched forth into an attempt too, too difficult. He falters, hesitates, stops; recommences, grows indignant, frantic, but in vain. His hand, his bow no longer obey his soul. At once with a look of despair, he dashes his instrument upon the stage, tramples upon it, and with a single cry of agony rushes forth; and to him the bursts of applause from the enthusiastic audience are but mockery of the keen anguish of his soul.

CHAPTER II.

COME to the banks of the Rhine! Come visit at eventide the solitary retreat of the youthful musician.

Upon a beautiful knoll reaching forth clad with ancient trees and flowering vines into the midst of the stream which girt it about in its swift embrace, at the foot of a lofty hill stood an old cottage. Here in his former wanderings had Karl often received warm-hearted hospitality. Here, now that the former occupant had removed to another country, had Karl fixed his abode. A huge elm hung its weeping branches far above and around it; some of them trailing upon the bosom of the stream. When the evening rays streamed across the river through the wide casement, they lit with mellow radiance several

pictures, and himself a picture, the weary Karl recreating with his guitar after a day's toil at the violin.

Here he lived cut off from the world; alive only in the communion with the music of other days, and the music of nature. Here he was as quiet and contented as it was ever his nature to be, though he was often subject to moods of deep gloom, especially towards close of day. At length he constructed a large Eolian, and when the hour of weariness and despondency came, used to place it in the ample window, and ascending by steps which he had made into the old elm, sit till dark hearing the fitful harmonies, and imagining them the voices of unseen minstrels.

When night came darkling around, Karl would betake himself to rest, first devoutly praying to God as he had been taught in very infancy.

With earliest dawn he used to begin his tiresome unintermitted toil with the bow; and through the day expend soul and strength in the study of his instrument.

One evening, some years after the commencement of this life, Karl sat in the elm tree listening to the Eolian and combating the discontented feelings within him thus, "Surely God has been bountiful to me in giving such talents as I do possess, and what though my conceptions and my endeavours far transcend my actual powers.—Yet is not this the very life of genius? Is it not this which renders my endeavour unceasing, my courage invincible, my fame sure? Let me cease then to repine at my slow progress; let me reflect that if by years of suffering I can at length express to mankind that of divine harmony and love which is within me, I shall be indeed blessed. But yet, ah, I am alone! How I long for sympathy! How I yearn for a being with whom to commune! Is there neither of earth nor of air one that might come to answer me? Alas, from earth I shut myself out, and as to spirits—can I be credulous of the tales of my infancy? Would they were true!" Karl thus grew visionary, and yearned for the supernatural.

One night, as he lay asleep, he thought he saw a vision, as I shall relate. His Eolian (in his dream) lay upon the window-sill—he himself was resting upon his cot—it was evening, and he was about to arise and put his Eolian in the window, through which the soft moonlight was streaming, when a tone from one of its strings of peculiar sweetness arrested him. "How is this?" said he (in his dream) looking up, "I thought that the window—ha!—whence comes that wind? See that string vibrate!" A strange awe crept over him such as he had often heard described as foretelling the approach of supernatural visits; his eye was fixed upon the gleaming chord as it continued to give forth what in music is called its harmonic octave, in doing which, the centre of the string forms a point of rest, on each side of which the vibration is visible. Above the middle of the chord he saw a mist, which gradually formed itself into the appearance of a diminutive female resting the extremity of one foot upon the point of rest of the chord, with her arms floating in the air, and an ethereal robe falling from her shoulder to her knees. Her face was extremely delicate, and more beautiful than any thing human. Her eyes, with an intense indescribable expression, were fixed upon his so earnestly that his heart beat violently, and his breathing became almost lost with emotion. He tried to speak, but could not. The spirit stretched

her hand toward him, waved it thrice and smiled—the chord whereon she stood still giving out its thrilling music. At length her voice rose upon his ear like the faintest whisper of the wind, and all it seemed to say was "Eoline! Eoline!" When slowly the vision faded—the sound of the chord ceased, Karl awoke, and it was morning—and a breeze was sweeping across his Eolian which he had forgotten the evening before to remove. And as the murmuring harmonies rose and fell, he fancied he heard the whisper-like voice, "Eoline! Eoline!"

CHAPTER III.

Alas, what a weary day was this to Karl! For the first time he found himself utterly rebellious against his wonted toil. The violin was to him harsh and unmanageable. He spent all the morning in gazing upon his Eolian, or in ascending the elm-tree, or in wandering among the trees of the dark hill-side, and hearing in each breeze the name of Eoline.

A new power had arisen; no longer was his soul wholly obedient to the love of ideal perfection and of immortal fame. Love now spoke, and he felt within the intolerable cravings of vain desire. A desire not for something earthly, but for a certain exalted communion which he could not body to himself in words, which was as strange and high as his own soul's aspirations—as wild and beautiful as the vision of Eoline.

Late in the forenoon, while he was wandering and musing, a great storm arose, and the wind began to roar through the trees, the rain to descend in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning. Little mindful of this, but rather soothed than otherwise, by the music of the storm, Karl bent his steps to the river bank to look forth on its commotion. The waters were leaping about in the first fury of the wind. A small pleasure-boat from above came drifting towards the bank in spite of the efforts of the oarsmen to keep off. There were several persons therein, who looked upon the approaching shore with terror. The boat however struck safely—only emptying them all out among the shallow waves. The oarsmen pulling the boat ashore crept beneath it for shelter, while the others, conducted by Karl, entered the cottage. They were a monk from a neighbouring monastery, an old musician and his daughter, all three thoroughly drenched and shivering with cold—so that Karl busied himself with kindling a sprightly fire upon the hearth, when having contrived for the three, seats around the blaze, he began to scrutinize his unexpected visitors.

The monk was a benevolent looking old man whom he had never seen before. But the face of the other caused him to start, and a flood of painful recollections passed across him. It was the same who had accompanied him to the theatre. The girl was his only daughter.

The old musician did not recognize in the study-worn countenance of Karl, that blooming boy who had sought him radiant with hope and inexperience; so after a moment Karl regained self-possession. But there was one that knew him, though no sign escaped her. Bertha, the musician's daughter, had been present at his reception, long ago by her father. She had noted the inspiration of his face—the nobleness of his bearing—she had heard the wonder of her father and of his visitors at the skill of one so young—

she had been witness of his failure at the theatre—a failure which was in the apprehension of the wise a triumph—because it was the soul outdoing the feeble body; and since that she had dwelt upon his image in the deepest recesses of her heart.

After they had somewhat dried their dripping garments, and were warm, they began curiously to look around them, Karl as curiously watching what the old musician would do. Presently he rose, and without asking leave, seized the violin, and preluding awhile, played a piece descriptive of the storm, and of their fortunate deliverance. "Well, good youth," said he, looking round, "this is a noble violin of thine—this too is a pleasant home, a pleasant refuge in thy distress, may heaven fulfil to thee the grateful wishes of our hearts. But now pray let us hear thy skill who livest thus alone with thy music." Karl took the bow and played a gentle air—gradually his theme became sad, and spoke of the past. The old musician appeared astonished. "Surely," thought he, "I have heard this." The youth grew more warm in his reminiscences, and at length struck forth one brilliant morsel which flashed upon the delighted old man the whole truth. In an instant the youth was in his arms. "Karl! Karl my son! where hast thou been?" and with a moist eye the old man gazed in his face. Bertha also arose with a look of warm affection, and seizing his hand pressed it to her lips, and said, "My brother, wherefore didst thou leave us?" Then suddenly she resumed her seat blushing.

And now sitting they conversed long, and Karl related to them his history, his manner of life, and the vision of the past night. They were much surprised, and endeavoured to persuade him to return with them—since now the storm had cleared away, and they must proceed down the Rhine ere night closed upon them. "Come with us, Karl, my son, and thou shalt reign like a monarch in the hearts of all Germany, for thy soul is worthy." "And besides," said Bertha, "my brother Karl thou art lonesome here, and unhealthy thoughts and feverish imaginings rise upon thee." "Let the voices of thy friends prevail my son," said the monk. "Knowest thou not that these discontented thoughts, these unnatural longings of which thou tellest, these visions, and voices, are but the beginning of insanity engendered in thy brain by solitude and a too susceptible soul debarred from that communion with its fellows appointed by the good Creator? Come with us, and it shall be well with thee."

Karl steadily disregarded their entreaties, though had it not been for the vision of Eoline he might have yielded to the three—but when he thought of the aim he had set before himself, and felt how far he was from its accomplishment, how he had just begun to scale the barriers of mechanism, which kept him from the sunny land of musical perfection, when he heard once more in the breeze the whisper "Eoline," he felt that his destiny was fixed. "Bye and bye," said he, "I will come to your city and see you," and he went forth with them to the boat.

The monk placed his hand on Karl's head and blessed him, bidding him not to peril his soul by seeking prohibited communion. "Remember my son," said he in a tremulous accent, "Eternity is long!"

The old musician embraced him silently. But Bertha taking a ring from her finger placed it upon his, though as she was doing it a sudden blast struck

her almost into the water, had not Karl caught her in his arms. Then she said, "If ever I can serve thee, this ring is my pledge to be true." They then departed, and Karl remained musing. The beauty and evident affection of Bertha were sweet and soothing, but he was not now capable of satisfaction in gentle emotions; nothing but a high and transcendent state could now reach his desire. He quickly disregarded Bertha and thought only of Eoline. "O would she but come again!" said he, as he placed his Eolian in the window, and lay upon his cot trying long in vain to sleep, that he might again behold the expected vision. At length lulled by the murmuring of the many-voiced winds he fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

AGAIN the indistinct figure descended upon the chord, and smiled as she waved her hand toward him—and again the light of those eyes reached his heart. And now he became thoroughly convinced that though it was a vision, it was real, that the figure before him was a living being, and that his communion with her became possible only because his body was sleeping and his spirit disenthralled. He thought within himself "Now I shall in vain, since I am asleep, endeavour to speak aloud, but I will fix my mind upon her, and *will* my thoughts to become known to her—perchance it will avail." Thus then he willed to address her, "O most beautiful sprite, thou hast appeared to me in thy supernatural loveliness, either to afford me the bliss of such communion as I have hitherto pined for in vain, or to render me by regret ever after miserable. Tell me, what art thou, and why thou visitest me?" Then he thought, that while a flush faint as the first colour of dawn overspread her transparent cheek thus her wind-like voice sighed forth, "I am Eoline, daughter of the king of the winds. Thee have I seen many times as I flew across the blue sky, and lingered around thee, though thou knewest it not. Dost thou not remember the wind that drove thy bark to land when thou wast sinking on the lake? I was that wind. Hast thou not heard harmonies in the air, and in thy dreams? I was those harmonies—I was the blast which yesterday swept against the maiden whose ring thou receivedst."

Then did Karl reply in his thought, "Spiritual Eoline, must I then never see thee but in my dreams? must my days be the misery of vain desire?"

She replied, "Mortal, it is permitted me by the good God who rules the world of spirits in and out of the body, to assume mortality whenever one of thy race first shall consent with me to certain conditions."

"Name them—I am ready to obey thee in every word."

"The daughters of our race live in the clouds," said she, "and in the air about earth; wherever we will, we go at pleasure—we are insensible to external ill, we are immortal. Should one of us become mortal, she forfeits her freedom, is exposed to sickness and death, and her life never continues later than that of the being to whom she is joined. Upon him she may confer possession of any power his soul most covets—first warning him, that thereby he is exposed to some dreadful future calamity—of the approach of which she can never more than once give him intimation. The power is his till the day

of his death. But he acquires also the power of seeing all of our race, and we are multitudinous, whenever they choose to appear. Until to-morrow night reflect on what I have said, and if thou wilt undergo the ordeal, thou shalt."

Thrice again the airy vision waved her hands, bending forward and smiling as she stood upon the central point of the chord. Then growing pale, she vanished as before; the chord ceased to vibrate, Karl awoke, and it was morning; and as before he thought amid the plaintive sounds of his harp, wooed by the morning breeze, he heard the dying whisper "Eoline."

CHAPTER V.

KARL rose in a strange condition. Unable to remain still, he was constantly changing his position, wandering from room to room, from the house to the river, from the river to the wood—so great was the exultation of his spirits from the night's vision. He embraced every breeze with empty arms, and looking wildly up to heaven exclaimed with a tender gratitude, "I have at length found that for which, without knowing it, I have always pined!" Then a new thought striking him, he hurried to the skiff and was quickly skimming toward the city. Now came rustling behind him a fragrant breeze, strong and constant, to which he raised his sail, for he thought "Perchance it is Eoline who sees whither I am going." And when he found that turn as the river would in its windings the breeze blew ever behind him, he knew it was she, and reached forth his arms to clasp the yielding air, whispering Eoline! dear Eoline!" And the glad wind filled his swelling sail, and the waves hissed beneath his rapid prow.

Karl found the old musician and Bertha at music; they joyfully welcomed him—and according to custom handed the violin that he might share their entertainment. But Karl played alone—and such was the sympathy of their music-fraught souls, that they knew he had again seen Eoline.

"Send now for the grey monk," said Karl. So when he was come and their salutations were passed, the three listened to Karl's recital till he thus concluded,

"And now very dear friends, I crave your presence to-night, at which time my fate must be decided." At this the monk was sorely troubled, Bertha turned pale, and they all said many things to dissuade him from his project.

But he said, "It is in vain that ye dissuade me, my most dear friends. I am not about any crime, that you should shrink thus from me. I worship God, and so does Eoline. She is his creature though hitherto not of our sphere. Now it is permitted her to become one of us that she may supply to me what otherwise my lonely spirit could never find on earth."

Then as they saw that they could not prevail, though they greatly feared that he would repent when it was too late, they went with him.

Right up against the Rhine, then skimmed that light vessel, the monk and Bertha sitting before Karl, and the musician behind, facing them. The same balmy wind, always favourable, as Karl shifted the helm, filled the sail—and the divided waters foamed fiercely by. The three passengers crossed themselves as they saw that the wind was intelligently following their course, and the monk breathed a prayer and an exorcism. But when he saw that

nothing ensued, he became tranquil. And pleasantly they conversed of the beautiful scenery upon the winding shores, and of what was above and below. Only of what was within them they spoke not—for too high was raised their anxious expectation. Bertha ever and anon turned upon Karl her dark, liquid eye with such a melting gaze of tenderness, of fear, and of pity—ah, could he note it unmoved? He could not; but every time her look began to cause an emotion within, the wind shook the sail, and he heard the whisper behind—"Eoline!"—

When they reached Karl's home, the wind ceased; they left the boat, and soon were seated in the music chamber around a small table, whereon was set wine, dried fruits, and bread. They refreshed themselves and conversed in low voices till dark, when they all sang a sacred choral—more than once Karl started as he fancied he heard an unseen songstress joining the harmony. But it was only his Eolian, which now and then responded to a note of the song in unison with its own chords. Then after the monk had pronounced their vesper prayer and benediction, they retired to their respective apartments. All save Karl made a resolve not to sleep. But no sooner had they touched the rushes of their cots, than they were locked in a profound slumber.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT NOW WERE Karl's emotions? It were vain to attempt describing them. He merely said to himself in a choked voice from time to time, "It is come! the hour has arrived!" And in his excitement sleep was impossible. Portents without also, increased his wakefulness. It seemed as though the beings to whose race Eoline belonged, aware of the approaching departure from their realms, were holding a farewell festival. Whisperings and rushings as of wings, and moanings of the blast filled the night. The gusts swept through the old forest with a sullen and increasing roar. Karl went forth to look upon the scene. The tall trees were swaying hither and thither and tossing their black boughs on high, and their massive foliage rolled about like waves of the sea. In the midst of them the just-risen moon was fitfully disclosed, like a fiery-red beacon. The river chafed and foamed white along its banks, and above the hill behind rose a black overhanging mountain of clouds.

Filled with awe, Karl retired, commended himself to heaven, and lay down. As soon as slumber sealed his eye-lids, he saw already descending upon the centre of the gleaming wire, that exquisite spirit-form; not so faint and indistinct as before she had seemed, but now perfect in every outline, vivid in every tint, matchless in every proportion, clad in dazzling folds of celestial drapery—the regal purple and gold of cloud-land; and the star which shone in the midst of her forehead was pale in the lustre of those eyes of unfathomable fire whose beams shot burning to his very soul—nor now was she alone. The shadowy image of a gigantic spectre was at her right hand, and on every side above and beneath were wavering outlines of misty forms. These were the spirits of her race. "Mortal!" sighed the vision, "this is the third and last time, take me for ever, or see me henceforth no more."

And Karl doubting whether he were alive or dead, arose and knelt at her feet, "Swear by the good God

whom we both adore, that until the last thou wilt be true!" And he said, stretching out his hands, and gazing enraptured in her face, "I swear!" Then, through the wide room was there a hurrying to and fro, of the gathered spirits. Eoline waving her hand, and saying with a mournful smile to them all, "farewell!" descended slowly, and began to glide within his embrace, he thought it but a mist—a breeze wafting odours upon time.

But when her lip touched his, her bosom heaved against his, her arms clasped his neck, her eye flamed close to his, her breath warmed his cheek, he folded her to his heart, and at once found himself awake, in the midst of the chamber, holding in his arms no phantom, but breathing, palpitating, clinging, the fresh-created mortal Eoline! The cottage was rocking with a sudden whirlwind, raging without; "Fear not," said Eoline, "it is but their farewell rejoicing," and looking forth, he saw a thousand forms riding away upon the retreating winds.

At the same moment, the door of his room opened, and in came the monk, the musician, and Bertha, pale and trembling at the noise which had roused them fearfully from their deep sleep. "My son," said the monk, but then first beholding the form resting on Karl's bosom, he stopped in dismay, and knew not what to say. But that cloud-descended figure, leaving its clinging hold of Karl, advanced to kneel at his feet, saying in a voice of inexpressible, but human sweetness, "Holy man, I too am at last mortal—oh, give me a blessing!" Karl knelt at her side, and said, "I have sworn to make Eoline mine till death—unite us, holy man, in sacred bands, and give us both thy blessing."

In a tone tremulous and low, hardly knowing what he said, bewildered by unaccountable impulses, the monk repeated the solemn words. And as the last word was spoken, across the still tide of the river shone forth the morning star, and they arose in the first blush of dawn—one by earth's most sacred tie. Then the old musician came forward, and embraced Karl, and scarcely daring to touch Eoline, laid his hand upon her head, "God bless thee, mysterious guest!" said he, and turned suddenly aside. Bertha next approached, and gazing with humble admiration upon Eoline, at length fearfully embraced her, saying, "May thy destiny be like thyself, fair and joyous!" And now the morning star grew pale with the approaching day. The birds made merry in the branches, and the pious monk said, "Let us go forth, and beneath the blue heavens recommend ourselves to God, and pray for his blessing upon the deeds of this night.

So they went forth.

CHAPTER VII.

SWIFTLY then flew by the golden hours of that summer-day, as they all sat beneath the cool elm upon Karl's turf seat, conversing upon themes spiritual and high. All regarding their new companion wonderingly, Karl scarce believing himself not yet in a trance, and fearful that Eoline would breathe herself away from him upon the first rising wind. But not a breath stirred, every leaf slept, the birds were silent. It seemed as though the spirits of her race were casting a hushed spell upon all nature, while she was in the first bewildering lesson of humanity, with all its strange conditions, its weaknesses, its pains, its enthrallments, that she might gradually learn to be enslaved in her

frail prison-house, after being wont to roam at will the circle of the earth-embracing air. Right opposite to her and Karl sat the three guests, listening to her eager inquiries of human life. "And what is pain?" she said, "spirits of our race know it not, save as we see and pity human suffering."

"Daughter," said the monk, "may God lighten the lesson thou hast chosen to learn; thou wilt not long need to ask any of our race 'what is pain?' It attends thy every future hour."

Bertha now eagerly demanded many things concerning her home in the cloud land, and concerning her race, and they listened reverently to her revelations: "In every breath," said she, "which in summer stirs the leaf, in every sigh that comes through the grove you hear the motion of a spirit's wing. Behold yon distant tree, which gently waves its topmost leaves; to me, and Karl to thee, are visible dim spirits, rocking and hovering amid its foliage!"

The others started. Karl started, and now first felt a trembling reminiscence of the supernatural relations he had assumed. "Yes, I see them," he said, "they approach!" She waved her hand, the tree became motionless, the spirits vanished. The others looked upon Karl with an uneasy sensation, for they seemed to feel that while Eoline had but partially assumed humanity, Karl had partially shaken it off. "How else," said they, "can he see what is to us invisible?"

As the day declined they went to the boat, for their uneasiness in his presence increased. They began to fancy themselves begirt with many beings, whom, not seeing they could not tell whether to fancy lovely or fearful. So they prepared to sail down the Rhine; Bertha bidding Karl farewell with a composed mien, but a wounded spirit. Her hope was crushed. Yet she thought "Somewhat tells me that but for Eoline, he would be mine. Who can say that wearying of earth she may not vanish away suddenly?"

Yet long they lingered on the bank, even till starlight, when bidding Karl soon come to the city they went. Karl then with Eoline stood watching the lessening bark till it was out of sight. Long time they looked out over the waters, over the land, upon the sky, and at last they turned to explore the sacred depths of each other's eyes. "Oh Karl!" said Eoline, as he folded her in his gentle embrace, "What is this which I feel? Is this pain of which they spoke, this keen, quivering fire which thrills from thee through my very heart? Is this pain? for though I can scarce endure it, methinks I would have it endless!"

"No, Eoline," replied the trembling Karl, "pain thou hast yet to learn, but never from me! This is pleasure, this is joy, this is rapture!" And raising his bride softly in his arms he bore her silently through the divine night to their chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the morning Karl awoke and gazed with a holy joy upon the matchless creature who lay at his side, her tresses loosely flowing upon her swelling bosom, her transparent cheek flushed with her first sleep, in the existence of humanity. How long he gazed!—What thoughts crowded upon him? "What is our fate? What awaits this daughter of the wind, heaven's gift—my soul's first rest? Unwitting as we both

are of earth or its ways, what shall be our lot, when she gradually gains a knowledge of her destiny; of what mysterious joys and woes are woven into the tissue of life; and will she not regret her cloud-land home? Will she not cease to love me?" He never once asked the equally momentous question, "Shall I ever cease to love her?"

And thus musing, he rose, and prepared for the first day of his no longer solitary life—solitary! when every time he looked forth he saw hither and thither flying some spirit of the air. But as they all smiled upon him, looking merry and beautiful, he soon felt at ease, and rejoiced at the new peopling of realms hitherto uninhabited.

He prepared a simple repast, and drawing from the nook his violin, gazed thereon with a wishful eye. "But no," said he, "not till she awaken." And he sat watching at her side. "Is it thou?" said she, as those tender orbs first unclosed upon him, "where have I been? Methought I lay by thy side last night, but at once I found myself wandering as of old, in my cloud-land home, and thou wert not there—then sadly I said, 'Alas, has it been all delusion? did I but imagine I had entered the sensible world, and won for my own that beautiful mortal?' then gathered about me all the spirits of my race, and greeted me: methought they inquired if thou wert unkind, that so soon I returned from thee, and at the supposition arose in wrath to hurry forth in search of thee. I affrighted, started up, but found thy arm yet around me—thyself at my side. After that I saw many confused things, and then came a deep void of which I have no recollection. What are these things Karl?" and he replied, "Dreams, sweet one—thy first dreams in the life of mortality!" Then she arose, and together they worshipped. Ah, who would not envy the bliss of those gentle beings through the long sunny hours of that day? Those hours sparkled in the circle of the hours of their existence like diamonds in a crown.

Karl was lost in the delicious flood of new feelings that sprung up from the deepest fountains of his heart. All his desire after the transcendent in beauty, the supernatural in power, of thought and passion were at once met. His love for Eoline was an agitating compound of love, fear, wonder, admiration and worship. He imagined that in the height of his extasy, he had reached that point whence nothing could cast him down; that being superhuman in his powers, he could bid defiance to the degrading changes of humanity.

As for Eoline she was happy and sad. She remembered her cloud-land home, her race, her freedom, and she felt her imprisonment. But she learned that there is in the love of a high-souled mortal, something more than is possible to spirits of air—something of divinity. "Methinks," she said, "thy spirit, Karl, is of a higher order than mine. We in our roamings through the air often are passed by other beings, not of our race, of loftier bearing, with that in their look upon which we may not gaze, in whose presence, such is the power of their very being upon us, we may not tarry. Often, oh Karl, when I meet the free outbreathing of thy soul, I shrink, and say to myself this is one of those loftier spirits, anciently free, now a prisoner, soon again to remount to primeval grandeur."

Let us leave them to the happiness of their unrestrained wanderings, over hill and glade, by river, and

through forest, until months shall have lapsed by, until she become perfect in her lesson of fortitude, and until he become in a measure familiarized with his happiness and his new powers.

For, long it was ere Karl could at all re-awaken his ambition for musical supremacy, or regard it in any other light than a mortal passion which he had shaken off. Yet at last he began to find that he was mortal still. Time was doing its irresistible work upon him as well as upon all things around him. Before the close of one year Karl was restless.

"Why," said he, "do I possess mortal endowments if they are ever to be hidden in solitude? Is it not mine to sway hearts, with a superhuman power? and what is such a power unused?"

In this first musing, could Eoline have traced its results, she might have read a prophecy of the future. Unaware of its tendency she sympathized in the feeling and stimulated it by her anticipations of his triumph.

Karl was not one to live in a placid mingling of the heart's rays in the soft sunlight of happiness; the rays came through the prism of his fantasy divided, and some one colour was ever most brilliant. He thought when first love threw its rosy hues upon existence, that this dominion should be perpetual, but he began to find the development of his soul incomplete; that changes awaited him of which he had never dreamed. While he had been struggling by his own genius toward perfection, a sense of his inefficiency had chastened his spirit—a view of the almost endless path before him left him never unstimulated to exertion. But suddenly placed at that point beyond which humanity might not proceed, with a sense of absolute sway, came pride, and a thirst for the incense of hearts. His mind was unsettled because its stimulating desires were gratified. He could no longer aspire. He could no more idealize. He must descend to reap the fruit of the realization of past idealizings. Karl went to the city. The old musician and Bertha received him most affectionately, and looked upon Eoline with long and earnest scrutiny. The intensity of her beauty was veiled, shining through that most touching expression in woman, of submissive dependence.

Karl became at once the deity at whose shrine the world strove who should pay most homage. Such were his performances, that naught hitherto most beautiful and difficult in music seemed worthy of regard. Such immense feats of skill as no other performer had ever conceived were thrown off by him as trifles—mere ornaments to the grand flow of his ideas. It was not for arpeggios, harmonics, pizzicatos, trills, and the entire array of difficult follies for which he cared. It was the altogether uneasily quality of his tones, which seemed more like the utterance of a being's own voice, than mere musical sounds. It was the impetuous flow, the sublimity of his conceptions—the lightning rapidity, the absolute certainty of all his varied effects. During all his performances Bertha observed that from the first sound of his bow, Eoline became pale, cold, motionless as a corpse—indeed, a terror seized her at the thought she was dead, and she tried to procure assistance, but none in that audience heard aught but the magic strains of that strange instrument. When Karl ceased, Eoline immediately appeared as before. To all Bertha's questions she returned no reply, except

to beg her to pay no regard, with which she found it too easy to comply.

Karl now was intoxicated with that pernicious draught, most sweet, most fatal to man, power. He beheld himself a god worshipped by crowds of enthusiastic votaries, calling forth at will their innermost hearts.

Eoline saw with dismay that he now treated her as secondary where she had been first; from that moment her eyes were opened, and she saw the impending future, and the too sure results of her own doing.

Could she but have dreamed this! What! he for whom she had imprisoned herself in the midst of death, upon whom she had conferred the very powers that rendered him immortal; that he should glory in those powers and in the incense they drew; that he should think carelessly of herself! Her soul overflowed with an unutterable agony. "Karl! my beloved, let us return to our first home; I weary of this great city—I weary of its sights and sounds—I weary of absence from the spirits of my race, who seldom sweep through the tainted airs of the city, or delight to hover over its gardens and groves—oh let us return!" Karl's reply was only this, so had the greed of applause steeled his heart, "And what then would avail my supernatural power—I could not cause the rocks and the trees to follow me."

The heart-stricken Eoline only once, as was permitted, gave Karl warning of the future. "And what then wilt thou do, when finally I leave thee, and thou lose that wherein thou now gloryest?" Karl presumptuously replied, "That which is part of myself, or rather, which is my very self, I can never lose!" So Karl became greatly independent of Eoline, loving her not as she required, but only as men ordinarily love.

At the same time he became more dependent upon Bertha, who not only loved him for himself, but worshipped him for his genius—she ministered that subtle incense which Eoline could not. The one was the origin of his power, the other the subject. The one could not adore him for it—the other did, most fervently.

As Karl exerted his power among men, he gradually assimilated himself to them. Eoline remained unchanged. Hence, without effort, he could not commune with her soul, but recurred to more human converse with Bertha. Yet, when the memories of the past came over him, he felt bitter remorse and self-degradation—"How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

CHAPTER IX.

ONE evening Karl announced his unexpected resolution to set out on a musical tour to visit the principal cities of Germany. The homage of one began to grow stale. The old musician joyfully proposed to accompany him. But Eoline at once opposed passionately his going. "Karl, my beloved," said she, weeping, "I implore thee, go not, I languish, I die for our calm river home. Once thou lovedst me more than fame and the world. Oh return with me! oh return!" and she knelt at his feet, embracing his knees. "Return, or if thou goest, leave me behind thee, and that for ever!"

He gazed with surprise upon her violent agitation, little discerning its cause, but repressing the risings of tender pity, he yielded to his proud impatience say-

ing, little wotting what he said: "Stay, if thou wilt stay; we will go," and he glanced at Bertha, whose eye dilated with joy.

With a pallid cheek and a tearless eye, Eoline, rising, gazed one instant distractedly in his face, then saying only "farewell," fled to the open window, and precipitated herself from the balcony. Karl sprang to prevent her, but too late; he rushed down the stairway, but was met at the door by a blast that dashed him senseless upon the floor, and which drove back the musician and Bertha.

Karl was not easily restored, and raved wildly, in recovering, of an old man of fierce frown who had dashed him backward.

They went forth, they sought, they sent; the night passed, but no Eoline. In the morning Karl resolved to visit the cottage, and permitted Bertha, at her urgent entreaty to accompany his search. All the way upon the river, he was baffled by sudden gusts, driving him from his course, making him row twice or thrice the same distance, often threatening entirely to whelm him in the waves.

Karl looked fiercely forth, and cursed the spirits of the storm, for his imperious soul was enraged at their assumption of sway over him. His utmost toil was no more than sufficient to bring himself in sight of the cottage by evening, and there landing, they hastily went forward to enter the well-known door. "If she be not here," said Karl hurriedly, "she has deserted me for ever!" The house was empty, and the only sound within its empty walls was the wail of the Eolian.

Karl went forth to the grove, while Bertha sat within, and as she listened to that harp's low murmur, though no wind was stirring, she timidly called aloud "Eoline! Eoline!" But there came no answer. Karl returned and his look told Bertha how fruitless had been his search. He, on his part, was startled to see in her eye a single fiery ray which spoke of joy; he became greatly agitated, the power of passions never controlled, was within. Each understood silently the mind of the other, and shuddered at their great but seductive danger. They hastened to fly. But the premature evening was wrapped with clouds, and sudden gusts proclaimed the approach of a tempest. They hastened to the boat—lo! it was drifting in the mid-river, whither the winds had borne it.

And as the winds arose, and began to howl through the forest, and the branches of the huge trees to creak and groan beneath the coming storm, Karl saw from far, on every side sweeping toward him as a focus, myriads of frowning spirits of the blast. In desperation he snatched Bertha and bore her within the cottage, and sitting down with the half-fainting girl in his arms, listened to the burst of the tempest in all its sublimity.

That night! that fearful, maddening, remorseful night, stamping the souls of the innocent with guilt, while around them were the revels of triumphant dæmons.

When the morning light, calm and blessed as though storm and sin had never been upon earth, met their eyes, they shrunk from its ray. Looking upon one another with mingled fear and sorrow, they went forth—as they went, behold Eoline stood there pale and weeping before them! "Karl!" she said, "beautiful, beloved, faithless!—betrayed, alas! by that I myself gave thee—thou hast broken thy vow—thy doom awaits thee—thou wilt see me in life no more!" and she

vanished; but upon every breeze that floated by, Karl heard the mournful echo, "No more! no more!"

They now found their boat restored to its moorings—they returned to the city—the monk was called—and in a few hours, Bertha was the wife of Karl the perjurer.

In such a rapid flight of events, man lives years in a single day, and it would be vain to describe the chaos which formed now the mind of Karl. Amid shame, remorse, and a secret dread of coming ill, was still an unworthy self congratulation at his unshacklement from a connexion which interfered with his increasing ambition, and bound him to supernatural life.

He tried to call what was passed as others used to do, a mere feverish dream, and to convince himself that at last having awaked, he was calling out his better nature in a healthy human career.

CHAPTER X.

THAT evening the theatre was crowded to overflowing, for news of Karl's intended tour was rumoured abroad; this was his farewell. On the morrow with his bride and her father, he was to commence his triumphal progress.

He came, and a thunder of applause shook the building. Tall, pale, intellectual, he stood one instant meditating, then raising his bow, he dashed it upon the strings. The audience screamed with delight—they rise—they lean forward—they strain every sense.

Now! O those intensely thrilling wails of misery! They are dissolved in tears. Now!—hark!—that howl of fury—every forehead is knit with a frown—and eyes kindle with rage. Anon, laughter loud and irrepressible convulses all. "What magician is this," said the old musician, "what new display is this of his superhuman energies? Before, he hath enthralled us, bound and carried us captive, now he seems but to be dallying with us. He provokes us to tears, and in an instant contradicts us into mirth. All moods throng upon his bow—all mingling conceits rush from his wizard hand. What shall be next?"

Thus did they adore his power, little wotting that this incoherency was the fatal forerunner of his doom, that the lamp was throwing up fitful flashes ere it went out for ever. Karl himself was in amaze.

Where now was that power of which he vauntingly

said that it was his very self and could never be lost. He found himself progressing furiously from theme to theme, mixing without regard to congruity, the beautiful, the grotesque, the sublime, the ridiculous, the exquisite in pathos, and the execrable in discord.

He strove to pause, but no, he must go on—his bow, like a living thing, darted hither and thither with lightning strokes—he strove to command his thoughts to restore order. He caught glimpses of a noble thought, pursued it, and found himself uttering accursed howls; and now the audience changed from admiration to wonder, from wonder to awe, from awe to terror, for they saw that it was no longer a sane mind that gave forth those notes. The violin seemed to them to dilate—to become alive—and its screams were like the screams of torment of the damned. When suddenly, a great sound shook the temple, the windows were shattered inward, the doors flung wide open, the lights extinguished—in rushed the thronging spirits of the Blast, innumerable—unseen, save to the eyes of the miserable Karl, upon whom they scowled in fiendish malignity. They gather him round—they raise him in their whirling flight—the spectre instrument still uttering its harrowing shrieks of despair. There is heard a single human cry, a heavy fall, and all is still. The lights reillumine—they wake from their trance—they gaze around.

There, in the centre of the stage, lies the insensible Karl—the old musician holds his head, Bertha bends over his pallid face—

"To the cottage," said he, and was again senseless.

Thither they bore him, attended only by the monk, the weeping Bertha, and her father. They laid him upon his cot, and waited the passing of his spirit, the monk meanwhile saying prayers for his soul.

A sudden sound came from the Eolian—a single string was seen violently vibrating—Karl by a spasmodic effort, sat up, and gazed fearfully forwards—"Eoline!" gasped he, and fell back—the chord snapped asunder. They looked in his face—he was dead.

And there they buried him beneath the old elm. And ever since, when the wind mournfully sighs through the branches, may be heard a faint Eolian wail, and they say

"It is the spirit of Eoline moaning above the grave of her faithless husband."

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AUTUMN.

BY PROF. W. J. WALTER.

Profusion walks the laughing earth:
Boon Nature seems reposing,
For she has filled all hearts with mirth,
In thrif't her hand ne'er closing.

Hark! how the hills re-echo round
To swains, whose toils are ended,
While with their harvest-homes, the sound
Of village pipes is blended.

Yet, 'mid the riot of this hour
Are future cares not banish'd,
Nor 'midst this overflowing store,
Have thoughts of prudence vanish'd.

The needful swain reserves a part
For coming Spring selected:—
There is a seed-time of the heart,
Oh, be not that neglected!

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE VILLAGE BRIDE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

— "Estrange her once it boots not how,
By wrong, doubts, falsehood—any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not."—*Willis*.

"CONGRATULATE me, Ormesby, I have at last found the object of my lifelong search; I am going to be married."

"I do congratulate you, with all my heart, my dear Frankfort," returned his friend, "for if your experience of wedded life should equal mine, your only regret will be that you have so long deferred the period of its enjoyment."

"Ah, if I had been situated as you are, Ormesby, I should have married long ago."

"Do you mean to say that if you had been a young physician, struggling against the storms of fortune, you would have shared your poverty with a wife, when as the heir of a rich merchant you have shunned marriage as if it had been a pestilence?"

"Yes, for had I been poor I should have been sure of meeting with disinterested affection."

"I have often wondered," said Ormesby, "how it was possible for you to be so distrustful of yourself, and so destitute of all faith in woman."

"The reason of my self-distrust is too evident to need explanation," said Frankfort, smiling bitterly, as he glanced towards the mirror which reflected his intelligent but not handsome countenance, "mine is not a face that 'limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon;' and I value not the 'golden opinions' which my wealth can buy."

"You do yourself injustice, Frankfort, with your gifted mind and high-toned feelings, you might easily win the love of woman, despite your swarthy brow which you just now regarded with so much scorn. For my own part, I do not believe that beauty is the most powerful of all spells over the affections. It has a magic power of *attraction*, but it requires the aid of some more enduring charm before it can *retain* the love it awakens."

"You know but little of woman's nature, Ormesby; a smooth cheek, a bright eye, a rosy lip, would win her from her allegiance to an angel. I have seen too much of society to be in doubt as to my own position in it. I can fully appreciate the civilities of ambitious mothers, and the allurements of fashionable daughters, for I well know that girls, educated according to the modern system, would not hesitate to marry 'le Diable boiteux' if he had my broad lands for his heritage."

"Why you have grown as suspicious as an old miser, Frankfort; you can surely have had no cause to harbour such evil fancies."

"Have I not, Ormesby?" said Frankfort, in the low tone of suppressed indignation, "listen to the tale of my experience in woman's faith. In the days of my early youth, I met with the beautiful Emily B——, the only child of a fashionable but dowerless widow. The charms of her person were enhanced by the frank and artless manners which suited so

well with the almost childlike delicacy of her features and complexion. I loved her with all the fervour of boyish affection, and was fool enough to fancy that my feelings were reciprocated. I offered her my hand, was accepted, and only waited until I should become of age to take possession of my estate and to claim my beautiful bride. There wanted but one week of the long anticipated time, when I learned on what a precipice I stood. Before she knew me, Emily had plighted her faith to a young officer in the navy, and it was his prolonged absence in the Mediterranean, which had afforded her the opportunity of making a wealthier alliance. A letter from the indignant lover gave me the first intimation of her falsehood, and with it he sent a packet of letters, received from her during the first months of my acquaintance with her, in which allusions the most degrading and insulting were made to me; my personal defects were depicted in the most glaring colours, my devotedness was unsparingly ridiculed, my boyish passion derided, and sentiments of the most unchanging affection were expressed towards her absent lover. Then came others of a later date, hinting of maternal influence and poverty, and the necessity of keeping up an appearance in society. Finally, the correspondence was closed by a short and cold billet bearing date long after she had consented to become my wife, and containing sundry good and cogent reasons why my birthright of fertile acres should be preferred to the heritage of him who was destined to plough the barren waves. I enclosed the packet in an envelope to Emily, and adding a note which simply stated that my reasons for declining the honour of her alliance were fully explained in the letters, I bade her farewell for ever. So ended my dream of woman's faith. Emily afterwards found a third fool on whom to practise her arts, and is now, I am told, an exemplary wife and mother. *Exemplary* forsooth! her outset in life was one series of falsehoods, yet is she now, to outward seeming, a model of propriety. Such is *my* experience, Ormesby; can you wonder that I am somewhat slow of belief now?"

But is it just, Frankfort, to condemn the whole sex for the faults of one deceitful woman? It is not in fashionable society that one must look for perfect integrity of character. The conventional forms prescribed by etiquette are so full of deception, and there is so much petty hypocrisy constantly practised in the intercourse of daily life, that the snow-white purity of truth is soon sullied, if not destroyed."

"I am aware of that, Ormesby, and therefore it is that I have fled from the gay world, choosing rather to seek my wife amid the shades of rural life."

"And pray where did you find the paragon, who alone could satisfy your fastidious taste?"

"I may as well follow the advice given in the French fairy tale, and *commence at the commencement*. You know it is now two years since I returned from my long sojourn on the continent, but you cannot imagine with what weariness I had long looked upon all the allurements usually offered to travellers abroad. My eye was completely sated with pictures and statues, palaces and cathedrals—I was annoyed by the perpetual presence of '*gens d'armes*,' disgusted with the filth and coarseness of the 'most refined nation in the world,' and tired of the frivolities and vices of the great capitals of Europe. I longed once more to breathe the free air of my native land; and as soon as I set foot upon the shores of America, I commenced a tour of the United States. After a year's sojourn amid all kinds of people and every variety of scenery, I was returning to my long forsaken home, when a droll incident befell me, while passing through New Hampshire.

"I had left my servant and carriage at the town of —, and with a small valise, a fishing case and a few books, turned off from the high road to the pretty village of Merrivale, where, I had learned, I should find excellent trout fishing. On my arrival at the quiet little inn, I soon perceived that I was an object of especial attention and curiosity. This was to me quite unaccountable, for my dusty dress and diminutive portmanteau were not very great provocatives to interest, among that class of people who estimate a man's importance by the weight of his baggage. However, I was not allowed to remain long in doubt. I had barely time to perform my ablutions and return to the bar-room, when I was thus accosted by the host: 'Glad you are come, sir; we heard you were taken sick, and were afraid you would not get here.' I stared. 'Our poor old master is going fast, sir,' continued Boniface, "and he is very anxious to see you; I believe he thinks the school won't get on unless he tells you all his plans and regulations.' In a moment I saw into the whole mystery, and was smiling at the odd mistake, when the door opened gently, and a young girl timidly entered. 'Ah, here comes little Ally,' said the worthy host, 'I thought the old man would be in a hurry to see you when he heard you had come; how is your father this evening, Alice?' 'He is a little better, sir,' said the girl, 'but he is so impatient to see the new master, that I thought I would step over and ask the gentleman if he would be kind enough to come to-night.' 'I dare say he will, Ally,' said the garrulous landlord. 'You see, Mr. Smith,' added he, turning to me, "our old schoolmaster has had a paralytic stroke, and it has made him quite helpless, but he still feels an interest in the school he has taught for so many years, and I suppose he wants to see if you are as good a scholar as you were represented to be to the committee.' All this time, Ormesby, I was gazing at the fair creature who stood before me. Imagine a delicate and graceful girl of some seventeen summers, with a face of almost infantine freshness and beauty, peeping from under a coarse cottage bonnet, and you will have some faint idea of the first appearance of Alice Grey. It suddenly came into my head to carry on the farce, at least for a little while, and having discovered, by dint of judicious questions, that no one in the village had ever seen the expected Mr. Smith, I found no great difficulty in assuming his character. I accordingly accompanied the pretty Alice to her home. It was a low one story cottage, almost overgrown with

honeysuckle and ivy, and would have been very picturesque but for an unsightly building projecting on the side, which I afterwards ascertained to be the village schoolhouse. When we arrived at the door, Alice left me a moment, but returning almost immediately, led me into a small, neat apartment, where, reclining on a low bed, supported by pillows, I found her father. The old man closed the book, (a volume of Euripides,) from which he had been reading, and extending his hand, feebly expressed his pleasure at my arrival. As I looked on his expansive brow, his clear eye, and the long white locks which fell upon his shoulders, I thought I had never seen a finer or more intellectual head. He had been for twenty years the schoolmaster of the little village of Merrivale. Arriving there, wearied with the turmoil of a busy world, for which his meek spirit was little fitted, he had married there, and was now about to die there. His wife and two children had preceded him to the tomb, so that Alice was the only tie that bound him to life.

All these circumstances I learned in the course of our conversation, and I also found that the old man, paralysed as he was, (for the lower half of his body was completely helpless,) still endeavoured to attend to his pupils. He could not bear the thought of having his school dispersed; his bed was therefore placed immediately at the door leading to the little schoolroom, and he was in the habit of calling up the classes as regularly as when he presided at his well-worn desk, while he deputed to the gentle Alice the task of keeping order among the motley assemblage. I was strangely interested in the simple-hearted old man and his pretty daughter, and as I listened to his plans regarding his pupils my heart smote me for the deception I had practised. I saw he would be sadly disappointed if informed of his mistake, and I knew that in his precarious state, a slight degree of agitation might cost him his life. I therefore determined to continue my personation of the new master, at least until the real Simon Pure should arrive. I accordingly despatched a note to my servant, directing him to make his way to New York and there await my coming, while I laid aside for the time all the luxuries to which I had been accustomed, and became the inmate of the "master's" house.

Imagine me, if you can, Ormesby, seated at an old and most curiously *whittled* desk, and giving lessons to about a dozen flaxen-headed rustics, together with perhaps twice as many rosy cheeked damsels. I doubt whether all my philanthropy would have induced me to humour the joke for any length of time, had it not been for the pretty Alice. Her influence was all-powerful among the pupils. The raising of her finger and the glance of her eye towards the old man's sick bed was sufficient to restore order at all times, and as her father still chose to hear the recitations of the classes my labours were but light. The education of Alice had been carefully directed, with a view to her obtaining her future subsistence as a teacher, and the old man begged me to give her my especial attention. This was no difficult task, for her quickness of perception and rapid flow of thought made instruction a pleasure. I soon found it was far more agreeable to construe Virgil with Alice, than to explain the rules of arithmetic to the young farmers, and many an idle hour did the indolent scholar obtain, while I was mending pens or setting copies

for the pretty villager. My only fear was that the real Mr. Smith would make his appearance, but, having learned his address, I wrote privately to ascertain the state of his health, and found he had been compelled to seek a southern climate, so that I no longer stood in dread of appearing as an impostor before I was ready to state the truth. However, I soon became heartily tired of my new freak of folly and should scarcely have continued it so long had it not been for the pleasure I found in watching the noble impulses of a pure and unsophisticated mind. But why make a long story about it. I have wooed and won Alice Grey under the guise of a poor school-master, and not until she is bound to me by irrevocable ties will she know the brilliancy of her destiny."

"And her father?"

"He gave us his blessing, and is quite content to see Alice the wife of his successor."

"But are you prepared, Frankfort, for the many ill-natured remarks to which the slightest taint of rusticity in your village bride will give rise?"

"Certainly; I care not a pin's worth for the criticisms of the fashionable world. Alice is quiet, lady-like, and gentle; if she lacks the mincing airs of the boarding school dolls of society, she possesses a simplicity infinitely more attractive."

"Do you not fear the influence of gaiety and fashion upon a mind so totally ignorant of the allurements of the world, Frankfort? Many a clear eye has been dazzled by unwonted brightness."

"I will tell you frankly the state of my feelings, Ormesby. I look upon my marriage as an experiment. I am thoroughly wearied of the life I have led for the last twelve years, and I am willing to risk every thing for a change. I have studied the temper and habits of Alice Grey, and believe her to be truth itself. She loves me with that tender, child-like affection which is more natural, considering the disparity of our years, than an ardent passion; and I cannot but hope that this affection, together with the gratitude she will feel when made acquainted with her true condition, will preserve her untainted amid the atmosphere of fashion. But I shall leave her to the guidance of her own impulses. I do not wish her to be directed by my will, I seek a woman whose heart is sufficiently uncorrupt to be her best director. If Alice be such a woman, I shall be happy; but if I am doomed to disappointment—if I find her adopting the deceptive forms of society, and becoming a mere woman of fashion, then will I 'whistle her down the wind,' and leave her to her own pursuits."

"Frankfort, with such feelings you ought not to marry."

"Why not?"

"Because you are receiving more than you give. You take the homage of innocent affection and you give in return the cold, calculating regard of one who has long since expended his fervid feelings. You expect the most entire devotion, and you offer her the half-withheld attachment of one who distrusts her sex—you expose her to the full glare of wealth with all its temptations, and resolve even now to cast her off if she be dazzled by its splendours."

"But I anticipate no such result, Ormesby; I think she will be proof against all temptation, and if my love be less fervid than in the days of my boyhood, it will be more durable."

"I hope it may be so," said Ormesby, "but I must confess I have my doubts on the subject. Few girls

of eighteen are sufficiently discreet and prudent to suit the notions of—"

"Of a husband of forty, I suppose you mean," said Frankfort, laughing; "why man, you are as distrustful of me as if I were a woman."

"More so, Frankfort, for I have less faith in the generosity of man's nature."

"Well, let us each enjoy our own opinion, and abide the result; but now, with your permission, I will see your wife, Ormesby, for I am in need of her assistance in the choice of a wedding-dress for my village bride."

If women could read the calculations which enter in and mingle with the affections of men, how often would they shrink from the homage which is offered them—the homage which they repay by the sacrifice of themselves. Alice, young, warm-hearted, and sincere, had given her affections, without reserve, to the "new master." His poverty had awakened her pity, his talents excited her respect, his kindness won her love, and she wedded him at the bedside of her dying father, without one thought of worldly interest to disturb the pure current of her tenderness. Her marriage was a sad one, however, for the excitement proved too much for her old father, and on the following morning he was found lifeless in his bed. He had passed from sleep unto death without a struggle. Overwhelmed with grief, Alice gave little heed to her husband's arrangements respecting the school, and it was not until he announced to her his intention of quitting New Hampshire, that she learned he had relinquished his charge. Passively yielding to his will, she allowed him to conduct her where he would, and a prolonged tour through Canada and along the lakes, aided much in restoring her feelings to their wonted cheerful tone. It was not until then, when he saw her sunny temper once more lighting up her fair face, that he conducted her to his stately home, and revealed to her astonished gaze the riches of which she was now mistress.

At first Alice seemed like one in a dream. She almost feared to close her eyes lest the rich and beautiful things by which she was surrounded should fade like fairy gifts from her view. But when the tumult of her feelings had subsided—when she could sit down calmly and reflect upon all that had occurred, a painful thought arose within her mind.

"Why," said she to herself, "why did he not tell me of this? how could he deceive me with details of poverty and plans for economy and industry? Can affection thus voluntarily utter the language of falsehood?" To her sensitive mind such a thought seemed like ingratitude, and yet she vainly strove to repress it. Again and again it occurred to her, even in the midst of the confidences of wedded love, and she was chilled by the first faint shadow of distrust long ere she knew the deep darkness of suspicion's cloud.

Alice was now placed in a painful and unnatural position in society. "Have you seen Mrs. Frankfort yet?" was the common question among the "exclusives," and various were the criticisms to which the poor girl was subjected. A few romantic young ladies thought her timidity very charming, but to the hard and worldly characters, who are always to be found among the leaders of fashion, the blushing and sensitive Alice was a mystery and a marvel. They were perfectly scandalized at her deficiency in the accomplishments deemed requisite in society. She could not dance, she was ignorant of scientific music, she did not know the use of finger-glasses, she had

been heard to laugh out loudly and gleefully while at an evening party, and she had actually been seen eating fish with her knife. These, and many similar enormities, were laid to her charge, and Alice felt that she was the object of continual remark. But, although ignorant of many minute points of etiquette, she was by no means deficient in quickness of comprehension and energy of character. She saw that her husband was exceedingly annoyed by her occasional rusticity, and she set herself seriously to work to correct it. She soon found that society would forgive almost any thing in those who contributed to its amusement, and that in order to destroy the odium of being *country-bred*, she must begin by a course of *city extravagance*. Stimulated by a wish to do honour to her husband, and, perhaps too, by that latent vanity which lurks in every human heart, she commenced her career by the study of the arts of dress. Until thus transplanted to the regions of fashion, she had been, if not unconscious, at least regardless of her personal beauty; but she was now urged to make the best use of every advantage she possessed, and, placing herself under the guidance of some of those kind friends who are always ready to assist *others* in spending money, she soon learned how much skilful management may improve natural loveliness. Sparing no expense, and gifted with native good taste, the "village bride" soon became distinguished as the "best dressed woman in society;" and none but those who know how some persons toil and struggle to obtain such a reputation, can be aware of its importance. Many a woman has wasted her time, neglected her children, forgotten her duties, and ruined her husband in the effort to acquire it. In proportion as Alice began to feel at ease in society, she ceased to excite remark by her simplicity of manners and frankness of speech. With the same sincerity of heart, she had learned to throw the veil of courtly grace over the unpleasant truths which people like not to hear, and in less than two years from the period of her marriage, Mrs. Frankfort's appearance and deportment were as much admired as were her brilliant parties and splendid house.

Few young hearts can resist the allurements of wealth, gaiety, and fashion, and Alice was certainly subjected to great temptation. The restraints which had at first seemed irksome to her, became daily less burdensome, and at length she was as much devoted to the pursuits of pleasure as if she had been educated in the atmosphere of fashionable society. The stimulus of company became essential to her comfort, and the languid inertness of her morning hours, the natural result of continual festivities in the evening, was only to be dissipated by fresh excitements. The village bride was fast becoming the *fade* and *ennuyé* woman of fashion.

In the mean time, Frankfort was in the situation of a child who has ignorantly set in motion a machine which he cannot stop. He knew but little of his own nature when he thought he should be indifferent to the sarcasms of his gay friends, and a casual jest which he overheard, respecting "*Harry Frankfort's schoolmistress*," aroused him to the utmost indignation. He had earnestly urged on Alice the necessity of conformity to the customs of society, and placed at her disposal a large sum of money, to be devoted expressly to the expenses of a fashionable career. But he foolishly expected her to do all these because he wished it, and to check her course just at

the proper point—as if a young, inexperienced woman was likely to be the judge of such a period, or capable of acting from mere calculation in a matter so closely depending on feminine weakness and vanity. Instead of remonstrating with his young wife and expressing his wishes on the subject, he acted upon his principle of self guidance and while he awaited in moody silence the result, he treasured up within his heart every thing which he could wrest into an expression of ingratitude and indifference towards him. Too proud to hint at the jealous pangs which he suffered when he saw her surrounded by the foppings of the day, he suffered her to receive their attentions, and listen to their flatteries, when a word from him would have been sufficient to drive them from her presence. Alice loved her husband too well to derive any real pleasure from the society of others of his sex, but she was delighted with her triumph over those who had once looked down upon the little rustic, and she was thus led by vanity to the very verge of error, without being conscious of having taken one step in the wrong path. It was the duty of her husband to have watched over the strong impulses of a nature which had never before been exposed to temptation, but Frankfort possessed one of those stern yet distrustful tempers which, while willing to believe the worst, was disposed to visit error with unsparing severity. A deviation from his standard of right, was in his eyes an unpardonable crime, and he watched in sullen silence the gradual change in his wife's habits of life. Yet so carefully did he mask his feelings beneath the guise of kindness that Alice dreamed not of their existence. A faint suspicion that her husband's manner was less tender, sometimes crossed her mind, but her confiding temper rejected it as a vain fancy, and she was therefore but ill prepared for a sudden disruption of the ties which bound them together.

One evening she had just turned from her toilet, attired in almost queenly splendour, when the carriage of a friend, who had called to convey her to a party, rolled up to the door. As she stepped lightly across the hall, she opened the library door, and looking in, said, "Do not be late to-night, Harry, I feel as if I shall be ready to come home quite early." Her husband made no reply, and the next moment he was gone. But little did she think as she listened to the light jest and uttered the merry repartee that night, that she had looked her last upon the face of her husband. At a late hour she returned alone.

Piqued and wounded by her husband's neglect of her wishes, she had half determined to appear downright angry with him, but her anger was soon checked by the tidings that he had left the house soon after her departure, taking with him his servant and a quantity of baggage. Without waiting to disrobe herself of her brilliant array, she hurried to the library. The grey dawn was just peeping in at the open casement as she entered the room, and uttering an exclamation of joy she sprang forward to seize a packet which she saw upon the table. It was directed to herself, and eagerly breaking the seals, she found a number of bills from her milliner, jeweller, confectioner, etc., all accepted and endorsed on the back with the word "paid," in the handwriting of her husband. As she threw them impatiently aside, her eye fell upon a letter which contained these words:

"For nearly three years, I have watched in silence

the gradual corruption of your heart : for nearly three years I watched the infusion, drop by drop, of insincerity and folly into the pure fountain which was to me as the gem of the desert ! Alice, I wedded you for your truthfulness, your purity, even more than for your loveliness, but you have deceived my trust. The fulsome flattery of every fool in society has been breathed upon the stream of thought, until it no longer reflects the unbroken image of the heaven which once smiled upon it. You have turned from the quiet scenes of domestic happiness and chosen the path of gaiety. I leave you to pursue it. In the hands of my agent you will find the sum of \$5,000 per annum, subject to your order, and, by *that*—which is exactly the *half* of my income—I trust you will regulate your expenses. Henceforth we must live apart. I shall sail for England in order to avoid the fracas of a public separation, and if you still continue your usual course of life, my absence will be a reproach to *me* only. I know the step I am now taking will not be justified by the world, for a disappointment which *only* affects one's *happiness* is not considered a sufficient cause for a severance of those ties, which, without congeniality of feeling, are worse fetters than those of the galley slave. You will be looked upon as a martyr, and I as a monster; but so be it. I expect no answer to this letter: the suspicions which have long been growing up in my heart, (suspicions not of your conduct but of your candour,) have now become a part of my belief, and all your assertions will not change my opinion. You are but like your sex, your birthright is insincerity. I thought to have wedded disinterested affection—I did not know how quickly the deceitfulness of the heart can wither the fairest plants that take root within its soil.

“One word, and I have done. If you are not yet too deeply imbued with the love of vanity, there is a faint hope for the future. Withdraw from the scenes of gaiety—spend your life in the seclusion which befits penitence, and if at the expiration of two years from this day, you seek a reconciliation you will not find me inexorable. A letter may be *then* left with my agent—but remember I receive no letters at an *earlier* period. Farewell, and may you, for both our sakes, learn wisdom in the loneliness to which I now consign you.
H. F.”

Words were too feeble to describe the effect produced upon the mind of Alice by these bitter and unmerited reproaches. It was the first intimation she had received of her husband's displeasure, and it came to her in the shape of a scathing thunderbolt. Her first impulse was to seek him and implore his forgiveness, but the more she pondered over the fatal letter, the more her heart rebelled at the thought of appearing as a suppliant before him. “Three years,” murmured she, “three years has he been cherishing evil thoughts against the wife of his bosom—for three years has my head been pillowed upon a breast which was swelling with bitterness against me—three years of frank, confiding tenderness on my part—of coldness, suspicion, deception on his. And yet he can accuse me of falsehood and a love of the world. Who taught me that love of the world? who bade me dress, and act, and talk like my companions? Shame! shame on such base distrust! I will not bow my proud and stainless nature before the being who can thus cherish vile suspicions of me, because forsooth in obliging his sovereign will I learned to love

my tasks.” Alice possessed that quiet kind of temper which often serves to conceal powerful passions and great obstinacy of purpose. She felt herself unjustly condemned, and every evil emotion in her nature was aroused. A milder method of reproof would have awakened contrition for her indiscretions, and a submission to her husband's wishes, for well as she loved pleasure, she certainly loved her husband more. But it was now too late, and it was with no other feeling than sullen anger that she beheld on the following morning his name among the list of passengers for London.

* * * * *

Two years had passed away, and Frankfort, the unhappy victim of a fanciful theory of human fertility, returned to his native land. With a feeling of hope that he was almost ashamed to indulge, he hurried to the house of his agent, and eagerly asked for letters. One was put into his hands, directed to him in the handwriting of his forsaken wife. Visions of reunion, and of future happiness purchased by a probation of suffering, floated through his mind as he broke the seal. But the paper dropped from his grasp—it contained the order upon his banker for her annuity. Not a single word accompanied it except the date—which seemed to show him that her determination had been taken as rapidly as his own, for it was almost two years since the gift had been returned. In answer to his hurried inquiries, he learned that Mrs. Frankfort had left the house very soon after his departure for England, and that the key together with his plate and Alice's jewels were all in the hands of his agent. In almost frantic haste he flew to the long deserted house, but in vain did he explore the dust lined chambers of that stately mansion. No other trace of Alice remained than the richly furnished apartments where she had so often presided in the pride of youthful beauty.

“You deserve your present suffering,” said Ormsby, as he listened to Frankfort's tale of distrust and stern rebuke, and late remorse; “was there no pity in your heart for the young, fair creature, who had left her native woodlands for the love of the poor and friendless scholar, and who would have borne the blasts of adversity for your sake, with less danger than she met the sunshine of prosperity. Go—seek her through the world, and when you have found her, bow yourself in humble penitence before her whom you deserted in her hour of danger, but hope not for a return of the confidence which might have blessed your wedded life.”

Conscience-stricken and despairing, Frankfort listened with unwonted meekness to his friend's rebuke. The thought of what Alice must have suffered thus thrown penniless upon a selfish world, subdued his stern nature. She had repelled his suspicions of her sordidness by refusing to accept of one cent from his overflowing stores, and a vision of his delicate and lovely wife stemming the waves of want and misery was ever present to his mental sight. Lonely and sad he set out upon his pilgrimage of love. Every means that could be invented for the discovery of a lost friend were tried, but in vain; and, at length, Frankfort resolved to travel from place to place, visiting every city and hamlet in the land, until he found the object of his search, or at least beheld her grave.

But his health was now enfeebled, and his progress was necessarily slow. Months, aye years passed in the fruitless search, and daily his quest seemed to

become more hopeless. It was late in the afternoon of an autumnal day, that he drew his bridle rein before a small inn, in a little village far remote from the busy world. The passing bell—that sound so unfamiliar to the residents of a great city—that sound which falls with such melancholy import on the ear of the villager, who knows it tolls for a departed friend—was echoing through the hamlet; and as he counted the rapid strokes which told the age of the deceased, he sighed. "Twenty-six!" murmured he, "dead at twenty-six! and doubtless friends stand weeping around the early grave as if death were not a haven of rest and a refuge from misfortune." Leaving his horse at the inn, he strolled onward towards the humble burial ground, directed by the sound of the mournful bell, but ere he reached it, he was met by a group of children bearing flowers in their hands and weeping bitterly as they hurried towards a cottage by the roadside. With a feeling of compassionate tenderness that in earlier days had been a stranger to his bosom, Frankfort addressed himself to the eldest of the little group, and asked the cause of such excessive grief. "It is our dear schoolmistress," sobbed the child, as she ran forward, "she died yesterday, and we are bringing flowers to strew over her grave."

Impelled by a feeling for which he could not account, Frankfort followed the footsteps of his young guides, and found himself entering along with them into the house of mourning. In the centre of the narrow apartment, surrounded by a group of weeping children stood a coffin. The grey headed sexton approached and lifting the lid, was about to cover for ever the face of the pale clay, when his arm was arrested by an iron grasp, and Frankfort, gasping for breath, and pale as her who lay shrouded before him, was bending over the dead. One glance sufficed to tell her whole history. His wife—his injured and proud-hearted Alice, lay before him. His repentance came too late. Her bitter and unforgiving sense of wrong had gone with her to the grave!

Do you ask what became of Frankfort, my young reader? It is scarcely a year since he was called to his long account, and many a rich legacy to various beneficent institutions has emblazoned the name of him whose life was embittered by the want of that "charity" which "suffereth long and is kind."—Fretful, querulous, and suspicious, his infirmities of temper increased with his decrepitude, and he sunk into the grave of second childhood, unpitied and unwept.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE SEA-EAGLE'S FALL.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

An eagle on his towering wing
Hung o'er the summer sea;
And ne'er did airy, feathered king
Look prouder there than he.

He spied the finny tribes below,
Amid the limpid brine;
And felt it now was time to know
Whereon he was to dine.

He saw a noble, shining fish
So near the surface swim,
He felt at once a hungry wish
To make a feast of him.

Then straight he took his downward course:
A sudden plunge he gave,
And pouncing, seized with murderous force,
His tempter in the wave.

He struck his talons firm and deep
Within the slippery prize,
In hope his ruffian grasp to keep,
And high and dry to rise.

But ah! it was a fatal stoop
As ever monarch made;
And for that rash, that cruel swoop,
He soon and dearly paid.

The fish had too much gravity
To yield to this attack,
His feet the eagle could not free
From off the scaly back.

He'd seized on one too strong and great;
His mastery now was gone;
And on, by that prepondering weight,
And downward he was drawn.

Nor found he here the element
Where he could move with grace;
And flap! and dash! his pinions went,
In ocean's wrinkled face.

They could not bring his talons out,
His forfeit life to save;
And planted thus, he writhed about
Upon his gaping grave.

He raised his head and gave a shriek
To bid adieu to light:
The water bubbled in his beak—
He sank from human sight.

The children of the sea came round
The foreigner to view;
To see an airy monarch drowned
To them was something new.

Some gave a quick, astonished look,
And darted swift away;
While some his parting plumago shook,
And nibbled him for prey.

O! who that saw that bird at noon,
So high and proudly soar,
Could think how awkwardly, how soon
He'd fall to rise no more?

Though glory, majesty, and pride
Were his an hour ago,
Deprived of all, that eagle died
For stooping once too low!

Now, have you ever known, or heard
Of biped from his sphere
Descending, like that silly bird,
To catch a fish so dear?

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE CAUGHT, UNCAUGHT.

A TALE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

Miss Emily Twist was the daughter of a highly respectable decayed gentleman, who dwelt in the county of Kerry, in the southwestern part of Ireland; and none was more beautiful and bright, and gentle than she, among all the maids of Kerry. Mr. William Fitzhugh was an undecayed gentleman, whose unincumbered estate was within a few miles of the residence of Mr. Twist, on the Dublin road; and of all the men in Kerry, none was uglier than he. He was of middle age, and not eminently gifted in an intellectual view; while his corporeal structure exhibited sundry departures from the ordinary model, which rendered his appearance more peculiar than fascinating. His forehead was low, his face long, his head big, his body little, his hair "auburn" of the reddest kind, while his left eye, being bleared, by no means neutralized other defects. Love, it is said, is governed by contrasts; as Sheridan Knowles hath it:

"In joining contrasts lieth love's delight,
Complexion, stature, nature, match it,
Not with their kinds, but with their opposites.
Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie;
The form of Hercules affects the sylph's;
And breasts that ease the lion's fear proof heart,
Find their loved lodge in arms where tremors dwell."

The rhythm of the second and third lines, by the bye, is better than their grammar; but that being neither here nor there, I proceed to say, that Mr. Fitzhugh was doubtless under this peculiar influence, when he fell desperately in love with Miss Emily Twist, and proposed to her father for her hand. I should have thought better of Mr. Twist's ideality of character, and his paternal tenderness, had he turned a deaf ear to the application of the enamoured swain, hesitatingly communicated 'midst interrupting sighs. But then the embarrassed condition of his fortunes must be taken into consideration, and Mr. Fitzhugh's well laden coffers; Mr. Twist's gnawing anxiety to maintain his position as a gentleman, and Mr. Fitzhugh's ability to allay it. Did I communicate the fact that Mr. Twist commanded his daughter to permit Mr. Fitzhugh's attentions, without first presenting these mitigating facts, my fair reader would doubtless curl her lip, and exclaim, in lofty indignation, "Brute!" but now she will doubtless modify the anathema into "unfortunate!" But so it was that Mr. Twist was swayed by pride, and the sweet Emily was desired most authoritatively, to consider Mr. Fitzhugh as the accepted candidate for her hand; and admit him to those little significant familiarities, which lovers delight to indulge in. The poor girl, who had rather have been burnt at the stake than to be thus more inhumanly sacrificed, submitted, notwithstanding, to her father's will; and the delighted Mr. Fitzhugh, whose unbounded love made his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth when in Emily's presence, yet who could not exist away from her, sat, hour by hour, day after day, opposite to her, staring into her face with that interesting bleared eye of his, with his mouth listlessly wide

open, and never uttering a word, but only now and then "sighing like a furnace."

To arrive at the "hang" of our tale in the most expeditious way, we will leave Mr. Fitzhugh in one of these sentimental attitudes, and cast a glance at the domain of "Elmsgrove," as Mrs. Blannerhasset chose to designate the estate, whose less romantic and less euphonious previous appellation was "Ballaseedy." It had long been in the possession of the Blannerhassetts, and matters stood with the members of the family, at the commencement of our tale, thus. The dead and gone John Blannerhasset, Esq., having been too profuse in his youth, found himself as years gathered on his head, rather straightened in means; and casting his eyes about, decided that the thousands of the brisk widow of a tallow chandler in the town of Tralee, to which his estate was near, would materially assist him in getting on in the world; so he proposed to her, and she, glad to commute her wealth for elevation in society, answered "yes," without hesitation, and they were made man and wife. But to keep a sheriff out of his house, the unfortunate Mr. Blannerhasset took a wild cat in; who so worried him with her temper, her obstinacy, and her tongue, that he at last laid violent hands on himself, and put an end to his mortal career, as many others have done from the same diabolical cause; leaving one child, a son, who had not quite attained his majority, and who, in the settlement of the estate, became a ward in chancery.

This son, as fine a fellow within and without as one would wish to see, and who, his ambitious mother doubted not, with his wealth and his personal attractions, could easily mate with a countess, was out upon a hunt, at the time when Mr. Fitzhugh was in the very fever of his love for Emily Twist. The direction of the chase took young Blannerhasset near to Mr. Twist's mansion, of whose hospitalities, as he had some acquaintance with him, he partook before his return. He had often seen Emily, but was never so struck with her beauty as now; and I hasten to say, in order to keep up with the anticipations of my reader, that his admiration grew stronger with every moment, and an hour's conversation developed it into an ardent attachment. He took his leave, eagerly accepting Mr. Twist's entreaties that he might see him soon again; and the second day thence saw him on his panting steed at his entertainer's door. Mr. Fitzhugh was at Mr. Twist's, as usual, but wholly disregarding him, young Blannerhasset played the intensely agreeable to Miss Emily, whose charms sunk deeper and deeper into his heart. A storm came on towards night, and he was thus forced to remain until the morrow. A half dozen storms detained him in the same way in the course of the ensuing month, and sometimes, something or other detained him when there was no storm at all.

Innumerable little twinges of jealousy finally assailed Mr. Fitzhugh, who ventured to suggest to Emily that the relation she stood in to him, would hardly authorize the very significant intimacy which

she was encouraging with young Blannerhasset. But his expostulations were altogether unheeded. She smiled upon him very sweetly while he was uttering his rebuke, and listened to him very attentively; but a moment after she smiled a thousand times more sweetly on Blannerhasset, who happened to enter the room just then, and away she went with him for a walk, without so much as bidding Mr. Fitzhugh "good bye." This sent Mr. Fitzhugh to her father to obtain his coadjuvancy in the dilemma; which Mr. Twist promised to render, but which, on reflection, he did not render; so that the young people "carried on"—to Mr. Fitzhugh's infinite rage—worse than ever.

Mr. Fitzhugh's brain finally became almost topsy-turvy with the whirlwind of conflicting passions. The slight upon him had no effect to diminish his affection, but rather swelled it to broader bounds; and the reflection, which forced itself upon him, that he was in danger of losing the precious treasure of his heart, was insupportable. What should he do! He resolved to insist upon his rights with Emily, and to prevent any possibility of further stolen interviews with his audacious and presuming rival. So, when they were in the house, he remained within, when they went out he followed, when they walked, he walked, when they sat down, he sat down. Blannerhasset gave him sundry hints that a different course of conduct would be vastly more agreeable, which were wholly lost upon the pertinacious Fitzhugh. But a signal termination was put to this sagacious plan of action; for one pleasant afternoon, at love's sweet hour of twilight, when Blannerhasset and Emily had seated themselves by a window, and Fitzhugh's ungainly visage was thrust, as usual, between them, the youth, exasperated beyond patience, quietly applied one hand to the nape of the interloper's neck, and the other to his nasal protuberance; then, raising him from his chair, he turned the said protuberance downward, and when poor Fitzhugh came to a full comprehension of the extraordinary action, he found himself in the street, with a distinct remembrance of the turning of a lock to exclude him. In this extremity, he thought it decidedly wisest to go home, and mourn over his misfortune there. Had he read a great deal of poetry, he would undoubtedly have torn his hair, and meditated suicide; but as it was, he never dreamed of such refinements of woe. He resolved, however, on revenge, and as the most summary method to achieve it, feigned business at Tralee, for which place he started the very next morning; but turned aside as he approached it, and checked his horse before the stately seat of the Blannerhassets at Elmsgrove, or, as in aforesaid time, Ballaseedy, and was ushered into the presence of Mistress Blannerhasset, to whom he gave warning that her son must be looked after, as he was becoming fast entangled with the daughter of Mr. Twist.

Mrs. Blannerhasset received his communication with a wild stare of horror at the thought! What! her son, for whom she had resolved that no less than a countess, in her own right, should serve, to marry the daughter of a Twist! Horror soon became absorbed in rage; and in the tempest of her fury, she strided from side to side across the room, whirling a chair here and another there, thundering out volumes of terrible words, cursing the whole race of Twists, whose necks she would gladly have twisted, anathematizing her son for his want of ambition, tossing

her arms frantically about, and darting fire from her eyes, until Mr. Fitzhugh wondered that the dead and gone Mr. John Blannerhasset had not made way with himself much sooner than he did, and turned pale with fear lest his own bodily sanity should be infringed upon by the wrathful woman. He sat, however, in silence, until the clouds began to break away, the thunder to be less fearfully audible, and the lightning to play less fiercely; when she thanked him for his kind interference, and expressed her resolve that her son should undertake an immediate journey to the continent; so Mr. Fitzhugh rode back again, all radiant with joy.

When Blannerhasset reached his home, in the afternoon of the same day, his reception by his mother was more warm than delightful. The scene of the morning was enacted over again, and its finale was a command to make ready to accompany his tutor on an immediate tour to the continent. Blannerhasset did not attempt to beseech, for he well knew that any effort of the kind would be unavailing; but something he did do, at once; and that was secretly to despatch a confidential servant with all practicable speed to Emily, bearing a letter, whose contents were of very particular import. After the receipt of her reply, he seemed as calm and contented as though he was not to be compelled to tear himself from his love; and as if no such thing had been hinted at as a tour to the continent.

The day following these events, Mr. Fitzhugh ventured, for the first time since his significant ejection from her presence, to pay a visit to Emily. Contrary to his anticipations, she received him very graciously, and even inquired of him if he knew that Mr. Blannerhasset was about to make the tour of the continent. She exhibited no emotion at the thought of his absence, but appeared, on the contrary, never more lovely. "I was deceived," thought Fitzhugh, "she does not love him; she has been flirting with him merely to excite my jealousy—oh what a load is off my mind!"

"How affectionately she bade me farewell," he said to himself, as he was on his way home, at evening; "how plainly she repents of the pain she has given me, and means, by her kindness, to atone for it. Dear Emily—I forgive thee!"

He could not sleep that night, so full was he of ecstatic dreams; and rose at early dawn to walk abroad, and give vent to his new-born joy. As he stood in the shadow of a tree, against which he was leaning, near the wall that skirted the road side, the noise of wheels, rapidly approaching, aroused him from his reverie. It was a Tralee postchaise and four, dashing along towards Dublin, at a rapid rate, the horses in full gallop. As it whirled by him—he could not be mistaken!—he saw within it, no less than young Blannerhasset and his adored Emily, seated side by side! Oh misery! crack went the whip, away sprung the beasts with a fresh impulse, and in a moment, all was hidden from his sight!

He remained, for some minutes, as stupified as though it had been a real Bengal tiger that had bounded by him, instead of a postchaise. The blood retreated to his heart, the drops stood on his brow, his knees tottered, and he might have fallen to the ground had it not been for the friendly support of the tree against which he leaned. With all his intellectual stolidity, he knew enough to perceive that he had just witnessed the strongest possible symptoms of an

elopement; and felt that he had been most egregiously gulled. To have all his fond anticipations, hissing hot as they were, turned thus suddenly to ice, was a reverse almost too tremendous to support. But the vehicle was still dashing on—the certainty of despair was becoming more and more inevitable; and should he resign himself tamely to grief? No—thought he; and deriving strength from resolution, he hastened to the house, ordered his fleetest horse to be saddled, and was soon on his back, flying along to Ballaseedy.

One of the Louis' of France, when beaten at chess, was accustomed to demolish the board over the head of the unfortunate courtier who happened to be his antagonist. Mr. Fitzhugh could not escape some trembling of apprehension, lest the irascible Mrs. Blannerhassett should expend her wrath upon him for being the messenger of so unwelcome tidings; but love sustained him, and he was ushered into her presence.

"Well, Mr. Fitzhugh, you have come to inform me how my plan works, no doubt—how that Miss Emily is pining away at the thought of her loss, and shedding tubs of tears. It's all very well—I'll teach the vixen to wheedle my son from his duty—that I will!"

"You're sadly mistaken, madam," replied Fitzhugh; "I came to inform you, that I fear your son and Miss Emily are now on their way to Dublin, as fast as a chaise and four can carry them. I saw them myself at sunrise, as they rattled past my house."

As the unfortunate wights of ancient time were turned to stone when they looked upon the snake-haired head of the Gorgon, so Mr. Fitzhugh was almost petrified at the double distilled fury that displayed itself on Mrs. Blannerhassett's countenance at his unexpected announcement. She smothered, however, all further exhibition of the volcano within, for she well knew that action, and that immediate and decisive, was necessary. Her carriage was got out, her best steeds attached, Mr. Fitzhugh was prevailed on to accompany her messenger to Dublin, and in less than an hour, with letters to the proper authorities there, they were in full pursuit. The hope was that the fugitives might be detained by mischances on the road, and that their own superior facilities of conveyance would more than retrieve the distance between them and the pursued.

Arrived in Dublin, officers were employed to ferret out the pair, had they secreted themselves any where in the city; who soon reported that a gentleman and lady, fully answering to the description, had taken passage for Liverpool in the packet of the previous day. This rendered the prospect of success decidedly dubious, but the guards in chancery were nevertheless despatched after them, to make an effort for Blannerhassett's arrest before they had consummated their purpose—since it was evident that Gretna Green was the object of their longings. The guards were ordered in obedience to Mrs. Blannerhassett's desires, to seize the young man and fetch him back with them, leaving the girl to find her way home as best she could. Indeed they would, at any rate, have had no authority over her. So off they went—only a day behind their victims; while Mr. Fitzhugh remained in Dublin to await the result.

We pass now to Blannerhassett and Emily. Full of love, and of determination to do any thing rather than be separated, they had indeed fled to Gretna

Green, that they might be made one for ever, too tightly bound for hard hearted mothers or courts of chancery to separate them. As their arrangements had been of hasty completion, they were of the simplest character; and, without employing wiles of any sort, to mislead those who might be sent in pursuit, they trusted for success only to the chance that their departure would rest undiscovered by the parties interested to prevent it, until it would be too late to interfere. All went well as far as Dublin; where they made a confidant of Emily's brother, then a resident there, and prevailing on him to accompany them, were borne across the channel. At Liverpool they took the speediest conveyance for the north.

Behold them now on an afternoon, at an inn, within a single stage of the border. Emily is in a chamber above stairs with her brother, and Blannerhassett stands at the street door, congratulating himself on the probable success of his flight, and the prospect, that, on the morrow, his adored Emily will be made his own for ever. At once, as he turns his gaze along the village street, he sees in the distance several horsemen approaching at full speed, tramping the dust into clouds around them. He instantly, and with a sinking of the heart, appreciates their errand. Slipping a crown into the hand of Boots, who is exercising his vocation in the entry, he takes from him his frock and hat, and daubing his face with streaks of blacking, plies the brush with vigour upon a dirty shoe. The clatter sounds nearer and nearer, and soon the horsemen are at the door. They are indeed the pursuing guards in chancery! Blannerhassett has not had time to warn Emily of their coming, and having descried her at the window as they rode up, they dash, with an exultant shout by Boots, and hurrying up the stairs, burst into the chamber! Poor Emily! she feels that all is discovered; and, with a heart-rending shriek, she rises from her seat, and flinging herself into her brother's arms, faints upon his bosom. "Here is our man!" cry the guards. "Come, my fine fellow, the jig's up—you must go back with us; and as for Miss here, she may get back as she can. Ah ha! ah! ha! we have been a little too quick for you, hey! Come! no palaver!—we're off at once; and will be a good twenty miles on the way back, before nightfall!"

Young Twist saw in a moment, with delight, that he was mistaken for Blannerhassett; and, eager to hasten them away, before Emily should recover, he laid her on the bed, and, as though submissive to fate, signified to the guards that he was ready to accompany them. Even he did not recognise his friend in his disguise, as he passed by him scrubbing away at a shoe, disdainful to intermit his toil to gratify any curiosity about the strangers. The guards rallied Boots upon so unusual a degree of diligence, to which he made no reply; and nothing but their perfect satisfaction that the veritable Blannerhassett was in their clutches, prevented them from suspicion, and that further survey of the assiduous Boots, which would infallibly have resulted in his detection. He trembled as it was; and scarcely dared congratulate himself, that fortune without his concurrence would invent and carry out so admirable a plot for his security. The guards lingered some time. A postchaise had to be got ready, in which to convey their charge; they stopped to sip a little beer too, and it was a good half hour before they were fairly on the start. The reputed Blannerhassett with one of the guards,

was seated in the chaise, while the remainder were on horseback behind it. When all was ready, the guards gave a grand hurrah, at their success, and the cortege moved on at a rapid rate. Blannerhassett watched it until it disappeared in the distance, and then, disrobing himself of the frock, he flew up to Emily, who, now recovered through the good offices of the landlady, was sobbing and weeping under her supposed misfortunes, as though her very heart was breaking. She could scarce believe her eyes, when they testified that Blannerhassett stood before her; but a few words explained all; they gave a loose to joy again; and to render security doubly secure, they proceeded on their way that very night. The little town whose name is sacred in the chronicles of Hymen, was reached—the celebrated Blacksmith, cupid's notorious priest, called to officiate, and Emily was clasped in the arms of a husband!

Once more to Dublin, to cast a glance at Fitzhugh, who is awaiting the return of the guards. The few days of their absence, during which he was suffering all the tortures of anxiety, scarce hoping that they would be successful, reduced his already attenuated body until it was but one degree removed from a shadow. The shock of the communication that Blannerhassett had really been arrested, one stage before the termination of his journey, and was then in the city, was almost too severe for his debilitated

nerves, but surviving it, he resolved to gratify a feeling of triumph, by looking in upon his humiliated rival. Accordingly, he was ushered to the apartment in which he was confined, and when the door was opened, was greeted by an extended hand and a very benignant smile from Mr. Frederic Twist!

It is hardly necessary to enter into further details. The reader can well imagine the consternation of the guards at the discovery of their mistake, the chop-fallen retreat of Mr. Fitzhugh to his home, and the effervescent rage of Mrs. Blannerhassett. It was not many months before the young and happy husband, attaining his majority, was put in possession of his patrimonial estates; and introduced his beloved wife to the station she was so well fitted to adorn.

NOTE. The circumstances of the above tale, except in so far as they have to do with Mr. Fitzhugh, who is the only interpolated character, are strictly true. My informant, an Irish lady, formerly resident in Tralee, well remembers the rejoicings upon the marriage of the happy pair, whom fortune had so romantically united. As it is not probable that the parties will ever get a glimpse of this tale, for, notwithstanding the unexampled circulation of the *Lady's Book*, I opine no copies are taken at Tralee, I have ventured to employ even the veritable names of both places and parties.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

S K E T C H O F M A D A M E F E L L E R .

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

Some there are
By their good works exalted, lofty minds,
And meditative authors of delight,
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and flourish.—*Wordsworth*.

It has been said that the most noble spectacle earth could present, was a good man struggling with adversity. Is there not one more noble?—more angel-like?—a delicate, pure-minded woman, forgetting herself, and struggling in the depths of poverty, misery, and obscurity, to promote the happiness of others?

The lady, whose name we have placed at the head of this article, has lately been visiting several of the principal cities in our republic, on an errand of mercy. The strong interest she has excited in the hearts of all who have enjoyed the privilege of her acquaintance, has induced us to prepare a short sketch of her character and mission, for the gratification and instruction of our numerous readers. What woman's heart can be indifferent to the beautiful example of one of their own sex, thus devoted to doing good?

Madame Henrietta Feller is a native of Switzerland. Her family was among the best in Lausanne, and she was educated in all the refinements thought necessary to form the mind and manners of the lady. She was naturally of a cheerful temperament, and, like most young ladies, considered the amusements and enjoyments of this life, as permanent sources of happiness. Her prospects, indeed, seemed to promise as fair a portion of earthly felicity as usually falls to the lot of the most favoured. She married a

man who was highly esteemed, one of the magistrates of the city; they had an "elegant sufficiency," and were calculated to adorn the gay and elegant society which was proud to receive them. And heaven had blessed them with one pure source of domestic happiness—a daughter, on whom they lavished their warm affections, and garnered up their hopes.

Madame Feller had been educated in the Protestant faith, and thought herself a Christian, though she had never made personal piety a subject of much thought. But, like most mothers, she was faithful to teach her child whatever of truth and goodness she herself knew. She told her little daughter early of God, her heavenly Father, who lived far, far away in the distant heaven, above the sun and the stars, where no human eye could see his glory. The child seemed to seize the idea of God, as though it were the life and light of her young soul. She did not, like her mother, feel that he was far away—she thought him near, wanted to see him, and was continually urging her mother to tell her about him. One day, when Madame Feller had taken her child to the balcony on the top of the house, the little creature looked around on the broad and open scene before her, then raising her eyes to the sky, she appeared to feel herself nearer heaven, and the first words she said were—"Now, mother, show me God!"

It could not be, but that these conversations of the child should awaken the mother's heart to the subject of religion. An event was soon to occur, which would stamp the impression with the sacred seal of the Holy Spirit. The child was to die! Yes, the only child, the darling daughter of Madame Feller was suddenly called to the bosom of the Father she had so much wished to see. And though scarcely passed the age of infancy, her death was a lesson of deep import—she was so happy, so triumphant, for she assured her mother that an angel stood by her bed, and smiled on her, and promised to take care of her. Could the mother wish to hold her child back from heaven; she did so wish, and it opened her eyes to the selfishness of her own heart. She saw that she had made an idol of the gift, and neglected to love and reverence the Giver. From that time Madame Feller devoted her heart and soul to do the will of God. The death of her husband, which took place a few years after, and which was also that of a Christian, left her alone in the world, but not lonely; every creature of God had a claim on her deep Christian sympathies. The good she loved—the evil she pitied. Her strong and ardent mind could not be satisfied with that passive Christianity, in which most of our sex are content to pass their lives. She wanted to work in the cause of her Saviour. She felt that labourers were needed in his vineyard, and determined to devote herself as a missionary. The question was, where should she begin? She had friends, M. Olivier and wife, who had gone out to Canada as missionaries to the French Canadians, and had begun their work by opening a school at Montreal. After much consideration and many prayers, Madame Feller resolved to go to Canada, join her friends, and become a teacher in their school. She reached Montreal in 1835. She found the state of the poor people in Canada much more distressing than she had anticipated. We will not here enter into any consideration of the causes which have operated to keep the French colonists in Canada from participating in the improvements which, during the last half century, have been so rapidly going on throughout civilized Europe, as well as independent America. But whether it were owing to the agency of the British government, the influence of the Catholic priesthood, or to the faults of the colonists themselves, certain it is, that they were in a most wretched condition. A recent writer thus graphically describes them: "We could hardly find in any heathen country a more degraded race. Without the common necessaries of life, without instruction, ignorant of the Bible, and of the love of God to man, they have long lived in the most stupid indifference and insensibility, and died with scarcely a hope or a thought of eternal life."

Such was the character of the people whom Madame Feller wished to serve. But it is a work of great difficulty to begin improvements. The very benefits conferred often awaken distrust, even dislike in the hearts of those who receive them, towards their benefactors. The blind cannot know the true value of sight; and a partial restoration usually perplexes the mind, by showing "men as trees walking."

It is not strange that the poor Canadians distrusted their disinterested benefactors, and persecuted the Protestant missionaries. Partly from the opposition he met with, and partly from ill health, M. Olivier and wife were compelled to leave Montreal soon

after Madame Feller joined them. But she remained, strong in the faith and hope of doing good. She had brought with her from Switzerland funds sufficient, as she supposed, to support her for life, intending that all her benevolent exertions should be at her own expense. The money was placed in the hands of a gentleman in Montreal, who was considered good and safe. But he failed in business, and so completely, that Madame Feller lost her *all*. She was soon after driven, by persecution, from Montreal, and took shelter at St. Johns. Here she tried to get up a school, but having no funds, could do nothing. She had written to her friends in Switzerland of her destitute condition, but before help arrived was reduced to great extremity. In one of her letters to her friends, she remarks—"No one, perhaps, ever had a greater fear of being poor than myself. I had seen so many instances where dependence upon man was painful, that that condition was the one I most dreaded. And then I had always found it much pleasanter to give than to receive. When I left our beautiful Switzerland, the Lord had subdued my heart; I no longer shrunk at the prospect of poverty, if it were to be encountered in the service of Jesus."

Still her utterly forlorn condition at St. Johns weighed heavily on her heart. She remarks, that it was the only time, since her arrival in Canada, that she has felt despondency. She was sitting, at the close of a day, passed in utter loneliness and the privations which those who are destitute of means must suffer—the bitterness of her lot—a stranger, poor, despised, persecuted—homeless and friendless, came like a wave of desolation over her soul. She looked from her solitary window on the people passing along the streets, each, she thought, was hastening towards *home*, while she had no home: she remarked a little child among the passers by—that child, she thought, is going to its mother, while I have none to come to me with the smile of love, and call me by that endearing name. Should I die, no one would regret me, not a tear would be shed; I should be laid in my grave, with the remark that a poor mendicant, or worse, a wretched impostor had gone unmourned to her last refuge.

But this cloud of darkness did not long oppress her. Brighter visions arose—as she expresses it—God spoke to her, (the feeling of his presence was doubtless most clear to her) and said—"Did I not tell thee of all these things? and didst thou not promise to endure and not to faint while my love sustained thee? I am with thee now."

From that time she doubted no more, but determined to go onward. Means of support from her friends soon reached her, and she again began to teach all the pupils she could obtain, adults as well as children to read the Bible. That was her mission. The necessity for her labours may be somewhat understood from the fact that there then was not more than one in twenty of the French colonists in Canada who could read; and scarcely a copy of the Bible was to be found among the Catholic population.

Madame Feller had obtained considerable influence at St. Johns. So conciliating was her manners, so pure and peaceful her life, so devoted was her heart and soul to the cause of doing good to the wretched, and teaching the ignorant, that many who regarded her as a heretic, could not but admire her zeal, and bless her charity. But when the first rebellion in Lower Canada broke out, the blind fury of those who

felt oppression, but were not qualified to discriminate between their friends and foes, was, at St. Johns, turned against Madame Feller and her adherents. She was driven, by violent outrages from the country, and with about sixty adherents, took shelter in our Republic. She was received at Champlain, where she fled, with great kindness; though her sufferings during her flight were severe, and even during the winter she passed in our country, she and her poor followers had to endure many privations. But order was restored, in some measure, in the provinces, and the British authorities invited Madame Feller to return, promised her protection for the future, and urged her to appear against those who had injured her, and they should be punished.

Now was manifested the blessed Christian spirit which had so truly guided the conduct of this noble-hearted woman.

She accepted, with gratitude, the offer of returning to her labours, but she steadfastly refused to witness against those who had injured her.

"I came to Canada," said she, "to do good to all, as far as I have the ability—to those who injure and persecute as well as to those who love and aid me. What these poor people did, was done in ignorance; I pity and forgive them, and only want the opportunity of doing them favours."

Her resolution soon became known, and the true Christian spirit of her conduct subdued her enemies. From that time she was comparatively unmolested; her school increased; her influence augmented, and her character was respected even by those who still opposed her mission.

In the autumn of 1836, she removed to Grand Ségne, a settlement about twenty miles from Montreal. Here she opened a school, and soon had over twenty pupils. Her evenings were devoted to teaching those adults who could be persuaded to come and receive lessons, and hear the Gospel read. The winter proved a severe one, but these poor children, having found the pleasantness of Madame Feller's teaching, would not be discouraged. In one of her letters* to a friend in New York, she says:

"Last week the weather was so bad, that even the men did not venture to leave the house; you can have no idea of its severity. Well, not one of the children stayed from the school. Their parents were not willing to let them go, but they begged and cried so much that they obtained permission. They were obliged to break their way through the snow; the smallest were up to their necks; the boys went on before to protect the girls. Some of them came quite a distance, and had their ears, cheeks, and hands considerably frozen; but made no complaint whatever, so happy were they to be at school. Some of them have made remarkable progress, being able to read fluently at the end of three months. They delight me by their intelligence and their earnestness to learn the things of God—oh, my dear sister, pray for my poor children in Canada, that their hearts may be open to receive Jesus!"

The summer of 1837 was a season of scarcity, and much distress among the poor people of Canada. Madame Feller, though in much destitution, living

* These and other extracts from the private letters of Madame Feller, have been made without her knowledge or consent. Her simple statement of facts was intended only for her friends, but we thought there could be no better method of making her mission, in its true character, known to the public, than to give her own graphic and touching descriptions.

on the vegetables of her garden, and a little milk, for which she was obliged to pay very dear, resolved to do something for their relief. She says:

"I must also tell you that I am surrounded by the poor—some of the families, who have embraced the Gospel, are so straitened, that they often have not the absolute necessities of life. One family, where there are eight children, and will soon be the ninth, is so destitute, that it is not rare that they pass days without food. Five of these children attend my school, and you may imagine what I suffer when I see them exhausted and feeble from hunger. These poor people have land, but had no means to purchase seed wheat, or potatoes to plant or sow. It seemed to me, that for the glory of God I ought to aid them in their temporal affairs; not by giving them, but by making an advance for them. I have therefore obligated myself for the sum of \$50, and if, as I expect with confidence in our good God, he blesses their fields, I am not concerned but that they will be able to pay me after harvest, for they are now sowing more than they will need for their own consumption. I do not think I have deceived myself in judging that this was my duty."—And it was to obtain this fifty dollars that she wrote to her friends; truly it was the charity of a wise as well as liberal heart, and speaks volumes for her good sense as well as true philanthropy.

In July of this year, Madame Feller was visited by Rev. Mr. Gilman, "a man full of zeal and devotedness." He was a native of Scotland, but then settled as pastor of a Baptist church in Montreal. He found Madame F. with her school of more than twenty children, in a barn, open to the rain and winds. She herself was living in a small garret. With the spirit of a Christian hero, Mr. Gilman resolved that a house for the mission should be prepared. He returned to Montreal, and in four days obtained one hundred dollars for the work. He then in conjunction with Rev. Mr. Roussy, a clergyman from Switzerland who had come to the aid of Madame Feller's mission, visited Champlain, Plattsburg, and other places, pleading the cause of the poor Canadians. The response was warm and cheering. Sufficient funds were obtained to warrant the commencement of the undertaking. Madame Feller, who accompanied them to Plattsburg, thus writes to her friends in New-York:

"I return joyfully to my post; my whole heart is with my Canadians, and I am impatient to find myself again in the midst of my old and young children. Relying upon the Lord for the means of "finishing our tower," we are about to commence building. The plan is to have a spacious schoolroom, in which we can also hold our meetings, and a kitchen on the first floor—the second floor for lodging rooms for the family composing the mission. Is it expecting too much from you, in the present hard times, to ask you to beg for us? I stretch out my hands towards you, and in the name of Jesus, I beseech you to advocate the cause of my poor and miserable, and yet my dear people. Plead their cause; it is for them I ask a house, not for myself. I had one at home in Switzerland; here in Canada a garret is more than sufficient for me. We need a house that shall belong to the Lord, where my poor Canadians, of every age, may come and be taught the knowledge of God."

Could such earnest faith and love be exerted in vain! no, the prayers of Madame Feller have been

answered—those who took up with her the burden of the mission in Canada have been blessed. True, there have been delays, and what might, to souls less warm in love to God and man, have been discouragements. But all have been surmounted. The Mission-House at Grand Ségne, on a much larger scale than was at first projected, will, it is calculated, be completed during this month, (September,) and consecrated to the Lord. The late visit of Madame Feller to the Atlantic cities was for the purpose of collecting the funds necessary to complete the payments for the building. This sum, about \$1800, she had obtained, or nearly so, when she left Boston, her last place of sojourn.

She laboured under one disadvantage—the inability to speak our language—but she was favoured with having the Rev. Mr. Kirke for her interpreter, and all who have had the privilege of listening to his fervid and soul-stirring eloquence in the cause of his Divine Master, will not need be told how effectually he plead the cause of the poor and long neglected people whom she so devotedly loved and desired to serve. But though the Mission-house will be finished and paid for, still, aid for other objects will be needed. Funds for the school are wanted. There are now about eighty pupils under instruction, but many of these cannot attend during the winter, for want of shoes and clothing. It is, also, the wish of the teachers—there are two besides Madame Feller—Rev. Messrs. Roussy and Cellier—to establish a normal department in order to qualify native instructors, for the French Canadian population. Now, scarcely one can be found, fitted for the duties of teaching a primary or common school.

The great aim, therefore, of those engaged in this benevolent enterprise, is to make every person capable of reading the Holy Scriptures, and placing a copy of the Bible in the possession of every family.

Can any true Christian object to this? Surely no enlightened Catholic will oppose it. They are bound, if they act consistently, to encourage the instruction of their people.

In the June number of the "Catholic Friend," a paper devoted to the interests of the Romish church, the Editor, remarking on the "Vigil of Pentecost," says:

"From the number of lessons and prayers, required by the church to be read, and offered by her children, it is evidently her intention that this should be especially observed as a day of instruction, as well as of humiliation, fasting, and prayer.

"The 1st Lesson is, *Genesis* xxii. c.—the 2d Lesson, *Exodus* xiv. c. 24 v.—3d Lesson, *Deuteronomy* xxi. c. 22 v.—4th Lesson, *Isaiah* iv. c.—5th Lesson, *Baruch* iii. c. 9 v.—6th Lesson, *Ezekiel* xxxvii. c.

"The regular Lesson for the Mass of the day is from *Acts* xix. c. 1 to 8 v.—and the Gospel, *John* xiv. c. 15 v. For the numerous prayers, &c., we must refer our readers to the Missal.

"All this Scripture is *prescribed* by the church, to be read by the faithful all over the world—and yet forsooth—if we were to believe what is frequently said of us, Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible!"

In the preface to the "Ursuline Manual," a collection of Prayers and Lessons prepared for the young by a prelate of the Catholic church in Ireland, and approved by Bishop England, of Charleston, S. C., it is declared that, "Solid information and the

improvement of their minds are the next things (after religion) to be kept in view by the young. They should always recollect that, after the pleasures derived from virtues, those to be found in the pursuit of knowledge are the purest and most worthy."

Holding these principles, all enlightened Catholics must approve the efforts of Madame Feller, and bid her God speed. As the Catholics in Maryland, under Lord Baltimore, were the first sect in America which granted religious freedom to all denominations of Christians, we hope the Catholic ladies of that rich state will be among the first to come forward and assist those who are labouring to give instruction to the poor of all sects—Catholics and Protestants—in Canada. It is calculated that *seventy five dollars* per year, will support a pupil in the normal department—including board, clothing and tuition. A few ladies, in each city or large town, uniting together might, without inconvenience, guarantee the sum requisite for one scholar; and thus the required number, about ten, would be provided for. What a glorious opportunity here is of doing good!

"For now is the blest and gracious hour,
To plant in the wastes a heavenly flower."

And to no purer or more zealous hands could the cultivation of the blessed flowers of knowledge, virtue, and piety be committed. The character of Madame Feller has been tried in the crucible of adversity, till the dross of worldliness seems to have been wholly refined away. She lives for others, and in this devotion of her heart and soul to the cause of benevolence, her powers of mind have acquired such strength, comprehensiveness, and discretion as few of either sex ever attain. Then she has

"A faith all made of love and light,
Child-like, and therefore full of might."

Nothing discourages, nothing disturbs her. To her God she commits herself and her cares with the same trust and love as an infant feels in the arms of its mother.

A writer in a new periodical* remarks—"Never have we beheld a purely human face. The face of the soul is not extant in flesh." We wish the writer could look on the countenance of Madame Feller. There is a benign goodness, an expression of deep but serene thought on her large placid brow, and beaming from her still lustrous eyes, which shows more than "glimpses of spiritual glory." The "celestial lineaments" of "virtue and genius," are indeed there. No one can look on her, and hear the music of her soft voice, while pleading for her "dear children," the poor in Canada, without the wish to aid her. We consider her one of the most interesting and remarkable women of the age, and commend her mission to the prayers and charities of all who bear the Christian name, and particularly to our American ladies.

* The Dial.

IDEAS.

BRED to think, as well as to speak by rote, we furnish our minds as we furnish our houses—with the fancies of others, and according to the mode and age of our country: we pick up our ideas and notions in common conversation, as in schools.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MEMORIES.

BY J. N. MCJILTON.

I.

Quick falls the stroke—the wires of time
Tremble a moment, and a year
Drops into the unfathom'd clime,
Where deeds of ages—all appear.
Like spectres on the plains of fate,
The varied actions of mankind,
In wild assemblage congregate—
Dark shadows on the waste of mind,
In the deep vortex of the past,
The deeds of centuries are cast.

II.

What feelings rush upon the heart,
What thoughts run thro' the mind, as one
Stands on the stroke that claims a part
Of coming year, and year agone?
What mem'ries of the past begin,
Like rivers running to the sea?
Rivers of time—they empty in
The ocean of eternity.
From eras of the past they sweep,
Down to the o'erwhelming deep.

III.

In thought, the paths of old we tread,
That ancient prince and prophet trod;
And commune with the distant dead,
That held communion once with God,
And soar up to those regions bright,
The ever glorious regions, where
Almighty Wisdom, throned in light,
'Mid mansions limitless and fair,
The ways of angel throngs to scan,
And measure years to finite man.

IV.

We sit with Adam in the shade
Of spotless Eden; and we see
The Godhead's matchless pow'r displayed,
In every plant, and shrub, and tree.
The birds of heaven, before the fall,
That warbled forth melodious songs;
The fawning beast, the insect—all
The myriads of the countless throngs
That sport around the happy place,
Enchant us with their winning grace.

V.

The guileful serpent we behold,
That won the woman's trusting heart:
And wonder, as we see unfold
The history of that hellish art,
That blighted Eden's blissful bowers—
Her hopes in desolation laid,
And trampled down the lovely flowers,
That God's immortal hand had made,
The burning sod is covered o'er
With wrecks of all that bloomed before.

VI.

The change that passed o'er earth, we mourn,
And birds and flowers were not alone,
When of their bloom and brilliance shorn,
Proud man, unrivalled on his throne
Of princely intellect, has quailed
Beneath the grim and ghastly frown
Of the stern monster, that assailed
And hurled his lofty honours down.
The tyrant sin hath dealt the blow,
That laid the prince of nature low.

VII.

The long last grave of priest and king,
Who lived in ages far agone;
In mind before us, fresh we bring,
And think o'er deeds, the dead had done;
Temple and pyramid, that stood,
Amid the desert—on the plain,
And works that were beyond the flood,
All in their places spring again.
The king's design and artist's skill,
Are gazed on and admired still.

VIII.

And obelisk and column tall,
Yet bathe their summits in the beams,
From day's fierce urn of fire that fall;
Anew the brazen pillar gleams
To tell the glorious triumphs o'er,
That warring hands in blood have won,
And Memnon's marble speaks once more
His pleasure to the rising sun,
Again the faithful Delphian stands,
Attentive to the priest's commands.

IX.

On Babylon and Thebes we gaze,
In all their splendour and their bloom;
And how we start in wild amaze,
When memory recalls the doom
That Time has writ for theirs and them,
Time—who covers with his rust,
The sceptre and the diadem,
And gives the great to death and dust.
The jewelled crown, the vaulting brow,
Beneath the sod are sleeping now.

X.

The good, the vile, the great, the poor,
Alike have trod the tracks of Time;
And they are gone! the earth no more,
May see nor know them till the chime
Of resurrection trump shall break
Upon the quickening spirit's sleep,
In startling echoes, and awake
The buried millions from the deep;
The grasp of death, the shroud, the pall,
In dust and darkness, equal all.

XI.

And all must die—the weak, the strong,
Must pass from this bright world away;
Though wealth and fame to some belong,
They cannot save them from decay.
Of youth—the light and lovely form,
Of age—the intellectual head,
In years gone by, the hideous worm,
That waits within the tomb have fled.
And years to come, that worm shall be
Sole owner of the cemetery.

XII.

'Tis wise to muse upon the tomb,
For all its depths will cover o'er;
The high born head must hail its doom,
The meaner dead can do no more.
The beggar like the king shall sleep,
Unharm'd upon his couch of dust,
And none may break their slumber deep,
Or snatch them from Oblivion's rust.
'Tis wise to muse upon the tomb—
Wiser to be prepared for doom.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE VOICES OF MY HOME.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

THE voices of my home
I hear them not—they are not in mine ear,
Why do they fail to come?
Those low toned voices, exquisitely dear.

Why are they silent now!
The flute-like music of mine earlier days;
The sunlight of my brow
Is sadly darken'd, since I heard their lays.

They whisper'd thro' my dreams,
They've peopled with glad songs, my midnight hours,
Like the soft swell of streams,
That leaves sweet echoes, on their banks of flowers.

I've call'd them round me all,
My mother's hallow'd accents gently mild,
Proud manhood's tone—the small
Low lisping music of a prattling child.

I've question'd them in sleep,
I've ask'd of the old homestead, if they loved
My memory still to keep,
In the old play place, where in youth I roved.

If still they strive to bring
Mine own familiar face before their eyes,
If still they loved to cling,
With the same fervour to those household ties.

And when the shadows fall
Of dreamy twilight slowly round the hearth,
If in their voices' swell,
They miss one echo in their joyous mirth.

Mine own is silent there,
Mine own, that used to raise the evening song,
Or breathe the vesper prayer,
Mine own is silent in that kindred throng.

They've ceased to whisper round
The exile's couch, with mocking melody,
Now, no remember'd sound
Steals thro' my midnight dreams, sweet tones from thee.

The voices of my home,
I hear them not—they are not in mine ear,
Why do they fail to come?
Those low toned voices, exquisitely dear.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO R. P * * * *.

BY E. N. GAMBLE.

STRIKE those rich chords once more, sweeter than life,
Or youthful hope, they thrill my listening soul,
Till I, subdued by the harmonious strife,
To joy or grief, am swayed by thy controul.
Thou leadest me at will, where sorrow flings
Her deep'ning shadows round, or where despair
Sighs to the wind, or love's bright angel sings
A song of peace, or melancholy rare,
Or wars alarms burst upon the haunted air.

To me, the wonders of the world of sound
Were as a fountain of delight unknown,
But thou didst wake to joy the region round,
Unsealed the treasure, touched the heart of stone,
I bless thee for the power, musician rare!

To hear and *feel* what listening crowds admire;
Melodious thoughts hang round thee, and the air
Is vocal with applause thou dost inspire,
As thy quick fingers press the answering wire.

Thine be the praise, oh, blithe and gentle spirit!
Whose echoes shall all meaner triumphs shame;
And thine the fadeless wreath, which they inherit,
Whose names are written on the scroll of fame.
There is no power on earth, like that, which lies
In those resistless tones; thou art, to me,
Invested with romance, and those dark eyes,
Are with me every where, and thoughts of thee,
Come o'er my heart like bursts of tenderest melody.

BUTTERFLIES.

THE chrysalis of butterflies are naked, that is, they are not covered with cocoons, but are attached to trees by the tip, and hang suspended from them. The antennæ are club-shaped, or thickest toward the tip. The butterfly is furnished with four wings, six legs, a proboscis, and it sucks honey as its chief aliment. It has been found by many naturalists, that, even before the caterpillar changes into the chrysalis, the perfect butterfly may be seen within it. This is proved, by putting a full-grown caterpillar into boiling water, and taking it out soon after; when, on drawing off the skin, a perfect butterfly is found folded up within it. But even after the insect has been freed from its prison, it has not wholly attained its full perfection, for, besides being very weak, its wings are folded together in such a manner as to resemble wet paper. But in a short

space of time, they expand to their full extent and size. This, however, can be accounted for. The wings are composed of fine membranes, between which are veins, similar to those in the leaves of plants. Those are hollow tubes, having a communication at the edge of the wings, with the body. The young butterfly forces a quantity of air into them, which expands them immediately, and obliterates the folds of the soft and wet wings. The soft down which covers the wings of these insects, and which appears like the finest dust, is found to consist of scales or feathers, of different forms. The number of these scales on the wings of the larger butterflies, must amount to millions, since a naturalist discovered on the wings of a silk-worm moth, more than four hundred thousand.

H.

TO THE PRAIRIE I'LL FLY NOT.

IN ANSWER TO "OH! FLY TO THE PRAIRIE."

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, BY

W. D. BRINCKLE, M. D.

Allegro non Troppo.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a rhythmic melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes.

To the prairie I'll fly not, young ro-ver, with thee, Its wideness and wildness have

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "To the prairie I'll fly not, young ro-ver, with thee, Its wideness and wildness have". The music is in B-flat major and 2/4 time.

no charms for me, O'er its soft silk-en bo-som though summer winds glide, To the

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "no charms for me, O'er its soft silk-en bo-som though summer winds glide, To the". The musical notation remains consistent with the first system.

prairie I'll fly not a wild hunter's bride. Though fawns in the meadow fields

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "prairie I'll fly not a wild hunter's bride. Though fawns in the meadow fields". The music ends with a final cadence on the piano accompaniment.

fear - - less - - - ly play, And the landscape's enchanting, and na - ture all gay, To the

prairie I'll fly not! then linger not here, So far from the home of your light footed deer.

II.

Tho' bisons, like clouds, overshadow the place,
 And wild spotted coursers invite to the chase,
 To the prairie I'll fly not, at least, not with thee,
 So away to your wild sports, and think not of me.
 What, fly to the prairie? I could not live there,
 With the Indian and panther, and bison, and bear;
 Then cease to torment me, I'll not give my hand,
 To one, whose abode 's in so savage a land.

III.

Besides, at the crack of a rifle I feel
 A horror and dread, that I cannot conceal;
 Then tarry no longer, my home ne'er will be
 In a wigwam or tent, on the prairie with thee.
 I love not your prairie, tho' rich be its hue,
 I love not the life of a rover—nor you;
 Then mount—mount your courser, again let me say,
 To the prairie I'll fly not, so bound—bound away.

Written for the Lady's Book.

FAIR MOUNT.

[SEE PLATE.]

BY MISS CATHERINE L. BROOKE.

I've gaz'd on many a beauteous scene,
 In distant climes, where sunny skies
 Smile on the vales of living green,
 And torrents roll, and mountains rise:
 But not in lands more warm and bright,
 'Mid valleys rich, and heights sublime,
 Does the eye rest with deep delight
 On mingling beauties such as thine.
 Whether, when morning's golden ray,
 Clothes thee in splendour, life, and light,
 Or on thy gushing fountains play
 The cold moonbeam, or sweet twilight;
 Or bosom of thy glassy lake,
 Calmly looks back the starry heaven,
 Or thy stemm'd waters brightly break
 In foam, and roar as downward driven,
 Thou'rt lovely still. The ravish'd eye,
 Seeks thy rich landscape, whose repose,

Speaks to the spirit, soothingly,
 While the soft zephyr gently blows;
 Or turns to rest, in thoughtful gaze,
 On towers of strength, guilt's lonely cell,
 While stretching far, in the dim haze,
 The crowded city lies;—where dwell
 Vice clothed in pomp, and suff'ring worth,
 The dark of soul—the pure in heart—
 All that deform this glorious earth,
 Or hope, or joy, to life impart,
 Are struggling—living—dying there;
 And the heart sick'ning with the view,
 Gladly returns to Nature fair,
 Smiling 'neath skies of deepest blue,
 And holy breathings calm the soul,
 As thought extatic mounts above,
 To Him, whose power hath form'd the whole,
 The God of Nature, Life, and love.

EDITORS' TABLE.

DR. AIKEN held that all moral virtue was to be resolved into the preference of the social principle to the selfish—*disinterestedness* appeared to him the first of human qualities. In this noblest of qualities, may not our sex justly claim the pre-eminence? The generous Ladyard, who travelled extensively, looked on the world with a discriminating eye, and saw mankind in almost every varied form of society and government, gives his testimony to woman's disinterestedness in the following words:

"I have always remarked that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; and that they do not hesitate like men to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious; they are full of courtesy and fond of society; are in general more virtuous than man, and perform more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence (or disinterestedness) these actions have been performed in so free, and so kind a manner, that if I was thirsty, I drank the sweetest draught, and if I was hungry I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

This universal prevalence of the benevolent or disinterested feeling in our sex could not exist, if there were not, in the constitution of woman's nature a higher degree of moral qualities than man possesses. Hence it is that she is qualified, even when deficient in what the schools call learning, to be his teacher and model. God formed her with peculiar beauty of person to attract, and endowed her with exalted moral perfections to win man to the love and practice of virtue. The Rev. Mr. Kirke, in a most eloquent sermon, preached before a Maternal Society in London, says, "Just as far as we get

away from paganism and all its degradation of the female sex; just as far as we get away from the foolish and romantic ideas of woman that prevailed in the days of chivalry—we shall come to the clear and glorious light of Christianity, and woman will be what God intended she should be in his hand—*(the renovator of the human race.)*"

Woman's disinterestedness, and her beneficent desire to diffuse happiness, by the conscientious application of her powers, give her a versatility of character, which is admirably suited to the discharge of those varied duties in which she was designed to engage. The pliancy of spirit, which, without diminishing its strength or quenching its ardour, adapts itself to every diversity of condition, is a prominent trait in her character. Under the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow—of sickness and health—poverty and abundance—neglect and attention, this principle of her nature reveals itself as a sustaining power. Without its activity how comfortless would be her condition even in an enlightened life.

"To the eye of the moralist," says a popular writer, "the character of woman, uniting such due proportions of the virtues, assumes a beauty and symmetry of the highest order of excellence. If the energy of her sensibilities, sometimes invest it with the excess of weakness, the seeming defect is compensated by the noble virtues to which they give rise. The force of her feeling imparts an earnestness to her actions; and impelled as she is by the principle of love and benevolence, her many failings lean to virtue's side. These are errors of the head—not of the heart. Let her mind be elevated by intelligence, and the frequency would be diminished. When man shall be just to her nature, then will he have less cause to censure; for woman will have fewer faults to deserve censure. Her moral taste, refined and elevated by the perceptions of her intellect, will then present her to his view as a manifestation of a superior nature; a copy worthy of its original; worthy of his confidence, companionship, and love."

We add—worthy, too, of his imitation. Let it never be forgotten, by those who call themselves Christians, that the

moral virtues of both sexes, as proscribed by the Saviour, are the same. That sex which excels in goodness must be superior in the moral scale. We hold that as the world improves in its knowledge of the dignity of virtue, as truth and justice and disinterested benevolence come to be appreciated as the highest attributes of the human character, the estimate of woman's excellence will increase, and she will, in sober reality, be considered as

"Heaven's last, best gift to man."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A change seems coming over our correspondents—they write prose. We have had a larger number of articles of this kind for the last few weeks; and there is a small, though scarcely perceptible diminution in our number of poems received. But we regret to say, there is not much improvement in the quality of these communications. Of those examined we can accept only the following:

Visions of Astronomy.
To my Mother.
The Two Trees.
Lines on a Coral Honeysuckle.
Female Education.

The list of articles rejected is much longer; but we presume the writers will prefer to know the fate of their applications as soon as possible. We decline the following:

The Orphan—This story is too romantic, not in incident only, but in language. The writer has shown considerable talent, and need not be discouraged.

Cornelia Preydam—A Honeymoon Sketch—Very soft.
My Birthday—Pretty good, but not worth publishing.

The Widow—Dull.

Immortality of Love—We have little fault to find with this poem—the measure and harmony are well preserved, the sentiment is beautiful; but it wants the spirit-stirring power, it wants life. The writer must *feel* as well as *observe*.

Memory—Not carefully written.

The Graduating Class of 1840—A very good song for the occasion, but not suited to the "Lady's Book."

Lines on the Death of Miss Eliza B. Hampton—We give the first stanza and the best.

"She is gone to the world of spirits bright,
 A world all spotless and pure, -
 She's gone from a world of death and of night
 Passing away at the morning's first light,
 And leaving her friends to deplore:
 Like a fleeting cloud on an April day,
 She has passed away—she has passed away!"

Elegiac poetry is the favourite kind among our poetasters, as we judge by the number of reams sent us. It is an amiable feeling which seeks to embalm the memory of the dead, and we are always pained to reject such articles. But we could not, unless making our "Book" an obituary record merely, insert all, were they good; and justice compels us to say, that generally speaking, these death recording poems are the most ordinary we receive. Here is a specimen:

"To the Memory of A. T. S.

"Loud swells on high the vast trisagion—
 The heavenly choir one voice numbers more:
 The angel throng greet hand in hand their sister,
 Just now escaped the net of life through which
 Erewhile so brightly glimpsed her soul, anon
 Flashing despair to ties terrestrial."

In a different measure, but not much superior in merit, we have three other poems, viz.

To the Memory of C. S. G.

On the Death of a Friend.
The Last Look.

We would say as a friend, to the authors of these rejected articles, that they have not done justice to their own talents. Marks of haste are too visible. Always remember to

"Take time for thinking, never write in haste,
 And value not yourself for writing fast;
 A rapid poem with such fury writ,
 Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
 * * * * *
 Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
 Always let sense accompany your rhyme.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Scotland and the Scotch; or, the Western Circuit. By Catharine Sinclair.

Who does not love Scotland?—the country of romance and song, the land of enthusiasm and bold deeds, the mountain retreat of liberty and piety!—William Wallace and Robert Bruce, Montrose and Argyle are the cherished heroes of every school girl; and every woman's heart beats quicker at the thought of the wrongs and sufferings of Mary Stuart.

And then the lyre of Burns has made "old Scotia" hallowed ground, her "banks and braes," her "heathery hills," and "hawthorn shades," are among the sweetest visions that fancy brings before the mind's eye. This too, is the place where the genius of the "Great Magicinn" burns with the brightest lustre; and never does the muse of Shakspeare attain a loftier flight than when she spreads her wings over the blue heights of Caledonia! But Scotland is to many a country of the past—we dream of the days when the bold Gaels gathered at the sight of the fiery cross—

"And the land rose up at the sign of war!"

or we sympathise with the royal adventurer, who led his devoted followers to the last battle field for the Stuarts, and we love the loyal peasant who sheltered the princely fugitive, in his rude shed.

But the Scotland of to-day is, in a great measure, unknown to us. Fashionable tourists and sight-seers do not often venture north of Edinburgh, and the wild scenery of the Highlands, with its majestic rocks, romantic waterfalls, deep glens, and storied caverns, is unknown to us, except in the pages of the novelist or the traditions of olden time. The traveller into these northern regions needs some guide book to point out the localities of interest and the roads which lead through the most picturesque scenery. The book before us is intended to supply this want, and in a good measure it does so.

It might truly be called "Sketches of the Highlands at the present Time; or, Letters to a Scotch Cousin." It abounds in anecdotes and traditions, and we often discover a vein of happy illustration and lively description which reminds us strongly of our countryman, the inimitable Washington Irving, of whose productions Americans may justly be proud. The description of the unfinished houses of Scottish proprietors forcibly brings to our memory, Diedrich Knickerbocker's *New England Farmer*. Indeed, we have ever discovered a great similarity between the Scotch and Yankee characters, and Miss Sinclair unintentionally confirms us in our belief. Her invective against *pianos* will be echoed from every village in our country. She says, "I called some time since at a farm house, built like all its cotemporaries on a scale in proportion to the rent. There the young "ladies" had left their milk pails to practise the Swiss "Ranz des Vaches," and played "Corn Riggs" instead of cutting them; but it was an amusing mixture to see a piano forte standing at one end and a pile of carrots at the other." Our author says, again alluding to the taste for larger houses than purses—"From the moment any Scotch proprietor lays the foundation of a new house, he may consider himself a bankrupt, because he never leaves

himself a sufficient income to inhabit it; and he never seems able to stop, while a stone remains in the quarry. It is a national mania to overdo both our private and public buildings, for, as Burns says, 'Tis pride lays Scotland low,' and many a vacant unfurnished drawing-room—many a cold, wide, ill-lighted staircase, and many a comfortless dining-room, that never saw a dinner, bears witness against the founder that he calculated two and two would make five. We fear this is the sort of arithmetic by which the fortunes of many of our speculating merchants have been estimated of late. We are amused with the following specimen of an English traveller, who complained "that he had gone up our hills merely to run them down again," adding a gratuitous remark that Blenheim was a much larger house than Inverary, and that the Duke of Devonshire had considerably finer trees than any here. We yielded both these points with exemplary candour, and he then looked round the shady path, remarking, that it was a relief any where to lose sight of the sea as he was perfectly tired of looking at it! But when asked if this landscape was completely to his mind, he replied with characteristic humour, "The grass is perhaps rather too green."

Those who delight in the beautiful creations of the pen of Scott, and who linger with as much delight as ourselves over the pages of the "Heart of Mid Lothian," will be interested in the castle of Inverary, the residence of the Great Duke of Argyle. Miss Sinclair says, "Great as the great duke was, however, in his own day, he is indebted for most of his modern celebrity to 'Joannie Deans,' and

"Argyle, the nation's thunder born to wield,
And shako alike the senate and the field,'

owes his immortality to his fictitious character, as patron of a poor country girl. Such is the fame giving power of genius."

Nearly a whole chapter is devoted to the discussion of the propriety of a church establishment—a topic which seems to us totally out of place here, and which the author has not made sufficiently interesting to atone for its inappropriateness.

But though there is, occasionally, a little prosing, the work is really very entertaining, full of original anecdotes, and vivid description. If it be not destined to immortality, a fate seldom gained by the sketch-writer, it will, at least, make the name of Catharine Sinclair popular, for her fertile mind has here furnished scenes to gratify as well as enlighten her readers.

Scenes from real Life. By Lucy Hooper. New York: James P. Giffing.

This is an American tale, and told with the earnestness which the purpose of doing good imparts to a warm-hearted sensitive writer. It is not a test of the author's powers; she was only trying her strength. She will do better. But this little book will make her favourably known. We shall be happy to meet her again.

The Dial, is the title of a *new* (a real novelty in many respects.) magazine lately published in Boston. It professes to be devoted to "Literature, Philosophy, and Religion;" but its main purpose is to set forth, advocate, and advance those peculiar notions of the German philosophers, characterized as "transcendentalism."

This first number has many specimens of beautiful sentiment and eloquent appeal. Some of the papers, particularly the "Religion of Beauty," and "Channing's Translation of Jouvffroy" are finely and vigorously written.—The poetry also is good—but "Orphic Sayings" are beyond sphere. We have read nothing that can compare with these in profundity and grandiloquence. What the meaning of many of these "Sayings" are, we have not the presumption even to guess. Their author alone can understand the mystery, or, at least, those for whom he writes—for those who submerge old landmarks and lay waste the labours of centuries. We give one of these *opals* of wisdom, taken at random, as a specimen.

"That which is visible is dead; the apparent is the corpse real; and undergoes sepulchres and resurrections. The soul dies out of organ—the tombs cannot confine her; she eludes

the grasp of decay; she builds and unseals the sepulchres. Her bodies are fleeting, historical. Whatsoever she sees when awake is death; when asleep a dream."

There, what do you say to that rhapsody? Is it not grand and shadowy as Osian ghosts? with as little of reason or common sense as they had of substance?

The *Dial* is edited, we understand, by Rev. R. W. Emerson and Miss Margaret Fuller; the gentleman's great talents are well known, and highly appreciated by his friends, and the lady is said to possess a fine genius and cultivated taste. The work is handsomely got up.

The Quiet Husband, by Miss Ellen Pickering, author of *Nan Darrell*, *The Fright*, &c. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

Miss Pickering is taking a high stand among the novel writers of the day, and her most successful effort is the *Quiet Husband*. The characters are well drawn and sustained. The denouement was to us a little unexpected, but the interest is greatly heightened.

The Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters, is the title of a very excellent magazine which is published at \$3 per annum, by W. Crosby & Co., Boston.

Cousin Geoffrey: Edited by Theodoro Hook. Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard.

Differing from the usual class of novels where a glance at the *Dramatis Personæ*, at once tells you the characters of the various personages, who the hero will marry, &c. We defy any person to read the first volume of this novel, and tell what will be the character of the second. The revolution in the plot is almost as sudden as in Fielding's *Tom Jones*.

Huddy's *Military Magazine* seems to be growing in favour. It is a very beautiful work, and conducted with great ability. Huddy and Duval publishers, 7 Bank Alley, Philadelphia. \$5 per annum.

The *New York Mirror* continues its time-honoured course. It could not be in better hands than those of General Morris.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

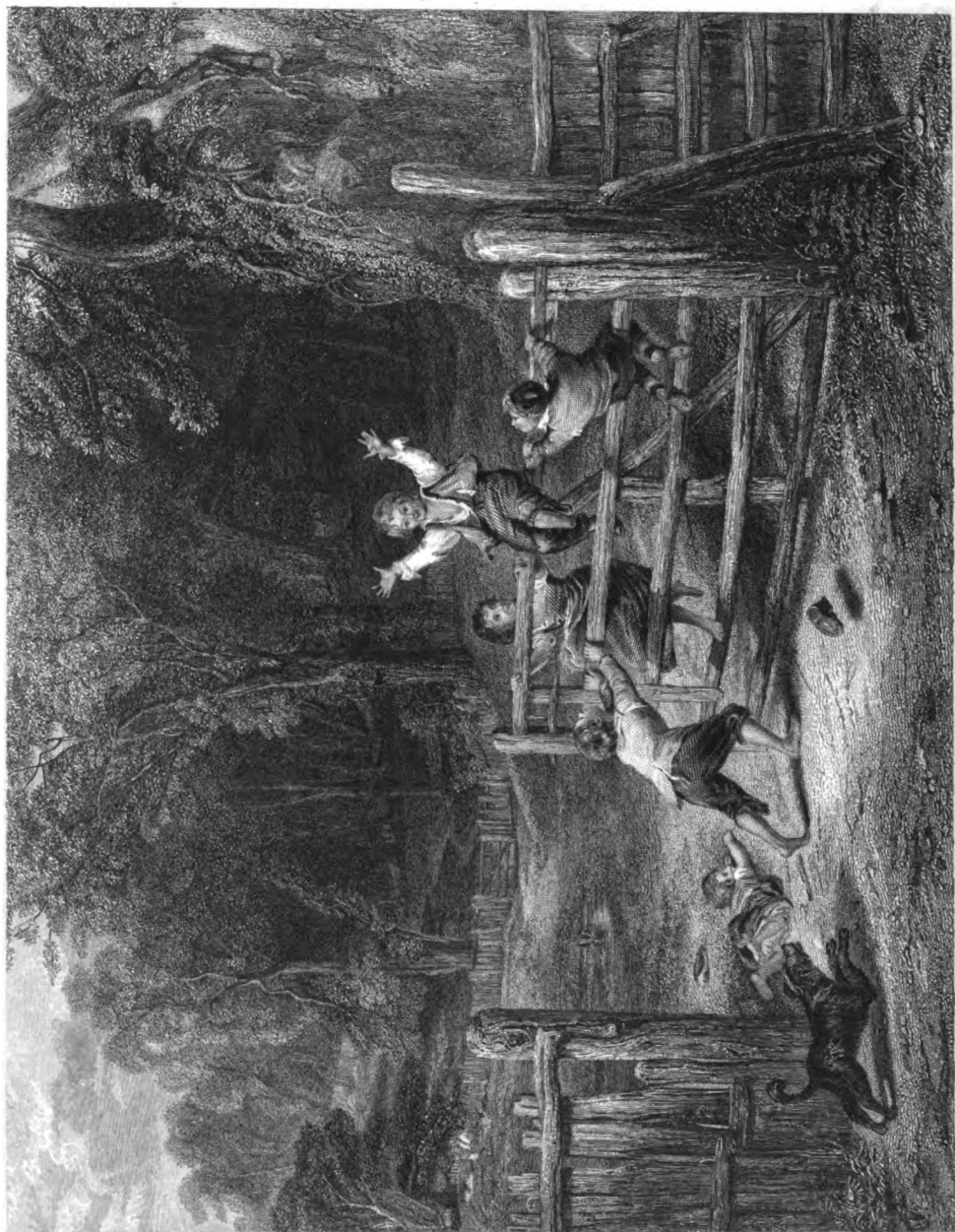
The plate in this number is a view of our own Fair Mount Water Works—and is it not superb? the splendour of the scene is enhanced by the beauty of the engraving. The September number will contain "Happy as a King," from a picture by Collins a very celebrated English painter.

We still furnish Scott's *Novels* and the *Lady's Book* one year for Ten Dollars; or *Lady Blessington*, *Miss Landon*, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, by *Boz*; or the *Pick Wick Papers* and *Lady's Book*, one year, for \$5.

We would like it noticed, that in addition to the steel engraving in each number, more superb than in any other publication, we also give a Plate of Fashions richly coloured. The latter, of course, is intended for the ladies, and is very expensive. There is not a magazine in Europe or America, that gives so many and such beautiful embellishments, while, in most cases, the price of subscription is double. As for contributors, look at the cover of any one number. There will be found names that would be an honour to any publication.

"Mr. Smith" is travelling rapidly over the country. This gentleman will have made the tour of the United States and Canada, in less time than it has ever been accomplished by any other person.

☞ For Description of Fashion Plate—See Cover.



Printed by W. Collins, B.S.

HAPPY AS A KING.

G O D E Y ' S
L A D Y ' S B O O K .

OCTOBER, 1840.



Written for the Lady's Book.

"H A P P Y A S A K I N G ."

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

No recollections of the past, however pleasing,
Come unalloyed with sadness. To remember
Our joys departed is more melancholy
Than to recall the evils we have suffered.
Moments and scenes once wholly beatific
Are veil'd by time in dim and sombre shadows,
And, like the faded portraits of dead friends,
Display the image only to remind us
That all which was reality has left us.

And yet the mind, (perhaps unwisely,) still
Loves to revisit—loves to pause and ponder
On hours of past felicity, embittered
In the remembrance by the sad conviction
That they are past *forever!* This perverseness
Of human intellect inclines me oft
To wander, in imagination, where
My happiest moments pass'd. That rural shade,
The dusky avenues of those wide woods
On whose green limits stood my earliest home;
That very garden-fence, constructed rudely
Of unhewn timber, and the gate that swung,
Most unmelodiously, on stubborn hinges;—
These are associations that return
As sad memorials of the only days
Of perfect happiness to me allotted.
There, with the loved companions of my childhood,
Sheltered from summer suns beneath the branches
Of those broad oaks, in every one of which
I now could recognize an old old acquaintance,
And find familiar twists in every bough;—
There have I sported for "uncounted hours;"
And never since has aught this earth afforded
Produced such triumph and such satisfaction
As when our noisy company was mounted
On that old gate;—myself pre-eminent
Upon the topmost rail. It has been written
That once a country youth deemed riding gates
A kingly pastime; and I thought so too.
And *still* I doubt if royalty enjoys
A bliss more perfect than the rustic boy's.

FRANCIS.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE PRISONER.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"He, that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."—*Prov.* xxix. 1.

THE following sketch might doubtless have been made more effective had I allowed my fancy to dictate improvements and additions, but as my aim has been simply to exhibit one of the many phases of human nature as it actually exists, I have confined myself strictly to the *truth*. The incidents in the life of the felon occurred exactly as I have narrated them, and to one who reads with a thoughtful spirit, the tale may not be without its uses.

In the course of a pleasant journey to the west, during the past summer, we were delayed a few hours at Auburn, and it was suggested by some of our party that we should visit the lion of the place, the State Prison. I had never been within the walls of a prison since I was a very little girl, and, strange to say, my recollections of "durance vile" were pleasurable ones. The old State Prison then stood in the very heart of the straggling and unpicturesque village of Greenwich, since swallowed up by the expanding jaws of the city of New York, to which it now forms a suburb. My father was physician to the establishment, and this, together with the fact that the keeper's children were my schoolfellows, afforded me ready access to the prison. I remember well the cross visage of the porter as he used to crawl out of his little lodge with the enormous key which was to open the ponderous gate for a merry child. Directly within this gate was a paved court, as clean as a drawing-room, and always full of sunshine. On the right hand of the court, a high picket fence separated it from the working-ground, or yard, as it was called; while on the left, a similar barrier shut off a garden, which, to my inexperienced eye, seemed a perfect paradise. It was a great privilege to be allowed admission into the garden, and I recollect how carefully I used to draw my dress around me, and tread on tiptoe between the beds of blooming flowers, lest I should mar their beauty.

When I visited the workshops, which I frequently did with my young companions, every thing wore to me an appearance of contented industry, for I saw but little difference between the labourer in the prison and the workman in the factory, except that the felon was best provided with clothes and food. Their tables were spread with every attention to cleanliness and comfort; their huge bits of boiled beef and wholesome rye bread looked to me then even inviting, and upon the whole, the punishment of imprisonment did not seem so very terrible. The servants of the house, the cooks and waiters, the gardeners and sempstresses, all were felons, and as they travelled to and fro with cheerful faces, to my view seemed quite regardless of the wall which arose between them and the rest of the world. No child, as young as I then was, can be made to comprehend fully the philosophy of crime and its consequences. We cared very little about the justice which condemned these people to punishment. We could not read the characters which guilt had stamped upon their seared brows, and our sympathy, ever excited by the melancholy

look or dejected mien of a convict, often displayed itself in the shape of a paper of tobacco—a great luxury—or a bit of gingerbread secretly conveyed to some object of our pity.

With these recollections thronging around my mind, I felt some curiosity to learn what would be my present impressions from a visit to such a place, and we accordingly set off to behold Auburn Prison. We arrived there a few minutes before twelve o'clock, and the only thing that struck me as we passed rapidly through a few of the wards, was the sullen, ferocious expression of countenance which every one wore. As we proceeded through the coopeage, I felt my blood chill as we approached a deformed negro, who, with a sharp axe in his hand, was busied in preparing staves. As our party passed by, he raised his crooked body, and glared after each with a malignity and savageness that seemed almost demoniacal.

But we had scarcely time to notice any thing when we were summoned into the court, to see the convicts go to dinner. At that time there were only eight women in the prison, and those we did not see, but never shall I forget the appearance of those wretched felons. Six hundred men of all ages, from the scarcely-bearded boy to the hoary-headed sinner of threescore, their arms folded on their breasts, their faces turned towards their jailer, marched in single file and with locked steps across that immense square, the solemn tramp of their heavy feet alone breaking the breathless silence of the place. I shuddered as I looked and listened, for it required but little effort of imagination to fancy it a triumphal procession in honour of the great Principle of Evil. It was indeed a fearful testimony to the degradation of human nature. Here were men of stalwart courage—of herculean strength—of consummate artifice—men of blood even—and yet all were subjected, like so many helpless children, to the bidding of one feeble being whom they could have crushed like a worm in their path. It was a terrible picture of the effects of sin, for it exhibited the utter crushing of the intellectual and physical nature—the total prostration beneath *brute force* of the body made in God's image and the soul which is the breath of his nostrils.

When all were seated at table, the sight was even more painful. The privilege of speech—a blessing so common as scarcely to be valued—is denied to those guilty men; a stillness like that to which the *Trappists* condemn themselves for their souls' sake, reigns ever in that place, and when I beheld them silently devouring their coarse food with a fierce and ravenous appetite, I almost fancied that the old fable of the "*Loup Garoux*," was realized in our own times, and that the evil one had converted those wretched beings into wolf-men. Not one face did I see which bore the impress of penitence or resignation. Stolid ferocity, leering impudence, bitter malignity, watchful revenge, or dark hatred, might be read in every countenance. I felt my very heart grow sick as I looked on this vast assemblage of the outcasts of society, and

I gladly hurried from the close and stifling atmosphere of that gloomy room, into the blessed light and breath of heaven.

As we returned to the hotel the conversation naturally reverted to the scene we had just witnessed, and we had quite a discussion as to the propriety of such visits, as well as their probable effects upon the prisoners. Man rarely becomes utterly debased by one act of criminality. The guilt which he is condemned to expiate in confinement, may not have deprived him of all sense of shame, but by being thus subjected to the gaze of impertinent curiosity he loses the little self-respect which he has retained in the midst of crime, and is thus deprived of an incentive, stronger than all others in an unregenerate heart, to return to a virtuous course of life. The biting jest, the keen sarcasm, the witless triumph of many who come to behold the consequences of error, can excite no other feeling than that of impotent rage in the breast of him who was not "strong to resist temptation;" and in most cases will only stimulate him to become an Ismael of the world's great wilderness, turning his hand against every man, even as every man's hand is against him.

As an illustration of the untameable spirit of pride which may exist in the breast of a convict, one of our party related the following story. I will endeavour to give it in his own words, though I can do little justice to the graphic style of the speaker.

"My duties as physician to the New York State Prison, brought me into daily contact with many of its inmates for several years, and I could narrate innumerable instances of the pride and even nobleness of sentiment which may often be found in the midst of crime. The fanciful philosopher of olden times, who suggested the fantastic idea that the body of man was inhabited by two natures, one evil, the other good, and that the crimes and virtues of every one were in proportion to the advantage gained by the two principles which were constantly struggling within him, might there have found most plausible reasons for his theory. I remember one example of perseverance and indomitable resolution which if exercised in the cause of virtue would have made their possessor a hero.

"Early in the spring of 18—, a young man named Bradshaw, was sentenced to prison for horse-stealing. I happened to be in the keeper's room when he was brought in to be registered, and I was immediately struck with his appearance. He was just twenty-two years of age, with a ruddy complexion, embrowned by toil, a clear blue eye, and a robust figure; presenting, in short, one of the finest specimens of the American farmer that had ever met my notice. I was particularly attracted by the evidences of vigorous health which were apparent in his whole person, and could almost have envied him as I contrasted my feeble frame with his muscular form. Feeling some curiosity respecting one who was certainly no hardened sinner, I endeavoured to enter into conversation with him, but was immediately repulsed by his sullen manner. Contrary to the practice of condemned felons, who are generally quite ready to enter into details of the *conspiracy* which doomed them to become *innocent* inmates of a prison, Bradshaw refused to give any account of himself, and stood perfectly silent except when obliged to reply to the necessary questions of the keeper. His conduct might have been the effect of a consciousness of guilt, or

of a sense of injured innocence, but which it really was, would have puzzled the acuteness of a German philosopher to discover.

"He had been but a short time in prison when for some act of insubordination he was sentenced to wear a block and chain on his leg—a punishment usually inflicted for first offences, and which also involved the necessity of dining in Hall Eight, as it was called, on bread and water. He wore his badge of disgrace one day, but on the following morning as he passed through the yard on his way to dinner, he took up an axe and split the block in two pieces. This conduct was, of course, reported to the chief authorities of the prison, and his block was exchanged for a fifty-six pound weight. It was impossible for him to remove this clog to his steps, he was compelled to drag his weight of punishment until his sullen and vindictive temper was aroused almost to frenzy. He determined on some signal act of revenge which should satisfy his angry feelings, and, as he was at that time employed in the weaver's shop, he soon found means to effect his object. Watching his opportunity, he secreted himself behind the door while his companions, together with the keeper, passed out to the hall appropriated to their meals. No sooner did he find himself alone, than, seizing a knife, he cut through every boom in the shop. Now, if you recollect that the boom is the frame upon which the finished web is rolled, and that, by cutting it through, every piece is divided into bits of about half a yard in length, you will understand the extent of the damage effected by Bradshaw. Several hundred yards of cloth were utterly destroyed, and, far from attempting to conceal his agency in the mischief, he boldly avowed his determination to continue such a course of conduct as long as he was detained in prison. He was immediately sent to the cells, where, confined in a small, dimly-lighted apartment, without employment, and with no other food than bread and water, he continued for *five months*. During all this time his manner was still the same. He never attempted to exchange a word with those who brought his supply of daily sustenance, his bible was thrown unheeded on the floor, and he seemed totally regardless of his lonely and wearisome condition.

"If there be a punishment which exceeds the powers of human endurance, methinks it is *solitary confinement*. Shut up in a darksome cell, cut off from all intercourse with his fellow beings, forbidden the exercise of industry—that only sure source of contentment—the physical privations of the criminal are the least of his sufferings. The constrained idleness to which he is condemned leaves free scope to the workings of the uncontrollable mind. He quaffs the cup of wormwood and gall which memory presents to his polluted lips, until the fountains of tenderness, which sprang up within his heart while he yet lay on his mother's bosom, become like the waters of Marah, diffusing unmingled bitterness. He writhes beneath the scorpion stings of remorse until, like the penitents of darker ages, he becomes callous to the scourge. The narrow limits of his cell are peopled with images of horror. His waking hours are as dream-like as those of deep midnight, for the incubus of a guilty conscience sits heavy on his breast and he is either maddened by its horrors or familiarized to its reproaches. Yes! Solitary imprisonment is indeed a fearful doom. Either reason sinks beneath its tortures or else the demons which lie in

wait for the tempted, gather around the wretched victim and make him their own for ever. He either becomes mad or doubly hardened in his sin. Rarely do men, when undergoing this punishment, resort to the Bible, which is the sole companion of their solitude, or if they do seek its pages, they are ingenious in discovering threats rather than promises—denunciations of vengeance instead of proffers of pardon—the face of an angry God and not the benign countenance of a forgiving Father. I remember one man who after he was released from the cells, transcribed from memory the whole of the terrible 109th Psalm, which embodies so many fearful curses, and when he left the prison he sent it to the keeper, as the last evidence of his malice. But to return to my story.

“After Bradshaw’s punishment had continued for so many months, without affording any hope of his amendment, it was finally decided that he should be sent to Algerine Hall, and made to work. This Hall, to which so fanciful a name had probably been given, because it was appropriated to men who seemed as far out of the pale of humanity as the cruel corsairs of Africa, was divided into a number of small rooms, each well-lighted but destitute of any other furniture than a straw pallet and a work bench. In these apartments were confined those desperate characters who could not, with prudence, be allowed to associate with more politic or penitent offenders. To this Hall, then, Bradshaw was transferred, and being provided with proper implements, was employed in closing the seams of coarse shoes. It might have been supposed that the hope of once more enjoying the light and air of heaven, and the prospect of cheating the weary hours by active employment, would have elicited from him some involuntary expression of satisfaction. But no!—he still wore his sullen look, still displayed his wonted haughty demeanour. His hair and beard had grown to an enormous length, and gave a frightful wildness to his appearance, but when shaved and dressed anew in his prison garb, his countenance was the same as when I first beheld him. The ruddy hue of his cheek had not paled beneath the scanty regimen, nor had the fire of his eye been quenched in the darkness of his cell. He was still one of nature’s nobility, and, but for his moody brow, might have afforded a study for a painter.

“During some weeks, Bradshaw remained quiet in his new quarters, punctually performing all his allotted tasks, but still retaining his vindictive feelings. He had excited much interest among all those connected with the prison, and numberless attempts had been made to soften his obduracy. I had talked with him several times, and endeavoured to reason with him respecting the folly of thus setting at defiance the power of one of the most effective systems of police that was ever adopted for the government of criminals. I tried to convince him of the futility of his belief that he could weary out the patience of his jailers. I appealed to his kindly feelings and sought to make him sensible of the propriety of submitting with patience to a merited punishment, which, was at most but temporary. The clergyman, too, who was wont to address their consciences every Sabbath, and who had more than once been called to give ghostly comfort to the soul of a dying convict, strove earnestly and affectionately to awaken a proper spirit in the misguided young man. It seemed as if the pride of ‘Lucifer, son of the morning,’ was embodied in his

form, and nothing could influence him either to penitence or submission.

“During his confinement in Algerine Hall, the Inspectors of the prison paid one of their stated visits, and, as their duty required, not only examined all the apartments but inquired into the condition of each inmate. Conducted by the deputy-keeper, a warm hearted, generous tempered Irishman, whose good humour and kindness to the prisoners, made him a universal favourite, they entered the room appropriated to Bradshaw. The occupants of Algerine Hall were always manacled and hand-cuffed, but the weight of the irons having worn the flesh off Bradshaw’s wrists, it had been found necessary to remove them, and his arms were consequently free. Seizing, and concealing behind him, the heavy clamp which he used in his present employment, he placed himself upright against the wall, apparently awaiting the usual examination. As the keeper approached and stooped to strike his manacles with a key—a common method of testing whether the file had secretly been at work upon them—a slight movement on the part of Bradshaw excited the suspicion of one of the gentlemen, who stepping forward grasped his arm, and took possession of his dangerous weapon.

“What did you mean to do with that instrument?” asked an inspector.

“I meant to kill that rascal,” growled Bradshaw, pointing, as he spoke, to the deputy keeper.

“Such an evidence of his determination to seek revenge, was not to be overlooked. His work was again taken from him; he was left once more in solitude, and condemned to his bread and water diet. But it was deemed necessary to punish him with a degree of severity beyond any thing he had yet experienced, and it was agreed to deprive him of his allowance of water, until he should give some proof of submission. I was not informed of this mode of treatment until he had been nearly three days without drink. It was the latter part of September, and the weather was unusually close and sultry, so you may imagine the severity of the privation. I immediately remonstrated against such ill-advised discipline, and declared my belief that it would cause the destruction of his health if such measures were persisted in. It was therefore agreed that water should be given him, but he had been so long deprived of it, that it was necessary to administer it with the utmost caution, lest, like the traveller in the burning desert, he should madly drink and die. Accompanied by a keeper bearing a pail of water, I therefore entered his cell, to see that no more than the proper quantity was given him. Never shall I forget his appearance. His lips were parched with fever; his tongue lay dry and blackened, within his burning mouth; he panted like a bird, and it was with difficulty he could utter an articulate sound.

“I expected to see him spring at the water with almost irresistible eagerness, and we were prepared to oppose force to the violence which we anticipated, but with his usual sullenness, he only glared at us, as we approached, though his eyes sparkled at the sight of the pure element for which he had pined. A small tin cup, holding perhaps half a pint, was given him, which he swallowed with almost convulsive eagerness, and then, handing back the cup, asked in a gruff voice, ‘won’t you give me some more?’ I explained to him the necessity of abstinence, and while I remained with him, bathing his wrists and temples,

and sparingly administering drink, I endeavoured to soften his stony nature, by solemnly assuring him, that his obstinacy would cause his death. Observing that he regarded me with some curiosity, as if he did not exactly comprehend how his insubordination could tend to destroy life, I tried to make him understand the probable effect which want of exercise, and such entire prohibition of animal food, must have upon his robust frame.

“ ‘ You will become scrofulous, Bradshaw,’ said I; ‘ your constitution has been of iron strength, or it would have failed long since; you are digging your grave with your own fingers, and though your progress seems slow, your task will be finished before you are aware of it.’

“ The next time I heard of Bradshaw, which was not until some weeks after my interview with him, he had taken his work bench, and with it broken out every window pane in his room. On this occasion he narrowly escaped death, for one of the sentries observing him engaged in the work of destruction, levelled his musket, and fired directly in the window, the ball passing within an inch of Bradshaw’s head. For this offence he was allowed to remain exposed to the weather, which had free ingress through the broken casement, and during *eight weeks*, from November to January, he suffered from the severity of the cold, which in a northeast room was so intense as to chill one to the very heart. At length his window was closed against the weather, but the heavy planks with which his casement and the little wicket of his door were battened up, left him in total darkness. He was now rendered quite harmless, and in the gloom and loneliness of his cell, nothing of life seemed left him, save only the breath he drew from the noisome atmosphere which surrounded him.

“ One morning I was in the prison hospital, busily engaged with my professional duties, when my attention was withdrawn for a moment, by the entrance of a new patient, who supported between two men, feebly moved into the apartment. As he was laid on a bed,

I approached him, and, to my astonishment, recognised in the miserable figure before me, the features of Bradshaw. When I had last beheld him, his skin was pure and healthful as an infant’s, but now he was covered with a loathsome eruption; his limbs were frightfully swollen, and his whole appearance was that of some wretched Lazarus.

“ ‘ Oh, Doctor! can’t you save me?’ was his first question, uttered in a voice so feeble, that its accents could scarcely reach my ear.

“ ‘ Alas, no! Bradshaw,’ was my reply; ‘ human aid cannot avail you now; you have cast away the precious boon of life, and it is not to be regained.’

“ I examined him with great care, however, faintly hoping to discover some favourable symptom, but my first impressions were correct; his iron frame had long resisted the attacks of disease, but at last it had been overcome, and his prostration was as sudden as it was complete.

“ ‘ Is there no hope?’ he asked, as I paused in my task.

“ ‘ None! none, my poor fellow! your days—your very hours are numbered; let the little time which is left you, be employed in making your peace with that God whose laws you have broken, no less by despising the existence which he gave, than by the crime which first led to all this misery.’

“ Tears of bitter anguish rolled down the disfigured face of the once hardened felon, and his whole frame shook with convulsed emotion. He had persevered in his obstinate resistance to the authorities of the prison during *thirteen months* of uninterrupted punishment. Neither menaces nor entreaties, lenity nor harshness, had been able to subdue his sullen and vindictive pride, and he was now brought out from his solitary cell, to fill a convict’s grave.

“ His doom was not long delayed. Humbled, and at the eleventh hour, penitent, he survived his entrance into the hospital only three days. Death had conquered the unconquerable!”

Written for the Lady's Book.

LOVE'S RECORD.

INSCRIBED TO MISS — ON THE EVE OF HER MARRIAGE.

BY MISS WOODBRIDGE.

SAY, dearest, what is that, which Love
Is writing on thy brow?
It may be that 'tis 'bridal glove,'
Or 'ring,' or 'marriage vow';
It may be all, or none of these,
But ah! it dims thy smile,
While gentle as a summer breeze,
Thy voice is heard the while.

Oh! would that Love were tracing there,
This heart's fond wish so free,
Now upward borne on wing of prayer,
But upward borne, for thee:

And when at Love's pure altar-shrine,
Thy trustful pledge is given,
Then shall it fall on thee and thine,
Like gentle dew from heaven.

But thou art sad—thy words are few,
And thoughtful is thine eye,
Yet now a radiant smile I view,
Sure, joy is hovering nigh.
And now I read that record bright,
Upon thy brow so fair;
'Tis 'Happiness too deep for words!'
Which Love hath written there.

THE HIGHEST OCCUPATION OF GENIUS.

To diffuse useful information, to further intellectual refinement, sure forerunner of moral improvement, to hasten the coming of that bright day, when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy, lin-

gering mists, even from the base of the great social pyramid;—this is indeed a high calling, in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtue may well press onward, eager to bear a part.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

MEMOIRS OF A FLY.

BY MISS H. L. JONES.

I WAS born in a city, in one of the most showy houses, in one of the most fashionable streets. I think I must have been several hours old, before I became conscious of more than confused murmurs in my ear, and a chilly sensation about my limbs. Time, however, did its best with me, insomuch that in half a day from the moment I first broke the shell of non-existence, I was as capable of comparing, observing, and judging, as any old fly in the room. I think more capable on the whole than I am now, for I am nearly or quite three weeks old, and the torpor of age has not only crept over three of my legs and one wing, but has a little shattered my thinking powers. However, my memory is still vivid, and as I have enjoyed a long life and seen a good deal of men and things, I am anxious that my experience should be of use to the world.

The first event of any consequence in my life was a terrific blow, which stunned and threw me down, down, I knew not whither. This blow, however, proved the precursor of good fortune to me, for it threw me directly in the way of a sunbeam; the warmth of which restored new life to my chilled frame, and imparted a delightfully clear perception of my own existence and surrounding objects.

The room in which I found myself, and on the carpet of which I was snugly reposing, contained three persons. An elegant looking woman of thirty or forty and two children. The elder of the children was a girl, tall, pale, thin; what we flies should call *lath-y*. The younger, a roystering lad of three or four years. The boy was just then quiet, being occupied in pulling the "Shakspeare gallery" to pieces, and strewing the relics of the delicate engravings over the floor. The young lady of fourteen leaned listlessly against the chair of her mother, who was busily employed in putting a riband into tasteful bows, for a straw hat which lay in her lap.

"There! Sarah—do you think you shall like it done in this way?"

Sarah made no reply, but raised her heavy blue eyes languidly to her mother's face.

"Why do you not speak? can't you tell whether you like it or not?" repeated Mrs. Fling, impatiently.

Sarah started a little, a very little—and then, looking, if possible, more languid and indifferent than before, she said:

"You know, mother, I never liked it put on so."

"Well, then, how, in the name of patience, do you want it put on? You know all I desire about it is to have you suited—I don't care what way it is trimmed—tell me what way you wish to have the riband put on."

Sarah hesitated, looked at the bonnet, then at her mother; and not daring longer to delay, at last pointed to a part of the crown, designating it as the spot on which she wished a bow of the riband to be placed.

"I shall not trim it in that way," said her mother, decidedly. "It looks so vulgar—just as Susan has got hers done. Think of some other way."

"Mother, I don't care how it is put on. I don't

like that riband. You know I never like blue." And she sunk into a chair.

"Sarah, what colour, of all the hues in the rainbow, do you like? I asked you if you would have this, and you said you would. Now I have gone and given five-and-sixpence a yard for this particular shade, thinking it would please you, and here it is, useless. Do you like any thing? You don't like flowers; you don't like to read. You don't like to ride on horseback; you don't like to walk. You don't like sunshine nor rain, nor cold weather nor hot. You won't write a letter; you don't care what you are dressed in. I never saw nor heard of such apathy in a young person." The mother paused, it was a very warm day, and she was heated with vexation.

"Mother, I don't care what coloured riband you put on, I dare say it will look well enough."

"Yes, you do care, Sarah, and you will look as dismal as doomsday, if you have this trimming on, little as you profess to care about it. Any thing in the world, but people looking so forlorn, where I am. I will go down into — street, and try to get a handsome pink riband, though I am fatigued almost to death, with walking. I really believe I have walked six miles this morning."

"Why don't you take a carriage?" asked Sarah, as she leaned back in her easy chair, and placed her feet upon another chair.

"Because I cannot afford it, child. I shall have to throw aside the whole of that blue riband, which cost me full three dollars: so I must economize by walking. Don't, Sarah, put your feet up, in that horridly vulgar way."

The lady departed on her round of shopping, and her lessons of economy and maternal devotion sunk deeply into my heart. The young girl rang the bell, told Mary to take out Henry, and shut the window, and bid the servants be still, and not be racketting up and down stairs. She then composed herself to sleep, and the silence of the room being favourable to a like procedure on my part, I did not awake till Mrs. Fling re-entered and threw up the window.

"Oh, how can you have this window shut, Sarah? I am so warm, and so fatigued! I was obliged to go all the way to Smith's, before I could find any thing that suited me. And this cost me four shillings a yard. I *would* get it for you, my love, because the shade is new; just imported; and the pearling you see, is a little wider than has been worn before. By the way, I saw Mrs. — with just such a riband on her hat, and she you know is fashion personified. Now do tell me if you like this colour?"

Sarah's lifeless orbs perused the pink riband, but "gave no sign." Her mother looked pale and exhausted, and too much vexed to speak. As she rested, however, from her labours of love, or whatever they may be thought, she urged the question again, until the damsel was obliged to reply, which she did in the manner following:

"Mother, I like the riband very well, only you know I wore pink all last summer, and all winter;

and Sarah Armstrong said she knew me by my bonnet trimming, that's all.—Mother, I wish somebody would mend my under clothes. I wish I had some new ones."

"Sarah, I cannot get you any new underclothes this year.—You must have Mary darn your old stockings so they will do—she can do it at night after she gets the children to sleep."

"She says she sha'n't work after nine o'clock."

"Well, I don't know how we shall manage. You must bring your clothes to-morrow to me, and I will see if I can repair them."

"They are all patched over now."

"Well, well, we *must* patch, and we must be economical—I patch my clothes. And if you expect to have that new white brocade to wear to your ball, you can't expect every thing else. And do, Sarah, speak pleasantly to the kitchen people. Manners go a great way with that sort of persons."

Mary's head appeared at the door.

"Henry's asleep, Mrs. Fling; and I come to tell you, you may look out for another girl. I ca'n't stay, nor sha'n't stay, where I am called a servant, and my friends wish to come in at the front door too—so I must leave in a fortnight."

"Who called you a servant, Mary?" asked Mrs. Fling.

"Sarah did, or the same thing—and Rebecca, nor I can't put up with it, no longer—though I hate to keep changing. Besides that, I'm used to living where I've enough to eat and drink. So I can't stay, that's the upshot." And Mary's head retreated.

"How could you, Sarah, call her a servant? you know their foolish feelings about such things."—Sarah had sunk into a reverie.

The stillness of the room was broken by Mary's re-appearance.

"There's a poor man below, Mrs. Fling, wants to know if you've got any old clothes or an old hat you'll give him. He's had his leg broke, and he's got a dreadful bad cough—"

"I will go down and see him, Mary."

How little we can judge of character by one hour's attention! I flew across the room, and perched lovingly on Mrs. Fling's high crowned cap, as she departed on her charitable mission.

The old man was seated as we entered the kitchen, and leaning on a staff. He rose and bowed, and then coughed a little. But the moment I heard the cough I knew as well as if I had been a doctor instead of a fly, that he was near his journey's end, and that old clothes, were they ever so old, would last him to his grave.

"Where did you come from and where are you going?" inquired Mrs. Fling.

The old man told her in a hollow and weak voice. His story was shortly told, but it was affecting. His only daughter lived in Montreal. All the rest, wife, sons, kindred, were gone; and he longed to have his dying eyes closed by other than "stranger hands."

Mrs. Fling made many minute inquiries about his former situation in life, his means of living, past, present and future. Also, touching his daughter's present condition; in short, she inquired about every thing which could, or could not possibly bear on the question of her charity. I began to flutter my wings impatiently, for I longed to see the trembling palm of the old mendicant lined with good substantial silver, and his old hat, too much tattered, to shelter

him from the piercing sun-rays, supplanted with a good broad-rimmed straw one. But Mrs. Fling had not quite finished. How much the warmest enthusiasm and openest charity needs and profits by the cool suggestions of prudence!

"Why don't your town take care of you?"

The old man's pale face flushed. He did not wish to be a pauper. He had saved enough, and more than enough to take him to Canada, but he had been taken sick in Springfield, and spent more than half of it, and now, with a little assistance from the kind hearted, and by walking instead of riding, he thought he should get there.

Mrs. Fling now informed her petitioner, that she never gave any thing to beggars. She made it a rule; as there was so much imposition. She belonged to the F. G. M. S. C. Society; in which was a committee to see that charity was extended only to those who were able and willing to help themselves, and to clothe children for Sunday schools. She then turned to go up into the parlour. At the door we met Mary, and stopped an instant. She, as she had given Mrs. Fling warning, was apparently divested of all fear of her wrath; for she walked straight up to the old man, and putting a half dollar into his hand, said abruptly,

"Here, take this.—I'm poor, but my heart a'n't as hard as the nether millstone, and I hope you'll live to get to your daughter. I've got a father myself, if he's living yet, poor old man—"

Mrs. Fling shut the kitchen door, and walked hastily up stairs and I rode on her cap bow.

Half an hour after Sarah rose to ascend to her chamber; I was curious to observe whether she intended to go to sleep again, so I accompanied her. She looked out at the window and then in at the looking glass, and finally seated herself in a meditative position in a large stuffed chair. Presently a low, but cheerful voice was heard, humming a tune. Then a tap at the door.

"Come in," said Sarah, with more animation than I had seen her face express before. The door opened, and a tall, finely formed mulatto woman presented herself, bearing a basket of nicely ironed garments. Evidently she was the family laundress, though I had not seen her in my visit to the kitchen. Her face had a gayety, and benevolent sprightliness about it which was really cheering to look at, especially after contemplating Sarah's slip-slop expression so long. Apparently it affected Sarah in a similar manner, for when the clothes were all nicely laid in the drawers the plaited ruffles uppermost and the elaborately trimmed and ruffled dresses folded neatly into the wardrobe, she smiled approvingly, and said, as if making a tremendous effort,

"Tell me, Susan, how happens it that you are always so happy? you look as if nothing ever troubled you.—Oh! I wish I were as happy as you!"

The child of self-indulgence sighed as she spoke, and the child of labour smiled. It was a smile of scorn, but mixed with good natured pity.

"And so you think, Miss Sarah, that I never have had any trouble in my life? I am fifty years old last month, and I wouldn't live my life over again," she clasped her hands together tightly, "no—not for all the silver dollars you could crowd into this room!"

Her bright face had lost its gay expression, and her look became sombre and severe. Early recollections chased each other over her swarthy face, like

billows, each darker and heavier than the last. At length she seated herself by Sarah, and fixing her eyes on hers, said with a sad tone,

"May be it would do you good, Miss Sarah, to hear how a little of my life has passed. 'Twill teach you a lesson to look deeper than the outside skin of things."

"Oh do! I like to hear real stories of all things," said Sarah, eagerly, and her face really looked quite bright.

"Well then—I've got a half hour to spend—I can tell you a little. In the first place, my father was a runaway slave. And he brought me with him to Massachusetts. I saw my mother die—but I won't talk of that. I have worked hard all day, many's the time to get enough to buy meal to make water-gruel for my father while he was sick. And he died too. Well, by and by I was married and had a family of children. One of my children had fits, and my husband had bad habits—and, once in a drunken scrape he hurt the child so that she died. Then my husband died. And I had bad health, and finally I married old Fagin. He was sixty year old, and I was thirty two."

"Why, Susan, how could you?"

"Well, I thought it might be better to 'be an old man's pet, than a young man's slave.' But I was an old man's slave. We came to Boston to live. It was the *hard winter*—you don't remember it, but there's many that does. Many a one died of freezing and starving that winter. Fagin hired a room in a ten-footer: there was two rooms in it. We lived in one, and two old women in the other. My two girls was both put out, but the people they lived with went away out of Boston, and I hadn't any body to look to for help when we got very poor."

"Why didn't you go out washing, Susan?" asked Sarah.

"Bless your soul and body, Miss Sarah, do you suppose I wouldn't have gone, if I could have got work? Many's the time I've been out all the morning long, trying and looking for a hand's turn, of any sort to do; any thing that would give me an honest ninepence—and then come back frozen all but to death, and crawled into bed to keep from being quite frozen. But this was after we had parted with every thing in the house, that we could sell, to get victuals. I had to send Fagin to sell last of all my sheets and pillow-beers, and my best table cloth, that I had spun and wove with my own hands, before I was married to my first husband.

"Well—we lived and that was all. Fagin used to bring home at night a stick of wood, that he split up in a dozen pieces, and light fire enough to boil our tea-kettle with. Sometimes we would have a little meal, and sometimes we didn't."

"Why, Susan—why didn't you tell somebody, and get assistance? why didn't you tell the people in the other tenement what you suffered?"

"Well, it is hard telling folks you are starving and freezing, at the time—though it don't seem now as if I could go through with't again as I did then. The two women in the other room—I did go in there one morning. There was some ladies come to my door to ask for them and I showed 'em in. They was 'visitors of the poor.' Well, when we got into the room, the white woman, (for the other was a coloured woman, and they was both past sixty years old) was a sitting by the chimney—there was a bas-

ket half full of snow and shavings, by the fireplace, but the poor creature hadn't life enough to kindle it. She died that day. The coloured woman was dead, then. Froze stiff."

There was a pause. Sarah looked extremely shocked. Susan was busy with the past, and her features worked convulsively. After some time Sarah said,

"But couldn't your husband get any employment, Susan?"

She asked the question again. Susan did not reply, but her face became more gloomy, and her eyes dark and brilliant as they always were, now lighted with an intense, and for the moment, a baleful expression, which effectually silenced the young girl.—At length the shadow passed from her brow, and tossing her hand across her eyes as if to brush away the memory of something, she said, with a sort of smile,

"There's a great many things happen in one's life, that can't be told. I've had my share of that kind of trouble. But it's no use telling it to you. You couldn't sense it." Sarah's curiosity and interest were thoroughly excited.

"Oh, do tell me, Susan! I shall understand you and feel for you too." She had touched a chord in the woman's breast, which thrilled as it had not done for long years. Her eyes moistened; she took the young girl's hand in her own hard one—

"Thank you for that word. Nobody has felt for me. And now, though it's a blessed feeling that you do, I can't tell you about it, only this. All our furniture, *my* furniture, that I had worked for, and bought with the sweat of my own brow—all my clothes but one barely decent gown—my cloak, my shawl went. Well, where did they go? Fagin took them to sell for victuals, to keep life in us, he said. By and by, no matter how, I heard where all my things was. I went there myself to see. It was a cold day; and I had nothing but my husband's coat thrown over my gown to keep out the cold. He was in bed asleep. When I got there, it was a tenfooter. There was two of 'em; coloured women. *They* had a good fire. They was eating a good warm cake, on my table; they was drinking a cup of tea out of my tea cups. They had my gowns on, and they set in my chairs. There was where my things had gone to."

"Oh, Susan! What did you do?"

"We all do what we should'nt, child, some times: and in them days, my temper was strong. 'I would'nt do any good to tell you about it. I hope God will forgive me for thinking the wrong thoughts I did then, and do now," added she, looking up meekly to heaven, every trace of strong passion having passed from her face.

"I told you these things, Miss Sarah, partly to relieve myself, I'm free to say; for it's long since I have spoke about my own experience in life, and it's better not, only sometimes the river swells over its banks, you know, and then it don't make much difference who it drowns with it. But mostly, I had some hopes that it would be some use to you. You think you are unhappy, and so I believe you are, child, though God knows it is from nothing but having too many comforts and blessings. But I would'nt change my feelings with yours, hard as I have to work, for I am contented. You musn't be hurt," she added, laying her hand kindly on the shoulder of

the now tearful girl, "you must take me as I mean. I want you to go out of your own steady run-round of comforts and blessings, and look after them, that hasn't where to lay their head at night, nor wherewith to wet their lips in the morning, and learn to be thankful for what Providence has given to you, and give of it to the needy."

As Susan spoke, she took up her huge basket and left the room. Sarah remained in reflection and tears. What resolutions she might have formed, of imparting of her goods to the poor, or of thankfully enjoy-

ing the blessings she had, I know not, for Mrs. Fling soon after came in, with "such a love of a Parisian hat! and such splendid flowers!" that, being rather weary of millinery, I flew down stairs and lighted on the top of Susan's bonnet, as she was leaving the house. I was thoroughly tired of fashionable life, and desired to see it in some of its more agreeable phases. I made flying visits, the results of which I may or may not communicate. As I write, I am warned by the paralysis of my left wing, not to attempt too much at my advanced age.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

THE FALL OF PRIDE.

BY J. N. MCJILTON, ESQ.

It was a brilliant company that assembled at the mansion of Mr. Roger Douglass on a beautiful night in December of eighteen hundred and four. The survivors of that scene of festivity, no doubt remember with melancholy pleasure, the meeting place of their youth, and the moments of real delight they passed at different times within its hospitable walls. Their companions were those whose brows are now whitened with the cares of years, or who sweetly slumber where sepulchral shadows spread their gloom. Let them turn over the pages of the past, and think once more upon lights that glittered in front of that stately mansion—the constant rattle of carriages which for a time hurried along in almost unbroken procession—the bustle of postillions, handing out the visitors and servants directing them through blazing halls and dazzling ante-chambers to the drawing room and splendid saloon. Let them call to mind the startling scene that presented itself before them, when introduced to the congregated beauty and manly excellence that crowded the high halls of pleasure on that happy night. It was the bright season of youth and ardent hope, and although gray hairs may blush at the recollection of many of the follies of earlier years, yet to that hour of glitterance and show a thought may be given with exceeding interest—perhaps its history and connexion with other circumstances, may afford a moment's profitable reflection, as it will teach us, how the gilded efforts of life go down to the gloom of death, and the glories that hang around the wealthiest habitation fade amid the darkness of the grave.

Cards of invitation were in circulation for weeks, and many a bosom had thrilled in anxious anticipation of the delight to be experienced in common with the giddy throng. Scarcely had the hour arrived, over which Fashion had assumed control, and dedicated to the interests of etiquette and elegant visits, than carriage after carriage lumbered up to the street entrance, and visitor after visitor was hurried through the crowds at the door, and on the marble steps to the denser crowd within. Half the fashionable ladies in the American metropolis of politeness, had passed the shining stairway—hurried through the ante-chambers and were seated in expectation of happier hours to come, or whirling their shining skirts of richest silk and satin amid the delightful jostle of the laughing groups. Card still followed card, announcing the gifted and the gay, and each new name was passed

with smiles of approbation, or pleasant jest, as former associations retold the joys of other festal scenes.

"Softly falls the foot of time,
That only treads on flowers,"

The earlier moments of mirth and festivity swept rapidly away. Groups were gathering in different parts of the saloon, and all were more or less absorbed in conversation, or making arrangements for future enjoyment, when the names of the Miss Warrens and Miss Walter, their cousin, were announced. A murmur of applause went through the multitude, and the countenances of the gentlemen seemed to brighten with animation, as though they anticipated a rich treat in the addition she was to make to the company. But, some of the ladies regarded the fair visitant with different feelings, whether from jealousy of her personal charms, or other considerations, let the sequel show.

The curl of scorn turned upon a few fair lips, and Miss Helen Hartly, indignant at the idea of being in the same company with Miss Walter, turned to her sister Arabella who was too deeply engaged in conversation with a party of gentlemen to hear or attend to any thing else, and called out in a very sarcastic tone, "Bell, did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" inquired Miss Arabella, rather pettishly, a little piqued, no doubt, at being interrupted.

"Why Harriet Walter is announced."

"Harriet Walter," exclaimed Miss Arabella, with a soft oath, which fashionable ladies may sometimes swear, but which would be very rude in one celebrated for that modesty which is always becoming, and is the brightest ornament to the female character.

"Yes, Harriet Walter," returned Miss Helen, emphasising the name, "and I've half a notion to leave the saloon this instant; Miss Walter is no society for me, she was never raised to any thing, and when her father died his estate was insolvent—so she must be poor enough. And what impudence indeed for her to come here, knowing, as she must, that Mrs. Douglass' card was only sent in compliment to the Miss Warrens."

"Poor creature," said Arabella, "I pity her; but what a figure she will cut here?—so tall—so clumsy—I know she will mortify us all. Helen, suppose we go home, just to show Mrs. Douglass and her friends that we are a little above such associations."

"Indeed, Bell, it would serve her right; but then

we should lose so much fun, and Mr. Greencase is here, you know we don't meet him often."

"Well, any how the ugly thing can't harm us much, though it is rather degrading."

"We'll bear it, Bell, as long as we can, but we shall take the trouble to let Mrs. Douglass know what we think of her."

This conversation was conducted in an elevated tone, and heard by a number of attentive listeners, some of whom had never seen Miss Walter, and supposing what they had heard to be the truth, they readily enough imagined what an appearance the character they had heard described would make in such a company. But how were they disappointed when the Miss Warrens and Miss Walter were presented in person. All eyes were turned upon the one interesting object, and instead of beholding a frightful form, with a clumsy gait, stumble into their midst, they gazed with admiration upon one of the most graceful figures they had ever seen, and the ease with which she glided to her seat which was shown her in a distant part of the saloon, won applause from nearly every one present.

The attention the representations of the Miss Hartlys had attracted for her was not likely to subside, until all the parties were satisfied of her movements and her merits as a lady; and while she is becoming the centre of attraction for a large party in the saloon, moving with lady-like freedom, and wearing a smile of enchanting sweetness, we will leave her for a moment and inquire who she is, and what may be the "head and front of her offending," in the eyes of the Miss Hartlys.

The story may be soon told. She was the only daughter of a gentleman, once of fortune, but who, by his kindness to others, had been reduced in circumstances. He had educated his child when in affluence, with the utmost care, and spared neither pains nor expense to prepare her to move in the highest circles of society. She was yet young when her best friend and only protector was taken from her by death; and although by her talents she might have earned herself a comfortable livelihood in many ways, and still moved in respectable society, her uncle, Mr. Warren, at the earnest solicitation of his amiable daughters, took her home to his house, and adopting her as his child, made her their constant companion. And so highly was she respected in Mr. Warren's family, that she was not only treated in all respects like the rest of the family, but she was taught to look forward to an equal share with Mr. Warren's children in his ample fortune. It was her supposed poverty at which the young ladies sneered, and it may be as before hinted, that they were in a degree jealous of her superior charms. Poverty, however, was sufficient in the estimation of the proud, to have excluded her from all respectable society.

But let us return to the party, where we shall find her, after an hour's absence, the admired of all admirers, not only attracting new acquaintances with the beauty of her person, but making lasting friends by the superior enchantments of her mental excellencies. The Miss Hartlys belied with disappointment and mortification that the "poor girl," as they styled her, was gaining the affections and friendship of all around her, and what was worse than all, their brother George, whom they thought until that hour to be a gentleman of the highest character, paid her marked attention. This was insupportable, and they vowed

and kept it faithfully, that they would not speak another word to him during the evening, for condescending to such mean society.

It will be useless to detail the petty evidences of hatred which these young ladies continued to exhibit, we will therefore pass them over and hasten to the most important scene they enacted on this interesting occasion.

In the course of the evening, the two young ladies whose rage seemed to increase with every mark of respect they saw shown to Miss Walter, determined to break up a little coterie which had gathered around her, and in the midst of which she sat like happiness personified, shedding the lustre of her charms and the treasures of her mind upon the smiling group. Failing in several repeated efforts, they at length proposed a cotillion. The proposition met with the hearty and unanimous approval of the company, and the pairs were soon upon the floor and ready for action. Miss Helen Hartly, who had engaged herself, as she thought, for the evening, to one of the most splendid gentlemen in the company, kept her seat, waiting in increasing agitation for him to approach and lead her into the circle; but he came not; and she was left alone until an elderly gentleman advanced and politely offered to conduct her to the floor. In her confusion she scarcely knew how to act, and remained in her position, until the old gentleman, not at all dashed by her hesitation, though the eyes of every one were upon them, took her by the hand and led her to the circle. Here she stood a moment, in the deepest mortification; and when the signal was made for the dance to begin; aroused from her reverie she raised her eyes, and the first object she beheld was Miss Walter preparing to lead off the cotillion with the gentleman, whose attention she had vainly fancied was due to herself alone. The rage that fired her bosom at the sight was insupportable, and turning to her sister, whose station was between her and the object of her resentment, she said in an angry tone, "Bell, can we stoop so low?"

"Shall we?" said Arabella to the partner at her side.

"As you please, Miss Hartly, I wait your pleasure," was his reply.

"Then conduct us to our carriage," exclaimed Helen, and with an air, which bespoke the utmost contempt, the sisters whirled past the innocent object of their persecuting spirit, and rushed from the saloon.

The company well understood the whole affair, and duly appreciated the motive that induced the ladies to exhibit such malevolence towards one, whose only sin perhaps was that she was greatly their superior. The consternation occasioned by the sudden departure of the Miss Hartlys soon subsided, and the dance passed off in tolerable style. Miss Walter stung to the soul by the unexpected insult that had been offered her, declined a further appearance on the floor, and spent the remainder of the evening in the midst of a few companions who preferred her society before mingling in the dance or joining with the crowd in their glee. George Hartly, chagrined at the behaviour of his sisters, remained near Miss Walter and her cousins, and did every thing his gentlemanly feelings dictated, to remove the impression it had made.

It was a late hour when the company separated, and Mr. Hartly who had obtained permission to accompany Mr. Warren's carriage, attended the ladies

home and repeated to them over and over again the assurances of his high regard, and begged them to overlook the indiscretion of his sisters, as he was satisfied that after reflection they would be anxious to make every amends.

The next day notes of explanation, necessary upon such occasions, passed between the Miss Hartlys and Mrs. Roger Douglass. After numerous warm expressions incident to all such matters, the requisite apologies were exchanged and the misunderstanding settled in due form. Like all affairs of the sort, the scene in the saloon of Mrs. Roger Douglass, was, for a season, the moving topic of the fashionable circle, and not until it had passed through all the different stages of the tempest it had created, was it permitted to slumber.

No communication for good or for evil, ever passed between the Hartlys and Warrens, and although George Hartly continued to be a constant visiter at Mr. Warren's, and his father often called to see his old friend, yet not the slightest intimation of friendly feelings was ever made by any of the ladies.

Months passed away, and the affair, like all others of its kind, was made an item in the annals of fashionable history, to be referred to whenever similar circumstances should bring it into memory.

One evening, about six months after the party given by Mrs. Douglass, Mr. Hartly entered the parlour, where his daughters were enjoying themselves with a few friends, and in his usual tone of good humour exclaimed, "Girls, I've a notion of giving you a splendid party, what say you?"

"What say we?" asked Arabella, her eyes flashing in delight, "why, we say that we accept the proposal with the utmost pleasure, Mr. Hartly."

"Say Pa, if you please, Bell," said Helen, "and say that his dutiful daughters will agree to any arrangements their dear Pa may please to make."

"I've only one condition, girls, and you may command my purse to any extent you please, comply, and the expense is no consideration."

"Helen you are in too great a hurry about your conditions," said Arabella. "Conditions are always tyrannical and oppressive, but name yours Pa, any you please, we'll comply."

"Well, all I require is that you invite precisely the same company you met at the house of Mrs. Douglass."

"Why Pa," exclaimed both the ladies at once.

"For no other reason that I can give you now, than that the lady and her friends may feel assured that you bear them no ill will."

"That is just what we should rejoice to do, were the whole matter left with ourselves, and so the condition is complied with."

"Then to work, and show the folks that you are ladies of taste."

"Never fear us, Pa, we'll please you, if spending your money will afford you pleasure."

Mr. Hartly bade the ladies good speed, and left the company in an excellent humour. His manners excited suspicion that he had some object in view which he wished to conceal; but the girls were not to be discouraged by any trifling consideration, from the performance of what was likely to afford them so much pleasure; the preliminaries were therefore soon arranged, the purse-strings having been committed to their keeping, they made the best possible use of their privilege, and afforded the old gentleman con-

vincing proof that they had some idea of magnificence in the preparation necessary to be made for a splendid entertainment.

The evening came, and with it came the guests, young and old—all that had been invited. The young ladies had the pleasure of hearing before their own door, the rumbling of carriages and the music of happy voices—voices of anxious friends, ready to mingle in the anticipated pleasures. Nothing occurred to mar the joy of the occasion—all was glee and gladness, and delightful bustle. No one took more interest in the frolic, or appeared to be more gratified than Mr. Hartly himself, he was the life of the whole company, and his voice was every where heard above all others, mingling in the joke and laugh.

"Pa's the youngest gentleman in the company this evening," said Arabella.

"He's forgotten how old he is," said Helen.

"If so lively now what must he have been when young?" said Mrs. Douglass.

"I'm always young," returned the old gentleman, "always young when happy. There are deeds of youth that cling to us throughout life, and the remembrance of them often constitutes the happiness of age; there is one scene in my early life that I shall keep in bright memorial till death, and I have through the agency of my daughter assembled this company to tell it once more, and be more than happy, by adding to its interest."

"All for love," exclaimed Arabella, with a knowing glance.

"Now for his courtship!" cried Helen.

"Go on with the story," called a dozen voices, and silence prevailed. Mr. Hartly commenced:

"In the early part of my life," said he, "I knew a young man, who learned the profession of a tailor; on the day that he was free from his master, he was told that business was dull and that he must seek work elsewhere. This was sad news, as he had neither means nor friends, and was compelled to earn his own livelihood. After traversing the whole city, in search of employment, and obtaining none, he concluded that as business was so very slack at the south, where he had served his apprenticeship, he would get all the means he could together, and proceed to some of the northern cities, where he hoped to obtain work, and support himself with credit. He accordingly took passage in a brig for New York, the price of which, together with the fare, amounted to ten dollars, just the amount he was able to gather, and which he had safely stored away in a pocket-book and placed in his vest pocket. The passengers were all strangers to the young man, and being somewhat diffident, he did not succeed in making the acquaintance of any, until about the fifth day of the voyage when they were far out at sea; while the rest of the passengers were seated near the side of the vessel enjoying the evening breeze, he came as near them as his bashfulness would permit, and leaned on the railing, to watch the spray as it dashed up like pearls from the sea, and to listen to the conversation of the company. It happened that the child of a poor woman, on board, about whom no one cared but its mother, while bouncing about the deck in his mischief, went head foremost through one of the holes at the side of the brig, and would have plunged into the water, and been lost for ever, but for the timely efforts of the young fellow, who reached over the railing and caught the child by the ankle. It was

with difficulty that he regained his balance, being obliged to lean considerably over the side of the brig, and the weight of the child struggling to be relieved from its perilous situation, had well nigh been the cause of the loss of both, so that he made a narrow escape for his life. In the effort to save the child, his pocket-book fell into the sea, and he was left without a dollar in the world—without a friend of whose help he could avail himself. In the honesty of his heart, he went to the captain, and frankly communicated his condition, and begged that he would not think hardly of him, if he could not pay his passage immediately, but that he would certainly settle it as soon as he could obtain as much money. The captain became enraged, and abused him in a very unfeeling manner, declaring the tale about the loss of his money, to be a gross fabrication, and he swore, loud enough to be heard by all on board, that having been imposed on in that way often before, he was prepared to serve such impostors according to their deserts, and that he would turn half a day's sail out of his way to put him on shore at the nearest point of land. One of the passengers—a youth of about the same age of the young man—having witnessed the whole affair, and seeing the pocket-book when it fell, was prepared to give testimony in favour of the unfortunate; he advanced towards the captain, and stated, that he thought he was rather severe in his threats, that the truth had been told him, and there was no doubt but that he would get his pay at some future time. "Do you dictate to me, sir?" said the captain, whose wrath had been greatly increased by the appeal. "I've met these characters before to-day, and I am determined to make an example of that fellow—he goes ashore at the nearest point."

"To expostulate was in vain, and, the friend who had so kindly come to his assistance, taking out his purse, turned to the young man, and presented it to him, together with his card, saying,

"Take this and use it; if you are ever able to repay me, it will be well, if not, it will be no great matter."

"It will be needless for me to enter into a detail of the matter, suffice it for me to say that the young man hesitated to receive the purse, in consideration of the gloomy prospect that seemed to be before him, but was finally prevailed upon to accept it. After their arrival in New York, the two young men became intimate friends. The one who lost his money, assisted by the other, soon procured employment, discharged his obligation, and was successful in the accumulation of wealth."

Here the old gentleman dashed a tear from his eye, and rising from his seat, walked towards the window. The company waited with breathless interest for the sequel of the story. Returning to his place, Mr. Hartly continued, "The two friends at length separated, one of them leaving New York, settled in a distant part of America, and a long interval elapsed—'But Bell!' he exclaimed, springing from his seat, 'where are the Miss Warrens and Miss Walter? I do not see them here!'"

"They were not invited, Pa," replied Arabella.

"But my dear," said he, affectionately, "did I not make it an express condition that all who were at the party given by Mrs. Douglass, should be here?"

"Yes; but Pa," said Helen, with a toss of her

head which gave meaning to the words, "Yes; but Pa, you know, we ladies have our preferences."

"And so have we gentlemen," replied Mr. Hartly, "and I am here to teach you a lesson, in a way that I hope will impress it upon your minds for ever. Know then, my dear girls, and you ladies and gentlemen—all of you—that I was the young man of whom I have spoken, and that the father of Miss Walter, the young lady that my daughters treated with so much indifference before you all, was the man to whom I was so much indebted; and perhaps to his influence and friendship I am indebted for my present independence." The manner in which the old gentleman concluded his story made a deep impression upon every one present, and while he sat a few moments, overcome by the feelings that agitated him, the most respectful silence, was maintained, until Arabella wrought to sincere repentance for the error she had committed, burst into tears, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, begged a thousand pardons, and promised to make all the amends in her power, Helen joined her in promises of restitution, and the succeeding scenes may better be imagined than described.

After the excitement of feeling had in a degree subsided, Mr. Hartly cried out, "Let me finish my story! I am most happy to-night, that I have made amends for the error of my children. Shortly after the event, I perceived that my son George," and here great wonder was expressed that he was not present, "I perceived that my son George was attached to the young lady, I mean Miss Walter, and I not only seconded his suit, but prompted him to keep the matter secret until its consummation should reveal it. He has done so, and if the young rogue has performed his duty, I have a third daughter by this time."

The last word had scarcely passed his lips, when a rustling of silks was heard—then approaching footsteps—then three ladies and three gentlemen entered the apartment, Mr. George Hartly presented his bride and their amiable cousins, and the gentlemen accompanying them. Old Mr. Warren entered soon after, and of the pleasant—the most exquisite bustle that ensued, I have nothing to say.

Now, the best of the story is, that it is strictly true, as related, and the gentleman we have called Mr. Hartly, relates it frequently, ardently hoping that it may be of benefit to many young ladies, who, like his daughters, have the best dispositions in the world, but for want of proper reflection are most tyrannical in their tastes, as they are indomitable in their pride.

For the Lady's Book.

FORGIVENESS.

How beautifully falls

From human lips that blessed word—forgive!
 Forgiveness—'tis the attribute of gods—
 The sound which openeth heaven—renews again
 On earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings
 Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.
 Thrice happy he whose heart hath been so schooled
 In the meek lessons of humility,
 That he can give it utterance: it imparts
 Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
 And maketh man an angel.—H.

Written for the Lady's Book.

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR,

AUTHOR OF "TIRED OF HOUSEKEEPING," ETC.

SCENE FIRST.

"DEAR little fellow!" said Mrs. Carter, as her only child, a bright boy of about three summers, came up to where his mother was sitting upon the sofa with her friend Mrs. Jones, and putting up his smiling mouth, asked for a kiss.

"He is a sweet boy, Mrs. Jones," continued Mrs. Carter; "I sometimes think that it is not my own blind love that governs me in my impressions, but that he is really unlike other children."

"He is a fine boy," said Mrs. Jones, coldly. "You ought to see my Angeline, sometimes. O, she is a dear creature! I am always discovering something new and interesting in her. Yesterday, while I was reading, she came up to me, and after standing along side of me for some time, without my taking any notice of her I was so interested in my book, she took hold of the volume and jerked it out of my hand; then placing her arms akimbo, she looked me steadily in the face for a minute without smiling, and said, '*Ma, do you know me?*' I almost screamed with delight; and catching up the little rogue in my arms, covered her with kisses?"

"My Willie, sometimes—" began Mrs. Carter.

"You should have seen Angeline this morning," broke in Mrs. Jones. "We were all seated at the breakfast table, and father, I always call my husband father, asked Angeline if she didn't want some tea, 'No, pa,' said the little minx, '*I'm afraid of my nerves.*' It's not good to laugh at children, I know, but I thought I should have died."

"Willie—"

"Angelina a'n't like most children I see—sulky and disagreeable to strangers. When any one comes in, she always goes right up, and asks, so cunningly, 'What is your name?' and then she climbs up into his or her lap, and talks to them all the while. Every body who comes to the house loves her, she is so fond and interesting."

"The other day Willie—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out Mrs. Jones, as something crossed her mind. "You ought to have heard Angeline tell her dream this morning. 'What did you dream last night, Anne?' asked her father, when we were all seated at the breakfast table. 'I dreamed, father, that we were all sailing in a steamboat down in the bay, when a great whale, just like a man, came up out of the water, and reached out his arm to catch me. But didn't I scream!' 'Was that what made you cry out in the night so?' said her father. 'Yes, sir,' she said. 'And how did you get off, Anna?' asked her father. 'O, I waked up, and then I was off!' Ha! ha! wa'n't that a cute answer for a child six years old to make, Mrs. Carter?"

"Come here, Willie dear," said Mrs. Carter, "and tell this lady the name of the big ship."

Little Willie pressed up to the side of his mother's visiter, and looking up into her face, was just about speaking, when Mrs. Jones, without noticing the child, said—

"Ever since Angelina could toddle about, she has been the cutest thing you ever saw. She walked

when nine months old, and could speak plain at fifteen months. We always have to help her first at the table, for she has no notion of being slighted. The other day we had company, and one of the ladies brought her daughter with her, a hoyden of twelve years old, coarse and vulgar in her manners. It so happened that this girl got Angeline's place at the tea table. Before I had time to correct the mistake, and have her removed from Angeline's place, who went cat at all if kept out of it, she went right up to her and taking hold of her arm, gave it a slight pull, and with a grave authoritative countenance, and without speaking a word, motioned with her head for her to leave the chair. The whole company were convulsed with laughter, at Angeline's mock-heroic air."

Little Willie had stood looking into Mrs. Jones' face, waiting for her to get done speaking, so that he could do as his mother had directed him, and now as there was a brief pause, he seemed to think that it was time for him to begin.

"The Penn—" but Willie could get no further. His mother's visiter was too intent upon Angeline's perfections to think of him.

"You ought to hear Angeline respond to the minister on Sundays. She does it as gravely as a deacon."

"The Pennsylv—" but Willie was again cut short, for Mrs. Jones, who felt somewhat annoyed with the child, slight as had been his trespass upon her, gently pushed him away, while she leaned over towards Mrs. Carter, and continued to vex that lady's ear with unprofitable accounts of Angeline's perfections.

"You must bring Angeline to see me the next time you come," said Mrs. Carter, as she shook Mrs. Jones' hand at the door, her amiable politeness prompting her, in parting, to send her friend away in the best possible humour with herself.

"I will certainly do so," said Mrs. Jones, in a tone and with a manner that indicated her consciousness that in doing as requested, she would greatly delight her friend.

SCENE SECOND.

MRS. CARTER and Mrs. Jones had been friends from childhood. They had grown up in the same neighbourhood, and had attended the same school together. The difference in their characters was, that Mrs. Jones was selfish in all her feelings, while Mrs. Carter cultivated a feeling of good will and kindness towards others. The one could not separate any thing, even her most intimate friendship, from the consideration of a selfish delight; while the other, always endeavoured to make every one feel pleased and comfortable, and in that effort found a high degree of internal satisfaction. To a great extent, Mrs. Carter suffered herself to be blinded to the ruling fault of her friend's character; her friendship being more in the form of a personal preference, than in that of an appreciation of good quality, the only true ground upon which to build up friendly relations. After their marriage, it so happened that they were thrown into

each other's neighbourhood, and their friendship was in consequence continued.

It so happened, in the course of human events, that Mr. Carter passed into the other world, and left his wife and one sweet little boy, now nearly four years old, alone in the world, and with little upon which to depend long for a comfortable maintenance. Scarcely a year had passed, when the widowed mother found herself upon the threshold of the world of spirits; then came back upon her heart, with accumulated tenderness, the yearnings of a mother's love. Her Willie was but five years old—how could she leave him to the cold hearted charity of strangers? Reluctantly did she at last make up her mind to commit him to the care of her friend, who was in constant attendance upon her. But it was a hard struggle. For, although blinded, to a great extent, through personal attachment, to Mrs. Jones' particular fault, yet she instinctively shrunk from the transfer of her dear child to her peculiar care.

The little boy had climbed upon the bed, and was laying his head upon his mother's dying pillow, and was twining his small arms about her neck, when Mrs. Jones attempted to prevent him, and said—

"Come away, Willie—come!—you must not disturb your mother."

"Don't take him away, Anne," said Mrs. Carter, in a feeble voice; and the child shrunk closer within the arm that had welcomed his approach. For some time the mother lay, with her only loved one, drawn tight in her dying embrace. Her eyes were closed, and Mrs. Jones could not see her face which was turned away, and pressed close against that of her little boy. For nearly half an hour she lay thus, as if in sleep, and her child moved not, for there was an instinctive fear about his heart, and he felt that where he had retreated he could lie for ever. But now the dying mother turned her face towards her friend. How that pale face had changed! How visibly had death set his mark upon it! Mrs. Jones started at the sight.

"Anna!" said the dying woman, rising up in bed with the last energy of excited affection—"Anna, will you be a mother to my poor child? Can I commit him into your hands, and die in peace?"

"Mary, he shall be to me as my own child," said Mrs. Jones, earnestly and sincerely, her whole heart melted down by the mournful scene.

"Willie," said his mother, to the weeping child, placing his little hand in that of her friend—"love her, and obey her as your mother." And even while the dying injunction quivered upon her lip, she fell back upon her pillow, and passed away.

SCENE THIRD.

ONE year after the last scene transpired, a little fellow in coarse clothes, with a pale face, subdued and sad in its expression, and bearing the marks of a sweet disposition, was seated upon the floor of Mrs. Jones' kitchen with a knife board before him, upon which he was rubbing a set of knives, with patient industry. Along the side of the board, upon the floor, were scattered a few grains of the brick dust with which the child was rubbing the knives. A little girl, with a pert, selfish face, came in while the boy was thus engaged, and seeing the brick dust scattered over the side of the knife board, said in an angry voice,

"Just see how you are wasting the brick dust and

dirtying the floor, Bill! I'll tell my mother so I will. I never saw such a careless fellow."

"I don't care if you do," said the little boy, in an offended tone.

"You don't care, ha? Well, I'll just go and tell my mother, you see if I don't? Don't care! upon my word."

As the little girl was hurrying away to make her complaint, Willie, for it was he, called after her, and said he was only in fun; but it was of no use. Angeline proceeded straight to the parlour, and finding her mother there, made her allegation as follows:

"O mother! mother! Bill has scattered the brick dust all over the kitchen floor; and when I told him if he didn't mind, I'd tell you, he said he didn't care for you, so he did."

"He don't care for me, ha?" said Mrs. Jones, angrily, and proceeding at once towards the kitchen. "Don't care for me? We'll see about that. I wish I had never touched that troublesome fellow. The alms-house is the place for him."

By the time Mrs. Jones had uttered thus much, she was down in the kitchen, and seizing the frightened child by the arm, she drew him to his feet, and commenced boxing his head backwards and forwards, exclaiming all the while "Don't care for me, ha!—Don't care for me! I'll see if I can't make you care, you little reprobate."

After Mrs. Jones had exhausted her fury upon Willie, she hastily retreated to the parlour, without having once thought it necessary to see if the brick dust were scattered all over the floor, or to ask the cook if the boy had made the unpardonable allusion to herself.

Not altogether satisfied with herself, for no person who gets into a passion ever feels comfortable for a time afterwards, but too much in the love of self to acknowledge, or even to see that she had been wrong, she allowed herself to make this little circumstance the cause for confirming more and more her dislike towards Willie, in whom she could perceive no shadow of any thing good. When her husband came home to dinner, in the presence of Angeline, she began to let out something of her indignation against the poor child, who had endured much, and had found the world a hard one to live in, with no mother to love him and care for him.

"I don't see much of him, Anne," said Mr. Jones, "but what little I do see of him impresses me in his favour. I am afraid you listen too much to what Angeline says."

"Indeed, indeed father, Bill—"

"Stop, Angeline," said her father, who was neither so weak nor indulgent towards her as her mother. "In the first place, you must call him William when you speak to me. That's his name. He calls you Angeline, does he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then, I should be ashamed if I were you, to be outdone by him in politeness."

"But father, he is—"

"How can you talk so, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, breaking in upon Angeline.

"He is what, Angeline?"

"Why he is not on an equality with me."

"And how do you make that out, pray?"

"Why father, he is not as—as—as—"

"As what?"

"Why—why—why—"

"Come, take time. I want to know from you in what you are better than William."

"Why, Mr. Jones, how can you talk so?"

"Suffer me, my dear, to proceed, if you please," said the husband, in a decided manner.

"Are you ready to answer, Angeline?" he continued, after a brief pause.

"Why he don't dress as well. He ha'n't got no father and mother—he a'n't rich."

"How did you get your better clothes?"

"Why you gave them to me."

"Very well, then if there is any merit about it, it is in me for giving—surely not in you for receiving them. William once had a father and mother, but they died. Suppose your father and mother were to die, and we are as likely to die as any one, would you be any worse than you are now? Or if I were to lose all my money, which may happen very soon, would you be any better?"

Angeline had a glimpse of the truth, and so had her mother, and both were silent. But although they saw it through the thoughts which Mr. Jones had presented, they did not feel it nor love it.

"Suppose, Anne, we call up William, and Agnes, the cook, and have their statement about the matter?"

"Nonsense, Mr. Jones! Why will you make it a matter of so much importance?"

"It may seem a matter of little consequence to you, Anna, but you must remember that it is something involving a good deal when we think of that poor orphan boy, whom I fear we are not acting towards as we would like other people to act towards one of our children. We must be just, Anna, in little things as well as in great things."

Without further hesitation, Mr. Jones rung the bell, and when Agnes made her appearance, requested her to bring up Willie. In a minute or two after, the child came in, led by Agnes, and trembling from head to foot.

"I want you tell me truly, Agnes, what passed between Angeline and William, that caused his punishment. I want the simple truth."

"Why you see, sir," said Agnes, "Willie was rubbing the knives, an' spilt a trifle or so of brick dust, along side o' the knife board, which I s'pose he couldn't well help, when Angeline came down and said to him—'Jeat see how you are wasting the brick dust and dirtying the floor, Bill! I'll tell my mother, so I will. I never saw such a careless fellow?' Then Willie he got mad, and said he didn't care if she did tell. But when she run off to tell, he called after her and said he was in fun. But she would not listen to him. Before Mrs. Jones came down, he said he was sorry for what he had said, and knew he would get a whipping."

"That will do, Agnes," said Mr. Jones, kindly. "Take William down. But, stop a moment, William," he said, "come here."

The poor little fellow went slowly and timidly up, looking him earnestly in the face, as if endeavouring to see whether he was going to punish him further. Mr. Jones felt the mute expression, and taking him by the hand said, in a kind voice—

"William, it was wrong to speak as you did about Mrs. Jones, who gives you a home."

The little fellow held up his head at the sound of Mr. Jones' voice, speaking to him calmly and rationally, and simply replied,

"I was sorry as soon as I had said it."

"You can go now, William, and you must never again, no matter what is said, speak wrongly about Mrs. Jones."

"Indeed, indeed sir, I never will," said the child, bursting into tears. Then going to Mrs. Jones, he looked up into her face, through his tears, and said:

"Please—please ma'am, I'm sorry."

But she did not, in the unkindness of her feelings towards the child, even speak to him, but motioned him away with her hand, and with a sad face he stole slowly from the room.

"Angeline, you can go up stairs," said Mr. Jones, to his little girl. "I am not pleased with you."

Angeline looked towards her mother, as if she expected her to interfere, for she instinctively perceived that her father and mother took different positions in the matter.

"Do you hear me?" he said, sternly. The child instantly obeyed.

"Anna," said Mr. Jones, after Angeline had left the room. "It is cruel to expose children to the trials which are often too severe for those of mature age, and then punish them when they fall into temptation. My very heart ached for that poor child, when I perceived truly his position. Oppressed and wronged, yet reasoning and bearing up against it, and even exercising the heavenly virtue of forgiveness."

"It is very strange, Mr. Jones," replied his wife, in an angry voice, "that you can talk so. Who oppresses him, pray? You don't mean to say, that I oppress him, and wrong him?"

"Anna, you must see that he has been wronged this morning."

"Indeed, then, I don't see no such thing."

"Why, Anna, it was plain that Angeline had provoked the child to say what he ought not to have said—and equally plain that he repented at once, and upon the first question from you would have made humble acknowledgment. But you punished him without a hearing."

"It's no use for you to talk any more about this, my dear. I am tired of having the boy in the house. He is a constant source of trouble and annoyance, and I have got so that I almost hate the sight of him. I wish you would get him into the alms-house."

"He shall not stay here, Anna, depend upon that."

"That's all I ask for. Take him away, and I don't care how he goes, nor where he goes; and may I never set eyes on him again."

SCENE FOURTH.

It so happened, in the order of things, that Mrs. Jones was sick, with a sudden and violent attack of fever, on the next morning. She awoke before day with a chill, and by the time the light dawned she was ill to an alarming degree. The physician was called, and after examining her condition, and writing a prescription, retired in silence. We need not trace the progress of the disease. The fact is all that is necessary to bring out. At the end of the ninth day, Mrs. Jones trembled between life and death. A single breath seemed sufficient to snap the thread of life. But when the fever let go its hold, there was still strength enough left to rally, and she began slowly to recover.

It was about one week from the day of danger, the turning point for life or death, that Mr. Jones sat

by the side of his wife's bed, and held in his her thin, pale hand. Little Willie had not yet been removed, though the sickness of Mrs. Jones had materially altered, for the better, his condition. After sitting in silence for some time, Mr. Jones remarked, that she had made a narrow escape from death.

"I've been thinking of that," she replied, "and it makes me tremble when I think of my children. No one can be a mother to children who are not her own."

"A motherless child should be an object of tender concern to every one. But, in the present state of society, the orphan's portion is a hard one."

As Mr. Jones uttered this sentiment, without intending to apply it to any particular instance, the fitness of it to the case of little William Carter, flashed across his mind, as it did at the same instant across the mind of his wife. Each looked at the other for an embarrassed moment. The silence was at length broken by Mrs. Jones.

"Where is William Carter?" she asked.

"I had no direct allusion to him, when I spoke Anna," said her husband.

"I am sure you had not; but no matter.—It is said in the Bible, if I am not mistaken, that words fitly spoken are like apples of gold on pictures of silver. I have felt keenly and suddenly their force. Mrs. Carter's dying request that I would be a mother to her child, has not been obeyed according to my promise. I convict myself of cruel wrong towards him."

"Anne, we are given to see our errors, not that we may afflict ourselves, but that we may renounce them. If you think you have not acted towards William as you would wish others to act towards your children, you have done wrong, and this wrong all the obligations of right call upon you to repair. It is no light duty to become as a mother to an orphan child, but it will prove a delightful duty to those who enter fully into it. It will bring with it its own rich reward."

"I will be to him all I have promised," said Mrs. Jones, with warmth.

"In the excitement of a good resolution, my dear Anna," replied Mr. Jones, "when the evil loves which prompt us to wrong actions have retired and are quiescent, we think it an easy matter to do what is right. But the time will come, in the natural order of things, when the evil, which was not extinguished, but had merely retired, will again become active, and then will be the moment of trial. You must not always expect to feel as you now do. You have suffered your love of your own children above others to become inordinate, and even to become a principle of hate towards other children."

"O no, no, dear husband, don't say hate."

"I seek not to wound you, Anna, I only desire to present truth to your mind. I remember your saying distinctly, that you hated little William, and that you wished nothing more than to have him put out of the house."

Mrs. Jones was silent. She remembered but too distinctly that she had not only said so, but had felt all that she had uttered. And as the first excitement of good desires began to subside, she felt alarmed as she thought of little Willie in connexion with her own children, and perceived that she felt a real dislike for him.

"I fear I shall have a hard trial, indeed," she said

after some moments communion with herself; "and I fear that I shall not be able to do all I wish to do."

"Perhaps I can aid you a little. Do not attempt to think about William in connexion with your own children. Look upon him simply in the light of a motherless child, and thus encourage your sympathies to go out towards him. Do not attempt to elevate him suddenly to the place your understanding tells you he ought to occupy; but begin simply by acting rightly towards him, and let feeling alone. Endeavour to do good to him, or simply to protect him from wrong; and by and by you will find that you will do cheerfully from affection what you at first did from a sense of duty. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly."

"Are you willing to begin as I have suggested?"

"I am."

"Persevere, then, and success will be certain."

SCENE FIFTH.

THREE years more have passed away, and now let us see if the experiment has proved successful. We will look into the parlour, where are assembled, on a pleasant evening, the family of Mr. Jones. Certainly all there seem happy, and yet among them is a fine boy, in his tenth year, who is readily recognised as William Carter. On his open countenance there is no expression of chilled or subdued feelings; nor does he seem to feel any restraint. Now he is leaning on Mrs. Jones in the most confiding manner, while he plays with the noisy babe in her lap, in whom he seems to feel as lively an interest as any of the rest; and now he is talking in a lively strain to a tall girl, who may be recognised as Angelina. Certainly he is at home; for all seem to regard him with an interest and affection that his own heart warmly reciprocates. In the course of the evening all the young folks retire to bed, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones are left alone.

"William is really getting to be a fine boy," said Mr. Jones, warmly.

"Indeed he is," was the reply of his wife. "I sometimes can hardly distinguish between the affection I bear him, and that which I feel for my own children. Is it not strange that it should be so?"

"It is not strange, as I look at the subject. Whenever we exercise the true parental actions, the true parental feelings will come in due time. If we begin by first doing right, from a sense of duty, it will not be long before we feel right. We prefer our own children, and love them above others. This is a better state of things than if there were no natural affection, as it is called—for then children would be cruelly treated by a great many parents, as there are too few parents who do not feel a dislike towards all children except their own. This natural affection thus becomes a bond of protection to children. But our children are not regarded more tenderly by the Lord, than the children of other parents, for he is the father of all, and sees and knows the qualities of all. And when we look upon them as naturally better than other children, we are wrong; and it is this feeling that leads us to be cruel to other children when they are by some circumstance thrown into our families. We are to regard the good that is in our children, and love them the more as good principles grow up in them."

"You do not mean to say, that we are not to feel an especial affection for our own children?"

"Not by any means, for they are given to us to love and to do good to—and this constant action of concern and providence increases our love; I only mean to say, that when other children are thrown into our hands, we should endeavour to love them as our own."

"Certainly, in doing so there is an exceeding great reward, as I can testify," said Mrs. Jones. "And what is more, besides having the warm affection of a noble minded boy, and the internal consciousness of

having acted right, I find that I have grown less selfish in my feelings, and consequently, as I now perceive, happier."

"Your conclusion is a true one. All evils cohere together, and strengthen each other in the mind. Loosen one, and remove it to the circumference of the mind, and you loosen all. And when one is willingly removed thus, others will be perceived by the mind, and in like manner put away. Thus it only requires any one to begin, in sincerity, to put away one evil, to be in the way of putting away all, and thus of becoming freed from the bondage of evil passions."

Written for the Lady's Book.

PEASANT GIRL AT A WELL.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

WHEN the ploughman whistles along the road,
And heavily swings the old barn gate;
When the team comes home with its weary load,
And the frogs chime in "it is growing late;"
Then was the time that the farmer's daughter
Sauntered alone to the orchard-well,
And carolled a song as she leaned o'er the water,
While far away echoed the deep village-bell.
* * * * *
'Tis the hour he promised—the moon on the hill

Is dropping its sparkles on streamlet and rill,
But she turns to be gone—
For she watches alone,
And the evening is waning in moments so still!

* * * * *
But hark! through the elms by the side of the river
She hears a faint rustle, and then, a low call;
'Tis his step on the sward, and a voice by its quiver
Is telling of love, and acknowledging all!

Written for the Lady's Book.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL GREENE.

BY HIS GRAND NIECE.

"NAY, Markham, say what you will, with your good heart and kind feelings to dictate for you, the time will come when the colonies will no longer submit to the caprices of the British King," exclaimed a young man of imposing presence to his younger brother as they worked together in a forge in a retired part of the now *State* of Rhode Island.

"But, Nat," replied his more reflective and cool companion, "while uttering your sentiments so fully and without reflection on the consequences, you seem to forget that a refusal to meet the wishes of the mother country, will involve us in the guilt of *High Treason*!"

"Treason!" replied the other, indignantly; "I tell you that England, by the ruinous policy she pursues, nullifies our obligation to her king—if she will not respect our *rights*, no law, human or divine, compels us tamely to submit to her exactions—the principle of self-preservation implanted within the breast as immutably as conscience, by Him who cannot err, incites us to resistance, and the obligation to save my country and countrymen, is strong as the obligation to refrain from stealing my neighbour's goods."

"Oh, Nat!" cried his brother, "you could always outreason, if you did not convince me."

At this last remark the two young men came together up the steps of the shop, and Markham was obliged to raise his voice to a loud key in order that Nat might hear him above the din of trip-hammer. They were joined by another, who, as they stood on the steps of the shop, came from a grist mill adjoin-

ing the forge, whose whitened coat and powdered locks gave tokens of his occupation.

"What! have you set even Markham to storming, Nat? You would do nicely for an envoy extraordinary to incite the Indians to a civil war."

"I should be an extraordinary envoy, with my straight coat, for such a purpose," replied Nat, laughing. "But, Kit, I have been talking with Mark of the injustice of Great Britain towards her colonies, and he, as usual, is preaching up moral principle. I verily believe if King George were to send here for the head of pretty Sally Seville—Markham there, would be the one to cut it off, and send it with his best compliments to his majesty; though he broke his own heart in doing it."

"Hush, Nat! you are too bad—see, you have made Mark turn pale, and shake like yonder old mill dam as the waters of the pond come thundering over it—you presume too much on his often tested good temper." As Christopher spoke, Nathaniel turned quickly to his brother, and locking his arm in Markham's apologised for wounding him. "I did but jest, of course; but had I really believed you loved pretty Sally, I would not have said it—I thought it only a flirtation. Say, do you forgive me, Markham?"

"With all my heart," said his placable brother; and they all three walked together up the hill in front of their father's house. As they reached its top, Nat looked around him to enjoy the quiet beauty of the landscape—far beyond the hills the sun just setting had thrown a gorgeous robe of crimson and gold

around the dark blue clouds which heralded his exit, rising in massive columns and various forms upon the western horizon. Before them lay the picturesque scenery of the old mill and forge—the bridge, crossing the river as it came chafing and foaming over the dam, and curling white and angry beneath the arches of the bridge—then losing its wildness and noise, the same river wound gently away at the base of the craggy hills and until it receded from view in the distance. To the right lay a large pond—in England it would have been called a *lake*—its bed the reservoir of a river, turning a manufactory some three quarters of a mile above—its basin now calm and unruffled, except by little waves, crimsoned with the reflected rays of the setting sun, and moving in gentle succession to the mill-flue and dam, to lose their placid character beneath the cog-wheel. At the wharf, below the forge, lay a neat little sloop, her gay pendant fluttering over the forge—on the extreme front view, at the head of a smoother slope, there was a white cottage, with its pretty vines, honeysuckle, trumpet flower, and clematis, clambering around its green lattices. An orchard lay on the banks of the river; and upon the level round meadows, beyond, some cattle were leisurely obeying the milk boy's evening "coa, coa, coa."

A road led west, to the pleasant village of Greenville, which was now looking out from the sunlight, like some fairy creation—its spires glancing, and its windows reflecting the thousand brilliant hues of the west. "How beautiful!" exclaimed Nat, as his eye roved in delight over this prospect. "This is my home—this is my country—and I glory to call it mine."

"And would you," said Markham, "mar the fair face of nature with the devastation and ruin which ever clog the steps of war?"

"No! from this would I preserve her," fervently exclaimed Nat—"ere it is too late. When our murmurs reach the British throne, they will be answered by *punishment*—as we grow more restive, a standing army will be quartered among us and we shall become the slaves of a military despotism."

"But why should we be restive?" said Christopher, "George is a good king."

"Yes," said Nat, ironically; "he is so condescending as to desire that we should take his word for every thing. Were he immaculate, this might do, but he is a man, and does not even know the character of the people with whom he is dealing, neither knows he their country—he considers us but one degree removed from the Indians whose soil we occupy, and regards us rather as a means of revenue, than as a part of that people over whom it is his duty to watch with paternal care. He has never gazed in rapt astonishment upon our magnificent lakes—he has never looked upon the gigantic mountains of America, in silent astonishment—he has never paid the tribute of delighted surprise as he witnessed such a glorious sunset as this, in the western world. The beautiful richness of our autumn's departing footsteps never struck home to his feelings. He never came among us to learn our habits or our character—he receives but the partial representations of those whose interest it is to deceive him. Far beyond the seas, he legislates for us in all this ignorance. Are we oppressed—he hears not our groans. Are we injured—he is not near to right us."

Christopher had listened to his brother up to this,

when playfully clapping him on the shoulder, he cried, "What a tirade about the king of England—I arrest you in the name of his majesty, as guilty of high treason."

"Too soon," said the other, turning to him solemnly, "too soon will that charge be levelled at my countrymen."

The door of the house in front of which they had been standing, now opened, and an old gentleman whose gray hairs and venerable appearance bespoke him the parent of the young men, called to them, "Markham, come in with thy brothers, the evening meal tarries." They obeyed this injunction and went into the house.

While they are partaking the "evening meal," I will give my readers a brief sketch of their characters, which were as utterly different as the parts they had taken in the preceding conversation. Nathaniel, the eldest, was a young man of powerful mind; classical *taste*, (though his opportunities of indulging it were few compared to the facilities of 1840,) great physical courage—unbending perseverance—high ideas of honour, and a love of his country which would have graced the days of Leonidas; his mind was searching and inquisitive after knowledge, and his perception of character almost intuitive. With unblanching firmness, he combined deep rooted and ardent affections. His face was pleasing—his forehead very high, with a cast of thought. His figure was large and muscular—a little above medium height. His mouth indicated resolution—though this trait was half contradicted by the (at times) playful expression of his dark full blue eye.

Markham, his brother, was above the common height—full six feet two, with rather a stoop in the shoulders and a somewhat awkward gait, but his singularly fine face redeemed the defects of his person and the mild gentleness of his eye and mouth, impressed the spectator favourably ere a word had passed his lips. His character was calm and reflective—his feelings affectionate and tender, to a fault. Ever careful of the wishes and pursuits of those around him, anxious to advance their schemes and contribute to their happiness, he made himself the idol of all who knew him—he never was known to display anger in his life. Was either of the brothers aggrieved, Markham must decide the dispute, for he was always just. Did the mother need any assistance it was to Markham she applied, and while the others escaped laughing down the hill, he remained to do her behests. The sheep would follow him all over the farm, accustomed to food and kindness at his hands. The old house dog was sure to get between his feet, under the table, though Markham had taken away the last rabbit he had caught—and the ancient tabby cat not unfrequently climbed upon his knee, retaining no grudge against him, though the robin redbreast, hung most provokingly high, was rescued by Markham, half dead from her mouth.

The younger brother, just advancing into early manhood, seemed to partake the character of both the others. He was rash, headstrong, and passionate, but these faults were tempered by great generosity of soul—warm feelings—persevering and untiring integrity—sternness of principle—candour—and simplicity of heart. He was as unsuspecting as a babe. With a horror of injustice, nearly innate, he constantly repaired the faults into which his hastiness betrayed him, by generous and timely concession.

He was ever careful of the comfort of his friends, and cheerfully sacrificed his own to theirs. His discrimination and judgment were great—his memory powerful, and his education good for his day. He was cheerful and open handed, as the Indians would say. He loved his brothers, and while listening to their praises, was heedless if none were bestowed upon himself; often has he borne a father's reproof, rather than betray a brother who was most in fault. He was below the common size—very erect in his deportment and of imposing presence. His head was a model for a Grecian sculptor. His nose decidedly Roman—his forehead high and receding—his eyes full and clear, and well opened—the mouth classically beautiful—the chin strong and decisive, and his smile irresistibly winning. His physical strength was great though not equal to Markham's, and his fortitude under pain, truly astonishing. A groan was never wrung from him by mere suffering. He has passed away, like all that is great and good in man, and all that is lovely in woman—the grave has closed upon him—but long will his memory be green in the hearts of those who knew and loved him.

They were now all seated around the family table. It was Saturday night, and the Quaker Preacher, for such was their father, inquired of Markham the subject of their conversation while they stood before the house.

"We were speaking of the new taxes—and Nat thought them grievous."

"Hush thee there, then, boy! dost thou know such thoughts are trait'rous to the king, and dost thou not remember the words of Holy Writ, command us to yield "obedience to the powers that be." This was addressed to Markham, but meant for Nathaniel, who replied to it.

"I should not hesitate, father, to resist even to blood, such a system of oppression, as will follow these arbitrary taxes."

"Boy! thou wouldst be expelled the meeting if thou wert to carry arms," cried the old Quaker, in great trepidation.

"Quakers have fought," said Nat.

"It is against our principles."

"Then, if an assassin were to enter that door, and attempt to stab you, he must not be resisted. You must take his blow, and I, your son, must stand by and see it—is it so?"

"No!" said the old man, "in defence of life we may resist."

"Well, it is life for which I would contend, moral life and liberty; the vital principle of our existence as a people—the spirit of our institutions—the breath of our religion—the main-spring of our virtue.—Under the arbitrary and delegated authority of British ministers, how shall we teach our little ones the ennobling doctrine of liberty? How shall the poor man send his children to the school which shall be depressed with heavy taxes? how shall the free aspirations of pure religion ascend from a fettered soul; or the mild tenets of revelation come from the heart beating with suppressed resentment for public wrong? Look to the land of heroes—to classic Greece, and read the history of all enslaved countries. Is the song of the bard echoing along her verdant shores? No! Oppression has stilled his lyre, or taught its strings to send forth only notes of sadness. Are monuments of architecture rising from her unequalled skill and taste? No: the hand that fashioned them

has forgot its cunning, for it is labouring without the object of renown. Is poetry swelling in sweet numbers along her favourite land? No! the glad heart that poured forth the music of rhyme is broken and dispirited under the ruthless Moslem yoke. Her light faded—the land of literature is shrouded in mental gloom. Is the precedent a pleasant one, father?"

The old man was surprised into listening thus far, by his son's unwonted earnestness; but he now replied that the threatened evils were imaginary, and as his quiet silent wife had noiselessly removed the tea equipage, he sat a moment to return his silent thanks for the evening meal, and then retired to rest.

The young men went also to their own room, and Markham and Christopher were addressing themselves to repose, when Nat abruptly asked Markham if he had any objection to a ramble over the hills by moonlight? "I should like to go with you, Nat, but the old gentleman does not like to have us spend the evening of the seventh day abroad; in fact, you know he has forbidden it, and we ought to obey him, brother."

"Why, Mark, sweet Sally lives close by Governor de Werd's, and while I spend an hour with Anna, you can make yourself agreeable to Miss Sally."

Markham hesitated a moment, almost persuaded by the inducement; the next, his habitual coolness and reflection recovered the ascendancy, and he told his brother, if he disobeyed his father's commands he must do it alone.

"Very well—so be it. Christopher here, has no lass to visit or he would accompany me, I trow." So saying, he arrayed himself in his best trim and calling to Markham to hold the one end of the sheet, he took the other and silently descending from the window, raced down the hill and over the bridge in the moonlight. Light and happy hopes nerved his speed; hopes that spring uncalled and swell unchecked at his buoyant period of life. Hopes that have never been crushed by the many bitter disappointments which stamp *experience* on man's tutored heart, and bid him look again ere he resign himself to *confident* expectation. As Nat rose the hill which overlooked Governor de Werd's mansion, our hero's heart beat chokingly, and he paused ere he approached the house. With a little alteration, Shakspeare's beautiful line will tell us the secret cause of Nat's hesitation. "*Love makes cowards of us all,*" and the son of the old Quaker had early learned its engrossing power. Love was, in after years to add vigour and constancy to the soldier's character, who, emerging from the strict principles of Quakerism, was to lead his country's armies, to oppose that oppression which even now he spurned. He rests in peace, and his country does him honour.

The lady love of the young man, some incidents of whose life we record, was well qualified to fix his affections—she was the eldest daughter of Governor de Werd, and for the period of our country in which she lived, well educated. She, at the fascinating age of eighteen, was the acknowledged beauty of Rhode Island. Nat soon conquered his diffidence, (an unwonted trait in his character) and knocked at the door. It was opened by an old slave, who showed his white teeth through the gloom, as he recognised Nathaniel's well known voice. "Yes, massa! young missy home—she nebbber go way when she spec you come, spen de evenin with her, walk in."

Governor de Werd and his family were still with-

out a light, enjoying the fine evening and the rich view of the moonlight on the bay. The evening passed on in varied and pleasant conversation, and we might repeat many remarks of Nat's where more was meant than met the ears of the family circle, though not misunderstood by Anna—we might tell how Nat sped in his wooing, and how he robbed Anna of a truant ringlet, which as she leaned down to pick up a ring he had carelessly dropped at her feet, strayed most provokingly over his hand—so provokingly that for the sake of reprisal, he cut it off with his pearl-handled penknife, and kept it close prisoner for the rest of its lovely life. Sadly did that same little curl dislike the quarters into which it was so unceremoniously introduced. It might as well have put to sea in a Nautilus shell, and lost no repose by the exchange, for here it lay upon that beating heart—the ebb and flow of the tide was naught to compare with this restless pillow, and in after life, the cannon balls whistled close to the spot, where it cowered, and the point of the sword swept above it, and the dagger's blade sought to find out its resting place, and once in the heat of battle, the warm blood which had so often circled around it, drenched it in its crimson tide, but the tears of blighted hope washed away the stain, and once again was the beloved ringlet restored to its place—never to be removed until that noble heart had ceased to beat, and then it was consigned with all that remained of him who had loved so truly and so well, to his grave.

An hour had passed away unconsciously, when a knock was heard at the door, announcing another visitor, and as it opened Nat started to see Markham enter it.

"Why what has overcome your scruples concerning seventh evening, Mark?"

His brother, after saluting the little circle, turned to Nat, and said, "he hoped he would bid his friends good night, and return home with him."

"What, and lose my pleasant evening," said Nat; "no, it is not time to separate yet."

"You are not going to take Nathaniel home, but rather stay and pass the remainder of the evening with him," said Anna.

Nat turned, smiling, to her—"Oh Anna, it will take more than even your charms to detain Mark here, and your friend Sally so near us—but a truce to all this, and tell me what is the matter, Markham. Has any one robbed the henroost, or has the old tabby caught the robin, and you want me to hold her while you beat her with a barley straw."

"Oh, do come Nat—I'll tell you as we walk home."

"Well, then—good night," said he aside to Anna. "Good night, dearest! I'll see you soon again—soon," and kissing her hand, he bade the little party adieu. "Now, Markham," said he, while they were speeding homewards—"why did you spoil my evening?"

"You had not more than arrived at Governor de Werd's, Nat, ere father came up to our room in his morning gown, and asked the meaning of the noise; he had heard you as you descended from the window. We put the old gentleman off, and he went down supposing the wind must have deceived him, as there was no light in the room, and the shutters closed, he did not miss you—but in less than half an hour, he came up again, apparently not satisfied, and insisting upon a more direct answer, we were at last obliged

to tell him, and I expect the poor old man is, ere this, on the road in pursuit of you. I followed you out of the window, and came to warn you."

"Egad!" said Nat, "here is trouble in the wig-wam! was father very angry?"

"Yes, very—but Nat, see—yonder he is puffing and blowing on the hill."

"Let us take a short cut through Gould's woods," said Nat, "otherwise we shall meet him."

They accordingly went into the shade of the trees until the old Quaker passed, and then walked towards home. Mark ascended the window first, for his father had locked the door and taken the key with him, and then offered to draw Nat up, but the latter only laughed, telling him not to be in too much of a hurry. The house had been recently repaired, and several bundles of shingles lay hard by—one by one, Nat disposed these around his person; beneath his vest, and within the waistband of his pantaloons, until he had completely clap-boarded his person. To be sure, its gracefulness was not much enhanced by this novel mode of arraying his figure. When he had finished, he looked up and met the wondering gaze of his brothers as they inquisitively surveyed his starched person, he had no time to speak for he saw his father on the bridge, and going to the front door, he pretended that he was trying to open it. As he expected, his efforts were in vain, and putting his back against it, he awaited the old Quaker's arrival. Up the hill he came, and into the yard, puffing and blowing, half dead with his unwonted exertion and anger—

"Thou villain!"—so out of breath that his words came at long intervals and in queer contrast with his usual propriety of manner—"did thee not know—that I never allow thee to visit—seventh evening!"

'Twas in vain to deny such knowledge, and Nat had to stammer out the best excuse he could think of, at the same time appearing terribly afraid of a huge cudgel his father had in his hand, and ominously held up between the pauses of his discourse as if meditating an attack upon the delinquent—but his gravity was nearly upset as he caught a glimpse of Markham as he stood behind the window shutter, staring in unqualified amazement upon his brother. His seriousness was however quickly restored, by a hearty blow upon one of his *shingles*, which tingled to the very skin, notwithstanding its protection, "I'll teach thee to set my authority at defiance, and stand grinning there as if thee could not feel foolishness is bound up in the heart of a *child*, but the *rod* shall bring it out of him, as Proverbs hath it," said the old man, as blow upon blow fell fast: Nat jumped, and kicked, and begged, and turned, and twisted, as if he was undergoing great suffering, and, at times, as his laughter rose high, almost beyond his control, he let it have vent in a yell almost as discordant as an Indian war whoop. How long his flagellation might have continued is uncertain, had not the preacher's wife protruded her night-capped head at the window, saying in a voice in which her habitual reverence for her husband contrasted strangely with her anxiety for her child, "Thee will kill the boy, thee has been beating him till thee is all of a sweat."

"Up to thy room, and let me hear of thee out again seventh night, and this flogging is but an earnest of what thee will get, *friend*," said the old man; and Nat, ready to die with fun, darted through the door his father held open for him, and disregarding his mother's request that he would come in below,

he went up the stairs at two or three bounds, which taxed all his agility and great strength to make them, considering how he was trammelled in his free motions, and presented himself in disordered plight before his brothers. Poor Christopher, he stood half crying in front of the window before which Nat had been performing his strange dance. And Mark, half confounded, at a loss to know whether his brother was really hurt or not, stood behind the shutter as during the "heat of action," as Nat quaintly termed it. The moon shone in upon the faces of the young men and by its uncertain light enhanced the troubled expression of their countenances, to such a ludicrous degree, that Nat gave vent to his mirth in a shout of laughter, which was choked by Markham's dashing him, face downwards, on the bed.

"For mercy's sake, be quiet," he exclaimed, "should father come up again, your *shingles* will not save you."

"Shingles?" said the astonished Christopher as he

came up to the bed with a look which had nearly made Nat roar again.

"Hush! hush!" said Mark, "come Nat, and get into your bed; in good faith, you must be tired."

But the undressing was no easy task, for Nat was so convulsed with laughter, that he could not even get off his coat; Markham and Christopher were not aware of the position of his peculiar dress, and while getting off article after article of his clothing, one would find the shingles wedged into one place, and the other into another, and poor Christopher, who had not seen Nat array himself, was all in the dark about it, and dumb with astonishment. At the last, all the shingles were disposed of, and the young men retired.

This is an anecdote still related by the son of the celebrated General Nathaniel Greene, who was the hero of the *shingles*, as he was afterwards the hero of many a bloodier battle.

MRS. GEORGE A. PAYNTER.



Written for the Lady's Book.

THE PEACEFUL VISTANT.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

Not long since, in Christ's church, Boston, during the morning service, a dove flew in at one of the windows, and alighting over the pulpit, remained until the exercises were concluded.

WHENCE comest thou, fair dove?

What is thine errand to this sacred place?
Say, dost thou come as messenger of love,
From Heaven's approving face?

What tidings dost thou bring
From the high courts above, to these below—
Why hast thou rested here thy tiny wing?
To us, thy message show.

From a tumultuous world,
Hast thou a shelter sought within this ark?
And did Jehovah's banner, here unfurled,
Thy peaceful vision mark?

No "olive branch," fair dove!
Thou bringest in thy beak, as when of yore
Thy wing above the watery waste did move,
When wrathful storms were o'er.

Yet thou an emblem art
Of purity and peace, sweet bird of heaven!
Methinks a signal to the Christian's heart—
A silent token given;

That here doth now descend
To rest within these courts, the Heavenly Dove—
That o'er the hearts which low as suppliants bend,
Doth brood his wings of love.



Written for the Lady's Book.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE POETRY OF MRS. HEMANS.

BY THE LATE B. B. THATCHER.

The Works of Mrs. Hemans, with a Memoir of her Life; by her Sister. Six volumes. Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood; 1839.

THE decease of the accomplished and gifted lady whose works, *complete*, we are at once grieved and rejoiced to see here for the first time collected, has occasioned the expression of a deep feeling of affectionate and admiring sorrow, such as it has been the fortune of very few who have gone before her, and will be, we fear, of as few who may succeed her in her profession, to excite. It has been more, much more, than the customary compliment which the press or the public is wont to render to mere distinction. It was not alone the acknowledgment of admiration which high intellect, however used, commands. It was no cold decree of criticism, wrung from the reason of those who could not but approve, and were willing to do no more. An affectionate, as well as an admiring sorrow, we have said—admiring and

thankful. It came from the heart. It came from the hearts of those who feel as well as think; of the good, and of the gratified; of such as have been made, and know that they have been, happier and better—and happier because better—for what she wrote. A pure, unfailing fountain, was her poetry—by the way side of the pilgrim life which belongs to us all—a stoic, indeed, must the traveller be, who could drink of its gushing waters, and be bathed with its blessed "spray-drops,"* and yet leave, as he went again on his journey to be forgotten for ever.

Rejoiced, and grieved, we said. We grieve, not for the sealing of one of our own sources of intellectual and spiritual happiness and (we trust) improvement alone; not for ourselves even chiefly, and no

* Burial of an Emigrant's Child.

for herself at all; but that "the night hath lost a gem," a genial and a guiding flame for all who loved its silvery light, but now "no more is seen of mortal eye."* It has not left the skies unmissed, indeed, and *therefore* we rejoice. It will be remembered as the *lost Pleiad*, when even the bright band which lingers still where it was, shall almost have ceased to be noticed as the *living*.

There is evidence to this effect of what we have said in the appearance of the volumes before us, as in every sober symptom of renewed attention to the compositions of Mrs. Hemans, and of increased appreciation of their merit, which the occasion of her departure has produced. Such a popularity—the popularity of such productions, we mean, is a matter of just congratulation. It is a recognition of the virtue which is their vital principle. It confirms anew, and with a force proportioned to the brilliancy of the reputation, the old theory of the value and interest of *truth*, in literature, and in poetry, as much as in religion, and in life. It proves that honesty is the best policy, in the one department as well as in the other; the honesty of the simplicity of nature;—inasmuch as it goes to show that even the taste of the reading community at large, no less than the conscience of all men, may be relied on for the approval of "whatsoever things are lovely," if they be but worthily set forth. *This* they must be, of course, and this is enough. It is to accomplish the peculiar duty, and to attain the highest honours of the poet. This is the essence of the "divine delightfulness," (as Sydney calls it,) of his noble art. It is to make fervent the disposition to do what philosophy teaches to be desirable, and religion feels to be right. It is to entice "the ardent will" onward and further on, "as if your journey should be through a fair vineyard, at the first giving you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further." It is to fill the soul with the rapturous love of that glorious beauty of immortal goodness, whereof even Plato and Tully have said, that they who could *see* it would need no more;† and which to *see*, demands in him who leads her gently forward—as an eastern bride, betrothed, but yet unknown—no antic attitudes of studied grace—no "wreathed smiles—no opulent drapery, nor blazing ornaments, nor wreaths of words of praise;—but only to *unveil*.

We may be deemed enthusiastic by some; not, perhaps for this estimate of the loveliness of virtue, as it is, or of the dignity of the poet's craft as it should be; but for the application of it to the case before us. Such, however, at such hazard, must we venture to pronounce in the outset the crowning praise of Mrs. Hemans. She has made poetry, as it was meant to be, the Priestess of Religion. These volumes render it evident how deeply she came to feel, in her own spirit, that it was so. Her genius was hallowed at length with the holy waters of faith, and love, and prayer. She realized with Milton, that "these abilities are of power to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbation of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works and what he suffers to be wrought, with high providence in his church; and lastly, that whatsoever in religion is holy

and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexes of man's thoughts from within, all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe," such, apparently, was the model which she set before her. It was, at all events, the theory which she more and more matured in conception, and disclosed in practice, as she wrote; and no writings can be cited more pertinently, or more plentifully, than her own, as an argument for correctness. Could it have been a mere instinct that prompted her to such a course—an intellectual instinct, more than a spiritually cultivated study—her success is still what it is. The encouragement for those who emulate her fame should be greater; for it is at least a new instance to prove, that, as an innate *moral* sense in the heathen hearts is "a law unto themselves," so is the sincere conscience (so to speak) of mere intellect—the innate taste—enough alone to guide it to the choice of "the sweet food of sweetly-uttered knowledge."*

In truth, however, there is not only no reason to doubt the conscientious, well-elaborated, religious purpose of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans—alluding more particularly always to her latest—but abundance of proof that her notions of the subject were much the same with those of Milton, which we have cited. She applied the theory, indeed, in a different department of themes; to one for which her genius was best suited—not to say better suited than his. She applied it in fact to themes, where he applied it to a theme. She did in detail, what he did upon a greater scale. She wrote as a woman should, where he wrote as a man. If his leading principle was (as Haslett says) *faith*, hers was *love*;—a Christian faith and love. Her sphere was domestic; his, epic. She dealt with the affections of individuals, and he with the attributes of the race. She was content with a "*Thought*" of that "*Paradise*" which was lost and regained for him;—her home was her Paradise. His was an ambition to be immortalized in that admiration of after days "whereof" even then

"All Europe rang from side to side;"

And to build, though by the labour of a life time, one grand colossal monument, whose front should be high in heaven, and its feet resting at once on the future and the past;—this was his "*noble task*." For this he lived, for this he fell "o'erplied."† Her ambition was to be remembered by the *heart*. She poured forth feelings of her own, that, like the wandering dove of old, would roam the world around, to find a shelter in one human breast. This, for her, was to make happier and to be so; and further than this, it was enough for her, in the language of her own lonely student,

"To add but one
To those refulgent steps, all undefiled,
Which glorious minds have piled
Through bright, self offering, earnest, child-like, love,
For mounting to thy throne!
And let my soul upborne
On wings of inner morn,
Find in illumined secrecy, the sense
Of that blest work, its own high recompense."

* The Lost Pleiad.

† Defence of Poetry

* Sydney.

† See sonnet on his blindness.

"If thou hast made,"—she says again,

"If thou hast made,
Like the winged seed, the breathings of thy thought,
And by the swift winds bid them be conveyed
To lands of other lays, and there become
Native as early melodies of home;—
O bless thee, O my God!"

This is a passage of the "Poet's Dying Hymn," one of the most characteristic and beautiful of her productions, though, like a multitude more, collected in the edition of her poems before us, scarcely known in this country hitherto, excepting to a few persons perhaps through the medium of some foreign magazine.* The Scenes and Hymns of Life, with which it appeared in an Edinburgh edition of Blackwood, (in 1834) are full throughout of the same spirit. To that collection also was attached a Preface of her own, one of the existing specimens of her prose, chiefly explanatory, but explicitly so, of her scheme of *enlarging the sphere of Religious Poetry, by associating with it themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle.* "I have sought," she continues, "to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the death-bed, bearing 'healing on its wings,' to the agony of parting love—strengthening the heart of the way-farer for perils in the wilderness—gladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland—and springing to life in the soul of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing perceptions of natural beauty." Such is her own exposition of her poetical theory. It is for others to judge how successfully she has exemplified it in practice. In her own department, we think she has done it with greater effect than any other writer. A selection of her compositions might be made—and a most precious one it would be—so full of sketches of the experience of the heart, in all the positions and phases incident to the various domestic relations, which are worthy of the labour of such description—and so livingly and minutely true—so imbued with nature, made wise by suffering—so applicable in all things to hundreds of cases which occur every day—as to form almost a complete manual for the use of any household, exposed, as all are, as well to numberless fluctuations of fortune which cannot be foreseen, as to the changes and trials common to humanity at large. We have had occasion, and so doubtless have most of our readers, to see the character of these sketches, such as we now describe it, tested, and testified to, by the infallible judgment of those to whose circumstances and feelings they were severally applicable. The wife, and the widow, alike—the woman, and the girl—the mother—the orphan—the blest and the afflicted—rejoicing and weary spirits in every mood of joy and gloom—but most of all, the host of "nameless martyrs"—

"The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;—
The meekly noble hearts,
Of whose abode
Midst her green vallies, earth retains no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial sods,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A dim and vacant place
In some sweet home—"

* We notice that the writer speaks herself of this fine poem, as in her own opinion one of her best.

The mighty multitude of "most loved" unknown—these, all these, are they whom she has written of, and written for. *Their* sympathies have given shelter to her thoughts. Their tears have been her praise.

And an influence worth having is this; no noisy acclamation at the brilliant meteor of a moment; no hollow outcry of flattered appetite and passion; no cold approval of the sluggishly judicious;—but the warm verdict, the remembrance, the love, the blessing of those whose bosoms *feel* the fame (if fame it is) she coveted, and richly won.

Think, then, of such an influence, wielded, as Mrs. Hemans has wielded hers, and as her works will, as long as they continue to be read; an influence so sanctified throughout by a religious spirit, a spirit of encouragement, faith, gratitude, and prayer; and holy aspiration; so stirring to all virtue that may be in its majestic eulogies of that which has been; so ennobling in its development of the powers of doing and enduring which lie latent in every human breast.

This estimate of her poetry will not be universally adopted, we know, as a just one. By some, for various reasons, it will be considered to imply an extravagant appreciation of a subordinate claim to praise, and to the disparagement of others, such they deem to be of primary poetical importance. With mere critics, however, we will not contend. We are among those who take for granted that a true and pure religious spirit is the first merit of poetry; and a genuine religious influence, its first title to fame. Other qualifications we do not overlook. We do not forget the necessity of sense, science, taste, talent, tact—of the knowledge of the world—of an intimacy with external nature—of fine sensibility to every source of emotion—of the power of abstraction, and of application withal—of a mind, generally as well as professionally, or particularly, informed, so as to be no less justly balanced, than richly filled;—of all the fitness, in a word, for this divine art (as in its right estate we judge it to have been well considered) which is, or ought to be, the result of all opportunities, and all faculties to make the best of them, included in the general idea of a suitable *education*, added to a *genius* for the work. This much, whatever it include, is implied when we speak of religion as the soul of poetry. Poetry it must be to begin with. There must be a body for a soul to be breathed into it, as the breath of life; and whatsoever, therefore, may be indispensable to the body of poetry, is presumed. In other words, other things being equal—sensibility, talents, accomplishments, and all else that comes under the consideration, not only of style but of poetry as a mere art—that poetry we should pronounce at once the worthiest and the likeliest to live, which has in it the superadded inspiration of pure religion.

By all this we do not mean a *creed*. We are not sure that many of our readers, who may admire Mrs. Hemans' productions as much as we do, will agree with us in this particular. They may not know, indeed, what her creed was; these may never have been thought them, nevertheless, that they remain both thus ignorant, and thus unaware of their ignorance: and yet, when the circumstance is pointed out, they may be of opinion that it suggests a serious objection to this poetry which they ought to have thought of before. Peradventure they will presently cast about, to see if the fault is their own, or hers. They will turn over the leaves of these elegant volumes, with

the hope, if not the expectation of deciding a point, which somehow or other escaped them on the former perusals. Let them do so. It is just what we should ask of them; and we appeal to them for the result of the investigation, as the best proof of what we have said, and at the same time no inappropriate illustration of what we intend by a true and pure religious spirit. Especially let them re-examine the Forest Sanctuary;—purely a religious poem from beginning to end; the hero an apostate Catholic, and the heroine, his wife, a woman who loved him despite his recreancy, and mourned over him with a torturing

"Sorrow of affection's eye,
Fixing its meekness on the spirit's core,
Deeper, and teaching more of agony,
May pierce, than many swords;"

One of the most magnificent illustrations, by the way, of the power of a religious principle.

"The still small voice, against the might of suffering love," which man's imagination has devised, or woman's either—the most perfect, indeed the most sublimely eloquent, which we remember to have read. She, too, was not all loveliness and love, alone, but a martyr for her faith, like him;—weeping over him, yet flying with him to the ends of the earth (from the persecution of her own sect:—) watching the southern *cross* at sea, by his side, when yet once more

"She sang
Her own soft Ora Mater!—and the sound
Was even like love's farewell—so mournfully profound;"

and then dying in his arms, "her head against his bursting heart!" Oh! what a picture is this of mingled love and faith, all powerful both, and both triumphant to the end. Such, again, is the high office of poetry. Such is religious poetry. Yet who we ask inquires for the creed of the writer? Who can determine it from the whole of that splendid poem, all filled as it is with a spiritual enthusiasm that glows in every line? Who, from the rest of her compositions, indisputably religious? Not one, of all that have read them—and will read them now, though dust be in the heart that gave them birth—in many a proud hall, and by many a humble fireside, will read them with the bliss of bursting tears, and rise from them to thank God for the new light to see, and the fresh strength to suffer, which these have given them.

No one will infer, we hope, from these remarks, that we suppose Mrs. Hemans to have laboured to conceal her religious belief, or that she was in any degree or instance, without one. The fact is well understood to have been otherwise. She was most decided, and fervent in her faith; most conscientiously industrious also to be enlightened. Neither are we willing to be held responsible for the false and miserable doctrine that there is any incongruity between a religious system, and a religious spirit; or between both and the spirit of poetry. There is no need of disparaging belief, to promote feeling. The best of feeling, no less for poetical than for religious purpose, is founded expressly upon belief;—the more rational, distinct, and (of course) correct, the better. We should argue no more for poetry, than we should for liberality—and for much the like reasons—from the want of such a belief, or from its vagueness. The more intelligent a mind is, the more, for the most

part, it will appreciate the intelligence of other minds; and that is liberality. So, the more thoroughly principled and settled it is in its faith on particular subjects—the less stirred and perturbed it is with the agitation of distrust, dissatisfaction, anxiety, and all the train which ignorance brings in—the less can it be open, as the poetical mind essentially must be, to the free operation of all influences and impulses, from without and within, and the less ready and able for an energetic exercise of its active powers. Quinc-tillian holds, even in his heathenism, that an orator must be a *good* man;—meaning, we suppose, a man of sincere principle, and set purpose. The poet must be so, much more. He must be so in the Christian sense. He must believe, that he may feel as he should; he must believe, and be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him, that he may be free to feel and free to think, and act, knowing why and wherefore; and still more—like the orator—that he may possess the power over other minds which nothing but settled sincerity, and the unmistakable marks of it—can possibly impart. The world are too wise to be permanently deceived by written affectation, any more than spoken: and though deceived, they will not be moved. A chief secret of the success of Mrs. Hemans is that she has impressed her readers with a *conviction*—if it can be called such, which has been so much the result of sympathy rather than reflection—a conviction of her sincerity. Her earnestness, her clearness, her self-possession, her confident simplicity, her self-evident truth, but above all that indefinable countenance of genius and enthusiasm—religious, divine enthusiasm—have given her access to the heart. No such qualities could she have shown or had, but upon the foundation of a Christian conscientiousness, laborious belief. In regard to the circumstance that it cannot be determined, doctrinally from her poems—as we have incidentally mentioned—it amounts to saying, simply, that while her heart, and her poetry—and the one because the other, for her poetry is but her heart in print—are deeply imbued with a true religious spirit, she has treated no subjects which required a development of articles of doctrinal belief, or an allusion to them, in express terms. Her walk has been over common ground—the ground of the affections—the little circular world of which a woman's heart is the centre; and when, venturing beyond these modest limits of her "Daily Paths," her thoughts "all wind and winged," soared upward till the "world in open air," lay far beneath, so

—"the abyss of time oerswept
As birds the ocean foam"——

What sought they then—those restless pilgrims of the soul—from their far flight, by land and sea? Fair gleams allured them down to that

"bright battle-clime
Where laurel boughs make dim the Grecian streams
And reeds are whispering of *heroic themes*
By temples of old time:
And then by 'forests old and dim' they paused
'Where o'er the leaves dread magic seems to brood,
And sometimes on the haunted solitude
Rises the pilgrim's hymn:'
And ancient halls in northern skies
'Where banners thrilled of yore, where harp strings rung,
But grass waves now o'er those who fought and sung.'

Gave refuge to the wandering swarm. And then they soared again, "Go seek," she says:

"Go seek the martyr's grave,
Midst the old mountains, and the desert vast,
Or through the ruined cities of the past,
Follow the wise and brave!"

"Go, visit cell and shrine,
Where woman hath endured! through wrong, through scorn,
Uncheered by fame, yet silently upborne,
By promptings more divine!"

And further yet—

"Go, shoot the gulf of death!

Track the pure spirit where no chain can bind,
Where the heart's boundless love its rest may find,
Where the storm sends no breath!"

Yea—

"Higher, and yet more high!
Shake off the cumbering chain which earth would lay
On your victorious wings—mount—mount—your way
Is through eternity!"

And this was *her way*. It was that of the highest order of poetry, as we esteem it, fulfilling its best office and its own.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE CONDEMNED OF LUCERNE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

"I have supped full of horrors."

POVERTY—thou withering curse! Thou tempter of the soul! Let no man boast himself to be honest, till he has been tried in the consuming furnace thou canst enkindle!

A famine had spread itself through the valleys of Switzerland. The rain fell not to nourish the withering grain, and the earth yielded not her increase; while fierce wars that were waged by surrounding nations, prevented assistance from abroad. The cattle died in the pastures of ravaging diseases, and men's hearts began to quail in fear of the days to come. When the chamois hunt was over, and the sun was sinking behind the ice-bound mountains—when the cottagers came out before their doors in holy custom, and blew their horns in answer to each other, that the hearts of all the people might be lifted in simultaneous thanksgiving to Almighty God, for all his mercies, a silent prayer went up from many a trusting heart, day after day, that He would bless his people, and come, in mercy, to their aid.

Jose Staubach dwelt on the shore of the beautiful lake of Lucerne, on a road not greatly frequented, that, branching off from the main road from Berne, to the town of the same name as the lake, passed through two or three little villages, and, after receiving one or two other roads from the south, rejoined again the one it had left. Jose had taken to his home a sweet and loving wife from the nearest village, not many months before the famine of which I have spoken began to steal over the land. Her widowed mother had accompanied her to her new home, upon her marriage, but had been removed from earth not long after, by sudden disease; and Emma was left to the companionship of her husband alone. He was several years older than herself, and her love was subdued by a feeling of respect, such as a considerable disparity of years might be supposed to engender, enhanced by Jose's natural sedateness of manner; but it was intense to the last degree. She cared not that she was removed from her dear companions—she cast back no longing thought upon the sports of her native village—for it was better than companions and sports, and all, to be with Jose—although none were near save he.

Jose had about his cottage a few acres of tillage land, and as many more of pasturage. He devoted some of his time to the rearing of a few cattle, a part

to his little farm, and the rest to fishing on the lake, from whose waters he derived a portion of his sustenance. In this last employment he was often accompanied and assisted by Emma, and, at such times, they mingled their tuneful voices in some of the soul-stirring melodies of their native land. These were joyful hours, and so long as fortune blessed him, Jose was supremely happy and contented. He was never daunted by toil. His brawny arm was ever ready for his daily duties, and the sinking sun was the first to witness his relinquishment of exertion, as its earliest ray had greeted its commencement. But he was disposed to cower beneath the touch of misfortune; and his heart, that had not sunk from its lofty resolve in the hour of bloodiest carnage on the battlefield, was filled with gloom when his crops withered in the parched earth, and his cattle died in his pastures. Emma's quick, and penetrating glance of love detected the incipient depression, and she strove by her endearments and by the endeavour to awake his soul to that enduring hope which looks beyond the earth and its uncertain enjoyments, to restore him to cheerfulness again. But it was in vain. He fretted more and more, grew sadder and sadder, and filled up their once pleasant hours with querulous forebodings of the future. It had been good for him had he paused here, and contented himself with venting his useless complaints.

He had been one of Switzerland's little army, when that brave and undaunted land refused to succumb to the French Directory; and when they sent their minion bands to execute their tyrannic will, called together her ready sons to do battle for their cottages, their wives, their children, and the freedom of their native hills. He was among the devoted Bernese, when attended by their wives, anxious to cheer the spirits of their husbands, and help to save their country—they resolved to stake all upon a decisive blow, and meet their outnumbering foe. He had fought with them on that memorable day—when the fight, alas! was useless—when whole ranks were mown down by the overwhelming cavalry, and the irresistible artillery of the French—when the women, in despair, threw themselves beneath the dreadful engines of war, hoping to arrest their progress, by clinging to their wheels as they advanced. And when all this proved vain—although four thousand dead of the invading

army attested the valour of the Swiss, and the mangled bodies of a hundred and fifty women, crushed by the cannon, the heroism of their wives—and Berne was surrounded, he had fought with the few who still maintained stout hearts and ready hands, and yielded with them—only when most were destroyed—at last. He had served a second time, when his countrymen were called out to oppose the base and tyrannic interference of Bonaparte, that mighty murderer—whose armies were too powerful to be resisted, and, in consequence, the patriots were dismissed to their homes—their brave general, Reding, weeping while he disbanded them. The lax morality of a soldier's life had checked the free pulsations of conscience, and the soul-destructive atheistical philosophy of the French school effectually assisted its torpefying tendencies; while the scenes of blood which his eyes had witnessed, had steeled the more tender sensibilities of his nature. He was no worthy companion for the merciful, virtuous, heaven-loving and adoring Emma; yet she loved him devotedly. Her love had become, as it were, herself—a faculty of her nature—an intrinsic ingredient of her composition—only to be eradicated when she should lose herself in other, or pass away in annihilation.

"Something," mused Jose, "is to be done. I grow poorer day by day. Even the lake refuses to yield me its stores as it has been wont to do." From these indefinite resolves to better his condition, he passed, by an easy transition with the discontented and complaining spirit, to drop from his mind all limits to the means, and darkly to determine on the possession of the desired good—were it necessary to adopt the alternative—by fair means or by foul. Then came fearful and guilty projects before his mental vision, and instead of dismissing them with shuddering, and closing his eyes upon them for ever, as must be done when tempting suggestions assail the soul, he hugged them to him, until they lost their hideous features, and became to him as friends.

He was sitting on a bench before his door one morning, as a traveller, who had lodged over the night in his cottage—for sometimes the shades of evening overtook those journeying by, and they were fain to make use of his roof—was taking his departure. He passed the salutations of the morning with him, and wished him a pleasant journey; and as he did so, of a sudden the thought, the child of the unholy desires he had been nursing, darted through his mind, whether he might not make this traveller instrumental in effecting his ends; whether, in plain terms, it were not good to rob him! He started indeed, from his seat, at the first suggestion, to act upon it at once—but his pride had not been schooled so far into submission, as that it could suffer him to execute the accursed and degrading thing, however sluggish he might have succeeded in rendering the protecting genius of conscience; and he slunk back, half blushing to his seat, stealing a thief-like glance about him, to see if his motion had been observed by Emma. But no—she was about her household duties within—singing like a bird in her heart's stainlessness, and dreamless of the wo to come!

Shape had now been given to Jose's schemes; and while he studiously withheld from his innocent wife the slightest whisper that should betray his purpose, for he well knew that her cheek would blanch and her hand tremble at it, and that the lightning of her reproving eye he could not meet, and still retain his

design—he nurtured the resolve to force from the fears of the next unfortunate traveller, who should fall into his power, the means to be at rest again. At rest! So reasons often the sinful heart in view of its contemplated deeds! At rest—oh, madness of hope! to weave around one's self entangling meshes, all set with pointed and piercing barb, and think to be at rest!

* * * * *

It was nightfall, and Jose and Emma were sitting on the bench before their cottage. She had taken his hand, and while she held it pressed between her own, she gazed into his face, smiling, now and then, in enticement of a like return. But her sweet efforts of tenderness were vain; his eye remained fixed upon the ground, or wandered away over the line of distant mountains. At once he sprang up, and bent himself in an attitude of listening; and, as he did so, Emma heard as well as he, the clatter of a horse's hoofs upon the rough road in the distance. "It is a traveller," said Emma, "perhaps he will remain with us until morning." But Jose said nothing. He looked steadily down the road, and when a jaded beast made its appearance, hanging its head with fatigue, and scarcely maintaining a slow and laborious trot—with a well appalled rider on his back, who also, by the drooping posture in which he rode, gave evidence that rest would be grateful—he breathed hard through his nostrils, his eye lighted up with an unaccustomed and strange brilliancy, and as he turned to salute the stranger, Emma noticed these sudden peculiarities with an undefinable dread. He hastily replied in the affirmative to the traveller's request for accommodation, and when he had disposed of the horse in his little stable, and seated himself beside his guest, while supper was preparing, sunk every few moments into deep abstractions, starting from them suddenly when addressed, in confusion and wandering of mind. When the traveller drew up to the table, to partake of the homely meal which Emma had prepared and served in ready cheerfulness, he scanned him again and again from head to foot, now and then stealing a look at Emma, to make sure that his unusual conduct was unobserved. So soon as his meal was ended, the traveller desired to be shown to his apartment for the night, and Emma preceded him to the chamber opposite her own.

Soon after, Jose and she retired. Jose had become uniformly taciturn of late, and so jealous of any remark upon his conduct by his wife, that she dared not speak now of the inconsistencies in it which had throughout all the evening alarmed her; so she sought her bed, after kneeling by the bedside, and, according to the ritual of her church, counting her beads, and invoking the protection of heaven. Jose had often cast some sneering reflections upon her religious trust, but never interrupted her; now, however, as she was kneeling, he turned to her, and with a face full of anger, uttered a strong expression of contempt. She turned pale, but did not abridge her usual habits of devotion; and, when abed, in a hopeful temper, thinking all to be only the effect of illness that would cease to have existence with the departure of its occasion, fell asleep. Not so with Jose. He had resolved to rob the stranger, without having shaped out any definite mode of action after the deed should be done, or having fully or adequately estimated the difficulty of appropriating whatever he might acquire, and escaping detection. To be possessed of money

once more was all he thought of; and lying perfectly still until Emma's deep and regular breathing betrayed that she slept soundly, he rose and partly dressed himself, groping about in the dark, through fear that the glow of a lamp might awaken her, and thwart his design. When prepared and armed with a case-knife, which he had secretly brought up the stairs, not with the remotest thought to use it, but in obedience to a natural feeling that there was danger in what he was about to do, he listened intently once more as he passed out of the chamber door. All was still, save Emma's regular drawn inspirations and the beating of his own heart. Assured by this, he closed the door and softly opened that of the traveller. He slept soundly; but his lamp was dimly burning on a chair by his bedside, casting an indistinct illumination over the objects in the apartment. Jose first ransacked his pormanteau and clothes, and finding no money or valuables, proceeded carefully to the bedside, and gradually thrust his hand beneath the pillow. Already it had touched a wallet when the traveller's eyes suddenly opened; and fully awaking as suddenly, he sprang from the bed, and grasped Jose by the throat. He was a strong, and, as was manifest, a daring and resolute man; and, unprepared for such a rencontre, Jose was for a moment thrown off his guard, and was forced, half choking, to the wall. But he, too, was strong and resolute; and, unclasping the hand from his throat, he grappled with the traveller, in a fierce and determined struggle. He had been compelled in his first efforts of self-defence, to let fall his knife upon the floor; and the sight and sound of the instrument imparting to the other a conviction that his life had been resolved upon, gave him a fearful energy, and a determination to execute upon Jose the death that he had so apparently intended for him. It became a terrible contest of life and death, now one, now the other prevailed—the stranger endeavouring to grasp the knife to put an end to the conflict. At length, Jose was thrown violently upon the floor within reach of the fatal instrument. He grasped it in an iron clutch, and the traveller, having vainly tried to wrench it away from him, pressed his fingers upon his throat to strangle him. The horrors of his guilty deed were now come upon!—He could not move his body—he could not relieve himself. Or he or his foeman must perish! Not a moment was to be spared in the revolting horror at the dreadful alternative, for the grasp became tighter and tighter upon his throat, and his consciousness wavered! In a spasm of fear to die, he acted! and plunged the knife into the breast of the other! The fight, the deed, were both consummated in a shorter period than I have been relating them—and when Emma, who had started from her bed with the first shock of alarm, and, despairingly comprehending the wo-fraught scene, had rushed to the chamber to interfere with her feeble aid—had come, with a shriek, within it, there stood Jose, in the streaming gore from the heart of his prostrate victim, pale as ashes, and shivering, and gazing with bloodshot eye-balls that seemed starting from their sockets, upon the ruin he had made, like a terrified and gaping idiot!

* * * * *
I pass by the horrors of that long, long night of anguish. When morning came the dead body had not been stirred. Jose had nearly completed a grave in his garden in which to thrust it, and Emma, half stupified with grief and emotion, had thrown herself

upon her bed, but not to sleep. It had not long been day light, when, in the providence of God, some officers bearing despatches of moment, requiring haste, came, on the full gallop, towards the cottage on their way to Lucerne, as the murdered man had been. Startled by the clatter of their horses' hoofs, Emma sprang up, and obeying her first impulse to prevent their entering the house, and making discovery of the awful deed that had been committed, hurried down to the door, which she succeeded in bolting before they had dismounted from their horses. Hearing the sound of the bolt, and enraged at the refusal of admission, they thumped upon the door with hearty oaths, and threatened violence if they were not permitted to enter by fair means. Jose, in the mean time, had attracted their notice; and when he let fall his shovel, and was skulking away along the shore of the lake, suspicions of some evil were excited, and two of them started in full pursuit. Jose sprang away with vigorous speed so soon as he found himself sought after, dodging and turning, but all in vain. He was already almost exhausted with the conflict within himself since his bloody deed, and fell at last into the grasp of the officers; and their companions having now obtained admission to the cottage, by bursting in a window, it was searched—and with exclamations of horror, the body of the traveller was desecrated. Jose was bound hand and foot; Emma, more dead than alive, was placed under the surveillance of one of their number, and, by the rest, a consultation was held as to what measures it was best to pursue. Finally, the horse, the property of Jose, and that of the stranger were brought out, Jose was bound fast upon one, Emma compelled to mount the other, and surrounded and closely watched by their captors, they were escorted to the town of Lucerne, and thrust into separate prisons.

* * * * *
No word of communication was permitted them before their trial. The case, from its apparently atrocious circumstances, had excited intense interest, and the conduct of Emma, in attempting to prevent the entrance of the soldiers into the cottage, wearing a most suspicious aspect, the decision of a jury had been forestalled by public opinion, which demanded the condemnation of both. The struggle in Emma's bosom was intense—almost sapping the founts of life. Conscious of her own innocence, she dared not attempt to exculpate herself, knowing that all guilt removed from her own shoulders, must rest with tenfold weight upon those of Jose. His own lips had told her, in the course of the night of the murder, that he had not, in the slightest degree, meditated the fearful deed, and not until his own life was in imminent peril, he had taken that of his adversary. She believed him; she knew that it must be so; and her heart yearned the more towards him, when she thought of the gnawings of conscience which his unwilling act must have occasioned. So, although her woman's nature, it was hoped, would melt away, and she would be brought to reveal every thing, and ghostly fathers were sent, one after another, to her dungeon prison, to wheedle her into confession—though all the terrors of her church were thundered against her—the condemnations of eternity were arrayed, and every means put in requisition to extort the desired information—the image of her husband was ever before her eyes, and she would smile in her sufferings upon her questioners, never answering a word. "I am his wife,"

thought she, "and if he is to die, covered with ignominy, he shall have a sharer in his agonies and his shame!" The priests, at last, astounded at the evidences she exhibited of tenderness of nature, and yet obstinacy of silence, abandoned her to herself.

How in sad contrast with the self-devotion of the innocent wife was the selfishness of the guilty husband! Although not a word was vouchsafed to him as to his wife, yet he must have known that she was accused. A word from him might have lifted from her the suspicion and condemnation under which she was labouring, but he had not the magnanimity to speak it. I will tell you why. It is a curious requisition of the law in Lucerne, that no malefactor condemned to death shall be brought to the fatal guillotine, until he has made confession of his guilt. Had Jose, therefore, exculpated Emma, it had been to bring his own head at once to the block; while by silence, he thought to drag out existence. Emma was not culpable, therefore had nothing to confess; so he could have no fears for her; and, filled with that insanity to live which sometimes seizes the perilled soul—though life should be preserved amid infamy and degradation—the solitude of a dungeon or even torture and suffering—he was willing that the innocent Emma should thus endure, rather than to speak the word that should free her!

The trial came, and the place of the court was thronged to overflowing. The execrations of a mob followed the unhappy pair, as, in separate vehicles, they were conveyed to it. Emma's sweet and melancholy countenance excited pity and tears, though she did not weep, save when she first looked upon Jose, and saw how fearfully he had pined away, and what a ghastly look he wore—and many began to invent excuses for her in their hearts, although they could not resist in their judgments the conviction of her guilt. The result may be supposed. The officers were heard in evidence, and both were condemned to death, when confession of their guilt should have been made. Oh, why did not Jose speak then—then, when his words would have carried conviction—then when every ear was ready to catch at even a whisper that might free the sweet woman by his side? The craven could not! Once, indeed, when he had looked upon her, and the thought of the accursed act—worse perhaps, than the bloodshed of which he had been guilty—he was committing in suffering that loving and innocent wife to be made thus a victim for him, came full upon him, he essayed to speak—but self struggled with his utterance—the words stuck in his throat—he desisted—he was silent!

They were conducted back to their several dungeons, and a week passed away. Emma could endure no longer. At times, her brain had whirled round and round, shapes flitted before her eyes, and she felt that she stood upon the verge of madness! Should it come upon her, she might, in its paroxysms betray her secret, and, rather than do that, she resolved, in a spirit that was no less madness, prompted though it might be by love, to confess herself to have been the guilty one, and so escape further woe on earth, and perhaps set Jose free. She did so—incoherently, as one of her nature might be supposed to do, when declaring a false tale of self-condemnation, and that for murder—but yet sufficient to satisfy the scruples of justice, and procure the appointment of a day for her own execution, though it did not avail to exculpate Jose.

* * * * *

It was the night previous to that fatal day, and the solemn realities of the mysterious future, when time to her should be no more and eternity unveil itself to her view, were pressing on her soul. As hour after hour went by, she began to search the depths of herself with the agonizing scrutiny which the spirit that halts upon the verge of the grave must ever employ. All was serene save this last falsehood, this confession, that had procured her death. Could she pass from earth with the lie upon her soul? Priests came to shrive her, should she show symptoms of penitence and throw herself on the pardoning mercy of her God, and to them she opened all her heart. It was a melting tale of human affections, and human frailty, clear, plausible, and convincing to them, for they were men of tender hearts and ripe judgments—their business had been with the wicked and the dying, and they knew to distinguish between the heartlessness of callous impotence and falsehood, and the outgushing fervour of a stricken spirit. They hastened to present her case to the ears of the high officers of justice; but with an inconsistency with the spirit of their law, which required confession that the blood of the innocent might never be shed, they adhered to the first confession and rejected the last; confirming the decree of death. The hour came. Emma's heart was calm—her eye bright with heavenly hope. She moved in the procession of death, drinking in with eager ears the consolations of the monks, who accompanied her, feeling that she had removed the last millstone from her soul, and left it free to soar, when it should be separated from its fleshly tenement.

* * * * *

There is one other requisition of the criminal code of Lucerne, more peculiar and affecting, though not perhaps, so momentous in its consequences as the confession I have spoken of. It is, that the last condemned and unconfessing prisoner, shall stand upon the scaffold by the one first executed after his condemnation, to catch the head as it falls from beneath the axe, and carry it in his hands to the place of burial!

Jose was brought from his dungeon; he well knew for what dreadful ordeal. With his hands bound behind his back, he was guided by an officer on either side to a place in a procession composed of soldiers, officials, and monks, that soon began to move along the crowded streets to the place of execution. From the moment that he was brought into the open air, he did not raise his head, nor cast one glance about him. It was only by the stoppage of his progress that he knew himself to be by the scaffold, upon which he was to act an appalling part. The officers conducted him to the steps, assisted him to ascend, and then unbound his hands. "Stand ready," said one, "when I give you warning, to catch the falling head!"

Still he did not lift his eyes, for he had resolved to spare himself much of the horror of the scene by excluding it from sight. What he was to do was terrible enough of itself, and, weakened by imprisonment and remorse, he feared for his power to accomplish it.

The last solemn service of the Catholic church was ended; and Jose felt that the victim was preparing for the fatal stroke. After an interval of appalling silence, the word was given to turn and perform his office. Mechanically he obeyed, as the

sufferer was kneeling for the last effort, and involuntarily he lifted his eyes. "Jose!" "Emma!" burst from one and the other in gasping tones. "Farewell, Jose," said Emma, calmly, "repent, repent, and we shall meet again in heaven!" The executioner adjusted her head immediately—the axe fell, and she was no more! Jose stood without motion, from the moment that he had uttered her name, for he felt to his soul in life-sapping horror, that he was now a two-fold murderer! An officer pushed him forward as the executioner was lifting his hand to disengage the axe; but instead of touching the head, he fell down with a shriek upon the scaffold, as one dead. He was lifted up—but ere they had borne him from the fatal spot, his guilty breath was gone for ever!

The above simple tale has been written to introduce to the reader and thereby impress upon the mind, the peculiar requirements of the criminal code of Lu-

cerne, which form its climax. I found them in the late work of Baron Geramb; and I am ignorant whether any other government has ever adopted any thing similar. It is at the present day a strongly agitated question whether man has the authority of the Gospel to destroy his fellow man, even in the course of justice for aggravated offences. If capital punishment is to be retained, it surely is an admirable modification of its horrors, that it should not be executed upon the condemned, as in Lucerne, until after a full confession of guilt; since the innocent have thus an opportunity to escape; and it has several times occurred in the legal history of every civilized country, that the innocent have been falsely condemned, and have paid the forfeit with their lives. One such instance creates the intensest reflection, and it is certainly better, in the words of an eminent English jurist, that ninety-nine guilty should escape, than that the hundredth, if innocent, should suffer.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE "GOOD NIGHT" OF THE BIRDS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

It was a Sabbath evening,
In Spring's most glorious time,
When tree, and shrub, and early flower
Were in their fragrant prime,
And where the cloudless sun declin'd,
A glow of light serene,
A blessing on the world he left,
Came floating o'er the scene.

Then from the verdant hedge-row,
A gentle descant stole,
And with its tide of melody
Dissolv'd the listening soul;
The tenants of that leafy lodge,
Each in its downy nest,
Pour'd forth a fond and sweet "good-night,"
Before they sank to rest.

That tender, parting carol
How wild it was, and deep,
And then, with soft, harmonious close
It melted into sleep;
Methought, in yonder land of praise,
Which faith delights to view,
True-hearted, peaceful worshippers,
There would be room for you.

Ye give us many a lesson
Of music, high and rare,
Sweet teachers of the lays of heaven,
Say, will ye not be there?
Ye have no sins, like ours, to purge
With penitential dew;
Oh! in the clime of perfect love,
Is there no place for you?

Written for the Lady's Book.

A CHAPTER ON SEALS;

OR, DESULTORY REMINISCENCES OF EPISTOLARY INTERCOURSE.

"Mementos are frail things—
I know it; yet I love them."—*Miller.*

YES! It is memory's jubilee—the time which we occupy in the examination of that blessed cabinet reposing in our sacred sanctum! To this, were long since consigned,

"Things of grief, of joy, of hope,
Trea-sured secrets of the heart,"

the letter and the token which were "friendship's cherished pledge," and which have been "blistered o'er by many a tear," and smiled at in sweet remembrance, as emblems of the minds of many over whom swift years have fled, producing no change in their "love's young dream;" and, naught save hallowed recollection of others, of whom we can truly say—"theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" for their pure spirits have been exhaled to a fairer mansion, and

the lingering perfume of whose endearing virtues has reminded us of the inspired words of Revelation—"Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

And is it with pain or pleasure that we review these frail mementos—these precious letters with their carefully selected seals? The seals themselves are characteristic of the writers, and speak to our recollection, almost as vividly as the voices of our friends. But, alas, many hands that made these clear impressions are now cold and lifeless; and the true hearts that dictated the piquant sentiment and fond expression have ceased to vibrate! "A more than marble memory" of their virtues is engraven on our soul's tablet, and we delight to unlock the

cherished casket before us, and revolve again and again each thought connected with these tokens of regard. Let us examine them as they recur; taking up the remembrance of the living, of whom neither time nor distance can diminish our affection, with the sweet mementos of the departed, whose images come to us in our dreams, and

"Who from this green and scented earth
In glorious bloom were taken,
Leaving the spots of former mirth,
Like blasted bowers forsaken."

And, first look at this fairy seal—its design is a sprig of balm, and its motto, "*I will bring balm*,"—the last word being represented by the herb itself, beautifully engraven, over which, are the three first monosyllables clearly impressed. How significant is this selection with the thoughts of the writer! She soothes us in our first grief—but for herself, she was as one "acquainted with sorrow;" friend after friend, relative after relative, had she followed to the cold, damp grave, and she points us to her own source of consolation, even to "Him who sitteth among the cherubim." As we read her letter, we know that there is "balm in Gilead;" we

"Loose our foolish hold on life—its passions and its tears"—
and we feel,

"As if we would bear our love away
To a purer world, and a brighter day."

Here is another, with the motto—"Gen. xxxi. ch. 49 verse;" and, on reference to the text, we find the line thus—"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent from one another." These Scripture words embody the substance of the letter to which they are attached; they breathe a mother's prayer for her absent child, that he may be preserved from danger, and conducted safely to her arms; they admonish him that "the only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue;" that there is but one "Rock of our Salvation," and they sweetly glide into a form of devout entreaty—

"Father! I pray thee not
For earthly treasure to that most beloved,
Fame, fortune, power—oh! be his spirit proved
By these or by their absence, at thy will!
But let thy peace be wedded to his lot
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
With its dove-pinion still!"

The fair page is blotted in many places, with the tears of holy affection—tears, that were shed in the fond and faithful assurance, that

"There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, like that within
A mother's heart."

The next bears the glad impression, "*All's Well*,"—and the contents of the letter are full of happiness; the life of the writer seemed steeped in sunshine; she trod the earth a creature of contentment and beauty, spreading joy and bliss around her. She was

"A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller 'twixt life and death."

And, all was well with her! Two days from the

time when she sent us the sweet records of the sunny hours of her young existence, she was summoned to "an inheritance with the saints in light," and sinless and pure as the holy seraphim, she winged her departure to the realms of bliss.

This beautifully engraved impression represents the head of *Psyche*. It is truly emblematical of the mind of its owner—a rare creature for fun and frolic is she, pursuing every varying pleasure, regardless of the passing hour. Her whole letter is a narrative of a life of constant gaiety and diversion. The goddess of pleasure is her *beau ideal*; and not only does her head adorn her notes, and decorate her person, in breast-pins, bracelets, and tiaras, but her pet poodle answers to the name of *Psyche*, and her fine horse rears her neck in response to the same beautiful appellation, as proudly as if "her saddle were a royal throne."

This letter is from a young friend, only one month a mother; one who has a heart in the right place, and willing to resign the frivolous and unsatisfying pleasures of girlhood to perform cheerfully the duties of maternity, and to train up her little ones in "the way in which they should go." She will prove a true, proud, loving woman, and a "pattern wife," or we have no penetration into feminine character. Look now at her seal—it might have been chosen by accident, but it is purely symbolical of her new duties. The design is, *a babe in its mother's arms*, and the motto, "Lapped in Elysium," seems to us clearly significant of her true appreciation of maternal obligation.

Now, observe the quaintness of the selection which graces this oddly shaped epistle, having as many twists and turnings as the branches of a gnarled oak; the wax is variegated, and has received the impress of these words—"The humour of forty fancies." We believe the idea is Shaksperian, though we should never suspect our whimsical friend of having a fancy for the immortal bard of England. He had just finished his collegiate career, and "the world was all before him," but where to choose his abiding place, and whether to pursue a profession, or to become a merchant, and own an "argosy of ships," seemed likely long to be an undetermined question. "The humour of forty fancies," is perceptible in his letter; law, medicine, and divinity; civil engineering; authorship; oratory; the army—and a host of other minor occupations, are all discussed in it, with a "will o' th' wisp" irregularity. How significant was his device—how characteristic of the then feelings of the writer! Friendship, however, soon admonished him, that "unstable as water thou shalt not excel;" and we have another letter bearing a later date. Our gay friend had become Professor of *Mathematics* in a celebrated university, and he writes us, "I have got into serious business, by marrying a wife, and maintaining a family," adding that "not the needle to the pole is truer than myself to the paramount attentions due to my profession and *cara sposa*." The seal on this letter bears the impression—"And, here's my hand for my true constancy."

The next device is the only one having no percep-

tible adaptation to the contents of the letter to which it is appended, or to the character of its writer. We have preserved it, for its singularity, though at the present time, we should find it not difficult to make an application thereof, with peculiar propriety. The design is, *a man in a balloon*, and the sentence prefixed to it—"a wanderer beyond reason," which it strikes us, would be completely appropriate to the *modern transcendentalist*, who would soar into the clouds, like the man in the balloon, and seeking the infinite and illimitable, wander beyond all reason, with the same unsatisfying results.

This is from an only and elder brother—one long accustomed to look upon his sister with a fatherly regard; he is to her, as the oak is to the vine—her confident support; and he writes to her with authority and command, like one habituated to be implicitly obeyed. In the conclusion of his letter, he seems suddenly impressed with his apparent assumption of non-commissioned authority, and he adds—"I trust you will follow my precepts, though they may come to your gentle heart like determined and stern mandates. I am proud of you—this pride induces my commands—and both proceed from deep-rooted regard." The letter calls tears to the eyes; it is signed and sealed by "a truly affectionate brother," and the seal bears impress—"I am Sir Oracle."

The brilliant colouring of the wax, and the very perfect and exact impression produced upon it by the seal of the next letter, strikes the observer somewhat imposingly, emblazoned as it is with a full coat of arms—a lion rampant in chief; three stars in base; and as many oak leaves of the field. Crest, an arm with a sabre. Motto—"Fortisque Felix." The writer of this letter is a true descendant from the Pilgrim Fathers, and the arms he bears he looks upon as a sacred badge of the antiquity of his family, which he dates as far back as the Saxon kings. They were presented to his ancestors by Richard Cœur de Lion, for their valour in the holy wars; and have by them been transmitted down to present posterity. Our friend uses them from custom, though we believe that he cherishes not a little honest pride in the review of his genealogical tree, which he traces from the Puritans, and is proud on the republican side, like Ernest Maltravers, "not of the length of a mouldering pedigree, but of some historical quarterings in his escutcheon; of some blood of scholars and heroes that rolls in his veins." He believes with truth, that

"The honours of a name 'tis just to guard;
They are a trust but lent us, which we take,
And should, in reverence to the donor's name,
With care transmit them down to other hands."

And he knows too,

"How vain are all hereditary honours,
Those poor possessions from another's deeds,
Unless our own just virtues form our title,
And give a sanction to our fond assumptions."

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," is the expressive sentiment that seals this precious memento of departed friendship, which we prepare to open with feelings of regret. The writer herself applied the motto to our separation by absence; but alas! how sadly do we now apply it to our eternal separa-

tion, for our friend is sleeping "the quiet sleep of death." She had wedded one whom she fondly loved—had left early friends, and her "father's hall,"

"To go unto love yet untried and new,
To part from love which hath still been true."

She had left her own fair land "along the Atlantic shore," for a new home beyond the Alleghanies, to traverse the moss-grown prairies, and the shores of the cold lakes; and in a holy confidence she had lain her purest hopes, her cherished thoughts of happiness,

"Meek and unblenching on a mortal's breast."

She had not loved unworthily; she had pledged her faith to one who would not have been unmindful of the sacred trust. But, alas! disease assailed her—the angel of death fanned his pinions over her pure spirit, and, on the wings of a higher and holier affection than this world can offer, she was wafted homewards to her everlasting rest! "Though lost to sight," she will ever exist in memory, with the most hallowed associations. We have listened

"To her artless tones
That came upon the ear of confidence,
Rich in their own simplicity,"

and we have felt, that

"Her presence was a garden—and the air
Seemed purer round us, as we stood by her;
She was too bright, too lovely for the earth,
And went away the purer in her morn!"

Nor would we call her back again; for well we know, that

"There's a blighting chillness comes on
Even upon the noontide of our years."

Her soul has "put on immortality," and gone up on music to the throne of Grace! She is dear to our memory, and we love to linger over her sweet remembrance, even as

"Death loved to linger with so bright a prize,
And wooed her out of being."

Our casket is not half exhausted of its precious contents, but whilst we have lived over long years, and many recollections in their fond examination, we have been unmindful of the lapse of time. We have far exceeded our allotted hour, as we have sought to catch the music that came sweetly o'er our senses from the deep well of memory. "Passing away! Passing away!" should be our motto, ever present to remind us, that "time and the hour run through the longest day," and to compel us to relinquish the fascinating pleasures of "day-dreaming," for more important and obligatory duties. We send our unworthy 'musing's' to our Editress, impressed with the signet, "Dinna forget;" and, whilst we erect our temple to "Friendship," let the garland that twines round the altar, encircle the tablet of "Love and Hope."

ILDICA.

THE REALLY IGNORANT.

HE that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

Written for the Lady's Book.

S W E E T H E A R T A B B E Y .

BY O. P. Q.

"Fate sits upon these battlements and frowns,
And as the portals open to receive me,
Her voice, in sullen echoes through the courts—
Tells of a nameless deed."—*Anonymous.*

At the foot of the lofty mountain of Criffell, which rears its cloud-capped summit in towering majesty, and delights to survey its insulated form in the waves of the Solway, opens a beautiful and romantic vale, watered by the winding Nith. The scene is rich in all the verdant glories of nature, but richer still in those legendary associations of bygone days, that awaken the sympathy and enchain the attention of posterity, and will continue to exert this magic influence, so long as the pulses of human affection beat responsive to the records of suffering, of crime, of love, of war, and of sorrow.

On the eastern slope of the vale, are still to be seen the ruins of Caerlavroch castle, the ivy and moss-covered walls and towers of which are venerable with the glories of more than a thousand years. Not far distant, and on the opposite side of the Nith, are seen peeping through the trees, the gray ruins—the mouldering, yet still beautiful arches, columns, and walls of Sweetheart Abbey—backed by the lofty Criffell, whose mountain shadows impart solemnity and awe to these crumbling relics of monastic grandeur.

And why was this solemn pile in the days of Rome's supremacy in Scotland, named "Sweetheart Abbey?" Why do the breezes that sigh mournfully through the neighbouring groves of ancient trees, sound like the wailing voices of departed spirits?

Attend, reader, to the sad story of fair Ellen of Kirkconnell.

At an early period of the thirteenth century, the Baron Maxwell, of Kirkconnell, was one of the most powerful chieftains that dwelt in Scotland. He was a man of high mind and stern purpose—a faithful friend and bitter foe—proud in the consciousness that the unsullied honours of many generations of his princely race had descended upon him, and that it was his duty to uphold the name, fame, and valour of the Kirkconnells, with a brightness and purity that would reflect back a lustre on his ancestry, and hand down additional greatness and glory to his descendants. Two thousand men at arms followed his banner to the field; and whether in peace or war, they exhibited a devotion to their chief, which proved that they held the honours of his house dearer than life. Often had his sword been drawn against the pirates of Denmark, or to repulse a Northumbrian foray. Never had that sword been sheathed until crimsoned with the stains of victory. Within the halls of his ancient castle, there dwelt a gentle being, who formed his only solace, after returning from the fatigue and danger of the fight, or the inspiring recreation of the chase. It was his daughter—beautiful as the beam of the morning, with a mind whose noble attributes were chastened by filial affection, and all the tender endearments of the heart.

The great curse of Scotland in those early times, was the deadly feeling of feudal animosity, which frequently raged the fiercest among neighbouring

chieftains. This feeling was transmitted by the head of every noble house, as an ill-omened legacy to his successor, and so entailed all the miseries of private war, for generations, upon his country. Feelings of hereditary hatred were thus cherished in the cradle, and could scarcely be said to have been buried even in the grave.

A feud of this character had for ages subsisted between the Maxwells of Kirkconnell and the Maxwells of Nithsdale. Frequent were the conflicts between the rival chieftains and their clans, and often had the torrent, which rushed through the valley, been dyed with the blood of the best and bravest of those who dwelt on its borders. The head of the house of Nithsdale had been gathered to his fathers, leaving his only son to support the honours of his castle, domains, and people. Young Nithsdale had been educated under the care of Malcolm of Iona; a monk, who was renowned for learning, benevolence, and piety. The youthful chieftain had been also trained to arms, was accomplished in all the exercises of knighthood, and had frequently exhibited his prowess in the feudal conflict and the border foray. He had ever avoided a rencontre with the vassals of his house's foe, and his followers had often marked with surprise, that he seemed to be more like the silent friend than the open enemy of the Kirkconnells. The secret of his conduct, however, so strange in that semi-barbarian age, had been revealed but to one person—to Carron, his henchman, his faithful friend, and his foster brother. To him he had narrated the story of his love—to him he had confessed that from the days of childhood, he had entertained an affection for fair Ellen of Kirkconnell—and to him he had declared, (oh! thought of rapture,) that his tender emotions had met with a responsive echo in the bosom of his beautiful mistress. Their interviews had been frequent but stolen, and the wild rocks, the forest glades, and the sequestered dells of both domains, had often been silent witnesses of their vows of mutual and undying love. They were, indeed, formed for each other, for both were pure in mind, elevated in soul, and distinguished by those bright virtues which derive additional lustre from the freshness and ingenuousness of youth. How often did they lament together in tears, the feud which divided their families! How often did the sanguine spirit of love deceive their imaginations, with the golden hues of a bright and joyous future! But, alas! they little calculated on the bitter and implacable hatred of Maxwell of Kirkconnell, who deemed the destruction of the house of Nithsdale a duty he owed to his ancestors, and a tribute that he was resolved to pay to the memory of their vindictive shades. The only confidant of Ellen, was her faithful attendant Minna, between whom and the henchman Carron, a similar attachment had sprung up; and thus, they were bound in the bonds of love, to guard with care the important secret. And yet, it was in vain that they attempted

to conceal it from Malcolm, who since the death of the old Laird of Nithisdale, had felt for his noble pupil all the affection of a father, while he preserved over him the influence of a trusted adviser and confessor. Within a few months of the period of our story, he had warned him of the consequences of such an attachment, pointed out the misery it was likely to entail upon him, and reminded him of the boast of his rival's house—"The revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow, but sure." And while he gently chided Nithisdale for having concealed this, his only and his dearest secret from the revelations of the confessional, he implored him with tears in his eyes, to conquer his own passion, and to prevail upon Ellen to forget that he had ever been her lover. But it was all in vain. The love of Nithisdale and Ellen was as undying as had been the hatred of their fathers.

In an evil hour, the fatal story of their secret meetings was related by an officious vassal to Maxwell of Kirkconnell. His rage knew no bounds. He repaired to the apartments of his daughter, whom he reproached with having dishonoured her house. Ellen, stung by his remarks, and yet incapable of deceit, at once confessed and gloried in her affection. She praised the character, bravery, and virtues of her lover—condemned the unchristian malignity of the feud which had rendered the families implacable foes, and conjured her father to listen, at least, to the overtures of Nithisdale, before he sacrificed her happiness to an unholy hatred. Neither her language nor her tears had any other effect upon the Baron, except that of rendering his hate more fell and deadly. At length, Ellen declared that her hand should never be given in marriage, save to Nithisdale, that to him she was already affianced, and that he alone should receive the offering of her heart in the solemn offices of the church. But the Baron grew more furious. After another burst of passion, in which he threatened that if she did not abandon her lover, even the sacred relationship of daughter should not save her from being involved in his meditated vengeance—he gazed upon her for a few moments in silence, and then slowly retiring from the room, he exclaimed in a firm voice—"Remember! The revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow, but sure."

Ellen contrived, through her attendant Minna, to apprise her beloved Nithisdale of the scene which had taken place. She exhorted him to send to the enraged Baron, to tell the story of their love, and endeavour to deprecate his wrath. But Nithisdale, whose frank and manly soul ever chose the most open and honourable path, went in person to Kirkconnell, accompanied by Malcolm and Carron. He there declared his passion, dwelt upon the ancient fame of his family, condemned and abandoned the feud that divided the two houses, and in the most respectful manner, solicited the hand of fair Ellen in marriage. He promised all that could be expected from a son, a friend, and a warrior.

The Baron listened to him with a calm and icy coldness, and when he had concluded, rejected his overture with scorn. He said that he should prove unworthy of a long line of ancestry, if he did not pursue their hereditary feud to the death. "Tis for that," said he, "that I desire to live. To gratify my hatred to thy house, is the dearest wish of my soul. I tremble with delight at the thought of future vengeance. Remember thou, our boast—that the revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow, but sure."

Old Malcolm, the monk of Iona, conjured him by the sacred religion of the Gospel, by his peace of conscience and happiness in this world, by his duty as a father, by his love for his daughter, and by his hopes of salvation hereafter, to forego his deadly purpose.

All entreaties and remonstrances were in vain!

The Baron replied—"I respect thy office, venerable father, in all things save *one*—my family bond of revenge. Hence! Stand thou not between a Scottish noble and his feudal foe."

At this moment, Ellen burst into the audience-chamber, and threw herself at her father's feet, tears streaming from her eyes, and her beautiful auburn hair falling wildly about her ivory neck. Alas! her presence and impassioned supplications, only added fuel to the fire of hate that burned in her father's breast. He rose from his seat, commanded his visitors to depart, and as he left the room, exclaimed in a voice of thunder—"Remember, the revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow, but sure."

A sorrowful but affectionate embrace and renewed protestations of attachment between the lovers, marked their last sad meeting. When separated by Malcolm, Nithisdale gently drew a small tartan scarf from the neck of his mistress, saying, "Fair Ellen, I will keep this as the gage of my lady-love. I go to the Holy Wars. The sight of this dear pledge shall inspire me in the day of battle. In two years I will return it to thee, when thy lover shall have performed deeds, worthy of thy love and beauty—deeds, that with the blessing of heaven, shall soften even the wrath of thy stony-hearted father. But, if I fall by the sword of the infidel, I charge my henchman, Carron, to bring it to thee with the heart of thy devoted Nithisdale enclosed in an urn, to be placed in the tomb of his fathers."

A last, long, lingering look, and fair Ellen retired, while Nithisdale was led slowly from the castle by Malcolm and Carron.

A few days saw the gallant warrior attended by a chosen band, on his way to Palestine. More than once, during his absence, pilgrims and palmers arrived in Scotland, and filled the country with the fame of his prodigies of valour.

The Baron invited the noblest of his friends to the castle. He projected the most illustrious alliances for his daughter; but fair Ellen refused every suitor, and remained true to her plighted vows. Her constancy deepened the fell malice of her sire. He became as if possessed with the spirit of a demon. Schemes to gratify his deadly feud filled his thoughts by day, and haunted him in dreams by night. Even his dear and only daughter, who had thwarted the fondest wishes of his ambition—so potent was the spell of Satan over his soul—was not exempt from the wild and awful purpose of his fearful hate. How ardently did he hope that Nithisdale would not fall by the sword of the Saracen, but live to become his victim!

At length the two years rolled away. Nithisdale returned. His heart beat high with hope and love and pictured joy. He reached a gorge at the entrance of the valley which still bears his name, when his little band was assailed by a host of warriors, clad in the Maxwell arms and tartan, and urged forward in the work of strife by the well known and dreadful voice of their leader, shouting; "The revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow, but sure." But few escaped the massacre. Overpowered by numbers,

resistance was all but vain. As the warrior chieftain fell beneath the perfidious assault of his foes, he drew the tartan scarf from his bosom, and with his dying accents, faintly said—"Give this, with my heart, to fair Ellen of Kirkconnell.

"Thy wish shall be gratified," exclaimed the Baron, as he received the gage from one of his attendants.

So secret had been the preparations, that Ellen knew not of any unusual gathering and departure of armed men. Her bosom also beat high with hope, for she knew that the time appointed for the return of her lover, was about to expire; and she gloried in the fame of his deeds. The gray shadows of evening began to fall. As she entered the portals of the castle, after a pensive and solitary walk in the neighbouring grounds, her spirit was oppressed with heaviness. She felt a prophetic warning of approaching woe—of some sorrow, dreadful but undefined.

The heat of conflict, the shedding of blood—and that the blood of the enemy of his house—had excited the Baron to a ferocity that bordered on madness. He was drunk with gratified hate, and having enjoined secrecy upon the captains of his clan, as to the affair of the morning, he sent a message to his daughter, bidding her repair to the banquetting hall at the accustomed hour, and cheer the evening meal with her presence.

The tables were set, the banquet was prepared, the hall was lighted, the bards were present, and the Baron and his chieftains were assembled round the board. Pale and melancholy, yet beautiful in her sorrow, fair Ellen entered, received the greeting of the numerous guests, and occupied her place of honour at the festive board.

Gloom marked the progress of the banquet. No joyous hilarity was apparent. Expectation and even dread seemed to be indicated in every countenance. The feast accomplished, the Baron rose, and his cup-bearer having handed him a bowl, he prepared to pledge his guests.

"Friends," said he, "the unbending firmness and stern resolves of my house, shall never be forgotten by your chief. I pledge you in an overflowing bowl, with the sentiment of 'Destruction to the enemies of our clan!'" Then assuming an air and tone of triumph, which imparted to his countenance an unearthly aspect, he proceeded—"Behold the sacrifice I make in support of the feud of Kirkconnell. Behold the scarf," he said, waving it in his hand, given by my daughter Ellen, as a gage of love and plighted faith, to Nithsdale. It is now dyed in his blood. He fell the victim of our feud."

All present were awed into silence. Fair Ellen rose from her seat. And though the blood forsook her cheeks, she stood gazing on her father, pale and beautiful, yet fixed and firm as a marble statue. Her look and manner proved that *she* also possessed somewhat of the stern and unbending spirit of her ancestors.

At this moment, Malcolm, availing himself of the sacred privileges of his order, walked slowly into the hall. Sorrow, severity, resignation, and piety, marked his features.

All eyes were turned towards the venerable monk. Even the Baron paused, the scarf uplifted in his hand, and his gaze wildly bent on the motionless form of his daughter, who still stood erect and proud, her eyes fixed upon the fatal tartan.

"Baron," said the monk, in a solemn voice, "the

sin which thou hast committed this day, may not be atoned by years of penitence and prayer. Proud man, to satisfy a vain and wicked threat, the evil one hath tempted thee to do a deed that shall bring thee and thy house to shame, degradation and infamy. Even now thy heart—"

The Baron started at that word.

"Aha!" said he, with a fierce and scornful laugh. "Thou remindest me, sir monk, that my pledge to the dying Nithsdale is but half fulfilled. What, ho! Within there! Dugald, Marion—hast thou obeyed my commands? Hast thou inured—but yes, thou durst not disobey. Bring in, I say—bring in the heart of my accursed foe!"

The guests shrunk back, appalled with a sickening horror, as the two attendants entered the hall, and the Baron, with a look worthy of a fiend, in a loud and dreadful voice, cried out—"Behold a triumph worthy the shades of my warlike sires. The revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow but sure!"

A fearful pause ensued.

Impressive and emphatic was the clear, sad voice of Ellen, as she exclaimed to the Baron, "Thou shalt see, cruel as thou art, that the spirit of thy daughter is worthy of the name she bears. From this moment, I leave all mortal cares—from this moment, no mortal food shall pass these lips—from this moment, I am the spouse of the dead—from this moment, my hope is changed to certainty, that in a few short hours, I shall be joined to the soul of my love, where sorrow cometh not."

She beckoned to the monk, who, as he led her from the hall, pronounced these words—"Baron, thy triumph is past. The fiend, thy evil genius, hath left thee a prey to unavailing remorse and agony."

The Baron's paroxysm of impious pride and hellish triumph, seemed to be indeed passing away, while reason presented the truth to his soul, in all its terrors. His guests fled affrighted from the castle, and calling to an attendant, he hastened to the solitude of his chamber.

* * * * *

The Baron feared to approach his daughter. Guilt lay heavy on his soul. The fiend had left him.

Neither the prayers, nor the mild expostulations of the venerable Malcolm—nor the tears and distress of Minna, could shake the calm and awful resolution of fair Ellen of Kirkconnell. When, after addressing herself to the Virgin, she desired to be left to her meditations, the strains of a wild and plaintive lament were heard in the sweetest and most melancholy notes of melody, to proceed from her chamber. She sang a Gaelic fragment, well known to the bards of the time, and which is, even to this day, chaunted in that part of Scotland. The following is a feeble translation:

"Where, oh where, is the soul of my love? He is gone to his narrow home. I hear his voice in the sighing of the winds, but alas! he cometh no more. His ghost is seen in the clouds that are lighted by the moonbeam. He flies through the forest, where his horse echoed to the chase. He gazes from the mountain over the darkly rolling sea. But alas! he cometh to me no more. His companions meet in arms, and his spirit rejoiceth in their preparations for battle. But alas! he cometh to me no more. Arise thou glorious sun, god of the morning. Look thou upon my sorrow for the last time, for thou didst see

the green grass crimsoned with his blood. Alas! He cometh to me no more. But I will go to him. When thou testest in darkness, my spirit shall mingle with the mists of the mountain. I go to the dark and the narrow house. I shall sleep with the soul of my love."

* * * * *
Sorrow prevailed through the valley of Nithsdale, and over the whole region of Criffell.

A knell was heard to toll from the tower of a neighbouring monastery. A slow and solemn procession wound along the devious path to its walls, followed by three thousand men of the clans of Kirkconnell and Nithsdale, with their arms reversed; preceded by musicians who were accompanied by bards. A lament was sung, the voices of the bards being alternated with the wild notes of the rude instruments of Caledonia.

Two coffins and an urn were carried by "bearers," and followed—oh! mockery of death—by the Baron as chief mourner. The solemn office for the dead was read by Malcolm, the monk of Iona, and chaunted by the choir—when the mortal remains of the ill-starred lovers, were deposited in the same tomb, amid the tears and prayers of thousands.

Requiescant in pace!

Deep and sincere was the repentance of the guilty and bereaved Baron. He endowed a monastery, called in memory of the sad tragedy "Sweetheart Abbey"—of which Malcolm of Iona was made superior. The heather bloomed upon the mountain side, when the sacred edifice was consecrated. Car-

ron and Minna were the first couple whose hands were united in the Abbey church. The following year, the heather blossomed over the Baron's grave; and for nearly four centuries, masses were said by the monks for the repose of the soul of Kirkconnell.

The urn containing the hearts of Ellen and Nithsdale, were removed to the monastery.—The monument is still shown to travellers, in which the urn is embedded, and near it—a mouldering tomb, to the memory of Maxwell of Kirkconnell, whereon may be traced several of the quaint old letters of his name, surmounted by the words—"HIC JACET."

And these relics are the most interesting features of the country to this day—if the traditions and legends be excepted, that will doubtless be handed down from father to son, anent Sweetheart Abbey—until time shall be no more.

I have thus given thee, gentle reader, "a tale of the times of old—the deeds of days of other years." Lest thou shouldst imagine the tale a fiction, I will add that should it ever prove thy fortunate lot to partake of the hospitality of the noble mansion of the Maxwells, of Nithsdale, thou wilt find the above event a record in the chronicles of their family. Thou wilt see the ruins of the Abbey and Castle—and, peradventure, a garland also, hung by some enamoured maiden on the mouldering tomb in which the hearts are enclosed. Thou wilt find songs and romances of the country-side, that narrate the story of fair Ellen and Nithsdale—in joint memory of whom, the arms of one branch of the Maxwell family bear a bleeding heart for their crest.

Written for the Lady's Book.

HORTICULTURE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

If the admiration of the beautiful things of Nature, has a tendency to soften and refine the character, the culture of them has a still more powerful and abiding influence. It takes the form of an affection. The seed which we have sown, the bud which we have nursed, the tree of our planting, under whose shade we sit with delight, are to us, as living and loving friends. In proportion to the care we have bestowed on them, is the warmth of our regard. They are also gentle and persuasive teachers of His goodness, who causeth the sun to shine, and the dew to distil; who forgets not the tender buried vine, amid the snows and ice of winter, but bringeth forth the root long hidden from the eye of man, into vernal splendour, or autumnal fruitage.

The lessons learned among the works of Nature, are of peculiar value in the present age. The restlessness and din of the rail-road principle, which pervades its operations, and the spirit of accumulation which threatens to corrode every generous sensibility, are modified by the sweet friendship of the quiet plants. The toil, the hurry, the speculation, the sudden reverse, which mark our own times, beyond all that have preceded them, render it peculiarly salutary for us to heed the admonition of our Saviour, and take instruction from the lilies of the field, those peaceful denizens of the bounty of heaven.

Horticulture has been pronounced by medical men salutary to health, and to cheerfulness of spirits; and it would seem that the theory might be sustained, by the placid and happy countenances of those, who use it as a relaxation from the excitements of business, or the exhaustion of study. And if he, who devotes his leisure to the culture of the works of nature, benefits himself—he who beautifies a garden for the eye of the community, is surely a public benefactor. He instils into the bosom of the man of the world, panting with the gold-fever, gentle thoughts, which do good, like a medicine. He cheers the desponding invalid, and makes the eye of the child brighten with a more intense happiness. He furnishes pure aliment for that taste which refines character and multiplies simple pleasures. To those who earn their subsistence by labouring on his grounds, he stands in the light of a benefactor. The kind of industry which he promotes is favourable to simplicity and virtue. With one of the sweetest poets of our mother-land, we may say,

"———Praise to the sturdy spade,
And patient plough, and shepherd's simple crook,
And let the light mechanic's tool be hail'd
With honour, which encasing by the power
Of long companionship, the labourer's hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of nerves,
From a too busy commerce with the heart."

Written for the Lady's Book.

ODE TO THE FOREST OF PINES,

NEAR THE CHATIE-HOSPAR, OR THE ROCK WALL CREEK, CHAMBERS COUNTY, ALABAMA.

I.

Ye forest pines, ye giants tall,
The waters of the granite wall,
As sweeping onwards in their track,
Reflect your mighty shadows back,
And send their notes of melody,
Amidst your pensive shades to sigh:
But wilder notes those shades have rent,
As on the midnight blast was sent,
From hidden lair, the tiger's scream—
His eye-balls flashing in the gleam,
Which strikes and shivers to the ground,
The proudest in your forest found.

II.

Ye forest hills, ye pines of green,
How many storms your brows have seen?
What fierce contention in the skies!
When onward, onward furious flies,
The whirlwind in resistless way
Bearing your comrades in its way!
Mourn ye for them, that prostrate lie
Doom'd by the hurricane to die?
Why sighs the breeze your boughs among
Whispering for e'er its mournful song?
Comes it from lands where tyrants reign
Where vassals wear an endless chain?

III.

Ye forest pines, ye forest hills,
No winter's frost your verdure kills,
Ye stand forever green and bright
Like giants on a mountain's height,
Like islands in the ocean seen
Beneath the sun's congenial beam—
Or like an azure spot on high
Surrounded by a clouded sky—
The weary bird that seeks your shade
His keen pursuer may evade:
But man by man hath often fell:
Your plaintive winds now seem to tell,
"Ah! here the shriek of death was heard,
Here man no other savage fear'd,

But brother man—my mournful sigh
Is but his last expiring cry."

IV.

Ye forest pines, ye giants tall,
Your shadows on their children fall;
That ancient race, whose valiant men
Sent forth their shouts in every glen:
How sleep they now beneath the sod!
Their bones and relics overtrod
By those, who, in their turn must find
A house like theirs, as cold, confin'd—
The lover's sigh and pity's tear,
The shriek of terror and of fear
Are hush'd, are gone, another race
Now walks your hills, now fills their place.

V.

Ye forest hills, ye forest hills,
A mournful sound your silence fills,
Old ocean in his calmest hour,
When sleeps his wrath and sinks his power,
Sends to the shore no softer note
Than through your pensive leaflets float;
So calm, so sweet, and yet so sad,
It seems as if some spirit had
Return'd to earth, again to tell
Its wrongs to you; or those who dwell
Beneath your shades, to point above
To regions of eternal love.

VI.

Ye forest hills, ye cloud-capp'd pines,
The sun's first rays of morning shines,
With golden tints, through dews of night,
On your eternal green so bright,
His last sweet rays still linger long
To die amidst your evening song:
How sweet the sounds of praise would rise
Commingle'd with your pensive sighs:
Passion and malice here subdued,
Beneath your calm, sweet solitude,
The heart from earth-born joys would turn
Its duty from the skies to learn. B. C. O.

Written for the Lady's Book.

CORNEY NOONAN'S COURTSHIP.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE. (ENGLAND.)

"Once in my life," said Corney, "and only once, I went a courting. The reason why I never went on such an errand again, and the way I happened to fall in love, and all the ins and outs of the story, may be ye wouldn't have patience to hear." "Oh, Corney, we would like it of all things!" "Oh, Corney, tell it over to us," and "Corney, man, spake out, and it will ase your heart!" sounded on all sides. Corney Noonan, a little, thickset man, with a round jovial face, a jolly red nose, and small twinkling gray eye, did not respond to the call immediately, but sat, balancing his spoon across his forefinger, as if he were weighing the request. He was only coquetting with the curiosity of his audience, for he was brimful of his

story, and quite as anxious to tell it as his neighbours could be to hear it, so at length he spoke, but hesitatingly. "But may be there's a dale in it ye might not believe, (and meself knows to my cost, its gospel true), but it's beyant the nat'ral entirely—so may be after all, I'd better keep my own council." "Oh, Corney Noonan—how can you be so *conaptious*." "Oh, would you be disappointing us then after all, and we all listenin' as if we was waitin' to hear the grass grow?"

So Corney could hold out no longer, and thus began his story.

"It's twenty, or may be nearer thirty years, since I was a slip of a bye, living as I could betune the

farm of my uncle Tim Noonan, and the kitchen of my mother's first cousin, father Flynn. An orphan I was at that same time, as indeed I am to this day, which often brings the tears into my eyes." And Corney here evinced symptoms of strong emotion, and drew the back of his hand across his face. "Arrah, Corney, is it for a mon like you to sit with the tear in your eye like a widow's pig! Corney, *ma fouchal*, fill your glass again, and it'll keep up your sperrits." Corney took this piece of advice immediately, and proceeded,—“ Well, as I was remarking, I lived betune my two relations, running arrants for both, feeding uncle Tim's pigs, and dusting father Flynn's books, and getting ould cast-away clothes from the farmer, and lashins of larnin' from the priest, and a pick of mate from one, and a pratee from another, just as it might happen. But I always took care to keep away from father Flynn on a fasin' day, for 'tis then he was mighty crass entirely, but every Sunday and holiday I was up and away to mass in beautiful time, and was purty sure of a dinner from him. Well, it was an onlooky day for me that I was in the chapel, and cast my two eyes for the first time on Alley Doyle. Och, but she was the purty girl, with her fair long hair settled out in long curls down her back, and her blue cloak falling about her shoulders, and her little white hands tellin' the string of blue bades that was nothing at all for colour to her eyes! She was a stranger entirely in the neighbourhood, and sure thin, I thought she was an angel of light come down amongst us, and others thought so as well as me. I am afeard far more of the boys was thinking of her, than minding father Flynn. From the first minnit I saw her, I felt I was going, and before mass was half done, I knew I was *sould*. I had never been in love before to speak of, and you may guess the flutteration it put me in all at wanst! When all was over, (I think I see her now!) she rose up so light and so graceful, as nobody else ever did, put her bades in her pocket, pulled the hood of her cloak over her head, and left the chapel, without spakin' a word to man, woman, or child. This would not answer me, however. I was determined to see where she went, and more being of the same mind, she had a purty dacint congregation at her heels on the road home. She did not look once behind her, but kept on straight forrit, at a pace that was quite surprisin', 'till coming to a gap in the hedge, she sprang clean over it as light as a feather, and set off with herself in arnest, running over the fields as fast as she could. It would hardly have been polite to *folly* her, but I am not sure we should have minded that, only she took us by surprise, and we stood dumbfounded till she was out of sight. Most of the boys was tired, and beginning to think of the pratees at home, but for my part I could not have ate the best Dublin apple you could have put before me. One by one all dropped away, and left me; and then, seeing the coast clear, I leaped the ditch, and went the same way the *colleen dhas* had taken as near as I could guess. I soon found myself on a by-way, a *foreen*,* that led down to Larry Toole's farm, and it struck me the darlin' was gone in there. So on I went, but having no good excuse for knocking at the door, (my uncle having hard words with Larry's father before I was born,) I went round to the end of the house, and peeped in at the windy. Sure enough there she was, just pullin' off her cloak, and

laughing like mad, and Larry Toole and the vanithee,† laughing too. Well an' good, I had found out where she lived, and the next *pint* was to larn who she was, and where she came from. I could not go straight in an' ax, for the reason I told you before, but I was hiding about the place all the day, hoping perhaps she would come out, for if she did, I was resolved on spakin' to her. Well, night come on, the light was put out, and the windy was shut, and I had just to turn back as wise as I came. I was vexed entirely, partly because I had lost my Sunday dinner, and got nothing in return, but mostly troubled with the love in my heart which was getting worse every minute, and I went plunging away through the dewy grass of the fields, without much caring where I went. 'Och, what will I ever do at all! I'd give the world to get her!" says I aloud, heaving a great sigh. With that I heard a little chuckling laugh near me. 'You'd give the world, Corney Noonan, would you? Well, lave it all to me, and I'll get her you for less than that!' 'And who may you be,' says I, 'that's so ungenteel as to be listening to a gentleman talkin' to himself?' 'Look an' you'll see,' says the same voice, and there, just at my hand, there stood the queerest lookin' little *crachur* I ever seen before or since. It was a little man about half a foot high, with a gray wizened face, and a pair of bright dark eyes, that danced and sparkled like stars on a frosty night. His hair was snow-white, and streamed down straight and long from beneath a small red cap he wore, and his coat and waistcoat were grass green. 'An' who are you, my friend,' says I, 'for I must say, without offluice, I've seen a handsomer face than yours!' 'As to that, Corney,' says he, 'my face is nothing to the purpose, one way or other, if I can serve you as you wish, and you may thank the bit of *basewax* your aunt sewed in your jacket collar, that you don't see me in the shape of a beautiful lady, or a fine young gentleman.' 'And what *can* you do for me?' says I, for I was bothered between him and my distress, and was glad to be spakin' of *her*, even to an ould fairy. 'What *can* you do for me in this sore heart-trouble?' 'I can get you Alley Doyle,' says he, 'for that's the name of the darlin' you're breakin' your heart after, and more than that, I can give you the manes of making a lady of her, and living in clover all the rest of your days.' 'And what would you expect me to give *you* in return for all this?' says I, for my mind misgave me he would not be so civil unless he had some intention in it. 'Yourself,' says the little man, and his eyes *gev* out a look just like a flash of lightning. 'Arrah, then,' says I to him again, 'you may keep your money and your help to yourself. Is it to sell my precious sowl to the likes of you ye ould deceiver? Musha! what would father Flynn say to that, I wonder! I'll go bowldly forward, and get the girl for plain asking, if its my luck, and keep my sowl safe besides, and no thanks to you.' And I was turning to *lave* him in a mighty huff, for my blood was roused at the wickedness of him. 'Be asy, be asy, Mister Cornelus Noonan,' says the ould boy smoothly, for he saw hard words would not do with me; 'It's not your sowl I'm wanting at all, only the loan of your body, and that for no great length of time.' 'Ye're a purty boy,' says I, 'to expect a *lave* of either my sowl or my body, when it's likely I could do as well without you. However, supposin' I lended you my body, what-

* Foreen, a narrow lane.

† Vanithee, mistress of the house.

would you do with it?' 'Only work for us every night, for a year and a day,' says he, 'and take my advice in all things, and you're as sure of Alley Doyle, as if she was standin' before the priest wid you this minute.' Well, what an' all could I do? My heart was burning with love, and my brain turning with trouble, and all I minded was, that if I consented, I was to get Alley Doyle. So I agreed with him on the spot, promising to meet him the next night, and he *gev* me a little silver coin, with some quare words on it, to keep as a token. I wish I had it to show you. It was something like a sixpence, which was my ill luck, for I *ped* it away by mistake at Alick Macfarlane's weddin', for drink to the fiddler, and the thief, seeing it was a curiosity, swore I did'nt. When I got home, may be my ould aunt Katy Noonan, did'nt look as black as thunder, grumblin' all the time she was giving me some sour milk and the praates that were left of the pigs' suppers. But I cared not a *traneen* for either her or them, or any thing in life but little Alley Doyle, and away I went to my bed in the barn, without answering a word, good or bad, to all she was asking of where I'd been.

"I can't clearly recollect how the next day got over. I remember a dale of scoulding about a *bonnen** that I let ate up a couple of young ducks to his dinner, and the mother of a bating that I got from father Flynn, for forgettin' his snuff. But all the rest seems mere buzz and botheration, 'till I found myself in Larry Toole's field, waiting for the little man to come as he had promised. It was about eleven o'clock, when I hard the same voice that spake the night before, and 'Ye're in good time, Corney,' says he, 'and I'm glad of it. Have you thought over what I was saying to you last night?' 'Is it me?' says I, 'and what else would I be thinking of the whole of the blessed day that's over?'—'And you hav'n't altered your mind, then,' says the little chap; 'you'll serve us every night for a year and a day, provided you're to get Alley Doyle and the goold at the end of it?' 'True for ye,' says I, 'I'm not the boy to break a bargain.' 'A bargain be it, then,' says the fairy, and his eyes flashed out, just as they did the night before, in a way I didn't quite like. However, I could not call back my words if I'd been ever so minded to do it, and then I thought of the blue eyes of Alley Doyle, and put fear behind me. 'And now,' says the little man, 'you're my bound servant Corney Noonan, and I expect as the first proof your obadience you'll step into my house and take a glass to our better acquaintance.' 'Is it yer house?' says I, 'where is it at all? and how will I ever get into it if it's any way fitting for the master?' 'Be asy, Corney,' says he, 'I tell you to *lave it all to me*.' With that he blew upon a little whistle that hung about his neck, and up, out of the bed of rushes just by us, sprung a beautiful white doe, and came bounding towards us with the speed of light. Up jumped the little man upon her back, and 'get up behind me, Corney,' says he. 'Is it to ride that purty *craythur*?' says I, 'sure I'd be long sorry to burthen her that way, and my own two dacent legs to the fore.' 'Be asy again, I bid you, Corney,' says he, 'and do just as you are told.' So, thinking he surely knew best, I got up, and away we went, as if we were racing with the wind and like to win. By and bye we stopped at a little cabin that looked most like a heap of clay and sods, and my

mind misgave me he was deceiving me after all; but he knocked at the door, which seemed to fly open of itself, and in we went. Och, my jewel! if I had the tongue of some people what a description I could give you of what was within side. Never believe me but it turned out to be a palace fit for the Lord Lieutenant himself! There was long tables all covered with goold plates, and dishes, and glasses; and what was better still, the hoith of good mate and drink in them; and the tables and cheers, and the very walls, was all goold too; to say nothing of the grand company that was sitting at supper, singing and laughing, and enjoying themselves with every kind of diversion. To see such grand doings was very pleasant, as you may suppose, and I believe I could have stood from that time to this, looking and listening, if I had not felt a wonderful wish to sit down and join them, for though they were rail quality, they didn't look proud by any manes, and wer'n't above being happy. And indeed it wasn't long before the ould boy who brought me there filled me out a glass of as good *potheen* as you'd wish to see. They must have known of my coming beforehand, for the glass they *gev* me was as big as this, though their own were small enough. But when I'd taken a drink, I bethought me of Alley Doyle, and the work I was to do, and asked if I had not better set about it at once. 'Never mind it now, my man,' says the masther again. 'Is it set you to work the first evening you come amongst us? Time enough we'll have yet, and you may take your drop in pace, and get Alley Doyle into the bargain.' So thinking all was right, I sate down, and made myself so comfortable that I can't tell to this hour what I said or did, nor how I got back to Larry Toole's field where I found myself lyin' on the broad of my back, fast asleep in the morning.

"Well, night after night, the little man came for me on the white doe, and took me away with him to meet the same company, and whenever I'd ask to be set to work, he still bid me be asy, and lave it all to him. It may be will surprise you I didn't try to get to the spech of Alley Doyle, for I often enough saw her, and had found out she was a nicce of Larry Toole's wife. She was down from Dublin, all the way, and was come to help her aunt to mind the house, being like myself a dissolate orphant, which only made me love her the more. But the fairy forbid I should offer to spake to her, and as he had behaved so genteel to me all along, what could I do? But at last I began to get onasy in arnest, and told him if he expected his work to be done, he must set me to it at once, or I'd quit him altogether, and manage my business myself. Well, he consented, and instead of taking me as usual on the white doe, he only stamped three times with his foot, and immediately I felt we were sinking away into the bowels and inner ragions of the earth. I thought we would never stop short of purgatory or worse, or that at laste, we would come out on the other side of the world among the Turks or Jarmins, or other barbarians; but by and bye we stopped with a great jerk, and glad enough I was to feel the solid ground again. 'Now, Corney,' says the little man, 'what you have to do is no great matter, only you see *we* haven't the strength for it. Do you see that big black wheel, and the long handle?' 'Where would my eyes be if I didn't,' says I. 'Well, then,' says he, 'do you know what it's for?' 'How the pack should I know,'

* *Bonnen*—a little pig.

says I, 'unless you tell me?' 'I will tell you,' says I, 'Sure the girls in Ireland bate the world for beauty!' (and he only spoke the truth there, well become him!) 'So we used to catch them when they were children, and here they staid, content enough, and never growing bigger, but increasing in beauty and virtue every day of the year. By and bye, however, which was only *natril*, they began to grow old and ugly, and we've had a great scarcity of new ones ever since father Flynn put it into the women's heads to sew *lusmore* into all the children's clothes. Now as we are no fonder of ugly old women in our country than you are in yours, and not having any young ones left, we got that mill put up,' says he, grinning, 'and it's just to *grind them young again!* So set to work with all your heart, Corney, and work away for the sake of the bright eyes you know of.' 'But where's the grist?' says I, 'I'd be a quare miller to grind something out of nothing.' 'Oh, we are well provided,' says he, 'look behind you!' And there, sure enough, was a long row of little old women in gray hoods and red cloaks, all waiting ready 'till I could grind them into young ones. They did not say a word, but one of them walked up mighty stately and down with herself into the mill, and I began to turn the handle. Sowl of my body! out she came, the loveliest little craythur I ever seen, but one! Her old parchment cheeks and lips was changed into downright velvet, her wrinkles were all dimples. Her hair fell down all so beautiful in long yellow curls, on ache side of her face, and, as she passed, she dropped me a curtesy, and gave me a smile, which would have warmed the heart of a wheelbarrow! The little man opened a side door, and bowed her out as politely as if she had been a duchess; and then another got into the mill, and two turns sent her out as good as new. Then the master asked if I wasn't tired all out, and wouldn't stop and take something? 'Tired!' said I, 'is it tired of seeing them beautiful young craythurs going past me? Little do you know of Corney Noonan! By the piper, I'll not quit grinding till every sweet sowl among them is blooming like the flowers in May! But as to the drop—if you've any thing convenient, why, it would be no hindrance to me.' 'What! grind them all over in one night, Corney?' says he, 'that takes the shine! Sure, I reckoned you'd be many a long month about it, for we tried, and a dozen of us couldn't give the wheel more than three turns in an hour, and besides, the women screeched so we were obliged to be done with it! However here's the glass, and more power to your elbow.' Well I was fresher *then* than ever, and whirled away so brisk, that the owl follow roared out several times to go asy and take care of the ladies' bones. 'Och, botheration!' says I, 'hould your tongue, man, and *lave it all to me!*'

'Well, I ground and ground, till there was only one old lady left, and just as she was walking up the steps of the mill I heard the crowing of a cock. Whisk, and away! There was neither mill nor old woman, nor any thing at all but Larry Toole's field, and meself floundering up to the neck in the wet rushes. At night, however, I went again as usual, but the fairy was not there. However, he wasn't long in coming, and so, 'Corney,' says he, 'we've no further call to you. We ground out the last old woman among us, after you made off wid yerself in such a suddent haste.' 'An' whare's Alley Doyle?'

for I misdoubted he was going to chate me after all, as I'd done the work before the time specified. 'Alley Doyle?' says he, 'where would she be but at home with her aunt? All you have to do is to step in bouldly in the morning and ask* for her.' 'But when I get her, how will I keep her?' says I; 'being a fatherless and motherless boy, and noways well off in the world?' You see, genteels, I did not just like to ask him straight forward for the fortin' he'd promised me, but I thought there was no harm in giving him a hint about it. 'Just go you home to your bed,' says he, 'and lay one of your brogues in the door sill, and may be when you waken in the morning there won't be a sight worth seeing there.' I had rather he had paid me out of hand, for I didn't put much trust in him, but he whipped away into the rushes, and was gone, without so much as 'by your leave,' or 'good evening to you.' So I had nothing for it but to go home, and put my brogue on the *threshold* of the door as he had bid me. Not a wink was near my eyes that night, and I lay wide awake watching the door, but nobody came near it. With the dawn of day, I sprung up in despair, and sazed the brogue. Queen of glory! It was so heavy I could scarcely lift it, filled to the very top with bright golden guineas. I screeched out for joy. 'Great luck to you, my jewel,' says I, 'every day in the year, and to all the fairies in an' out of Ireland, for your sake. May the *lusmore* bloom purple in your homes, and the glow worms shine like stars in your paths, for the good turn you've done me this blessed day!' Then dressing myself as quick as possible, and putting on my new big coat, away I set with myself as soon as breakfast was over, to Larry Toole's farm. I put the guineas in the pockets of my my *cota more*,† and off as hard as I could run. May be I wouldn't have called the Lord Lieutenant my uncle, going as I was to see purty Alley Doyle, and my fortin' in my two pockets, banging against me every now and then, as if it was saying, 'Remember, Corney, you're a gentleman made!' When I got to Larry Toole's farm, the door of the house stood open, and I entered on the tips of my toes, as stately as I could, and a jenteel bow I made too, looking all about for Alley, but not a sowl was in the place at all, except a hen and chickens, picking among the pratee peels, and a pig that came grunting up to me, and looked in my face as *sinsible* as if he would say that there was nobody at home, but I was welcome notwithstanding. I took the hint and sated myself, and when I was tired of sitting, I put my hands into my pockets amongst the golden guineas, fingering them, and walking up and down with mighty great pleasure.

'Presently I heard a light step, and who should come in but Alley Doyle herself, looking far purtier than ever; and as soon as she seen me she asked, 'What did you plase to want, if you plase?'

'Arrah, my jewel, then,' says I, quite bowld, 'is it for *you* to ask what a boy wants when he comes in his best so early to the house you're condescending to *inhibit*? (for I thought to myself 'surely now's the time my larnin' ought to come into use.) But she only stood as if she did not understand me. 'Was it my uncle you *wor* wanting?' says she. 'Och, ye beautiful darlin'!' says I, falling on my knees in the

* To "*ask*" for a person, amongst the lower Irish, means to make her an offer of marriage, not to inquire for her.

† Great coat.

middle of the hen and chickens, that run ten ways at *wanst*, 'och,' says I, saziu' her hand, 'it's my heart is just burning up with the tinderness I've had for you ever since the first minute I seen you!' I expected she would either screech, or smile, or blush, or at laste, faint, and was just ready to catch her in my arms, but no such thing. She tuk her hand out of mine quite quiet, and without scarce changing colour. 'Pray,' says she, 'be so good as to tell me who you are, where you come from, and what's your fortin?' 'My name's Cornalius Noonan,' says I, 'and my mother was own cousin to Father Flynn. I come from Ringskiddy, and as for my fortin' I re-saved it this morning in bright goolden guineas, and whenever I got it, I came here immediately to lay it at your darlin feet!' 'Let's see it!' says she, laughing and tossing back her head, a little scornful like, 'seein's believing.' 'Hould up your apron, *achnish-lu*,' says I, 'and I'll poor the money in, and if it was the riches of the Inges, you'd get it every penny.' With that she held out her apron, curling up her lip, as if she didn't believe me, and I, turning to one side, emptied my pocket into it. Wind! where were all my goolden guineas! I had nothing left but a parcel

of stones and rubbish and I was nobody but poor Corney Noonan again! When Alley saw this, she set up a laugh that made the house ring again. 'A mighty fine fortin' ye have brought, and a purty ar-rant you've come upon!' says she. 'If I did not think you were an *omadhaun* born, I would call in the gossoons, and give you a warning you'd be like to remember while you live!'

"'Oh, Alley, Alley!' said I, sorrowfully, for I was nigh *druv* to despair, 'can you really be so cruel? I thought it was honest money, and if it had been I'd have made you welcome to every shilling. Och, then, bitter bad luck to the schaming ould blackguard that *gev* it me. Oh, Alley, Alley Doyle, have pity on me.' But there was not a pitiful inch about her. 'We're much *obleest* to you, Mr. Noonan,' says she, dropping a curtsey, 'but would rather be excused, and indeed, now I recollect, I'm to be married next week but one, to Paddy Byrne, of Inch-a-garron.' 'Och, the murdering desateful ould villin of a fairy!' says I, 'let me ever come near him, and I'll make an example of him!'

"I never *dist* come near the fairy, and I never went a coorting again!"

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE STARS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS,

AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," "SOUTHERN PASSAGES AND PICTURES," "THE YEMASSE," ETC.

THE night has settled down. A dewy hush
Rests on the forest, save when fitful gusts
Vex the tall pines with murmurs. Spring is here
With breath all incense, and with cheeks all bloom,
And voice of many minstrels. Balmly airs
Creep gently to my bosom, and beguile
Each feeling into calm.—Let me go forth
And gaze upon the stars;—the uncounted stars,
Holding high watch in heaven: still high, still bright,
Though the storm gathers round the sacred hill
And shakes the cottage roof-tree. There they shine,
In well-remember'd youth. They bear me back,
With strange persuasiveness, to the old time
And happy hours of boyhood. There's no change
In all their virgin glory. Clouds that roll,
And congregate in the azure deeps of heaven,
In wild debate and darkness, pass away,
Leaving them bright in the same beauty still,
Defying, in the progress of the years,
All change, and rising ever from the night,
In soft and dewy splendour, as at first,
When, golden foot-prints of the ETERNAL steps,
They paved the walks of heaven, and grow to eyes
Beckoning the feet of man. Ah! would his eyes
Behold them, with meet yearning to pursue
The holy heights they counsel! Would his soul
Claim kindred with the happy forms that now,
Walk by their blessed guidance—walk in heaven,
In paths of the GOOD SHEPHERD! Then were earth
Deserving of their beauty. Then were man
Already following, step by step, their points,
To the ONE PRESENCE;—at each onward step
Leaving new lights that cheer his brother on,
In a like progress. Happily they shine,
As in his hours of music and of youth,
When every breath of the fresh coming breeze,
And every darting vision of the cloud,
Gleam of the day and glimmer of the night,
Brought to the craving spirit harmony;

And blessed each fond assurance of the hope
With sweetest confirmation.—Still they shine,
And dear the story of their early prime—
And his—the conscious worshipper may read
In their enduring presence. Happiest tales
Of innocence and joy, events and hours,
That never more return. These they record,
Renew, and hallow, with their own pure rays,
When blight of age is on the frame—when grief
Weights the vexed heart to earth—when all beside,
The father, and the mother, and the friend,
Speak in decaying syllables—dread proof
Of worse decay!—and that sad chronicler,
Feeble and failing in excess of years,
Old memory tottering from his mossy cell,
Stops with the imperfect legend on his lips,
And drowns into sleep. No change like this
Falls on their golden-eyed veracity,
Takes from the silvery truths that line their lips,
Or stales their lovely aspects. Well they know
The years they never feel; see, without dread,
The storm that rises, and the bolt that falls,
The age that chills, the apathy that chokes,
The death that withers all that blooms below,
Yet smile they on as ever, sweetly bright,
Serene in their security from all
The change that troubles man. Yet, hill and tree
Change with the season, with the altered heart,
And weak and withering muscle. Ancient groves
That sheltered me in childhood, have given place
To gaudy gardens; and the solemn oaks,
That heard the first prayers of my youthful heart
For greatness and a life beyond their own,
Lo! in their stead, a maiden's slender hand
Tutors green vines, and purple buds, and flow'rs,
As frail as her own fancies. At each step,
I miss some old companion of my walks,
Memorial of the happy hours of youth,
Whose presence had brought back a thousand joys,

And images that took the shape of joys—
The loveliest masquers, and all innocent—
That vanish'd with the rest.—Brooks that stole away
To greenest margins, and beguiled the ears,
Down-trickling ceaseless, with low murmuring song,
Have left their arid channels to the sun,
Who, when the guardian forest was withdrawn,
Rifled their virgin sources.

Not with these,
Ah! not with things that know and feel decay
Seek we the sweet memorials of our youth—
The youth that seems immortal—youth that blooms
With hues and hopes of heaven—proud youth that burns,
With aspirations for eternal life,
Perpetual triumph, and the ambitious thirst,
For other worlds and waters of domain.
In tokens of the soul—that craving thirst
That earth supplies not—in the undying things
That man can never change, beyond his change,
Seek we the sweet memorials of our youth;
That season when the fancy is a god;
Hope an assurance—love an instinct—Truth
The generous friend, that, ever by our side,
Hath still the sweetest story for the ear,
And wins us on our way. Ah, stars, ye bring
This happy season back; and in my heart,
Stand up the old divinities anew!
I hear their well known voices, see their eyes
Shining once more in mine, and straight forgot,
That I have wept their loss in many tears,
Mix'd with reproaches; bitter, sad regrets,
Self-chidings, and the memory of wrongs,
Endured, inflicted, suffered, and avenged!

As I behold ye now, ye bring me back,
The treasures of my boyhood. All returns,
That I had long forgotten. Scarce a scene,
Of childish prank or merriment, but comes
With all the freshness of the infant time,
Back to my recollection.—The old school,
The noisy rabble, the tumultuous cries;—
The green, remember'd in the wintry day,
For the encounter of the flying ball;—
The marble play, the hoop, the top, the kite;
And—when the ambition prompted higher games—
The battle-array and conflict—friends and foes,
Mixed in the wild *mêlée*, with shouts of might
Triumphant o'er the clamours of retreat!—
These, in their regular seasons, with their deeds,
Their incidents of happiness or pain,
In the revival of old memories,
Your lovely lights restore: nor these alone!
The chroniclers of riper years ye grew,
And loftier thoughts and fancies; and my heart
Then took ye for sweet counsellors, and loved
To wander in your evening lights, and dream
Of other eyes that watched ye from afar
At the same hour—and other hearts that gushed
In a sweet yearning sympathy with mine!
And as the years flow by—as I became
Warier, yet more devoted—fix'd and strong—
Growing in the affections and the thoughts
When growth had ceased in stature—then, when life,
Wing'd with impetuous passions, darted by,
And voices grew into a spell that hung
Through the dim hours of night, about the heart
Making it tremble strangely;—when dark eyes
Were stars that had a power over us,
As fated, dimly, at nativity;—
And older men were monitors too dull
For passionate youth; and reason and all excellence,
(Falling in honied sentences from lips,
That, if they vied with coral, must have won)
Were to be gather'd from one source alone,
Whose thought and word were inspiration, life,
That we had barter'd life itself to win!—
How sweet was then your language! What fond strains

Of promise ye pour'd forth, in sounds that made
The impatient soul leap upwards into flight,
The skies stoop down and yield to every wish,
While earth, embraced by heaven, instinct with love,
And blessing, had forgot all fears of death!

The brightness of your age in every change,
Mocks that which palsies man. Dim centuries
That saw your fresh beginnings with delight,
Are swallowed in the ocean-flood of years,
Or crowd with ruin the gray sands of Time,
Who still with appetite and thirst unslaked,
Active, but unappeas'd—voracious still,
Must swallow what remains. Sweet images,
Whose memories woke our song—whose forms abide—
The heart's ideal standard of delight—
Are gone to people those dim realms of shade,
Where rules the past—that sovereign, single-eyed,
Whose back is on the sun!

Ah! when all these—
The joys we have recorded, and the forms
Whose very names were blessings—forms of youth,
Of childhood, and the hours we know not twice,
Which won us first and carried us away
To strange conceits of coming happiness—
But to be thought on as delusions all
Yet such delusions as we still must love!—
When these have parted from us—when the sky
Has lost the charm of its ethereal blue,
And the nights lose their freshness; and the trees,
No longer have a welcome shade for love,
And the moon wanes into a paler bright,
And all the poetry that stirr'd the leaves,
And all the perfume that was on the flow'rs,
Music upon the winds, wings in the cloud,
The carpeted vallies wealth of green—the dew
That morning flings on the enamell'd moss—
The hill-side, the acclivity, the grove—
Sweeter that solitude is sleeping there!—
Are gone, as the last hope of misery;—

When the one dream of thy deluded life
Hath left thee, to awaken—not to see
The golden morning but the heavy night;
When sight itself is weariness, and hope
No longer gathers from the barren path
One flow'r of promise!—when disease is nigh,
And all thy bones are racking, and thy thought
Is of dry, nauseous, ineffectual drugs,
Which thou wilt painfully swallow, but in vain;—
And not a hand is nigh to quench thy thirst
With one poor cup of water;—and thine eye
Strains for the closing heavens, and the sweet sky
Which thou art losing—and dread images,
Meets successive, of the sable pall,
And melancholy carriage, crowd around,
And make thee shudder with a stifling fear;—
—When thou hast bid adieu to earthly things,
Fought through the long, worst struggle with thyself,
Of resignation to that sovereign will,
Thou may'st no longer baffle or delude—
And offer'd up thy prayer of penitence,
Doubtful of its acceptance, yet prepared
As well as thy condition will admit
For the last change in thy unhappy life!
—Bid them throw wide thy casement, and look forth,
And take thy last look of the placid sky,
And all the heavenly watchers which have seen
Thy fair beginning, and thy rising youth,
And thy tall manhood. They will bear thee back
With all the current of thy better thoughts
To the pure practice of thy innocent childhood;—
Repentant, then, of errors, evil deeds,
Imaginations of darkness—thou wilt weep
Over thy recollections, and thy tears,
The purest tribute of thy contrite heart,
Will be as a sweet prayer sent up to heaven!

With you in constant mind, I dare, *cres* Hard tho' it be *dim* to

pp *p* ped

cope; hard tho' it be to cope; For I can bear—

p *p*

My own de-spair, *pio animato* But not a - - no-ther's, *dim* a - no-ther's

p *colla parte* *p*

hope!

p *dol* *ter* *dim* *pp*

for *p* *pp*

For the Lady's Book.

M Y S I S T E R .

FROM A PASTOR'S JOURNAL.

EIGHTEEN years ago I was left in a strange land with no relation but a little sister, about three years of age. My mother had emigrated from England with a second husband, and the heat of the first American summer, together with the fatigues of a long voyage, proved too much for her feeble frame to endure. We knelt beside her death bed, the one eleven, the other three years old and received her parting blessing, and heard her last prayer, the warm pressure of that soft hand, and the sweet tones of that gentle voice have never been forgotten in the stormiest hour of life. Dying, she bade me love my sister, and if ever a dying admonition was obeyed, that was in the fullest sense. She was my idol—the lily predominated in her complexion, but the rose was permitted to blush permanently upon her fair cheek, and in moments of excitement it asserted its right, and suffused her face and neck with its crimson. She was my only treasure, but when I looked into her light blue eyes, and run my fingers through the flaxen curls which waved upon her shoulders, I was happy. About a year we lived under the same roof, it became the pride of my heart to protect her, I once rose from a bed of sickness and fastened like a tiger upon the Amazonian sister of my hostess who had presumed to undertake the work of her correction for some trifling offence, and her slightest expressed wish would

bring me to her side, in the wildest hour of my playfulness. One day she was rather melancholy, her nurse set forward her little rocking-chair, there she sat for an hour, singing a hymn, with the chorus,

"I will praise him, I will praise him,
Where shall I thy praise begin?"

I left her awhile, but was soon called to "run for the doctor, as little Maria had the croup." I ran, but Dr. Mowry was absent. I returned again and again, but still he came not; the disease baffled all the skill of her attendants. Once she exclaimed, "Poor R**! don't cry, you will see me again in heaven." Wildly I rushed again for the physician, this time he had returned, and was on his way in another direction to the house. There I arrived just in time to hear the expression fall from his lips, "it is all over!" I walked forward, and my only sister was lying cold upon the bosom of her affectionate nurse. Never did I more fervently pray for death. I would then cheerfully have followed, but I was wrong. God always does what is best, but I would not have my firm faith that I shall meet her and know her in heaven, weakened, for all the joys of earth. In heaven, Christ will be the centre of attraction, but a thousand happy spirits, who bask in his beams, will hold sweet intercourse with each other.

THE SHATTERED TREE.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

It is nearly ten years since, in the pride of our heart, we purchased two Linden trees, and with our own hand set them out in front of our office. They grew, the one slowly, with small promise, and the other rapidly, with evidence of unusual vigour, sending out its branches in a broad circumference, and enriching the neighbourhood with its palmy beauty, and making the air redolent with the sweets of its summer blossoms; it was a goodly tree to look upon, and made its lean and half leafless neighbour look doubly desolate. Poor little thing! its scrawny branches were poorly served with leaves, and its trunk was long, thin, and consumptive; it seemed as if the earth had forgotten its richness at its roots, and the air refused its wholesome influence to its leaves; it was a sad contrast to its flourishing brother, the pride at once of the neighbourhood and of its owner.

That thrifty tree had this year, in consequence of a liberal bestowal of richer earth and some kindly care among its limbs, sent forth a body of foliage that made it marvellous among the arborial beauties of our street. The storms and winds of the last month had only increased its foliage, and apparently strengthened its limbs; and yesterday we stood at our window admiring the gorgeous exhibition of leaves and the rich promise of those buds whose lovely blossoms scent the air with their sweetness. The light wind bent the branches gracefully, and turned up the leaves so as to mingle the various shades of green in playful beauty. It was a lovely sight, and

we felt a pride of heart at our ownership, though we wished that its stunted neighbour had been like to it in size and beauty. A strong puff of wind caused the tree to bow before us as if sensible of and reciprocating our feelings. It was a graceful stoop, and we were about to express our admiration of its new elegance, when, to our deep mortification, we saw that it would not recover—the reclining of its head was its last—its lowly *bend* was to have no *repentance*—and the whole mass of limbs and foliage fell before us upon the pavement, leaving the trunk branchless, leafless, and scathed. The despised, unthrifty tree, stands firm, and not without comeliness.

The worms had struck at the wood of the tree just where the limbs branch off from the trunk; and, concealed beneath its bark, they luxuriated upon its life sap until the very objects of its pride, and that which made it attractive, became the occasion of its fall. How full of subjects for profitable contemplation are all these things; and were it our cue to moralize, we might find food for the inclination in the untoward event of which we speak.

Our friends advise us to have another tree placed instead of the trunk that now stands solitary before our door; but we say no—let us see what *that* will produce—let us see what of vitality is left. Something may yet come of it; the roots are vigorous and well supplied with earth. "There is hope of a tree if there be root, though the tender branches thereof, decay and the stock wax old in the ground."

Written for the Lady's Book.

TEARS FOR THE DEAD.

INSCRIBED TO ONE DECEASED.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

DEPARTED one! upon thy bier
 No flowers of vain regret we strew;
 But joy thou canst no longer, here,
 Sorrow, and care, and anguish know:
 Oh! not for thee should tears be shed,
 To dim the pinion pure and bright,
 Of the redeemed spirit, spread
 Rejoicing, for its upward flight.

Yet tears were shed, when thou did'st die,
 And loving hearts were bathed in woe,
 And dimm'd was many a manly eye,
 When thy fair form was stricken low;
 If love devoted might retain
 Its idol ever by its side,—
 Redeem from death those dead,—Oh! then,
 Belov'd one, *thou* hadst never died!

If tears availed to wake the dead,—
 If grief might call the lost-loved back,—
 For thee were tears unnumber'd shed,
 Our cries were wafted on thy track:
 Yet no! in sorrow for our loss,
 Should we forget *thy* glorious gain?
 Oh! what might tempt thy steps to cross
 Again life's dark and toilsome main?

Should tears be shed for *these*?—who now,
 In yon far heaven of glory bright,
 Art bathing thy celestial brow,
 In floods of pure and wavy light;—
 With the angelic host enroll'd,
 And sharing in *their* blest employ,
 Who tune their harps of shining gold
 To 'everlasting songs of joy!'—

In that blest world no tears can dim
 The glory of the ransom'd soul;
 But joyous song of seraphim
 Through all-undying ages roll;
 Then should we mourn that thou art gone
 From world like ours where tears abound,
 To know the brightness of that dawn,
 Where never dark'ning cloud is found.

No! loved one, no!—upon thy bier
 No tears of vain regret be shed;
 We joy thou art no longer here,
 With life's dark snares encompassed;—
 That with the loved of God on high,
 Thou dwellest in eternal day,
 Where "tears are wiped from every eye,
 And grief and sighing flee away!"

EDITORS' TABLE.

"But here the needle plies its busy task."

THE art of sewing was the first invention of human skill; and doubtless the first manufacture of Tubal-cain was that of needles. The art has never been lost; wherever man and woman are found, savage or civilized, sewing, in some manner, is practised. In truth, so universal is this practice, that it seems an instinct rather than an art, and a distinguishing characteristic of the human race from every other species of animated nature.

It must be obvious that an art, so long and constantly practised, has had a powerful effect on the character as well as comfort of mankind; and had we time for the investigation, it might easily be shown that the refinement of society is mainly dependent upon the perfection to which needlework is advanced, and the estimation in which it is held, and, consequently, that woman, to whom this branch of industry is almost entirely conceded, wields over the destinies of nations a weapon, in the "polished shaft," more powerful than the sword of the conqueror. Such a dissertation is foreign from our purpose, however; but our readers will easily, without our prompting, refer the improvement of manners to different eras in the art of sewing, from that of necessity to the needlework of convenience, of elegance, of luxury. Then comes the crowning grace, when the work of fair fingers is made subservient to the luxury of doing good.

One of the chief graces of charity, fostered by the needle, is the "Ladies' Fair." What wonderful improvements there must be in human society before these Fairs can be held! Think of the difference between the ignorant, degraded wife of the savage, working in her lonely miserable hut, the moccasins for her master, and the intelligent, accomplished, and respected ladies of New England, invited by the men to assist as equals and friends, in contributing, by the aid of their fair

fingers, to the completion of one of the most sacred memorials of national gratitude! The "Bunker Hill Monument Ladies' Fair"—to be held in Boston,* during the second week in September will be one of the most splendid spectacles of female industry and ingenuity ever seen. In our next number we shall be able to give a better description than we can at present, of the aim and arrangements (though the latter are now nearly made) of this grand Fair.—We shall then know its results also; so we will defer the subject, which we introduce here chiefly to remark, that as our time is devoted to the business of the Fair, our readers will be mainly indebted to the excellent taste and untiring industry of the publisher, who is also one of the editors, for the good things which they may discover in the Lady's Book of this month. Mrs. Sigourney, though absent on a visit to England, still furnishes her regular contributions.

We have not leisure this month to examine all our correspondents' favours. Next month we will endeavour to give a longer "file."—But we do wish our young poets would write a legible hand. This poring over cramp characters, written with blue ink on blue paper, is a trial of patience which we hope Job never had to endure.

* We write this August 19th, being obliged, in consequence of the large edition of the Lady's Book, and the distance to which the circulation extends, to prepare each number a month or more in advance of the time it is issued.—S. J. H.

Erratum.—In an article, 'Sketch of Madame Feller'—which appeared in our last number, is a mistake which requires correction, as it may mislead those who wish to send contributions to the school. The place where the mission is established is *Grand Ligne* not *Grand Segne*. See pages 136 and 7.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Rill joining rill, and running ever,
In time will form a stately river;
Not so the little rills of song,
Each independent steals along,
And cannot, spite of all endeavour,
Swell to a mighty stream! no, never.

P. PINDAR.

Poems: by Rev. John Pierpont.

Right glad are we to announce that a volume, from the pen of this gifted writer may soon be expected. It is, we understand, in press—but one of the leaves having, fortunately for our readers, fallen in our way, we cannot resist the opportunity of placing it in our "Book." It is a gem, where thought, fancy, and feeling, like the changing rays of the diamond, flash a new light, as it were, on every stanza. But, judge for yourself, reader.

AN OCTOBER SUNDAY MORNING,

AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

It had rained in the night; but the morning's birth
Was as calm and as still as even;
The heralds of day were awake in their mirth,
For the sun, in his glory, was coming to earth,
And the mists had gone to heaven.
The winds were asleep; so soft was the weather,
Since the storm had spent its might,
Not an angel of morning had lifted a feather,
Or whispered a word, for hours together,
Or breathed a "farewell!" to night.
The fields were green, and the world was clean;
The young smokes curled in air,
And the clear toned bell danced merrily to tell
The student's hour of prayer.

The elm's yellow leaf, that the frost had dyed,
Caught the yellower sun as he came in pride
Down the church's spire and the chapel's side.—
As learning's pale and dark-robed throng
Moved on to morning's prayer and song,
One of the train, who walked alone,
One, to the rest but little known,
Whose way of worship was his own,
Moved tardily, till, by degrees,
He stopped among the glittering trees.
'Till the rest in the hall had assembled:—
For the diamond drops of the mist hung there,
All meltingly strung on the stiff, straight hair
Of the shrubby larch. The sun's flash came
And wrapped the bush, all at once, in flame;
Yet its glorious locks never trembled.
Not Horeb's bush to Moses' eye
Was fuller of the Deity.

The worshipper gazed; 't was a glorious sight!
As the pageant blazed in its rainbow light,
He was bowing his heart adoringly.

From the bush, that in silence and purity burned,
To commune with the spirit that filled it he learned,
And from earth I saw that his eyes were turned,
And lifted to heaven imploringly.

Godolphin By E. L. Bulwer, Bart. M. P. M. A. Harper & Brothers, New York. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is a new and revised edition of a tale well known to our readers. The following is Bulwer's notice:—"This novel ranks in the class of my earliest compositions, and has, in addition to its other defects, those that might naturally result from the youth of the author. A few passages in the former edition, which appeared to me blemishes, have been omitted in the present; and some corrections and additions made, tending, let me hope, to improve the details of the narrative, and to render more minute the delineation of the characters." London, April 17, 1840.

The Fatalist. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

We are somewhat puzzled what to say of this book. So many bad actions have to be done to accomplish the author's aim and moral, that we almost regret that so much valuable

writing has been wasted, when, with a better aim, the author might have made a very superior book. It is well written and very interesting, and the moral good. From what we now see we are satisfied that the future writings of this author will command attention.

The Firaside Friend, or Female Student: Being advice to young Ladies on the important subject of Education, with an Appendix, on Moral and Religious Education, from the French of Madame de Saussure, by Mrs. Phelps, late Vice Principal of Troy Female Seminary. Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb, Boston. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The call for successive editions of this very useful and well-written work, and the fact of its having been reprinted and extensively circulated in England and Scotland, cannot but prove flattering to the talented authoress, and well calculated to stimulate her active efforts in the cause of education, whose interests she has so importantly served. We trust that, in no sense of the word, have her exertions been unrewarded.

Rambles about the Country: by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb, Boston. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

These sketches of rambles, in various parts of the Union, are prepared for the juvenile series of THE SCHOOL LIBRARY. They are touched off in that easy and graphic manner, so characteristic of Mrs. Ellet's pen, and which, on more than one occasion, has charmed the readers of the Lady's Book. Though the present sketches are designed for the school-room they will be found of a character to interest all classes of readers. In an age so marked by the mania for foreign travel, they will serve to inculcate a truth too little attended to—that people should not be ambitious of witnessing the grand and the beautiful of foreign lands, till they are more familiar with the interesting and splendid scenery to be found at home.

The Pleasures of Taste, and other Stories; selected from the writings of Miss Jane Taylor, with a Sketch of her Life, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, author of "Traits of American Life," "Ladies' Wreath," &c. Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb, Boston. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is a work of practical utility and principally intended for younger readers, who will not fail to benefit greatly by its perusal. To use Mrs. Hale's own words—"Many teachers are required to educate the young: the living teacher addresses the pupil in speech and by example; the dead instruct by their writings and the record of their lives. Jane Taylor is one of the latter class; all she wrote was intended to inculcate good principles and right feelings." The memorials of such a woman could not fail to gratify a useful curiosity, and Mrs. Hale has collected them into a sketch of this admirable writer, which is clear and satisfactory. One of the last letters written by Miss Taylor, is to an orphan boy, whose mother had been her friend; it speaks highly for the soundness of her judgment and the goodness of her heart, and cannot be too frequently inculcated upon the attention of the young. It will be found at p. 13. L. A. G.

The Juvenile Budget opened: Being Selections from the writings of Dr. John Aikin, with a Sketch of his Life, also by Mrs. Hale. Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb, Boston. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

There have been few books of the kind more justly popular, than the "Evenings at Home." Mrs. Hale, persuaded that "it is an advantage to the young, to know the character of their teachers, and among them oftentimes the most efficient are those who write expressly for children," has separated from that work the papers belonging to Dr. Aikin, and has added a sketch of his life, with a view to bring him familiarly as a friend before the minds of his readers. In the present, as in the instance just cited, Mrs. Hale has executed her task with fidelity and conscientiousness. Both these works belong to that excellent publication "The School Library," to which we have before had occasion to allude in terms of merited praise. To clothe the various subjects of literature and science in a popular and attractive garb, and in this manner to entice the youthful reader to more recondite works; to keep economy always in view, and yet to hold out sufficient inducements to employ the pen of some of the most eminent of our literati, male and female, is an undertaking

which cannot fail of being duly appreciated, and of fully accomplishing the important object it has in view. L. A. G.

Master Humphrey's Clock. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

We hope it may never run down. Every number increases in interest. Boz has again got among the show folks, and well he handles them. We are anxious to see when Mr. Swiveller closes up the "only avenue left to the Strand."

Friendship's Offering. Marshall, Williams & Butler, Philadelphia.

This first of the Annuals, edited by that excellent poetess, Miss C. H. Waterman, is already on our table. In contains ten Engravings, several very good, particularly the Novice, by Dodson, which is a masterpiece. The Midshipman we cannot praise. Cushman has done credit to that beautiful painting, the "Indian Hater," by Russell Smith. The wounded Dove, by Dodson, is also beautiful. The reading matter is excellent, but why need we say that, when we have mentioned that it is edited by Miss Waterman. The book is very well printed, and is handsomely done up in embossed covers.

Resume des Voyages, Decouvertes, et Conquetes des Portugais, en Afrique et en Asie, au xvme et xvme siecles; par Mme H. Dujarday, 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1839.

We learn that Madame Dujarday, the authoress of the above manuel of the Voyages, Discoveries, and Conquests of the Portuguese, in Africa and Asia, in the 15th and 16th centuries, is the Lady Superior of a religious house of education in Pensacola, Florida. She is represented as one of the most philanthropic matrons in this country. She is a native of France, but has located herself permanently in Pensacola, where she superintends the education of young ladies. Her volume contains a well drawn sketch of a series of the most remarkable enterprises that ever stimulated the energies of man, which are condensed into a rapid yet satisfactory narrative. The volumes are inscribed to the "People of the U. States," in an English dedication, which we transcribe. "I dedicate the fruits of several years' study to the nation most ready to welcome the stranger, to the people who first showed the example of liberty of conscience and opinion. Their commerce extends over the globe, their ships are seen on every sea, their flag, though every where now a symbol of union and peace, is yet associated with the warlike reminiscence of an independence gained at the sword's point, in the victorious struggles of a nation in its very cradle, against the most powerful maritime force of Europe; and it is to them, of all others, that we should offer a history of those intrepid seamen, who, despising danger, and trampling upon the terrors of an unknown ocean, were the first to widen the narrow limits of navigation, and probably awakened the genius of the great man, to whom the world owes the discovery of the New Continent. The success of Columbus was followed by the brilliant exploits of Vasco da Gama, Alphonso d' Albuquerque, and Juan da Castro; for it is the nature of noble and daring spirits to excite the emulation of contemporary and kindred minds. It is deeply to be regretted that the reader is often saddened and shocked at the many instances of cruelty and despotism that occur in the history of these heroes of the Indies. But he must recollect, that he not unfrequently finds beside their bright traits of courage, honour, and self-devoting zeal. Their vices were of the time, their virtues ennoble human nature in all ages."

Border Beagles: by the author of Richard Hurdis. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

There is not a page of this book that does not contain an adventure or an incident. The author says in the outset that he does not mean to bore his reader with love scenes, and he does not. The love making is understood. Tom Horsey is a character we have never before met in a book, but we knew Tom, at least we knew a person so very like him, that we think he must have sat for the portrait. There is an originality and a freshness about the characters that is pleasant.

Rawlins for instance, so carefully on the look out for professions for his children, and they not yet born. We object to all mysterious dwarfs, we don't believe in them, but the one in this book acts a very conspicuous part and acts it well too. The adventure in Cane Castle with the freebooters, who are taken for a company of comedians by Horey, is not to be surpassed in any modern novel. It is the most mirth provoking scene that lives in our remembrance. The joint stock company of travelling comedians, some few years since, would have taken like wild fire. Our friend, General Morris, is mentioned in the book.

Indian Wars in the United States: from the Discovery to the present Time, from the best authorities, by William V. Moore. R. W. Pomeroy, Philadelphia, 1840.

This book is by far the most elegantly got up of any of its class which we have ever seen. It has no less than fifty-three engravings, designed by Croome and engraved by Minot; and the binding is really quite gorgeous.

The plan of the work is to give a general history of the great Indian wars, by which as well as by purchase, the vast territory which now constitutes the Republic of the United States, was acquired. The style is clear and lucid; and the story is told in that straight forward, undiscursive manner, which best suits a reader who is intent upon the main subject. It is judiciously divided into chapters, each of which gives the history of a single Indian war, complete in itself. The rambling, roundabout, prolix style in which the subject has generally been treated in books, renders a work of the masterly character of the one before us, quite a desideratum to the historical as well as the general reader.

Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote: by the late H. D. Inglis, author of "Spain," "New Gil Blas," &c. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1840.

This volume is a remarkable illustration of that extraordinary faculty of the mind, the power of association. We have here an instance of a mind early imbued with the spirit of Cervantes, which at an after period, broods over its recollections of that great man and the immortal creation of his genius, till the recollections become a reality, and assume "a local habitation and a name." Sir Thomas More, in his "Utopia," and Dean Swift, in his "Gulliver's Travels," were the creators of a new scene, in which ideal existences were embodied forth, and made to assume all the reality of truth. But they were purely the efforts of a creative imagination. The present work is the effort of an active imagination, not drawing solely upon its own resources, but relying upon the aid of association, and working out of the materials afforded by that power of the mind, a work not less captivating than the great original upon the reminiscences of which it is built up. In following the footsteps of the Knight and his Squire, he has become one of the party; he is identified with the group, and an actor in the scenes which are a second time made to start into life beneath the wand of a powerful magician.

No votary of romance, no lover of genuine humour, but will read and re-read this charming little volume, of which we do not hesitate to say, that it creates an epoch of its own.

Will not some of our publishers put forth an edition of the Gil Blas, by Mr. Inglis.

Adventures of Harry Lorrequer.—We understand that Carey & Hart are about to reprint this charming work. Having read an English copy, we can safely say that for adventure, incident, wit, pathos, and sentiment, there is no book—and we do not even except Boz—and the reader of both works will agree with us—that can surpass the inimitable Harry Lorrequer. If successful, and we cannot for a moment doubt it, it will be followed up by "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," by the same author. Two books, the perusal of which would operate upon the valetudinarian with the same charm as the perusal of Walter Scott does upon the rheumatism of our friend Waldie.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The poetry in September number, "To R. P." by E. N. Gamble, should be *Miss E. N. Gamble*.

The author of "The Two Emilys" has one important quality of writing—ease. His tale wants finish. Revised and retouched by him, it might pass.

We would beg leave to suggest to a "Passenger from Buffalo," whether the object of his communication is not of too local a character for a general periodical. Would not the Buffalo papers be a more suitable place for his queries, and for the attainment of the laudable object in view.

That the author of "Lines by Amicus" possesses powers of description, his opening lines will prove.

"The lulling chime of waters, and the gleam
Of silvery stars bespangling the stream,
Rippling from darkness to the trembling play,
And holy streaming of the moon's soft ray;
The dreamy music of the cricket's song
Thrilling the clustering foliage among;
The hush'd low rustlings of the shadowy trees
As sway their branchlets to the sleepy breeze,
Fragrant with odours from the clover hay
And dewy wild flowers—"

But poetry, as Pope says,

"Where pure description holds the place of sense,"

cannot but prove very unprofitable both to the author and his readers.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Muslin morning dress, made high in the neck.—The corsage is a surplice shape, with bishop sleeves. Apron of plaid silk, trimmed with black lace. Muslin morning cap, trimmed with flowers. The tout ensemble of this dress is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty.

FIG. 2.—Striped changeable silk corsage, plain, and folds down the front, and confined with bands and buttons. Bishop sleeves, parted at the top, with buttons and bands to correspond with the other parts of the dress. Satin bonnet, either pink or white, trimmed with yellow or red flowers as may best suit the complexion, (our plates are coloured in both ways.) Muslin shawl, trimmed with lace and lined with silk.

FIG. 3.—Dress of pou de soie, plain corsage. Trimmed from the shoulder to the waist, down the front, and around the bottom of the skirt, with a bias fold edged with lace. Bishop sleeves, with three puffs at the top. Silk bonnet trimmed with flowers. This dress is the greatest novelty of the season.

Our number for November will contain the Fashionable Cloaks for the season—that for December, several specimens of the latest fashions for Ball Dresses.

As the theatres in the principal cities of the Union have opened for the winter season, and as parties will soon commence, we give a description of a variety of head dresses and other ornaments, suitable for places of amusement, evening parties and ball rooms.

Some head dresses are formed by a pearl or gold bandeau, which crosses the forehead, and two large Italian pins which traverse the tresses of hair, arranged in bows almost on the nape of the neck, and crossing in such a manner as nearly to touch the ears. Several of these head dresses have the front hair arranged in soft bands, but ringlets are more in favour.

Turbans.—Those of plain velvets, either white or black, and fringed with gold, are remarkably elegant, and are placed very far back upon the head. Some are made without a foundation, so as to suffer the tresses in which the hind hair is arranged to pass through; others, instead of a velvet foundation, have one formed of gold net or beads; these last are peculiarly elegant. The turbans composed of English point lace, with very small foundations, and ornamented with two points drooping on the sides, and retained as high as the temples by jewelled crescents, are very beautiful. Others

have the ends falling at each side, and retained near the temples by two half wreaths of roses, without leaves.

Small Bonnets.—Those formed only of trio lace lappets, and two sprigs of velvet flowers, are much in request for the theatre; these are considered as an elegant *coiffure* for a young married lady. They are adopted also in ball dress by those who do not dance.

Hair.—The front hair in bands, with or without the ends braided, and turned up again, or in long full ringlets. The back hair is still worn dressed as low as possible at the back of the neck, in braids, chignons, and rouleaux. Lappets are frequently intermixed with the flowers. *Feronnières* are very fashionable.

Touques have lost nothing of their vogue. They are composed of velvet, and encircled with folds of velvet forming an aureole; a large sprig of flowers composed of jewels, is placed on one side, and droops over the other, in the style of a bird of paradise. Some are made with the sprig composed of gold flowers instead of jewels.

A WASHINGTON ANECDOTE.

For full three months he had been working

With vigour at his violin,

Still o'er the eternal lesson perking,

Resolv'd Apollo's smiles to win.

At length, this embryo Paganini feels

Sufficient courage, and his plan reveals:—

"I trust, Miss Anna, I've some progress made,

Indeed I have the hope, and very soon,

Before your door, while shines the conscious moon,

To greet you with a serenade."

The lady of the laughing eye,

With air demure, and look so sly,

Thus to the useful artist made reply:

"Nay, nay, good sir, ne'er dream of such a caper,

Talk not of fiddling and such stuff;

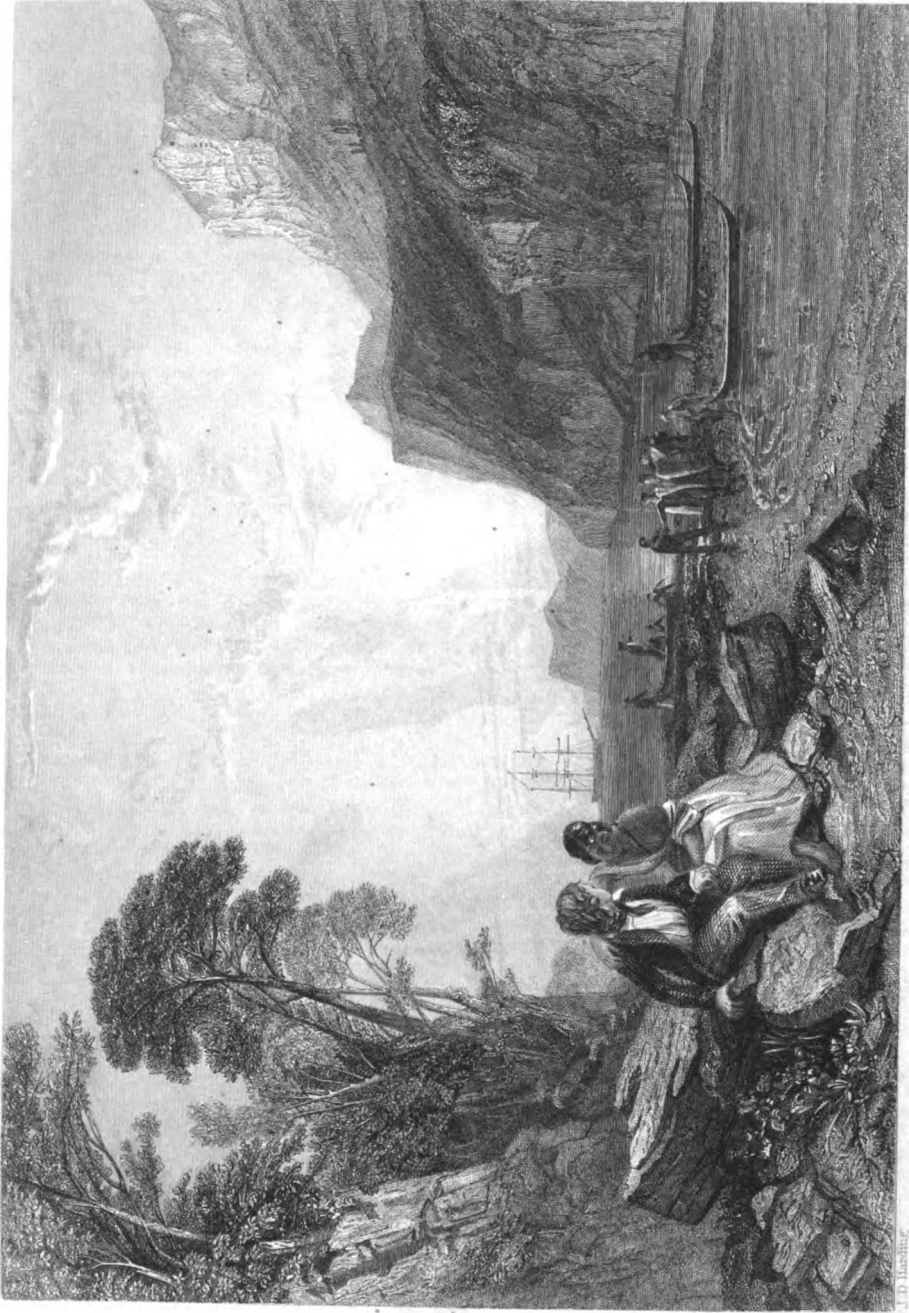
Our door already has *one scraper*,

And one, sir, at a time, is quite enough!" W. J. W.

Another in want of a name. A new work has been started at the west, called "The Western Lady's Book." It is presumed that the contents of the work must be very poor, as the publishers have not invention enough for a name; but must steal one ready made. It will meet the fate, we presume, of its quondam namesake, the Southern Lady's Book. Ours is *The Lady's Book* intended for the North, South, East, and West. Nothing can be more indicative of the popularity of our work than these frequent attempts to rob us of our name, and the host of rogues who infest the country, procuring subscribers, unauthorised by the publisher. Not a number of the Book is published that we do not have occasion to mention one or two new names.

We may soon expect to be favoured with some of Mrs. Sigourney's impressions of foreign scenery and manners. We need scarcely mention to our readers that the *Lady's Book* will be the vehicle to convey them to her countrywomen.

Since publishing the *Lady's Book* we never have had a duty so unpleasant as that which we are now about to perform. It is beyond a doubt that the whole of our southern mail, containing the August number of the *Lady's Book*, was lost in the unfortunate steamboat North Carolina. We ask our subscribers to sympathise with us as it will be impossible to duplicate the number; but we will endeavour to give the best things in that number, before the volume closes. Duplicates of the Engraving of the Pilgrim and the Fashion Plate will be sent to all those who give us notice—postage free—in the succeeding number of the Book. We have no doubt on such an occasion as this, the various Post Masters, who have always been extremely kind, will frank or write letters containing said notice. It will be seen, upon reference to the cover, that some scoundrel who is a liciting subscribers for a neighbouring publication, has made use of the calamity to spread a report that the *Lady's Book* had been discontinued. We know him and will find a way to requite him.



THE FISHING BOATS.

Engraving by J. D. H. 1841.

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

NOVEMBER, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE INDIAN MAID'S FAREWELL.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. WALTER.

Ah yes! she cried, with aching heart,
 The fondest ones are doom'd to part!
 The hour I long have view'd with fear,
 The dreaded moment now is here;
 Yet do I thank the pitying powers,
 Who make this precious moment ours;
 That here, beneath this conscious shade,
 Where our first vows of love were made,
 After each pledge of fondness past,
 'Tis given to bid farewell at last.
 For such sweet boon, she gently said,
 How grateful is thy Indian maid!

And must you broad, broad waters sever,
 Wide as they roll, our hearts for ever?
 Ah no! the farewell we are taking,
 With tearful eye and bosom aching,
 Is but the passing gloom that shrouds
 The glorious sun; the parting clouds
 Before his splendour melt away,
 And add fresh lustre to the day;
 So the fond hope to meet again
 Shall turn to joy the present pain,
 And bless once more, she smiling said,
 The bosom of thy Indian maid.

Ah no! this sweet, sequester'd spot,
 Shall never, never be forgot.
 The feelings of this hour shall rise,
 The scene shall live before mine eyes,
 E'en as the warm reality,
 That here I touch, that here I see;
 Again this arm shall rest on thine,
 Again thy hand be clasp'd in mine;
 Those eyes shall look on me as now,
 Those lips breathe forth the self-same vow.
 And yet, the vision fair, she said,
 Comes but to cheat thy Indian maid!

And yet, how pleasing! though it may
 Cheat but one moment, and away!
 Yet, ah! what feelings will o'ercrest
 The spirit, when it fades at last.
 When flies the vision bright and fair,
 And cold reality is there;

When of thy voice the magic flies,
 And on my ear its music dies,
 And harshly on my waking dream
 Breaks the wild sea-bird's startling scream.
 It breaks the heart! she faltering said;—
 She feels it *here*—thy Indian maid!

And when I see thy parting sail
 Spread forth to catch the fav'ring gale,
 That bears thee from my native strand
 To that unknown and far-off land;
 Then will I climb yon rocky steep
 That widely overlooks the deep;
 This scarf—thy keepsake—still to you
 Shall fondly wave a last adieu;
 Forget not then!—these eyes shall strain
 To catch the farewell waved again.
 Tears fell—with faltering voice she said,
 Forget not *then* thy Indian maid!

This moss-grown seat, this quiet spot
 Shall never, never be forgot!
 In hours when tender thoughts of thee
 Come sadly o'er the memory,
 I'll hie me hither, and renew
 Fond moments that too swiftly flew.
 Yes, here I'll wake to life again
 These mingled hours of joy and pain;
 And feeling all that now I feel,
 In sighs my bursting heart reveal.
 Such hours so passed, she sadly said,
 Alone can cheer thy Indian maid!

But see! below, in yonder bay
 Thy messmates beckon thee away;
 See my impatient brethren, too,
 Push from the shore their light canoe.
 They tell us 'tis the hour to part:
 I feel it here—this sinking heart
 Is conscious that its gentlest stay,
 Its only prop is torn away;
 My spirit fails—one moment more
 Support me, and the trial's o'er.
 One last embrace,—nor chide, she said,
 The weakness of thy Indian maid!

Written for the *Lady's Book*.¹

THE BEAUTY TRANSFORMED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

"CATHERINE," said young Meredith to his sister, as she was hastily passing him, on the way to the drawing-room, "stop a moment, and let me speak with you." Catherine paused reluctantly, for she was eager to welcome her expected guest. "I have invited a friend here, to-night, to whom I wish you to be particularly attentive. "Ah!" said Catherine; "is he very handsome, and rich, and fashionable? For he must be either one or all, to make it an object for me to be particularly attentive to him." "As to his beauty, I leave you to decide—men are no judges of each other's beauty—I know not the extent of his wealth—but one thing I do know, I am under obligations to him I never can repay." Catherine looked inquiringly, and Meredith proceeded:—"You remember my journey over the mountains last summer, the upsetting of the carriage, my broken leg, my being detained so long in a log cabin, sick, and as some thought, dying. Well, surely you recollect, Catherine, the young man, my fellow traveller, who though a stranger, lingered there with me, till I was in a state of comparative ease, and watched over me like a guardian angel—I do believe, under heaven, I owe my life to his tenderness and care—what was my delight to meet him, unexpectedly, a few hours since in the streets! I insisted upon his coming home with me, immediately, but this his engagements would not permit. He promised, however, to devote the evening to me, and I trust you will not forget the high claims he has upon your gratitude and consideration." "To be sure I will not," answered Catherine, "I will be as polite as possible, for I feel under infinite obligations to him, but as to entertaining him, I fear it will be out of my power. I never know what to say to these very good pattern people. I am sorry he happened to come to-night, as we expect so much company. It is really unfortunate," said she, to herself, in a low voice, as she hurried into the parlour, to greet, as she supposed, far more attractive and distinguished guests, than her brother's grave and quiet nurse. She knew she ought to be very grateful to him, but she imagined he must be a very dull companion, for Frank had been comparatively dull since his acquaintance with him, and always quoted Mr. Clifton, when he wished to support any argument in favour of morality, virtue, and religion. She was tired of his name, for he was Frank's oracle, and her oracles were among the gay and fashionable of the land.

Frank and Catherine Meredith had neither father nor mother. An aunt, the widowed sister of Mrs. Meredith, was at the head of the household establishment, and the delegated guardian of Catherine's youth. Frank had been educated abroad, while Catherine was placed in one of the most fashionable boarding schools in the country. When the brother and sister met, after a separation of many years, in the home of their youth, they were as strangers to each other. Each vainly sought to read in the other's face and person, the image impressed on their juvenile memory. The shy, and somewhat awkward, boy, had become the self-possessed and elegant young

man—the slender, pale, and stooping little girl, the graceful, well-proportioned, and blooming young woman. They both appeared appropriate representatives of the beings whose names they bore, and well fitted to adorn the station they were destined to fill. Mr. and Mrs. Meredith were both devotees of wealth and fashion. They had dedicated their children at the same altar, but being called away by sudden disease, they could only bequeath to them their wealth and their example. Mrs. Milner, their maternal aunt, stood in a mother's place to Catherine, and believing like her mother, that beauty, dress, and manners made up all that is really desirable and lovely in woman, she resolved that Catherine should be a model of perfection in these three grand essentials. Nature had furnished her with the first, wealth with the second, and education the third. Frank was proud of his sister, Mrs. Milner was proud of her niece—she was flattered, caressed, and imitated. Is it strange that she should be vain? Frank left his sister with regret to take the mountain journey mentioned above, and when he returned again after his hair breadth escape and protracted absence, she seemed more than ever endeared to his affections. But whether from the consciousness of having escaped great danger from sickness, or the companionship of Clifton, he was unaccountably changed, or, as Catherine declared, unaccountably *dull*. She loved her brother, and felt bound by every moral obligation to his friend, but he was the last person she wished to see. She felt an internal conviction she should dislike *him*, and that he would dislike *her*, and that his presence would be a restraint on her gaiety and amusements. On this occasion she was dressed with unusual splendour. Mrs. Milner, who always presided over the decorations of her toilet, with as much gravity as a chief magistrate over the destinies of a nation, declared that nothing was wanting to complete the elegance of her attire, very judiciously adding, she had never seen her look half so beautiful, and that with such a face, and such a dress, she might make a conquest of any heart she chose. Catherine entered the room with a cheek flushed with the consciousness of beauty, and an eye that sought in the glances of others, the admiration, she doubted not, was her spontaneous tribute. She was soon surrounded by a circle of flatterers, who so completely engrossed her attention, she entirely forgot her brother and his dreaded friend, and her spirits elated by vanity effervesced in the loud and frequent laugh. "Who is that gentleman with your brother?" said one of her companions, as an accidental opening in the group revealed him, standing directly opposite, with a young man in black by his side, both apparently waiting for an opportunity to approach her. The unmeaning laugh died on her lips. There was something in the stranger's aspect that rebuked her frivolity, and shamed her into silence. "Can that be Mr. Clifton?" thought she. "How different from what I imagined he would be!" The next moment her brother pressed forward alone, and drawing her arm through his, whispered in her ear, "For mercy's sake, Catherine, leave those grinning

idiots, and try to appear like a sensible girl, the rest of the evening. I never was so mortified in my life, that Clifton should see you for the first time to such disadvantage. He is so very peculiar, so different from every other person, and I am so desirous that you should please him." The heart of the vain and flattered Catherine rose rebellious at this speech. Frank had never spoken so harshly to her before. She determined to show her resentment by disregarding his injunctions, and when she received Mr. Clifton's bow of introduction, her countenance expressed as plain as words could speak it, "admire me as I am, for I will not change to please you or any individual in the universe." Two moments after, she would have bartered all the incense she had been so eagerly accepting, for the power to recall that laughty and ungracious look, so ungratefully bestowed, yet so mildly received. "Frank is to blame for all," said she to herself, trying to soothe her self-anger, by throwing the whole burthen on him, "he always described him as a kind of hum-drum, prosing being. When I asked him if he were handsome, he answered me evasively, as if he were just not ugly. Men were no judges of each other's beauty! As to wealth and fashion he knew nothing about it!—as if any one could be so graceful, who had not been educated in refinement and in the most elegant society! And then to crown the whole, for Frank to make me so angry at the very moment, when I ought to have been most amiable! Oh! that I had been more on my guard!"

Poor Frank was, as he had said, deeply mortified and disappointed. He was a great believer in first impressions. He loved and venerated Clifton more than any other human being. He knew there was much in Catherine's character, entirely ungenial to his own, but he relied on her beauty and attractive manners to disarm his judgment, at first sight, and after that, he hoped miracles from the influence he was sure Clifton would obtain over her mind. Never could he have beheld her under circumstances more to her disadvantage, and Frank who had been looking forward to the moment when he should introduce his sister to his friend, as an era in his existence, felt, as if he could never forgive her the disappointment she had caused. There was an embarrassing pause after the introduction. Frank when alone with Clifton, could talk with him for hours, unrestrainedly, but the fashionable atmosphere he now breathed chilled the expression of his natural feelings, and he knew Clifton would be disgusted with what was artificial. It was strange he had never been sensible before of his sister's entire want of simplicity of character. He forgot that he had always seen her surrounded by beings as artificial as herself, and that now every look and action was seen through the medium in which he fancied his friend beheld them. Catherine was not suffered long to remain passive—she was solicited for music—"Are you fond of music, sir?" said she, addressing Clifton, for the first time. "Extremely so," was his reply. The tone of his voice was singularly pleasing. There was no laboured accent to give effect to his words. "Now, I shall charm him," thought Catherine, "in spite of all his gravity and reserve, for no voice can compare with mine in compass, or brilliancy, and my execution is declared to be unrivalled." When she was seated at the piano, Frank bent over her, under the pretence of arranging the music, and whispered in her ear, "Play some of those fine marches, but do not sing

any of those foolish songs, you are accustomed to do. Not to-night, for my sake." Catherine commenced a slow and beautiful march, not for his sake, but for the sake of the handsome, and cold-looking stranger, whose admiration she resolved to win. She glanced her eye carelessly towards him, as she concluded, and she thought his countenance was lighted up with pleasure, but she was vexed to see that he was looking down, and she feared the soft expression she had thrown into her face, while playing, had been lost upon him. "Oh, sing this song, Miss Meredith," "and this," reiterated many voices, "the instrument is nothing without your singing." "I cannot sing to-night," said she, "I am hoarse—I have a bad cold." "Are you afraid of singing profane songs before the young parson?" said one, who passed for a wit, in a low voice, behind her. "Ridiculous!" exclaimed Catharine, "there is no young parson here." "Indeed! I thought the gentleman in black was one—and you have looked so grave and solemn since his entrance, I imagined he had told you it was a sin to smile, and perhaps to sing."

He turned as he spoke to one of those vain, voluptuous, and unmeaning songs, to which fashion sometimes sets its almost omnipotent seal. She had not the moral courage to refuse, and urged by her dread of ridicule, and desire to show her independence, she began in one of the sweetest and most melodious voices in the world, strains which made Frank groan in spirit, and wish the piano in the bottom of the sea. Intoxicated with the applause she received, she forgot her scruples, and continued to sing and play—her aunt nodding and smiling at her, as she went waving about the room, courting compliments for Catherine, that she might repeat them to her, when the company had gone. When Catherine rose from the instrument her brother and Mr. Clifton had disappeared. She looked in vain among the groups of faces for that dark and serious eye, whose expression was a mystery to her understanding. With mortified feelings she retired to her chamber, after the company had dispersed, and placing the lights so as to shine with full splendence on a mirror, she took a long and deliberate survey of herself, before she divested herself of her glittering ornaments. She compared herself in imagination with all the bright forms which had recently beamed on her gaze, and she could not but exult in her own preeminence. "I feared I had grown ugly," said she, turning her beautiful profile towards the glass, after gazing on the full reflection of her features, "he looked so cold and distant upon me. If I have not appeared handsome to him, to-night, I can never hope to charm him, for this dress is superb, and this bandeau of pearl, contrasts so finely with my dark hair." She unbound her long shining hair, and as it hung in luxuriance around her, the thought flashed into her mind, that Clifton might be an admirer of simplicity, and she resolved to steal upon his senses the next time they met, in all the sweetness of undecorated maiden loveliness. She would wear pure, virgin white, her hair should fall in natural waves on her neck, she would look all that was gentle and modest. It never entered into the heart of Catherine, that man could be enslaved by any other charm than beauty, or that beauty, all radiant as hers, could fail to captivate the being exposed to its influence. She had never dreamed that an eye less bright might possess a holier charm, or a form less fair inspire a deeper emotion. She had never

been taught to think that there might be something enshrined within, an indwelling beauty, an immortal principle, capable of giving grace and lustre to features unattractive in themselves. From a child, every instruction she had received seemed to have for the ultimate object, external attraction. She was excluded from the sun and air, those "chartered libertines," lest they should add a deeper shade to the roses and lilies of nature—her hands were kept imprisoned in gloves, to preserve their snowy tints, she was not permitted to read or study by candle-light, lest she should dim the starry brightness of her eyes, or to take long walks, lest her feet should become enlarged by too much exercise. "Katy, my dear, don't run, it will make your complexion red—Katy, my love, don't eat too much, it will make your complexion coarse." A thousand such admonitions as these were associated with the memory of her mother, and never had her aunt suffered them to be forgotten for want of reiteration. Mrs. Milner even exceeded her in the minuteness of her instructions. She compelled her to wear a linen mask, during the long summer nights to enhance the delicacy of her skin, and to put on a deep bonnet, in her own room, whenever she sat by an open window. Thus brought up from infancy in the worse than Egyptian bondage of fashion, poor Catherine had no conception of the unfettered joys of nature. When at school, she was confined within the walls of a city, and obliged to submit to the iron rules of an ultra-fashionable instructress. To do her justice, she was a docile pupil, and graduated with all the honours of the institution.

Frank Meredith had accompanied Clifton to his own room, and sat with him long after midnight. It seemed that Clifton possessed the master-key to his soul, for it was only when he was alone with him, that he suffered his thoughts to flow out unchecked, and expressed the desires and hopes that were struggling into existence within his bosom. "Clifton," said he, "I have not lived since you parted from me; I have been dragging on a joyless being, incapable of feeling sympathy, or imparting delight. Catherine calls me dull and stupid, and so I am, but she knows not how vain and valueless all my former pursuits now appear to me—she knows not with what loathing I turn from the false pleasures she so eagerly pursues." "I know not," repeated Clifton, in a reproachful voice, "are you convinced yourself that they are incapable of satisfying the vast desires of an immortal mind, are you conscious of the fire of eternity burning within you, and can you sit down in silence, and see your own and only sister endeavouring to quench what is unquenchable, to destroy what is indestructible, without warning or rebuke? Frank, I did hope better things of you." "I know I have been wrong," answered Frank, ingenuously, "but I want your moral courage. A thousand times have I been on the point of declaring to her all that has been passing in my heart; the reflections that were awakened on my sick bed, the influence of your example and conversation, but I have always been interrupted by some vanity in the shape of dress, or my good aunt, or some fashionable dangler—I never could find the favourable moment—and though I can feel, deeply, keenly feel, I cannot find language to give utterance to my thoughts. Catherine would call me crazy if I should tell her what is passing within me, when she deems me merely listless and unoccupied. To tell the truth, I have not dared to contend

with the unhallowed influences around her, while I become more and more angry to see her yielding to their power. Yet, believe me, Clifton, she is not so vain and foolish as she forced you to think her this night. Nature intended her for something better than a mere belle." "Your sister is beautiful," said Clifton, "beautiful and young, and greatly to be pitied. I could have wept to see her adorned like a victim to be sacrificed on the altar of a goddess world—I thought of my own sister—as fair, and oh! how much more lovely, whom three months since I consigned to the dust, and I asked myself, what hope or consolation would be my portion now, if the bloom of her youth had been wasted in scenes like these. She died in her sixteenth spring—she died in my arms, with the smile of rapture on her pallid lips, and anticipated glory, gleaming from her closing eye." Clifton paused and looked upward with a heavenly expression, then turning towards Frank with an earnest and fervent manner. "Do you love your sister?" "Better than any thing in this world, except yourself." "And with this love, then, glowing in your heart, and believing as you do, in the existence of that eternal world, of which she has scarcely been allowed to dream, convinced of her accountability to God, for all the gifts he has bestowed, an accountability which has never been impressed on her conscience, what would be your reflections if you saw her struck down by the angel of death, even as my sweet and blooming Jane, conscious that you had never even whispered in her ear—This is not all, my sister—this bright, but shadowy scene—eternity's beyond!"—"Clifton," said Frank, impetuously, "you have saved my life—I know I should have died on the mountains, when that burning fever was drying up my veins, if you had not watched over me with more than woman's tenderness. But this is not half the debt. You roused my mind from its long and deadly lethargy, and it has ever since been heaving and struggling for that glorious liberty of the children of God, you taught me to pant after. But I am not yet free—I am too weak to help others break their bonds. Do this for me, and I will bless you. Come and remain with us, and be our Mentor and our guide. Catherine is scarcely more a devotee of the world than I was, when first you knew me. Be not afraid of coming in contact with vice and folly—we must sometimes handle the dross of earth, to extract its gold. You will not be contaminated, and we shall be purified." "It pains me, my friend," replied Clifton, "that you should ascribe a power to me that belongs to God alone. If I have been instrumental in his hands of exciting in you, a thirst for living waters, give thanks to Him from whom those living waters flow—I am but a fellow pilgrim with you, through the wilderness of life, and having, like you, drank deep of the feverish streams of pleasure, and found them unsatisfying, I have been directed to a pure and purifying fountain, and I could but ask you to taste and live."

Clifton could not be persuaded to make the house of his friend his home, but he consented to remain near him, for a time, and to visit him, as often as he could be assured of finding him at liberty to act as a rational being. He promised too, to converse with Catherine, as a rational and immortal being, and to persevere in the task, though he might meet with displeasure, and disgust from her. It was a novel task, indeed, to be imposed on a young and handsome

man, to tell a flattered beauty of her faults instead of offering incense to her vanity, but the rays of Catherine's beauty fell as coldly on Clifton's eye, as the sunbeams reflected from a sheet of polar ice—as he had told her brother he looked upon her with the sincerest pity for her own sake, and with sentiments more tender for his, for his soul clave unto Frank's, even as Jonathan's unto David, “with a love passing the love of woman.” It was a love that stretched far beyond the limits of time, and followed its object through the unwasting ages of eternity. Catherine adopted the plan of elegant simplicity she had previously arranged, and appeared without any ornament but a single white rose, wreathed in her dark locks. But with all her practised graces, and determination to be admired, she found it impossible to preserve with Clifton those artificial manners for which she had been so much applauded. His graceful gravity checked the affected laugh, which so often rung without merriment. Whenever she met his mild, serious, yet deeply penetrating eye, she forgot to add a languishing softness, or sparkling brilliancy to her own. Absorbed in the contemplation of his singular and to her mysterious character, she, for almost the first time in her life, forgot herself, and looked and moved as nature prompted. As she listened to his conversation so superior in intellect to what she was accustomed to hear, she felt ashamed that, instead of cultivating her powers of reason and expression, she had aimed at nothing higher than brilliant nonsense. One evening she walked in the garden with Clifton and her brother, for it was sunset, and Mrs. Milner thought at that hour, she might venture in the air with impunity. Clifton was an enthusiast, when speaking of the beauties of nature, and he never spoke of a tree or flower, without leading the thoughts to the divine mysteries of creation, and endeavouring to raise them to their great and glorious Author. Catherine was a skilful botanist, but here was a lore in which she was altogether unlearned. When she accompanied them in their walk, she thought to herself, “Now shall I have an opportunity of shining,” but when Clifton began to speak of the beauties to which she directed his gaze, he soared so far beyond the limits of her capacities, she felt as if she were left grovelling behind. Frank gathered a beautiful rose, and gave his sister as they passed the bush, on which it was blossoming. She took it with a smile, and was about to place it in her bosom—“Oh, my God!” she passionately exclaimed, suddenly dropping the flower. A thorn had pierced her finger, and the blood stained its snowy surface. Clifton started and a flush passed over his face. He turned towards her but not to sympathize in so trivial an accident: “Miss Meredith,” said he, “forgive me, if I speak with a plainness you are not wont to hear. It is inexpressibly painful to me, to hear the most holy and august name in the universe uttered irreverently. Even in prayer, I cannot breathe it, without melting with tenderness or trembling with awe.” Catherine turned pale at the solemnity of the rebuke, then reddened with anger, shame and astonishment, till, at length, unable to control her excited feelings, tears she could not hide gushed from her eyes. “I did not mean to wound,” said he, “forgive me, I ask once again, if I have spoken too harshly. But believe me, I address you as a friend, less flattering, perhaps, than many who bear that name, but more sincere. Angels rejoice when the lips of beauty unite with them in strains of adoration and praise of

the source of uncreated glory, but angels weep, if be-
 atified beings can weep, when youth and beauty live
 regardless of the high, the undeniable claims of their
 Maker on their soul.” There was an earnestness, a
 tenderness in his voice and manner, that disarmed
 her resentment, but as her anger died away, her tears
 flowed more freely—“You are very, very solemn,
 Mr. Clifton,” said she, “I spoke thoughtlessly; I
 know, I am too apt to do so, but I little dreamed I
 was giving you pain.” Frank felt for the distress of
 his sister, though he was delighted at her unexpected
 sensibility. He drew her arm through his, and lead-
 ing her towards the summer-house, entreated Clifton
 to take advantage of the present calm and uninter-
 rupted moment and converse with them both as if he
 were addressing a brother or a sister. “A sister,”
 repeated Clifton, the words touched the chords of
 memory, “Miss Meredith, shall I speak to you of a
 sister, who was unutterably dear to my affections?
 who, one year since, was blooming in health as you
 now are, but who now sleeps in death? You say I
 am very solemn, and I now choose a solemn theme,
 but to me it is a delightful one, a glorious one.”—
 Catherine shuddered. Death was associated in her
 mind with images of darkness and horror, for she
 thought only of the body returning to dust, consigned
 to corruption and the worm, not of the soul ascend-
 ing to the God who gave it. It was an awful subject
 to her, yet she felt a curiosity, restrained by fear, to
 know how his young sister had met the conqueror's
 coming. “Glorious!” exclaimed she, “oh! it must
 be terrible!” “Death had no terrors for her,” replied
 he, “though he came to her in the spring time of her
 youth. She welcomed him as a messenger from God,
 whom she loved as a reconciled Father, and laid her
 head on his cold bosom as gently as if she were re-
 clining on a pillow of down. Do you ask me what
 it was that made her dying hour a scene of such holy
 tranquillity? It was faith in him who had died to
 redeem her, who had himself passed through the
 portals of the tomb, and left behind him a long track
 of glory. ‘I know that my redeemer liveth,’ were
 the last words she uttered, and had you seen the
 seraphic expression of her eye and the smile that lin-
 gered on her lips even after the spirit had departed,
 you would have felt with me, the reality, the beauty,
 the grandeur of religion.” Catherine listened and
 wondered. The rays of the crimsoned west were
 reflected on the face of Clifton, through the parting
 boughs that shaded the window of the summer-house.
 Its usually pale hue was lighted up with a fervent
 glow, and his eyes beamed as she thought with more
 than an earthly fire. And yet he was speaking of *death*,
 a subject, the mere mention of which never failed to
 blanch the roses of her cheek and freeze her blood
 with horror. “Religion,” thought she, “what is reli-
 gion? Does it consist in such a life as mine? In
 dressing, shining, practising to be admired, in living
 but for flattery and display, in a life of idleness and
 dissipation?” Thus Catherine's awakened conscience
 interrogated her when she retired to the solitude of
 her chamber, and a still, small voice within gave back
 the faithful negative. Lost in her new reflections
 she did not notice the entrance of a servant, who
 came loaded with band-boxes, sent by the milliner
 and mantua-maker, containing articles for which she
 had been impatiently waiting. Mrs. Milner, who
 always followed these arrivals, and who never moved
 without a bustle, roused her from her reverie. “Why

Catherine, my love," said she, "what is the matter, that you seem so indifferent about these beautiful dresses! You have been crying—spoiling your eyes and complexion—I know it by the red circle round them—what can be the matter? You have been moping these two or three days—ever since that Clifton has been here, and a most disagreeable young man he is, I am sure." "Disagreeable, aunt," repeated Catherine, with some warmth. "Yes, exceedingly so," replied Mrs. Milner, "he has not said a civil thing to you yet. It was kind in him to take care of Frank, when he was sick, and that is the only reason I tolerate him. I can't bear people who look as if they thought themselves so much better than other folks. He does not take any more notice of you than if you were his grandmother. I hope it is not that which makes you low spirited." "No, indeed," said Catherine, her vanity which had slumbered for a little while, piqued at the remark, "I do not care for his attention, but I am sure he is polite and kind. He has been speaking to me of his sister, a beautiful young girl, who died a short time since, and it was impossible not to be affected by the manner in which he described her death." "I do not see the use of his talking to you about these things," answered Mrs. Milner with some asperity, "it only serves to damp one's spirits, and does no good to any one—I always avoid them myself." "But aunt," said Catherine, "shall we not be obliged to think of them sometimes? If we must die ourselves—" "Nonsense," interrupted Mrs. Milner. "I will not hear you talk in that gloomy strain. We ought to enjoy ourselves as much as possible in this world, and not trouble ourselves about leaving it till the time comes. Look at this superb dress. There is not another pattern in town—you must wear it to-morrow evening at Mrs. R.'s for there is to be a splendid party there." She unfolded the robe, richly ornamented with lace and novel decorations before Catherine, whose eyes began to sparkle, as they were wont to do, in the contemplation of her finery, long and early acquired habits of vanity and love of admiration, triumphing over the better feelings that were beginning to struggle in her heart. That night her thoughts were strange and confused. She tried in vain to sleep—at one moment the deep-toned voice of Clifton seemed ringing in her ears, rebuking her profane levity, at another, the shrouded form of his once blooming sister, rose pale and cold before her shuddering gaze, then the glittering image of herself in her new attire, the centre of an admiring crowd came dazzlingly over the shadows of the tomb. Over all these brooded one overwhelming idea, which once admitted, she could not shut out, that though she had lived an atheist's life, there was indeed a God from whose presence and whose power she could not flee. The breathing silence of the night, its sweeping shadows, through which the stars were gleaming like the myriad eyes of omniscience, the lonely voice of the wind sighing through the trees, deepened the awe that oppressed her soul. Mrs. Milner rebuked her in the morning for her pale complexion, and insisted upon treating her as an invalid, and confining her to her room. By this means she hoped to keep her from the society of Clifton, whose influence she dreaded more than she was willing to acknowledge. She thought her, however, sufficiently recovered in the evening, to attend the party at Mrs. R.'s for which splendid preparations had been long making. Ca-

therine did not devote as much time as she was wont to do, in decorating her person, but her aunt supplied the deficiency, by over zeal on her part. She twisted and untwisted her hair, curled and uncurled it, waved and braided it, till Catherine declared her head ached and she would rather go as she was, than be tortured any longer. She was beginning to think there was an *interior* to her head, which had been left to shameful neglect and poverty, while costly gems, and time, than gems more precious, had been constantly lavished on the *exterior*. Catherine received that evening a lesson she little expected, and it was not the less salutary. After playing and singing for the gratification of the company, and being complimented and admired as usual she began to be weary. She felt a void unfelt before. She looked on the young men who surrounded her, and thought how they sunk into insignificance, even in personal comparison with Clifton, to say nothing of his lofty intellect, his pure and spiritual conversation. Every thing that was said to her sounded silly and vapid. She wanted to be alone, and taking advantage of a moment, when a new singer was engaging general attention, she retired into the piazza, where the beauty of the night had already attracted many of the guests. She stood a moment in the shade without being perceived, quite near a young gentleman and lady who were engaged in earnest conversation. She had no intention of acting the part of a listener, but hearing her own name, she involuntarily held her breath that she might not lose the accompanying words. The gentleman was one of her professed admirers, the young lady one of her warmest professing friends. "You have been saying all these fine things before to Catherine Meredith," said the young lady, "you are the professed worshipper of her beauty. Why attempt to lay offerings at a meaner shrine?" "Catherine Meredith," repeated her, emphatically, "why it is the fashion to admire her, and her vanity is so excessive and so exacting, it is impossible for a young man to be in her presence, without being forced to pay tribute to it. And then her vain, foolish aunt, taxing every one's admiration for Catherine, and compelling them to declare her a super-angelic being!" "But surely you think her handsome?" asked the young girl, in a delighted voice, "I never thought her so myself, but feared to confess it, lest I should be accused of envy." "Yes, rather handsome," was the reply, "but nothing to excite interest. She reminds me of Moore's description of that beauty unchangeably bright which annihilates love, with its own dazzling excess—oh! no—I flatter her, it is true, for it amuses me, but neither she, nor fifty thousand such as she, could ever touch my heart." Here something was added in a lower voice, something probably meant for her exclusive ear, and they passed on into the moonlight, leaving Catherine first petrified with astonishment, and then glowing with indignation. "Are these," thought she, "the friends in whose sincerity I have confided, to whose professions I have lent a charmed and willing ear?" Bitter was the pang to find herself an object of ridicule and contempt, where she believed she was almost worshipped. Unused to self-controul, and too proud to suffer her feelings to be visible to those who would triumph in her mortification, she complained of a violent headache to her aunt, and induced her to return home. The same young man pressed forward to assist her into the carriage, with that devoted admiring air he

always assumed, but Catherine giving him an inexplicable look, coldly declined the offered civility, to the great astonishment and displeasure of her aunt. "You are very strange to-night, Catherine," said Mrs. Milner. "I thought Mr. ——— was a great favourite of yours." "I hate him, I detest him," cried she, "I never wish to hear his name mentioned in my presence." Her long repressed feelings here burst forth, and throwing herself back in the carriage, she wept the bitterest tears she had ever shed in her life. Wounded pride, mortified vanity, envy, jealousy, and anger, raged like a whirlwind in her bosom. It was long before she would explain to her aunt the cause of her mysterious agitation, and when she did so, the violence of Mrs. Milner's indignation swept away Catherine's in its stronger current. She exhausted herself in giving vent to her anger and retired to her room in a state bordering on hysterics. As Catherine crossed the gallery that led to her chamber, the servant who lighted her, begged her to stop and speak to a little girl, who seemed in great distress about her mother, and had been there once before, during their absence. She had just made an appeal in her behalf to Mrs. Milner, but in vain—she was too much engrossed with her own imagined wrongs. Catherine was precisely in that state of mind when she was rejoiced to be carried away from herself. She turned to the child, and bade her make known her wants. The little girl came forward, trembling and weeping, and in a few simple words declared her errand. Her mother was poor, very poor, who lived in a little alley not far distant. She supported herself by her daily labour, and two or three little children, whom she left at home during the day, and to whom she returned at night, with the wages she had earned. This night she had returned very ill, and laid down in her bed, without speaking. The eldest of the little girls, whose name was Nelly, ran over to beg one of the servants of Mrs. Milner to come to her mother's assistance, for she was afraid she was going to die. "There was a good gentleman here," said Nelly who told me he would send her a doctor, but I am afraid to be left with mother, and brother, and sister are *littleer* than I." Catherine thought there was but one good gentleman in the world, and that was Clifton. The tears of the little girl affected her surprisingly. "It is but a few steps," said she, "and the moon is shining brightly, I will go with you myself, and see what can be done for your mother." Then telling Nelly to lead the way, she bade the astonished waiting-maid follow, and set out, for the first time in her life, for the abode of poverty, sickness, and perhaps of death. With nothing but a light scarf thrown over her splendid dress, she glided through the alternate shadows and moonbeams, by the side of the miserable child, like one of those bright genii, described in oriental tales. She was hardly conscious of the impulse that led her on. She was greatly excited, and having read one lesson of the world's vanity, she felt a feverish desire to peruse another, in a far different scene. It was not till she reached the door of the low wretched dwelling, she was sensible of the extraordinary situation in which she had placed herself. Nelly softly lifted the latch, and held the door for Catherine to pass in, with that courtesy which nature sometimes teaches the humblest of its children. Catherine paused upon the threshold, for she felt that she was treading on holy ground. A voice, too, reached her ear whose

tones breathed of the tranquillity of heaven. A single lamp, placed on a low table near the bed, dimly lighted up the apartment, and revealed to the appalled view of Catherine, the livid countenance of the apparently dying woman. She lay extended on a straw pallet, rigid and motionless, with no symptoms of life about her, but an occasional wild rolling of the eyes, which were of a livid black, and contrasted fearfully with her ashy complexion. Two little pale, terrified looking children, crouched near the foot of the bed, and kneeling by its side, was a figure which Catherine thought she would have recognised in the most distant isle of the ocean. It was Clifton, who, like his divine Master, made it his business to go about, binding up the wounds of sorrow and sin, and soothing the evils of suffering humanity. He had sent a physician, who had but just left the cabin, but he came himself, to see if he could not minister comfort and give counsel to the soul of the invalid. He found her in that condition, when it is impossible for man to tell what is passing between the spirit and the mighty God into whose presence it is about to appear, and kneeling down, he commended her to Him, in whose sight the dweller of the mud-walled cottage and the inmate of the palace are equal. Catherine held her breath, as that solemn, fervent, thrilling prayer rose like incense above the couch of death. He was not aware of her presence. He remembered only the presence of the omnipotent Jehovah, and the poor sufferer, for whom he was interceding, and by this simple, yet sublime act of faith and devotion he transformed that miserable apartment into a scene of grandeur and of glory. When Clifton rose from his knees, Nelly who had stood in mute awe by the side of Catherine, approached her mother, and took hold of the hand, which was no longer conscious of her touch. Catherine followed, trembling and bewildered, and encountered the wondering gaze of Clifton, who turned round at the footsteps of the child. The lamp flashed up at this moment, and reflected its rays full on Catherine's glittering figure, so strangely contrasting with the poverty and gloom of the place. The dying woman seemed to be roused by the gleam, and opening her eyes once more, fixed them upon Catherine with such a wild, unearthly glare, she could scarcely repress the scream of terror that rose to her lips. Clifton drew near Catherine. "You had better return," said he, "you cannot relieve her, for she is beyond all human aid. Take these poor orphans with you, and give them shelter for the night. Let your attendant remain here. I will see you safely home, and then return, and keep watch with her while life lasts." "Can I do nothing to assist you?" asked Catherine, ashamed of her helplessness and her fears. "There is nothing to be done," replied he, "but I rejoice that you have been led here for your own sake. This scene needs no comments. It is awful but chastening." Here a deep groan from the bed, made Catherine start and shudder, and Clifton pitying her agitation, took her hand and drew her gently away. The children sobbed and clung to the bedside of their mother, refusing to leave her, and Clifton thinking it kinder to indulge their feelings than to force them, suffered them to remain behind. When they came into the open air and saw the pure and blessed moon shining above, Catherine felt as if she were emerging into more celestial regions than she had ever inhabited before. A sixth sense seemed to have been imparted to her, whereby the glory of

God was revealed to her soul. The heavens no longer appeared to her a mere expanse of starry blue, made to gratify man's nightly vision, or to exercise the genius of the astronomer, but a tablet on which was impressed in burning and eternal characters, the wisdom, the power, the infinity of the creating uncreated hand. The shadows of death were left rolling behind, forming a dark back ground for these living splendours. The consciousness that she had something existing within her, destined to live when the moon, and the stars, and the heavens themselves were no more, swelled in her bosom, and oppressed while it exalted her. When Clifton parted with her at her own door, he simply said, "May God bless you, Miss Meredith." The words were few, but every thing that was kind and feeling was expressed in the deep and heartfelt sincerity of the tones. Catherine could not sleep, through the long watches of the night. How much had she learned during the past hours of the treachery, the falsehood, the vanity of the world. She reflected with shame and remorse on the stormy passions that had been excited in her breast. They had all subsided in the chill, still atmosphere of death. The beauty which she had lived to adorn and display seemed now worthless in her eyes, doomed as it was to turn to dust and ashes, while the deathless principle which had been slumbering under the influence of such fatal opiates, now awakened and rose upon the ruins of demolished vanity and pride, with supernatural energy.

The woman died a few hours after Catherine left her. Her first thought when she heard the intelligence was for the destitute orphans. She knew they had a friend in Clifton, but she wanted to aid him in this labour of love. Her only difficulty was in breaking the matter to her aunt, and in gaining her consent and co-operation. Frank unfortunately was absent, who would have assisted her in this extremity, and though with some misgivings, she entered upon her explanation. Mrs. Milner was aghast with horror, when she learned that Catherine herself had breathed infected air, had stood by the bed of death, and perhaps exposed herself and the family to some loathsome disease. She called for camphor, lavender, and cologne, and insisted upon Catherine's bathing herself in the odoriferous waters, as many times as the proud leper was commanded to wash in the waves of Jordan. The children—she would not hear of them. They might bring distemper with them, there was an orphan asylum in which they could be placed. She was going to make immediate preparations to leave the town, and visit some watering place, where they would be secure from contagion. Baffled in her benevolent wishes, Catherine entreated Clifton to find a home for the orphans, on the condition that she should be allowed to defray all expenses connected with the charge. This Clifton did not resist, for he knew it would flow back in blessings on herself.

A pious and respectable widow consented to receive them, and Catherine never forgot her protégés. Mrs. Milner's alarm did not subside, and another motive unavowed, induced her to hasten her departure, her anxiety to remove Catherine from the influence of Clifton. Her anger too, at the occurrence which took place at the party, accelerated her movements. Catherine saw with dismay the arrangements for their speedy removal from the society of one, whom she now regarded as her best counsellor, and truest friend. Frank openly resisted the plan, but finding it in vain

to alter his aunt's determination, he urged Clifton to accompany them, with all the eloquence of which he was master. "I cannot go with you," replied he; here Mrs. Milner breathed freely, "but I will endeavour to follow," here her brow again clouded, while Catherine's brightened as if a sunbeam flashed over it. They were to commence their journey early in the morning—Clifton lingered till a late hour in the evening. He spoke to Catherine with all the freedom and tenderness of a brother, and at her own request sketched the outline of his sainted sister's character and life, for Catherine resolved in her heart, she would make them the model of her own. She no longer thought it a gloomy theme—she could even hear him speak of death without shuddering, for she began to perceive beyond its shadows, the dawn of an eternal day. "Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Milner, as the carriage rolled away from the door, and the last glimpse of Clifton's figure was excluded from their view. "For what?" asked Frank, abruptly. "For being relieved of the company of that young man. He has changed you and Catherine into perfect mopes, and me too, almost—I really have not felt well since he came among us." Catherine either could not or would not speak. She sat veiled in a corner of the carriage, and turned not at the voice of her aunt—not so Frank—he could not hear Clifton lightly named. "Aunt," said he, warmly, "there is more real worth in one joint of Clifton's little finger, than in all the young men you ever knew in your whole existence. He is truth to his heart's core. He would sacrifice his life for his enemy—more he could not do for a friend. Mopes! I never knew one hour of real happiness till I knew him, nor Catherine either, I am confident, though she may not be bold enough to declare it." "Well, Frank," replied she, angrily, "I will not say more now as you are so warm, but I never wish to see him again as long as I live." "Perhaps not, my dear aunt, but when you come to die, you may wish in vain for such a friend as Clifton." Mrs. Milner looked as if she thought that hour was far distant; but in such an hour as we think not, "the Son of Man cometh." She awoke that night with a violent pain in her head, and a burning thirst, accompanied by indescribable and alarming sensations. She had fled precipitately from disease, but it pursued her, like a grasp man armed, and she now lay powerless in its grasp. As a traveller she was deprived of the comforts of home, and was compelled to employ as a physician a stranger, in whose skill she had no confidence. Catherine was terrified. She had never seen her aunt sick in her life. She had lived as if she expected immortality on earth. It was a melancholy thing to see her prostrated so suddenly on a sick bed. She insisted upon going home immediately. She would be well as soon as she returned, she was sure, but the moment she lifted her head from the pillow, her brain reeled and her limbs refused their office. In a few hours she was raving in delirium, and the physician declared her life in the utmost danger. Messengers were dispatched for her medical friends, but before they arrived, she was on the verge of eternity, and no human hand could hold her back from the awful abyss in which she was about to plunge. It was a fearful thing to hear her raving about fashion and fine dresses, and Catherine's beauty, thus weaving of vanity a winding sheet for her soul, the grave-clothes which it must wear into the presence of a holy God.

"Oh!" exclaimed Catherine, as she hung in agony over her bed, "oh, that Clifton were here that he might breathe one such prayer over her as I heard him breathe over that poor, dying woman." "My sister," said Frank, "let us kneel together, and pray that Clifton's God may be ours. The voice of prayer cannot reach her ear, but it will be heard by Him, whose mercy is equal to his power." It was a touching sight to see that brother and sister kneeling by the dying bed of her, who had never instilled into their young hearts one principle of religion, who had dedicated them to the God of this world, totally regardless of another, and who had never lifted one prayer for herself or them, but had risen up and laid down like the beasts that perish, to eat, to drink, to sleep, and then to die.

Mrs. Milner died. No ray of reason broke in on her departing soul—no consolation remained for her weeping friends. The last words she uttered rung in Catherine's ear, long after her body was mouldering in the grave. "Take it back," said she, after having given directions for a new dress in the latest style, "take it back, it is old-fashioned, and stiff. It does not fit me. The chamber is narrow, and the robe must be tight. The folds must lay close and smooth, and take care the dust does not soil it. It looks wondrous white." White indeed was the last robe she wore, and the folds once laid, they never moved again.

To avoid details too minute for the limits of a story like this, we will pass over the interval of a year, and introduce Catharine Meredith once more to our readers in her own home, which was to be her home no longer. Owing to the boundless extravagance of Mrs. Milner, who proved so faithless a guardian to the trust imposed, Catharine's fortune was completely exhausted, and Frank found when he had cancelled every debt, he had scarcely enough left for a support. The splendid house of their father was given up, and they were about to remove to a small cottage in the country, where Frank intended to prepare himself for the ministry, and Catherine to engage in the instruction of youth. Catherine sat alone in the spacious apartment, which had been so often thronged with gay and flattering guests. She was dressed in simple mourning, and her hair parted on her brow, without ringlets or ornaments. Her cheek was pale, and her eye more thoughtful than in her days of vanity, but "that peace which passeth all understanding" now beamed from her countenance, and pervaded her heart. True she felt some natural regrets at leaving the home of her childhood, where every object was endeared to her juvenile memory. She sat down to the piano, and touched the keys for the last time. She began a hymn that Clifton had taught her, but overcome by her feelings, she paused, and leaning her face on the instrument, tears fell thick and fast upon the keys, which had so many times responded to her flying fingers. The door opened, but she did not raise her head. She thought she knew her brother's footsteps. Some one sat down by her side, but still she moved not, for assured of Frank's affectionate sympathy, she was not ashamed of her emotion. Her hand was gently taken, and she withdrew it not, believing it the same fraternal hand which had always soothed her sorrows, and wiped away her tears. "Catherine," said a voice, as kind and tender, but far different from Frank's.—It was Clifton, the brother of her adoption, and from

this moment, the destiny of Catherine was changed. She was told that she was loved by one whom she revered as the best and holiest of created beings, as her guide to heaven, her counsellor and consoler on earth. Catharine, in the true humility of her heart, believed herself unworthy of his love, but she doubted not his sincerity, and she lifted up her heart in gratitude to heaven for having provided her with a friend so dear. Clifton had not stood aloof from them, during the year which had flown by. Many a time previous to this hour, his heart had yearned to pour forth the tenderness that filled it to overflowing, but he feared the change in Catherine's character might be rather the result of feeling than principle, and that she might relapse again into her former habits of self-indulgence and folly. Now however, when he saw her continuing in the narrow path of duty with undeviating steps, unmoved by the ridicule of her former associates, preparing herself for a life of exertion and self-denial, with more than resignation, with energy and cheerfulness; he felt that he could take her by the hand, and bind her to his heart with indissoluble ties—ties which death could not sever, and eternity would more closely unite.

"Did you know that Catherine Meredith was married this morning to that methodistical young man?" asked one of Catherine's former associates of another. "I always thought it would be a match, for the poor girl almost run crazy after him." "Well, I wish her joy," answered the other, "I am sure no one envies her. They say he is very poor and exceedingly penurious. I know well enough she will get tired of her conventicle life—such a proud, vain flirt as she used to be, is not changed so soon. It is all hypocrisy. She put on religion, as she would put on a new dress, to catch her husband, and she will put it off as readily, when it suits her convenience." "And what do you think," observed the first speaker, "of her handsome brother Frank? They say he is going to turn a preacher since he has lost his property. Poor Mrs. Milner little thought when she died, of such a downfall to her hopes. I believe she thought Catherine might have married any prince in Europe. She was an excellent woman after all—gave such elegant parties;—she was a great loss to society." So the heartless world spoke of the future prospects of those who had withdrawn from its unhallowed influence. Let us follow Catherine for one moment to her new home, and see whether she is wedded to penury and avarice. The last light of day, that softened yet glowing light, which allows the eye to dwell undazzled on the loveliness of nature, was lingering on the landscape. The richness and maturity of latent summer mellowed the tints, but no trace of autumnal decay yet marked the magnificent garniture of the fields and bowers. The bridal travellers were ascending a gradual slope, from which the prospect every moment expanded into deeper loveliness, when Catherine's eye was attracted by a white mansion, gleaming through overshadowing trees, in classic beauty and simplicity, situated remote from the road, and surrounded by an expanse of living green. "Whose beautiful dwelling-place is that?" said Catherine. "Let us pause a moment on the brow of this hill, that we may observe more leisurely this enchanting view." Clifton ordered the carriage to stop, and Catherine gazed with delighted eye around her. "The owner of that mansion, my beloved Catherine," said Clifton, while he followed with his own

her beaming glances, "is a most blessed and happy man. Heaven has endowed him with wealth, and also inspired him with a desire to make the gift subservient to his Creator's glory. His heart overflows with love to his fellow men, yet he felt alone in the world, for, in common with other men, he was called to weep over the graves of his kindred. He sighed for a bosom on which he could repose his cares and his trust. He sought it not among the daughters of fashion, and yet he found it. He is now in possession of a wife most lovely to his sight, but far more lovely to his soul;—a meek, devoted, Christian wife, who

having loved him for himself alone, unconscious of his wealth, now comes to share it, and help him to distribute it among the children of sorrow and of want." Catherine threw herself into her husband's arms and wept, but they were tears of gratitude and joy; not for the affluence that was again to be her portion, but that she was the wife of Clifton—deemed worthy to be his handmaid and partner on earth, and destined, she humbly believed, to be his companion hereafter in that world, "where there shall be no more marrying or giving in marriage, but where all shall be like the angels of God in heaven."

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"EVERY part of the brief but glorious life of Pocahontas is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honour on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded: After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Captain Smith, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity—two huge stones were placed near the water's edge, Smith was lashed to them, and his head was laid upon them, as a preparation for beating out his brains with war-clubs. Powhattan raised the fatal instrument, and the savage multitude, with their blood-stained weapons stood near their king, silently waiting the prisoner's last moment. But Smith was not destined thus to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her knees, and with tears and entreaties prayed that the victim might be spared. The royal savage rejected her suit and commanded her to leave Smith to his fate. Grown frantic at the failure of her supplications, Pocahontas threw her arms about Smith and laid her head upon his, her raven hair falling around his neck and shoulders, declaring she would perish with or save him. The Indians gasped for breath, fearing that Powhattan would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of one he considered his deadliest foe. But human nature is the same every where: the war club dropped from the monarch's hand—his brow relaxed—his heart softened, and, as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her forehead, he reversed his decree, and directed Smith to be set at liberty! Whether the regard of this glorious girl for Smith ever reached the feeling of love is not known. No favour was ever expected in return. 'I ask nothing of Captain Smith,' said she, in an interview she afterwards had with him in England, 'in recompense for whatever I have done, but the boon of living in his memory.'—*Sketches of Virginia*.

I.

Upon the barren sand
 A single captive stood,
 Around him came, with bow and brand,
 The red-men of the wood.
 Like him of old, his doom he hears,
 Rock-bound on ocean's rim:—
 The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
 And breathed a prayer for him.

II.

Above his head in air,
 The savage war-club swung;
 The frantic girl, in wild despair,
 Her arms about him flung.
 Then shook the warriors of the shade,
 Like leaves on aspen-limb,
 Subdued by that heroic maid
 Who breathed a prayer for him.

III.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
 "It is your king's decree!"
 He kissed away her tears of grief,
 And set the captive free.
 'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
 Hope's star to man grows dim,
 An angel kneels in woman's form,
 And breathes a prayer for him.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE GODFATHER.

BY MEETA.

"WILL you be godfather to my little girl, Ernest?" said Mrs. Fairfield to a tall youth who was leaning against a glass door, with his gaze bent upon the scene without, towards the close of a summer's afternoon.

No answer was returned, and the youth still stood unheeding the words which were addressed to him.

"Why, what is the matter with him?" said Mrs. Fairfield, laughing and glancing round to a young lady who sat near her, dressed, as if for a walk.

The young lady spoke not, but smiled and shrugged her shoulders with an air that said plainly as words would do, "I cannot pretend to account for his strange moods."

"Ernest," again repeated Mrs. Fairfield, but in a louder tone, "do you not hear me? what is the matter with you?"

"Did you speak to me, ma'am?" said the youth, turning hastily round, and approaching her, while a shade of bright colour passed across his handsome pale face. "Were you speaking to me, Mrs. Fairfield?"

"Speaking to you! certainly I was! here have Caroline and I been begging you for the last half hour to be godfather to my little Alice, and you have not deigned even to listen to us. Pray, what visions have been charming your 'rapt soul' that you could not hear us?"

"None at all, I assure you," replied he, with an attempt at carelessness. "I am scarcely conscious of having had a single idea, of having thought at all."

"Not thought at all!" said Mrs. Fairfield, laughing. "I know boys are always thoughtless creatures, but I believe you to be an exception to the rule. If you were a little older, Ernest, I should have said, five minutes ago, that you were in love."

"I wonder what boys have to do with love?" was the muttered reply, with a curl of the lip and a frown. "Can you tell me, little Elsie?" stooping down and caressing the child, who sat on a cushion at her mother's feet.

"Not so much as they have to do with ideas and thoughts, certainly," said Mrs. Fairfield; "but you have not answered my question yet, Ernest. Caroline is very much surprised at my having permitted the child to attain the age of three years, without having been christened, and insists upon its being done, immediately. Now, I want sponsors for her; and as my child is not to be a Catholic, Caroline cannot offer her services. I mean, therefore, as I always do, when I want a kindness done me, to call on your family: and, if your good aunt and yourself, Ernest, will undertake the office, I shall feel perfectly satisfied."

"Certainly, my dear madam. It will give me great pleasure, if you deem me worthy of the trust, and I am sure I can answer for my aunt."

"Thank you, Ernest. I knew you would do any thing to oblige me," replied Mrs. Fairfield, in an altered and subdued tone, looking mournfully down in the face of her little child, who now sat on her knee. "It is not for us to pretend to scan the future, but I often feel as if the time would come, when my little

darling may want a father's or a brother's protection God grant that they may be raised up to her!" and she clasped her infant to her bosom, while her tears fell fast and thick on its innocent head.

"She shall never feel the want of either, while I live," said Ernest, bending over them with emotion, overcome by this unusual burst of feeling, in one generally so gay and cheerful; then lifting the child from her mother's lap, he was, in a few minutes playing with her on the lawn, leaving Mrs. Fairfield with her young friend, to recover her wonted serenity.

The shades of evening were now beginning to fall, and after a few minutes of cheerful conversation, Miss Lardner reminded her cousin that it was time to be moving homewards, and bidding Mrs. Fairfield good bye, they were soon on their way to Mauriceville, the residence of Ernest's father.

Mr. St. Maurice, the father of Ernest, was the son of a French gentleman, who had fled his country to escape political persecution, bringing with him, a motherless son, and the scanty wreck of a once ample fortune. With that readiness and quickness of adaptation to circumstances, so remarkable in the French character, he soon settled himself in business in Philadelphia; and in a few years became one of the most opulent among that class of merchants, of which Philadelphia may be so justly proud, a class which yields to none in intelligence, refinement, and the polished courtesies of life, and which gave to Philadelphia a benefactor of unparalleled magnificence, and the youth of the United States a brilliant beacon to lead them by the paths of steady industry, to wealth and respectability.

Our exile married again, a few years after he came to America. His wife, however, lived but a short time, leaving an infant daughter, and before Mr. St. Maurice had reached that time of life to feel a retirement from its active duties a relief, he was himself cut off, by one of those fearful pestilences, which, at that period, so often desolated our fair city. His last wishes enjoined upon his son, the completion of some commercial speculations in which he was then engaged, and which Philip St. Maurice, though of retired literary habits, felt himself bound to fulfil. A short period, however, sufficed to effect his father's plans, and with a considerable increase to the already large fortune left him by his father, he retired to a handsome country seat, with his beautiful young wife, and his sister, who was too fondly attached to him, to leave him.

Years flew by in the calm peacefulness of domestic life, unruffled, but by one source of unhappiness, the loss of several children, who died in the first hours of their existence. Always of a fragile constitution, Mrs. St. Maurice withered under these repeated misfortunes, and eighteen years previous to the opening of our story, she expired in giving life to Ernest. Mr. St. Maurice, who nearly sunk beneath this blow, now retired more closely within himself and leaving the care of his boy to his sister, who had never married, he gave himself up to his lonely habits, with renewed devotion.

A neglected orphan like Ernest could not have fallen into better hands, and religiously did Miss St. Maurice endeavour to act by him, as she believed his lost parent would have done. Affection was not wanting for the task, for she had cast upon him all the concentrated affections of her own warm heart, and Ernest repaid her with the love and duty of a son.

Caroline Lardner was the daughter of Mrs. St. Maurice's sister. Mrs. Lardner had been left eighteen months previous to the opening of our story, a destitute widow, by a spendthrift husband, and having applied to Mr. St. Maurice, from whom she had received frequent benefits, she and her daughter were invited by him to reside at Mauriceville. They had now been there more than a twelvemonth, and Mauriceville was no longer the seat of calm domestic tranquillity.

Mrs. Lardner was an irritable, extravagant, disappointed woman. Foiled in the objects of her worldly ambition; a dependent widow, neglected by those who formerly made her world, and who cast her aside when she could no longer minister to their pursuits; living in the country, which she detested, and with Miss St. Maurice, whom she both disliked and feared; is it to be wondered at, that she was unhappy herself, and the source of unhappiness to those around her.

Miss St. Maurice exerted all the forbearance she was mistress of, to endure patiently the vexation and discomforts inflicted upon her by this accession to their family; but she often breathed a sigh of regret to the days when time had glided by, with unheeded footsteps, when there were no fretful tempers to conciliate, or spoiled beauties to endure.

After bidding Mrs. Fairfield adieu, Ernest and his cousin turned into a green lane, which led by a short turn to Mauriceville.

"Will you take my arm, Caroline?" said Ernest, gently, approaching Miss Lardner, and offering his support.

"No, I thank you," was the pettish reply. "It is quite too warm, and the sight of your cloth coat gives me a fever, such weather as this."

"You did not think it too warm to accept of my support, Caroline, when we left home," returned he reproachfully, "and you must be fatigued now."

"No, I am not at all tired, and it was not so warm when we left home as it is now."

"It was much warmer, for see, the sun has now quite set, and the dew is beginning to fall."

"Ernest, when will you leave college?" asked Miss Lardner, sharply. "I shall really be very glad when you do; you have such school-boy habits of close reasoning, there is no talking with you, unless one weighs their words in a diamond scale."

"You can hardly ask for information on a subject upon which I am sure you are as well informed as I am myself," he replied. "But this, I suppose, is a part of the system you have lately pursued towards me; I can only say, Caroline," he continued, "that I wish the year which must elapse before I do leave college, might be five, and that I was, in truth, the insensible, senseless child you appear to think me."

"Bless the boy! what is the matter with him?" exclaimed Miss Lardner, in feigned astonishment. "Have you been treading on a worm, and has it turned?"

"The boy has feeling, Caroline," was the reply, in a tone of smothered anguish, and the moisture which

gathered heavily upon his long lashes, proved its sincerity; "and as you say, even a worm will turn."

Miss Lardner looked at him steadily for a moment; then descending from the more elevated path she had taken, to one by his side, she gently laid her arm within his. The moisture thickened on those dark lashes, and they were nearly closed to prevent its escape.

For some time the pair walked on in silence. At length Miss Lardner commenced speaking of the friend they had left, as if they had but just parted from her.

"Mrs. Fairfield was not in her usual spirits this evening, Ernest; has any thing occurred to distress her?"

"Nothing new that I am aware of," replied Ernest. "But is it unnatural for her to be in low spirits, separated as she is, from a husband to whom she is fondly attached, and with embarrassments of a pecuniary nature, too, to struggle against."

"Why, she is not suffering for want of money, poor woman, surely," said Miss Lardner inquiringly.

"No, my father would prevent any thing of that sort, but her husband has been obliged to go to the East Indies, in consequence of the total ruin in which his affairs were involved, and by his advice, Fairfield, whose parents were my father's earliest friends, was induced to leave his wife and infant, at the cottage which my father offered him, with his good offices in their behalf, while he should remain absent. Poor Fairfield! he was almost broken-hearted by the ruin which fell upon those he loved, and left the country more than a year since in miserable health. I own, I should not be surprised, if he never returned."

The cousins had now reached a gate which led to a path across the fields, by which the house might be gained in a shorter time than by taking the road.

"Will you go home through the fields, Caroline?" asked Ernest.

"No, I believe not. It is early yet, and I prefer going by the road, that is, if you have no objections, my dear cousin?" with a tone and look, that drove every remaining shade of gloom from Ernest's brow.

"Objections!" he cried; and they pursued their walk.

Caroline Lardner was not only, according to Miss St. Maurice's phrase, a spoiled beauty, but she was a perverted one. With naturally a good disposition, education had made her heartless and selfish. Brought up by a weak, silly mother, who thought only of ensuring the mere accomplishments taught at a fashionable boarding-school, and the manners inculcated in her own drawing-room, is it to be wondered at, that her daughter felt for none but herself, and that a heart and mind so uncultivated, should be overrun with weeds.

Caroline Lardner was, at nineteen, an accomplished coquette, and when at her father's death, she was obliged to accept with her mother, Mr. St. Maurice's offer of a home and a support, she murmured at the bounty which, in saving her from poverty, buried her in the country, far from the scenes of gayety in which she had heretofore alone existed.

She found, however, on reaching Mauriceville, an unexpected source of occupation. In her cousin Ernest, she discovered a fit subject upon whom to exercise her peculiar talent. She had not seen Ernest for several years, and believed him a mere boy. To her surprise, she found him a tall, manly youth, full of

romance and enthusiasm, prepared by his sensibility and ardent nature, to fall a ready victim to her fascinations. Her whole artillery of charms was consequently brought into play, and a little time found Ernest deeply and fervently attached to her.

At first, the feelings of her cousin were made the mere pastime of her idle moments, without a thought beyond the present hour. But from various reasons, their intimacy assumed a more serious character than she had then anticipated. Caroline had had numerous adorers;—had flirted with many who confessed themselves her slaves; but she had, she well knew, never inspired such an attachment; one so full of deep, passionate devotion as that now entertained for her by her young cousin, and she involuntarily yielded to the charm which it afforded. At times too, there were glimmerings of pure and natural feelings not wholly deadened within her, which pleaded for him, and whispered to her of the wrong she was doing one who did not deserve evil at *her* hands. These however were few and far between, and would no doubt in time have worn off entirely, but for one other strongly influencing sentiment. Ernest would be very rich, and young as she was, Caroline had weighed understandingly the advantages that wealth, such as his, would bring her; and thus influenced, she yielded an implied consent to his prayer for permission to address her when he should leave college.

This understanding was vague, and to Ernest, unsatisfactory, while to Caroline, it was all she desired. A year or two at her command, with Ernest as a resource, (let what might happen,) were advantages she fully understood. Should she, meanwhile, decide in favour of another, there was nothing positive to show that this had been more than a mere idle flirtation, and thus artfully fenced about with precautions, she pursued her course, tampering with the feelings, and sporting with the happiness of one whose virtues and whose excellence she knew not how to value.

This afternoon's walk was but a counterpart of many that had passed before. Alternately chiding and flattering him, she would play upon his morbidly sensitive feelings, with an ingenuity that was almost incredible. When she beheld him gay and happy, indulging in the natural buoyancy of his youthful feelings and romantic disposition, she would taunt him—call him boy, and laugh at his romance! and then, when like the Matadore, she had shaken aloft her scarlet mantle till her victim was almost frenzied, she would cast it aside, and with playful smiles and winning words, lull the tempest she had raised. The poor boy was enthralled, and like the sapling which he resembled, he bent before the storm which he was unable to resist.

"What an illumination," exclaimed Miss Lardner, as they entered the avenue leading to the house, after a protracted walk. It was now quite dark, and lights were glancing rapidly all over the house.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed Ernest, in an anxious tone. A few steps more brought them in sight of a gig which Ernest recognised as that of the principal physician of the neighbouring village.

"Some one is ill," cried he, dropping the arm which rested in his, and in alarm, he ran rapidly across the lawn to the house.

He was met at the entrance by a servant, who informed him that his father had been suddenly seized with a fit, but that Doctor Melville, who had reached

Mauriceville almost immediately, had relieved him and thought him likely to do well.

Ernest sought his aunt, who gave him every consolation in her power, and after stealing for a moment to the bedside of his father, to take one look at his pale face, he retired to the solitude of his own apartment.

Six anxious weeks elapsed and found Mr. St. Maurice still confined to his bed, a helpless invalid. His mind did not appear to have been completely aroused since his attack. He lay in a sort of stupor, apparently unconscious of all around him, scarcely noticing his son, or his sister, who were constant watchers at his bedside.

One morning, the family with the exception of Mrs. Lardner, who was indisposed, were sitting round the breakfast table, when the servant, whose task it was to ride into the village post-office, for the letters and papers, returned and delivered the bundle to Miss St. Maurice.

"Here is a very imposing looking letter for your mother, Caroline," she said, sorting them out, "and post marked New Orleans too."

"From my uncle, man? I suppose. Shall I take it to mamma?"

"If you wish, my dear;" and she darted off with the letter.

In a few moments a servant entered the room with a message from Mrs. Lardner, begging to see Miss St. Maurice in her chamber for a few moments.

Ernest left alone, retired to a window with his newspaper; but it must be acknowledged that his mind was running more upon the probable contents of the New Orleans letter, than the printed page before him.

In a short time Miss St. Maurice returned to the room, and busied herself with the arrangement of the breakfast things. "Ernest," said she, after some moments of silence; "your aunt has received a very important letter this morning."

"Indeed!" was the simple reply.

"It is from her brother," continued Miss St. Maurice. "His health has become infirm, and having relented towards her, he writes for her and her daughter to come to him by the earliest opportunity, to reside henceforward with him. He is wealthy, and your aunt and cousin will feel the removal advantageous in every respect."

No answer was returned by the listener, and his face was screened by the paper which he held in his hand.

"You will miss the society of your cousin very much, Ernest," said Miss St. Maurice, as she prepared to leave the room; "but we have anxious duties to fulfil—sources of sorrow here to contend with, that must supersede all other regrets."

The door closed—the paper fell, and discovered a countenance upon which bitter anguish was deeply imprinted. The first of those stunning blows, which time hardens the man to endure, had fallen upon his young heart.

The morning passed away, and evening found Ernest again at the bedside of his father. His countenance was troubled, and paler even than that of the sick man over whom he bent. He had spoken with Caroline, and her ill-dissembled joy and exultation left her no room for sympathy with his passionate expressions of sorrow. To feel that he had been the mere toy, the plaything of the moment, was an ag-

gravation that his feelings could ill bear, and he experienced, in all its intensity, that feeling so common to youth in its early disappointments, as if existence and the future contained not a single bright spot for hope to dwell upon.

It was by her manner alone, however, that he was thus pained. She spoke of their approaching separation as a mere temporary thing—of their meeting again under happier auspices, and used all the hollow common-places of affection and sympathy, to cover her real sentiments, and persuade him that she considered her impending departure as severing no tie which bound them to each other. There was a profusion of words, protestations, and even tears, but no pledge upon which the deluded youth could anchor or repose in security. A promise to correspond with him was the only consoling result of this painful interview, where so much had been implied—so little sincerely felt.

Mrs. Lardner expatiated profusely upon her sorrow at poor dear Mrs. St. Maurice's sad situation, and regretted very much the necessity which obliged her to leave Miss St. Maurice under such distressing circumstances. But her excellent brother was ill, and needed her attentions, and she could not delay her departure.

Miss St. Maurice was too well pleased with her decision to call in question its necessity, but she could well have spared the tirades relative to that good brother, who a few months before was an unfeeling brute for not answering the repeated applications made to him, by her, for assistance.

All those who have been in the habit of observing, as they pass through life, must have remarked that in the quiet tenor of domestic existence, any occurrence of unusual importance is almost always followed by a series of stirring events, verifying the vulgar adage, that "it never rains but it pours."

In less than a month after the departure of Mrs. Lardner and her daughter, for New Orleans, Mr. St. Maurice breathed his last. The same week brought intelligence of the death of Mr. Fairfield, and six months more found his broken-hearted widow laid peacefully in her grave.

It was a gloomy November morning, about two years after the above events had occurred. Miss St. Maurice sat on one side of the fire place, in which crackled a fine hickory fire, while Ernest occupied the opposite corner, seated in a large easy chair, with a book in his hand, but with his attention fixed upon a little girl who was playing in a distant corner of the room.

"What is the matter, Ernest?" asked Miss St. Maurice. "Is little Alice in mischief?"

"No," replied he, sighing, "I was only watching her graceful movements, and wondering what her future destiny would be?"

"Her destiny!" exclaimed Miss St. Maurice, in a tone of surprise. "It cannot be involved in greater obscurity than that of any other person, surely. She has no kindred, it is true, poor orphan, to lean upon, but she will never want a friend while I live. Her future interests and welfare shall be my care; I will be father, mother—every thing to her!"

"No, no, my dear aunt, I cannot permit that. Elsie belongs to me. She was bequeathed to me by her mother, and I feel that she is a sacred trust. I shall never forget," he continued, dropping his voice and speaking with emotion, "the evening on which

she begged me to be godfather to her little girl. Surely her feelings then were prophetic; and when I assured her that I would stand to her in the place of father and brother, though I did not expect to see her fears so soon realised, I was sincere in my promise. No, no, dear aunt, Elsie is mine."

"Very well, Ernest," said Miss St. Maurice, smiling through her tears, "we will not quarrel about her. I am but too happy to hear you speak as you do. But remember, I, too, am her godparent, and that young gentlemen are not the most proper persons to bring up little girls. Besides, you will marry one of these days, in which case, it would be most fitting she should remain with me."

"It is idle, aunt," replied Ernest, gravely, "to regulate ourselves by events which may never occur. I should not pretend to interfere with you in the bringing up and education of Alice, but I must urge my claim to stand in the place of a father to her, and to consider myself in part responsible for her welfare. I have constituted myself her guardian, and when I am of age, the law shall make me so."

Mr. St. Maurice died without a will, and his large property had, of course, descended to his son. Miss St. Maurice was, by her inheritance, wealthy, and had no expectations or selfish views, relative to the disposal of her brother's property. But Mrs. Lardner, who no doubt expected to be handsomely remembered by her brother-in-law, in the distribution of his property, was evidently greatly disappointed, as they had never heard from her since the event was communicated to her, and Caroline's marriage to a wealthy French gentleman, which took place within the year after their departure from Mauriceville was first seen by them in the newspapers.

Ernest was at college when this intelligence reached him, and the effect was, to bring upon him a severe illness, which shattered his health dreadfully. The shock was doubly severe to him, as he had continued in constant correspondence with his cousin since their separation, and a few weeks before the announcement of her marriage reached him, he had received a letter of unusual tenderness from her, urging a visit from him so soon as he should graduate. This was a blow from which he could not easily recover, and it was long ere he exhibited even the semblance of cheerfulness.

The Mauriceville estate was extensive, containing many hundred acres, bordering upon one of our beautiful rivers. More of the land was appropriated to ornamental and pleasure grounds than is usually the case among our money-making people. But Mr. St. Maurice had not inherited his father's enterprising disposition, and the energies which his parent exerted in achieving a fortune, were by the son spent in the simpler pleasure of adorning and improving the spot, which contained within its limits, all that he prized on earth. The rarest trees and most beautiful exotics were to be found in his grounds and hot-houses, and wherever nature had created a beauty, art had lent its helping hand to increase its effect.

Miss St. Maurice and Ernest cherished every object created or fostered by their lost relative's care. Nor did they ever for a moment think of removing from a spot so consecrated to his memory, for both, alike, preferred the retirement of a country life, to the bustle and gaiety of the town.

Miss St. Maurice urged upon her nephew the necessity of studying some profession, fearing the influ-

ence of a solitary life upon a mind which inherited much of his father's shy, retiring disposition. Ernest, however, was deaf to her arguments. "She need not fear," he said, "that his mind would set itself away; he meant not to pin himself to any set of ideas or prejudices, in the study of a profession. He would travel a year or two, and perhaps he would go to Europe for a short time. Meanwhile," continued he, laughing, "I will remain at home, help you to train your flowers, and teach little Elsie her A B C. Come, Elsie," said he, reaching out his arms to the little girl, "will you not go with Ernest to look at the pretty little dogs?" The child slid from her station on Miss St. Maurice's knee, and in a few minutes, they were in the stable together, admiring a fine litter of puppies, with almost equal satisfaction.

Time flew rapidly on, and the day for Ernest's coming of age, soon arrived. True to his word, his first act as a man, was to become legally the guardian of Alice.

Miss St. Maurice, who disapproved of the retired and comparatively inactive life he was leading, pressed him urgently to leave home, and travel—to go into society and see a little of the world. He endeavoured to follow her advice, and went now and then to town, where he was caressed by his father's old friends, and flattered by the society in which he mingled, for his large fortune, family, and distinguished personal appearance, made him a star of no small magnitude in the fashionable world, where the idle and the interested alike tried to minister to his vanity.

But Ernest was not a vain man. He had received a blow in early youth, that had cast a shadow upon his spirits, and which had made him, thenceforward undervalue himself, in all that concerned the other sex. He believed his heart withered, and incapable of ever feeling again.

Miss St. Maurice's wishes had great influence with her nephew, and for the following three or four years, he travelled at intervals through the United States and the Canadas, visiting every thing worthy of note, and storing his mind with that knowledge which he never could have acquired in his own library—the lore of nature's universal book.

Every spring and autumn, the long contemplated voyage to Europe was discussed, and every season it was deferred until the next should arrive.

Meanwhile the education of Alice progressed steadily. An excellent governess was provided, who, under the eye of Miss St. Maurice, instructed her in the ornamental, as well as the more solid accomplishments of a judiciously planned education.

Ernest was very proud and fond of his little god-daughter; and when, after an absence of several months, he returned home, her innocent delight made him feel it almost a compensation for his long absence from home and its comforts.

He assisted, when at home, in Alice's education, so far as he was permitted to do so. He taught her to ride and to play chess—to know the good points of a horse,—to become acquainted with the history of the canine race, and of his own dogs in particular, and there was even some talk of a fowling piece and percussion caps.

The village of R— from which Mauriceville was distant about two miles, afforded a pleasant little society. Dr. Melville had a large and intelligent family of young people, and there were several families equally agreeable, who formed a cheerful circle.

The nearest neighbour to Mauriceville was Mrs. Wellmore, the widow of a naval officer, who resided in the cottage formerly occupied by Mrs. Fairfield. She had two children, a son, a midshipman in the navy, and a daughter, a year or two older than Alice. Emily Wellmore was Alice's chief friend and play-fellow. And Mrs. Wellmore, who had formerly been known to Miss St. Maurice, gladly availed herself of the advantages opened to her daughter, by her intimacy at Mauriceville, advantages which her retired life, and straitened circumstances could not have afforded her.

One fine spring morning, when Alice was about thirteen years old, St. Maurice, his aunt, and Alice, were still lingering round the breakfast table, Alice preparing seed for her birds, and St. Maurice reading the newspapers, when a sudden exclamation from him aroused the attention of his aunt.

"What is the matter, Ernest?" said she, alarmed at the agitated expression of his countenance.

He pointed to a paragraph in the paper, handed it to her, and exclaiming, "dreadful!" left the room.

Miss St. Maurice seized the paper, and read the article pointed out to her. It contained an account of a duel, in which Mr. Solmes, the husband of Caroline Lardner, had been killed, the quarrel originating the duel, having arisen from a dispute relative to an opera box.

Miss St. Maurice sighed deeply, but her thoughts were at home; not with those who were strangers to her blood and affections.

"What is the matter, dear godmother?" said Alice, drawing close to Miss St. Maurice's side. "Has any thing happened to Ernest?"

"No, my dear, Ernest has suddenly seen the death of his cousin's husband in the newspaper, and it has shocked him, for he died a violent death! Do not speak of it before him, my love." Then taking up the paper she left the room.

In the evening, when Alice was going to bed, Hetty, an old coloured woman, who had spent her whole life in the service of the family, attended Alice, as was her wont, to assist in undressing and putting her to bed. As soon as the door was closed, she commenced her regular seige of talking, a habit which, ever since Alice's days of infancy, had proved a sort of mental rocking-chair to her. An admirable substitute, at all events, as it invariably put her to sleep.

"John tells me, Miss Alice," she said, "that Mr. Solmes, Miss Caroline Lardner's husband, is dead,—is it true?"

"Yes, Hetty, my godfather saw it in the newspaper this morning. It was a very great shock to him. What a pity it is that some one did not write to him, to prevent such an accident. Did you know Mr. Solmes, Hetty?"

"No, Miss. I never seed Miss Caroline after she went to *Noo Orleans*. She got married there, and much of a surprise it was to me too. I never expected Miss Caroline would settle *there*."

"Why, where did you expect her to live, Hetty?" asked Alice.

"At Mauriceville, to be sure, Miss."

At Mauriceville! explain Hetty, I do not understand you."

"Why, it's plain enough, Miss Alice, and I was not the only one who seed it, and thought so."

"Saw what Hetty?"

"Why that Mr. Ernest loved Miss Caroline dearly, and wanted to marry her, though he was but a boy, and that Miss Caroline had a great notion to have him, and made him believe jist what she pleased!"

"What an idea, Hetty?"

"No idea, at all, Miss Alice, but jist the solemn truth. We was all afeard in the kitchen, that she would wait till her Ernest was a man, and marry him: but then the letter cum that tuck the old lady off to Noo Orleans, and I suppose Miss Caroline thought it was better to take a husband that was ready growed up, than to wait for Mr. Ernest."

"But Hetty, how do you know that all this is true? How could you tell that my godfather was in love?"

"How could I know! why, haven't I been in love myself, Miss Alice? And can't people that have eyes, see?"

"Have you indeed been in love, Hetty? Oh! do tell me all about it? Who was your lover? Did you like him very much? He was handsome, of course! But did he go on his knees to you, and did he write long love letters to you every day?"

"No, Miss. He had no larnin, and did not know how to write, and he was too stiff from hard work to take to his knees, even if there was any sense in sich doin. But he gave me many a lift with my work, and many a lovin word and look, that makes me know, ever since, when people are fallin in love."

"What a notion," said Alice, as she drew the bed clothes around her, and nestled her little head in the pillow, "what a notion in Hetty, to call *that* love. I must get Sir Charles Grandison, to-morrow, and read her some of those fine speeches in it. I dare say *her* lover never called her 'best of women,' or 'excellent Miss Hetty.'" Then, as Hetty's gossip passed through her mind, she exclaimed, between sleeping and waking: "How could that Miss Caroline marry any body else, if my godfather was in love with her?"

In a few days, St. Maurice informed his aunt that he should no longer delay his voyage to Europe. And Miss St. Maurice encouraged him in his determination. Immediate preparations were made, and in a fortnight he had sailed.

A year or eighteen months were fixed upon for his stay. "I shall be a good correspondent," said he, "and the time of my absence will soon glide away. So dry up your tears, Elsie, and promise not to forget me."

Two years nevertheless passed by, and St. Maurice was still wandering in distant lands. A letter now arrived saying, that he had met with a young cousin of his father; in the home of their forefathers', who was preparing to come to America. Affairs of importance would prevent his setting out immediately, and Ernest had agreed to wait for him, that they might cross the Atlantic together.

"Do not think I have forgotten my home," he wrote; "or that its ties are weakened. Far from it, I feel a yearning towards it, that would, even now, make me fly to you, if I had not promised Delville to wait for him. Though I have been much a wanderer, I feel that the jostling crowd is not for me! I am growing quite an old man, and mean to settle quietly down for the remainder of my life. Bear then, with this renewed delay, and be assured that this shall be my last voluntary absence. My only consolation in this distant land, is, that many months

cannot elapse before I shall again see you and my dear little Elsie."

Many months did elapse, however; and more than three years had passed away, since Ernest left America. At length, a letter came, announcing the vessel they should sail in, and after a few weeks of anxiety and impatience, she was moored at the wharf in Ernest's native city. Miss St. Maurice sent a servant to town, with a letter for him, as soon as she heard that the vessel was at the capes, and waited, with as much calmness as she could command, the moment which should restore her beloved nephew to her arms. For Alice, she could occupy herself with nothing, and tired of wandering idly about the house, she walked over to the cottage to communicate the news to her friends.

It must not be supposed that years had flown by, leaving Alice the mere child that St. Maurice seemed to consider her. She was now nearly seventeen. A beautiful and graceful girl, gentle and playful in her manners, quick and impetuous in her feelings, and with the most gratefully affectionate disposition in the world. She loved Miss St. Maurice with almost passionate devotion, and her godfather, with a little of her early Grandisonian studies, she called "the best of men."

Alice was acquainted with her own early history, and was tremblingly alive to the debt of gratitude she owed her kind friends. The memory of her parents—their sad and early fate—her own coming and youthful days at Mauriceville—all of which was related to her with minute fidelity by Hetty—were to her romantic fancy, subjects of engrossing interest.

Her christening, was one of Hetty's favourite and most vividly painted pictures. "It was a sorrowful sight," she would say, "Miss Alice, to see your mamma, with her mournful white face, and Miss Gertrude, and Master Ernest, all dressed in the deepest of mourning, for the old gentleman, standing in the solemn church, where we had all stood so lately, to bury the dead. There were no bright faces that day, Miss Alice, but your own! Master Ernest carried you in his arms, and sadly you pulled his beautiful curly hair, to make him laugh, but you couldn't do it."

"Do you think my godfather will come to-night?" was Alice's question, for the hundredth time that day, as she sat with Miss St. Maurice at the table. And she continued to repeat the question again and again as the evening wore away, running into the hall every minute to listen if there was not a carriage coming up the avenue. But it grew late, and Miss St. Maurice now believing that he would not come, sent Alice to bed, saying she would soon follow her.

The midnight hour sounded and found Miss St. Maurice still a watcher. When suddenly the sound of wheels was heard approaching, on the gravel road leading to the house—a carriage step was let hastily down, and the next moment Miss St. Maurice was in the arms of her nephew. After the first agitating moments were passed, St. Maurice presented their cousin Felix Delville to his aunt, who welcomed him with the frankness of a relation.

"St. Maurice has been very sick, during the whole passage, my dear madam," said Delville, as they stood round the fire, seeing Miss St. Maurice gazing anxiously in the pale face of her nephew. "I wanted him to rest a night in town, but he was too anxious to get home to be advised. He only wants a little rest and nursing to make him quite strong again."

"We had a very boisterous passage," said St. Maurice, "and I was very sea sick. I feel well now, however, and all I want is rest and quiet to make me strong. But where is little Elsie, my dear aunt?" continued he, "I thought she would be the first to welcome me—I hope she is not sick—your letter mentioned that you were all well, I think?"

"Yes, she is quite well; but you forget it is after midnight. I feared you would not come to-night, and sent her to bed two hours ago."

"True, very true, I had forgotten the hour. Poor little thing, she must have been sleepy."

"Poor little thing, indeed!" said Miss St. Maurice, with an expression of humour, turning her head as the door softly opened. "Come here, Alice, and let your guardian give you a scolding for disobeying orders."

Ernest turned and beheld a beautiful girl holding the door timidly in her hand. Her glossy dark brown ringlets were pushed aside from her fine forehead, her beautiful lips were slightly parted, the bright colour had flushed high on her cheeks, and her deeply fringed eyes glistened as she bent eagerly forward. "Alice!—Is it possible?" exclaimed St. Maurice, and he approached her in extreme surprise.

Alice made one eager step forward, then pausing and covering her face with both her hands, she burst into tears.

"Why Alice," said St. Maurice, tenderly kissing her cheek, and leading her to a sofa. "Are you not glad to see me? You did not formerly greet my return with tears."

"Oh, yes," she replied, drying her eyes, but you have been so long away." Then smiling through her tears, and glancing archly towards Miss St. Maurice, "You forget that I am to have a scolding, and *that*, you remember, always called forth tears."

"You will receive no more scoldings now, Alice," said Miss St. Maurice. "Your spoiling days have returned, and I may as well break my wand."

Alice shook her head wilfully, and Ernest presented Mr. Delville to her.

Miss St. Maurice did not permit the exhausted travellers to remain long up. After providing them some refreshment, she hurried them off to their chambers, saying, they would have time enough to talk on the morrow.

"St. Maurice," said Delville, as they were retiring to their apartments, "do you call *that* your little god-daughter? Why she is the most bewitching creature I ever beheld."

"Elsie *has* grown wonderfully, certainly," answered he; "but I left her quite a little girl, I assure you."

This had been an agitating night to all, but the morning found them with renovated looks and cheerful countenances, assembling round the breakfast table.

"Where is Elsie?" asked St. Maurice of his aunt. "Endeavouring to retrieve her loss of rest last night?"

He was answered by the appearance of Alice herself, who entered by a glass door from the lawn, with her hat in her hand, and her cheeks flushed with the glow of exercise.

St. Maurice held out his hand to her as she approached. Then looking at her admiringly for a moment, and sighing deeply, he said:

"Do you know, Elsie, I am almost sorry you have sprung up into such a tall girl—such an elegant young

lady, I should say. I have lost my little playfellow, and shall miss her companionship and prattle sadly."

Alice thought it strange that a few inches in her height should make such a difference in her god-father's estimate of her. And she felt inclined to tell him that she was quite as capable of being his companion as ever. But some how or other she could not talk to him as she had formerly done, he appeared so stately, so reserved; and dropping into a chair and sighing, she exclaimed mentally, "I believe it does make a difference, for I feel it myself!"

"What is the matter, Delville, what amuses you so much?" asked St. Maurice.

"Nothing particularly. I was only smiling at your odd expressions of sorrow. Miss Fairfield, why do you not thank St. Maurice for wishing you were a dwarf?"

Alice laughed her own rich musical laugh, and Delville pursued his conversation with Miss St. Maurice.

"Do not put faith in *all* my aunt tells you, Delville," interrupted Ernest, "she would persuade you that our country was an earthly paradise."

"I am a convert to that opinion already, my dear fellow," replied he, glancing towards Alice, "for I have seen the *angels*." Again St. Maurice looked attentively at Alice. "She certainly is very lovely," thought he.

It was the month of April. The spring was an early one, the air mild and delicious. Mauriceville had never been so gay since Ernest's birth. Friends far and near came to greet him on his return, and a succession of parties were given among the neighbouring families, to welcome him home. These were a source of exquisite delight to Alice, that would have surprised a town-bred belle accustomed to the "pomp and circumstance" of fashionable party-giving. But, to Alice's unhackneyed feelings, a party at Mrs. Melville's, with the supper laid in the Doctor's office, the parlour carpets up, and the village fiddler, was an event full of delightful anticipation. All was new to her, and she did not, as yet, feel it to be misery

"To dance by inches in that strait
Between a sideboard and a grate."

She danced only as very young people dance, with her whole heart absorbed in the amusement, and wholly unconscious of the admiration she excited.

St. Maurice was happier now than he had been for years. His feelings were of a subdued, concentrated character, and shone not on the surface. But his calm cheerfulness and readiness to enter into the amusements of his aunt and Alice, spoke a mind and spirit at ease. He no longer confined himself moodily to his library; but joined them in their walks and drives, and, led on by Alice, and the example of Delville, he would relate to them anecdotes and events connected with his wanderings in Europe, full of interest and amusement.

Three months passed happily away, and Delville still lingered at Mauriceville, unmindful of the plans he had formed for travelling through the Union.

One day after dinner, while sitting at the table, a servant entered and handed Alice a note.

"Quite an interesting despatch, I should say," said Delville, regarding her varying countenance, upon which the slightest emotions were reflected, as in a mirror.

"Who is it from, Alice?" said Miss St. Maurice.

"From Julia Melville, ma'm."

"Has she any news?"

"Yes," replied Alice, blushing deeply as she met the searching look of Delville. "She says the Constitution has arrived, and that Arthur Wellmore is expected to-morrow."

"I am very glad to hear it. Emily Wellmore's brother," continued Miss St. Maurice, explaining to Delville. "A Lieutenant in the Navy, and an old playfellow of Elsie's."

"How insufferably hot it is," exclaimed Delville, rising, and letting down a blind with violence. "What a climate!"

St. Maurice gazed alternately from one to the other, and a slight tinge of colour deepened in his cheek.

The following evening brought Arthur Wellmore to Mauriceville. Miss St. Maurice and Alice greeted him with warmth. And Ernest was surprised to behold in the elegant young man before him, the wild little midshipman he had parted with, only a few years before. Delville bowed stiffly as he was named, and retired to a window to watch the clouds, while St. Maurice finding himself in a short time a mere listener to the animated conversation carried on between the friends, retired from the room.

About this time, Miss St. Maurice, who usually experienced uninterrupted good health, was seized with a sudden illness, which, though its duration was but short, caused her family great alarm. One afternoon, when she had quite recovered, she sent for her nephew, to come to her room, as she desired to speak with him. Ernest accordingly repaired to her apartment, losing not a moment in complying with her request.

"I have sent for you, Ernest," said Miss St. Maurice, when he was seated, "to speak with you on a subject that has been much in my mind, ever since your return. And my late illness admonishes me of the folly of deferring such matters, until, perhaps, the opportunity is lost to do what we know to be right."

"I wish to make some arrangement of my property with regard to Alice. She will probably settle early in life, and I think it is time that some provision should be made for her, in case of such an event. I do not wish to detain from her during the best years of her life, that which will eventually be hers; nor do I wish the dear child to go a penniless bride to the man of her choice, who ever he may be. The future and its events, must, of course, guide you in your intentions towards her, but as I have few changes to look forward to, I have decided what I ought to do. Will you then ride in to the village to-morrow, and tell Scratchquill to come to me, we will then speak further on this subject."

St. Maurice, in a hurried manner, acceded to his aunt's request, and without further remark hastily left the room.

The next morning he arose early and ordered his horse, for the purpose of riding in to the village lawyer's, before the heat should become unpleasant.

While pacing up and down the piazza, waiting for his horse, Alice came bounding out of the house with her hat and parasol in her hand, prepared for a walk. She stopped when she saw him, and they mutually expressed surprise at each other's movements.

"I see you are going to ride," said Alice, as the horse was led round, then approaching him, and patting his sleek skin, "how I do envy you."

"Suppose instead of envying you accompany me," he replied, "I am only going to the village."

Alice, delighted with the proposition, ran off to put on her habit, while St. Maurice ordered her horse to be saddled, and in a few moments they were cantering along on their way to R——.

"I wonder you do not ride oftener, Alice," said St. Maurice, "you appear to enjoy it so much."

"I would gladly do so," replied she, "if I could always be certain of finding so gallant a squire of dames as I have done this morning; but at this season, the present is the only pleasant hour to ride, and I am usually the only creature up in the house."

"Well, Alice," he answered, "you shall not have that excuse any longer. I shall after to-day, be ready to attend you every morning as long as you feel inclined to avail yourself of my services. Say nothing of the trouble," he continued, interrupting her, "it will be both a benefit and a pleasure to me."

Alice thanked him warmly, and thenceforward they continued their rides without interruption.

Alice's birthday was now only a few weeks distant, and Miss St. Maurice proposed to celebrate it by a ball, to be given in return for the many civilities shown to them by their neighbours. Alice was delighted with the proposal, and as the scene rose before her imagination, the music, the refreshments from town, and all the et ceteras of a regular ball, she exclaimed, "how delightful it would be, as the weather is so warm, to have the piazzas and shrubberies lighted with coloured lamps, and the flowers from the green house to decorate them, I will run to Miss St. Maurice and ask her what she thinks of it." Miss St. Maurice agreed to the plan, provided Ernest should approve, and Alice, seeing her guardian from the window in the grounds below, ran down to ask his consent.

"I have come to sue for a favour, Mr. St. Maurice," she said, and she explained to him what it was. "My dear godmother consents," she continued, "provided it shall please you, and we only wait your approval."

"Every thing you wish for or do, must please me, Alice," was the reply, "except one," he added, smiling.

"And what is that?" looking anxiously up in his face.

"It is that formal name," replied he, "so full of respect and deference, as if you thought me so very venerable. You used to call me Ernest, Alice."

Alice coloured slightly, and replied, "Ah! yes, I too, in those days, had another name. But now it is always Alice, and sometimes Miss Fairfield."—Then laughing off the serious tone her answer had taken, she continued, "Pray do I appear very venerable?"

"Well, Elsie," returned he, smiling, "I will enter into a treaty with you."

"No, no; no treaties for me; I have not any faith in them." Then, seeing him look grave, she continued smiling archly, "but you will let us have the lamps and the flowers, will you not, Ernest?" St. Maurice nodded assent, and she bounded off to communicate the news to her godmother. "Venerable," repeated she, as she ran up stairs. "I wonder what he would say if he knew that Emily Wellmore thinks him the most elegant man she ever saw!"

Alice was now in fine spirits. Scarcely a day elapsed, without bringing the Wellmores and Julia

Melville, to Mauriceville, to consult and talk over her approaching fête, while St. Maurice and his aunt were amused spectators of their busy meetings.

One morning, about a week before the expected ball, Alice perceived St. Maurice, after perusing a letter which had arrived from the post office, while they were at breakfast, rise and hastily leave the room. About an hour after, she wandered into Miss St. Maurice's chamber, and was surprised to find her with an agitated countenance, and eyes swollen with weeping. Alarmed at a sight so unusual, she approached her and inquired tenderly what was the matter.

"Has any thing happened to distress you. Any misfortune to Ernest, dear godmother," in a low and anxious tone.

"No, my love, no. I cannot call it a misfortune, but it is a very vexatious circumstance; Mrs. Solmes, Ernest's cousin, is in Philadelphia, and she writes to him to say, she will pay us a visit shortly. You saw how abruptly Ernest left the room this morning, on reading her letter. She trifled most cruelly with his feelings when he was a mere youth, and now she is returning a needy, artful widow, to complete the ruin she formerly well nigh effected. I own," she continued, relapsing into tears, "I would rather see him in his grave than wedded to that woman. Ernest's feelings are of such an enduring nature, that I cannot trust, as I would in the case of any other person, to his matured judgment and penetration, for seeing through her real character, and he will be her dupe! And now, my love, leave me, for I must cool these eyes before I suffer Ernest to see me."

Alice mechanically obeyed. She reached her room, closed her door, and then throwing herself upon the sofa, buried her head in the cushions. The scales had fallen from her eyes, and she read her own heart aright. She wept bitterly as the recollection of all that Hetty had formerly told her of Mrs. Solmes, occurred to her, and shrunk with agony from a contemplation of the future. "Yes," she cried, "he loves her, and she will be his wife, and I must stay and see it all, while my own heart is breaking! Oh! that I had but known myself better? I would have struggled against this feeling, but now it is too late. It is she he loves. Upon me he looks as a mere child! his kindness and consideration for me, arises from that feeling!" and she continued to weep in uncontrolled misery.

When the family assembled for dinner, St. Maurice was not at home. Miss St. Maurice was too much absorbed by her own feelings to observe Alice, and Delville believing some vexation of a domestic nature had occurred, made no remark.

Towards evening, Alice walked over to the cottage, partly to compose her mind and partly to avoid meeting St. Maurice, for she determined to avoid his society as much as lay in her power. She staid all the evening with Emily, the carriage was sent for her, and immediately on her return, she retired to her room.

The following morning Alice sent word to St. Maurice when the hour for riding came, that she had a headache and could not accompany him, and she took an opportunity through the day to observe, that she thought riding did not agree with her as it had formerly done; and that she would leave it off. St. Maurice looked at her in surprise, but he made no remark, for as he gazed upon her downcast eye and

saddened cheek, he saw that the mind and not the body was ill at ease.

Several uncomfortable days passed, and the little party which but a short time before, had been so united, seemed completely estranged. The ball so eagerly anticipated, appeared to be forgotten, Delville was left to amuse himself, for Alice scarcely appeared but at meals; the Wellmores and Julia Melville came but seldom, and St. Maurice was always shut up in his own room.

One morning while Delville was lolling on a sofa, in the half darkened breakfast room, he heard the voice of young Wellmore at the hall door, giving particular directions to a servant to deliver a letter which he gave him, into Miss Fairfield's own hands.

"Puppy," said Delville, "what right has he to send letters to Miss Fairfield?"

When the dinner hour arrived, Delville observed that Alice appeared in better spirits than of late had been usual with her; and that she smiled almost as much as formerly.

"You should make public your newly acquired receipt for good spirits, Miss Fairfield," said he, "I think we shall all benefit by it."

"It is a secret," replied Alice, blushing and smiling, "but I promise to let you all into it soon—perhaps the night of the fête."

"Too long to wait," said Delville, mentally. Then addressing himself to Miss St. Maurice, he continued, "I think I shall go to town to-morrow, as my visit there is to be made before the birth-night, the sooner I go the better.

"Do you think you will be long gone?" asked Alice.

"No, certainly not, if you wish it," replied he, pointedly.

"Oh, by no means," she replied, "we cannot do without our chief counsellor."

The next morning, when St. Maurice came down stairs, Alice had finished her breakfast and gone from the room, and in a short time after, despatching his meal, he retired to the library, where, upon the table he found a letter directed to him in Delville's hand. He opened and read it. It was an application to him as the guardian of Alice for her hand. It was filled with passionate expressions of attachment, and was dated on the evening previous.

"You must long since have observed," he said, "the state of my feelings for her, and as my friend and the guardian of Alice, I trust my suit in your hands, satisfied that in so doing, from her deference to your opinion, I shall be adding strength to my claim. Of Alice's sentiments I have been unable to judge with any certainty. Indeed, I have, at times, thought I had a rival in young Wellmore. But the period has now arrived when I can no longer feel satisfied to remain in doubt. I therefore place my hopes upon your friendly influence." He finished by saying, that he would await St. Maurice's answer in town.

St. Maurice threw the letter from him. An hour passed by, and then the bell was rung and a message sent to Alice, begging to see her for a few minutes in the library. In a short time, she entered the room, with flushed cheeks and an embarrassed air.

"Alice," he said, leading her to a chair, "I have sent for you to speak to you on an important subject. As your guardian, I have this morning received a proposal of marriage, from Mr. Delville to you."

Then, with a rapid utterance, he continued, "I can say nothing of Delville, but what is noble, upright, and honourable. His circumstances are good, and neither my aunt nor myself, could reasonably object to him. The decision now rests with you."

Alice sat perfectly still; her eyes were cast down, her face was rigid, and pale as marble, but she uttered not a word.

"What answer shall I return Delville, Alice?"

"I have given him his answer," she replied, speaking low and painfully, "I saw him this morning."

"May I ask what it was?" inquired St. Maurice.

"I have declined the honour of his hand."

St. Maurice spoke not, but the blood rushed in a crimson torrent to his face, and, turning from her, he leaned against the mantelpiece.

"Have I your permission to go, now?" said Alice, rising to leave the room.

"A moment more, Alice," he said, detaining her, "and then I shall have done."

Alice sunk again into her chair, and leaning her head upon her hand, concealed her face.

St. Maurice approached the table, and taking thence a paper, he said, "Here is a deed, Alice, which I placed here this morning to give you, and it had better be done now. It is the wish of my aunt and myself that you should be secured an independence, so that, in the event of your marrying, and your choice falling upon a poor, but deserving man, you may have the satisfaction of knowing that you possess sufficient, yourself, to render fortune on his side, less necessary. My aunt will dispose of the greater part of her property in your favour, and you know, dear Alice, I have few beside yourself, to love in the world," and he handed her the paper.

But Alice saw him not—her head was bent, and her whole frame shook with suppressed and convulsive sobs.

St. Maurice, surprised and afflicted at her evident distress, bent over her, with emotion almost equalling her own.

"Alice," he said, "what is it that affects you thus? Can you not trust in me—have I no claim to your confidence?"

But Alice did not answer, and her agitation now became pitiable; no common emotion could call it forth.

"Will you not trust in me, Alice?" again asked St. Maurice. "Be assured you could have no truer friend." Then, as the idea suddenly darted through his mind, he said, in a low voice, "If Alice, you have any attachment, any entanglement, let me entreat you to confide in me, I will faithfully keep your secret, and give you my most disinterested advice."

Still Alice was silent, but she withdrew quickly the hand he had taken, and he saw that her neck, brow, and bosom were suffused with crimson.

St. Maurice arose and walked to a distant window. He was both distressed and surprised at her unaccountable manner. A few moments passed away in an awkward silence, and then a gentle fluttering near told him that Alice was at his side.

"Mr. St. Maurice," she said, in a calm, grave voice, "you have mistaken me entirely," and as her voice sank, she added, "perhaps you will never understand me. Take this deed, I cannot—I never will accept it—I have no wish to be independent. To you, to my dear godmother, I owe every thing—home, kindred, and support. The debt of gratitude

can never be repaid—I will not increase it. I shall never leave Mauriceville—that is, unless you wish it"—and again her voice trembled. "You are the only father or brother I have ever known; and to you I must continue to owe all."

"Never leave Mauriceville!" exclaimed St. Maurice, impetuously, with an eager, glowing countenance, "then you do not love Wellmore, Elsie?"

"Love Arthur Wellmore!" replied Alice, looking up in astonishment. "Do you not know that he is engaged to Julia Melville?"

For a short time Ernest paced the room with quick and hurried steps. Then approaching her, he said, in a voice broken by agitation, "It is folly to attempt to conceal it longer. Alice, you must see that I love you, that you are dearer to me than all else on earth. I have struggled—hopelessly struggled against this madness, but in vain, and now I must speak, though it confirm my unhappiness past recall. You say you will never leave Mauriceville, you tell me I have been a father, a brother to you, tender as these titles are, dearest Alice, there is one still dearer, which, could you grant it, would make me blest indeed. Then you would never leave Mauriceville nor me, and you would make that home a happy one which you have always adorned."

Alice replied not, and again her face was hidden from his view.

"Then you reject my offer, Alice," he cried, in a tone of deep mortification, "you despise my affection."

Alice withdrew the handkerchief from her blushing face, and laying both her hands within his, she murmured, "Despise!—oh! no, no!"

Her head was on his bosom, her hand clasped in his, and St. Maurice forgot that a few minutes before he had been the most miserable of men.

Extract from a Letter of Mrs. Solmes' to Mrs. Lardner.

"Our plans have all failed. My visit to Mauriceville has been made, and I shall return by the first packet that sails. I arrived at Mauriceville on the very day appointed to celebrate the birth day of Alice Fairfield, by a ball. I had not been in the house an hour, before that horrid old Miss St. Maurice, whom I always hated, announced to me that Ernest was to be married to his ward almost immediately, and I saw her in the evening hanging on his arm and receiving the congratulations of her friends as his affianced bride, while I stood by a mere cipher, within the walls which, but for your advice, would now have claimed me as mistress—a pleasant reflection, indeed. Young Wellmore, whom we heard was engaged to Alice, is the lover of Julia Melville, whose confidant she was; and since I have returned to town, I have heard that Ernest's rich cousin, young Delville, is paying assiduous court to Miss Wellmore.

"You will readily admit, after learning the above, that Mauriceville was no longer a place for me, and I accordingly returned to town the next day."

So much for trusting to the fancied paternal character of a "godfather."



WHEN we are in a condition to overthrow falsehood and error, we ought not to do it with vehemence, nor insultingly and with an air of contempt: but to lay open the truth, and with answers full of mildness to refute the falsehood.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE STREAMLET'S SONG.

BY LEWIS T. VOIGT.

I LAY where a vine's dark foliage fell,
In a clustering arch, 'mid a violet dell,
And a limpid stream as it rippled along,
Thus gladden'd my ear with its joyous song:

"I was born of the dew-drop, that quivering hung
In the moonlit air—or the wild blossom flung
From its mountain home, as the bland zephyr pass'd,
And the glittering pearl from its daisy-cup cast.

'Twas pure as the tear that gems infancy's eye,
When it weeps for another's dark misery;
'Twas the drop that the night flower sorrowing shed,
When the last ling'ring star-kiss at dawning had fled.

And my streamlet was swoll'n with the sun shower rain,
That glancing with rainbow tints, moisten'd the plain,
And the clear crystal drops, from the rocks sparry cell,
As they dripp'd from their mossy founts, bright in me fell,

Or bounding in joy as it leaps from its caves,
The slight thread of silver the dash gayly braves,
Where the proud, tiny spring fain would mimic with me
The cataract, rushing in foam to the sea.

In my course I meandered a sunset lit plain,
And its golden dyes flung on the air back again;
Whilet the flame girdled clouds that encrimson'd the west,
Proudly imaged their hues on my sheen glowing breast.

But their bright tints had melted in twilight away,
When the stars darted, trembling, their first fault'ring ray,
But I stole their pure sparkings, and couch'd my blue waves
On far brighter gold than old Pactolus laves.

The milky-way, nightly, in calm slumber glows
As fair on my breast, as the Alpine sun'd knows;
And the moon robing clouds on my cool bosom lie,
As tranquil at rest, as if sleeping on high.

The fire-fly glints o'er my eddying whirl,
The glow-worm stars the gloom where the lily leaves curl,
As they kiss 'neath the bulrush, and low sighing reeds,
The green mantling pool, whence my current recedes.

I gleam in the dawn like the deep blushing rose;
There's not a bright flower-tint but my rainbow stream knows,
The emerald of trees, and the hyacinth sky,
And the butterfly hues of the clouds' blazonry.

All bright things are near me—the bird dips his wings,
And moistens his beak, ere his roundelay he sings;
And I blend my soft murm'ring with sweet tones that fill
The glad choral air, as a lyre strings thrill.

The odours of flowers float over my way,
The wild thyme, the clover, the sweet-scented hay,
Perfume my glad course, as I ripple along,
To the humming of bees, and the joyous bird's song,

The oak trees, so rugged, embroid'ring my brink,
Weave their dark, tangled branches in many a link,

And the wild grape hangs over, and festoons my brow
With a trellis-work, lovelier than mortal may throw.

Here the ring dove coos fondly amid the thick leaves,
To her mate, as their nest in its shelter she weaves;
And the cottage maid seeks oft at noontide my wave,
Her limbs, on my breast, pure as snow drops to lave.

I mirror her rose-flush, as she blushing shrinks,
When the robe that unveils all her beauty unlinks,
And my wavelets around her I wantonly curl,
Like diamonds encircling the India sea's pearl.

Her teeth light my bubbles, which sparklingly sip
As they wreath the with my bead spray, her peach downy lip;
And I deck with my brilliants her dark floating hair,
And zone her snow breast with foam, dazzling as fair.

O! I float on in joy!—and I gratefully throw
My flashings of light, as the spice breezes blow,
O'er the sycamore tree, that protects from the sun
In the noon's thirsty hour my course as I run.

He glooms his own trunk as he shadows my stream,
'Tis but meet that I glance back the wand'ring sunbeam,
To illumine his hoar trunk, as it gleams through its bark,
Like moonlight, when warring through clouds torn and dark.

The grasshopper springs, and the dragon-fly flits,
His green golden wings as the harebell he quits,
And their faint, dreamy chirrup, soft blends with my song,
While the tasseling sedge my glad numbers prolong.

I arch with my silver the moon glist'ning stone,
As dancing in frolic my spray drops are thrown
In a thousand bright brilliants, which shame the tiar
That the haughtiest monarch of mortals may wear.

There's not a gem'd circlet clasps beauty's pale brow,
Though its diamonds, 'midst regal halls, dazzlingly glow,
That burns with such lustre, as tremulous plays
Through my fast flashing stars, in the moon's all'ry rays.

But when winter has gem'd, from her icicle throne,
My sun-spangled frost-work, what lightnings may own
My brilliance of radiance, my gorgeous bright dyes,
Outrivaling the rainbows of sapphirine skies!

But my course I must speed—to the ocean I swell,
I must hasten away, fare ye well! fare ye well!"
And the rocks caught the sound, and the sad echo sigh'd,
"Fare ye well! fare ye well!" as the stream onward hied.

The song died away, but these words on my ear,
Soem'd blent in adieu, like my fountains, as clear—
"Let thy every wish prove—let thy breast ever be
As my wavelets transparent, as bright, and as free;

"Let thy soul, like my flood, reject all things impure,
Banish aught that its whiteness would stain or obscure,
Reflect the chaste beauty of earth and of sky,
Till call'd, like my mist-wreaths, to mount up on high!"

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE SPANISH MOTHER.

BY H. W. HERRBERT.

AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," "THE CHARIE BRIDE," ETC.

It was a calm and lovely night—one of those nights peculiar to the soft clime of Europe's great peninsula—the moon rode broad and cloudless, round as a Doric targe, through the pure sky which glowed like one vast vault of sapphire; a single star was at her side, the loveliest and the brightest of the planets, the other wanderers of the night quenched by her dazzling lustre "had paled their ineffective fires," dim and unseen through her transcendent glory. The air, just agitated by the faintest breath from the sweet south, was actually burthened with the blended perfumes of ten thousand dewy flowers;—the rich faint odour of the orange groves, the delicate incense of the oriental jasmine, the simpler fragrance of the unnumbered violet beds seemed to pervade all space between the floral earth and the far heavens. Nor was there wanting melody to mate with the delicious scents that breathed on every passing breeze; for the distant tinkling of the sheep bells, heard at long intervals amid the cool, continuous plashing of a near waterfall, was almost swallowed up in the thick tremulous notes of the incessant nightingales, which poured their gushing bursts of wild and mellow song from every tufted brake and shadowy dingle. Inhaling this unequalled fragrance, and listening to these sweet sounds, though scarcely conscious that she did so, the Ladye sat in the wide oriel window of the antique hall; which opening on the verge of a steep, cliffy bank, dark with abundant verdure, commanded a wide prospect over the smiling vale of the broad Guadalquivir; with its wide tranquil reaches glimmering like beaten silver in the moonlight, and its fair gardens and bright cornfields chequered and shadowed here and there by vineyard, olive grove and corkwood; till many a league away the glorious scene was bounded by the blue arrowy peaks of a tall mountain chain. Alone the Ladye sat, silent and sad in that proud solitude. It was a huge and stately hall of that rich gothic style, which is seen nowhere in such grand perfection as in the land where its inventors reigned so nobly and so long; and she, its tenant, was worthy of its many-memored grandeur. A single lamp, suspended from the central groining of the roof, threw on the marble walls and tessellated pavement a ruddy light, which offered a fine contrast to the faint misty lustre of the calm moonbeams, yet sufficed not to penetrate the shadowy aisles or to reveal half the extent of the vast pillared room. Aloft, half bathed in shadow, half tinged in mellow light, waved many a bannered trophy, rustling with a strange melancholy sound, half sweet, half awful, in the small gusty currents which never were entirely still among those giant arches.—But on the walls around, many a vacant niche, and hook untenanted, many a light spot, where had hung for years targets and panoplies of proof, and weapons of all lands and ages, denuded now and empty, declared as audibly as though they had found tongue that the lord of those proud towers was abroad on some bold enterprise of arms, with all his banded vassals. The Ladye who sat there alone and still, right in the centre of the misty flood of ra-

diance which poured in through the oriel windows, was in sooth worthy her high state, in majesty at least of form and noble bearing. Her features, proudly and keenly aquiline, showed not a line or touch of age, although the tresses, which were drawn in a broad braided sweep across her marble brow, were white and lustrous as the mountain snow; her tall and graceful figure retained the full and glorious symmetry of mature womanhood, and the intense and vivid flash of her deep Spanish eye, showed that if years had swept so lightly over her body's vigour, they had not dared assail even in the least her mind's unblemished powers. Her dress though rich was plain—a robe of sable velvet, cut accurately to the person, and relieved only by a ruff or falling collar of white lawn, a coil or bonnet of the same dark material buttoned by one great brilliant—the only ornament she wore except a rosary of large but uncut garnets, formed her whole dress; yet had she been arrayed in cloth of gold and purple, had her entire garb been luminous with costliest gems, not one whit would it all have added to her inborn and palpable nobility of birth.—One elbow, propped upon the cushioned arm of the old crimson chair wherein she sat, was raised so that the white and tapering forefinger just touched the outline of the curved chin, as she held her head erect, with the eyes fixed and lips apart in attitude of intense listening; while the other hand, holding her velvet missal and her beads, had fallen down negligently by her side. It was a study for a painter—and that too for one of no mean eminence—the stately Ladye—the superb gothic hall, rich with the meanings and the memories of bygone days—the blending of contrasted lights—the half-seen outlines of the grand gothic tracery—the mellow hues—the black and massy shadows!—a wondrous picture of still life, full fraught with sentiment, with sadness, and with awe!

But now the silence, which had perhaps given its tone to the whole picture, was at once interrupted—for certain sounds, which had, as it would seem, already rivetted the Ladye's ear, sharpened by keen anxiety, now came so audibly upon the night wind, that they attracted other notice—from a tall slender watch-tower, which might be seen indistinctly in the glimmering moonlight terminating a long sweep of flanking walls, a shrill, keen bugle blast was blown by the wakeful warder; and, ere its cadences had ceased to ring among the thousand echoes of that ancient place, was answered by another blast, as keen and shrill as that which had awakened it, but inexpressibly and painfully sad in its protracted wailing notes.—The Ladye clasped her hands, and bowed her proud head on her knees, and remained still and motionless as a carved effigy of stone, while the loud bustle from the walls, the rattling of chains and pullies, as the portcullis rose and drawbridge fell, the clank of harness and the hard tramp of horses, announced the presence of a party from the host; but the quick tremulous quivering of one small foot, which peered out from the hem of her dark robe, proved the in-

tense and anguished ecstasy with which she waited for the tidings. Voices were heard without, and hurried steps, and now the portals were thrown open, and several men, a terrified tumultuous group of menials, entered with torch and cresset half guiding half supporting an armed man, whose every step was marked with blood upon the marble floor, while his helm split in twain by a two-handed blow, and all his panoply dented, and hacked, and gory, gave token of the fury of the conflict from which he had returned in so sad plight. The Ladye had arisen from her crouching posture ere the door opened, and with her stately person drawn to its utmost height stood waiting the result. Her eye fell on the wounded soldier, and its soul-piercing glance was dimmed upon the instant.

"Xavier!" she said, with no tone of inquiry in her voice—"Xavier! then all is lost!"

"All! all is lost," he faltered with a painful effort, "all to our house's honour!"

"The king!" she gasped, half suffocated as it were by the intensity of her excitement, "the king!"

"Hath 'scaped—whole, and unwounded!"

"All glory to St. Jago, and to God! then may Spain triumph still," and for some time she spoke not again, nor asked a question; but told her beads in silence. "Set him a chair," she said, when she turned from her task of gratitude, "set him a chair—he faints—bring wine. And now, say on—say on—tell me all Xavier!"

"Scarce ten miles hence, an hour past noon this day, in the wild pass of El Bodon, our host, ten thousand strong, was ambushed by a mere handful of the swart misbelievers—o'erwhelmed with arche-gayes and arrows from an invisible foe, defence was hopeless—we were cut up, disgraced, defeated, and only not annihilated; an early flight, to which his paladins compelled him, alone preserved Alphonso—of the ten thousand not ten hundred are alive!—My master's band fought in the battle's van—his banner long waved foremost—when the first arrow flew we were three hundred horse—Ladye, you see me here!"

Not a muscle quivered in her frame, not a shadow crossed her brow; her lip did not tremble nor her eyelid wink, as she heard of the ruin of her house; the only token of anxiety she gave, was a small twitching motion of the fingers of one hand—that which still held the missal—playing unconsciously, and fluttering the illuminated leaves; while all the rest of the frame was rigid and hard set, as if it had been dead.

"Our banner?" she inquired at length, raising her downcast eyes. "The Goat of the Counts of Cabra?"

"Is on the field or taken," was the scarce audible reply.

"And thou—Xavier—and thou, *not* on the field beside it!"

A deep flush, as of shame, shot over the worn, bloodless features of the sore-wounded veteran—his left hand grappled to the dudgeon of his broad-bladed dagger. Then a sharp, painful, and forced smile lit up his curling lip.

"What need that I should lie there, when he, who owns the banner and the name, rides steady in his stirrups?"

"What of my son, sir—speak!" thundered the proud Ladye, "what of the Count of Cabra?"

"Ladye," replied the veteran, "he *lives* with Don Alphonso!"

"Vassal, thou *liest*!"—The noble, eloquent blood rushed torrent-like, to that pure brow, which had not flushed for half a century before; and her voice sounded high and clear, as the defying challenge of some silver trumpet; and her head rose erect—high as the crest of a plumed warrior—and she flung forth her hand, as though to hurl the gauntlet—"Vassal, thou *liest*—to cover thine own infamy, thou *liest*!—What—his three hundred vassals dead round his father's banner!—all dead! and he survive them!—Now, had the archangel said it—may heaven forgive me—I had cast back the lie on heaven's archangel! Slave—coward—dog—where my son's banner lies—there lies my son beside it—where brave men fell the braveliest, there fell the Count of Cabra!—Sir Seneschal, ring out the 'larum bell—call all—call all to arms! young or old! few or many! call all who follow Cabra!—Horse, horse, and spear! Horse hastily! Do on thine armour, aged Narvaez—for the last time do on thine arms for Cabra—saddle the black barb horse—for me the black barb horse, my own lord won in battle. Whether it lies in the corpse cumbered Gorge of El Bodon, or be borne by the miscreants in triumph, the Cabra's banner shall wave free before to-morrow's sunset—wave free above the obsequies of that last Count, who died in vain to save it!"

Like fire her hot words ran through every thrilling heart of her retainers. Like fire the cry spread—the war-cry—"To horse for Cabra hastily!" The 'larum bell rung out—the armoury was ransacked—and antique casques pressed snowy, time-worn heads—and disused weapons of old days were grasped by hands which trembled with their weight—and old brood mares were saddled with long uncombed manes, and rough coats—and ere the matin bell, one hundred horse were mustered. They were old men, indeed, or beardless boys—but the old men had fought and bled under three Counts of Cabra, and though their blood was cold and their hands feeble, yet did the cold blood boil and the frail hands grow strong at the high words of the Ladye—and the boys were the sons of the men of Cabra—for them there was no fear! and the old war steeds neighed at the trumpets as of yore, and pawed the earth as in the young days of their might. There was no banner raised, but the black barb was brought, and the stern Ladye mounted, and the last vassals of the house of Cabra rode forth to their last field, and its last Ladye led them.

The morning dawned upon the wild ravine and mountain road of El Bodon. Large flocks of carrion birds were wheeling to and fro above the summits of the rocky peaks which bounded it—the long howl of the wolf swelled mournfully from the dark thickets on its side—blood-red the stream rolled at its base—rolled down to meet and poison the broad bright Guadalquivir—thousands of heads lay there—tombless, and ne'er to be entombed, save in the maws of the wild foresters of nature. Horses and riders—paladins and slaves—old veterans and raw recruits—Brave men and cowards—all nerveless—silent—dead. Banners, and coats of carved and gilded mail, and instruments of martial music, and strong war weapons—defiled and cleft asunder, voiceless and useless! and the broad, glorious sunshine, flaunting above the wreck, and flouting the dread misery with its unfeeling mirth. Such was the scene through which the aged Ladye with her staunch veterans rode, scan-

ning each ghastly heap with fearful scrutiny—yet in the festering corpses they had discovered no known form—in the surcoats and pennons, clogged with gore, no bearings which they owned—though many which they recognised and mourned, for scarce a noble house in Spain but there had lost a scion or a chief. The Moors had quitted, quitted triumphantly—the field of their success—the ravens and the wolves retreated before the small troop of avengers! Onward they rode—yet onward! and wilder waxed the difficult ravine; and sadder yet and yet more merciless, had been the past day's carnage. They reached the last, *last* point—the knoll whereon the last faint few had fought it out for vengeance—on that knoll, pitched into the summit, there stood a splintered flag staff—the banner was not there!—but at the base, and on the flanks, and round the crown of that low hillock they lay in heaps—in hundreds—the vassals of the house of Cabra!—and Moors lay there, mingled and massed among them—white caftans, and green turbans, and Damascus blades, confused with helms and hauberks, and swords of Bilbilis or of Toledo. Each with his wounds in front, and his good sword in his right hand, and his dead foeman at his feet, with a smile on his lips and a frown on his brow—

there they lay those gallant vassals. But where was he their chief—where the last Count of Cabra, and where his glorious banner?

She 'lighted down, that stern ladye, and searched through all that foul and festering heap. Its summit clustered about the flag staff, was one pile—one solid pile of misbelievers—each cloven to the teeth—through turban and steel cap, and scull! She moved them, one by one, and there, beneath them all, with the proud banner bound about his breast, and his sword, blood from point to hilt, still chained to his dead wrist, and the calm smile of triumph lighting his noble features—there lay her son—there lay the Count of Cabra!

A bright smile glanced across her lip—a bright tear sparkled in her eye—a tear of joy, not sorrow!" "I knew—I knew," she cried, "I knew the vassal LIED! Sound trumpets—sound right joyously! Give ye our banner to the winds—to the free, fearless winds!—Raise up the body of your Lord, and bear him to the long home of his fathers! Our house is fallen—fallen but not dishonoured—and I, the last of that high house, am prouder of my dead son here, than of the proudest living son in Spain—in Europe!"

For the Lady's Book.

ON THE POETICAL TALENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[From Professor Walter's new work, "The Twenty Years' Captivity of Mary Stuart."]

No care was wanting to give to the young Queen of Scots the most finished education. The quietude of the royal convent of St. Germain-en-Laye formed a contrast to the bustle and gaieties of the court, favourable at once to her studies, and to the culture of her heart. Among other accomplishments, that of Poetry was not neglected, and proofs have reached us that the natural turn of her genius was favourable to the lessons of taste instilled into her youthful mind. On the 24th of April, 1558, Mary was married to Francis, the Dauphin of France, and on the 10th of December 1560, she was a youthful widow mourning his untimely end, having shared with him a transitory reign of but seventeen months. She lamented his loss in an Elegy which does honour at once to her head and her heart.

ELEGIE.

Ah! mon triste et doux chant
D'un ton fort lamentable!
Je jette un œil tranchant
A ma perte incomparable;
Et en soupirs cuisans
Passe mes meilleurs ans!

Fat-il un tel malheur
De dure destinée,
Ni si triste douleur
De Dame Fortanée,
Qui mon cœur et mon œil
Voit en biere et cercueil?

Qui en mon doux printemps,
E fleur de ma jeunesse,
Toutes les peines sens
D'une extrême tristesse:
Et en rien n'ai plaisir
Qu'en regret et désir.

Ce que m'étoit plaisant,
Or m'est peine dure;
Le jour le plus luisant
M'est nuit noire et obscure;
Il n'est rien de si exquis
Qui de moi soit requis.

TRANSLATION.

How sad my plaintive numbers flow
From lips that vainly would repine!
Around my tearful eyes I throw,
And see what countless loss is mine;
In midst of burning sighs and tears
I pass the fairest of my years!

Did destiny's hard hand before
Such store of bitter sorrows shed;
Or fortune, in her anger, pour
Such griefs on hapless woman's head;
Who sees her very heart lie here,
Her eyes' sole pride, within this bier!

In the sweet springtide of my day,
When flowers of early joy are rife,
I feel the withering griefs that prey
Upon the closing hours of life;
In nothing does my heart feel pleasure,
Save in regrets that know no measure.

The fond delights of happier years
Are turn'd to pain, and wound the sight;
The day whose genial lustre cheers,
Now wears the gloom of saddest night:
Nor is there aught of good or fair
That now can claim my thought or care.

J'ai au cœur et à l'œil
Un portrait et image,
Qui figure mon deuil,
Et mon pâle visage,
Des violettes teint,
Qui est l'amoureux teint.

Pour mon mal étranger,
Je ne m'arrête en place,
Mais j'en ai beau changer
Ma douleur ne s'efface ;
Car mon pis, et mon mieux,
Sont les plus deserts lieux.

Si en quelque séjour,
Soit en bois, ou en pré,
Soit vers l'aube du jour,
Ou soit sur la vépré,
Sans cesse mon cœur sent,
Le regret d'un absent.

Si parfois vers les cieux
Viens à dresser ma vue,
Le doux trait de ses yeux
Je vois en une nue ;
Soudain je le vois en l'eau,
Comme dans son tombeau.

Si je suis en repos,
Sommillant sur ma couche,
J'ouï qu'il me tient propos,
Je le sens qui me touche :
En labour, et en requoi,
Toujours il est près de moi.

Je ne vois autre object
Pour beau qui se presente,
A qui que soit sujet
Onques mon cœur consente ;
Et cette affection
Je la sens en perfection.

Mets, chanson, ici fin
A si triste complainte ;
Dont sera le refrain :—
" Amour vrai et non feinte,
Par la separation
Il n'aura diminution !"

Deep in my heart, and in mine eye,
Thy portrait lives; this garb of woe,
Which on my widow'd limbs you spy,
And my pale features, sadly show,
The semblance of the violet blue,
Unhappy love's own kindred hue.

A prey to cares and anguish keen,
No place my steps can long detain ;
Nor yet has any change of scene
The power to chase away my pain ;
My worst, my happiest state of mind
In solitude alone I find.

Whether my footsteps sadly stray
Through flowery mead, or shady bower ;
Whether at dawn of opening day,
Or at the closing vesper hour ;
That bitterest of all human ill,
The grief of absence, haunts me still.

If to the heavens my eyes I raise,
His gentle smile will meet me there ;
If on the floating clouds I gaze,
They picture forth his features fair ;
If on the stream I cast my eye
In crystal hers'd he seems to lie.

When evening with her shades is near,
And when I seek my couch of rest,
In dreams his well-known voice I hear,
My hand in his is gently press'd.
In busy day, in hours of rest,
His image ever fills my breast.

However fair, however bright,
No other object charms me now,
It wakes no feeling of delight,
It cannot claim my bosom's vow.
The deep affection that I bear
To him, will have no rival there.

But hush, my song ! no more complain ;
The sadly-soothing lay give o'er ;
The grief that knows not how to feign,
Shall still this simple burden pour :—
" Two hearts to true love fondly plighted
Can by no time be disunited !"

The next specimen of Mary's poetical talents was called forth on the following occasion. On the 21st of July, 1561, the young Queen of Scots left Paris for her native city. She was attended to Calais by a long train of the nobility of France, whence she embarked on the 25th. Mary was leaving a land endeared to her by a thousand grateful recollections; nor doubtless was her active spirit unclouded by omens of the future. She did not cease to direct her looks to the shore of France till the darkness interrupted her wistful gaze. At the dawn of day its coast was still in sight; she was upon deck before sunrise, and tradition informs us that then it was she composed the following song.

Adieu, plaisant pays de France !
O ma patrie
La plus chérie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance !

Adieu, France ! Adieu, mes beaux jours !
La nef qui déjoint mes amours,
N'a ici de moi que la moitié ;
Une parte te reste ; elle est tienne :
Je la fie a ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienné !

Thou pleasant land of France, farewell !
Cherish'd with love
All lands above,
Nurse of my infancy, farewell !

Dear France, and happier days, adieu !
The sail that wafts me far from you,
Bears but my half away, the rest
Thine own, and thine alone shall be :
This of its faith the pledge and test—
To love and to remember thee !

The following particulars of Mary's reception in Edinburgh, may not be found misplaced :

Nothing could equal the enthusiasm of the people when they beheld the landing of their queen ; " happy was he or she that might first get sight of her."

The stern John Knox relaxes for a moment from his severity, to record that " fires of joy were set forth at night, and a company of most honest men

with instruments of music, and with musicians, gave their salutations at her chamber window. The melody as she alleged, pleased her well, and she wished the same to be continued some nights after, with great diligence." Such is Knox's account of the matter ; but as tastes differ, let us listen to a Frenchman's description of the scene. " When the queen landed," says the lively Brantome, " she had to go on horse-

back, and her ladies and lords on the miserable hackneys of the country, harnessed in the wretchedest manner. At such an equipage she began to be sad, exclaiming: "These are not the handsome housings of France, nor this the pomp to which I have been accustomed: but I must have patience!" But what was worse, in the evening, at the Abbey of Edinburgh, when she was about to go to rest, there came five or six hundred raggamuffins of the city, saluting her ears with some dozens of wretched fiddles, and of those small squeaking rebecks with which this country is infested, and began singing psalms, as badly and discordantly as could be. Heh! what music! and what a method of lulling her to repose after her fatigues!"

We have also "A New Year's Gift to Queen Mary, when she first came home;" it is from the pen of Walter Scott, a contemporary poet, and from a volume of the greatest rarity.

Unfortunately, few of these good wishes were destined to be realized by the youthful queen, and least of all the blessing of "a good man," as was seen in the sequel of her unhappy alliance with Lord Darnley, "the long, lank, and spoiled boy," as Elizabeth termed him, with all that ill blood which the mention of any one's marriage was sure to raise in the bosom of the Virgin Queen.

On a thousand trying occasions, Mary had evinced an energy of character which no reverses could daunt; nor did it quail before twenty long years of painful and monotonous captivity. Yet where is the heart but has its moments of despondency, and doubtless in one of these the following sonnet was penned.

Que suis-je, hélas! Et de quoi sert la vie?
 Je ne suis hors q'un corps privé de cœur;
 Un ombre vain, un objet de malheur,
 Qui n'a plus rien que de mourir en vie.
 Plus ne portez, O ennemis, d'envie,
 A qui n'a plus l'esprit à la grandeur.
 Je me consomme d'excessive douleur;
 Votre ire en bref se verra assouvie.
 E vous, amis, qui m'avez tenu chère,
 Souvenez vous que sans cœur, sans santé,
 Je ne saurois aucun bon œuvre faire.
 Souhaitez donc fin de calamité;
 Et que ci-bas étant assez punie,
 J'aye ma part en la joie infinie.

Welcome, illustrious Lady, and our Queen,
 Welcome our lion with the flower de lyce,
 Welcome our thistle with the Lorraine green;
 Welcome our pleasant Princess, most of price.
 Welcome our gem, and joyful genetrix;
 Welcome, the bell of Albion to bear:
 God give thee grace against this good new year!

This good new year, we hope, with grace of God,
 Shall be of peace, tranquillity, and rest;
 This year shall right and reason rule the rod,
 Which so long season have been sore oppress,
 This year firm faith shall freely be confess,
 And all erroneous questions put arrear:
 God give thee grace against this good new year!

This year shall there be embassies, with strife
 For marriage, both from princes, dukes, and kings;
 This year, within thy region all be rife
 With riches, raiment, and all royal things;
 This year both blytheness and abundance brings;
 Navies of ships through all our seas shall peer,
 Against thy Grace get a gude man this year!

Alas! what am I!—What avails my life?
 A wretched case of soul bereft am I;
 A shadow vain, a thing with sorrows rife,
 With naught in life left for me but to die.
 Foes to my greatness, let your envy rest,
 The false world's greatness has no charms for me;
 Consum'd by grief, by heavy ills oppress'd,
 The oppressor soon shall gain the victory.
 Ye friends! to whose remembrance I am dear,
 No strength to aid you or your causes have I,
 Cense then to shed the unavailing tear,
 I have not fear'd to live, nor dread to die,
 Perchance the pain that I have suffer'd here,
 May win me more of bliss through God's eternal year.

On the eve of her execution, Mary composed the following rhythmical prayer, the fervour and unction of which penetrate to every heart.

O Dominie Deus,
 Speravi in Te;
 O care mi Jezu,
 Nunc libera me.
 In durâ catenâ,
 In miserâ penâ,
 Desidero Te!

Languendo, gemendo,
 Et genuflectendo,
 Adoro, imploro
 Ut libera me!

O my Lord and my God,
 All my hopes are in Thee;
 In my need, dearest Jezu,
 O succour Thou me!
 'Midst fetters deep-galling,
 'Midst ills deep-enthraling,
 My heart yearns for Thee!

While in anguish I languish,
 Thus kneeling before Thee,
 I adore, I implore Thee
 In my need succour me!

MARIA CUNITIA.

A lady of great learning and genius, was born in Silesia about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and became celebrated for her extensive knowledge in many branches of learning, particularly in mathematics and astronomy, upon which she wrote several ingenious treatises; one of which under the title of "Urania Propitia," printed in 1650, in Latin and German, she dedicated to Ferdinand III., emperor of Germany. In this work are contained astro-

nomical tables, of great care and accuracy, founded upon Kelper's hypothesis. She acquired languages with amazing facility; and understood Polish, German, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. With equal care she acquired a knowledge of the sciences, history, physic, poetry, painting, music, both vocal and instrumental, were familiar to her; and yet they were no more than her amusements.

For the Lady's Book.

[The following is the "composition" to which was awarded the gold medal, in the Graduating Class of Rutgers Female Institute in this city, at its first commencement. The Committee which awarded the prize consisted of Rev. Dr. Milnor, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen and Mr. Kinney of Newark. Their report was not a little complimentary. Perhaps more through the eloquence of the reader (Mr. Kinney) than from any merit of its own, it drew deeply upon the sensibilities of a very crowded audience.]

LAST DAY OF EVE.

It approached the evening twilight. The mother of mankind was placed by her descendants in front of her tent, reclining on a rude couch. The western wind fanned her pale cheek and played amidst her gray locks. Near her sat her husband. Eve turned her eye upon him with a look of sadness, yet of deep affection, and as she saw his wrinkled brow, bent form, and head of snowy whiteness, seemed to call to mind other days.

Inwardly she reproached herself. "Ah, not thus was it I saw him, when first given to him by our God. Where has vanished that manly form—where is the elastic step—where the eye that beamed with brightness—where now the rich and mellow voice? Alas, how changed! And it was I, who tempted, who destroyed him—I the wife—the cherished companion—I bade him eat, and now what is *he*, who but for *me* had known neither pain, nor sorrow, nor age.

"And what remains of her on whose beauty he then gazed with unsated delight?—A trembling, wrinkled form, just sinking into the grave.

"Where is now that paradise with its rich fruits—that balmy air which brought on every breath a tribute to each happy sense—those rays which warmed but never scorched? And sadder, sadder still, where now is that blissful intercourse with *HIM*, who made us rich in the happiness of living? His voice is no longer in our ears—driven from bliss—from scenes so lovely—the earth cursed—sin, sorrow, and death the inheritance of our children."

Our mother was overcome by the rush of recollections. Her eyes, long dry, found new fountains, and her aged form shook with deep emotion.

It may be that Adam had been indulging in musings not unlike to these, for he was startled as if from a reverie by the emotions of his wife. The old man placed himself beside her. She laid her head on the bosom which had so often soothed its throbbings.

"What moves thee, Eve?"

"Oh, my husband, how canst thou show kindness to her who has done all this? Thou wast young and knew only happiness, and all around was formed to delight our every sense; and I, who should have strengthened thy virtue, fell, and dragged thee with me, the partner of my sin, to this depth of ruin. And after a few years of toil and anxiety, we are about to lay these worn out frames in the dust.

"But for sin we had lived in perpetual youth, and feared no change. The threatened death has worked slowly but surely, and now with us his work is nearly done.

"The first to sin, it was meet that I should first return to dust. Had the guilt and the curse been only mine, I might endure it. But I see thee now and I compare thee with what thou wast as it seems to me but yesterday.

"A few days will lay thee low. Let our children place us side by side in the cold earth. I know not

why it is, yet it seems to me there will be comfort in our bodies dissolving together, as if there were something of consciousness in the lifeless dust.

"Little of comfort as is now left in life, yet I cannot endure the thought that I shall utterly cease to be!

"Adam, thou hast often given me words of consolation. Is there aught can cheer me, now I am to bid thee farewell?"

"Thou seest yonder sun—*thou* wilt again see him rise and set, he is bidding *me* a last adieu. Sense shall soon cease for ever, and no light shall again enter these eyes."

The old man wiped the tears which fell on the wrinkled brow of his partner. A sudden light was on his countenance as if a new lamp had been lit up in his soul. Eve saw it, and it brought to her a gleam of hope; she gazed on his face as if death had lent new powers to her faded vision.

"First of women," said Adam, "claim no pre-eminence in guilt—together we sinned—together we have borne the punishment.

"But there is redemption—there is hope.

"Whilst thinking of the fearful change which be-tokened to my heart that its partner was about to be taken away, a heavenly light beamed on my thoughts and taught me to understand the visions which have so often visited me on my couch.

"We shall not die—there is a costly ransom provided—we must sleep under the cold earth, but we shall rise again in the freshness of that youth which we first enjoyed; and purified from all sin, we shall walk in our Eden seven times more beautiful than when we first roved amidst its fruits and flowers. And there will be the thousands who inheriting our evil natures will have found a powerful Physician. And there will be that mighty Physician whose presence shall wake ten thousand harps to melody.

"This earth too, so long, so grievously cursed for our sin, will come forth more than purified from every stain, and in more than the beauty of its pristine youth.

"Thou wilt go a little before me to the grave; but we shall rise together with the glad shout of gratified jubilation; and with us millions on millions of our posterity ransomed from the curse."

Adam paused, his eye fell on the face of his wife—a smile seemed to play in the brightness of hope on her pale lip, but the heart had ceased to beat, and that sleep had fallen on her which the trump of the archangel only shall disturb.

O hateful error, melancholy's child?
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not! O error soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Written for the Lady's Book.

DOCTOR WINTER'S NOTIONS.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

"Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find."—DRYDEN.

It is but fair that our readers should know the personage who is to entertain them, so we will introduce our hero in a short description, which those who have the good fortune to know him, will easily recognise as a true likeness.

Doctor Jonathan Winter was one of those beings who appear always connected with incongruous circumstances. To begin with his cognomen—*Jonathan* even to Yankee ears, accustomed to quaint phrases and patriarchal names, conveys the idea of rusticity, if not clownishness; yet was Doctor Jonathan the very model of good manners, and excelled in all polite and gentlemanly accomplishments. Then his surname of *Winter*—doth it not, in imagination, conjure up a tall, pale, spectral looking figure, resembling the "Snow King," with a heart cold and impenetrable as a glazier?—Yet the wearer of that frigid name was no representative of frigidity. He was a middle-sized, elegantly-formed man, though a little inclined to the fulness which distinguished that "handsomest man of his own times, George the Fourth of England." Then Doctor Winter had a warm, healthy-looking cheek, and a complexion almost as pure as that of infancy; his large placid forehead showed that combination of intellect and benevolence on which a phrenologist delights to gaze; his bright blue eye was pleasant in its smile as the first breeze of spring, and his heart was bland and generous, as the dews and zephyrs of summer.

The life of Doctor Winter had also been a complete antithesis to his disposition. He was a joyous, active, volatile and voluble child; but reared beneath the rule of a solemn, stern, even severe guardian, he was hardly, till the age of ten years, permitted the free use of his limbs, much less of his tongue. Young Jonathan was then transferred to the care of a grave pedantic "haberdasher of pronouns," who forbade him to whistle a tune, and compelled him to decline "*music*," till the little fellow, though he loved dearly to sing, hated the name of a song. He was next sent to college, when he pined to go to sea, and then was urged to study medicine, when he longed, only to study men.

Such was the sketch he gave of his early life and adventures to the two Miss Morgans, as he sat between them, turning over the books on their work-table, one pleasant winter evening.

"And yet," continued the Doctor, "though I then considered all these uncongenial circumstances as forced on me by the caprice or injudiciousness of others, yet since I have been at liberty to direct my own movements, it has rarely happened that I have realized what I expected my freedom would give me, namely, the power of regulating my own course, and choosing my own associates. I have been engaged in many an enterprise I had not meditated, and I have formed intimacies with persons I should never voluntarily have selected as friends, or even associates. Almost all my adventures have been romantic

or melancholy, and yet I am neither an enthusiast or a mope."

"You are probably fated to become a hero," said Miss Charlotte Morgan.

"The world has little need of heroes," replied the Doctor. "The whole population of Christendom is becoming heroic—that is, all mankind are learning their own power and importance, and they find it is a combination of individuals that must effect great enterprises, consequently, that each individual should have his share of the honours and rewards. *Utility* and *steam* are now the giants of the world, and, in this march of mind and matter, single heroes are as completely distanced as Mars would be in a race with the fiery-tailed comets."

"You must turn novel-writer," said Miss Mary Morgan.

"Meaning that that is an enterprise in which *utility* or *steam* have not yet interfered?" replied the Doctor. "Well, it may be so, but I am deficient in patience and perseverance, both very necessary, indeed more indispensable for a novel writer in these days than either talent or genius."

"These days!" reiterated Miss Charlotte; "why, I thought this was the golden era of fiction, when her reign was extended over the whole habitable globe. Is not a relish for the works of fiction now considered one of the most unerring standards of civilization, if not of christianity, and that all who do not appreciate them are barbarians, or worse—stupid and strange as the savages of New Holland?"

"I grant all this," said Doctor Winter, smiling. "I grant it seems now the popular opinion, that all learning necessary for the children of men may be discussed in novels; and true enough, the same book is often an *olla podriga* of knowledge, furnishing hints on cultivating cabbages and framing constitutions of government; describing a lady's eye-brow and explaining the phenomena of the universe with the same happy accuracy of style; from the same page, perhaps, furnishing criticisms on poetry and puddings, or discussions on painting and political economy. All these subjects, and thousands of others, fiction now engrosses, mingling and blending the present and past, truth and falsehood, in such an inextricable confusion, as would entirely puzzle, if not distract the fairy who assisted Gracioso to assort the mingled feathers of nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine birds, were she appointed to unravel."

"Am I to understand then that you entirely condemn novels?" inquired Miss Charlotte Morgan.

"By no means," answered the Doctor. "I only condemn the false ideas they engender, and I maintain that, investing them with the importance we now do, they become more and more dangerous in this respect. The old romances of giants and genius, dragons and distressed damsels, castles and cavaliers, were read for amusement, and answered the purpose for which they were designed. But we are more am-

bitious; our novels are supposed to contain instruction. It will be best for those who feel an interest in preserving public morals to discover in what this instruction consists. We may say what we will about the historical accuracy of the events described in a novel, that the personages introduced are faithfully portrayed, &c., these are not the things which most interest and influence readers, especially if they be young. It is the exhibition of the passions, the tone of thought and feeling, and more than all, the effect which personal attractions, and the possession of wealth and rank are described as possessing over our destiny and happiness, which misleads."

"But novels teach us the manners and tone of fashionable life, and by showing the folly of these, make us wiser and better, without incurring the dangers and temptations which mixing in the real scenes might bring," said Mary.

"Ay, so I am often told," answered the Doctor;

"but many good people are not aware how much the extravagance of dress, and the exaggerated ideas of the bliss which a splendid establishment can bestow, are imbibed from the fashionable English novels, which are thrown from the presses of our Republic, in swarms, like the locusts of Egypt, over our land. Even our holy religion has put on the robe of deception, and comes forth with a smiling face, (alias title) to lure us to the heaven of fiction."

"Do you not approve of religious novels?" asked Charlotte, eagerly.

"No—not those usually palmed upon the public under that name. These are, for the most part, the work of weak minds, or eager aspirants for fame, who shelter their stupid and puerile productions under that sacred sanction of "moral," fancying they shall thus escape criticism and censure. I am half inclined to turn critic and scourge such pretenders. There are some I could lash."—

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE SUN.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

EYES of thy Maker, which hath never slept,
Since the Eternal Voice from chaos said
"Let there be light!"—great monarch of the day,
How shall our dark, cold strain, fit welcome speak,
Fit praise?—Lo! the poor pagan, kneeling, views
Thy burning chariot, to the highest sky
Roll on resistless, and with awe exclaims
"The god!—The god!"—And shall we blame his creed,
For whom no heaven hath open'd, to reveal
A better faith? Where else could he decry
Such image of the Deity?—such power
With goodness blending?—From the reedy grass,
Wiry and sparse, that in the marshes springs,
To the most tremulous and tender shoot
Of the Mimosa, from the shrinking bud
Nurs'd in the green-house, to the gnarl'd oak
Notching a thousand winters on its trunk,
All are the children of thy love, oh sun!—
And by thy smile sustain'd.

Unroosting orb!—

Pursu'at thou, 'mid the labyrinth of suns

Some pathway of thine own? Say, dost thou sweep
With all thy marshall'd planets in thy train,
In grand procession on, thro' boundless space,
Age after age, toward some mysterious point
Mark'd by His finger, who doth write thy date,
Thy "mene—mene—tekel," on the walls
Of the blue vault that spans our universe?—
—But Thou, who rul'st the sun, the astonish'd soul
Faints, as it takes Thy name. Almost it fears
To be forgotten, 'mid the myriad worlds
Which thou hast made.

And yet the sickliest leaf,

The feeblest efflorescence of the moss,
That drinks thy dew, reproves our unbelief.
The frail field-lily, which no florist's eye
Regards, doth win a garniture from Thee,
To kings denied. So, while to dust we bow,
Needy and poor—oh! bid us learn the lore
Grav'd on the lily's leaf, as fair and clear,
As on you disk of fire—to trust in Thee.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE HORSE BLANKET.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

"Filial ingratitude!
Is't not as if this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to it?"

THE commandment which enjoins parental reverence may be justly regarded as the most important of the Decalogue; for obedience to parents is not merely the first social duty which devolves upon man, but the first of all duties—even before obedience to Heaven. The infant mind can comprehend the claims of parental authority, as a visible power, at an earlier period than it can recognise those of the invisible divine majesty; and in rendering homage to the requirements of the former it is prepared for submitting its faculties to the guidance of the latter—the parent

on earth is, to the dawning intellect of the child, the visible representative of the Father in heaven.

Hence the importance of the early inculcation, and the proper discharge of this duty—the first which we owe to man—the first to lead our minds by necessary gradation to the love and obedience of God. If the first impulses of the heart be right, will they not be likely to continue so? If the first duties of life be performed properly, has not the soul been strengthened in virtue to discharge those which may succeed? But alas! if the child casts aside the allegiance which

he owes to his parents—trampling alike on the better instincts of nature and the law of God, who may have hope that his after course will be in obedience to the dictates of Heaven—of virtue or of honour? If the stream be poisoned at its fount, what power shall purify its waters in their devious meanderings?

Henry Addington was a tradesman who kept a shop in one of the humbler streets of London. He was of obscure parentage, but of correct morals and good feelings. Without education and with but ordinary understanding, he had been enabled by early industry and economy to realize funds to commence shopkeeping in a small way. His strict attention to the affairs of his store, his probity, and his obliging disposition soon extended his business; and fortune ran with a current for ever deepening and widening the channel of gain, until he began to look forward to independence. In time, he actually became wealthy, but in an inauspicious moment forgot his usual prudence, and tempted by the extravagant promises of another tradesman, confided most of his funds to him to be expended in a magnificent speculation. The failure of the enterprise and the dishonesty of the merchant with whom he had established the connexion nearly ruined him—in the short space of twelve months the earnings and gains of nearly a fourth of a century were gone—and he was left almost destitute, to commence the world anew, trusting to the slow yet certain additions of prudent trade to repair the ruins of deceitful speculation. A new motive was also added to insure renewed exertion, for, some time before his losses, he had taken a wife, and the wish was natural to make a prudent provision for his family. His honest and persevering endeavours were crowned with due success, and he began to recover from the blow which his affairs had received—until he had satisfied the claims that were against him, and held free of debt a stock of considerable value.

In a few years his wife died leaving one son, a child of seven years, the survivor of several children that had been the fruit of their marriage. Fletcher being thus the only natural tie that remained to the tradesman, the affection which had been bestowed upon the others seemed to be concentrated upon him; and he was accordingly nurtured with great tenderness. His inclinations were seldom thwarted, his humour was indulged and his wishes gratified, however exorbitant—in a word, he was a pet—and as is usual with pets, the spoiled child of indulgence.

Conscious of his own mental deficiencies, the father was anxious to afford his son the advantages of a good education, and therefore sent him to the most expensive schools. Fletcher mingled here with those who were from walks of life superior to that in which he moved—and in the little friendly visitations which he made to the houses of his schoolfellows, witnessed a splendour and display of living that made him look with contempt on the humble appointments of his own home. A passion for luxury and ambitious parade became in his matured life one of his strongest excitements. Although his father's simple manners, and plain dress and conversation were at times mortifying to his pride, Fletcher was not insensible to the kindness which he had experienced—he was in reality grateful for the love and benefits of which he had been the recipient. And the good old man in the innocence and fondness of his heart, in the humble estimate which he formed of his own charac-

ter, was led to pardon his son's impropriety, even when he seemed to regard with mortification and disdain the plain understanding and ancient manners of the author of his existence.

Fletcher in due time was associated with his father in trade, and the prompt despatch of the former with the experience of the latter insured general success in their enterprises. But at length Fletcher determined to marry, and importuned his father to retire from business to domestic ease, and give up the affairs of the firm to his sole direction. The old man was advanced in years, and required repose, and was not unwilling to escape the cares of mercantile life, and acceded therefore to his wishes.

A dashing new sign with "FLETCHER ADDINGTON," in letters of gold, usurped the place of the plain white one with "ADDINGTON AND SON" upon it in black letters, and the son "ante diem" entered upon the heritage of his father. At the same time a residence was purchased near the city, combining the advantages of town and country, and the title made in the name of the son. The good old man committed all things into his hands—his stock in trade, his money, his house, his all; and was to spend the calm evening of his days in uninterrupted ease with his children, a pensioner upon the undoubted gratitude of the son to whom he had relinquished every thing.

He did not for a moment reflect that children, accustomed from earliest infancy to regard their parents as their natural protectors, never feel their dependence in receiving benefits or gifts through life; but that the case is very different when parents come to experience a dependence upon their children; and that in the tenure of some property in their own hands, they have the guaranty of love and tenderness from them in the double feeling of gratitude and of interest. In confidence and affection he bestowed all, and looked for filial piety to soothe the declining eve of one whose turn of life had been toil. In the love of his children, in the cessation from labour, and the companionship of a few tried old friends, he hoped to abide quietly the time of his departure, and lie down at length with tranquillity on the couch of death.

Fletcher's wife was a fashionable woman, the daughter of a gentleman who had been rendered bankrupt by his expensive living. To her husband she brought no money; but on the contrary an ambition for display and prodigality for which his means were entirely inadequate. Proud, supercilious, and selfish—a heartless votary of fashion—it is not to be presumed that she was either calculated or disposed to make her father-in-law happy. The old man was too plain in his person and manners to please her fastidious taste; and she did not hesitate to exhibit her contempt of him and the old friends who came to see him. He was soon given to understand that he must have less company—that their dry conversation and rude jests were not to be tolerated when polite and fashionable persons were accustomed to converse. One by one his friends, who perceived their presence was unwelcome to the lady of the house, ceased to visit him, and the old man pined for converse and company. His son, no less than his wife, seemed to regard him with coldness of manner that scarcely amounted to civility; and he could not but feel that his presence was oppressive to them.

In the parties that were given at the house, and in the chance assemblages of persons, no one conversed

with him—no one noticed him. In time, he was requested not to appear at table when strangers were present, but to await his meals in a private room. After this the graceless daughter began to complain, that he injured the settees and lounges by placing his feet on them—that he leaned back in his chair soiling the paper of the room with his head—and that he spat upon the carpets—that his conversation was not suitable for their visitors, and that his presence cast a gloom over them. The natural pride of his heart had been increased by his position in society, and the example and suggestions of his wife, until feeling was stifled, and the inhuman son consented to the proposal to give the father, to whom they owed every thing, the exclusive use of one room and to confine him to it at all times.

The old man lived here almost in solitude, for his children for days together did not come into his room, and he saw only the servants who came to wait upon him and serve up his food. This consisted in general of the broken meats left from the table of the family, though the supply was abundant.

A short time after transferring his property to his son, the old man perceived his error. The evident change of manner which took place in their conduct was well calculated to wound his feelings, while in the reckless expenditures at home, the waste of money abroad, and the neglect of business in the store, he foresaw the loss of all for which he had enslaved himself in life. Remonstrances were in vain—as they failed to produce a change of living and only provoked unkind replies.

Time passed on, and the room which the father used was required for a nursery, and he was removed to an old outhouse on the place, at some distance from the mansion house. This was a severe blow to the old man, for although he had no sympathy from his ungrateful son and daughter, his grandchildren were a source of happiness to him; and in their smiles and infantile caresses he often forgot the heartlessness of their parents. They were frequently in his room, and were the only prop of comfort that stayed his wearied spirit. The hut in which he was placed was old and decayed, and much out of repair, but the son promised to have it made thoroughly comfortable before the cold season came on, which however was not done. The unnatural son at first called occasionally to see his father, but at length entirely discontinued his visits, and he was left to the care of servants alone. It is not to be supposed that they would not neglect him when he was so utterly abandoned by others; and accordingly the old man often suffered from hunger, and from severe cold.

Restrained by pride from going to the house from which he had been so cruelly exiled, his messages to his son were, for the most part, either never reported by the servants or disregarded by their master; while he, in the mean time, was left to solitude and suffering. The visits of his grand children during the warm season had often cheered the old man, but when the cold weather set in they ceased to come to his cold and miserable abode, and he was left solitary. With insufficient attire, but little fuel, and a few old shredded coverlets upon a bed of straw, in an old hut through whose crevices the hollow winds of winter were whistling, suffered a father whose head was blanched with the frosts of more than seventy years, while the son to whom he had given life and wealth rioted in luxury and extravagance, unmindful of his

wants—regardless of his woes. He had sent messages repeatedly to his son to provide him a pair of blankets for his comfortless bed, but failing to receive them, he called on the groom at the stable to make inquiry about them. The groom told him that he had been unable to obtain money to purchase them—when the old man seeing the horses which were kept for the carriage, the course and the chase, all comfortably protected from the cold by blanketing, requested the groom to ask his son for one of their covers to keep him from freezing.

On the following morning he called upon the groom to learn the success of his application, and met a rude repulse from the servant, who, it is possible, had never reported the matter to his master at all. The old man's feelings overcame him—he longed for death that he might escape further unhappiness, and no longer afford occasion to his unnatural children of impiety that could not fail to draw down the vengeance of heaven upon them. His strength for the time forsook him, and sitting down on the sill of the stable, he leaned his head against the door; and the sorrows of his heart found their way in the sobs that broke from his bosom, and the streams that coursed his pale cheeks. Blinded with tears and the streaming white hair which the wind had blown from his temples over his eyes, he did not know that any one was near him, until he felt a weight on his knees and on throwing aside the long locks that obscured his vision, saw his second grandson gazing up into his face with an expression in which love, pity, surprise, and inquiry were sweetly blended. The little innocent sought to learn the cause of his grandfather's sorrow, but the old man was unable for a time to take any further notice of his questions than to press him to his bosom and weep the more passionately. When he did ascertain the cause of his grief, the little fellow ran to the groom and insisted on his taking the blanket from the pony which belonged to him and his elder brother, and having received it, came and threw it over his grandfather's shoulders. He then besought him to go to the house, but the old man refused, and returned again to the solitude of his dreary hut.

The child went back to the house weeping; and his father, who sat by a cheerful fire, his feet resting on a cushion, supposing that he was suffering from the cold, spoke kindly to him and offered to take him in his arms; but he repulsed his caresses. Besought to tell what grieved him, he broke forth into more passionate weeping, and exclaimed, "When I am a man, I will not be wicked like you, father; when you become old and are sent to the hut to lie on a straw bed, I will not let you freeze there; I will give you a horse blanket whenever you want it, father!" After this, in his simple way, he mentioned the scene at the stable, and every word went like an arrow to the heart of the inhuman son. The latent spark of nature was enkindled—shame was excited—the vengeance and retribution of heaven shadowed forth in the prophetic words of his own child, alarmed him—sorrow, penitence, stirred his bosom, and he instantly determined to recall his much neglected, much abused parent, to the home from which he had been exiled. He called in his wife and stated his fixed determination for the future—reproached her and himself for the ingratitude, the folly, the impiety of the past—that they had disregarded the counsels, the happiness, the honour of him who had just claims upon them

for all reverence; and in the career of folly and extravagance had wasted every thing they possessed upon those who in reality cared nothing for them.

The reverse of fortune, and the difficulties which the old man had often predicted during his course of pleasure and fashion, may, it is possible, have had some influence in awakening serious reflection and proper feelings. The father was induced to return to the mansion house, and found a place at the fire-side and the table. Fletcher consulted him on the state of his affairs, and was sagacious enough to discover that the old gentleman had a much better idea of business than he had supposed some time before; he adopted many of his suggestions, and made every effort to recover himself from his difficulties, by prudence and economy. He applied to many whom he had been disposed to regard as friends in his prosperity. He found them to be friends *in prosperity only*. They could loan him no money, nor extend his credit if he chanced to owe them. In a word, he experienced sufficient proof of the heartlessness of fashionable friends. His merchandise was seized and sacrificed. Of all that had partaken of his hospitality—upon whom he had wasted thousands—there was not one to lend him a pound to continue business. His house and furniture were seized, his stud of horses, and his hounds. Still, of his many summer friends, there was no one generous enough to give him funds to save the furniture that was absolutely necessary for his family—never was there a more total abandonment.

Yet plain old Henry Addington had some friends to whom *he* was dear, if the son had no friends. They who had been treated contumeliously by the arrogant son and daughter, came forward in time to assist the father, and through him the unworthy children. They supplied the old man with funds to purchase such furniture as was necessary for the family, with this proviso, that it should be held in his name. The day of sale came on, and the old man resolved to bid for the plainer articles only—such as would suit the fallen fortunes of the family. The circumstances of the sale being known, it was supposed that there would be but little competition when he bid; but unexpectedly there was a stranger present who proved to be a most determined opponent. He seemed inclined to purchase every thing that was offered, except the more costly furniture, so that the old man could scarcely obtain an article without paying its full value or even more. The house and grounds were next sold, and the mysterious stranger was the purchaser. The hounds were next sold, the hunters, the carriage horses, and the coursers, but for none of these did the stranger offer a bid. They appeared to have no interest for him; but when the pony was put up, the slight little animal from which the blanket had been taken (the least able of any to spare its cover; if it might be judged from its shivering,) the stranger immediately bid for it. There was some competition for it. The eyes of the juvenile owners, as the contest was kept up, began to glisten—then moistened, and when it was at last knocked down to the stranger, and led back to the stall, those of the younger were deluged in tears. The sale closed with the day, and the family in sorrow and humiliation retired to sleep for the last time in the mansion from which their own folly had exiled them.

In the morning the little boys in paying a visit to

the pony that they might carry him the last feed which he was to have from their hands, were glad to find that the kind owner had already put a blanket upon him; and their grandfather was shortly after equally surprised and delighted to recover the title papers for the house and furniture made out in his own name, and a check for a very large amount on the bank of England—the sum total, principal and interest of the money of which his early partner had defrauded him many years before. He had returned from India very wealthy, and learning the distressed circumstances of the man he had injured, sought to make the reparation which justice and honour demanded. He shortly after paid him a visit and at the same time presented the boys with their pony.

Henry Addington was again wealthy, and sole possessor of every thing he determined to remain. He was lord of the domicile, and his children his guests. The old storehouse was obtained, and a very plain sign put over the door, containing the words "Addington & Son," and business again prospered as before. At home it did not *seem* to his son's wife that the old man was so often disposed to put his feet on the chairs. He certainly spat less on the carpets, and, at all events, if he did not, they were his own.

His conversation was more agreeable, and the old friends who came again to see him appeared less clownish and old fashioned. If they were even a little antique, she preferred their goodness of heart to the insincerity of the modern fashionable friends whom she had known. In a word, they were a happy family—they heartily regretting their past errors, and the old man not only forgiving them but studiously avoiding all reference to them. In a good old age Henry Addington was gathered to his fathers, leaving to his son the chief part of his wealth, and bequeathing to his grandson the residue, besides the HORSE-BLANKET, which, to the day of his death the old man had kept upon his bed; and seemed to think it contained more warmth than half a dozen ordinary blankets.

Reader, I have done; and now, when I tell you that the principal incidents in the above tale are true, will you pause and consider the duty of parental reverence. Are you a man and behold a young woman who is dear to you forgetting the love and duty which she owes to her father? Believe me when I tell you that the graceless daughter will be the faithless wife, and that she who denies reverence to the head which has been whitened in the labour and toil of life for her, will fail in her honour of you when time and change shall have obliterated the charms that attracted her early attention. Are you a maiden? Will you trust your happiness to one who disregards the first law of nature and of heaven? When the dim eyes of age look to him in vain for the tenderness of filial piety, and the feeble knees of her who gave him existence appeal in vain for support, can you flatter yourself that he will be mindful of you when the roses shall have faded from your cheek, and the graces of your person and the elasticity of your step have departed with the flight of years. Build not your hopes of happiness on a foundation of sand! In conclusion, in the words of a higher wisdom and authority I would say to all, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the earth which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE STRANGER.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"Is not the scene beautiful?" said the lady.—The tear gathered in the stranger's eye as he replied—"To you it doubtless appears so—but it recalls to me thoughts of anguish, connected with a similar scene, which destroys its pleasantness."

STRANGER! the word of sadness falls
Like echo in deserted halls,
A sound of mystery, fear and gloom;
In vain the lone heart to beguile,
Bland nature wears her sweetest smile;
Like living flowers upon a tomb,
The beauty all around her spread,
But tells of lovelier beauties fled,
And breathes of solitude and doom.

Oh, could we read the thoughts that rise
While pointing to the stranger's eyes
Some dear familiar scene we love!
The smile may glow, the tear may flow,
But not like ours the joy or wo,
That thus the conscious feelings move,
The stream of sympathy will start
From fountains, gathered in his heart,
Before the desert world he rove.

PRIDE AND LOVE.

BY W. LANDOR.

His heart was swollen and turn'd aside
By deep, interminable pride;
That first, false passion of his breast
Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.—THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

"WHO is the fair damsel that has prevailed for half an hour over the *ennui* of my fastidious friend, Clinton?" demanded Edward Clavering, in his usual tone of haughty indifference, as the personage to whom the question was addressed, approached him at one of the select and delightfully dull *soirées* of the aristocratic Mrs. Russel.

Stupidity is the first virtue of an aristocratic assembly, whether that assembly be a house of peers or a dowager's tea-party. Of this maxim, the disciplined taste of Mrs. Russel was well convinced, and her unslumbering tact was rarely at fault for the means of giving this desirable character to the entertainments that took place under her own roof. She was an amiable woman, and was never known to be implacable in her resentment, excepting towards one luckless youth, who, in a moment of forgetfulness, unwittingly insulted her by a compliment on the gaiety and brilliance of the evening he had passed. She was sensible, too; and in the house of another person would sometimes be malicious enough to exert herself to vulgarize a whole party by spreading life through a drawing-room, and rendering an evening delightful. But she never allowed such improprieties where the responsibility of the *soirée* rested on herself.

Clavering had duly and dully gone round the whole circle, addressing a triple bow to each old dowager, a double speech to every young lady, and a simple nod to all the men, until he had talked, nodded, and bowed up the whole of his acquaintance. He then sat down by a table in the corner, and began to inspect a box of sulphura. While his eye was on the gems, his attention did not wander for a moment from the company, and as he studied the various points of the group that possessed interest, his curiosity was chiefly piqued by the earnest conversation which Clinton was carrying on with a young lady in one corner. There was something very distinguished in her appearance; the beauty of high birth, high

thoughts, high feelings. It was clearly a first appearance. Had he discovered her first, he would have valued and have vaunted her above Iemshid's diamond; having lost that advantage by the lateness of his arrival, he made up his mind that she was not worth attention, and was on the point of withdrawing to his club when his friend came up.

"Is she a genius?" pursued Henry, with a somewhat contemptuous air, before he had given his friend time to reply.

"No," was the doubtful answer.

"Then we must accept a miracle instead of wit;" for never before did I see you worshipping at any other shrine."

"Why, she is agreeable, she is pretty, she is new:—there is a triple crown would queen the commonest; which she is far from being. Her history is interesting, her character more, her smile most of all. To pay her what you will appreciate as the highest compliment she can receive, She is almost worthy of your acquaintance."

"Why, she is ratherish pretty;" said Clavering, languidly raising his glass, "or at least might be, if her eyes were not yellow, her nose did not realize Dryden's *ideal* of Eneas's, her ceaseless smile partook less of the nature of a grin, and if she were about three and a quarter times as high as she now is. But on the whole, she will rather do."

"She has one quality, Clavering, which should protect her from your sneers; she has admirable blood in her veins."

"Blood! ah! ha! That explains the Romanesque nose. Antique blood has an invariable tendency to concrete in the centre of the face in the form of a hook."

"A curious circumstance is that; pray, how do you account for it?"

"It is one of the primary facts of nature, derived from a wide induction, the cause whereof it might be profane to inquire. But what is the name of this fair

Plantagenet? or are your views on her subject such as to render her name so transitory that it is not worth while to remember it?"

"Her name is Vassal. That name speaks for itself."

"And for you too. By making you merit her name, I am sure she is entitled to wear yours. Well, if you are for Vassal, I am for whist. I am going to the club; when you have embarked your goddess in her dove-drawn chariot, I suppose you will come round."

"My dear fellow, do let me present you. I will tell you why. She belongs to the old aristocracy, as I said; but she is very poor, and likely to be mortified by richer rivals. Now I am determined on that account that she shall be the most fashionable woman of the season: and I want your assistance for that purpose."

Clavering was a person of the most honourable sentiments, and that appeal touched him.

"Well! if you will, *d'accord*. But stop; you are not going to present me. That would be too plebeian. I shall be presented by the mistress of the house."

One month after this, when his mind was disturbed by strong perplexity, his heart torn by careless passion, and his whole being agitated by a tempest of emotion, Edward Clavering recalled the gay and thoughtless conversation of this night, and thought how the destiny of his life had turned on the strength of his affection for the game of whist. Truly quoth the Prince of Denmark, "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be."

In a few minutes, Clavering, with Mrs. Russel on his arm, was on his way to Miss Vassal. She was modestly seated in a corner, and the path by which he approached her, lying between a centre-table and some large ottomans, was so confined that it was with considerable difficulty and delay that she was reached—a circumstance which, as he perceived, attracted her attention.

"That passage," said he, when his bow had been properly executed, "deserves to be called *Al Sirat's* for its narrowness; what it leads to, makes the name equally appropriate. By the by," added he, as the lady that he named withdrew, "I have just been listening to a very emphatic eulogy from Mrs. Russel; but I fear greatly that you must soon forfeit some portion of her approbation, for she considers it rather *du mauvais ton*, to be brilliant."

"The brilliance," replied Miss Vassal, "must, I believe, be rather 'in the optics seeing, than the object seen.'"

"If the optics possess any brilliance in this presence, it must be only because they are a faithful mirror."

"They must form, then, such a mirror as the magic glass in Camoëna, which possessed the virtue of doubling the charms of whatever it reflected."

"You will remember," said Clavering, "that it was only on the fairest of the goddesses that its power was tried."

"And the exhibition was made," replied Miss Vassal, "by the most graceful of the gods."

"I have always admired the glory of that deity; I am sure that at this moment he would envy me."

"In matters of wit," said Miss Vassal, "he was apt to be jealous of his equals."

"Are you going to imitate his cruelty," said Edward, "by flaying me alive?"

"Nay," replied Miss Vassal, "in the old contest between the god and the mortal, it was the vanquished that was flayed."

"If Miss Vassal will be the umpire, that old trial may be perfectly renewed; for it was decided by the judgment of all the muses."

Clavering, who had approached Miss Vassal with the idea that a few of his extravagant compliments would turn her head, was rather baulked at finding himself in great danger of being beaten at his own weapons. To avoid that defeat he hastened to turn the conversation in another direction.

"Talking of muses," said he; "are you going to Mrs. R.'s weekly *soirées* this winter?"

"To some of them; are they pleasant?"

"Some of them," doubtless will be; but I have generally found them like Milton's nightingale, 'Most musical, most melancholy.'"

"Are you not fond of music?"

"Very; but there is too much amateur performance; a thing, which, when you are not interested in the performer, and professional persons are standing by, is rather annoying."

Miss Vassal had in her hand a white japonica, which at this moment she held to her lip.

"What a beautiful *bouquet*!" exclaimed Clavering.

"'Tis but a single flower," said Miss Vassal, holding it out.

"When I spoke," replied Clavering, "it was joined to a fairer. Are you an admirer of the camellia?"

"Not particularly; I do not love flowers that have no fragrance."

"No; a flower without perfume is like a man without spirit, or a woman without sentiment. Each is to each the soul to the body. How inferior is every flower to the rose!" And she took up one that was lying upon her lap. "This is the age of revolutions; but the queenship of the rose will never be disturbed."

"I shall retain many inward memorials of Miss Vassal," continued Edward, in a lower voice; "may I not possess this external representative of her. The fittest of emblems! for hereafter her memory shall be as fair and fragrant as this flower."

"And as transitory."

"Genius is a flower whose hues can never fade."

Edward placed the rose in the button-hole of his coat, and the conversation went on for some time. In the ardour of remark, some of its leaves were shaken off, and fell upon the ground. Miss Vassal looked at those which were fallen, with an air of disappointment, as if offended at the negligence.

"These leaves, Miss Vassal, are the *Sybil's*," said Clavering, pointing to those which adhered to the stalk, and rising to give place to another who approached; "and I shall value them the more, the fewer there are."

Edward was quite captivated with his new acquaintance. Tired and displeas'd with the affectations, the common place, the essential vulgarness of feeling that belonged to the young women whom he had hitherto met, who seemed to enter the world with all the bloom rubbed off their hearts, he was delighted with the simplicity, fresh purity, delicate and genial gaiety, which marked Miss Vassal's conversation. She was very young, and though perfectly well shaped, rather beneath the middle height. Her features were very fine and noble; they might have been too striking in outline, if the softness of the skin had not shaded them into perfect beauty.

Her complexion, which was her greatest charm, had that exquisite fairness and surpassing lustre which tradition has described as the chief fascination in the beauty of Marie Antoinette. Her eye was bright to dazzling; her smile enchanting.

Clavering and Clinton left the room together. The latter proposed that they should go to the club.

"Hang the club!" exclaimed Clavering, "who could endure its vulgar racket after the silvery tones of the Vassal? its stupid glare after the mild effulgence of her smile?"

"Bravo! thy head, and heart, and speech, are all turned. But the yellow eyes, Edward, the yellow eyes, are they turned too?"

"Bah! thine eyes are green; if thou can'st not appreciate her excellence, thy understanding is of the same hue."

The friends parted at the corner, and Clinton went off singing

*Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her eyes were yellow as gold.*

And Clavering walking slowly beneath the moon, thought upon the beauty of Margaret Vassal.

A gay and trifling libertine—a man who strove to reason himself into worldliness as a system—a man of deep emotions and lofty aspirations after virtue and purity; the first was Clavering's reputation—the second was the character which experience had induced upon him—the last was his genuine nature. Embittered and enraged at the heartless dispathy with which his own better emotions were chilled, his better intentions misinterpreted, his better efforts thwarted by the world, he deemed at last that goodness was the dupe of destiny, and that to wickedness of heart the issues of success and happiness were granted. He devastated his own nature that he might take vengeance on the world. No man is suddenly all evil. Time must co-operate with effort in order to deprave the soul. Under the influence of a perverted temper and unworthy habits, Edward was rapidly sliding into cold selfishness when the brightness of Miss Vassal shone upon his spirit. Her voice echoed through the buried recesses of his heart. Her presence diffused around him an atmosphere of purity, which revived to life and to developement the long crushed growth of high and kindly feelings. He reverted instantly to the holier sentiments of youth; and touched by the hand of sympathy in the errant loneliness of life, he no longer despaired of nobleness and virtue.

Next morning he called on Miss Vassal. Her conversation was characterized by the same vivid interest, the same gushiness, freshness of manner, as before—the lightness of a heart unlogged by a single fear—unburthened by the weight of a single withered hope.

A volume of poetry was lying on the table, and Henry made some remark about it. It was a general feeling with him that books did not constitute a refined subject of conversation, and on common occasions he never made them the topics of discourse. At this time, however, he was wishing to go somewhat beyond the conventional reserve of society, and to discover something of the depths of his companion's character, and he knew that opinions about books form perhaps the best test of the intelligence and the spirit.

"Are you an admirer of the writings of Mrs. Hemans?" said Clavering.

"Not greatly; nor indeed of any female writer of

poetry. Poetry, in those higher kinds in which alone it is valuable, seems to me to be essentially an art—perhaps the subtlest and most severe of arts. And I doubt whether in a woman who possesses the susceptibility necessary to furnish materials for poetry, there will be found sufficient control over temperament, to direct emotion according to the forms of taste. In the works of De Staël, Hemans, and Miss Landon, the elements of creativeness are abundant and rich; but the form is not classical."

"Aye! poetry was with them a passion rather than an art."

"It seems to be the effort of Mrs. Hemans on every occasion to excite her feelings to the utmost, and then merely to express them—express them with an historical fulness and accuracy.

*To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,*

formed no portion of her mystery."

"Wordsworth, I fancy," said Clavering, "would better represent your ideal of a poet, yet his admirers are so extravagant, and his own deviations from taste so many, that perhaps you are repelled."

"We may approve, I think, without worshipping," said Miss Vassal, "and may taste what is beautiful without extolling what is contemptible. I confess he is my greatest favourite; but that does not prevent my perceiving the utter paltriness of much that he has written. His last volume contains things more exquisitely finished than any thing perhaps since Spenser. But his language is not good."

"No; it has not about it, the classic smell of immortality. Byron's words are better."

"Much; Wordsworth's diction has something of affectation—cant—modernness—of colloquial vulgarity: I use the words of course only in their *nuances* of meaning."

"Byron's English," said Clavering, "is perhaps the correctest of our time; even to niceties which have never passed the pens of the grammarians. He was a diligent student of the old writers, before Latin and Dr. Johnson had depraved the language; of the old divines, which he avowed—of the old poets, which he denied. Besides he lived more in the large air of the world; and abhorred and shunned that *coterie* influence which has injured Wordsworth so much."

"Byron was a gentleman, too, Mr. Clavering," said Miss Vassal, with a half satyric smile; "he rejoiced, like his admirer, in an old Norman name. There are some qualities which if we are not born with them, or if we have not a natural predisposition and adaptation in reference to them, yet at least always take a tincture from our station. Language is one of them. Byron writes with the natural propriety of a high born peer. Wordsworth's words are chosen, but not elegant; *recherché*, but not refined. He employs the carefully selected language of a *parvenu*."

"What an admirable sentiment, Miss Vassal, for a republican," exclaimed Clavering, infinitely diverted, and not perceiving the irony of the speaker. "If I were to print that remark in this democratic country, I should raise a whirlwind. If a revolution breaks out, depend upon it, you who have merited the fame of Antoinette, will share her fate."

"If pride of birth be a sin, I am sure I should not walk alone to the guillotine," said she.

"Byron," resumed Clavering, "usually wrote in such heat of haste, that he did himself no sort of justice. Yet there are lines in his works which show

that he was *trempe* in the antique spirit; that he knew and had mastered the witchery of *form* in composition."

"Take for example these lines from the 'Cor-sair,'" said Miss Vassal, fully sympathizing with his remark :

Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,
Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,
We'll turn the tale by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olympia lov'd and left of old.

"A'nt that last couplet more Miltonic than Milton? Or, take this from Marfred :

—————' the great of old,
The dead, but accepted sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.'

"What austere chastity of mind! what holy sternness of taste! I might say, in the old sense of the word, what *awful* severity of phrase!"

"Aye! Æschylus might have written it in the most silent sanctity of his inspiration. I would not be so presumptuous as to invite your attention to any passage in Lord Byron, except what are contained in one famous poem, which of course you have not read: a poem which, like the barks of Solomon, is freighted at once with gold and apes. In every other I am sure you would anticipate me.

'Oh! Hesperus! thou bringest all good things,
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'er labour'd steer.'

"There is something very Homeric in the definiteness of that word *steer*. Pope would have used some vague generality of paraphrase; or if compelled to employ a single expression, it would have been *brute*, or at nearest, *ox*."

"Your conversation," said Miss Vassal, in a tone of pleasant sarcasm, "has taken an encyclopedic range, as it began with Mrs. Hemans and has ended in steers. I scarcely expected to find that the aristocratic Mr. Clavering was one 'whose talk is of oxen.'"

"Madam!" said Clavering, rising to take leave; "inspired by your allusions to classic tastes and times, I led in this ox, that he might be offered at the altar of the modern Minerva."

Edward was charmed with the intelligence and fine cultivation of Miss Vassal, for he naturally formed the highest estimate of the understanding of one whose literary opinions agreed so entirely with his own. There was a tone of genuineness and of simplicity, ignorant even of temptation, in her aspect and demeanour, that seemed kindred to his holiest and most hidden aspirations. Like the prospect of the summer sea and sky opening through the morning mist, there seemed to expand within his mind a scene of delicious purity, wherein his thoughts might hide themselves from the harsh tempests of the world.

A day or two after, Edward called again, and was admitted—as it turned out, by mistake, for Miss Vassal was really engaged, and after he had entered the drawing room, a message to that effect was sent. Before it arrived, however, he had seated himself at a little table on which was an open portfolio, containing paper. The thought immediately occurred to him of writing some verses in allusion to Miss Vassal, and leaving them there anonymously. The message which was presently brought gave him time enough for his purpose; and putting in exercise a talent which he had carefully acquired as part of the education of a thoroughly furnished man, he threw off seven

ral highly complimentary stanzas, and shutting them in the *porte-feuille*, left the house. The servant did not know his person, and he hoped to escape *incognito*.

The next afternoon, Clinton and himself happened to be walking together, when they overtook Miss Vassal and her mother. They were within a few steps of their own house, and the cavaliers begged permission to escort them home. Clinton obligingly engaged the elder lady in advance, and left Clavering with the daughter.

"A magnificent sunset, is it not Miss Vassal?"

"Very; could you not favour us with a sonnet on the occasion, Mr. Clavering?"

"I! the most prosaic of mankind?"

"Nay, I think I could offer proof to the contrary."

Clavering saw that she had detected his penmanship.

"It must be a transcendent subject, Miss Vassal, that can inspire me with verses: a subject—if a thing so dominant in charms may be called a subject—more lustrous than the sunset—rising always, setting never."

Miss Vassal blushed deeply. "I must understand you as still speaking poetically. But in plain prose, if I am indebted to you for those too flattering verses, I must beg you to accept my thanks."

"Will you permit me to request one favour of you? It is a great liberty I take in imposing a promise upon you. I had intended that those doggerels should remain anonymous. Since I am discovered, may I beg that you will suffer no one to see them?"

"Certainly, Mr. Clavering;" replied Miss Vassal, drawing back her graceful neck; "they shall be seen by no one."

This request on the part of Edward, proceeded from sheer diffidence, and a dread that his verses might excite ridicule for their lameness, if they were read by others. But it did not display his usual refinement, as it implied a fear that the lady might be disposed to exhibit them as an offering to her vanity; and it was liable to be wholly misunderstood by her.

The following afternoon, Edward called again. Miss Vassal was sitting at the window; as he ascended the steps, he saw her rise and ring the bell. A few moments after, the servant came to the door; Miss Vassal was "not at home."

This first break in the chain of friendship—this first disturbance of his dream of confidence—startled Clavering. He immediately thought that the tenderness of his rhymes had given offence, and that his attentions were disagreeable to Miss Vassal. Still other reasons, more soothing to his vanity, might have occasioned the refusal; and as among equally plausible conclusions, every man's instinct is towards the most pleasant, he was not long in settling upon a different motive.

Soon after he again saw Mrs. Vassal and her daughter walking, and he joined them. Miss Vassal's reserve was not to be mistaken. She took scarcely any part in the conversation, and turned her face away from him during nearly the whole interview.

"Humph!" said Clavering to himself, as he left them; "that matter is completely settled. She dislikes me, and I will certainly never trouble her with any further attention."

His pride was deeply wounded; and in the excitement of that feeling he felt a refuge from distress.

One dream of happiness was over: he was resolved not to be duped again.

There was a ball at Mrs. T.'s. When Clavering entered, Miss Vassal was standing in one of the quadrilles, with two or three persons around her. Edward conversed for some time with other ladies, and then approached her carelessly. She received him with a most gracious smile, and bade him "good evening" very cordially. He bowed coldly without speaking, and having replied to one or two remarks made by those conversing with her, but addressed none to her, presently turned on his heel and moved off. What could have been the cause of the sudden change in her manner, from cold to friendly, he speculated in vain. But if it was meant to conciliate him, it wholly failed; such is the nature of pride, that this disposition on her part to renew their intercourse, kindled in him a haughtier resentment. Towards the close of the evening, after dancing with several other persons, he requested, coldly, the honor of her hand. She replied with frigid distance that she was engaged.

It is proper to explain the causes of this variable manner, which had baffled the guesses of Edward. The real cause of the first resentment of Miss Vassal, was the request which Clavering had made, that no one might see his verses. Those verses breathed unequivocally of love; and she at once suspected that the motive of his request was a wish to draw back from the position which he had there taken, and an unwillingness that others should suppose that he had felt any attachment to her. Her proud blood was roused to the utmost. The dignity of high birth would have prevented her feeling any such suspicion, if she had not been poor; the conscious inferiority of narrow circumstances, excited a jealousy of the respect of those around her. When a man indicated fears of being drawn into a connexion with her, she determined that he should at once be relieved from any such apprehensions, by having that peril placed beyond his power. That feeling occasioned her denial of herself on the occasion above spoken of.

When she came to reflect more deliberately on the subject, and when more generous and noble feelings recovered their ascendancy in her breast, and she again perused the passionate verses, she was convinced that no such design as she had too hastily imputed, existed in his mind. She was satisfied of the true cause from which it arose; and before she met him with her mother, was prepared to receive him with all her former cordiality. When, however, he presented himself on that occasion, his subdued and timorous aspect roused all the pride of power; the pleasure of punishing a lover is a temptation irresistible to woman. She persuaded herself that she hated him, and felt a strange delight in treating him contemptuously. When he had left she bitterly regretted her conduct, as both unworthy and dangerous; and she determined at their next meeting to behave with the utmost kindness. Hence her gracious manner in the ball-room. The coldness with which that was received, kindled her pride again: it was a new and deeper cause of resentment. She resolved that he should be chastised for that rude ingratitude.

Edward flattered himself that he was done with Miss Vassal; he believed he cared nothing about her, and, in fact, rather congratulated himself that the thing was ended. But there is nothing, about which it is easier to be deceived than the state of one's own feelings. Edward Clavering was thoroughly and

hopelessly in love. He did not then know what suffering soon taught him, that the heart is not the subject of the will. He thought of Miss Vassal day and night. He found no interest but in her idea. The ambiguity of her behaviour, and the doubts which he was constantly engaged in trying to compose, deepened her influence into his feelings.

A public ball was given the next week. Edward, when he came in, saw her standing in conversation with some young ladies. Her lovely countenance and beautiful figure melted his heart. He hoped that once again he might enjoy her charming smile, and he approached her. She turned her back when she saw him coming, and it was some time before he could bow to her. He requested the pleasure of dancing with her; with an air of quick resentment, and a tone of decided displeasure, she refused the request. Edward withdrew. He was deeply hurt, but he had too much true pride and dignity to play the flirt. When he was beneath the control of a woman, he scorned the cowardly refuge of concealment or denial; nay, it was a point of honor with him, to let her enjoy all the glory which that proof of her power might yield her. He stood apart on this occasion and did not dance or talk with any other lady. She, on the contrary, was plainly enacting the coqueté. She displayed unwonted animation and attention in her treatment of those who approached her.

Such are the effects of pride; and such was the manner in which two ingenious persons, who ardently loved one another, had contrived to quarrel and be miserable. Edward's coldness, founded on her supposed dislike, had roused her pride to anger, at a time when she was disposed to conciliate: her baseless anger had fixed him in immoveable alienation.

When her feelings returned to a more quiet course, in the calmness of lonely meditation, she deeply regretted the relation in which they stood. She mourned that wantonness of pride which had made her seem to hate him when her heart was full of sensibility. At the numerous parties where they met, he never approached her, except to offer a silent stately bow; during the rest of the evening he remained gloomy and dull. How she wished he would converse with her; she was sure she could remove all unkind feelings from his mind. How she wished he would invite her to dance! This he never did after his last repulse, but once, and then she was compelled to refuse. She had been obliged to sit down by a violent attack of giddiness, arising from the heat of the room. Edward, who quietly saw every movement that she made, thought that this was caused by her having no partner for the dance; and eager to save her from that mortification, stepped forward and solicited that honor. Almost deprived of consciousness for the moment by the violence of the paroxysm, she was under the necessity of declining. But afterwards she understood his motives, and appreciated the nobleness and generosity of his conduct.

Edward Clavering was one of the proudest men in Christendom. To the indulgence of that feeling he sacrificed the gratification of every other sentiment. He loved Miss Vassal passionately—madly; but he would have died sooner than have told her so. From what he saw of Miss Vassal's conduct, he thought that her affections might easily be conciliated; nay, such were his notions on the subject of women, and his confidence in his own powers, that he did not

doubt that he might win any lady. But in this case, he *could* not stoop to sue. In the bitterness of his mortification, he had sworn that no woman should have the opportunity of repulsing him twice. His love was of his soul; but his soul *was* pride.

Wrapt in the stern dogmatism of moody passion, Edward Clavering might have descended into the vale of years, unchanged in sentiment and unyielding in position. He never would have loved another; he never would have ceased to love Miss Vassal; he never would have relinquished that perverseness of feeling which forbade him to confess his admiration. Sometimes, as he sat alone, pondering on that one subject which engrossed his thoughts, he called to mind the gay and airy intercourse—the light and graceful carelessness of temper—the playful wit, the sparkling smile, the fine, unfearing confidence, which marked their earlier friendship; contrasted with his present feelings and position, the latter seemed harsh and sombre as a sepulchre. Yet, when he thought of the self-adoration which he must give up, in order to pass from one to the other, in the bitter madness of his pride, he preferred the sullen gloom of his lonely misery.

Several months past by, and no alteration occurred in the sentiments or relation of the parties. Edward at length resolved to go abroad. He had abandoned all hopes of ever wedding Miss Vassal; and as for feeling, he could be as miserable there as here. He made all his arrangements for setting out, and then called to inform Miss Vassal of his intention, and to take leave of her. It was a great while since he had paid a visit there. He found her alone.

"I have called," said he, "to say 'good bye' to you."

"Are you going out of town?"

"There is nothing in this country, now, to interest or detain me. Family ties I have none. Of friendships which I had, or might have had, some have been wearied away, others rudely severed. I sail to-morrow, to travel in Europe and Asia. I shall certainly be gone five years; if I like the mode of life, I shall stay ten."

Miss Vassal listened to him in silence. She then muttered with deep agitation and almost inarticulately, "you—going—ten years."

She then hid her face with her hands and burst into a flood of tears.

It had been a long struggle between the strong pride of man, and the passionate pride of woman. The former, sustained by the consciousness of right conduct, had triumphed.

As she raised her hand, there fell from it a paper. Edward saw that it contained the verses which he had written, and that it was much worn, and stained with many tears.

"Go—leave me—I command you!" cried she, in passionate tones.

The heart of Edward was wrung with the anguish of repentant love. "Never," he exclaimed, falling upon his knee before her, "never till you promise to go with me. You know well, Miss Vassal, that I love you with all my heart and soul; that I have ever loved you unutterably. I know that your tears are tears of compassion for my wretchedness. O remove the misery of my breast, by telling me that the one absorbing desire of my heart may be gratified, and that I may love you."

In words of still-deepening ardour, Edward poured out the utterance of his full-charged feelings. Miss Vassal rose from her chair and walked across the room.

"Come to me this afternoon," said she.

"Dearest Miss Vassal, I cannot leave you till you promise to be mine."

And in that hour of unveiled and unshadowed emotion, there was established a perfectness of confidence and an entirety of mutual love, which no future conduct could disturb by one danger—no misunderstanding darken with one doubt.

We have endeavoured feebly to describe the course of feeling which occurred in the breasts of these young persons—in some respects singularly constituted. By incidents resembling truth, truth is exhibited.

Written for the Lady's Book.

PAYING THE DOCTOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

AFTER a day of unusual anxiety and fatigue, Dr. Elton found himself snugly wrapped up in a liberal quantity of blankets and bed quilts, just as the clock struck twelve one stormy night in February. For over half an hour he had lain awake racking his brain in reference to two or three critical cases which were on his hands; but tired nature could keep up no longer, and the sweet oblivion of sleep was stealing over his senses. But just as he had lost himself, the bell over his head began to ring furiously, and brought him into the middle of the floor in an instant. Pushing his head out of the window, he interrogated the messenger below, just too late to save that individual the trouble of giving the bell-ropes another violent demonstration of his skill.

"Mr. Marvel wants you to come and see Charley immediately," replied the messenger.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"He's got the croup, I believe."

"Tell him I'll be there in a moment," said Dr. Elton, drawing in his head. Hurrying on his clothes, he descended to his office, and, possessing himself of some necessary medicines, it being too late for the family to send out a prescription, wrapped his cloak around him, and turned out into the storm.

It was at least half a mile to the residence of Mr. Marvel, and by the time the Doctor arrived there, he was cold, wet, and uncomfortable, both in mind and body. Ascending to the chamber, he was not a little surprised to find Charley, a bright little fellow of some two years old, sitting up in his crib as lively as a cricket.

"O Doctor! we've been so frightened!" said Mrs. Marvel, as Dr. Elton entered. "We thought Charley had the croup, he breathed so loud. But he don't seem to get any worse. What do you think of him, Doctor?"

Dr. Elton felt his pulse, listened to his respiration,

examined the appearance of his skin, and then said, emphatically,

"I think you'd better all be in bed!"

"It's better to be scared than hurt, Doctor," responded Mr. Marvel.

"Humph!" ejaculated Dr. Elton.

"Don't you think you'd better give him something, Doctor?" said Mrs. Marvel.

"What for, ma'am?"

"To keep him from having the croup. Don't you think he's threatened with it?"

"Not half as much as I am," replied the Doctor, who made a quick retreat, fearing that he should give way too much to his irritated feelings, and offend a family who were able to pay.

Next morning, on the debtor side of his ledger, under the name of Mr. Marvel, Dr. Elton made this entry: *To one night visit to son, \$5.* "And it's well for me that he's able to pay it," added the Doctor, mentally, as he replaced the book in the drawer from which he had taken it. Scarcely had this necessary part of the business been performed, when the same messenger who had summoned him the night before, came post haste into the office, with the announcement that Mrs. Marvel wanted him to come there immediately, as Charley had got a high fever.

Obedient to the summons, Dr. Elton soon made his appearance, and found both Mr. and Mrs. Marvel greatly concerned about their little boy.

"I'm so 'fraid of the scarlet fever, Doctor!" said Mrs. Marvel. "Do you think it's any thing like that?" she continued with much anxiety, turning upon Charley a look of deep maternal affection.

Dr. Elton felt of Charley's pulse, and looked at his tongue, and then wrote a prescription in silence.

"What do you think of him, Doctor?" asked the father, much concerned.

"He's not dangerous, sir. Give him this, and if he should grow worse, send for me."

The Doctor bowed and departed, and the fond parents sent off for the medicine. It was in the form of a very small dose of rhubarb, and poor Charley had to have his nose held tight, and the nauseous stuff poured down his throat. In the afternoon, when the doctor called, on being sent for, there were some slight febrile symptoms, consequent upon excitement and loss of rest. The medicine, contrary to his expectation, heightened, instead of allaying these; and long before night-fall he was summoned again to attend his little patient. Much to his surprise, he found him with a hot skin, flushed face, and quickened pulse. Mrs. Marvel was in a state of terrible alarm.

"I knew there was more the matter with him than you thought for, Doctor!" said the mother, while Dr. Elton examined his patient. "You thought it was nothing, but I knew better. If you'd only prescribed last night, as I wanted you to, all this might have been saved."

"Don't be alarmed, madam," said the Doctor, "there is nothing serious in this fever. It will soon subside."

Mrs. Marvel shook her head.

"It's the scarlet fever, Doctor, I know it is!" she said, passionately, and bursting into tears.

"Let me beg of you, madam, not to distress yourself. I assure you there is no danger!"

"So you said last night, Doctor; and just see how much worse he is getting!"

As Dr. Elton was generally a man of few words, he said no more, but wrote a prescription, and went away, promising, however, at the earnest request of Mrs. Marvel, to call again that night.

About nine o'clock he called in again, and found Charley's fever in no degree abated. Mrs. Marvel was in tears, and her husband was pacing the floor in a state of great uneasiness.

"O, Doctor, he'll die, I'm sure he'll die!" said Mrs. Marvel, weeping bitterly.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear madam," replied the Doctor. "I assure you it is nothing serious."

"O, I'm sure it's the scarlet fever! It's all about now."

"No, madam, I am in earnest when I tell you it is nothing of the kind. His throat is not in the least sore."

"Yes, Doctor, it is sore!"

"How do you know?" responded the Doctor, examining Charley's mouth and throat, which showed not the least symptom of any irritation of the mucous membrane. "It can't be sore from any serious cause. Some trifling swelling of the glands is all that can occasion it, if any exists."

Thus assured, and in a positive manner, Mrs. Marvel's alarm in some degree abated, and after ordering a warm bath, the Doctor retired.

About three o'clock the Doctor was again sent for in great haste. On entering the chamber of his little patient, he found his fever all gone, and he in a pleasant sleep.

"What do you think of him, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Marvel, in a low, anxious whisper.

"I think he's doing as well as he can."

"But aint it strange, Doctor, that he should breathe so low? He looks so pale, and lays so quiet! Are you sure he's not dying?"

"Dying!" exclaimed Dr. Elton,—“he's no more dying than you are! Really, Mrs. Marvel, you torture yourself with unnecessary fears! Nature is only a little exhausted from struggling with the fever, he will be like a new person by morning."

"Do not mistake the case, Doctor, for we are very much concerned," said Mr. Marvel.

"I do assure you, sir, that I understand the case precisely; and you must believe me, when I tell you that no patient was ever in a better way than your little boy."

Next morning, among other charges made by Dr. Elton, were two against Mr. Marvel, as follows: *To four visits to son, \$4. To one night visit to son, \$5.*

"Not a bad customer!" said the Doctor, with a smile, as he ran up the whole account, and then closed the book.

In the constant habit of sending for the Doctor, on every trifling occasion, whether it occurred at noonday or midnight, it is not to be wondered at that a pretty large bill should find its way to Mr. Marvel at the end of the year. And this was not the worst of it; the health of his whole family suffered in no slight degree from the fact of each individual being so frequently under the influence of medicine. Poor Charley was victimized almost every week; and instead of being a fresh hearty boy, began to show a pale thin face, and every indication of a weakened vital action. This appearance only increased the evil, for both parents, growing more anxious in consequence, were more urgent to have him placed under treat-

ment. Dr. Elton sometimes remonstrated with them, but to no purpose; and yielding to their ignorance and their anxiety, became a party in the destruction of the boy's health.

"What is that, my dear?" asked Mrs. Marvel of her husband, some ten months after their introduction to the reader, as the latter regarded with no pleasant countenance, a small piece of paper which he held in his hand.

"Why, it's Dr. Elton's bill."

"Indeed! How much is it?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars!"

"O, husband!"

"Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars, did you say?"

"Yes, one hundred and fifty dollars! Aint it outrageous?"

"It's scandalous! It's downright swindling! I'd never pay it in the world! Who ever heard of such a thing! One hundred and fifty dollars for one year's attendance! Good gracious!"—and Mrs. Marvel held up her hands, and lifted her eyes in profound astonishment.

"I can't understand it!" said Mr. Marvel. "Why, no body's had a spell of sickness in the family for the whole year. Charley's been a little sick once or twice; but nothing of much consequence. There must be something wrong about it. I'll go right off and see him, and have an understanding about it at once."

Carrying out his resolution on the instant, Mr. Marvel left the house and proceeded with rapid steps towards the office of Dr. Elton. He found that individual in.

"Good morning, Mr. Marvel! How do you do to-day?" said the Doctor, who understood, from his countenance that something was wrong, and had an instinctive perception of its nature.

"Good morning, Doctor! I got your bill to-day."

"Yes, sir; I sent it out."

"But aint there something wrong about it, Doctor?"

"No, I presume not. I make my charges carefully, and draw off my bills in exact accordance with them."

"But there must be, Doctor. How in the world could you make a bill of one hundred and fifty dollars against me? I've had no serious sickness in my family."

"And yet, Mr. Marvel, I have been called in almost every week, and sometimes three or four times, in as many days."

"Impossible!"

"I'll show you my ledger, if that will satisfy you, where every visit is entered."

"No, it's no use to do that. I know that you have been called in pretty often, but not frequently enough to make a bill like this."

"How many night visits do you suppose I have made to your family, during the year?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Not more than three or four."

"I've made ten!"

"You must be mistaken, Doctor."

"Do you remember that I was called in last February, when you thought Charley had the croup?"

"Yes."

"And the night after?"

"Yes. That's but two."

"And the night you thought he had the measles?"

"Yes."

"And the night after?"

"Yes. But that's only four."

"And the three times he fell out of bed?"

"Not three times, Doctor!"

"Yes, it was three times. Don't you recollect the knob on his head?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"And the sprained finger?"

"Yes."

"And the bruised cheek?"

"Well, I believe you are right about that, Doctor. But that don't make ten times."

"You have not forgotten, of course, the night he told you he had swallowed a pin?"

"No, indeed," said the father turning pale. "Do you think there is any danger to be apprehended from its working its way into the heart, Doctor?"

"None at all, I should think. And you remember—"

"Never mind, Doctor, I suppose you are right about that. But how can ten visits make one hundred and fifty dollars?"

"They will make fifty, though, and that is one-third of the bill."

"You don't pretend to charge five dollars a visit, though, Doctor?"

"For all visits after ten o'clock at night, we are allowed by law to charge five dollars."

"Outrageous!"

"Would you get up out of your warm bed after midnight, turn out in a December storm, and walk half a mile for five dollars?"

"I can't say that I would. But then it's your business."

"Of course it is, and I must be paid for it."

"Any how, Doctor, that don't account for the whole of this exorbitant bill."

"But one hundred day and evening visits here on my ledger will, though."

"You don't pretend to say you have paid my family a hundred visits, certainly?"

"I will give you day and date for them, if necessary."

"No, it's no use to do that," said Mr. Marvel, whose memory began to be a little more active. "I'll give you a hundred dollars, and say no more about it; that is enough in all conscience."

"I can't do any such thing, Mr. Marvel. I have charged you what was right, and can take nothing off. What would you think of a man who had made a bill at your store of one hundred and fifty dollars, if he were to offer you one hundred when he came to pay, and ask for a receipt in full?"

"But that aint to the point."

"Aint it, though? I should like to hear of a case more applicable. But it's no use to multiply words about the matter. My bill is correct, and I cannot take a dollar off of it."

"It's the last bill you ever make out of me, remember that, Doctor?" said Mr. Marvel, rising, and leaving the office in a state of angry excitement.

"Well, what does he say?" asked Mrs. Marvel, who had waited for her husband's return with some interest.

"Why, he tried to beat me down that the bill was all right; but I'm too old a child for that. Why, would you believe it?—he has charged five dollars for every night visit."

"Well, that's no better than highway robbery."

"Not a bit. But it's the last money he ever gets out of me."

"I'd never call him in, I know. He must think we're made of money."

"O, I suppose we're the first family he's had who wasn't poor, and he wanted to dig as deep as possible. I hate such swindling, and if it wasn't for having a fuss, I'd never pay him a dollar."

"He's charged us for every poor family in the neighbourhood, I suppose."

"No doubt of it. I've heard of these tricks before; but it's the last time I'll submit to have them played off upon me."

The visit of Mr. Marvel somewhat discomposed the feelings of Dr. Elton, and he had begun to moralize upon the unthankful position he held in the community, when he was aroused from his reverie by the entrance of a servant from one of the principal hotels, with a summons to attend immediately a young lady who was thought to be exceedingly ill.

"Who is she?" asked the Doctor.

"She is the daughter of Mr. Smith, a merchant from the east."

"Is any one with her?"

"Yes, her father."

"Tell him I will be there immediately."

In the course of fifteen minutes Dr. Elton's carriage drove up to the door of the hotel. He found his patient to be a young lady of about seventeen, accompanied by her father, a middle aged man, whose feelings were much, and anxiously excited. At a glance, his practised eye detected symptoms of a serious nature, and a closer examination of the case convinced him that all his skill would be called into requisition. With a hot, dry skin, slightly flushed face, parched lips, and slimy furred tongue, there was a dejection, languor, and slight indication of delirium—and much apparent confusion of mind. Prescribing as he thought the case required, he left the room, accompanied with the father.

"Well, Doctor, what do you think of her?" said Mr. Smith, with a heavy, oppressed expiration.

"She is ill, sir, and will require attention."

"But, Doctor, you don't think my child dangerous, do you?" said the father with an alarmed manner.

"It is right that you should know, sir, that your daughter is, to all appearance, threatened with the typhus fever. But I don't think there is any cause for alarm, only for great care in her physician and attendants."

"O, Doctor, can I trust her in your hands? But I am foolish; I know that there is no one in this city of more acknowledged skill than yourself. You must pardon a father's fears. Spare no attentions, Doctor—visit her at least twice every day, and you shall be well paid for your attentions. Save my child for me, and I will owe you eternal gratitude."

"All that I can do for her, shall be done, sir," said Dr. Elton.

Just relieved from the care of a dangerous case, in its healthy change, Dr. Elton's mind had relaxed from the anxiety which too frequently burdened it; for a physician's mind is always oppressed while the issue of life or death hangs upon his power to subdue a disease, which may be too deeply seated to yield to the influence of medicine. Now, all the oppressive sense of responsibility, the care, the anxiety, were

to be renewed, and felt, with even a keener concern.

In the evening he called in, but there was no perceptible change, except a slight aggravation of all the symptoms. The medicine had produced no visible salutary effect. During the second day, there was exhibited little alteration, but on the morning of the third day, symptoms of a more decided character had supervened—such as suffused and injected eyes, painful deglutition, an oppression in the chest, accompanied with a short, dry cough, pains in the back, loins, and extremities, and a soreness throughout the whole body. These had not escaped the father's observation, and with the most painful anxiety did he watch the countenance of the physician while he examined the case in its new presentation. Much as he tried to control the expression of his face, he found it impossible. He felt too deeply concerned, and was too conscious of the frequent impotence of medicine, when administered with the most experienced skill.

In the afternoon he called again, and found the father, as usual, by the bed-side. His patient seemed to be in a narcotic sleep, and when roused from it, complained of much giddiness, and soon sunk down again into a state of torpor.

"What do you think of her now, Doctor?" asked the father, in a hoarse whisper, on the physician's leaving the chamber of his patient.

"It is impossible to form any correct idea respecting a case like this. I have seen many much worse recover, and have no doubt, as far as human calculation will go, that your daughter will get well. But the fever is a tedious one, usually defying all attempts at breaking it. It must run its course, which is usually some ten or fifteen days. All we can do is to palliate, and then assist nature, when the disease has abated its violence."

It is not necessary to trace the progress of the disease from day to day, until it reached its climax. When the fever did break, and a soft, gentle moisture penetrated the skin, the patient had but a spark of life remaining. But, as Dr. Elton, in his judicious treatment, had not resorted to venesection, nor to any powerful exhibitions of medicine, nature had only to react against the disease, and not against the paralyzing effects of medicines; and slowly but surely did she begin to recover. Altogether to the skilful treatment of Dr. Elton, as a human agent, did the patient owe her recovery. A less cautious physician, by a single mistake, would have brought all to a fatal end.

At the close of the fifteenth day, when every symptom indicated that convalescence or death would soon ensue, no one but a physician can imagine the painful, restless anxiety, which was felt by Dr. Elton. He took but little food, and slept hardly any during the whole night, frequently starting from his brief periods of troubled slumber, in consequence of great nervous excitement.

Early in the morning he called at the room of his patient, trembling, least a first glance should dash every hope to the ground. He entered softly, and perceived the father bending over her with a pale, anxious face. She was asleep. He took her hand, but let it drop instantly.

"What is the matter?" asked the father in an alarmed whisper, his face growing paler.

"She is safe!" responded the Doctor, in a low

whisper, every pulse thrilling with pleasant excitement.

The father clasped his hands, looked upwards a moment, and then burst into tears.

"How can I ever repay you for your skill in saving my child!" he said, after his feelings had grown calmer.

It was nearly a month before the daughter was well enough to return home, during most of which time Dr. Elton was in attendance. For fifteen days he had attended twice a day regularly, and for nearly as long a period once a day.

While sitting in his office one day about three o'clock, waiting for his carriage to come up to the door, Mr. Smith entered, and asked for his bill, as he was about to leave. On examining his account book, Dr. Elton found that he had made about fifty visits, and accordingly he made out his bill fifty dollars.

"How much is this, Doctor?" said Mr. Smith, eyeing the bill with something of doubt in the expression of his countenance.

"Fifty dollars, sir."

"Fifty dollars! Why surely, Doctor, you are not going to take advantage of me in that way?"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Why, I never heard of such an extravagant bill in my life. I have my whole family attended at home for fifty dollars a year, and you have not been visiting one of them much over a month."

"Such as the bill is, you will have to pay it, sir. It is just, and I shall not abate one dollar," responded Dr. Elton, considerably irritated.

Mr. Smith drew out his pocket-book slowly, selected a fifty dollar bill from a large package, handed it to the Doctor, took his receipt, and rising to his feet, said emphatically—

"I am a stranger, and you have taken advantage of me. But, remember, the gains of dishonesty will

never prosper!" and turning upon his heel, left the office.

"Who would be a doctor?" murmured Dr. Elton, forcing the unpleasant thoughts occasioned by the incident from his mind, and endeavouring to fix it upon a case of more than usual interest which he had been called to that day.

A word to the wise is sufficient; it is therefore needless to multiply scenes illustrative of the manner in which too many people pay the doctor. When any one is sick, the doctor is sent for, and the family are all impatient until he arrives. If the case is a bad one, he is looked upon as a ministering angel; the patient's eye brightens when he comes, and all in the house feel more cheerful for hours after. Amid all inclemencies of the weather, at all hours in the day or night, he obeys the summons, and brings all his skill, acquired by long study, and by much laborious practice, to bear upon the disease. But when the sick person gets well, the doctor is forgotten; and when his bill appears, complaint at its amount is almost always made, and too frequently, unless he proceeded to legal measures, it is entirely withheld from him. These things ought not so to be. Of course, there are many honourable exceptions; but every physician can exclaim—"Would that their number was greater."

Some persons who are ready to send for the doctor, on every trifling occasion, seem to forget, that every time this individual is called in he makes a charge. Others are strangely oblivious in reference to the number of visits made, and when in the course of a year, the doctor has been summoned some forty or fifty times, will contend that he has not been in the house ten times during the whole twelve months. But, as just said—a word to the wise is sufficient, and so we drop the subject.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

I MET THEE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS R—. W—.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

I met thee—not in fashion's hall
 Array'd in gay and costly gear,
 Where idle words of flattery fall
 Unmeaningly upon the ear—
 And smiles beam brightly from the eye,
 While all within the heart is gloom;
 And on the lips in mockery lie,
 Like sunlight falling on a tomb.

I met thee—not with those whose days
 Are wasted in the vain endeavour,
 To gain a worthless meed of praise
 From fame's loud voice—how dear soever
 The price of one green laurel bough;
 Oh! is it not a with'ring blight—
 A mildew cast on heart and brow,
 Quenching affection's purer light?

I met thee—in that hallowed spot,
 A home which peace hath made her own;
 Where the cold world intrudeth not,
 And household love hath rear'd a throne
 For the heart's worship—kindred ties
 Were woven round thee like a spell,
 Thine ear drank in home's melodies—
 Their power my spirit knoweth well.

For I have bow'd where brightly burn'd
 Domestic love's pure altar-fires,
 Now cold and dark—and I have turn'd
 Back from the world with wild desires
 To look upon the forms again
 So idolized in days gone by;
 And learn'd with bitterness and pain,
 That nothing can the past supply.

Those priceless treasures still are thine:
 Oh cherish with a miser's care
 The jewels from the heart's deep mine,
 Glowing in undim'd lustre there;
 That when thy heart in after years,
 To that sweet ark of childhood's love—
 Seen dimly through long vanish'd years,
 Returneth like a weary dove.

Remembrance shall no record bring
 Of lightly-spoken unkind word,
 But dreams of home around thee cling
 Where nought but sounds of love were heard.
 Thus when thou leav'st that happy home,
 Where first I met thee, young and free,
 To thy lone heart shall memory come,
 And prove an olive branch to thee.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE SONG BIRD.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Poets, ye are songsters; be ye thankful, even when storms rage around you."—*Jean Paul*.

If there's strife in the city,
And discords abound,
And the Olive of Peace
Is appall'd at their sound,
From the tumult of war,
From the trumpet's hoarse bray,
How blest is the song-bird,
That soareth away.

When long rains in summer
The reapers o'ertake,
And dark pools are gathering
O'er meadow and brake,
When the wild, swollen streams
Make the bridges their prey,
And the farmer is fretting
O'er lost corn, and hay,
The poor, goaded ox
In the yoke, day by day,
Would fain be a song-bird,
That soareth away.

When from the dear realm
Of domestic delight,
The cook in a dudgeon
Hath taken her flight,
The new-married wife
In an ocean of care,

All cumber'd like Martha,
Still thinks with despair
Of her guests in the parlour
A spending the day,
And blesses the song-bird,
Who soareth away.

The aeronaut tells
From his car in the sky,
Of an atmosphere pure
Which no cloud ventures nigh,
To that region serene,
Where storms never stray,
How happy the song-bird,
That soareth away.

But happier far,
Are the spirits that keep
Clear sunshine within,
Though the tempest may sweep.
A harp in the bosom,
A smile in the eye,
A hand on the anchor
That's fix'd in the sky,
With a song of the soul,
Turning night into day,
They envy no song-bird
That soareth away.

DESCRIPTION OF A BALL AT PARIS.

FANCY a scene of perfect enchantment. A suite of fifteen rooms laid out for the amusement of the guests. We were first introduced into the *Salon de reception*, furnished in the first style of splendour; from thence we joined the dancers in the ball-room, which was resplendent with lustres, mirrors, &c. When fatigued with "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," or incommoded with the heat, we took refuge in a gallery filled with the most choice and fragrant plants: all along this gallery were rooms, which, if you will follow me, we will visit in their turn.

The first, by the means of scenery and other embellishments, was fitted up in the style of a Swiss Dairy. Here a lovely young dairy maid, wearing her national costume, presented us with the most delicious cream you ever tasted, in beautiful little china bowls. I assure you it was a thousand times more refreshing than ices, sorbets, &c.: quitting the *Laiterie Suisse*, we entered the library, over the door was written *Salon de Lecture*, here we found a long table covered with green cloth, and on it books of prints, annuals, albums, drawings, caricatures, &c., and every thing that should be in such a place. Our next visit was to the cell of a forbidding looking astrologer, with a long white beard, who, examining your

palm, would predict the most extraordinary destinies. We next turned into a tent where a cantinière offered us liqueurs from a number of pretty little barrels, and gave us slices of rye bread with the most excellent butter. Next door was a Charlatan who distributed, in place of nostrums, beautiful little cut glass bottles filled with scent. And next to this was a lottery office, with the prizes (for there were no blanks) arranged on tables, étagères, &c., here you chose a ticket and went on to a theatre, where a thunder storm in a forest was represented, when this was over, the scene changed to a ballet of the reign of Henri III. This concluded, the scene changed to the gardens of Versailles, where the brilliant Louis IV., was seen walking, surrounded by his court in full costume. As the monarch and his suite vanished from our sight, the public crier announced the drawing of the lottery, when we hastened to see dame fortune distribute her gifts with that want of perception which proved the propriety of representing her as blind, for to the gentlemen she gave work-boxes, Chinese figures, and the thousand little trifles we run after, and to the ladies snuff-boxes, pipes, tobacco, pouches, &c.!!! at five in the morning we seated ourselves at the supper table, after which we retired. L.

O COME WITH ME IN MY LITTLE CANOE.

WORDS BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, BY

W. D. BRINCKLÉ, M. D.

ALLEGRO.

Oh! come with me in my lit-tle canoe, For the tide is high and the sky is blue, And the
wind is fair, and 'tis sweet to row To the isles where the mango ap-ples grow. Oh!
come with me, and be my love, And for thee the jun-gle - depth I'll rove: I'll
gather the honeycomb, bright as gold, And seek out the elk's most so-cret fold.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef for the piano accompaniment and a single treble clef for the voice. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO'. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line. The score consists of an instrumental introduction followed by three systems of music, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The final system ends with a double bar line.



I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
And bind the tiger cub with a chain;
And a young gazelle, with silver feet,
I'll bring thee for a playmate sweet!

Then come with me in my light canoe,
While the waters are calm and the skies are blue,
For should we linger another day,
Storms may arise, and love decay!

EDITORS' TABLE.

It is over—the BUNKER HILL MONUMENT FAIR has been holden, and in its perfect success has added another proof to the many already acknowledged, of the efficiency of female industry and influence, when exerted in their proper sphere.

As we believe every American woman will feel a deep interest in the object of this Fair, and sympathize in the success which has crowned it, we propose giving a concise sketch of our proceedings.—But first, for the reasons which rendered the effort necessary.

It is now something more than fifteen years, since the foundation stone of the Monument on Bunker Hill, was laid.—This was not intended as a trophy of war or victory, but as a Mausoleum to preserve the memory of those good men, who there offered their lives as a sacrifice to civil freedom and human rights; and also, it was to be a memorial of the gratitude of the present generation, to those who had toiled and suffered to make their country free—consequently it was woman's duty to take a deep interest in the patriotic enterprise. At the time the first funds were collected, many ladies contributed. Had those who then managed the subscription been aware how much the structure would have cost, the whole sum needed could easily have been raised. But unfortunately they made their estimate quite too low, and the money raised was all expended; while the half-finished monument looked rather like the personification of a mendicant begging alms, than the memorial of those great men who had made the whole world their debtors.

Now came the trial. Plan after plan was adopted to procure funds, but each, in its turn, proved abortive. It is about as difficult to awaken declining enthusiasm by the appeals which were at first successful, as it would be to rekindle an extinguished anthracite fire, by merely putting up the blower. Both require new fuel to excite the dormant flame. At last, the gentlemen composing the committee of the B. H. M. A., decided to invite the ladies to hold a Fair. It was a happy thought—the new impulse which was all that was required (for the feeling of interest in the Monument and its great associations had never been lessened) to carry out the first design, was given.

The invitation, to become helpers in the work, given to the ladies of Boston and the vicinity, and through them to all New England, was warmly welcomed. The first public meeting of the ladies of Boston was held July 23d, and on the 8th of September, hardly seven weeks after the resolution to hold the Fair had been adopted, it was opened in Quincy Hall.

There were in all, thirty-seven tables of articles, besides a poet office, a printing press, where a daily paper, entitled "The Monument," was issued during the Fair—a refreshment room, confectionary table, flower and fruit table, and book table—all under the management of ladies. The Hall was decorated in its whole length, nearly four hundred feet, with banners, and arches, and the Rotunda was beautiful with ornaments of flowers; gay streamers that had floated proudly over gallant ships now waved gracefully above the rich array of useful and choice articles, the ingenious manufacture of many a fair hand. We question if there was ever seen under the sun, such an example and proof of woman's

industry and ingenuity, of the efficiency of the "polished shaft," as this Great Fair afforded. The largest part of the worth of all the articles in the Hall had been given them by female hands; and that this industry had been well bestowed, the event has shown. The Fair continued *seven days*, with untiring assiduity on the part of the ladies who were engaged in its business, and unabated interest on the part of the public. The result will be about *twenty seven thousand dollars* clear profit from the Fair. May we not well call it *great*?

But though the Fair was holden in Boston, yet the ladies of the vicinity, and of several towns in other parts of the state, lent important assistance. Fourteen tables were wholly furnished and kept by ladies from different towns in Massachusetts; and from Norwich, Connecticut, we had one table. Brooklyn, N. Y., also contributed largely (\$900) in money, besides articles. In short, the noble spirit of patriotism animated our sex, and not the shadow of a cloud arose to mar the moral beauty of this harmonious and disinterested effort.)

We subjoin a poem, written by one of New England's most gifted daughters—one that we are proud to number among our dearest friends—for the occasion.

THE RISING MONUMENT.

Rise in thy solemn grandeur, calm and slow,
As well befits thy purpose and thy place,
Great speaker! rise not suddenly, to show
The earth for ever sacred at thy base.

Strong as the rocky frame-work of the globe,
Proportioned fair, in altitude sublime,
With freedom's glory round thee as a robe,
Rise gently—then defy the power of time.

To future ages, from thy lofty site,
Speak in thy mighty eloquence, and tell
That where thou art, on Bunker's hallowed height,
Our WARREN and his valiant brethren fell.

Say, it was here the vital current flowed,
Purpling the turf, amid the mortal strife
For man's great birthright, from the breasts that glowed
With love of country, more than love of life.

Thou hast thy growth of blood, that gushing warm
From patriot bosoms, set their spirits free—
All who behold, shall venerate thy form,
And bow before thy genius, LIBERTY.

Here fell the hero and his brave compeers
Who fought and died to break a people's chain,
Thy place is sacred to Columbia's tears,
Poured o'er the victims for a nation slain.

Yet, from her starry brow a glory streams,
Turning to gems those holy drops of grief,
As after evening showers, the morn's clear beams
Show diamonds hung on grass, and flower, and leaf.

Upright and firm, as were the patriot souls
That from thy native spot arose to God,
Stand thou and hold, long as our planet rolls,
This last, high place, by Freedom's martyrs trod.

Let thy majestic shadow walk the ground,
Calm as the sun, and constant as his light;
And by the moon, amid the dews be found
The sentinel who guards it through the night.

And may the air around thee ever be
To heaven-born Liberty as vital breath;
But, like the breeze that sweeps the Upas tree,
To Bondage and Oppression certain death;

A beautiful prospect spreads for thy survey:
City, and dome, and spire look up to thee;
The solemn forest and the mountain gray
Stand distant to salute thy majesty.

And ocean, in his numbers deep and strong,
While the bright shore beneath thy ken he laves,
Will sing to thee an everlasting song
Of freedom, with his never conquered waves.

Rise then, and stand unshaken till the skies
Above thee are about to pass away;
But, when the dead around thee are to rise,
Melt in the burning splendours of the day!

For then will He, "whose right it is to reign"—
Who hath on earth a kingdom pure to save,
Come with his angels, calling up the slain
To freedom, and annihilate the grave.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

Newburyport, September, 1840.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are very glad to have it in our power to renew the acquaintance with our kind friends;—and more gratified that we can make good report of the articles lately sent us. We have not had leisure to examine all—several long communications are yet unread. But the following have been approved:

Retrospection, to which is appended an Incident.

Friendship.

The Voice of Home.

Lake George.

To Adelia.

Joy of Childhood.

Lines.

Ernestine.

The Recognition.

We wish we could say that there were none to reject; but that stern monitor *duty* will not allow to "lay such flattering unction" to the pens of our contributors. Though we can truly say, that there is much merit in several of those which, on the whole, we shall decline.

"*The Scote Captive*" is one of this number. It is too long, and being founded on an event too well known to admit of much embellishment from fancy, it is not the kind of story which would do most credit to the writer's name. We trust to hear from her again, and that she will not only acquiesce in our decision, but thank us for the kind precaution we have taken for her benefit. We also decline

The Bridal Tribute to Kate.

Ode to the Evening Star.

Melancholy Musings, and

The Unbidden Guest.

As an excellent criticism on this story, and as a fair specimen of its writer's style, we subjoin the following laconic epistle, which was appended to the MS.

To the Reader of the foregoing Manuscript.

The acknowledged errors of the foregoing are, 1st. misspelling of words: 2d. misplacing of capitals: 3d. some inaccuracy in forming the phrases.

The omissions are, 1st. omitting to place the stopping points: 2d. omitting to make some words plain enough to be understood if set out alone.

With these faults I should scarcely presume to offer it for the perusal of any person, were it not that I offer it gratuitously. The reasons for leaving the manuscript unfinished, are founded on the resolution with which it was commenced. If it were worth publishing when finished, it is worth finishing to publish. If it is not worth publishing, I flatter myself that it is at least worth burning. With these views you have it. Yours, respectfully,

THE AUTHOR.

P. S. I would say, that you have it to make use of as you best like.

The Witch: A Tale of the Dark Ages, by a Young Lady. A tale cast in the Gorman mould. It has considerable power, and the young and unpretending authoress should be encouraged to cultivate her talent.

Our Life is as a Shadow, and Andmar, a Story of Peru: by L. B., of Constantine, Michigan. We are happy to hail these poetical voices from the Far West. When the Muse of the Lake sings in numbers such as these, we shall always listen to her with pleasure. These pieces shall find an early place in our pages.

Voice of the Plague, by J. Strong Rice. This piece is vigorous, but unequal. The following stanzas justify Mr. Rice in again essaying his powers in song.

It gives me delight to lay my hand
On the brow of a senseless child,
It comes to my heart with a living balm,
And feels so warm to my clammy palm,
So strengthens my purpose and nerves my arm,
That I wish all my victims young.

An exquisite joy it is to me
To dim the light of an eye,
And it thrills my frame with ecstasy
To see the beautiful die.
To wreath my brow with the vestal curls
Of the young and artless bride.

Unpoetical as it may appear to the votaries of the Nine who favour us with their effusions, we are compelled to hint to them that letters addressed to us unpaid are not taken from the office, where they are condemned, either

To waste their sweetness on the desert air;

or be exposed to the ungentle visitation of the regents of the Dead-letter department, and more than probably be

Thrown like a noisome weed away.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Airs of Palestine and other Poems: by John Pierpont, Boston. J. Monroe, & Co.

We gave, in our last number, a poem from this work, which was among the best of its new articles. The "Airs of Palestine," and many of the other pieces have been long before the public, and gained for their author a high reputation among the poets of our land. Of the short poems, we like least those which have a party or political cast. We think some of these in their personal allusions are neither becoming to the author as a Christian divine, nor are they finished with the elegance which characterises his earlier productions. Still the work is a noble one, and will be very popular with the author's friends.

The Man-at-Arms: or, Henry de Ceron's: a Romance by G. P. R. James, Esq., author of *Darnley, De L'Orme, King's Highway, &c. &c.* Harper & Brothers, New York. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

Mr. James has laid the scene of his story in the picturesque epoch of the League, a portion of French history as fertile in stirring events as any since the days of chivalry. Independently of the bustle and never-lagging march of the main action, these volumes present a variety of picturesque incidents and vivid descriptions, in Mr. James' usual graphic manner. In none of his works have we met with isolated passages of so much beauty and pathos, as many to be found in *Henry de Ceron*. We had marked several for transcription, but our space will allow only of the following:

"It is difficult to discover from what sources spring the thrilling feelings of joy and delight with which to look back to the days of our early youth, and to the scenes in which our infancy was passed. It matters but little what are the pleasures to which we have addicted ourselves in after years, what the delights which surround us, what the enjoyments heaven has cast upon our lot. Whenever the mind, either as a voluntary act, or from accidental association, recalls the

period of childhood, and the things which surround it, there comes over us a sensation of pure and simple joy, which, at no period of life, do we taste again. It must be, at least in part, that the delights of those days were framed in innocence and ignorance of evil, and that He who declared that of such consisted the kingdom of heaven, has allotted to the babes of this world, in the brightness of their innocence, joys similar to those of the world beyond—joys that never cloy, and that leave behind them nothing of regret. What though some mortal tears will mingle with those delights; what though the flesh must suffer, and the evil one will tempt; yet those pleasures have a zest which novelty alone cannot give, and an imperishable purity in their nature, which makes even their remembrance sweeter than the fruition of other joys, and which bespeaks their origin from heaven.—I love to dwell upon such memories, and to find likenesses for them in the course, the aspect, and the productions of the earth itself. I see the same sweetness and the same simplicity pervading the youth of all nature; and find in the sweet violet, the blue-eyed child of spring, an image of those early joys, pure, soft, and calm, and full of an odour that hangs upon the souse longer than that of any other flower.—Thus it is, I suppose, and for those causes, that, in looking back upon the days of my youth, those days were not so happy and so bright as they are to many people, I feel a sweet satisfaction which I knew not at the time; for those hours—as one gives a diamond to a child—bestowed upon me a gift, the value of which I knew not till many a year had passed away.”

Woman's Love, and the World's Favour: or, the Fergussons: by the Hon. Edmund Phipps. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1840.

The dialogue of this story strikes us as the best part of the book; it has all the vivacity and the *air degage*, of the polished circles in which the Hon. Edmund Phipps may be supposed to move. If there is no great depth or finish in the characters of the piece, they are sketched with an easy hand, and show the author capable of higher things. In point of style and manner, the volumes will be read to advantage, nor will the story disappoint the lovers of this kind of reading.

Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon: by Harry Lorrecquer, with Illustrations by Phiz, Nos. 1 and 2. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, 1840.

The author of those animated pages breathes the true Hibernian spirit, and bids fair to rival in Irish scenery and character, what has been effected on the other side of the channel by the author of *Pickwick*, *Nickleby*, &c. The best compliment to the present numbers is to state the fact, that the sequel of the story is looked forward to with an interest in no respect inferior to that excited by the works of Boz, which come before us in the same tantalizing form—fun by instalments.

Master Humphrey's Clock is still ticking—would that we could shove the hands ahead to make it go faster. It continues to increase in interest.

Poems by Mary W. Hale. W. D. Ticknor, Boston. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

A collection of sweet little gems—pretty printed and done up.

The Amaranth, edited by N. C. Brooks. Kay & Brother, Philadelphia.

This is an annual for 1840, containing eight engravings—some of them of a superior order. The whole of the matter we believe is by Mr. Brooks, and is characterised by his vigorous and chaste style of composition. Among the better plates we do not include the portrait of Mr. B. which is not a good engraving or likeness.

Jack Ashore, by the author of "Ratlin the Reefer," &c. Carey & Hart, 1840.

This is another of those jovial pictures of sea-faring life, in the same tone and character as *Ratlin the Reefer*, and a host

of other marine productions. The subject might be supposed to be worn thread-bare, and yet the author of the present volumes has shown that there are sources of novelty for those who will be at the pains of opening them up. The author informs us in his "Notice," that the two principal events of his story are strictly founded upon fact. "There are many seamen," says he, "and some officers still living, who can vouch that an event precisely similar to that described as having occurred on board the *Glory*, actually took place; and as to the provisions of the singular will, every one conversant with legal history will satisfy the dubious reader that a similar testament was really made, and acted upon for many years, and ultimately set aside by a decision of the Lord Chancellor." The will alluded to, we presume to be that of the famous Mr. Thellerson, the Swiss banker, who left something like half a million of money, which was to be permitted to accumulate for a whole century, and then to be enjoyed by the nearest living heir.—"Jack Ashore" will be a favourite with hundreds "afloat;" no cabin library, whether of steamboat or packet, will be without it.

United States Military Magazine.—The September number contains two spirited sketches of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, and of the Battle of Lake Erie, with a lithographic print from Trumbull's battle scene, and a coloured engraving of the battle of Lake Erie, taken fifteen minutes after the commencement of the action. We trust that this spirited undertaking will meet with the encouragement the proprietor justly merits.

The Dial, a Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion, to be continued Quarterly. No. 1, July 1840. Weeks, Jordan, & Co. Boston. Wiley & Putnam, 67 Paternoster Row, London.

The object of this periodical is thus pithily and laconically announced:

"The *DIAL*, as its title indicates, will endeavour to occupy a station on which the light may fall; which is open to the rising sun; and from which it may correctly report the progress of the hour and the day."

In another place, we learn "that in literature, it will strive to exercise a just and catholic criticism, and to recognise every sincere production of genius; in philosophy, it will attempt the reconciliation of the universal instincts of humanity with the largest conclusions of reason; and in religion, it will reverently seek to discover the presence of God in nature, in history, and in the soul of man." These are lofty and important purposes, and if satisfactorily carried out, will not fail to insure for this periodical a far greater degree of attention than that commanded by many of its contemporaries. In a word, we trust that the enterprising publishers will not have to say with Hudibras,

"True as the Dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon."

The Christian World, edited by the Rev. T. H. Stockton, Philadelphia.

The appearance of this journal, in a typographical point of view, does great credit to its projectors, and if the promises held forth for the religious information to be conveyed in its pages, be realized, it will not fail to obtain patronage.

Howard Pinckney, by the author of *Clinton Bradshaw*, &c. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This is the best novel Mr. Thomas has produced. It is spirit-stirring, and like most of our American productions, well crowded with incident. This is almost a fault with our novelists. One half the incidents in a practised hand would answer the purpose. The characters are well delineated and sustained, and the book altogether, one of the most pleasing novels we have ever read. Bobby Gammon and Pompey are our favourites, and seem to be more before the reader than the hero, Howard Pinckney. Aunt Agnes is a delightful old woman, and is a most excellent foil to Granny Gammon. Gordon is a superfluous villain, on the most approved high-pressure principal.

Democracy in America. Part the Second. The Social Influence of Democracy, is the subject of this work, by M. De Toqueville.

We named it, as forthcoming, in our "Book" for July. The favourable opinion then expressed from the extracts we had seen, is fully realized. The book is full of interest and instruction, the result of patient investigation, of deep thought, and an honest search for the truth. We hope it will be extensively read, thoroughly studied. It will repay such study, for it should challenge the attention of all who take any concern in the destiny of their race.

We have not now time to go into even a cursory description of the aims and principles it inculcates—we shall refer to the work again, and quote some of the axioms, and opinions, especially concerning our sex, which we consider of much importance. In the mean time, we advise our friends to read the work. Published by the Messrs. Langloys of New York; a very neat edition. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

Two Years before the Mast. Harper & Brothers, New York. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. No. 106, Family Library.

This book is said to have been written by a person who spent many years of his life in the merchants' service. It shows vividly the dangers that are encountered in a war with the elements, which, from our author's description, would seem to be quite enough to engross the attention of seamen without having their fellow man to contend with. It is an interesting book, whether portraying real or imaginary scenes.

Letters and Speeches of Lord Brougham. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This collection contains Brougham's celebrated Letter to the Queen—some would call it impudent—we think it spirited. Most of Brougham's best productions are to be found here, and they are characterized by his usual vigour and matured judgment. It is an invaluable book, and no library would be complete without it.

The Stage—before and behind the Curtain, by Alfred Bunn. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Why did not Mr. Bunn take the advice he gives to Mr. Barnet, "Depend upon it the world cares not one cent about either of us." True for you, Mr. Bunn—the world does not, but here you inflict upon them two volumes of matter entirely relating to your own affairs, to prove that you are a much injured individual, and McCready no player. Go to, Mr. Bunn. The book is readable, if only to show the troubles of management.

Ten Thousand a Year: Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

We agree with the *New York Spirit* of the Times, that this is "the story of the season." It is as eagerly sought after as was the former celebrated work by the same author—"Diary of a Physician." Two volumes have been published, and another will soon succeed them. The home scenes at Yatton are the most beautiful pictures of domestic felicity we have ever read.

Harry Lorrequer is published by Carey & Hart—need we mention more to induce people to buy?—It is a great book.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Robe of lilac plaid foulard—corsage, high, and fitting close to the shape. Bishop sleeves, trimmed at top with two ruffles. The front of the dress is ornamented with bows of the same silk as the rest of the dress. Bonnet of lemon coloured gros de Naples, with a new style of feather—See PLATE.

FIG. 2.—Short cloak of black velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with white fur, blue or green robe with a very deep flounce. Gray silk bonnet—the brim is perfectly round,

and very open, the interior is trimmed with flowers. Gray ostrich feathers. A white fur muff ought to accompany this dress.

FIG. 3.—Hat of blue satin. The front is very small, and sits quite round to the face, nearly meeting under the chin, and the corners rounded off. A rich bunch of white feathers tipped with blue, droops at the left side, and small half-wreaths of roses are underneath the front. The dress is of *poux de soie*. Manteau of brown satin, wadded, and lined throughout with silk. This cloak is cut like a loose wrapping gown, taken in at the waist by a band, and has loose sleeves cut on the straightway of the material. The cape is cut out of a very large half square, rounded at the back, and the ends falling very low in front; it is caught up on the shoulders with long straps, and at the back is a capuchin or hood, finished at the lower corner by a silk tassel. The facings are of blue satin of the exact shade of the lining.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

Within these few days, an interesting exhibition has closed in this city,—that of Mr. Pettrich the sculptor's statue of the *Fisher Girl*. This is one of those pieces of art intelligible to every beholder, and which, without any action calculated to arouse or excite, or any ties to connect it with the higher sympathies of our kind, will continue to please and to interest, when objects of pretension, subjects connected with literary and historical associations, will cease to excite attention. It affords another proof of the truth, that there is no necessity for the artist to explore the more recondite paths, or attempt the higher regions of humanity, in search of materials to win sympathy, and attract admiration; but that in the humblest walks of life, in the every-day occurrences of common-place humanity, these materials lie ready at hand for the eye that can observe, and for the hand that is plastic to inform them with life, truth, and reality.

We are happy to learn that "The Fisher Girl" is gone to adorn the country residence of one of our much esteemed citizens. We trust that the day is arrived, when this example of encouragement to a worthy artist, will find many imitators, and that the complaint that the merely useful and material are absorbing the beautiful and the spiritual among us, will be proved to be unfounded.

We have received a letter from Mrs. Sigourney, dated London, containing a valuable contribution to the Book.

¶ We have been presented by our friend Russell Smith, the artist, with a beautiful landscape from his pencil, which like every thing he paints is of a superior order of beauty. We return him our thanks.

A file of "The Monument," has been received, from the editor, Mrs. Hale, and we shall preserve it for the good cause which it advocates.

Subscribers are respectfully requested to read the cover for this month, attentively.

CATHERWOOD'S DIORAMAS.

No person should neglect seeing the beautiful view of Jerusalem—it is splendid.

PERKINS' STEAM GUN.

Be not alarmed ladies. We merely, (that is the publisher,) called to look at it, and a wonderful affair it is, discharging 158 balls per minute. By an accurate calculation, if each ball took effect on one of our subscribers, it would take 126 1-2 minutes to destroy them all:—but again, if it only hit a borrower, it would take a century to destroy them—their name is Legion.



Drawn by J. Browne

A. L. Dick. sc.

THE DEATH OF LUATH.

Engaved for the Ladies' Book

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G O D E Y ' S

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

DECEMBER, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE DEATH OF LUATH.

[SEE PLATE.]

Poor Luath, mute sufferer! and, ah, can it be
That the clansman would wreak his dark vengeance on thee?
What! turn the fell feeling, by rancour defiled,
Against the poor dog that caresses your child?
Your watch when you sleep, and your guide when you roam,
The ward of your pasture, the guard of your home?

Poor Luath! 'tis hard with his master to part,
But the ball of the clansman lies deep in his heart;
His eye-balls grow dim, there's a film o'er their ray,
And his life-blood, alas, is fast ebbing away;
See his eyes on his master how wistfully cast,
On his friend and protector he must look his last!

Old Cameron bent o'er him: no weeper is he,
But now the warm tear-drop stood bright in his e'e;
He dash'd it away; and his hand as it play'd
With his firelock, the drift of his feelings betray'd;
Plans of vengeance were rife;—but as Jeannie he press'd,
And felt her young heart beating warm to his breast,
Fell thoughts died within him:—such magical spell
Does still with sweet childhood and innocence dwell.

Cathleen stood in silence; her heart seem'd to melt,
And she shared every pang that her favourite felt;
Little Jeannie was first the deep silence to break,
And thus with a child's native feeling she spake:—

“Go, father, and dig our poor Luath a grave,
By the side of the burn, where the willow-trees wave.
He loved the dear spot. When the hunting was done,
All in heat from the sport, he would eagerly run
To refresh himself there in the cool-running stream,
Then stretch himself out in the warm sunny beam,
And the chace once again in his slumbers renew,
With his low stifled cry when the game was in view.
Yes, bury him there; and at morn will I come,
And pluck the blue hare-bells to strew on his tomb.
And when I shall chance with my playmates to stray
By the side of the burn, when the spring-time is gay,
We will talk of poor Luath, and feel the heart sad,
To miss his gay pranks, as he bounded so glad
And so blythesome along; for he felt himself then
Just like one of ourselves, quite the same, do ye ken?”

“Ah yes!” sighed old Cameron; “Yes, Jeannie, go spread
Your fresh-gathered hare-bells o'er poor Luath's bed;
For there's many a grave on which spring-flowers are strowed,
That holds not a heart half so faithful and good.”

Written for the Lady's Book.

SUSPICION.

BY MISS E. A. DUPUY.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert—whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance—tares of haste,
Rank at the core. * * * * *
Flowers, whose wild odours breathe but agonies;—
And trees whose gums are poison.—Byron.

It was a lovely evening—the sun had just thrown his parting rays on the winding river, with its forest-clad banks, wearing their brightest livery of green. Our boat was skimming through the water “like a thing of life.” It had a low pressure engine, and that eternal “puff-puff,” came not with its hissing sound, to destroy the poetic reverie which a sunset on *la belle rivière* is so well calculated to produce. Before us was a long stretch of water unbroken by a ripple, and the gorgeous summer clouds were mirrored with faithful distinctness in their lucid depths. In the distance a small village, with the court house, and church spires standing out in bold relief against the transparent blue of the heavens, added a pleasing feature to the scene.

I was standing on the guard, absorbed in reverie, when a voice spoke so near as to startle me. I turned to look at the speaker. He was leaning over the railing, watching the foam that sparkled up, as she cut her way through the water, and appeared quite unconscious that any one was near him. He was repeating an address to a wave, and there was something in the tone of his voice which made me think that he had himself experienced the truth of the lines. The appearance of this stranger interested me deeply. His figure was little above the medium height, yet it was graceful and dignified. He had removed his hat, and the evening air tossed aside the brown hair from a brow of noble proportions. His eyes were large, dark and penetrating, but there was sadness in their expression, and the smile that curved his well-formed lips had nothing of mirth in it. I was gazing earnestly on him, when he suddenly raised his head, and caught my eye. He bowed and smiled:—a few commonplace remarks on the beauty of the scene, commenced our acquaintance.

We had that morning embarked at Cincinnati, and the destination of both was the commercial emporium of the western world, New York. In a few days we became well acquainted; at the end of a week we were firm friends. We landed at Guyandotte, stopped about ten days at the Virginia springs, which were crowded with the beautiful, the wise, and the witty, but all passed before L'Estrange as the figures in a magic lantern, without eliciting either admiration or interest. He appeared quite insensible to the bright eyes, and thrilling tones of the young houris who had completely won my heart, though I could not for my life have told which one of half a dozen claimed the largest space in it. It was in answer to my bantering on this subject that he related to me the following history of himself.

“I am the son of a French officer who adhered to the fortunes of Napoleon until the final imprisonment of that wonderful man on the rock bound Island which proved his grave. On the field of Waterloo my father bade a last adieu to the man whose iron

soul, and indefatigable activity had formed the bond of union between them. He could not live in France under the government of a Bourbon—he could not cry *vive le roi*, while his heart was with the exiled emperor, and he speedily transferred his property to Louisiana, and there buried in the solitude of its vast forests lived in the deepest retirement.

“My mother died while I was quite a child, and my father devoted himself to me. I was his constant companion—he my only teacher; and no one was more capable of filling that office. His mind was elevated, serious, reflecting, and concentrated: his knowledge on all subjects profound, and his principles were of a rare solidity. He was usually grave and taciturn, and from his decision there was no appeal. His manners were cold, and a bitter and caustic irony was frequently indulged, at the expense of that world from which he so sedulously secluded himself. His affection for me was strong, but seldom demonstrated; and he inspired me with a profound veneration and respectful gratitude, which was as confiding and expansive as that which I might have felt for a tender mother.

“At the age of eighteen he provided me with a preceptor who was to be my companion in my travels. I was unwilling to leave him alone, but he silenced my objections at once.

“‘I have taught you all that may be learned of books—I now desire that you may become acquainted with the ways of men. I cannot visit those scenes over which you are to travel, without disinterring the memories of days and events, which I would wish for ever buried in oblivion.’

“The evening preceding my departure, he said to me—

“‘You are now going into the world, and there is one thing that my knowledge of man has fatally taught me, which it may be useful to you to know. Self-interest is the foundation of every action. To use the words of the celebrated English statesman—“every man has his price.” Yes—the noblest—the best characters are not free from that debasing stain. Many whose fortunes place them above temptation, would disclaim so mean a passion, but could those very men be tried, they would not come forth pure. All men are corruptible. I counsel you my son—suffice unto yourself—trust not in the friendship which may fail you when most needed.’

“‘Oh, my father!’ I exclaimed, astonished at the calmness with which such words were uttered, ‘Man cannot be so base! He that is made in the image of his Creator must have some noble, some disinterested qualities!’

“My father replied to me with a coldness that chilled me, while a convulsive and nervous smile gave to his haughty and severe features, an indescribable expression of habitual suffering:

“ Eugène, I have found them so. I had youth—wealth—openness of heart—trustfulness of spirit.—My friend deceived me—cheated me of half I possessed—the woman I loved deserted me for one who had more gold, but was twice my age. Your mother married me, because her friends declared me the best offer she was likely to have. Have I not cause to say that self-interest is the foundation of every action ?”

“ His words sank deep into my heart, and made an impression which was destined to influence all my future life. I remained in Europe three years, with the excellent man who had been selected to accompany me, when I was recalled by receiving news of the declining health of my father. On my arrival at the home of my youth, I was received by the valet of my father, a faithful domestic, who had refused to leave him when he abandoned his native land. He answered not a word to my eager inquiries, but burst in tears, as he led the way to his master’s apartment. I rapidly followed him—my father was sitting beside a window which looked out on an extensive park, watching the gambols of his favourite horse, which he felt a presentiment he should never again feel bounding beneath him. He endeavoured to rise that he might embrace me, but his strength was unequal to it: he opened his arms and in a transport of emotion I threw myself in them. He was frightfully changed—I had left him alert and vigorous—I found him feeble—cast down—apparently on the very verge of the grave, and his reception of me was to the last degree solemn and affecting.

“ During my absence the only sister of my father had crossed the Atlantic, for the purpose of taking up her residence with him. She was accompanied by a daughter, who was then in her eighteenth year, and I felt an emotion of pleasure when I saw my cousin, at the thought that the solitude of my home would be enlivened by one nearer my own age, than those I had associated with previous to my European tour.

“ My arrival seemed to give new life to my father. In a few days he was able to have his chair wheeled into the saloon, and the musical abilities of Clara were called into requisition for his amusement. He was passionately fond of music, and my cousin played with a spirit and expression rarely equalled.

“ My aunt read or worked, and we ostensibly employed ourselves in playing chess, while Clara performed the matchless productions of Weber, Mozart, and Beethoven. Frequently for more than half an hour, my father would lean back with closed eyes, and a countenance eloquent with the deep feelings which the music appeared to have aroused. My eyes would wander from him to the youthful performer, and frequently forgetful of even his apparent emotion, I continued to gaze on that fair and unshadowed face—to watch the play of the dark curls over her snowy neck, or mark the fluctuations of her transparent complexion, as she sang in a low but singularly sweet voice, the hymn the invalid best loved to hear: and as she concluded he would often say—

“ ‘ Enough—Clara, my child. Pardon me—I can bear no more to-night,’ in a voice suffocated with emotion.

“ That hour of music, and a daily drive around his grounds, seemed to be his sole enjoyments. He knew that his end was approaching, and the early hours of the morning were devoted to informing me of the

exact situation of his property, and the best means of managing it when it came into my possession. He beheld death approaching with rapid strides, but it was with the self-command of the philosopher, and the resignation of the martyr. His knowledge of medicine was such, that his physicians could not flatter him into the belief that a hope of ultimate recovery remained, yet not an emotion of feebleness or regret was apparent. He often suffered intensely, but a complaint never escaped him—only on his convulsed features could I read the inward agony that was destroying him.

“ The evening before his death he thus addressed me—

“ ‘ I have added to the fortune which I received from my father. In my latter years I have repaired the carelessness and prodigality of my early ones; that I might leave you, my son, such an independence as would place you above the world. Gold is the great panacea for all evils—as well as their source. Honour, happiness, power, spring from its possession. Possessing that, and having the power to live alone, you are master of the great science of life. Then, and then only, can you be called truly independent. Distrust the adulation which is purchased by your fortune—however fair appearances may be, place no faith in them, till you have sounded their profoundest depths. And now my son I must bid you adieu, I feel the hand of death already on my heart. Console yourself for my loss with the thought that you have ever been to me all that I could have wished.’

“ I wept bitterly and expressed my endless regret for his loss. He smiled feebly, and spoke in a voice which was even then calm and imposing.

“ ‘ My son, why speak thus? Nothing is eternal, nothing is even durable among human emotions. Joy and happiness are not, then why should sorrow and sadness be so? You are noble and generous—you love me tenderly—your sorrow at my loss is so profound, that you fancy it can never pass away—but you deceive yourself. Time—the distractions of life will bring consolation—you will forget—’

“ ‘ Ah, never! never!’ exclaimed I, throwing myself on my knees beside the bed, and bathing his hands with my tears. He tenderly released his cold hand, and placing it on my head, continued—

“ ‘ My poor Eugène, why wish to escape the immutable law of our nature? There is nothing odious, nothing wicked, in casting from the heart the regrets which would unfit us for our duties to ourselves and the world. Enjoy the gifts which heaven has bestowed on you. Think of me with tender regret—’tis all I ask from your heart.’ The following day my father was no more.

“ My sorrow was profound—the prospect of wealth and unlimited liberty to use it, terrified rather than consoled me. I was scarcely twenty-one, and I feared the stability of my own character, when assailed by the many temptations to which youth and fortune are exposed. I found myself a stranger in the home of my childhood. The lonely and eccentric life of my only parent had kept aloof all those who might have wished to associate with me. I had no friend, scarcely an acquaintance, for my father was the only true misanthrope I have ever known. He did not seek men that he might exhaust his bitterness in railing at their follies, but he separated himself absolutely from them. From my earliest recollection he had never possessed a friend.

"Isolated as I had been from society, I had now to enter the world as a stranger: it appeared to me as an immense desert in which I stood alone. I was of no consequence to any one.

"Gradually this feeling of desolation wore away. I passed the winter with my aunt and Clara. Her health was delicate and her physician prescribed regular exercise on horseback. Our mornings were devoted to long rides—our evenings in reading aloud, music, and conversation. Four months passed thus, and my anguish had lost much of its bitterness.

"I had at first shrunk from visiting the tomb of my father, over whom a monument had been erected by my order. Clara proposed that we should visit it together. I assented, and we went thither. I was deeply moved, and leaning my head against the cold marble, wept aloud. Clara laid her hand on mine and spoke. I looked on her sweet countenance, beaming with sympathy, and for the first time I was struck with her beauty. We visited the tomb every day, and it was there, over the ashes of the lamented dead, that I felt a new affection springing up in my lonely heart, which was destined to overshadow all others. My grief gradually softened into a gentle melancholy, which possessed a charm for one of my morbid and imaginative temperament.

"Clara was poor. Her father had held a high office in the Court of Charles—he was fond of luxury and splendour, and his sumptuous style of living, had not only dissipated his own fortune, but that also which my aunt had brought him.

"Madame Durand was a worldly minded woman, and had played a distinguished part at the French court—her daughter had been educated in a convent from which she was withdrawn on the death of her father, and immediately set out for the western world to seek an asylum with her uncle. Clara was three years my junior—and her style of beauty was peculiarly calculated to win on the regard. She was fair, and usually pale, but the quick flush of excited feeling sent a variable blush to her cheek, more beautiful than the richest bloom. Her eyes were large, dark, and indescribably soft in their expression. She had much more character than girls of her age usually possess—she had reflected deeply, and suffered in silence. She appeared indifferent to the pleasures of youth, and smiles seldom dwelt on her lips: but I believed her to be capable of a profound and lasting attachment; and I flattered myself that I could win from her affectionate heart, the love that would never change. I knew her to be proud, and extremely sensitive as to her dependent situation. During the last year of my father's life Clara had been as a daughter to him, and I was surprised that he had not provided for her and her mother, but he had left them entirely to my generosity.

"I sought my aunt and entreated her to consider my house as her own—to invite such guests as she desired, and in all things to consult her own wishes. At the same time I presented her with papers which entitled her to an annuity double the amount of that her brother had allowed her. She received it with the grace of a French woman—embraced me, and declared that I was a worthy representative of my father. That evening when I met Clara, she said nothing, but the manner in which she placed her hand in mine, and looked up in my face as I led her to supper was more eloquent than words.

"Once more the world appeared bright to me—a

paradise seemed opening to my view, for I loved Clara. I had thought my grief for my father must be eternal, but already my heart was filled with hopes of happiness—my visits to his tomb were gradually discontinued, and I substituted for them an hour's meditation before his portrait, which hung in a closet in my room. I suffered no careless or profane glance to rest upon that pale sad countenance. I wept over my increased indifference to his memory—he had been dead eight months, and already were his words fulfilled—I had ceased to mourn, and life again wore a smiling face!

"I have said that I loved my cousin, but that word feebly expresses the fervent idolatry with which I regarded her: but even such love possessed not the power to lay asleep the fiend which my father's last words had implanted in my breast. I dared even at moments to doubt her disinterestedness. When beside Clara, the remembrance of these suspicions sometimes made me blush—at others I looked on her placid brow, and believed that it masked a heart, filled with ambition, and a love of power, which the possession of wealth could alone secure to her.

"She treated me with the affection of a sister, while I was as capricious as the winds of heaven. For days I would seclude myself in my own apartments, with my books, with the torturing remembrance of my father's precepts preying on my heart, until feeling exhausted itself, and ashamed of my conduct, I would come forth to play the part of the devoted lover, and atone, by the most flattering and delicate attentions for the wrong I had done that noble hearted girl. She possessed no clue to my feelings, and often have I shrunk from the mild reproach of that soft eye, and inwardly vowed that I would never again inflict a pang on the heart which I desired to possess. I had never dared to avow my affection. Many times the words had trembled on my lips, to be sent back with a crushed and bitter feeling to that dark fount of suspicion, my own heart.

"At length her manner to me changed. She evidently avoided me, and when we were together she rarely spoke. Her temper hitherto so placid, became irritable and impatient: it was apparent that her health suffered, and for hours she would remain shut up in her own room, refusing admittance even to her mother. I became seriously alarmed, and proposed to Madame Durand, a visit to New Orleans, that the gaieties of a city life might dispel the ennui under which Clara was suffering. She heard me with delight, and immediately consented to its expediency. The evening before our intended departure, I requested Clara to ride with me. She seemed to hesitate.

"'I have procured the most beautiful horse for you,' said I, 'and the root house which you commenced and abandoned is now completed. Let us go there.'

"She consented, and we set out.

"Always lovely she appeared particularly so on horseback, for she was more distinguished for graceful elegance, than even for beauty: and as I looked on the sweet face shaded by a simple hat of straw, I thought her more enchanting than ever. My eyes must have expressed my feelings, for she blushed as she encountered them, and I thought she smiled more frequently than was her wont.

"We rode through the forest, and the road for a few rods wound around the edge of an immense precipice—Clara's horse started, and she became alarmed.

I held the bridle while I dismounted and led him over the dangerous spot. As we turned again into the forest, the root house was in sight, and alighting I secured our horses and followed Clara, who had already entered the rustic building. She was examining the interior with pleased attention, and expressed her delight that her own project had been so completely executed.

“And you have done this for my gratification,” said she with sparkling eyes. “How shall I thank you?”

“Ah Clara!” exclaimed I, “If I dared hope—dared express my wishes—I could not for my life have added another word, for the colour faded from her cheek, and she withdrew the hand I had taken, as she spoke in a low tone—

“Do not say that you love me. You deceive yourself—you will never love any thing—you will never be happy.”

Her manner was full of bitterness, as she turned away, and left the house. My fiend whispered—

“She is going into the gay world, where her beauty may command a more brilliant offer,” and I returned home in indignant silence.

“I left her at the door, and remounting, galloped through the woods alone. In solitude, my better angel interposed, and taught me the true source of Clara’s words.

“Yes—she loves me!” I exclaimed, again and again, and the sound of my own words filled my heart with an intoxicating sense of joy. Inexpressible happiness was mingled with the pride I felt in being the beloved of such a creature.

“The moon was riding high in the heavens; when I returned, I heard the sounds of music issuing from the saloon. Madame Durand was reading, while Clara executed piece after piece with nervous impatience, as if afraid of the silence which would bring thoughts she durst not encounter. She turned her head as I entered, but did not look up. I drew near and leaned over her chair.

“Sing to me, Clara;” I whispered, and I placed a song before her. “Sing of love—of hope—of happiness.”

“The tone of my voice expressed even more than my words. Clara looked up involuntarily—our eyes met. The colour vanished from her face, and I received her fainting form in my arms. When she recovered, Madame Durand saw that an eclairsissement was about to take place, and she discreetly left us. In that hour I avowed my love, and drew from Clara a confession of her own.

* * * * *

“The three months which succeeded the avowal of my passion, passed as a dream. They formed the only happy portion of my life. It is true, we had left the shades which the romantic fancy loves to interweave with the descriptions of the grand passion, but in the bustling city, amid amusements that had for both the charm of novelty, we were not less occupied with each other. How often, when surrounded by a gay circle, has Clara, with one glance of her soft eye, told me how much more dear than all the triumphs of vanity, was the consciousness that one heart was near, on which she had learned to rest her faith in the future. And I—ah how shall I paint to you the passion which coloured my every thought with hues of heaven! The descriptions of love ever appear exaggerated, and mine would seem,

to the natives of your colder clime, a madness of the heart. How powerful must have been the passion that could lull to sleep the suspicion which had become a part of my very nature! Could make me place my happiness at the mercy of a woman!

“Clara was much admired—had several brilliant offers, which she unhesitatingly declined, to the surprise of many—for our engagement had not been publicly avowed. A clause in my father’s will, prohibited me from marrying until I had attained my twenty-third year. I wanted about six months to this time, and I had yielded to the wish of Clara that our betrothal should not be made known until the time for our union drew near.

“When the spring opened, we returned to Malmison, as my father had called the place, and took with us a party of our city friends to spend the summer. The house was situated on the coast, and one of our favourite amusements was sailing on the moonlit waters. Ah! how delicious, yet distracting are the memories that linger around those evenings! when seated beside Clara—with her hand clasped in my own—the sweet south wind wafting her dark ringlets against my cheek, as I whispered words, which to others would have seemed of little meaning, but to her were fraught with the incense of a love that could know no change. But, alas! these days could not endure forever—the brightest dreams but serve to make the hour of returning consciousness the more bitter; and bitter, indeed, was my awakening.

“One evening, in the early days of autumn, I returned home from a lengthened stroll with Clara. As I entered my own room a servant informed me that my aunt wished to see me in the saloon. I found Madame Durand in tears. In reply to my eager inquiries into the source of her distress, she placed in my hands an anonymous letter, which she had just received. This letter purported to come from one who was warmly interested in the fate of a young and innocent girl, situated as Clara was with me. My influence, it stated, had caused my cousin to discard those who would have studied her happiness, while I selfishly desired to keep her unmarried, until some other caprice should divert my thoughts into a new channel, and Clara be ‘whistled down the wind, a prey to fortune.’ There was much more too contemptible to deserve mention. I gathered the sense of this execrable production almost at a glance, and my first emotion was that of indignant contempt. I tore it in fragments, and asked Madame Durand, ‘How she could permit such a tissue of falsehood and calumny to move her to tears? Was I not ready to prove its falsehood by marrying Clara at any moment, even in defiance of my father’s last wishes?’

“I have before said that Madame Durand was a worldly-minded woman; and the sparkle of her eye, as she heard me declare my readiness to wed Clara, awoke the sleeping vulture that preyed upon my heart. She fears my stability, thought I, and this was a mere *ruse*—a pitiful trick contrived by herself to secure to her daughter the enjoyment of my wealth.

“Is Clara acquainted with this? I found voice to inquire.

“No—but I shall inform her of it. She has firmness to bear even this.”

“Do not speak to her before to-morrow. I wish to reflect.”

“‘As you please,’ said Madame Durand, and I left her alone.

“My brain was in a perfect whirl. A thousand confused thoughts rushed through it. I recalled many proofs of Clara’s love, but it was only to distort them. Others had vainly sought to win her from me, but then I remembered that I was wealthier than any one of them. I was not more noble—more elegant than others who had loved her, why then should I flatter myself that affection alone dictated the preference of this beautiful girl for me? No—no—it was measured by the acres I inherited, not by my own merits; and, in agony inexpressible, I recalled the words of my father—”

“‘Place no trust in the fairest appearances, till you have sounded their profoundest depths. Distrust the love that is purchased by the possession of wealth.’

“‘I will sound her heart,’ I exclaimed—‘I will probe her to the soul, and judge by her manner if my suspicions are unfounded. Oh, my God! if they should prove true! where shall I again hope to find truth or disinterested affection?’ and I paced my chamber in a perfect fever of anguish.

“The windows were all open, and the autumn moon lit up the room with a wan and ghastly light. The rays fell on the curtain which concealed the portrait of my father. I had not looked on it for months. I now drew aside the black folds, and gazed on that pale and severe countenance, which seemed to borrow additional sadness from the imperfect light by which it was seen.

“I knew that he had loved me tenderly, and a desire to secure my happiness had prompted him to implant in my heart the bitterness of distrust. He wished me to profit by his experience, but, alas! instead of being a beacon to warn, it became a flame to scorch and desolate the bosom that harboured it. I kneeled before his portrait—I recalled his words—I invoked the protection of his spirit—confided to the lifeless resemblance all my hopes—my love—the anguish of doubt that crushed my very spirit. It still wore that pale, stern, and cold expression, as if no human passion had ever crossed that marble front. I arose with the words, dictated by my own sordid spirit, ringing in my ears—

“‘She loves your wealth—for Clara is poor.’ and that thought seemed to turn all my love into hatred and contempt. I interpreted every trifling action into the most ignoble dissimulation; and shame, misery, and indignation struggled for the mastery when I remembered how deliciously I had been deceived. Overwhelmed with doubt I distrusted every thing. Why should I have inspired feelings which now appeared to me false and exaggerated—where could I so readily find the necessary motive but in self-interest and duplicity?

“I passed a terrible night. The next day I was weak enough to avoid Clara—I spent the day in the forest—alternately galloping, with wild speed, through its sombre shades, or reclining under the trees, my mind a prey to contending emotions. I returned home late at night; on entering my room, I discovered a bouquet of fresh flowers on my table, and beneath them was a note from Clara.

“‘My mother has told me all,’ said she. ‘I will meet you to-morrow at seven o’clock, in the root-house. Ah! dear Eugène, how cruelly that letter must have caused you to suffer.’

“In the disposition in which I then was, nothing could have been more painful or arduous, than this proposed interview, but as there was no possibility of avoiding it, I nerved myself for the task.

“The reflections of the night but confirmed me in my doubts, and my determination to express them at all hazards. The morning was cold and damp—and a thick mist hung over every object, as I threaded my way over the dead leaves which rustled beneath my tread. Nature was in unison with my dark and gloomy soul.

“I was later than the appointed hour, and on entering the root-house, I found Clara seated near the door, wrapped in a black mantle, and trembling with cold and agitation.

“‘Ah, at last you are here!’ she exclaimed, as I entered. ‘Ah, Eugène, what have I not suffered since yesterday morning!’

“I took the hand she extended, and, scarcely pressing it suffered it to drop. She looked at me with astonishment, at conduct so unusual; and something in my countenance must have betrayed the inward feelings of my soul, for she exclaimed—

“‘Good heavens! Eugène! what is the matter? You are ill—your looks frighten me!’

“‘No—never better,’ said I, lightly. ‘Why should you think me ill? I should have little gallantry if this charming interview did not put to flight all disagreeable thoughts.’

“This was uttered in a tone of bitter irony. Clara gazed at me as if stupified with astonishment. After a pause, she said—

“‘Eugène, my mother has told me all.’

“‘Very well,’ said I, with indifference, ‘the all was very little. But you are cold, Clara—this humid air is very penetrating. Do wrap your cloak closer.’

“Clara heeded not my last words. ‘Little!’ she repeated, and a faint flush passed over her cheek—‘little! oh God, that I should live to hear you utter such words! Is not my happiness—my whole future welfare forever at stake?’

“‘*Ma chère cousine*, you use such strong language,’ said I. ‘That foolish letter was nothing—the anonymous effusion of a base heart, think of it no more, I pray. But, oh! Clara,’ I added, more earnestly, ‘would that I could believe that you love me as I do you!’

“‘Why should you doubt it?’ she replied. ‘Have I not told you many times how dear you are to me?’

“‘You have *told* me so, I know, Clara; but—forgive me—have you sounded your own heart? Do you know all its feelings? Has love alone dictated your acceptance of me? I know you have candour and frankness—convince me that disinterestedness is joined with them, and I will worship you for ever.’

“Clara listened with a bewildered air, as if incapable of comprehending my meaning. Claspings her hands over her throbbing heart, she said, in a low, but perfectly distinct voice—

“‘Speak out at once, Eugène; your very look freezes me. What would you have me explain? Why am I so cruelly suspected? What greater proofs can I give of my disinterested affection than those already given? God of Heaven! after all our avowals—all our love—am I doubted by you? Ah, do not thus calumniate yourself!’

“The tone in which this was uttered, would have

carried conviction to any heart less besotted than mine. I had the cruelty to say—'And in the thoughts of our union have you not been influenced by my fortune?'

'The words were scarcely uttered, before I would have given worlds to recall them. For the first time I felt their ignoble signification, and I could have execrated myself for the suspicion they implied. I recollected the many noble traits in the character of this being, on whose generous soul I had inflicted an incurable wound, by my base suspicions; and her own words recurred to me—

'Go; you never will love any thing—you will always be unhappy.' They were prophetic!

'I had sufficient time to feel all the bitterness of regret; for some moments elapsed before Clara raised her head and allowed me a view of her countenance. The expression it wore chilled me to the soul. Sorrow, indignation, and contempt, gave to her features a character of majesty almost menacing. My heart beat as if it would have burst from my bosom. I essayed to speak, but my parched lips could utter but one word as I knelt before her.

'Pardon!'

'I extended my hands to her. With a gesture of disdain she cast them from her, and, with a look which I shall never forget, she slowly repeated,

'Have I been influenced by your fortune? *Me! Me!!* Clara!! oh, base! oh, cruel! unworthy to inspire love!'

'Without another word, she suddenly arose, and with a firm and majestic step swept out of the house.

'I was overwhelmed. Too late did I blush for shame, at my unmanly conduct—and weep with woman's weakness over the contemptible feeling which had for ever destroyed my happiness. I returned to the house, however, determined to see Clara again, and endeavour to re-instate myself in her affections.

'During the three days which followed this scene, I saw neither my Aunt nor Clara. The only reply made to my inquiries, was that they were both too much indisposed to receive me. Those were terrible days to me. From that fatal moment, when I had so unfeelingly wounded the tender and delicate affection of Clara, my eyes were opened to the unworthiness of my suspicions. In bitterness of soul I now thought over and exaggerated all the chances of happiness I had lost. Where could I again hope to find beauty, grace, nobleness of soul, tenderness for me, united in such perfection as in Clara? Life, without her, appeared worthless. I contemplated with horror the possibility that I might find it useless to endeavour to efface from her heart the remembrance of my degrading suspicions.

'On the fourth day, my aunt received me. I found her pale and evidently suffering. During the long conversation that succeeded, I revealed to her all that passed—told her of my repentance—my despair if Clara remained inflexible. I repeated to her the desolating maxims of my father. I sought for excuses in the ineffaceable impression they had left on my mind. I entreated Madame Durand to intercede for me. She was softened by my sorrow, and promised to use her influence with her daughter in my behalf, and, if possible, induce her to accept my hand.

'For some days Clara still refused to see me. At length my Aunt informed me, that she had yielded

to her solicitations. Her daughter would receive me that morning, but she could not tell me what would be the result of that interview.

'My heart bounded with rapture. 'Ah, could I see her once more—my eloquence—my anguish must touch the heart that once loved me.'

'I entered the room, and for the first time a doubt of final success struck a deadening and sickly chill to my heart. Clara was sadly changed. She leaned back in a cushioned chair, her cheek and lips colourless from the cruel suffering she had undergone—but the expression of that pale face was calm, cold, and self-possessed. She waved me off as I would have taken her hand, and immediately spoke in a firm tone—

'I have sent for you, sir, to make known to you my final decision. It is painful to me to speak of the past—to recall the unworthy suspicions to which I have been subjected, by one whom I once believed possessed of nobleness of feeling, and elevation of mind. I have loved you with a blind confidence that my youth and inexperience can alone excuse; but 'tis past. I have been bitterly convinced that my actions have been misinterpreted—my truth doubted—my—'

'Ah, Clara!' I exclaimed. 'Let the devotion of my life atone—'

'With a gesture of impatience she interrupted me, and continued in a tone that half froze me—

'Your life can never be devoted to me. Never can I forget that I have been subjected to such degrading imputations. My heart is separated from yours by an abyss that can never be passed. No! sooner would I pass my life in the meanest toil—severed from all its refinements—all its graces—than unite myself with one who has proven that, however elevated his station, his sordid and ignoble soul claims kindred with the lowest denizens of earth.'

'My very soul writhed with humiliation, as she uttered those terrible words, and I exclaimed—

'Forgive—forget that single fault! Let the truest—the most exalted affection prove to you in future how deep is my repentance.'

'Forgive'—she repeated, with more emotion than she had before betrayed—'forgive him who has left no means untried to win my confidence and affection, but to cast them back on the heart that trusted in him. Yes—I *do* forgive you—forget I cannot. Were my future destiny the most brilliant—the most successful the world ever saw, in the sparkling draught that remembrance would still be the bitter drop. Your repentance is now too late. How profound must have been your contempt for me! even at the moment you professed to love me! *To love!!* even while you believed me sordid enough to calculate the advantages of marrying you! I could have pardoned perfidy—inconstancy—abandonment—but this cold, hideous, and revolting want of confidence, in the heart that was open to your view, has given a fatal stab to the affection I once felt for you.'

'I will not repeat all I said. She was inflexible—and I left her in a transport of passion. Never can I express the rage, the hatred, the despair, that filled my heart, when convinced that Clara would not again listen to my protestations of eternal confidence—of unalterable love.

'The following day she left my house, accompanied by her mother. During the subsequent year they

resided in a country house near New Orleans. At the end of that time, my Aunt died. I sought the abode of Clara, but she refused to see me. A few weeks after her mother's death, I received a packet from her, containing the papers which entitled her to the annuity my Aunt had drawn from me. There was a short note to me, stating that she had submitted to receive a portion of my wealth while her mother lived, because she considered it essential to her comfort. Now that she was alone, fortunately her education had been such that she need not be a pensioner on the bounty of her relatives. She thanked me for my munificence, but would no longer exercise it toward herself, and concluded by saying, that when the packet reached me, she would be far away.

"It is now four years; and since that hour I have never been able to gain the slightest clue to her retreat. I have sought her every where—I have been a restless wanderer over this vast country, without an aim beyond the distraction which change of scene brings with it. I mix in the haunts of men—seeking pleasure, but find only weariness. I look on the fair face of woman, but it brings sadness to my heart, for the loveliest brow but brings to mind the madness that marred my happiness. Thank Heaven! that fatal fault is cured! I know that there are feelings which the contaminating influence of the world cannot destroy. I do not believe in the perfectibility of human nature, but I have learned that, with many faults there is mingled much that is noble and generous, giving us assurance that the spirit which God has implanted in the breast cannot become utterly debased by the sordid cares of life."

Such was the story of Eugène L'Estrange. I was deeply interested in it, and marvelled a little that a man, who possessed so many advantages, should yet have been unable to efface the remembrance of one fault from the mind of his betrothed.

We spent the summer together, and each day I found something new to admire in my friend. To the enthusiasm of his countrymen he united a highly cultivated mind, and a heart filled with high and honorable feelings. As the summer drew to a close we were invited by a friend of mine, to spend some weeks at his residence on the Hudson. L'Estrange had been delighted with the scenery on this beautiful river, and consented to accompany me to Mr. Percy's. Percy was surrounded by a family of very lovely children, and his wife was one of the most accomplished and interesting women I have ever known. His residence was one of the most beautiful on the river. Late on the evening of our arrival, we accompanied our hostess in a walk through the grounds. In a shaded alley we heard childish voices, and two of the young Percy's came bounding forward to meet us.

"Ah, mama! I am so glad!" exclaimed the eldest. "Mademoiselle is ill—quite ill. Come to her—do;" and she ran back toward an arbour that terminated the walk.

Making a brief excuse, Mrs. Percy hurried after the child, and left us standing together. Curiosity prompted me to make an effort to see the person who appeared to elicit so much interest, and I advanced a few steps. Through the vines that covered the trellice work, I saw Mrs. Percy supporting the form of a lady, whose pale face rested against her shoulder. She appeared in ill health, but the exquisite outline of the features, told how beautiful she

had been before suffering had laid its iron hand upon her.

L'Estrange had followed me. I was first made aware of it by the touch of his hand as he laid it on mine. It was cold as death. I looked at him in astonishment: his features were quivering with emotion; and pointing to the lady, he said, in a hoarse tone—

"'Tis Clara!—or rather, the wreck of what my cousin once was. Let us leave this spot—I cannot meet her now—and thus—"

We returned to the house; and I soon after saw the fair sufferer leaning on the arm of Mrs. Percy, who accompanied her to her own apartment, and remained with her until supper was announced.

"Where is Miss Durand?" inquired Percy, as we seated ourselves at the table.

"She is too much indisposed to appear this evening," answered his wife, with a quickly withdrawn glance at L'Estrange, who evidently started at the sound of that name from unfamiliar lips.

"Ah! her health suffers from confinement. I think we must try what change of scene can do for her. It is a melancholy thing to be ill when severed far from our home, and those who once cherished us."

L'Estrange pushed his chair back, and rising abruptly, went out.

"You will pardon my friend's seeming rudeness," said I; "but the lady in question is a near relative of his, and was once regarded with sentiments of deep affection by him."

Percy looked surprised, but his wife bowed, as if the story was well known to her. After supper, L'Estrange requested an interview with Mrs. Percy; and they held a long conference together. He confided to her the bitter suffering which the pride of Clara had inflicted on him—avowed his undiminished love, and requested her to become the medium of communicating his sentiments to his cousin.

Mrs. Percy informed him that Clara had been residing with her since her mother's death. She was spending the winter in New Orleans with her husband, and becoming acquainted with Mademoiselle Durand, was interested by her youth, beauty, and accomplishments, and employed her to teach her children music and French. Her mind evidently preyed on her health; and that evening had been so much agitated by hearing her former lover named by one of the children, as a visitor at the house, that she was near fainting.

"I will become the minister of peace," concluded Mrs. Percy, smiling. "And to-morrow Clara shall receive you. In the present case, I hold it as no sin against the delicacy of my sex, to assure you that I believe Clara loves you still. The tenderness of her heart is greater than her pride of character. In a moment of outraged feeling, she was capable of making a sacrifice, the magnitude of which she was incapable of estimating. Time has softened the remembrance of the wrong, as it ever does in a generous heart; and imagination has added her fairy hues to embellish all the noble and estimable traits in your character. I dare venture to affirm, that Clara loves you now, with a more exalted affection, than on the day you first plighted your vows."

And Mrs. Percy was right—though it was long before Clara would acknowledge it. Long before she would be convinced that the suspicion, which

had darkened the mind of L'Estrange, was indeed cured.

L'Estrange visited New York, and when he returned, he appeared a different being. His spirits were buoyant almost to levity.

"Clara," said he, "you will no longer hesitate to marry me. The wealth which has proved the source of all my unhappiness, is no longer mine. A new claimant has appeared, whose right to the lands my father purchased is better than mine. I have already yielded them. I shall retain a bare competency. But I have youth and health, and can add to it. I know you will not refuse to share my fallen fortunes."

Clara's consent was obtained, and an early day named for the marriage. The ceremony was to be performed in the morning, and they were to set out for New York, where they intended embarking for the South, hoping that a sea voyage would entirely restore the health of the fair bride.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," is an old adage, and never did the god of day shine more blandly, than on that which witnessed the espousals of the long-tried lovers. Clara looked beautiful, in her simple muslin dress, with her raven hair braided around her Grecian brow, and ornamented with a cluster of white rose-buds.

We had assembled in a room adjoining the parlour, in which a few friends were awaiting the ap-

pearance of the bridal party. L'Estrange appeared much agitated, and after a few words with Mrs. Percy, he approached Mademoiselle Durand, and took her hand.

"Clara," said he, "I will not marry you, while you remain under a delusion. Pardon, my beloved, the deception which I have practised to win your consent to become my bride. The person of whom I spoke, whose claims on my father's estate are paramount to mine, is yourself. Here are the papers which entitle you to the whole of my landed property. During my late absence I employed myself in having these executed. Accept this poor atonement. Let it convince you that I am entirely free from the odious feeling which once so deeply wounded you."

A bright flush passed over Clara's face, and she held out her hand for the packet.

"If I had needed *this* to convince me," she said, "I had never been your bride. Yet I thank you for your noble generosity—thus I repay it;" and before any one was aware of her intention, she dropped it in the fire, which the chillness of an autumn morning had caused to be lighted. "And now," she continued, "I place my happiness where I have already placed my affections—in your keeping."

They were wedded! and in their case the adage has not proved false. The sunshine of happiness illumines their household, and the clouds of mistrust have never dimmed its radiance.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TEARS.

BY MISS JULIET H. LEWIS.

A leaf has been torn from the book—
A link been detached from the chain—
A joy-beam removed from the heart,
Where hope may ne'er blossom again.

Then crush not the spirit now bruised,
Nor chide, that it weeps o'er its woe;

When Grief's weight rudely drops in the fount,
No marvel the waters o'erflow.

When sorrow is wedded to youth—
And hopes are succeeded by fears—
When an idol's dothroned from the heart,
Oh! leave it the solace of TEARS.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TOMB.

A LEGEND OF 1826.

THE dense shroud of an autumnal fog still rested on the towers of Westminster Abbey, when the morning sun threw its faint beams on the angular windows of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. An acute antiquary hailed its appearance as he was pressing eagerly on to pay his accustomed devoirs to the rich scenes within its hallowed precincts; for though he always contrived to enter the moment the doors were opened, that he might escape the crowd of incurious visitors, whose tasteless apathy or ignorant remarks always filled him with indignation or disgust, he held himself particularly happy when the day was sufficiently bright for him to view the objects of his keen research with ease and accuracy: not that he ever threw one admiring glance toward the rich and lofty roof, where the blue mist lingered amid the ribbed arches receding in solemn perspective. The sublime grandeur of the

whole building had no charms for him. His taste led him to minute detail; and the form of a clasp or studded fastening in the marble mail of a sculptured warrior, excited his interest and awakened his admiration more than the most imposing *coup d'œil* of structure, or the richest combination of the minuter portions of architectural beauty. On this particular morning the deep-toned Abbey clock was just striking nine, when the foot of the antiquary pressed the lettered pavement before Chaucer's tomb, and the guides were dropping in one by one as he hastily passed on to the particular spot where reposed the ashes of a cross-legged knight, whose figure in white marble, one of the earliest efforts of sculpture in England, lay under its highly wrought arch in all the gorgeous panoply of helmet, shield and breast-plate, with his mailed hands clasped as if in prayer. Enter-

ing the small chapel in which this precious *morceau* filled up the space under one of the largest and most ancient windows of the building, he eagerly turned round an interposing altar tomb, whose towering height hid this interesting record of early date from the sight, and pausing, passed his hand over his eyes. "Am I awake!" cried he. There was the gothic arch—the numerous escutcheons—even the lion on which the feet had reposed, the pillow that supported the head, but the knight was gone—gone! Our antiquary in an agony of surprise and despair, summoned every individual, who had any office in the exhibition or care of the Abbey, to ask who had committed this daring sacrilege? They all stood aghast. No one could have entered the building, and after various questions and contradictory comments, the group of officials very piously laid the abstraction to the charge of the author of all evil, the prince of darkness. The baffled and angry antiquary turned away with a peevish exclamation and moodily returning to his own house, passed the whole day in that sullen quiescence felt only by those of vivid minds, stopped short in some darling pursuit.

The next morning, the antiquary rose earlier than usual to carry on some of his researches in a distant part of the metropolis, where at a later hour he would have been subject to annoyance from numerous, jostling passengers. At this moment only a few busy and anxious individuals paced the yet darkened streets; and he was not a little surprised at the appearance of a tall military figure, in a street where officers were never seen, and private soldiers very rarely, at any hour. The towering stature of this figure well accorded with his measured step, solemn from its lengthened stride, and graceful from its slowness; and as he came near enough to observe, through the dim light, the peculiarities of the costume, he found the helmet was of a singular form and the plume that surmounted it, ample and flowing: a wide surcoat was attached to one shoulder and again to the baldric under the opposite arm, which confined its broad folds so as to admit of freedom in walking. There was something about this figure that fixed the whole attention of the antiquary; he quickened his pace and passed it; he started; was it!—could it be!—clothed in steel instead of marble—with its never to be forgotten features, gauntleted hands, shield attached to the arm, with every stud and band of the armour,—the figure abstracted from the tomb? "I will speak to it, though it blast me!" cried he; and though his heart beat so as nearly to impede his utterance, and his knees smote together from an indefinite feeling of awe, he imperfectly gave the salutation of the morning: the knight looked amazed, but spoke not; yet he checked his step and courteously bowed his plumed head. The senses of the hardy speaker reeled, but he roused himself, and pressed on: again he spoke; the knight looked on him and uttered something in a soliloquizing tone, of which the ear could only catch, "Am I then once more permitted to chastise presumption, and redress the wrongs of mankind?" The awed antiquary receded a few steps: was it his presumption, of which the knight murmured? the latter, throwing a glance at the silent houses, went on—"I see no object here on which to exercise my prowess, but tenantless buildings! am I indeed in London?"

"You most assuredly are!" returned the antiquary, catching at this question, and pressing forward.

"I could hardly believe it, for I can find no bound or outlet: I have looked on the river once winding through green marshes; it is now hemmed in by houses. I walked toward what was once a wild, wet field; I find it an ornamented park, surrounded by palaces! This way I see no end, but it is all silent buildings! no human figures! am I in a land whose people have deserted it?"

"It is early; the people are not awake!"

"The morning is come—the day has dawned—my people were wont to anticipate this moment by some hours of useful employment!"

"Many are employed, that we do not see," said the antiquary, in whom the extreme interest of his situation began to banish the fearful awe he at first felt; "but we shall soon see enough of human beings, and here come some of them, who do not seem inclined to pass us in a hurry."

In truth, the apprehension of a London mob is not a very pleasant sensation, but the knight soon seemed aware that he was an object of curiosity: he therefore wisely made some alterations in his appearance, to enable him to pass without observance: the surcoat loosened, and brought completely over his whole figure, enveloping his shield, and concealing his mailed foot, looked like a military cloak. The helmet indeed attracted notice, but the preoccupied artizans concluded it to be another of the frequent alterations in the military equipment at that time, felt to be "frivolous and vexatious," and that this was a hero straying from the purlieus of the horse guards, carefully preserving his bright cuirass from the raw morning air, by folding his cloak so closely round him.

A middle aged woman, in a faded dress of black silk, with a handkerchief at her eyes, essayed to pass them without a single glance, but the quick eye of the antiquary recognised an acquaintance. "My dear Mrs. Brookes!" said he, stopping her, "where can you be going at this early hour, alone?" Deep sobs for some time impeded her speech, and the knight looked on her with newly-awakened interest.

"Alas!" said she, at length, "do you not know what has taken place? My husband is in prison!"

"I will deliver him!" said the knight, in a voice that made both his hearers start.

"How is all this?" said the antiquary.

"You are well aware," said the afflicted woman, "that the attorney, Ellis, has long kept our whole property in his own hands, to the ruin of my husband, the blasting my son's prospects, and, what is worse than all, to the utter destruction, among those who do not know the whole truth, of our carefully guarded reputation: one of our creditors has now proceeded to extremity. I am going to make the attempt at softening his heart, and I have left six children at home without a breakfast!"

"Return, my dear madam," said the antiquary, a tear glistening in his eye, "I will see Mr. Brookes and his creditor before the day is past, and this will procure a breakfast for my young friends." He put a bank note into her hands, and hurried away to prevent the outpouring of her tearful acknowledgments.

"Let us go also," said the knight.

"Whither?"

"To the prison, to deliver her husband!"

There was much difficulty in explaining the nature of an arrest for debt, and the mode of freeing a person from imprisonment. "Well, then," said the mor-

tified stranger, "let us at least go to the lawyer; I will compel him to restore this poor man's property, or I will take away the craven's life."

"If you do, we are as far off as ever. His agent will take his affairs into his hands, and if you kill him, another and another will be found, and justice will still be denied."

"I will attack them all," said the knight, proudly, "and, fear not, I shall overcome them!"

"Attack all the lawyers of England! Why this is worse than tilting with windmills! It is the system, the system that must be attacked, and who is bold enough for that?"

"Is there, then, no remedy?"

"Yes! my poor friend must put his cause into chancery,* and after two or three years of doubt, difficulty, and starvation, the cause may perhaps, by the nefarious practices of these lawyers, be given against him, or if it be not, the expenses will swallow up the whole of the property, and the family be in a worse state than at present."

The knight mused long with a sorrowful countenance, at length lifting up his head, he asked, "what that thin slip of parchment contained, to effect such a sudden change in the unhappy woman's countenance?"

"That was a paper which she can change for gold?"

"How?"—The antiquarian ended a long explanation by saying, "thus a man in our refined days may carry his whole fortune, be it ever so immense, in his waistcoat pocket!"

"Yes! but even in my days there were robbers!"

"In that case, if the precaution was taken of noting down the numbers of these little talismanic tokens, the property is secure."

"This is good, but it cannot counterbalance the evils of what you call your laws!"

The knight and his highly excited companion were now passing a handsome house, on the steps of which sat an elegant woman, in a simple morning robe, wringing her hands in all the agony of despair. "Here is more law, I am afraid," said the knight.

"I think not; but we will inquire, though it may be passing the bounds of strict propriety."

A lamentable tale was drawn forth—she had been seduced—had lived in the utmost splendour, and now, upon what she called an unfounded suspicion, was turned out of doors without the smallest means of support.

"I will force this man to repair the wrongs he has done you," said the knight. "He shall marry you!"

"Alas! he cannot!"

"Cannot! is he a priest?"

"He has already a wife!"

"And did you voluntarily attach yourself to him knowing that he was bound by the most sacred ties to another?" She covered her face with her hands but returned no answer. They withdrew, the knight, seeming much perplexed, and the antiquary deeply blushing for the degeneracy of his age. The slow rolling of a carriage containing a portly couple travelling to breathe the pure air of the country, caused the knight to lift up his head, the arms on the pannel caught his eye.

"Who is this?" said he starting, "these are the bearings of a friend of mine who fell by my side, in a well-contested though unfortunate field!"

"Alas! that is a rich cheesemonger who has spent his whole life in his shop, and never performed a bolder deed than cutting up his savory articles of merchandise."

"Where did he get those arms?"

"He has been to the Herald's college where, for a very small *douceur*, he has been furnished to his satisfaction, and bears them unblushingly to the honours of many a civic feast!"

"How many have I challenged to show their right to their bearings—but now!"—

The antiquary, as the streets began to fill, saw that the figure of his companion excited much observation; he had therefore proceeded in the direction of his own house by a circuitous route and at this moment entreated the stately knight to enter. With a little of the pride of hospitality, a superbly furnished drawing room was selected for the morning repast, on whose soft carpet the stranger shrunk from placing his heavy foot, until that sensation was lost in the contemplation of the luxurious couches, the glittering ornaments, and the stupendous mirrors that nearly covered the walls of this highly-decorated room. "Am I in India?" said he, "or in the land of the splendid Turk?"

"In neither, most courteous stranger; but in the house of a plain Englishman, who loves his friends and desires to see them happy; and I trust the keen morning air will enable you to relish the few refreshments which my people have served up at this short notice."

The knight gracefully declined the invitation, but gazed in astonishment at the gilded porcelain, the glittering cut glass, and the highly-wrought and frosted silver of the various vessels that stood before him: Too highly bred to ask a single question, on such trifling subjects, he turned to the window and scrutinized the thronging pedestrians that now began to fill the streets. Carriage after carriage soon rolled by, with a swiftness that almost eluded his keen glance. At length he uttered a loud cry; one carriage had stopped for a moment, and then passed slowly on. "My own achievements!—won on a bloody field—nay even my own dear-bought Saracenic crest! but without the princely coronet that should designate my house!"

The antiquary hung his head in much confusion, for he knew this to be the carriage of an upstart of fashion, whose name had originally been something like that of the noble knight who stood before him, and who had unblushingly adopted the arms, gallantly won in the hard fought battle, the very sound of which he had never heard even at a distance. Happily the surprise of the stranger was so strongly excited by other objects, that he had no time to express his indignation; two ladies dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion were taking an early walk, followed by a footman in splendid livery.

"Tell me," said he, "what are those?"

"They are ladies of some distinction, in their morning dresses."

"Ladies!—women—beautiful, graceful, symmetrical women!—surely that cannot be! What deformities have they to hide, that they wear those uncouth robes?"

"I assure you they are two ladies, distinguished for their fine forms and elegant manners."

"Where, then, are their gently flowing garments and modest veils? what are those hideous excrescences that surround their feet?"

* The reader is requested to remember that this was written in the year 1826.

"They are called flounces!"

"And those dish-like horrors that cover their heads! If the loveliest part of the creation thus disfigure their persons, what becomes of their minds? can they in such dresses, fulfil the duties of wife, of mother, and directress of a household? can they make the pastry, weave the hangings for their rooms, or attend on the sick and wounded, in such fantastic garbs?"

The antiquary smiled, but answered with great respect, "all these things have been exploded from great and noble houses, ages since: housekeepers manage all the domestic concerns, artizans weave the hangings, and professors take care of the sick or wounded."

"And the children?"

"They are placed at school, or under hired persons at home."

"Good! this may be all right, and in the advanced state of society, which every where presses on my attention, may be absolutely necessary; but I have such an idolatrous veneration for the character of females, that I doubt not they have found some nobler way of employing their various powers; tell me how do they spend their time—what are their acquirements?"

"A perfect knowledge of the French and Italian tongues, music, sometimes drawing, dancing in great perfection—and—and—light reading."

"Is this all?"

"I fear," said the antiquary blushing,—with some few honourable exceptions—it is."

"Then farewell England," said the knight sighing, "thy star is setting, wise women only, can make wise men—wise husbands, brothers and sons."

The knight uttered this in a melancholy hollow tone; the brightness of his armour began to fade and assume a dim hue; his face gradually blanched and with a stiffened heavy step he left the room: as he passed through the door the antiquary fancied he saw the mellowed tone of long sculptured white marble pervade the whole figure: he drew a long breath and

shaking off a stupor of awe and amazement, snatched up his hat and hastened to the Abbey: there lay the figure in all its solemn stillness, shadowed by the purple gloom of the painted window, here and there broken by a gleam of bright colouring. A groupe of visitors were listening to the monotonous tones of the guide who as usual was detailing his mixture of truth and fable; the antiquary detained him a moment, as the party passed on to another chapel, and in a constrained hurried tone said, "When did it come back again?"

"What, sir?"

"The figure there?"

"The knight, sir?"

"Yes—yes—when did it return?"

"What return, sir!" said the man staring with astonishment.

"Why, the figure that lies there!"

"Dear sir, it never was gone! no one would dare to take it away."

"Not gone! did you not this very morning say you were sure that Satan must have flown away with it, for no human creature had been within the Abbey—and did you not stare at the vacant space with only the lion and pillow remaining?"

"No indeed, sir!"

"And will you swear that the statue has never moved from its place?"

"Not that I have ever seen, sir, and I have been here fifteen years, aye and was here when they opened the tomb of Edward the first, though I did not see them do it."

"And has it been here the whole of this morning?" said the antiquary fixing his eyes steadily on the man's bewildered countenance.

"Yes! to that I can safely swear, for I have shown and named it to at least ten different companies of strangers."

"Well then," said the antiquary peevishly, turning away as he spoke, "you must have been dreaming—or if you have not—I have—that's all!"

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE DYING YEAR.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Voice of the Dying Year!—I hear thy moan,
Like some spent breaker of the distant sea,
Chafing the fretted rock.—Is this the end
Of thy fresh, morning music, gushing out,
In promises of hope?—Have the bright flush
Of Spring's young beauty, crown'd with budding flowers,
The passion-vow of Summer, and the pledge
Of faithful, fruitful Autumn, come to this?
—I see thy youngling moon go down the west,
The midnight clock gives warning, and its stroke
Must be thy death-knell.—Is that quivering gasp
The last sad utterance of thine agony?
I see thy clay-cold fingers strive to clasp
Some prop,—In vain!—

And so, thou art no more,
No more!—Thy rest is with oblivious years,
Beyond the flood.—Yet when the trump shall sound,
Blown by the strong archangel, thou shalt wake
From the dim sleep of ages.—When the tombs
That lock their slumbering tenants cleave in twain,
Thou shalt come forth.—Yes, thou shalt rise again,
And I shall look upon thee—when the dead
Stand before God.—But come not murmuring forth,
Unwillingly—like Samuel's summon'd ghost,
To daunt me at the judgment.—No—be kind,
Be pitiful, bear witness tenderly—
And if thou hast a dread account for me,
Go, dip thy dark scroll in redeeming blood.

Written for the Lady's Book.

RUDOLPH OF WERDENBERG; OR, THE FREEDOM FIGHT OF APPENZELL!

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

SWITZERLAND, by the prowess of her mountain sons, had been wholly freed. But Appenzell, a neighbouring province, lying between St. Gall on the west and the Rhine on the east, had not been a partner in the glorious league, and her children yet frowned beneath the lash of oppression. The Abbot of St. Gall was their hated lord—taxes were heaped upon them, and the cruelty and extortion of his menials pressed the galling chain into their already festering flesh. It was vain to plead poverty, or hope to evade the burden; for the ferocious dogs were let loose upon the unwilling, and the wages of tyranny were steeped in blood.

But there are lands whose very breath is freedom; and such is Appenzell. The winds that blow over her valleys from her heaven-piercing mountains have no taint of slavery—the snows that glisten on their jagged peaks, and the glaciers that sleep on their bosom, are stainless for ever; and stainless, too, are the hearts that are bathed in those roving winds—fetterless the feet that tread the snow track, and climb the slippery ice-hill. Appenzell bore affliction long; but when the grave of the dead was violated, and the clothes in which filial love had robbed the cold clay of a parent, were stripped from the corpse by fiendish rapacity, it was time for action. It was but to resolve, and the land was free! By one bloodless effort every minion of the Abbot of St. Gall was expelled from the scene of his iniquity.

The ten imperial towns of Suabia were the Abbot's close allies; and in an ecstasy of rage and apprehension at this simultaneous and bold uprising of those whom he had regarded as brutes, to be scoffed at and trampled upon, he called on them for their mighty aid. It was granted; and on the morning of a day in May, 1403, a brilliant array of proud-souled chivalry, that was but the van of a well-appointed army of foot, numbering thousands in its ranks, crossed the Linsenbühl, and with braying trumpets and lofty hope, marched for the heights of Voeglinsack. But Appenzell was wide awake. She had called upon the Swiss confederacy for alliance and aid; and though Schwyz alone grasped her offered hand in full companionship, and sent three hundred bold men to help her, yet two hundred volunteered from Glaris, and the men of Appenzell, arrayed with their good allies, found themselves two thousand strong—two thousand poor peasants against six thousand war-trained veterans—but those peasants were from the mountains of Switzerland!

Watchmen were on the cliffs, and when that army came, fire answered fire from height to height, in wide and full alarm. One embrace of wives and children, and the Appenzellers were ready. Eighty posted themselves so as to command the hollow way, while their allies were stationed under the concealment of a wood. On came the cavalry in warlike array, with swords outdrawn and flashing in the sunbeams. They pass now within the shadows of the narrow path, where the very loneliness whispers of danger—they grasp with firmer clench their friendly

blades, and spur their proud horses hard. But now a shout makes the echoes ring; and the ambushed eighty shower stones upon them from their practised slings, and wound them with sure aimed lances; while the men of Glaris and Schwyz sally out from the thickets, rush upon them in flank, and lash them into confusion. But "on! on!" though danger and death be threatening from every tree, and every overhanging crag, "on!" is the war-word of chivalry!—and on they go in desperate conflict and almost desperate loss. They reach the height at last; but there outpours the whole power of Appenzell, like a mountain-torrent—as it was indeed—a torrent of *soul* foaming upon these rocky boundaries that would hem it in, and dam its leaping current. What could the Swabians, bestriding fiery chargers on the craggy height, with foemen all around? "Back! Back!" shouts the leader, in very pity for his gallant troop, and turning short, they gallop madly down. The five thousand infantry are advancing in close and fearful column; when, at once, the retreating horsemen appear in rapid flight. "The day is lost!" flies from rank to rank.—They waver, they hesitate, they halt! Glad moment for the Appenzellers! who charge upon them from every point, and as they fly along the hollow, death-fear on every face, slay them as all were but play. The horsemen—the bold cavaliers—are allies, triumphant allies, ay, of the very Appenzellers! for they dash in fear, with trampling hoof, through their own array, and crush with dreadful death! Alas! for the glory of the ten imperial towns, the allies of the Abbot of St. Gall! Six hundred cavaliers lie mangled in the pass, and who shall number the ignobler dead?

Many of the most experienced soldiers and the truest citizens of the ten imperial towns had perished in this fearful conflict, which then withdrew their support from the cruel Abbot of St. Gall; for they could not afford to make widows of more wives, and leave more children fatherless. In this extremity, he resolved to beat the lion of Austria, that if its echoing roar did not scatter fear through the peasant horde, its angry gripe should surely be his revenge. So he assailed the Duke Frederic with earnest and persuasive appeals to muster men and fight in his own, if not the Abbot's behalf. He prevailed. Fearful of the loss of his seignories in the Higher Alps, should the Appenzellers prove victorious, he called out a powerful force, which, formed into two divisions, marched for the contested ground; the one upon Arbon, the other upon St. Gall. The sky looks black for Appenzell!

'Twas a gladsome day for Werdenberg, when Count Rudolph, its lord, brought to the old domain, the bride of his heart and bosom. There was merry making then; and the sweet Linda smiled, and the tears glistened in her eyes, as amidst the shouts of the dependants, and the perfume of flowers, strewn by young maidens in her path, she rode to the castle gate.

"I bring thee to no humble home, lady mine," gallantly and lovingly cried Rudolph, as they rode; "Look you! yon majestic castle will be our abiding-place; and beneath its sacred roof, sacred indeed to me, my noble ancestors have dwelt for centuries, with not one stain of cowardice or dishonour, to blot our fair escutcheon! Far too, as thine eye can see, the town, the villages, the vallies, all are thine and mine—mine from those father-warriors, whose valour won and preserved them. When Rudolph yields them up, be the day of his degradation the witness of his death!"

The feast and the dance completed the festivities of that long-remembered gala-day, and not until the "noon of night" had flitted by the castle on its sombre and shadowy wing, did the revellers repose in the weariness that is the fruit of the merriest gladness, as well as of the sturdiest toil. All at last was still; save the tramp of the sentries, maintaining strictest watch; for those were days, when the sword of aggression was sharp, and the eyes of the aggressor were wide open. Time had elapsed for Rudolph to be sunk in repose, when plainly, to the startled sentinels,

"Adown the glen, rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer."

Afar off, in the Rhienthal, (the valley of the Rhine,) were the confused and mingling sounds, familiar to a soldier's ear, of the steady approach of a body of horse; the click of armour and the clatter of many hoofs, like the rush of a mountain torrent. Soon, nearer far than the main body, the rapid gallop of a single steed was heard. It ascended now the hill side near the castle, and the brisk notes of a trumpet aroused the slumbering echoes. It was answered as merrily and at once from the castle wall, chasing from the eyelids of the sleepers their short repose. Rudolph started up, and arrayed himself at the summons, and was the first to meet in the hall, a well accounted squire.

"Welcome, Sir Squire," cried he; "not the less that your coming is somewhat importune, and I cannot therefore give so fair a greeting as becomes the hospitality of Werdenberg."

"Thanks, thanks, Count Rudolph," answered the squire, with a jaunty air, that brought a frown to Rudolph's brow, though it was not discernible in the dim torch light; "it boots little to myself, but I stand herald here, to Grindel of Mayenfeld and fifty other loyal knights, who will be right glad with their five hundred retainers to take that hospitality; for they have ridden hard since yesterday's sun."

"They all are full welcome," replied Rudolph, smothering his anger at the seeming insolence of the squire, "and by my knighthood they are near, if that trumpet be blown among them; and speed to be ready were well befitting."

"They rode not far behind me, and I opine they mount the berg at this moment," said the squire.

Rudolph hastily sounded through the castle the note of preparation. The servants were aroused, lights gleamed in every window, the disordered tables were set in array, the meats, whose lordly plenteousness, the feast of the evening, for which they had been prepared, and to which ample justice had been done, had not the half consumed, were brought out, the huge flagons were refilled; and when the gates swung back on their ponderous hinges, and the rough pavement of the court-yard resounded with the ring-

ing of many hoofs, while hundreds of voices joined in tumultuous din, Rudolph was by to extend the hand of greeting to Grindel of Mayenfeld and the fifty knights, and felt no misgiving that they would find right dainty viands and enough, to satiate their hunger. He sprang to Grindel's charger's side, with high born courtesy, and gently pushing aside the attendant squire, assisted him to dismount, speaking at the same time, words of heartfelt welcome. The knight of Mayenfeld replied, but there was something bold, assuming, and cavalier in his tone; and when all were out of saddle, and entered the hall, they sprang to the tables and attacked their goodly store, with an indifference to Rudolph, that he was ill disposed to brook. Grindel, without a word, had seated himself at the table's head, in Rudolph's own place, and cheered his companions to ply their knives and attack the portly flagons, as though he were at his own board in Mayenfeld, and these his bidden guests.

"By my faith, Sir Grindel," cried Rudolph, standing near, "thou dost administer the rites of hospitality as faithfully as though I had fairly delegated my place to thee, and thou hadst not elected thyself my representative. And yet I am full fain to display my own prowess as the host, and lead these gentles to the charge; so, if it please thee, be thou the guest, and sit here in this seat of honour on my right; while I warrant thee, thou shalt have nothing to complain of in my administration."

"Set thee at rest," cried Grindel, whom huge draughts began to warm; "I care not now to change, and it little matters! Fill up! Fill up! to the brim, and pledge me, all, to our master Frederic, and the gay plumed peacock* of Austria!"

Rudolph, whose mind was engrossed by the contemplation of Grindel's insolence, stood aloof with folded arms and scowling brow, half resolute to rush from the hall, summon his retainers, and eject at once, the daring revellers, or force them to purchase with bloody price the freedom they now audaciously assumed. In such a frame of thought, he did not note the toast proposed by Grindel, to which the knights gave tumultuous assent, and which they drank on foot with stunning shouts, in brimming bumpers. When they were seated again, Grindel turned to him, and sneeringly exclaimed—

"Does it not suit thee, Sir Rudolph, that your brow is knitted—this our toast? Now, by St. Francis, but this open rejection of the Duke Frederic may chance to reach his ear!"

Rudolph started from his position, and, advancing to the table, seized a goblet, and replied:

"Such a tale to the Duke were foul and shameful; and thus I prove my friendly heart; 'Here's to the great Duke Frederic!'—He drained the bumper to the dregs; and added, with bold and fearless look on all around, "But this, I pray ye, bear to him, that Rudolph of Werdenberg, while he does him homage, has seen those who serve him, braggarts of knighthood, too, whom he would scorn to count his fellows!"

The fifty knights started from their seats, with oaths of rage, and laid each his hand upon his sword; while every scowling face was turned upon Rudolph, who met the fiery glances with unblenching cheek. But Grindel interposed—

"Nay, nay, good friends, give over! This blustering gentleman deserves your pity rather. A truce!

* The peacock's feather was the plume of Austria.

a truce! Fair words and deeds, for I have a friendly boon to ask. Rudolph, we have heard that thou didst but yesterday espouse the beautiful Linda of Hatzingen. Shall we not hail the bride of Werdenberg?"

"The bride! The bride!" shouted all in rejoinder. Rudolph, with boiling blood, replied to Grindel—

"Thou art a knight of fame and honour. Blast not that fame and honour now, by insult to a woman!"

"The bride! The bride!" reiterated the company, now exhilarated with repeated draughts. Grindel, enraged, more slowly answered—

"It might become thee, proud talker, to pass more kindly words. I'll give thee a lesson in humility that may, perchance, drag down that lordly look of thine! Know then, that Grindel of Mayenfeld claims rule in Werdenberg, by commission of Frederic of Austria, to whom I rejoice, for thy sake, that thou bearest such affection. Pray thee, noble sir, shall we greet the fair Linda now?"

Rudolph felt to his heart's core the precipice on which he was standing.

"I pray thee pardon me, Sir Grindel, for I knew not that it had pleased the Duke to relieve me of the burden of my possessions and bestow them upon thee. I do repent me of my refusal; and go to see the lady Linda fitly arrayed for the greeting of the new lord of Werdenberg!"

He bowed and strode away; while a shout of triumph over his fancied discomfiture, echoed through the hall. The seneschal, who had listened with trembling anxiety to the war of words, followed him unseen, and encountered him in a near corridor.

"Well met! good Wechsal—horses—horses! beyond the private gate—and see them out speedy!—away!"

They parted, and Rudolph hurried to Linda's apartment. The servants had seen, for they could not help it, that all was not right in the castle—that the comers bore not the demeanor of guests, but rather of rulers; and the mysterious aspect of affairs had been whispered from mouth to mouth, from male to female, until it had reached the ear of Linda. Alarmed for Rudolph's safety, she had arisen and attired herself; and when he entered the apartment, he exclaimed—

"This is well, dear Linda; I thought to have been delayed by thy toilet, love. Pray thee, hasten. Array thee for thy horse, for we must ride hard to-night. Question not, but speed!"

Loving and trustful, she needed no second appeal; and in a few moments she rejoined him. His well-tried blade was upon his thigh, and his frame had been encased already, ere the knights had come, in a steel shirt of mail, whose jointed links played easily with his motion, and allowed the free play of his sinewy limbs. Half bearing Linda with one arm, while, with the other, he supported his sword, that it might not clash against his armour, he passed through passages not yet explored by the self-constituted possessors of Werdenberg, from the castle, and to the designated spot beyond the wall. The horses were ready there—his own coal black charger, who suffered none other than himself to bestride his noble back—and a gentler, yet a sturdy beast, which Linda might safely ride. A moment, and, accompanied by the seneschal and one attendant else, Rudolph led the way with his bride, an exile from his lordly home,

little thinking in that anxious moment, of his triumphant address to that now tremulous and flying creature, one night agone, as amid gladsome welcomes, kinder auspices, alas! he ushered her to that lordly home! The steeples that surround the castle in its immediate vicinity were safely descended, the boisterous sounds of the yet continued revelry, had grown dimmer to the ears of the fugitives, and jutting crags shut them out from sight of the castle, when, in a saddened tone, Rudolph said to the seneschal:

"So, Wechsal, didst not dare to share thy secret with another—and are all I trusted, save thou and Arnolph here, so careless of me, that they track me not, and I must speed through the Rhienthal to Arbon, with foemen, it may be, all around, and none beside ye twain for company?"

He had scarcely spoken, when, as they turned abruptly, where the path widened, they came upon a troop of fifty horsemen, all drawn up by the roadside, still as they had been hewn from the stones of the crags around. One look at each, as he rode by them, and even in the faint ray of the early dawning, he knew them for his own—of all, the bravest—them whom he would have chosen for the fiercest charge, and felt that none were worthier of trust—them, not one of whom but would have died for him!"

"All's well—all's well!" he said, in low words to Wechsal, while his eye moistened with generous feeling; "thou hast done well in this! Wheel! Forward! Would Grindel and the fifty knights were here in sword-reach now!"

The horsemen parted, inclosing their chief in the midst; the troop struck into a brisk gallop, so soon as the valley was reached, and fast receded from the desecrated towers of Werdenberg.

The word—flying among the mountains, that fiercer foemen than ever the abbot of St. Gall and the ten imperial towns—the troops of Frederic of Austria, led by his bravest and best skilled generals—yes, accompanied and cheered by the Duke in person, were on their march for Appenzell, summoned the anxious yet undismayed peasants to consultation upon their safety. They gathered in the Town Hall at Arbon, with stern and lowering brows: such as men of lofty purpose are wont to wear, when wives, children, and homes are the stake of victory or defeat. They met, knowing that the utmost force they could muster would be but a handful against the thousands of the enemy, and that not a drop of blood must be poured from their own veins, that would not moisten the earth about the tender shoot of liberty, and lend it sweet support.

They had scarcely organized, when suddenly Rudolph of Werdenberg, full armed, came into their midst—a noble, one of the proud and haughty class whose voices and swords were, as yet, without an exception on the side of their oppressors; and to any one of whom they would have deemed it madness to apply in the hope of sympathy and succour. They started, and gazed upon him, some ready to rush upon him, in the thought that he was leagued with their foemen, who had hemmed them round about, and that he had come to bid them surrender or perish—others, in mute amaze. He spoke:—

"Men of Appenzell," he said—these are the noble words which faithful history records the noble-hearted Rudolph to have spoken—"The Duke's army is again in motion, and even now, perhaps, vio-

lates our sacred frontier, driving the car of destruction over our hearths, and the brands of desolation into our dwellings. Ye all know me, who and whence I am; now learn, also, wherefore I thus abruptly intrude on your deliberations. The sacred ground of Werdenberg, transmitted to me through a long line of ancestors, whose piety and personal valour were still nobler monuments than their possessions, has been seized by Austrian rapacity, the instruments of whose robbery, are now rioting in the hall of my fathers! Stript of my inheritance, I have nothing left but the sword of Werdenberg, and my incorruptible faith; these I offer you, with a heart warm in your cause, and an arm prepared to second you in every enterprise. Will you receive me as a free fellow-citizen?"

One glance at the high earnestness of his look, had been an assurance of his faith to very strangers; but these knew him well, and knew that the word of Rudolph had never been broken.

"We will!" We will!" cried all, in one glad, echoing shout, on which Rudolph threw down his casque, stripped himself of his armour, and the insignia of his nobility, and arraying himself in the humble dress of a mountain shepherd, exclaimed—

"Now I am free indeed! and wearing the garb of freemen, henceforth I will wield only the sword of freedom, and live or die in its cause!"

A second stunning acclaim greeted this glorious avowal. On the spot he was elected their general, and to him was committed the conduct of the war. Linda had been sent into the fastnesses of the interior, under the escort of the horsemen, and he devoted himself at once to the great work. Fortifications were thrown up along the frontier; troops were enrolled and banded, a fresh league was entered into with St. Gall, and all was ready for the invaders. Hope was high—high as unflinching resolve, for Rudolph of Werdenberg was their general, and their war-cry was "Freedom and Appenzell!"

The freedom-fight approached. One body of the Austrians crossed the boundary on a drizzly day in June, and began the ascent of the An-den-stoss. They made slow and laborious progress, for the grass was short, and the path was rendered slippery by the rain. The remembrance of the most dreadful arms of the shepherd warriors in days gone by—days of victory to the untrained men of the mountains—the trees that grew upon, and the rocks that formed part of the overtopping crags—was also upon their souls, and imparted a silence of strange fear, as they slowly mounted the steep; those war-trained men, who, on the open plain were brave to the last in victory or defeat. But here was untried, unknown action: here were foes, who could fight as well on the mountain-side as in the open plain, and who came too, with a burst like the thunder-stroke!

So was it now; once well upon the steep, and down came huge masses of rock, and logs of timber into their midst, crushing in horrid destruction, and inspiring the terror, which danger so appalling, so unavoidable by any effort—unseen, uncertain as it was—could not save but create. Yet the troops marched on, over the bodies of the slain. But when they had attained half the ascent, Rudolph gave the signal to charge. "Freedom and Appenzell!" shouted four hundred voices, and with the shout, the Appenzellers rushed forth, barefooted—for so they could tread firmly the slippery ground—and fell upon the

disordered ranks. Rudolph—barefooted too, and with manly voice and vigorous action, when the fight was thickest—urged his followers on! The Austrians threw aside their bows, for the rain had relaxed and rendered the strings useless, and, with sword and spear, fought bravely to maintain their ground. They were mowed down in dreadful havoc; but their numbers were constantly increased, and the places of those who fell immediately supplied by the thousands in the rear. Thus they were but kept at bay, and yielded not an inch. But Rudolph of Werdenberg had planned the fight; and now, at the critical moment, a fresh body of Appenzellers, unseen as yet, came rushing from the wood, and made as if to fall upon the enemy's rear and cut off its retreat. Then the terror was complete—then the panic-struck Austrians turned, every man for himself, and fled down the steep. For six hours they were pursued along the Rhienthal, like a frightened herd, and when they were left to rally at last, their bravest were not of them—for they were sleeping on bloody pillows on the steeps of the An-den-stoss and along the reeking valley!

Thus for one body of the vaunting foe! The sky is clearer for Appenzell!

In the mean time, the other division of the Austrians, with whom was the Duke in person, spread desolation through all the country as it advanced, ravaging and burning, and surrounded, in their martial and imposing array, the ramparts of St. Gall. The town, however, was too well manned and fortified to be taken without a longer siege, and a severer struggle than the Duke cared to waste upon it; so his intention was changed, and he proceeded, in his anticipated triumph of vengeance, towards Arbon. But its inhabitants, formed into numerous bands, fell upon his advanced guard on every side, with that earnestness which characterized every effort of the mountaineers, and so routed them, that the main body itself hesitated to advance. Just now, too, word came to the Duke of the destruction on the An-den-stoss; and, boiling under these repeated checks and losses, the more galling, because inflicted by those too contemptible to be feared by such as he, whose fields he had thought to lay waste, whose villages to burn, and whose troops to slay, without a pause in progress, he took, there by the Hauptlisberg, where his advanced guard had been checked, a solemn oath never to leave the land until he had purchased great and glutting revenge for the stain upon the proud banner of Austria! Then and there too, he framed a plan of operations, so cunning, that success would be certain. The command was given to retreat, and the whole forces seemed thereupon to be in full march for the Tyrol. On they went as in the precipitation of disappointment and fear, towards the Rhine; when the village of Shal being reached, a halt was made, the ranks were set in array, and, in the confidence of triumphant generalship, were ordered to mount the steep declivities of the Wolfshalden! Will they reach the top? Where is Rudolph—where the Appenzellers? Are they deceived, and are rejoicing afar off over fancied victory? Higher go the Austrians—is there not one sword to slay them?

"Freedom and Appenzell! Freedom and Appenzell!" They are there, all ready! and again, as on the Stoss, with that glorious victory to spur them into bolder action, they fall upon the foe! What need

of words? The reader's eye kindles, for he knows ere I tell it, that before the dews of nightfall, the maddened Duke, alas, for his solemn oath! was flying towards the Rhine, all with shattered and broken-hearted forces, and the moon looked down on the Wolfshalde, and her cold rays fell on the lifeless heaps of fighting men—who never would fight more. The sky is all bright for Appenzell!

Rudolph of Werdenberg is in the hall of his fathers; Linda is by his side, and the tables groan again!—But they who sit beside them, are not the fifty knights, but the shepherds of Appenzell. "Bring forth the prisoner!" he cries, and behold! Grindel of Mayenfeld, bound with clanking chains, is led into the midst.

"Hail, Sir Grindel," cries Rudolph; "'tis a season

since I saw thee, and strange things have happened since I left thee in this self same hall. I told thee I went to see the Lady Linda fitly arrayed for thy greeting. I pray thee pardon me that I have tarried so long, and believe, that I have been well at work. Yet now I bring her, and thou canst greet her, Grindel of Mayenfeld! Knock off his chains! Thou art free and forgiven; thou shalt have safe conduct to the Tyrol; and will have to tell, beside other tales of the men of Appenzell, how thou likest the Lady Linda of Werdenberg! Thou need'st not bear the message I gave thee to Frederic of Austria, for I have told him a story myself, and I warrant me he will not soon forget it! Farewell!"

So out went Grindel of Mayenfeld, less proudly than with his fifty knights and five hundred followers, he had before come in.

Written for the Lady's Book.

I'VE SEEN A FAIR-HAIRED INFANT BOY AT PLAY.

BY MISS R. CATHERINE COWLES.

I've seen a fair-haired infant boy at play,
Within his little world of grief and joy,
With cheek as bright and brow as clear as day
Catch a quick glance at some forbidden toy;
Stamping his little foot with beaming eyes,
Stretch forth his arms to grasp the shining prize.
His heart beats high, each feeble nerve is strained,
'Tis the first wish ambition ever woke—
A shout of joy proclaims the prize is gained!
'Twas but a bubble—in his grasp it broke!
Joy fades from off his face—with tearful eye
He turns to where his slighted treasures lie.

Thus I've seen one whose years were scarce two score,
Gaze on the future with a brow of thought;
Upon his pale and sunken cheek he wore
The trace of care—his gleaming eye had caught
A view of some bright distant star—'twas Fame—
He toiled and sighed its glory to obtain.
'Twas gained at last—delight was in his eye,
His pale cheek flushed—a moment's joy and pride—
A moment's triumph—then with a deep sigh
From his o'erlaboured soul, he turned aside
With a heart sickening, and in anguish cried,
Oh! for those pure, sweet joys, my youth denied.

Written for the Lady's Book.

VIRGINIA BLANCHELANDE.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

"For he
That sows in craft, does reap in misery."—MIDDLETON.

No array of incidents gathered from the armory of imagination—no characters created by fancy, embellish or render entertaining the story by which I trust to engage the reader's attention; and I shall not attempt by language to add interest to scenes and events, which, in themselves, simply shown as they occurred, will suffice for truth; and, consequently, will be easily apprehended by the mind.

Virginia Blanchelande was born and educated in the gay capital of France. Her father died on her fourteenth birth-day, so that she was left in the sole charge of a mother, who, with all her faults, was entitled to respect for her accomplishments, and for the kind and motherly regard which she ever had exercised for her daughter's welfare. Madame Blanchelande mingled with the most refined and elegant families at Paris, and gained thereby some of those false and foolish notions, in respect to noble alliances, which revolutions, however long or bloody, cannot wholly eradicate from the mind; for though we affect to despise that which is to be obtained with the greatest difficulty, yet, that once possessed, there is nothing which we seem to prize beyond it. We

nick-name the millionaire, because we anticipate never to be in his situation—we abuse the poet, in consequence of our inability to form any estimate of his enjoyments—we ridicule love, till we feel it enlivening and agitating our own breast. Indeed, nothing escapes our ridicule or sneers which we think is not within our reach.

The elevation of Virginia, by marriage, was the secret desire of her mother, and, certainly, we may well be so charitable as to pardon her for such an aspiration, when we reflect upon her daughter's learning, beauty, and graces, for these were of an order truly entitled to admiration, and admirably calculated to give splendour to a court or even to the palace. However, in Madame Blanchelande's desire for her daughter's possession of a noble name, there was one thing of which she did not think—without which, gold or a title is a curse—her daughter's happiness. Thus we see the seemingly glorious object of our ambition before us, and stay not to inquire if its attainment, in sooth, is to promote our pleasure.

The Count de Fontenelle, who resided in Paris,

and had become somewhat distinguished for his political character, at the period when Virginia was first introduced into the scenes of the gay world, took upon himself, very disinterestedly, as Madame Blanchelande supposed, to become the friend of the family, and to make preparations for their departure to America; whither Virginia and her mother were to be driven as to an asylum from the horrors of the Revolution, which now increased every hour. Madame Blanchelande thought of this place of refuge first, because her friend, the eccentric and brilliant Madame de Lowelle, when banished from the court of Louis XVI., invited her to cross the ocean and make a residence with her on the shore of Frenchmen's Bay, in Maine; where, by her wealth, she had not only astonished the simple, happy settlers of that delightful region, but erected a noble mansion, which told at the first sight, whence its owner had come, by the style of its architecture, and the elegance of its gardens and promenades—a mansion now famous for the hospitalities which it once extended to French refugees, and, particularly, to the gifted and wily Talleyrand. Although delays were, indeed, dangerous in France, at this time, yet the Count allowed one ship to sail for America, in which passages had been engaged for the ladies, under the plea that there was another to sail soon for the very shores of Maine. The Count, as we may reasonably suppose from the sequel, caused the delay either thinking that he should be obliged to quit Paris, and thus have the pleasure, accompanying Madame Blanchelande, to be favoured by Virginia as a suitor, or hoped, though remaining in France, through the consent of her mother, to make Virginia his betrothed before she left the country, notwithstanding his advanced age and comparative poverty—and, in the end, to become master of her wealth and the possessor of a prize, had it been unaided by riches, estimable beyond price. At length, by flattering Madame Blanchelande with assiduous attentions, on the eve of the sailing-day of the ship *Gregoire*, Captain François Estaing, the Count gained confidence to propose his purposes, which resulted in a reply that crowned his most sanguine hopes, receiving assurances from the mother, that a suitor so noble was scarcely expected, and could not be otherwise than acceptable to Virginia.

"Your addresses," said Madame Blanchelande, "may be made without reserve. Virginia, I am certain, respects you as a friend, and where there is friendship, love is quickly found."

"Yes," replied the Count, "when we see the light of morning we expect the sun. I will speak to her:—be so kind as to prepare her for the avowal of my passion."

With these words he bade adieu to the lady and departed to his own home. During the evening, Heaven's thunders seemed sent to shake—its lightnings to scathe—and its torrents of rain to wash the ensanguined walls of Paris, red with some of the noblest blood that ever coursed through the veins of Frenchmen. Madame Blanchelande found it an apt and quiet time to speak to Virginia favourably of the Count—for quiet it was within the room where they were seated. Virginia was surprised. A proposal so sudden—for sudden, indeed, it seemed to her, who as yet scarcely had thought of love but as a dream—threw her into a reverie which was broken only by the cries of the pursuers and the pursued, who were

now flying through the street beneath the windows—and the unexpected entrance of the Count himself, who came to warn them of dangers, to tell them of the progress of the Reign of Terror, and to hasten their egress from the city, and their arrival at the port where the *Grégoire* was anchored, and for which they had not thought to have set out before the next day.

This suddenness—the turbulence of the populace, and the communication of the Count's suit, bewildered the youthful Virginia, and she prepared for the departure almost without any will of her own—coinciding with her mother in every thing, and moving rather as an automaton, than a human being. All things being prepared for the journey, the Count having signified previously his intention to accompany them to the port, the party were seated in the carriage, which, although frequently assailed by the rain-drenched mob, was safely driven out of Paris, while many others became victims to the rapacious cruelty of the fiendish rabble.

While the carriage moved on toward its destination, Virginia sat by her mother's side in a state of abstraction, bordering upon melancholy, for she expected every moment, that the Count would open the subject which Madame Blanchelande already had revealed, when they were interrupted by his unexpected entrance into their parlour. The Count, however, was more considerate, and confined his conversation to cursory remarks and sentiments, fashioned to please the mind of Virginia, until they arrived at the quay, which was not until the morning sun had lighted the dancing waves, which now looked the more beautiful from the contrast with the storm of the preceding night—as virtue appears the more exalted by being thrown into a situation where it meets with the severest trial. A boat having been made ready, the party embarked for the ship which was anchored a short distance from the shore. They soon reached the vessel's side, where Captain Estaing stood to welcome his passengers. Assisting them to reach the deck, the Captain waited upon the ladies to the cabin, while the Count gave directions to the waterman to await his return. He then entered the cabin, and Madame Blanchelande having excused herself for returning to the deck, by saying she wished to see the Captain respecting her trunks, the Count was happy to find himself left alone with Virginia. Seating himself by her side, after a moment's pause, he addressed her; but she was prepared, by discarding all embarrassment, to reply to him.

"You cannot have failed to perceive," said the Count, "my growing attachment for you."

"Your attachment!" ejaculated Virginia. "Indeed, Count, I have failed to do so, and so unexpected an avowal scarcely gives me time to reply."

"Be not in haste to answer, my charming Virginia; for though seas may roll between us, time cannot weaken, or distance destroy, the passion which now inflames my breast. Believe me, I shall ever hold you in remembrance."

"It is in vain," said Virginia, "for me to speak on a subject which has never engrossed—nay, even excited, in the least, my attention."

"You will not forget me, Virginia?" Fontenelle softly murmured.

"I trust that I never shall forget my friends," she replied, "and surely, Count, your kindness to my mother and myself has been so marked, and so im-

portant to our welfare, that I never can forget you."

"Do you think you cannot entertain, then, any other feeling than simple esteem for what I have done?" added the Count; "Ah, Virginia, esteem is but a poor prize to him who would be loved; and the little I have done to protect you during these stormy times would be comparatively unworthy of your remembrance, could you but fancy what severer tasks I wish imposed upon me to prove the ardour of my affection."

"Truly, you will embarrass me by such warm—such glowing language. Indeed, Count, love is a sentiment that, as yet, I have never entertained for any one, and where my heart may be lured by the capricious god, I know not. Perhaps," Virginia added, laughing, "there where it least expects to be."

Here the Count took her hand, wished her a prosperous voyage, blessed her, and bidding her farewell, ascended the cabin stairs, where, meeting Madame Blanchelande, he told what had passed—expressing his belief of the certainty of success ultimately—for he was a man not slow to flatter himself—assured her that he would, as soon as possible, visit America, and begged her to be friendly to his designs, that they might be successful.

Not to be tediously prolix, the Count left the ship, which was now in sailing order, and returned to Paris; while the mother and daughter, with their servants, who previously had gone on board with the household wares, stood upon the ship's deck taking a long, perhaps, a final farewell of their native land. The Gregoire sailed out of port with majestic loveliness, and Captain Estaing was pleased, in his leisure moments, to give Virginia any information respecting the ship or navigation, so that, almost imperceptibly, and, truly, wholly so to Madame Blanchelande, there grew a strong friendship between the young couple; while no day passed without strengthening the emotion which each felt toward the other.

When the ship approached the American coast, one of the storms peculiar, to the winter months, came on with awful violence, and to work the vessel off a lee-shore, was the perilous task in which the gallant François was now engaged. The sea-spray and snow-water on the masts and shrouds, during the night, became ice, and no part of the vessel's exterior was uncoated with the glassy congelation, so much so, that it might have been fancied a ship of the Ice King. In the morning, the storm continued raging, and as the island of Mount Desert loomed on the horizon, Captain Estaing—the vessel being very unmanageable—determined to make a harbour at all hazards, for this was his only hope of safety. Virginia, during that storm, admired the heroic character of the man, and almost fancied that no station could be more suited to display a noble character. François encouraged her to keep a firm heart, whatever might happen, and declared that he would die with or save her, should any accident befall the ship. An opportunity for his strongest exertions soon occurred, for the vessel was driven on a bar, where the sea breaking over, endangered but happily did not destroy her, though Captain Estaing thought it necessary to take to the boats, fearing that she would go to pieces. This determination placed the passengers in jeopardy of their lives, for though the shore was not far distant, the commotion of the waves and the fury of the wind, made any attempt to

land fearfully dangerous. Captain Estaing, however, having once reached the shore in the boat with Madame Blanchelande and a number of the servants, was again attempting to convey Virginia and the remainder of the passengers, when the boat was overturned by the surf, and its entire burden thrown into the sea. The affrighted Virginia, like a lily, was rolled under and upon the heaving surge, and, in the surprise of the moment, had sprung from the grasp of Estaing. Their separation was but momentary. As happiness clings to virtue, so were they embraced, and one could not perish without the loss of the other. Both soon reached the shore, as did, also, the others, where they were soon made comfortable by the attentions of those, who, in company with Madame Blanchelande, had watched with an anxiety like hers, the situation of the ship, and the passage of the boat. In the course of the day, the wind having died away, the ship was brought safely off the bar to an anchoring ground, and the day after the party were welcomed by Madame de Lowelle, at her charming residence, where the hospitalities were fully commensurate with Madame Blanchelande's and Virginia's desires.

Madame Blanchelande soon perceived that the visits of Captain Estaing were exceedingly acceptable to her daughter; and, though she was reluctant to believe that Virginia would give her heart and hand to a sea-captain, noble as he was in all the attributes which dignify man, yet her gratitude for his kindness could not so entirely be conquered by her pride, as to make her insist upon Virginia's refusal of his attentions. Her hopes, however, were not slight, that the departure of the Captain would for ever dissipate that quickly kindled love, which, evidently, now burned with no unsteady fire. She trusted that one of the two flames, now as one, being removed, would cause the other to expire. She believed that which is true,

"That flowers will droop in absence of the sun
That wak'd their sweets;"

but she did not remember, that the seeds of those flowers, might still exist to bloom again—that

"Absence, not long enough to root out quite
All love, increases love at second-sight."

Month rolled on after month, and, occasionally, a letter from Estaing proved the depth of his affection, while it gave a graphic description of the progress of the bloody revolution. Count de Fontenelle was frequently mentioned, for he had become an actor in the terrific drama. About the middle of December, however, he arrived, very unexpectedly, at the residence of Madame de Lowelle, much to the chagrin of Virginia, but to the utmost satisfaction of her mother, who now exerted her best powers of suasion, which she had frequently called into action since Captain Estaing's departure, to induce Virginia to approve the Count as her suitor. This was a sore and perplexing trial.

About three weeks passed after the Count's arrival, when Virginia received, from a friend of Estaing, a letter, which stated that François was so ill as to give serious apprehensions; and that a consultation of physicians, had, indeed, pronounced his recovery to be hopeless. Virginia received the tidings with a sorrowful heart, and for several days confined herself to her chamber; until hope, still buoyant in her mind, resisted the waves of doubt and fear, which

seemed to threaten her happiness. At last, hope sank for ever—a second letter, alas! announced the death of her beloved François.

The Count expressed his regret for this severe blow to Virginia's happiness, in a manner so delicate and so friendly, that Madame Blanchelande was charmed, while her daughter looked upon him in a more favourable light than theretofore. For several weeks, he desisted from any open attempt to induce her to love him; he knew too well the phases of the mind, in such seasons of mourning, to injure his own prospects by a hasty renewal of his proposals. He saw that Virginia's health was declining—for her spirit was actually festering under the shaft which had entered her heart. He suggested, therefore, to Madame Blanchelande that Virginia should visit, under his guardianship, the West Indies, where many of her relatives resided. This suggestion seemed to Virginia's mother a happy one; and she communicated it to the daughter, who, thinking that a change of scene would relieve her from a portion of the distress which she suffered, reluctantly consented to embark in a vessel which was then about to sail for St. Domingo. Had they been aware of the revolutionary spirit which was then breaking forth in those regions, doubtless there would have been no such step advocated. Madame Blanchelande and Fontenelle's private understanding that Virginia would be betrothed, after the voyage, was, unquestionably, no slight instigation to the design. It was through Fontenelle's *kindness*, moreover, that all obstacles to the immediate prosecution of the voyage were removed; and on the day of embarkation, so infatuated had she become with the nobleman, that Madame Blanchelande, who was to remain with her friend Madame de Lowelle, urged Virginia to bestow her affections on the Count, which resulted in a scene that, for the sake of the sacred name of mother, we have no disposition to describe; as it showed that a poor, perishable title was more regarded than the happiness of her offspring—such is the estimation of the vanities of the world! Let it suffice that Madame Blanchelande threatened Virginia with her eternal displeasure, if the Count should not be accepted as a suitor—and that this was done by the advice of Fontenelle, on ship-board, when it was too late for Virginia to escape from a plot, constructed to affect her through life.

The parting of the mother and daughter was of a character, which served, every moment after the vessel departed, to embitter the existence of Madame Blanchelande. She desired the crowning of her hopes, but she could not look back upon the means to which she had been led to resort, without a shudder—without agony. The arrow was in her soul, and she saw that she only had feathered it. How—oh, how much were her pangs increased, when, three days passed, she heard, alas! with too much truth, that the ship of Captain Estaing was coming into the harbour! What moments of anguish, which seemed hours—what suspicions, worse than scorpions, were in her soul. Had the dead arisen to accuse her of injustice to her daughter, it would have been far—far less startling than the horrible reality of Captain Estaing's presence. The vulture, remorse, was at her vitals—she was chained by memory, to the painful Caucasus of existence—life was a curse, and reflection a hell. She threw herself upon the floor in a violent paroxysm of anguish, from which she was raised

to see, what the thought of which had been madness to her—Captain Estaing living, and by her side.

I will leave my reader to his imagination, save myself from the charge of unnecessarily spinning the thread of my narration, and enter the cabin of the Gregoire, as she cuts through the waves that glisten in the moonlight, and throws a bow of silver around her prow. Circumstances have changed Madame Blanchelande's suffering so far, that she now lives in the hope of restoring her daughter to the bosom where are engrained her young affections, and is about to enter the harbour of St. Domingo, with François, who sails thither to rescue his betrothed from the grasp of a villain; for Fontenelle, by a base agent, had caused the letters to be written which Virginia had received, thereby expecting to gain the ends for which he had so long striven. The specious villain won his way by his smooth address, which, unfortunately, may as easily be attained by the rogue as the gentleman. He was, truly, a nobleman by name, but not by nature. His heart was as seemingly fair as the apple on the Dead Sea's shore—but ashes within! Madame Blanchelande was aware of this, and, therefore had she embarked with François on the next day after the Gregoire's arrival at Mount Deserts, having determined, by seeking Fontenelle, to wed her daughter to Estaing, which determination was somewhat quickened by the knowledge of the rapid growth of republican principles among her countrymen.

That the reader may fully understand the state of Saint Domingo, on the arrival of the Gregoire, and be satisfied that the termination of the story is not inconsistent with history, I will briefly glance at the order of things at the period of which I am about to speak. France was undergoing a change in its moral and political character which extended to all its colonies. Reform, blood trickling from his heels at every step, was advancing like a giant, pride-flushed with numberless victories. Man became suspicious of Power and Authority, and enlisted under the broad banner of Innovation. Discontent was not only seen in the casual group, but marched, with a bold front at the head of masses of human beings, who, in a struggle for liberty, were about to be washed off into a sea of licentiousness, from whose baneful depths there was no escape. Wherever there was a Frenchman, the disease spread with fearful rapidity, and it was easy to detect its symptoms at a glance. Ignorance became so suddenly enlightened that she had become mad, and no vague theory could be promulgated which did not find those who believed in its capability to take a practical form. France was dazzled, and bewildered, and confounded by debates and elections appertaining to its peculiar situation, and the wealthy planters in Saint Domingo, fired with the spirit of the age, were disposed to elect their own rulers rather than to find them sent over to the colony from the mother-country. The lower class of whites had, also, their peculiar hopes, while the free mulattoes anticipated no slight improvement of their condition. Not a man was there who did not think himself gifted with a fresh store of intellect—and all were patriots in their own esteem. In this state of things, society was divided against itself, and, among the colonists themselves, hostilities were commenced, of the causes of which the historian finds it difficult to speak, except by conjecture.

Fontenelle had arrived at the island five or six days before Captain Estaing, and immediately sought

refuge from the dangers of the time with an old friend, Marquis de Borel, who, having stationed himself with a host of followers on the banks of the Arribonite, made war on those around him like a bandit or a baron of old. Virginia terrified by the aspect of things, having no one in whom to trust except Fontenelle, of whose baseness she was not conscious, accompanied him. By lies and misrepresentations, so far had he won upon her mind that she was kept away from her relatives, and, at last, was almost persuaded that her only hope for life was to marry her crafty protector.

At the hour, when, before a priest, Fontenelle urged Virginia to make it the nuptial one, a large body of Borel's personal and political enemies attacked the plantation. Captain Estaing, who had by letters demanded, in vain, of Fontenelle an interview with Virginia, seized upon this precious moment to mingle in the *melée*, while Madame Blanchelande, at a distance, (for, with François, she had tried, vainly, to pass the guards who surrounded the Marquis de Borel's district,) looked on the attack, which

had now commenced, with great fear and trembling. While both parties were at work in the dreadful destruction of life, François rushed, with a party of whites and mulattoes, through the door of the house. Blood streamed along the floor and dripped from the staircase, at the top of which, as Fontenelle stood defensively, a blow from a mulatto's sabre split his skull, which poured forth a torrent of blood, and with a shriek, the body fell headlong, dead, over the railing into the hall below, while Virginia sank to the floor as she beheld the still remembered, the still beloved François before her, in an attitude of protection—lifting a cross which he had snatched from the affrighted priest, and thus ending for a time the madness of those whose energies had been raised to those of demons by the deaths of almost all of Borel's retainers.

Virginia soon revived, was safely borne into the presence of her mother by François, and the party having sailed soon after to the United States, Virginia's health was reestablished, the betrothed became the wedded—and the wedded happy.

Written for the Lady's Book.

STANZAS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

By many a word, by many a smile,
Thy young heart, lady, may be won;
Then let not words, alone, beguile,
Though breathed in music every one,
And let not e'en the smiles that play
In circling wreaths of beauty charm,
'Neath pleasant words and smiles, may stray
Dark thoughts to work thee, lady, harm.

When wit and genius tell of love
In passion-kindling eloquence,
Should o'er thy heart affections move,
O drive the sweet emotions thence;

For woman's hopes, and woman's heart
Are never filled alone by these;
Beneath the glow such fires impart,
Look, maiden, for moralities.

If goodness, there, with lofty thought,
In heavenly union do not dwell,
Turn from the words, all passion-wrought,
And calm thy bosom's trembling swell.
Far better, in some lonely cot
To dwell, from selfish passions free,
Than share, with those, a princely lot,
Or poet's immortality!

Written for the Lady's Book.

ROMANTIC INCIDENTS IN BRITISH HISTORY.

THE SPANISH WOOING.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. WALTER.

Modern history affords no parallel to the projected, proffered, accepted, and at length broken-off match of Prince Charles of England, with the Infanta, Donna Maria of Spain.—*D'Israeli*.

THE busy hum of day was hushed; stillness was in the streets of Madrid, and the young moon of March was softly silvering the yet tender foliage of the Prado. Alone in his balcony, happy to shake off the official cares of the day, and enjoy the freshness of the evening breeze, sat the English ambassador, the Earl of Bristol. In the midst of a reverie, in which that home from which he had long been separated, bore no small share, his attention was arrested by two figures that were seen to emerge from the shade of the opposite trees. One of them bore a portmanteau on his shoulders, and stole cautiously towards the entrance of the mansion. A few moments more, and he had crossed the corridor, ascended the staircase, and stood before the Earl. Placing down his burthen

he advanced familiarly towards the ambassador, and doffed a hat whose capacious brim had shaded his countenance. "How!" exclaimed Bristol, in amazement, "Buckingham! and in disguise! Heavens! what brings you to Madrid?" Laying his finger upon his lip, Buckingham inquired if they were alone, and then whispered in the ambassador's ear that there was a stranger below, for whose arrival he had come to prepare him. "The court," said he, "is fortunately clear; I will usher him up." And without waiting to deliberate further, he disappeared, and in a few moments returned with the mysterious personage in question. Casting aside his Spanish hat and an ample cloak, in which his person was enveloped, Prince Charles stood before the ambassador. Bristol

stood for a moment confounded, but recollecting himself, dropped upon his knee, and kissed the hand of his future sovereign.

When Charles and his gay companion had thrown aside their disguise, and partaken of refreshments in the ambassador's private apartment, they began to entertain their host with an account of their romantic journey. They dwelt upon the difficulty they had experienced in obtaining King James's consent to the project, and on the obstacles they had encountered in carrying it into effect. They informed him how they had started *incog.* from Buckingham's country seat of Newhall, in Essex, accompanied only by Sir Richard Graham; all three of them travellers without the slightest experience. They described how they had concealed their faces by long beards, and assumed the familiar names of Tom and Jack Smith; how, in crossing the Thames at Gravesend, they had flung a piece of gold to the ferryman, which "cast the fellow into such a melting tenderness," that, to prevent the deadly quarrel which he imagined they were hastening beyond sea to terminate, he raised a hue and cry, and as they journeyed on sorry hacks, succeeded in having them arrested in Canterbury; how they had been brought up before the mayor; that Buckingham had no other remedy than to take his worship aside, and unbeard; assuring him that they had been sent on a secret errand to inspect the fleet; and how the good man, proud of the state secret thus unwittingly obtained, had done all in his power to facilitate their progress. They went on to state, that, at Dover, Sir Francis Collington and Endymion Porter had a vessel ready, which landed them at Boulogne; that on the road to Paris they chanced to fall in company with two Germans, returning from England, who had been introduced to them at Newmarket, and by whom they were immediately recognised; that Graham had, with no little ingenuity, contrived to persuade them of their mistake, though they could not help hinting that "the hardest thing in the world is to unbelieve one's senses."

The rest of this very strange and amusing adventure, may be gathered from the following correspondence which passed between King James I., Charles, Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Buckingham.

Our fair readers will be less surprised at the exceeding familiarity of Buckingham in his letters to the king, when they learn that it was the prevalent tone in James's family. His queen begins several of her letters to Villiers, with the phrase "My Kind Dog." The following is a specimen of one of her notes.

"MY KIND DOG,—I have received your letter, which is very welcome to me. You do very well in lugging the sow's ear [King James I.] and I thank you for it, and would have you do so still, upon condition that you continue a watchful dog to him, and be always true to him. So wishing you all happiness.
ANNA R.

"To Sir George Villiers."

In one of his letters, the gay Sir Henry Wotton says, "I will have a care to commend your Frank to her, [the Queen,] whom she was wont to call her *little pig*."

The King to the Prince and Buckingham.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—The news of your going is already so blown abroad, that I am forced, for your

safety, to post this bearer [the Earl of Carlisle,] after you, who will give you his best advice and attendance in your journey. God bless you both, my sweet babes, and send you a safe and happy return.

JAMES R.

February 19th."

The Prince and the Duke to King James.

"DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP,—We are sure that before this, you have longed to have some news of your boys; but, before this time, we have not been able to send it you; and we now do it in the confidence that you will be as glad to read it as we to write it. And that we may give the perfecter account, we will begin this where our last ended. First, about five or six o'clock on Wednesday morning, we went to sea. The first that fell sick was your son, and he that continued it longest was myself. In six hours we got over, with as fair a passage as ever men had. We all got so perfectly well, when we but saw land, that we resolved to spend the rest of the day in riding post; and slept at Montreuil, three posts off from Boulogne. The next day we lay at Bretour, eleven posts further, and the next to Paris, being Friday. This day, being Saturday, we rested at Paris, though there be no great need of it; yet I had four falls by the way, without any harm. Your son's horse stumbles as fast as any man's; but he is so much stronger than he was; he holds up by main strength of manhood, and cries still on, on, on! This day we went, he and I alone, to a periwig maker's, where we disguised ourselves so artificially, that we adventured to see the king. The means how we did compass it was this. We addressed ourselves to the king's governor, Monsieur de Proes, and he courteously carried us where we saw our fill. Then we desired Monsieur de Proes to make us acquainted with his son, because we would trouble the old man no longer; this he did, and then we saw the queen mother at dinner. This evening his son hath promised us to see the young Queen, with her sister and little Monsieur. I am sure now you fear we shall be discovered; but do not fright yourself, for I warrant you the contrary. Finding this might be done with safety, we had a great tickling to add it to the history of our adventure. To-morrow, which will be Sunday, we will be, God willing, up so early, that we make no question but to reach Orleans; and so, every day after, we mean to be gaining something till we reach Madrid. I have nothing more to say, but to recommend my poor little wife and daughter to your care, and that you will bestow your blessing upon your humble and obedient son and servant,

CHARLES.
SHEENIE.

Your humble slave and dog,
Paris, 22 February."

February 22.

"Since the closing of our last, we have been to court again, and that we may not hold you in pain, we assure you that we have not been known. There we saw the young Queen, with Monsieur, and Madame, at the practising of a Mask, that is intended by the Queen to be presented to the King; and in it there danced the Queen and Madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, among whom the Queen is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a great desire to see her sister. So, in haste, going to bed, we humbly take our leave."

King James to the Prince, and the Duke of Buckingham.

"My sweet Boys, and dear venturous Knights, worthy to be put in a new *romanzo*,—I thank you for your comfortable letters, but, alas! think it not possible that ye can be many hours undiscovered, for your parting was so blown abroad the day ye came to Dover, that the French ambassador sent a man presently thither, who found the posts stopped; but yet I durst not trust to the bare stopping of the posts, there being so many blind creeks to pass at, and therefore I sent Doncaster to the French king, with a short letter in my own hand, to show him that respect, that I may acquaint him with my son's passing unknown through his country. This I have done for fear that, upon the first rumour of your passing, he should take a pretext to stop you: and therefore, Baby Charles, ye shall do well, how soon ye come into Spain, to write a courteous excuse of your hasty passage, to the French King, and send a gentleman with it, if by any means ye can spare any. Vacandarie is come from Spain, but brings no news, save that Sim Digby is shortly to be here, with a list of their names that are to accompany your mistress hither. Bristol writes an earnest letter to have more money allowed him for his charges at that solemnity; otherwise, he says, he cannot hasten the consummation of the marriage; but that ye two can best satisfy him in, when ye are there. Your household, Baby, have taken care to save a good deal of your ordinary charges in your absence. Kirke and Gabriel will carry georges and garters to you both with speed, but I dare send no jewels of any value to either of you by land, for fear of robbers, but I will hasten all your company and provisions to you by sea. Noblemen ye will have enow, and too many; Carlisle and Montjoy, already gone; Andover goes presently; and Rocheford by land; Compton goes by sea, and I think Percy, Arran, and Denbigh go by land. I have settled with Sir Francis Crane for my Steenie's business, and I am this day to speak with Fotherby, and, by my next, Steenie shall have an account both of his business, and of Kitt's* preferment and supply in means. Sir Fr. Crane desires to know if my baby will have him hasten the making of that suit of tapestry that he commanded him. I have written three consolatory letters to Kate,† and received one fine letter from her; I have also written one to Sue,‡ but your poor old dad is lammer than ever he was, both of his right knee and foot, and writes all this out of his naked bed. God Almighty bless you both, my sweet boys, and send you a safe happy return. But I must command my Baby to hasten Steenie home, as soon as ye can be assured of the time of your homecoming with your mistress, for without his presence, things cannot be prepared here; and so God bless you again and again.

JAMES R."

King James to the Prince and the Duke.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—Yesterday I wrote an answer to your letters by young Bowie, whom I sent, because I know he will be quickly with you; and my Baby may either make use of his service there, or, when he hath use to make a quick dispatch, I know none can carry it swifter than he; and this day, I write these by Andover, who goes by land, because he says he is not able to go by sea. But the imperfect note that my Baby left under his hand, of his

servants that should follow him, hath put me to a great deal of pain, for ye left some necessary servants out, in the opinion of all your principal officers; and when I was forced to add those, then every man ran upon me for his friend, so that I was torn in pieces among them. But now, either this bearer, or Sir Robert Carre, will bring you the note of your servants that are to go. I have no more to say, but that I wear Steenie's picture in a blue riband, under my waistcoat next my heart. And so God bless you both, and send you a joyful and happy return.

JAMES R.

From Newmarket, the last of February."

The Prince and Duke to King James.

"DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP,—We are now got into Spain, free from harm of falls, in as perfect health as when we parted, and undiscovered by any Monsieur. We met Griesby a post beyond Bayonne; we saucily opened your letters, and found nothing either in that or any other (which we could understand without a cypher,) that hath made us repent our journey. On the contrary, we find nothing but particulars hastened and your business so slowly advanced, that we think ourselves happy that we have begun it so soon; for yet the temporal articles are not concluded, nor will be, till the dispensation comes, which may be God knows when; and when time shall come, they beg twenty days to conceal it, upon pretext of making preparations. This bearer's errand was answered by our journey hither, yet we have thought it fit he should go forward to bring you certain news of your boys, that crave your blessing, and rest your majesty's humble and obedient son and servant
CHARLES,
AND your humble slave and dog,
STEENIE.
March 7th. For the King."

The Prince and the Duke to the King.

"DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP,—On Friday last we arrived here, at five o'clock at night, both in perfect health. The cause why we advertised you of it no sooner was, that we knew you would be glad to hear as well of the manner of our reception, as of our arrival. First, we resolved to discover the wooer; because upon the speedy opening of the ports, we found posts making such haste after us, that we knew it would be discovered within twelve hours, and better that we had the thanks of it, than a position. The next morning we sent for Gondemar, who went presently to the Conde of Olivares, and as speedily got me, your dog Steenie, a private audience of the king. When I was to return back to my lodging, the Conde of Olivares, himself alone, would accompany me back again to salute the Prince in the King's name. The next day we had a private visit of the King, the Queen, the Infanta, Don Carlos, and the Cardinal, in the sight of all the world, and I may call it a private obligation hidden from nobody, for there was the Pope's nuncio, the Emperor's Ambassador, the French, and all the streets filled with guards and other people. Before the king's coach went the best of the nobility, and after followed all the ladies of the court. We sat in an invisible coach, because nobody was suffered to take notice of it, though seen by all the world. In this form they passed three times by us; but before we could get away, the Conde of Olivares came into our coach and conveyed us home, where he told us the king longed and died for want of a nearer sight of our wooer. First he took me in his coach to go to the king; we found him walking in

* The Duke's brother.
† The Duke's sister.

‡ The Duke's wife.

the street, with his cloak thrown over his face, and buckler by his side; he leaped into the coach, and away he came to find the wooer, in another place appointed, where there passed much kindness and compliment one to another. You may judge by this how sensible the king is of your son's journey; and if we can judge by outward shows or general speeches, we have reason to condemn your ambassadors for rather writing too sparingly, than too much. To conclude, we find the Conde Olivares so overvaluing of our journey, and so full of real courtesy, that we can do no less than beseech Your Majesty to write the kindest letter of thanks and acknowledgment you can to him. So, craving your blessing, we rest your majesty's humble and obedient son and servant.

Your humble slave and dog,
Madrid, the 10th March, 1623.
For the best of Fathers and Masters."

CHARLES.
STEENIE.

The King to the same.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—This is now the fifth letter I have written to you, which I send by a couple of your own family, Steenie, who are never asunder. . . I have even now made choice of the jewels that I am to send you, whereof my baby is to present some to his mistress, and some of the best he is to wear himself, and the next best he will lend to my bastard brat to wear; but of this I will write more particularly by Compton, who is to carry them. Some also I will send of a meaner value, to save my baby's charges in presents that he may give there. And so God bless my boys, and send ye a happy journey, (for I hope by this time, you are at the furthest,) and a joyful, happy, and comfortable return to your dear dad and true friend.

From Newmarket, the 11th of March."

JAMES R.

James's letter to the King of Spain, is in the laconic style, and altogether in the Spanish complimentary fashion.

James of England to Ferdinand of Spain.

"MY BROTHER,—I have sent you my son, a prince sworn king of Scotland. You may do with his person what you please, the like with myself and my kingdom: they are all at your service. So God keep you.

JAMES R."

His letter to the Infanta is much in the same strain.

"MADAME,—The renown of your virtues has not only induced my dear son to come from a distance to see you, in the capacity of a lover, but has also filled me with an ardent desire of enjoying the happiness of your presence, and the opportunity of embracing so excellent a Princess, in the quality of my daughter—an unparalleled satisfaction to your very affectionate father.

JAMES R."

King James to the Prince and Duke.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—God bless you for the welcome cordial that Griesby brought me from you yesterday. As to my Baby's business, I find by Bristol's cyphered letter, two points like to be stuck at, that ye must labour to help by all the means ye can. The one is a long delay in finishing the marriage; for that point, I doubt not but you will spur it on fast enough; for though there is no other inconvenience in it, but the danger of your life by the coming on of the heat, I think they have reason there, if they love themselves,

to wish you and yours rather to succeed me, than my daughter and her children; but for this point, I know my sweet gossip Steenie will spur and gall them as fast as he did the post horses in France. The other point is, that they would, if not lessen, at least protract the terms for payment of the dowry; this were a base thing, and a breach of their promise made many years ago, which the Conde of Gondemar, I am sure, will bear witness to; and if your travel thither have not earned it, as they say, God send that ever it do me or you good. . . . I send this post in haste, for preparing and facilitating the passage from the coast of Spain to the court thereof, for my Baby's servants and baggage, my ship being now ready to make sail; and yet will I write by her again within two or three days, with grace of God, this being the sixth letter I have written to you two, five to Kate, two to Sue, and one to thy mother, Steenie, and all with my own hand. And thus God bless you both, my sweet boys, and grant you, after a successful journey, a happy and joyful return to your dear dad.

JAMES R.

Newmarket, the 15th March."

King James to the same.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—I write this, now my seventh letter unto you, upon the 17th of March, sent in my ship called the Adventure, to my two boys adventurers, whom God ever bless. And now to begin with him, a *Jube principium*, I have sent you, my Baby, two of your chaplains fittest for this purpose, Mawe and Wren, together with all stuff and ornaments fit for the service of God. I have fully instructed them, so as all their behaviour and service shall, I hope, prove decent, and agreeable to the purity of the primitive church, and yet as near the Roman form as can lawfully be done, for it hath ever been my way to go with the church of Rome, *usque ad aras*. All the particularities thereof I remit to the relation of your before named chaplains.—I send you also your robes of the order, which ye must not forget to wear upon St. George's day, and dine together in them, if they can come in time, which I pray God they may, for it will be a goodly sight for the Spaniards to see my two boys dine in them. I send you also the jewels as I promised, some of mine, and such of yours, I mean both of you, as are worthy the sending. For my Baby's presenting his mistress, I send him an old double cross of Lorrain, not so rich as ancient, and yet not contemptible for the value; a good looking-glass, with my picture in it, to be hung at her girdle, and ye must tell her ye have caused it so to be enchanted by art magic, as whensoever she shall be pleased to look in it, she shall see the fairest lady that either her brother or your father's dominions can afford. Ye shall present her with two fair long diamonds, set like an anchor, and a fair pendant diamond hanging at them; ye shall give her a goodly rope of pearls; ye shall give her a carquand or collar, thirteen great ball rubies, and thirteen knots or carques of pearls, and ye shall give her a head-dressing of two and twenty great pear pearls; and ye shall give her three goodly peak pendant diamonds, whereof the biggest to be worn at a needle on the midst of her forehead, and one in every ear; and for my Baby's own wearing ye have two good jewels of your own, your round broach of diamonds, and your triangle diamond with the great round pearl; and I send you for your wearing, the three brethren that ye know full well, but newly set, and the mirror of France,

the fellow of the Portugal diamond, which I would wish you to wear alone in your hat, with a little black feather; ye have also good diamond buttons of your own, to be set to a doublet or jerkin. As for your T, it may serve for a present to a Don. As for thee, my sweet Gossip, I send thee a fair table diamond, which I would once have given thee before, if thou wouldst have taken it, for wearing in thy hat, or where thou pleasest; and if my Baby will spare thee the two long diamonds in form of an anchor, with the pendant diamond, it were fit for an admiral to wear, for he hath enough better jewels for his mistress. Besides this, there is thy own good old jewel, thy three pindars diamonds, the picture-case I gave Kate, and the great diamond chain I gave her, who would have sent thee the breast pin she had, if I had not staid her. If my Baby will not spare the anchor from his mistress, he may well lend thee his round brooch to wear, and yet he shall have jewels to wear in his hat for three great days. And now, as for the form of my Baby's presenting his jewels to his mistress, I leave that to himself, with Steenie's advice, and my Lord of Bristol's; only I would not have them presented all at once, but at the more sundry times the better, and I would have the rarest and richest kept hindmost. I have also sent four other crosses, of meaner value, with a great pointed diamond in a ring, which will save charges in presents to Dons, according to their quality. But I will send with the fleet divers other jewels for presents, for saving of charges, whereof we have too much need; for till my Baby's coming away, there will be no need of giving presents to any but to her. Thus you see, how, as long as I want the sweet comfort of my boy's conversation, I am forced, yea and delight to converse with them by long letters. God bless you both, my sweet boys, and send you, after a successful journey, a joyful and happy return to the arms of your dear Dad.

JAMES R.

"From Newmarket, on St. Patrick's day, [17 March] who, of old, was too well patronized in the country you are in."

The Prince and Duke to King James.

"DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP,—That your Majesty may be the more particularly informed of all, we will observe our former order, to begin still where we left, which was, we think, at the king's private visit in the night. The next day, your baby desired to kiss his hands privately in the palace, and thus performed it. First, the king would not suffer him to come to his chamber, but met him at the stair foot, then entered the coach, and walked into his park. The greatest matter that passed between them, at that time, was compliments, and particular questions of our journey; then, by force, he would needs convey him half-way home, in doing which, they were both almost upset in a brick-pit. Two days after, we met with his Majesty again in his park, with his two brothers; they spent their time in seeing his men kill partridges flying, and conies running, with a gun. Yesterday, being Sunday, your Baby went to a monastery called St. Jeronimo's, to dinner, which stands a little out of the town. After dinner came all the counsellors in order, to welcome your Baby; then came the king himself, with all his nobility, and made their entry with as great triumph as could be, when he forced your Baby to ride on his right hand, which he always observes. This entry was made, just as when the

kings of Castile come first to the crown. All prisoners were set at liberty, and no office or matter of grace falls, but is put into your Baby's hands to dispose of. We trouble your Majesty more particularly with these things of ceremony, that you may be better able to guide yourself towards this nobleman, who is sent of purpose to advertise you of your son's safe arrival here, for, before he was received in the palace, they took no notice of his coming. We had almost forgotten to tell you, that the first thing they did at their arrival in the palace, was the visiting of the Queen, where grew a quarrel between your Baby and Lady, for want of a salutation; but your dog's opinion is, that this is an artificial forced quarrel, to beget hereafter the greater kindness. For our chief business, we find them, in outward show, as desirous of it as ourselves, yet are they hankering upon a conversion; for they say, that there can be no firm friendship without union in religion, but put no question of bestowing their sister, and we put the other quite out of question, because neither our conscience nor the time serves for it, and because we will not implicitly rely upon them. For fear of delays (which we account the worst denial,) we intend to send with all speed Miles Andrews, to bring us certain word from Gage, how he finds our business prosper there, according to which we will guide ourselves. Yet, ever resolving to guide ourselves by your direction, and ever craving your blessing, we end. Your Majesty's humble and obedient son.

CHARLES."

"I beseech your Majesty advise as little with the council in these businesses as you can. I hope in writing jointly as we do, we please you best, for I assure your Majesty, it is not for saving pains. This king did entreat me to send your Majesty a great *recautho*, in his name (which is a compliment,) for which, in my poor opinion, it will not be amiss for your Majesty to write him a letter of thanks for all the favours he has done me since I came hither, with that of the Condé of Olivares.

CHARLES.

"Your Majesty's humble slave and dog.

STEENIE.

Madrid, 17th March, 1623."

The Duke to King James.

"DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP,—The chief advertisement of all we omitted in our other letter, which was, to let you know how we like your daughter, his wife, and my lady mistress: without flattery, I think there is not a sweeter creature in the world. Baby Charles himself is so touched at the heart, that he confesses all he yet saw, is nothing to her, and swears, that, if he want her, there shall be blows.* I shall lose no time in hastening their conjunction, in which I shall please him, her, you, and myself most of all, in thereby getting liberty to make the speedier haste to

* The Duchess of Buckingham observes in a letter to her husband; "I thank you for sending me such good news of our young mistress, the Infanta; I am very glad she is so delicate a creature, and of so sweet a disposition; indeed, my Lady Bristol sends me word, she is a very fine lady, and as good as fine. I am very glad of it, and that the Prince likes her so well, for the king says he is wonderfully taken with her."—Howell, who had seen her, gives us the following description: "She is a very comely lady, rather of a Flemish complexion than Spanish, fair-haired, and carrieth a most pure mixture of red and white in her face. She is full, and big-lipped, which is held a beauty, rather than a blemish or any excess in the Austrian family, it being a thing incident to most of that race. She goes now upon sixteen, and is of a tallness agreeable to those years."

lay myself at your feet; for never one longed more to be in the arms of his mistress. So, craving your blessing, I end.

"Your humble slave and dog. STEENIE.

"I have inclosed two or three letters of the Condé of Olivares to Gondemar, whereby you will judge of his kind carefulness of your son.

For the beat of Masters."

King James to the Prince and Duke.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—God bless you both, and reward you for the comfortable news I received from you yesterday, (which was my coronation day,) in place of a tilting; and God bless thee, my sweet gossip, for thy little letter all full of comfort. I have written a letter to the Condé d'Olivares, as both of you desired me, as full of thanks and kindness as can be desired, and as indeed he well deserves; but in the end of your letter, ye put in a cooling card, anent the Nuncio's averseness to this business, and that thereby ye collect, that the Pope will likewise be averse. But, first, ye must remember, that, in Spain, they never put a doubt of the granting of the dispensation; that themselves did set down the spiritual conditions. . . . I have no more to say in this, but God bless my sweet Baby, and send him good fortune in his wooing, to the comfort of his old father, who cannot be happy but in him. My ship is ready to make sail, and only stays for a fair wind; God send it her! but I have, for the honour of England, curtailed the train that goes by sea, of a number of rascals. And my sweet Steenie gossip, I must tell thee that Kate was a little sick within these four or five days of a head ache, and the next morning, after a little casting, was well again. I hope it is a good sign, that I shall shortly be a gossip over again, for I must be thy perpetual gossip; but the poor fool Kate hath, by importunity, gotten leave of me to send thee both her rich chains; and this is now the eighth letter I have written to my two boys, and six to Kate. God send me still more and more comfortable news of you both, and may I have a joyful, comfortable, and happy meeting with you, and that my Baby may bring home a fair lady with him, as this is written upon our Lady-day.

JAMES R."

March 27th.—In a letter from the Prince and the Duke to James, of this date, we find that all is proceeding satisfactorily. "To conclude; we never saw the business in a better way than now it is. Therefore we humbly beseech you, lose no time in hastening the ships, that we may make the more haste to beg that personally, which now we do by letter—your blessing."

The King to the same.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—I hope before this time ye are fully satisfied with my diligent care in writing to you upon all occasions; but I have better cause to quarrel with you, that you should ever have been in doubt of my often writing unto you, especially as long as ye saw no post nor creature was come from me but Michael Andrews; and yet by Carlisle, in whose company he parted from me, I wrote my first letter to you. And I wonder also why ye should ask me the question, if ye should send me any more joint letters or not; alas! sweet hearts, it is all my comfort in your absence, that ye write jointly unto me, besides the great ease it is both to me and you:

and ye need not doubt but I will be wary enough in not acquainting my Council with any secrets in your letters. But I have been troubled with Hamilton, who being present, by chance, at my receiving both your first and second packet out of Madrid, would needs peer over my shoulder when I was reading them, offering ever to help me to read any hard words, and, in good faith, he is in this business, as in all things else, as variable and uncertain as the moon. But the news of your glorious reception there, makes me afraid, that ye will both mis-ken your old Dad hereafter. But, in earnest; my Baby, ye must be as sparing as ye can in your spending there, for your officers are already put to the height of their speed with providing the £5,000 by exchange, and now, your tilting stuff, which they know not how to provide, will come to three more: and God knows how my coffers are already drained. I know no remedy except ye promise the speedy payment of the £150,000, which was once promised to be advanced; which my sweet Gossip, that is now turned Spaniard, with his golden key, will be fittest to labour in, who shall have a fine ship to go thither with all speed, for bringing him home to his dear Dad. But I pray you, my Baby, take heed of being hurt if ye run at tilt. As for Steenie, I hope thou wilt come back before that time, for I hope my Baby will be ready to come away before the horses can be there well rested, and all things ready for running at tilt, which must be my Baby's parting blow, if he can have leisure to perform it there. I pray you, in the meantime keep yourselves in use of dancing privately, though ye should whistle and sing to one another, like Jack and Tom, for fault of better music.

I send you, according to your desire, a letter of thanks to that King, which, my sweet Steenie, thou shalt deliver unto him in my name, with all the best compliments thou canst, and when thou wantest, Carlisle can best instruct thee in that art. And I have sent a letter for the Condé Olivares in the last packet. And then God keep you, my sweet boys, with my fatherly blessing; and send you a successful journey, and a joyful and happy return into the arms of your dear Dad,

JAMES R.

From Theobalds, the first of April."

Charles and the Duke to James.

"DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP,—This is to advertise your Majesty that Miles Andrew is now despatched to Rome, with a direction to send the nearest way to you, as soon as any resolution is taken. He carries with him also a letter from the Condé of Olivares to the Pope's nephew, which we hope, if there be need, will much hasten the business. Sir, hitherto we have not received a letter from you; but, to our great comfort, we hear that my Lord of Andover, who will be here to-morrow, hath some for us. We have received so much comfort at the news of it, that we must give you thanks before the receipt of them. We have no more to trouble you with at this time, only we beseech you, in the absence of your two boys, to make much of our best Dad, without whose health and blessings we desire not to live. Your Majesty's humble and obedient son and servant, CHARLES. Your Majesty's humble slave and dog, STEENIE.

Madrid, the 21 of March, 1623

Be cheerful, good-man of Balangith, for we warrant you all shall go well, for we less repent our journey every day than other."

James I. to Charles and the Duke.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—The Spanish ambassador let fall a word to Griesby, as if there would be some question made that my baby's chaplains should not do their service in the King's palace there; but he concluded that the business would be soon accomodated. Always in case any such difficulty should be stuck at, ye may remember them, that it is an ill preparation for giving the Infant a free exercise of her religion here, to refuse it to my son there; since their religion is as odious to a number here, as ours is there. And if they will not yield, then, my sweet baby, show yourself not to be ashamed of your profession; but go sometimes to my ambassador's house, and have your service there, that God and man may see ye are not ashamed of your religion. But I hope in God this shall not need. And so God bless you, my sweet boys; and, after a happy success, return and light in the arms of your dear Dad, JAMES R.

From Whitehall, the seventh of April."

King James to the Prince and Duke.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—God ever bless and thank you for your last so comfortable letters; it is an ease to my heart now that I am sure you have received some of my letters. As for the fleet that is, with God's grace, to bring my baby home, they are in far greater readiness, than you would have believed, for they will be ready to make sail before the first of May, if need were; and the smallest of six, besides the two that go for Steenie, are between five and six hundred tons; their names and burden Dick Grame shall bring you, who is to follow two days hence. It is, therefore, now your province to advertise by the next post, how soon ye would have them to make sail, for the charge and trouble will be infinite if their equipage stay long abroad, consuming victuals, and making the ships stink. My Gossip shall come home in the George, and the Antelope wait upon him, and of their readiness Dick Grame will bring you word. The Treasurer likewise made that money ready, which my Baby desired: I must bear him witness, he spares not to engage himself, and all he is worth, for the business. JAMES R.

The 10th of April."

April 22. In their reply the Prince and Duke write as follows:

"SIR,—I confess that ye have sent more jewels than, at my departure, I thought to have had use of; but, since my coming, seeing many jewels worn here, and that my *bravery* [finery] can consist of nothing else, (besides that some of them ye have appointed me to give to the Infanta, in Steenie's opinion and mine, are not fit to be given to her;) therefore I have taken this boldness to entreat your Majesty to send more for my own wearing, and for giving to my mistress; in which I think your majesty shall not go amiss to take Carlisle's advice. So humbly craving your blessing, I rest your majesty's humble and obedient son and servant, CHARLES.

I, your dog, say you have many jewels, neither fit for your own, your son's, nor your daughter's wearing, but very fit to bestow on those who must necessarily have presents; and this way will be least chargeable to your majesty, in my poor opinion.

Madrid, April 22."

On the following day, Buckingham writes thus familiarly to the King:

"DEAR DAD, GOSSIP, AND STEWARD,—Though your

Baby himself hath sent word what need he hath of more jewels, yet will I, by this bearer, who can make more speed than Carlisle, again acquit your majesty therewith, and give my poor and saucy opinion what will be fittest more to send. Hitherto ye have been so sparing, that, whereas you thought to have sent him sufficient for his own wearing, to present his mistress, who I am sure shall shortly lose that title, and to lend me what I to the contrary have been forced to lend him. You need not ask, who made me able to do it. Sir, he had neither chain nor hat-band; and I beseech you consider, first, how rich they are in jewels here, then in what a poor equipage he came in, how he hath no other means to appear like a king's son, how they are usefulest at such a time as this, when they may do yourself, your son, and the nation honour; and, lastly, how it will neither cost nor hazard you any thing. These reasons, I hope, since you have ventured already your chiefest jewel, your son, will serve to persuade you to let loose these more after him:—first, your best hat-band; the Portugal diamond; the rest of the pendant diamonds, to make up a necklace to give his mistress; and the best rope of pearls; with a rich chain or two for himself to wear, or else your Dog must want a collar, which is the ready way to put him into it. There are many other jewels which are of so mean quality that they deserve not the name, but will save much in your purse, and serve very well for presents. They had never so good and great an occasion to take the air out of their boxes, as at this time. God knows when they shall have such another; and they had need sometimes to get nearer the sun to continue them in their perfection. Then give me leave, humbly on my knees, to give your majesty thanks for that rich jewel you sent me in a box by my lord Vaughan, and give him leave to kiss your hands from me. My reward to him is this—he spent his time well, which is the thing we should all most desire, and is the glory I covet most here in your service, which sweet Jesus grant me, and your blessing. Your majesty's most humble servant and dog,

STEENIE.

Madrid, April 25.

Sir, four asses have I sent you, two hes and two shes; four camels, two hes and two shes, with a young one; and one elephant which is worth your seeing. These I have impudently begged for you. There is a Barbary horse comes with them, I think from Nat Aston. My lord Bristol says he will send you more camels. When we come ourselves, we will bring you asses enough. If I may know whether you desire mules or not, I will bring them, or deer of this country either. And I will lay wait for all the rare colour birds that can be heard of. But if you do not send your Baby jewels enough, I'll stop all other presents. Therefore, look to it!"

April 22.—We learn from the Prince and the Duke that the dispensation has not yet arrived; though "it is certainly granted, and is as certainly upon its way hither; and, although clogged with some new conditions, yet such as we hope with ease to remove."

April 27.—"Miles Andrews is now come back from Rome, but the dispensation got here before him. That you may the better judge of the conditions it is clogged with, we have sent you Sage's letters. This comfort yourself with, that we will not be long

before we get forth from this labyrinth, wherein we have been entangled these many years."

There cannot be a stronger proof of the knowledge which the Prince and the favourite had of James's weakness, and of the account to which they could turn it, than the two following notes.

Prince Charles to King James.

"SIR,—I find, that if I have not somewhat under your majesty's hand to show, whereby you engage yourself to do whatever I shall promise in your name, that it will retard the business a great while; wherefore I humbly beseech your Majesty to send me a warrant to this effect—'We do hereby promise, on the word of a king, that whatsoever you, our son, shall promise in our name, we shall punctually perform.'

Sir, I confess that this is an ample trust that I desire, and if it were not mere necessity, I should not be so bold; yet I hope your Majesty will never repent you of any trust you put upon your Majesty's humble and obedient son and servant,

CHARLES.

Madrid, 29th April."

The Duke to King James.

"DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP,—This letter of your son is written out of an extraordinary desire to be soon with you again. He thinks if you sign thus much, though they would be glad (which yet he doth not discover) to make any farther delay, this will disappoint them. The discretion of your Baby you need not doubt, and for the faith of myself, I shall sooner lose my life, than in the least kind break it. And so, in haste, I crave your blessing. Your majesty's most humble slave and dog,

STEENIE."

James to the Prince and Duke.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—Yesterday in the afternoon, I received two packets from you, after my coming hither, and, the day before, I wrote to you my opinion from Theobald's, anent the three conditions annexed to the dispensation. I now send you my Baby, here enclosed, the power you desire. It were a strange trust that I would refuse to put upon my only son, and upon my best servant. I know such two ye are, as will never promise in my name aught but what may stand with my conscience, honour, and safety—and all these I do freely trust with any one of you two: my former letter will show you my conceit, and now I put the full power in your hands, with God's blessing on you both, praying him still, that, after a happy success there, you may speedily and happily return, and light in the arms of your dear Dad,

JAMES R.

Greenwich, 11 May.

June 6th.—We find that difficulties thicken, and that the Spanish monarch "requires that the delivery of the Infanta may be deferred till the spring. We both humbly beg of your majesty that you will confirm these articles soon [the conditions annexed to the dispensation,] and press earnestly for our speedy return."

James to Charles and the Duke.

"MY SWEET BABY,—Since the sending of my last letters unto you, I have received a letter of yours from the Lord Keeper, which tells me the first news of a parliament, (and that in a strange form,) that ever I heard of since your parting from me. By

such intelligence, both you and my sweet Steenie gossip may judge of their worth, that make them unto you; and you may rest assured, that I never meant to undertake any such business in your absence, if it had been propounded unto me, as in good faith I never heard of it. And so, with God's blessing to you both, I pray God, that, after a happy conclusion there, you may both make a comfortable and happy return to the arms of your dear Dad,

JAMES R.

Greenwich, the 11th of May."

To the Prince.

"MY DEAREST SON,—I do hereby promise, on the word of a king, that whatsoever you, my dear son, shall promise them in my name, I will punctually and faithfully perform; and so God bless you.

Your loving father,

JAMES R."

James I. to Charles and the Duke.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—In your last letter by Clarke, ye kept me, as formerly ye did, betwixt hope and despair of the Infanta's coming this year. I like well two of the three ways ye have offered them for hastening her coming home; but the third, of sending to the Pope, will delay all this year, and lose the season; especially considering that the Pope is dead, and God knows how long they will be in choosing another, and how he will be affected when chosen; and therefore, I pray ye, put me out of this lingering pain, one way or other; but if she come not this year, the disgrace, and any charges will prove infinite. All is performed and put in execution here, to the ambassador's full satisfaction. If ye can bring her home with you, strive by all means to be at home before Michaelmas, for after it will be dangerous being upon the sea. If otherwise, I hope ye will hasten ye home, for the comfort of your old dear dad; but yet, after the contract, go as far as ye can, before your parting, upon the business of the Palatinate and Holland, that the world may see ye have thought as well upon the business of Christendom, as upon the wooing point. I protest I know not what to do, if she come not this year, for this very refreshing of my fleet with victuals, hath cost me eight thousand pounds; and, therefore, ye had need to hasten the payment of the dowry after the contract. And if ye come without her, let the marriage, at least, be hastened as soon as can be after your parting, to be performed by commission in your absence; but I pray God ye may bring her with you. And so God bless you, my sweet children, and send you a happy and comfortable return to the arms of your dear dad, and that quickly.

JAMES R.

Bromage, the last of July."

James to the Prince and the Duke.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—Your letter hath stricken me dead. I fear it will very much shorten my days, and I am the more perplexed, as I know not how to satisfy the people's expectation here; neither know I what to say to the council, for the fleet that staid upon a wind this fortnight. Rutland, and all aboard, must now be staid, and I know not what reason I shall pretend for the doing of it. But as for my advice, and the directions that ye crave, in case they will not alter their decree, it is, in a word, to come speedily away, if ye can get leave, and give over all treaty. And this I speak without respect of any

security they can offer you, except ye never look to see your old dad again, whom I fear ye shall never see, if you see him not before winter. Alas! I now repent me, son, that ever I suffered you to go away. I care neither for the match nor nothing, so I may once have you in my arms again—God grant it, God grant it, God grant it! amen, amen, amen! I protest ye shall be as heartily welcome, as if ye had done all things ye went for, so that I may once have you in my arms again; and God bless you both, my only sweet son, and my only best sweet servant, and let me hear from you quickly—with all speed, as ye love my life: and so, God send you a happy and joyful meeting in the arms of your dear dad.

JAMES R.

Greenwich, 14th June."

June 26.—Charles and the favourite are now determined to make short work of it. "Our desire now is to make haste; and when the business is done, we shall joy in it the more, that we have overcome so many difficulties. In the mean time, we expect pity at your hands. But, for the love of God, and our business, let nothing fall from you to discover any thing of this; and comfort yourself that all will end well, to your contentment and honour. Our return now, will depend on your quick despatch of these; for, we thank God, we find the heats such here, as we may very well travel both evenings and mornings."

June 27.—"This morning we sent for the Condé of Olivares, and, with a sad countenance, told him of your peremptory command; entreating him in the kindest manner we could, to give us his advice how we might comply with it, and not destroy the business. His answer was, that there were two good ways to do the business, and one ill one: the two good ones were, either by your Baby's conversion, or to do it with trust, putting all things freely, with the Infanta, into our hands; the ill one was, to bargain, and stick upon conditions as long as we could. As for the first we absolutely rejected it; and for the second, he confessed, if he were king, he would do it, and, as he is, it lay in his power to do it: but he cast many doubts lest he should hereafter suffer for it, if it should not succeed; the last he confessed impossible, since your command was so peremptory. To conclude: he left us with a promise to consider of it; and when I, your dog, conveyed him to the door, he bade me cheer up my heart, and your Baby's both. Our opinion is, that the longest time we can stay here will be a month, and not that either, without bringing the Infanta with us. If we find not ourselves assured of that, look for us sooner. Whichever of these resolutions be taken, you shall hear from us shortly, that you may in time give order for the fleet accordingly. We must once again entreat your majesty to make all the haste you can, to return these papers confirmed, and, in the mean time to give orders for the execution of all these things, and to let us here know so much. Sir, let the worst come, we make no doubt to be with you before you end your progress; therefore we entreat you to take comfort, for on your health depends all our happiness. So, craving your blessing, we end."

June 29.—"The next day after our last letter, we sent for him [the Condé d'Olivares] again, and pressed him for his opinion and counsel. He answered, that on Monday the Divines should meet and give in their opinion, and upon Tuesday or Wednesday,

at the farthest, his majesty would send us his final answer: but perceiving that we all looked sadly, he concluded that he would do his best, and bid us be of good comfort, for he was in no doubt himself but all would end well. This we have thought good to advertise your Majesty of, to the end you may not grieve yourself, nor think the time long; and considering that till our coming nothing was done or intended, you may be the better satisfied with this our stay. They shall no sooner declare themselves to us, but you shall hear it; so, we crave your blessing and end."

July 15.—"They continue still the same expressions of joy which we advertised you of in our last, and we are in hope if that be [the king's ratification of the conditions] to bring the Infanta at Michalemas with us. We have given them the following reasons to persuade them to it: the lengthening of your Majesty's days, the honour of your son, the satisfaction of your whole people; and the easier and sooner performance of what is promised, with the charges you have been at this year already, and how much it will be increased by her stay till the spring. We have showed them three ways to do it: first, by alledging the Infanta's love to your son, which will serve to take off the blame of the act from the Condé of Olivares, if the people should dislike it, which he seems much to fear, and for which we find he has little reason. . . . Sir, we do not know whether this will take effect or not; if it do not we will be the sooner with you: we know you will think a little more time well spent to bring her with us. I, your Baby, have since been with my mistress, and she sits publicly with me at the plays, and, within these two or three days, shall take place of the queen, as Princess of England. I, your dog, have also had a visit from her, to deliver your letter, and to give her the *par bien* of this conclusion. As this prospers, you shall hear from time to time."

King James to the same.

"MY SWEET BOYS—Even as I was going yesterday in the evening to the ambassador's, to take my private oath [to the conditions], having taken the public one before noon with great solemnity, Andover came stepping in at the door like a ghost, and delivered me your letters. Since it can be no better, I must be contented; but this course is both a dishonor to me, and double charges, if I must send two fleets; but if they will not send her till March; let them, in God's name, send her by their own fleet. . . if no better may be, do ye hasten your business, the fleet shall be at you so soon as wind and weather serve. Sweet Baby, go on with the contract, and the best assurance ye can get of sending her next year; but upon my blessing, marry not with her in Spain, except ye be sure to bring her with you; and forget not to make them keep their former condition respecting the portions, otherwise both my Baby and I are bankrupts for ever. . . And so God bless you, my sweet children, and send you a happy, joyful, and speedy return to the arms of your dear dad. Amen.

JAMES R.

Whitehall, 21st July."

In a letter of Secretary Conway to the Duke, dated two days after the above, he says, in speaking of the King's ratification of the conditions:—"Greater astonishment could not surprise men, than the contemplation of the issue of this action. The King's

signature, when known, will create cold and sweat, till the return of his Highness and your grace."

July 29. In a letter to the King of this date, the Prince and the Duke say:—"We are sorry there arose in your conscience any scruples, but we are very confident when we see your Majesty, to give you very good satisfaction for all we have done; and *had we had less help* [this is a hit at the Earl of Bristol], we had done it both sooner and better, but we leave that till our meeting. Sir, we have not been idle in this interim, for we can now tell you certainly, that, by the 29th of your August, we shall begin our journey, and hope to bring her with us; but if they will not suffer her to come till the spring, whether we shall be contracted or not, we humbly beseech your Majesty to leave it to our discretion, who are upon the place, and see things at a nearer distance, and in a truer glass, than you and your council can there. But marriage there shall be none, without her coming with us, and in the meantime comfort yourself with this, that we have already convinced the Condé of Olivares on this point, that it is fit the Infanta come with us before winter. There remains no more for you to do, but to send us peremptory commands to come away, and with all possible speed. We desire this, not that we fear we shall have need of it, but, in case we have, that your son (who hath expressed much affection to the person of the Infanta) may press his coming away, under colour of your command, without appearing an ill lover. I, your Baby, give you humble and infinite thanks for the care you have expressed, both of my person and my honour. And I, your slave and dog, who have most cause, give you none at all, because you have sent me no news of my wife, and have given her leave to be sick. We hope you have sent the rest of the navy towards us, by this time; if you have not, we beseech you to use all the speed you can."

From a letter of the Duke to the King.

"July 30.—Upon the King's and the Court's expression of joy that the Prince had come into their offers, to be contracted, and stay for the Infanta's following him at the beginning of spring, we thought it a fit time in the heat of their expressions, to try their good nature, and press the Infanta's present going. Whereupon the Prince sent me to the Condé Olivares, with these reasons for it: first, it would lengthen much your days, who best deserved of them in this, and many other things; it would add much to the honour of the Prince, which otherwise must needs suffer; and the Infanta would thereby the sooner gain the hearts of the people. I also entreated him to think of my poor particular, who had waited upon the Prince hither, and in that distasted all the people in general; how he laid me open to their malice and revenge, when I had taken from them their Prince a free man, and should return him bound by a contract, and so, locked from all posterity, till they pleased here. He interrupted this with many grumbings; and at last said I had bewitched him: but if there was a witch in the company, I am sure there was a devil too. From him I repaired to his Lady, who, by the way, I must tell you, is as good a woman as lives, which makes me think all favourites must have good wives. I told her what I had done, she liked it very well, and promised her best assistance. Some three or four days after, the Prince sent to entreat him to settle her house, and to give order in other things for their

journey. He asked what day he would go; but himself named the 29th of your August, which the Prince accepted of. Some two days after, the good Countess sent for me. She was the most afflicted woman in the world, and said the Infanta had told her, that the Prince meant to go away without her, and, for her part, she took it so ill to see him so careless of her, that she would not be contracted till the day he was to take his leave. The countess told me the way to mend this, was to go to the Condé, and put the whole business in the King's hands, with this protestation, that he would rather stay seven years, than go without his mistress, so much he esteemed her: and if I saw after, that this did not work good effect, that the Prince might come off, upon your Majesty's command at pleasure. With this offer I went to the Condé; he received it but doggedly. The next day, I desired audience of the Infanta, to try her. I framed this errand from your Majesty,—that you had commanded me to say, that since you had done so much to get her, you made no question but her virtues would persuade you to do much more for her sake. I spoke of the Prince's resolution, and assured her that he never spoke of going, but with the end to get her the sooner away; and that she would take this for granted, that he would never go without her, which she liked very well. This morning, the countess hath sent the Prince this *recautho* [message], that the King, the Infanta, and the Condé are the best contented that can be, and that he should not now doubt his soon going away, and to carry the Infanta with him. Sir, I cannot end this letter, without recommending this bearer, your ape, to your care."

The 5th of August James honoured with a solemn annual thanksgiving, as the day of his escape from the Gowrie conspiracy at Perth. There is a letter of his of this date.

To the Prince and Duke.

"MY SWEET BOYS—I write to you upon the good fifth of August, in the afternoon. I find their [the Spanish ambassador's] letters leaner and drier than either I expected or deserved. I have given orders to put in execution all that I have promised, and more too. I have no more to say, but that if you hasten not home, I apprehend I shall never see you, for my extreme longing will kill me; but God bless you both, my sweet boys, upon this good day; and He who delivered me from so great a danger upon it, preserve you, and grant you a speedy, happy, and comfortable return to the arms of your dear dad. Amen, amen, amen!

JAMES R.

Carlisle hath told me a tale of this Marquis [Olivares], that shows him to be a slim man, and my Steenie's small friend; and the devil take them all that are so, except my Baby, who I know can never love Steenie."

The King to the Prince.

"MY DEAREST SON—I sent you a commandment long ago, not to lose time where ye are, but either quickly to bring home your mistress, which is my earnest desire; but, if no better may be, rather than to linger any longer there, to come without her; which, for many important reasons, I am now forced to renew; and, therefore, I charge you, upon my blessing, to come quickly, either with her, or without her. I know your love to her person hath enforced you to delay the putting in execution my former com-

mandment. I confess it is my chiefest worldly joy that you love her; but the necessity of my affairs enforce me to tell you, that you must prefer the obedience to a father, to the love you carry to a mistress. And so God bless you.

JAMES R.

Cranbourn, 10th August."

August 20th.—In a letter from the Prince and Duke, they tell the King, that the cause of their not having written to him for so long a time, was "to try all means possible, before we would send you word, if we could move them to send the Infanta before winter. They, for form's sake, called the Divines, and they stick to their old resolution; but we find, by circumstances, that conscience is not the true, but seeming cause of the Infanta's stay. To conclude, we have wrought what we can; but since we cannot have her with us that we desired, our next comfort is, that we hope soon to kiss your Majesty's hand. Sir, we have been informed by my Lord of Bristol, that, by the French ambassador's means, the Spanish ambassador has seen all the letters that we have written to you, and that you are betrayed in your bed-chamber."—"His Majesty's most humble slave and dog threatens you, that when he once gets hold of your bed-post again, he will never quit it."

From the same.

"August 30th.

This day we take our leave, to-morrow we begin our journey. When we shall be so happy as to kiss your Majesty's hands, we shall give you a perfect account of all."

The Infanta to King James, in reply to his letter as above.

"SIR,—I was very glad to receive the letter your Majesty hath been pleased to send me, by which your Majesty showeth a good will and affection to me and although in both these things I do correspond with equal degree and measure, yet I do acknowledge the favour, and with a desire to have some occasion to satisfy (as far as in my power) so great an obligation; being also answerable to this good pleasure of the king, my lord and brother, who loves and esteems your Majesty so highly, as also all that belongeth to your Majesty. God save your Majesty, as I desire. Your Majesty's most affectionate,

MARIA.

Madrid, August 30th."

The Duke to the King.

"DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP,—This bearer hath staid for the Infanta's and other letters, a day longer than was resolved on, which hath given me this occasion, by stealth from your Baby, to assure your Majesty, by this last night's rest, of my perfect recovery. Nothing dejected me so much in my sickness, as my absence from you; nor was any thing so great a cordial to my recovery, as this thought—that, in a few days, we shall step towards you; yet I beseech your Majesty to believe this truth, that I so far prefer this business, and your service, before any particular of my own, that this resolution hath not been taken with precipitation; but when we saw there was no more to be gained here, we thought it then high time, with all diligence, to gain your presence. Sir, my heart and my very soul dance for joy, for the change will be no less than to leap from trouble to ease, from sadness to mirth, nay from hell to heaven. I cannot now think of giving thanks for friend, wife,

or child: my thoughts are only bent of having my dear dad and master's legs in my arms; which sweet Jesus grant me, and your Majesty all health and happiness. So, I crave your blessing.

Your Majesty's most humble slave and dog,

STEENIE.

Madrid, 1 September."

"SIR—I'll bring all things with me you have desired, except the Infanta, which hath almost broken my heart, because your's, your son's and the nation's honor is touched by the miss of it. But since it is their fault here and not ours, we will bear it the better; and when I shall have the happiness to lie at your feet, you shall then know the truth of all, and no more."

The result of this singular transaction may be summed up in a few words. On the departure of the knights errant, it was stipulated that the espousals should take place at Christmas, and, in the meantime, the Infanta assumed the title of Princess of England, and a court was formed for her, corresponding to her new dignity. The time appointed for the espousals arrived, and the Spanish nobility received invitations to the ceremony; a platform covered with tapestry was erected from the palace to the cathedral, and orders for public rejoicings were despatched to the principal towns and cities. It wanted but four days to the appointed time, when three courriers, pressing on the heels of each other, reached Madrid. They announced to the English ambassador that James would consent to proceed to the marriage only on condition that the king of Spain should pledge himself, under his own hand, to take up arms in defence of the rights of the king of England's son-in-law, in relation to the Palatinate. The pride of the Spaniard was hurt, and his better feelings outraged. He replied, that such a demand, at such a moment, was dishonourable both to himself and his sister. The treaty had been signed, the oaths taken. Let the king and the prince fulfil their obligations—he would faithfully perform his promises. The preparations for the marriage were immediately countermanded; the poor Infanta resigned with tears her short-lived title of princess of England, and intimations were made of her desire to retire into a convent. Charles and the favorite triumphed in the victory they had obtained over Bristol, and the wound they had inflicted on the pride of Spain. They were received by the "loving Dad" with open arms and pedantic congratulations on their safe return. But when these transports of joy had subsided, James looked with pain upon what had passed. He shut himself up in solitude at Newmarket, refused to accept the usual compliments of his courtiers on the memorable fifth of November, and, what was a still greater effort, he abstained for some time from the amusements of hunting and hawking, which consumed the far greater portion of his royal leisure.

In 1721, Mr. West exhibited to the society of antiquaries, a copy of the Release from Prince Charles to Sir Francis Cottington, for £50,027 for the expenses of the journey, an enormous sum for that period, and which, in the exhausted state of his exchequer, may well account for no small portion of James's lamentations on the failure of the match, and of the Infanta's dowry, which he appears to have considered the best part of the business.

Written for the Lady's Book.

WILLIAM AND ANN: A BALLAD.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT, OF LONDON.

He went.

HE left me sad, and cross'd the deep,
A home for me to seek;
He never will come back again;
My heart, my heart will break.
"To see me toil for scanty food,
He could not bear," he said;
But promised to come back again,
His faithful Ann to wed.

Bad men had turn'd into a hell
The country of his birth;
And he is gone, who should have staid
To make it heaven on earth;
A heaven to me it would have been,
Had he remain'd with me;
Oh! bring my William back again,
Thou wild heart-breaking sea!

He should have stay'd, to overthrow
The men who do us wrong;
When such as he fly far away,
They make the oppressor strong;
But oh! though worlds of cruel waves
Between our torn hearts rise,
My William, thou art present still,
Before my weeping eyes!

Why hast thou sought a foreign land,
And left me here to weep?
Man! Man! thou shouldst have sent our foes
Beyond that dismal deep!
For when I die—who then will toil,
My mother's life to save?
What hope will then remain for her?
A trampled workhouse grave!

He wrote.

He did not come, but letters came,
And money came in one;
But he would quickly come, they said—
"When I," she sighed, "am gone!"
Thenceforth she almost welcomed death,
With feelings high and brave;
Because she knew that her true love
Would weep upon her grave.

"No parish hireling," oft she said,
"My wasted corse shall bear;
The hoarded labour of my hands
Hath purchas'd earth and pray'r:
Nor childless will my mother be."
The dying sufferer smil'd—
"Thou wilt not want! for William's heart
Is wedded to thy child!"

But death seem'd loth to strike a form
So beautiful and young;
And o'er her long, with lifted dart,
The pensive tyrant hung;
And life in her seem'd like a sleep,
As she drew nearer home;
But when she wak'd, more eagerly
She asked, "is William come!"

"Is William come?" she wildly asked;
The answer still was "No!"—
She's dead;—but through her closing lids
The tears were trickling slow;
And like the fragrance on a rose
Whose snowy life is o'er,
Pale beauty lingered on the lips
Which he shall kiss no more.

He came.

At length he came. None welcom'd him;
The decent door was clos'd;
But near it stood a matron meek,
With pensive looks composed;
She knew his face, though it was chang'd,
And gloom came o'er her brow:
"They're gone," she said, "but you're in time—
They're in the churchyard now—

He reached the grave, and sternly bade
Th' impatient shovel wait:
"Ann Spenser, aged twenty-five,"
He read upon the plate:
Why didst thou seek a foreign land,
And leave me here to die?
That sad inscription seem'd to say—
And he made no reply.

Her mother saw him through her tears,
But not a word she said—
Nor could he know that days had pass'd
Since last she tasted bread:
She stood in decent mourning there,
Self stay'd in her distress;
The dead maid's toil bought earth and prayer.
Sleep on, proud Britoness!

But thou, meek parent of the dead!
Where now wilt thou abide?
With William in a foreign land?
Or by thy daughter's side?
Oh! William's broken heart is sworn
To cross no more the foam!
Full soon will men cry "Hark! again!
Three now! they're all at home!"

ISABELLA LOSA, DE CORDOVA,

Was learned in the languages, and received the honorary degree of D. D. After her husband died she took the habit of St. Clair, and founded the hospital of Loretto, where she retired from the world, and ended her days in the bosom of devotion, in 1546, in the seventy-third year of her age. At this period of the world, many learned ladies, after enjoying life for a time, retired to a convent; they could not find in society sufficient charms to interest them, and want-

ing something to fill up the void, turned from the world to the duties of religion, as it was then understood, and passed life away in a dream, because there was not sufficient occupation to fill their whole souls. If the burthens and duties of society, which are now known, had then existed, the pious and enlightened might have found a cure for ennui, or something to have filled up every hour of existence.

Written for the Lady's Book.

DOCTOR WINTER'S NOTIONS.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

CHAPTER II.

"The glorious feelings which give us life, grow torpid in the worldly throng."—*Faust*.

THEY had been discussing the merits of a new novel, when one of the young ladies, somewhat abruptly, asked Doctor Winter if he did not think it wrong, or very foolish for parents to prohibit their children from reading works of fiction?"

"Why," replied the Doctor, "that is a question which must be decided by circumstances. If the parents are agreed in sentiment on this point, if their example is such as uniformly to command the respect as well as love of their children, and if they have sense, taste, and intelligence to direct their pursuits and amusements to nobler or more useful objects, then they may not fear to prohibit novels. But, as a general rule, I think the prohibition does more injury than good."

"Then you would not prohibit them?"

"No—I would rather teach those under my care to discriminate for themselves that which was worthless, I would cultivate their moral taste till they could not relish the vile, vulgar trash which fills so large a portion in our circulating libraries; I would hear them read and discuss the merits of our popular authors, and make them feel that they could confide in my judgment when I decided that a work was not suitable for their perusal."

"But it takes so much time," said Miss Barker, "to do all you have described, and fathers are busy earning money, and mothers in spending it—and their poor daughters are left to their own desires, the chief of which is novel reading."

"And if that were prohibited," said the Doctor, "what would be your resource?"

"Why, I fear we should break the rule," said Miss Maria.

"I fear so too," rejoined the Doctor, "and I think there are worse consequences resulting from the loss of family confidence, than the perusal of the most idle romance, can usually, cause. I once witnessed such a scene, and the impression has never left me."

The young ladies urged him to tell the story.

"It is several years since," he resumed. "I recollect it was my first visit to Boston. I had letters to some of the most distinguished families, and was introduced into what is called by courtesy, 'the first circle.' I passed my time very pleasantly, in a round of dinner parties, balls, and the usual fashionable amusements, and had been nearly three weeks in the city, before I found leisure to return the early call one of my father's friends had made me.

"Mr. Tuttle was a very rich man, and highly respected 'on 'Change,' as *rich men* are—but his strictly religious character, which he was very scrupulous to sustain, prevented his associating much in fashionable parties. He had been liberally educated, and designed to become a clergyman, but when he had completed his theological studies, the state of his health was such that he was obliged to go on a voyage at sea, and finally he entered business as a

merchant. He had been very successful, was a millionaire, and his daughters great matches.

"I sent up my name—Mr. Tuttle was out—but his wife met and welcomed me with all a woman's cordiality and grace, when she wishes to please; very different indeed, from the formal reception I had anticipated. She assured me that they had been expecting my visit, that she felt quite acquainted with me, because she had entertained so high an opinion of my father, and so on. Compliments cost nothing, would that railroads were as easily made. Mrs. Tuttle led the way to her private parlour, observing that she wished to introduce me to her daughters as they *were*. In this she showed a managing mother's tact; for her daughters really needed no foreign aid of ornament. They were lovely enough in their neat morning dresses; indeed, so very beautiful were the two eldest, that I wondered I had not seen them at the balls I had attended. I soon found it was not from want of interest in such amusements, for they overwhelmed me with inquiries respecting how I had enjoyed them, and then came a sigh and those portentous words—'Papa does not approve of balls!'

"I endeavoured to change the conversation by alluding to the book which had so chained their attention when I entered, remarking that I supposed they enjoyed their leisure more than the trifling did society. As I ended I laid my hand on the volume, it was 'Eugene Aram,' then just published!

"I have serious objections to the Bulwer novels, though they have some high merits; but I should never recommend 'Eugene Aram,' for a young lady's reading. However, I found they had no scruples on the subject. They began and poured out their eulogiums on Bulwer and his 'charming novels.'—'Pelham was so interesting, so witty, and full of such delightful descriptions of high life,' and 'Paul Clifford,' was such a fascinating hero—so brave and generous. What signified his robberies?—Adelaide, the second daughter, declared she should have loved him as well as she did. And then the 'Disowned,' 'what lofty sentiments, what deep powerful pathos,' &c. &c.—Thus they went on, while their delighted mother told me, though how she edged in the words no one could tell, that Susan and Adelaide were so fond of Bulwer's works, they had read through 'Eugene Aram,' since the preceding afternoon.

"I tried hard to make them praise my favourite writers. Miss Austin and Miss Sedgwick—but it would not do. The former was too natural, and only seemed to know the middle classes—no lords or ladies of any note, figured in her volumes; and Miss Sedgwick, who only described American life and scenery, could not expect to be read—except by country girls. 'We want pictures of fashionable manners, of the *beau monde* in Europe,' said Miss Susan. 'There is not any spirit or originality in the works of Miss Austin,' said Miss

Adelaide.—“One might as well read a tract or a sermon.”

“I do rather like ‘Pride and Prejudice,’ said Rosanna, the youngest and much the plainest of the three. I thought at the moment she was prettier than her sisters, for there seemed more of the true woman’s delicacy in her nature. In the midst of these discussions on novels and fashionable life, Mr. Tuttle entered unexpectedly, I presume. The conversation ceased *instanter*. I observed that Susan dexterously threw her handkerchief over the ‘charming book, and gathering it up placed it behind her on the sofa, and then hastily reaching her work from the table, seemed wholly absorbed in the progress of her needle.

After the usual salutations, inquiries, and welcomes to me, Mr. Tuttle, who appeared very fond of his children, told Adelaide that her eyes looked heavy, and he feared she confined herself to her work too closely, (she was knitting a bead purse,) and inquired if she had been out that morning.

“No, papa—I have been so engaged.”

“To finish that purse, I presume. I wish, my dear,” turning to his wife, “you would be more particular, and see that these girls walk out every pleasant morning. I do not wish to have them so constantly engaged at their work.”

“You know, my love, their work is designed for charity. How can they be better employed?” And Mrs. Tuttle looked so innocently on her husband.

I thought of “Eugene Aram,” and determined to probe the matter a little. Perhaps I was wrong, but I wished to learn the father’s opinion of his daughter’s studies. So I asked him if there were any new books worth reading in the “Literary Emporium.”

He replied, that really he did not know. He found little time for reading, except the newspapers; but his daughters could tell me.

“O,” said I, with a very grave face; “I was not alluding to the new novels.”

“Novels!” he repeated, with a solemnity of accent that was almost severe—“my daughters never read novels; I never permit them to be brought into my house.” Here the young ladies looked at each other, and their mother grew fidgety.

“But you do not utterly discard novels?” said I, inquiringly.

“Indeed I do, sir. I know exceptions are often made by Christians, nor will I say that all novels are bad. But the habit of novel-reading is bad, most pernicious to young ladies; and my girls, as they have never been indulged in this exciting and dan-

gerous mode of killing time, find, as you see, their amusements in such employments as are either beneficial to ourselves or others. They never read novels, Mrs. Tuttle being entirely of my way of thinking.”

“Were not the ladies utterly confounded?” said Miss Barker.

“Not in the least,” replied the Doctor—“on none save Rosanna; she blushed crimson, and looked so pretty, that I half fell in love with her; but the mother and her two eldest daughters wore an air of the greatest *nonchalance*. It was quite a scene for a drama.

“Whom did you think most to blame in this matter?” inquired Miss Barker.

“The mother. Mr. Tuttle was wrong, very wrong, in devoting his whole time, as he did, to the acquisition of wealth. No doubt that this first laid the foundation of the mischief—the want of sympathy and confidence between the husband and wife. He had made *business* the duty of his life, till he had no taste for any other worldly pursuit. It was easy for him to renounce all pleasures but the one of money-getting—so he called all others sinful, forgetting that the word of God has declared, the *love of money is the root of all evil*. It was this bitter root which was destroying his family. His riches had given them leisure and the means of luxury, and they felt the want of amusements. He could not spare time to regulate these, or to teach them the true principles of self-government. He was proud, indeed, to bestow on them every means of self-indulgence. And this led the mother, a vain woman, whose object of ambition it was to get her daughters into the most fashionable society, to a series of falsehoods and dissimulations, in order to give them those accomplishments considered most fashionable. Novel-reading was one of these; she foolishly supposed it would teach them the *beau ideal* of European manners. To obtain these graces, she was willing to sacrifice *truth*, that pearl of the soul, the reverence for which, when once lost, is rarely restored.”

“Did you become much acquainted with them?” inquired Miss Maria.

“No—I never saw them afterwards. But their history might serve for a warning to many of our would-be fashionables. Mr. Tuttle failed a year or two since, and is now, with his family, gone to the “far West,” to build up some new settlement among the back-woodsmen. I doubt not, that he will be a much better man for this reverse; but his wife and daughters will have hard lessons to learn. I hope one will be that of sincerity.”

EDUCATION.

THE time which we usually bestow on the instruction of our children in principles, the reasons of which they do not understand, is worse than lost; it is teaching them to resign their faculties to authority; it is improving their memories instead of their understandings; it is giving them credulity instead of knowledge, and it is preparing them for any kind of slavery which can be imposed on them. Whereas, if we assisted them in making experiments on themselves, induced them to attend to the consequence of every

action, to adjust their little deviations, and fairly and freely to exercise their powers, they would collect facts which nothing could controvert. These facts they would deposit in their memories as secure and eternal treasures; they would be *materials for reflection*, and in time be formed into principles of conduct which no circumstances or temptations could remove. This would be a method of forming a man who would answer the end of his being and make himself and others happy.

For the Lady's Book.

THE DANCE OF THE SPIRITS.*

NIGHT arrayed herself in her royal attire. Her maidens put on their gala-day habits, to be present at "the dance of the spirits." At the opening of the fete, all the bright spirits were seen hastening to the ethereal palace. Their spacious saloon, canopied by an arch of the most brilliant hues, resting on columns of the purest pearl, was hung with the richest drapery. Gold was wrought with azure, to form this celestial tapestry. At mid-heavens the spirits met, but soon were seen, at will and pleasure flitting far and near. Some were agile and rapid in their movements, and phantastic in their attire, and some moved in solemn state, casting their flowing robes around them. These robes were of the texture of the gossamer, and coloured by "Aurora's rosy fingers." Iris came, and offered her varied hues, but crimson was the chosen attire. Some few were called rural, simple ones, because they wore the sombre green; some aspiring, because they put on royal purple; and some innocent, for they were attired in pearly white; but crimson was the approved uniform for the revellers of so cold a winter's eve. But now the

* "The Dance of the Spirits," was written from the impulse of the moment, after viewing the aurora borealis, as exhibited in New England, January 25th, 1837, and was recalled to mind by observing the same phenomena, in South Carolina, September 3d, 1839.

It will be recollected, that in New England, the aurora on the night of the 25th, exhibited the wonderful varieties described by travellers in the polar regions. Even the crackling noises, which terrify the Siberian huntsmen and their dogs, were heard. Crimson arches were thrown across the heavens, and pearly columns arranged themselves as if for their support. The aurora lights, more brilliant than the rainbow tints, and winged with the lightning's speed, appeared to us with those phantastic and ever changeful forms, which have given so much of wonder and novelty to the story of the rover in the icy seas.

The coruscations of the Northern Lights, which were observed here, on the evening of September 3d, were regarded as singularly beautiful. A deep blue cloud fringed with crimson, and apparently lined with the same roseate hue, spread over the northern skies. Brilliant lights flitted here and there, and although the aurora borealis, as it appeared in New England, surpassed the exhibition here, yet the scene was one of deep and rare interest, for polar lights were glowing in southern skies, with many a vestige of their native beauty.

bright band are dispersing—they move as if by concert, part to the east, and another part to the west, and now they seem to lose themselves in a "sea of glory." A change came o'er the earth. Its snowy carpet assumed a roseate hue. Some of the stars, who love to walk in darkness, hid their faces in dismay. Some looked fearfully forth, but Sirius gazed on the magnificent scene unappalled; and Jupiter, in his silvery light, and majestic beauty, walked among them undaunted. To Olympus, the seat of the gods, Mercury hastens; in a moment he glides, with his golden sandals, through the air, and bears news from the spirit land. At once all the gods and goddesses resolve to be present at the revels. Proud Juno seizes the eagle of Jupiter, and bids the rapid bird accelerate his flight. Venus springs into her chariot, but her naughty mischievous boy cries to accompany her. She knows she will be unwelcome if Cupid goes with her, for he is the most troublesome of children, and has often spoiled all pleasure at the most magnificent entertainments. She bids her attendants give him an anodyne, and away her doves are gliding. But the impatience of the dwellers of Olympus is great; they fear the dances will be past ere they reach the azure palace. To Father Jove they petition; to Vulcan he shouts—"If reports are true, we shall have little need of your thunderbolts to terrify mankind, for the lawless spirits have surpassed you—take gold; hasten in a moment, bid your Cyclops make sandals from the pattern of Mercury's, that every god and goddess may away, to the spirit land." In a moment the order is obeyed, and in another, all Olympus is hastening to behold the wondrous pageant.

Thus might a writer in the Augustine age, have noticed the splendours of the 25th. And what shall we say? We, from whose minds the light of science has dispelled the clouds of superstition.

The Indian, while gazing upon the heavens so mysterious, says, "The spirits of our fathers have come to look upon us;" and the unlettered Polander exclaims, "It is the dance of the spirits." And what can we say more! The Aurora Borealis is still among the unexplained wonders. Here science is blind, philosophy mute, and reason dazzled. We can only wonder, admire, and adore. M.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MRS. FRANCES ANN BUNCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THOUGH the subject of this brief sketch, never sought to pass beyond the sweet retirement of domestic life, yet amid the loveliness of a character, which affection holds sacred, there are points, which would be both pleasant and profitable, to be contemplated by a wider circle of minds. She was the eldest child of Thomas K. Brace, Esq., and born at Hartford, Conn., April 8th, 1808. With a disposition so thoughtful and amiable, as to attract the regard of all who knew her,

was united a decided precocity of intellect. Before the age of two years, she knew the alphabet thoroughly, and at four, read well, and with ease and pleasure. So much attached was she to her books, that it was difficult to induce her to take as much active exercise, as her health required. At five years old, she taught herself to write, and found amusement in simple, epistolary composition. At six, she became a member of a select school, of fifteen young ladies, all older

than herself, and some, nearly three times her own age. Her ambition was to keep up with them, in all their studies. This she uniformly did, with the exception of arithmetic, from which she was withholden by her friends, who had no desire to make her a prodigy, at the expense of her physical welfare. They believed that the close attention which she gave to English grammar and parsing—writing—orthography with definitions—geography, both ancient and modern—history—chronology and composition, was sufficient for the mind of so young a child. She yielded to their opinion, by abstaining from the practical exercise of arithmetic, but listened so carefully to the recitations, and explanations in her class, as to possess herself of its principles. A strong anxiety to pursue this study, implanted itself within her, and when she at length obtained permission at home, her teacher will never forget the rapturous delight with which she took her slate, and prepared to join the class. It was found that she was entirely familiar with the process of the first grand rule, and was therefore placed in the second; and when the hour allotted to arithmetic had expired, she had performed a far greater number of sums, than any other pupil. With her characteristic humility, she qualified the praise which was offered her, by saying, "it must be remembered that their sums are longer, and harder than mine." She was perfectly tremulous with the pleasure of this new employment; and at the daily return of the hour devoted to it, if any of her companions preferred to linger over their other studies, regarded them with a look of astonishment. The love of order and application, which were inherent elements of her mind, induced her greatly to enjoy the patient service of demonstration.

Another of her prominent accomplishments was fine reading. None, who were accustomed to hear her clear elocution, and melodious voice, will be apt to forget them. Every word and syllable had their full sound; and the correctness of emphasis, and power of entering into the spirit of the writer whether in poetry or prose, were far beyond her years. She was sometimes placed on an elevated seat to read a few sentences to her class, as a model. Though all its members were older than herself, this distinction was pleasantly accorded by them, while her well-balanced mind, drew from it no vanity, or self-complacence; and surely, this is praise for both.

Her recitations were beautiful. She had a conscientiousness about her, which would never suffer her to appear with an ill gotten lesson, and her teacher felt sure, that on every occasion, her replies would be audibly and gracefully rendered. To every interior regulation, and point of discipline, she was strictly obedient. She seemed to feel, that to excel in studies, and yet to give pain to those who instructed her, was a contradiction in morals. So consistent and exemplary was she in this part of a scholar's duty, that it is not recollected that during the five years she was a member of this school, she violated the minutest, not even so much as to leave her seat, or speak to a companion without liberty. Her invariable respect, and sedateness of manners, made her a favourite with the old; while the love of truth, which was a marked feature of her character, caused every assertion of hers, to be implicitly relied on, by her young associates. To every charitable design which was established among them, she gave ready co-operation, especially to a society formed, to furnish books,

and make and repair garments for poor children, though the services of the needle which it involved, occupied the greater part of her only half-holiday during the week. To the religious exercises of her school, she was seriously attentive, and her recapitulations on Monday, of the sermons heard, the preceding sabbath, proved that in the house of God, she was no careless listener. The love of piety had been impressed on her mind, by those who had guided her from infancy, and through the Divine blessing, it early produced fruit. At the age of thirteen, she professed her faith in her Saviour, and united with the Church, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Hawes, in her native place; and it was the opinion of those who had the best opportunities of scrutinizing her life and conversation, that the young disciple had received grace to follow the footsteps of Him whom she had chosen as her Exemplar, and the Rock of her salvation.

She had a deep sense of the value of time, and a fixed habit of industry. She liked to be employed in something useful, and for the comfort of those around her—rather than for her own. She was ingenious with her needle, well-skilled in the details of domestic economy, and never allowed her intellectual tastes or attainments to interfere with any department of womanly duty. Yet her scrupulous attention to those points of household comfort which depended on herself, did not withdraw her attention from any claim of want, or effort of benevolence. At an early age, she was a valued directress of the Female Bible Society, and for seven years a Sabbath-School Teacher; and successful in winning the respect and affection of those whom she instructed. She sustained offices, in other religious and charitable associations, and, by her systematic arrangement of time, not only found leisure for their respective duties, but discharged them with such clear judgment and self-command, that "no man despised her youth."

In these times, when respect for age is not a prominent virtue, it may be well to notice the beauty of her deportment to her grand-parents. She was born under their roof, and after the removal of her parents to another abode, continued to reside with those venerable relatives until their death, which but a little preceded her own. Her affectionate treatment of them—her cheerful obedience—the gentle reference of her wishes to theirs, was exemplary and lovely. They warmly and permanently reciprocated her attachment, and turned towards her with a tender reliance, as she cheered their declining years, and smoothed their path to the tomb. One, who by residence with her from infancy, could not be mistaken, says, that "she never once gave them cause to reprove or admonish her; and that such was her sweetness of disposition, that the inmates of the family recollect neither time nor place, in which she gave an angry word to any one, but was ever kind and conciliatory to all."

In the spring of 1830, she was married to Mr. James M. Bunce, of Hartford; and in the new duties of a happy connection, the affections of her heart were as beautifully developed, as the powers of her intellect had been in earlier years. She became the mother of three sons, and in this important relation, evinced not only great tenderness, but that judicious exercise of it, which improves, rather than injures its favoured objects. Instead of indulging wayward inclinations, she early required obedience; and deeply sensible of the responsible station of a

Christian parent, endeavoured to impress on the newborn immortal, the love and reverence of a Father in Heaven. But her stay amidst these sweet ministries was not to be long. The incipient marks of pulmonary disease revealed themselves a short time previous to the death of her beloved grandfather, the Hon. Judge Brace; an aged saint, whose praise was in the churches, and whose memory is blessed. Life, surrounded with blessings, was dear to her; but with a steady eye she marked the progress of the insidious and mortal disease. All that the best medical skill could prescribe—the most devoted affection devise—was done. Temporary relief seemed afforded by journeying; and, feeling it her duty to adopt every measure that offered hope of recovery, she left home with her husband, at the close of the summer of 1838, for the Red Sulphur Springs, in Virginia. But it was the will of the Almighty, that to the fair shade of her own green trees—to her loved little ones—to her many friends, she was to return no more, save in the garniture of the grave. At Waynesborough, in Virginia, on the 9th of September, she died peacefully, and with a hope of full immortality.

The desolate, homeward-journey of her husband—travelling night and day, with his dead—the sudden transition from those nursing cares which had so long absorbed his thoughts—the image, on his lonely way, of those little sons, who would soon stretch their arms to him, asking in vain for their mother, formed a combination of woes which only the faith of a Christian could sustain and conquer. Her remains were laid by the side of her kindred, and many tears fell for one who had left only bright and pure traces in the memory of all who knew her.

Not long it seems, since she, with childish brow
Pondered her lessons, in rich fields of thought
A ripe and ready student. Her clear mind,
Precocious, yet well-balanced—her delight
In varied knowledge—her melodious tone
Of elocution falling on the ear
Like some rare harp, on which the soul doth play,
Her sweet docility, 'twas mine to mark,
And marking love.—

Then came the higher grades

Of woman's duty:—and the pure resolve—
The persevering goodness—the warm growth
Of every household charity—the ties
That bind to earth, and yet prepare for heaven,
Were gently wreath'd amid the clustering fruits
Of ripened intellect.

But soon, alas!

In search of health, to distant scenes she turned,
A patient traveller, still, with wasted form
Led on by mocking hope. And far away,
From her loved home, where spread in fadefull green
The elm which cheer'd her sainted grandsire's gaze,
(Like Mamre's Oak o'er Abraham's honour'd head.)
Far from the chamber where her cradle rock'd,
And where she hop'd her couch of death might be,
The Spoiler found her.

The long gasp was hers,

But the meek smile was her Redeemer's gift,
His victor-token. And the bosom-friend
Took that bequest into his bursting heart,
As in the sleepless ministry of love
He stood beside her, in that parting hour.—
—Seest thou the desolate on his return?—
Know'st thou the sadness of his lonely way?—
Deep silence where the tender word had been—
And at the midnight watch, or trembling dawn,
The sullen echo of the hearse-like wheel,
Avoiding every haunt, and pleasant bower
Where the dear invalid so late reclined
Lest some light question of a stranger's tongue
Should harrow up the soul. Know'st thou the pang
When his reft home first met his mournful view?
—What brings he to his children?—

Yon fair boy

Who at the casement stands, and weeps, can tell.
And he, who cannot tell, that younger one,
Whose boundless loss steals like some strange eclipse
Over a joyous planet—and the babe
Stretching its arms for her who comes no more.
Oh! if the blest in heaven take note of earth,
Will not the mother's hovering spirit brood
O'er her three boys?

It is not ours to say.

We only know that if a Christian's faith
Hath changeless promise of the life to come,
That heritage is hers. And so we lay
Her body in the tomb, with praise to God
For her example, and with prayer, to close
Our time of trial, in such trust serene.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE VOICE OF HOME.

Oh! many a voice is thine, sweet home, full many a voice is thine,

Yes, every thing I see or hear, recalls the joys once mine;
Thy poplar grove and velvet green, brings back the sunny days

When life's young warm imaginings loved naught but infant plays.

Thou hast witness'd every joy or grief that e'er oppress'd this heart,

Here, too, was link'd that household chain, which time has reft apart:

Yes—brother, sisters—all are gone, the hearth is lonely now,

Sorrow is on each zephyr borne, that fans the poplar bough.

The mocking-bird, in merry glee, is singing in the vale,
There, too, is heard the minstrelsy of the pensive nightingale;
Alas! their joyous notes, but wake vain yearnings for,
That household band, which gather'd round the board in days of yore.

Thy flowers and singing birds are to this heart most dear,
Yet, yet, the fervent farewell tone still echoes in my ear,
Awakening vain regrets for the happy sounds of mirth,
That days gone by moved joyous, the now forsaken hearth.

Oh! many a voice is thine, sweet home, full many a voice is thine,

Dear emblem of the days that's flown, when kindred ties were mine;

I would not, if I could, break the mysterious spell,
That binds me to the haunts my childhood loved so well.

FROM STEM TO STEM THE WILD BEE SIPS.

WRITTEN BY

EZRA HOLDEN, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, BY

SIDNEY PEARSON.

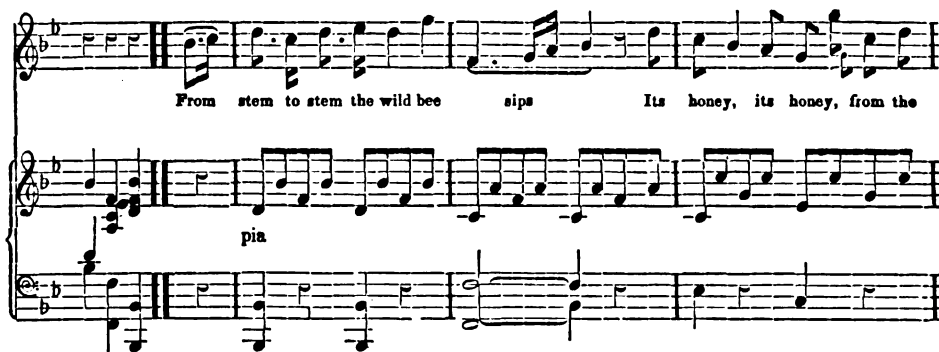
ANDANTINO.



Pia dolce.



cres. for.



From stem to stem the wild bee sips Its honey, its honey, from the

pia



bloom, And robs the blossom's leafy lips, And revels, and revels in per-

fame: But when the flow'ret yields its dyes, He

for pia

Calando **Cadenza ad lib.**

comes not to its cup, But leaves the heat of parching skies, To

Calando Tempo

drink its sweet-ness up— To drink its sweetness up.

ad lib. for

bobb

II.

O! this is love, that beauty knows,
 Which tends it for a while,
 Then round a newer image glows,
 And wears another smile;
 When youth is rife with maiden charms,
 The heart no claim denies,
 But when distrust the soul alarms,
 It joys in other eyes.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE STARS.

BY MISS LYDIA H. HASTY.

"Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?"—JOS xxxviii. 33.

Is the moonlight gifted with a fairy power? Do the stars fling over us a spell which our hearts acknowledge, though they comprehend it not? Hath the heart an inner realm of finer, more ethereal philosophy, of which they are the arbiters, and which our grosser senses may not investigate?—Or why is it that Hope, Love, Poesy, Memory—all the divinities of our nature, ever replenish their consecrated chalices at astral fountains, and keep their ordinances, and hold their festivals, in moonlight temples and pavilions? It is beneath the stars that Hope creates her fairy world, as lovely and as intangible as their own rays, and sits listening to the syren melodies that float from the harps of the angels with which she has peopled it. It is beneath them that Love bends at the shrine of its canonized, counting the pearls of its beautiful rosary—or weeping over them, crushed and soiled beneath its Jugernathian car! When like silver vials, distilling beauty, they shed their light over the silent stream and shadowy forest—when the many of those, who, in the vast chain of the created, may alone claim alliance to the Creator, have folded the mantle of forgetfulness about them, burying themselves in "dumb oblivion"—they utter in a "still small voice" the "open sesame" to the realms of Poesy, and she draws from the haunted wells of her treasury, the gems at whose heart burneth the light of another and holier sphere! And it is beneath their light that the white-robed phantoms of other years arise and walk the waters of the soul! that the rich tissue which our youth hath woven of sunny dreams, and rose-tinged images, starts forth in palpable, but softened relief, far in the perspective of the sombre web of life. We meet the gentle eye, over which the dust was long since shed—the lute-like tones of lips where pale silence long since set his seal, float again upon the ear, and we weep with vain yearnings for the chrystal water and golden clusters with which the Tantalus of memory sits mocking us!

And the stars have their *own* memories! Ay! memories burning deep with fire from off the altar of the Most High! From that hour, when at the great command, "Let there be light!" kindling with the magnificence of Omnipotent thought, they rose on the purple midnight of Time, around them have clustered the holiest legends of immortal love. With their first morning rays lighting the loveliness of a world fresh from the hand of Jehovah, they broke the deep stillness with the first chorus of praise, "singing together" in concert with "all the sons of God," "shouting for joy!" Awestruck before them, men, bowed down in adoration, due only to Him, of whose glory even they were but the shadows, "worshipping all the hosts of heaven"—and the poor Chaldean dreamed from their mystic revealings, to draw

the golden thread by which to unwind the mazes of human destiny.

Does the inspired desire to enforce the illimitable might of Jehovah, he bids us "Lift up your eyes on high and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their hosts by number." He points us to the power which "*sealeth up* the stars"—"which alone sprendeth out the heavens"—which maketh Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades.—Did he wish to teach man humility—a sense of his own insignificance? he asks "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring Mazzaroth in his season? Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" and exclaims, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that thou visitest him?"—And again as if with an overwhelming sense of the feebleness of mortal tongues to proclaim his goodness and omnipotence, he exclaims "Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Praise him all ye stars of light."

The starlight mingled with the glory which the angel bore from the shrine, when to the lonely watchers on Judah's hills he appeared singing, "Peace on earth," bringing "good tidings of great joy to all people."—It was a star—the anointed messenger of heaven, which moving in silent beauty through the blue depths of "the east"—led the "wise men" onward, till its silver ray fell, pointing like the wand of the Almighty, to the lowly, but hallow'd spot, where he lay, whose infant hand was destined to roll back the stone of "fear and trembling" from the portal of the tomb, and send a blessed ray far through the dark valley, over the Jordan of death, till mortal eye might almost catch the brightness beaming round the immortal shore!

But there is "glory from the heavens departed!"

Of those which smiled upon creation's dawn, one hath gone far beyond the reach of human ken!—Did the serpent enter its golden portals, and enwrap it in the darkness of his shadow for ever? Or was it from its celestial purity and splendour, summoned hence, to mingle with those which light the Throne of the Eternal?—From the still depths of midnight its sisters give us no response! And to the questioning spirit, their countless and sublime mysteries will alone be revealed, when they themselves shall be shaken from their orbits, "as the fig-tree casteth her untimely fruit," before a "strong wind" when the heavens shall depart "as a scroll that is roll'd together," at "the coming" of him who "is light"—and "in whom dwelleth the fountain of light."

CHILDHOOD.

On! who but dwells on childhood's hours,
When earth seemed fanned by Eden's breath,
Ere thorns had sprung to choke the flowers,
Or pain approached to whisper death!

Then we may drink at pleasure's springs,
That sparkling gush, unmixed with sorrow,
And not a cloud the present brings
But melts in sunshine of to-morrow.—H.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE CAVE OF MACPELAH.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"But if thou wilt give it, I pray thee hear me: I will give thee money for the field; take it of me, and I will bury my dead here."—*Genesis* xxiii. 13.

The sun over Hebron's green plain rising bright,
His first rays of glory has sent
To blend with the tears, where the dark eye of night
Has wept round the Patriarch's tent.

For, sorrow and death with the night have been there:
The spirit of SARAH has fled.
Her form lies at rest, while the soft morning air,
With ABRAHAM, sighs o'er the dead.

The tall, aged oak, that is guarding the door,
With arms spreading widely away,
A fresh, living curtain hangs trembling before
The peaceful and spiritless clay.

And there in his grief, does the patriarch stand.
He looks to the left, and the right,
And forward, and back, for a place in the land,
To bury his dead out of sight.

But here, far away from the land of his birth—
From all of his kindred and name,
No spot where his lost one can sleep in the earth,
The lonely Chaldean may claim.

A field lies before him, with trees green and high,
A grove that imbosoms a cave;
And this does he seek with his silver to buy,
To hallow it thence, as a grave.

The people of Canaan, who pass to and fro,
From the gates of their city, draw near
To the tent of the pilgrim, their pity to show—
His woes and his wishes to hear.

Majestic in sorrow he stands, while the crowd
From o'er the wide plain gather round:
With reverence now, to their chief has he bowed
Till his white, flowing beard met the ground.

His accents are firm—in his eye is there shown
The wisdom that beams through a tear;
And thus is the grief of his bosom made known,
While Ephron, the ruler, gives ear:

"A stranger, I come from my home far away;
The ground of the stranger I tread:
While death finds a place in my dwelling to-day,
I've no where to bury my dead!"

"Behold," replies Ephron, in sympathy's voice,
"We have many sepulchres made,
Where slumber our dead; and we give thee thy choice
Of all, wherein thine may be laid."

The patriarch answers:—"Can silver procure
A spot, that to me and to mine,
Shall be a possession made sacred and sure,
I ask it of thee and of thine.

"The cave that is there, in the end of the field—
The Cave of Macpelah—the earth,
And trees round about it, I ask thee to yield
To me; and to name me their worth."

"'Tis four hundred shekels of silver. But what
Is silver between thee and me?"
The generous owner replies—"Of the spot
I give full possession to thee."

Once more speaks the sage of Chaldea: "The land
I take; but the gift I decline.
The price duly weighed, putting now in thy hand,
I make the place righteously mine."

And now on the fair land of promise is laid
The first claim of permanent hold!
A grave is the purchase! the first ever made
Of earth, with its silver or gold!

Blest Cave of Macpelah, how holy the trust
That long has been given to thee!
Enshrined in thy bosom, how rich is the dust!
How great thy disclosure will be!

For, when the archangel descending the skies,
Shall give the loud summons to all,
Then Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob will rise
From thee, and come forth at the call!

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear?
Resembling human life in every shape they wear."

CAN it be that another year has passed away; that another volume of the "Lady's Book" must be closed? It seems but as yesterday, since the New-Year's salutation was given to our friends; yet Spring, Summer, Autumn, all are gone, and now it is cold December. Were it only that so much time had passed away, it would be of little consequence—in truth, it would be a theme for congratulation, had we improved it aright. But there are few persons, past their early youth, who do not feel deeper losses than those of days and hours.

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Friends and dear relations have gone down to the tomb—the loved have left us, the trusted have disappointed us.

"Affections, friendships, confidence—
There's not a year hath died,
But all these treasures of the heart
Lie with it, side by side."

How sad such reflections must be to those who have not the hope of a better world strong in their hearts! And there is another bright star of consolation, shining over the changes, turmoils, and troubles of this life—it is the evidence, every year more apparent, of the progress of truth—and the improvements in the character and condition of the human

race, which *truth*, when understood and obeyed, will work out.

One of the greatest changes, which the progress of *truth* has brought about, is the increased importance given to the education and influence of *woman*. In this department our labour lies; to this illustration of truth, the pages of the "Lady's Book" have been especially devoted.

There are, at the present time, in the situation of our country, many circumstances peculiarly favourable to the development of the female mind. As yet, our habits are, at least in a great degree, simple—our national taste unsophisticated; fashion, though, as we have often remarked, far too powerful in its influence, rules not here with unquestioned sway. Our amusements, too, if perhaps we except our large cities, are of a simple nature; we are called upon rather to look within ourselves, to our own resources, than to any external means of enjoyment. The opportunities of education, too, are so generally diffused, that none but those who will it need be ignorant. The improved systems, the awakening and still increasing interest, now felt upon the subject, in almost every section of our country; the substitution of *ideas for words*; all proving that mere accomplishments, mere show, will not answer public expectation, now that its standard is so much elevated, are most favourable auspices for a better system of female education.

And then there are few so *unfortunate* as to be wholly exempt from the necessity of exertion; and though but few of our sex are destined to act an important part in the drama of life, yet all have important duties to perform, each in her own circle. One of these most sacred duties is to give the right tone to popular taste and manners. As her influence increases, if she throws it all into the scale of virtue, truth, and justice, will not the world improve?

Let woman's *course*, then, be *upward*, as well as *onward*—let her rise superior to the follies, the trifles of the present, and mark her path with the light of goodness. She may then safely trust the vindication of her sex to their example—*deeds are better than words* in this argument. The illustration of these deeds, and the inculcation of sentiments which shall elevate the standard of female duties, will be the continued aim of the Editors of the "Lady's Book." In the assured trust that our efforts are appreciated, we look for the continued support of our friends; and while closing this *twenty-first volume* of our work, hope to meet all our readers again on New Year's day.

A HINT.

It is an old saying that "short accounts make long friends," and as we wish to retain all ours we must not neglect the means. The truth is, that the close of the year imposes a duty on us which we would gladly be excused from performing—but our own engagements and wants compel us to remind some of our friends, that their *subscriptions for 1840 are still unpaid!*

Were we, in humble imitation of Plato, to form a pattern of a perfect republic, we would make it a *sine qua non* that the subscriptions for a Lady's periodical should always be paid *in advance*. In short, we think these should be considered debts of honour, as well as binding on the consciences of those who have voluntarily contracted for the work.

The expenses attending the publication of the "Lady's Book" are enormous; the engravings in this last volume alone would, were they separately purchased, cost more than the year's subscription. Then we spare no pains to engage the best talent of the country, and render the work in every department worthy the extensive patronage it enjoys. We trust that those who have delayed to meet their engagements with us will consider these things, and remit, without delay, the balance due the Publisher.—To each individual thus indebted, the amount is small, and can cause little inconvenience to spare—to the Publisher, the aggregate of such small sums is a matter of much import, or this appeal would not have been made. Therefore it is that we again repeat the adage—"short accounts make long friends," and our hope that ours will prove themselves true friends, in deed as well as in word.

The Postmasters are at liberty to frank any letters to a publisher containing money.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We intended to have gone through with every article in our drawer of anonymous communications, and, as this is the closing number of the year, cleared off all old scores with our contributors, and been ready to welcome new offerings to the "Lady's Book."

But, alas! for good intentions, when their fulfilment is impossible. We tried hard to find a week of leisure, but in vain.

When looking at the cramped characters of many a MS, written with *blue ink on blue paper*, and despairing of ever decyphering them, we have thought, seriously, of trying the experiment, practised by a London editor, to test their merits. He poured a barrel of MS poetry on his grate—those that burned rapidly, and with a bright blaze, he set down as excellent, possessing the true spirit of genius—those which, from their heaviness, would not burn, were, of course, condemned as worthless. But these summary proceedings were not in accordance with our own feelings, or with the character of the "Lady's Book." We wish to encourage the timid, and give opportunity for genius to prove his strength. We are willing to examine and correct, encourage and advise; do all, in short, which Editors can do—except to publish bad poetry and dull, unmeaning prose. And now we will see what we can accept. The first on the list of *good* articles is "Repentance;"—it will appear in January, if possible.

"The Captive."

"The Farewell."

"Let me die the death of the Righteous."

One word to the successful writers. We doubt many are disappointed, knowing that their articles are accepted, to find they do not appear, sometimes, for months. The large number of contributors, *engaged* to write for the "Book," which are now on our list, must have the preference, before voluntary and anonymous writers. We shall give place to the latter, whenever we have room in our pages—but they must have patience. The following articles are declined.

"Sir Walter Scott." The writer must study hard, if she intends to be a poet.

"A Sketch"—The sentiment is excellent, but the poetry is not harmonious, not *finished*.

"The Hall of Independence"—We think the writer possessed of talent, and an earnest desire to excel—let her persevere.

"The Battle of Belgrade." As an ingenious specimen of *alliteration*, this is very good—but it is not poetry, nor common sense.

"Desire shall fail." We insert two stanzas of this poem, and hope to hear from the author again.

"There is a winter of the heart,
When blasts of sorrow sweep the soul;
Renting life's silver cords apart,
And breaking pleasure's golden bow.

Oh! 'tis a fearful thing, to stay
The heart upon a waking dream;
That in an hour may fade away—
As bubbles burst upon the stream."

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

Mary, Queen of Scots: a Journal of the Twenty years' Captivity, Trial, and Execution: from State Papers, and contemporary Letters and Documents. By W. Jos. Walter, late of St. Edmund's College, author of the "Life and Times of Sir Thomas More." Illustrated with a portrait of Mary of Scots, after the original in the Royal Collection in Paris, and with two Autograph Letters, one in her 16th, the other in her 36th year. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This work, of which we have heretofore had occasion to speak, has at length made its appearance. With considerable

research, Mr. Walter has collected from a great variety of sources, the satisfactory materials from which a Journal of the twenty years' captivity of the far-famed Scottish Queen has been constructed. "It is thought," says the author, "that one of the principal sources of satisfaction to the reader of these volumes, will be found in the materials of which they are composed. The facts of the remarkable drama exhibited in these pages, are, in a great measure, narrated by the actors themselves, who bespeak credit by the very absence of any thing artificial in the narrative. In the letters and journals of which we have largely availed ourselves, is exhibited a faithful picture of the every-day life of an interesting period of English history. The portraits are not sketched in outline; all the details are filled up. It is thus that the reader becomes, as it were, a contemporary with the actors in the scene; their modes of life, their manners, and very features are before him: he converses with them with familiarity and unreserve. To use the language of a lively writer, "It is not fanciful to say, that we often know more about our ancestors, than they themselves knew. Many a secret for them, is none for us. The letter which was prayed to be thrown into the flames, when read, we hold in our hands; the cabinet conversation, unheard but by two great statesmen, we can listen to. They viewed the man in his occasional relations; we scrutinize into his entire life. They marked the beginning of actions, but we the end."

One of the great attractions of these volumes, are the letters of Mary herself, which are full of vigour and warm with feeling. They place her character in a new point of view, and enable us to trace the real motives of many of her actions, which have been misrepresented and discoloured, sometimes for the worst of purposes. The reader will not fail to be touched with the following burst of feeling in one of her letters to Elizabeth.

"The Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth.

"MADAME.—The late conspiracies in Scotland against my poor child, and my fears for the consequence, grounded on my self-experience, call upon me to employ the remainder of my life and strength, fully to discharge my heart of my just complaints, which I do in the present letter. I trust that as long as you survive me, it may serve as an eternal testimony, and be engraven on your conscience, as well for my acquittance to posterity, as for the shame and confusion of all those, who, under your connivance, have up to this hour so cruelly and unworthily treated me, and reduced me to the extremity in which I am. But as their designs and practices, detestable as they are, have always prevailed against my just remonstrances and honest deportment; and as the power which you have in your hands has always been your justification in the eyes of men, I will have recourse to the living God, our only judge, who, under Him, has established us equally and immediately for the government of his people. I will invoke Him in the extremity of this my pressing affliction, to render to you and to myself (as He will do in the last judgment) the due of our merits and demerits one towards the other. And remember, Madame, that from Him we can disguise nothing by the paint and policy of the world; though my enemies, under you, have been able, for a time, to cover from the eyes of men, peradventure from your own, their subtle inventions. In His name, and as it were before Him, seated between you and myself, I would remind you, that by means of the agents, spies, and secret messengers, sent in your name into Scotland, while I was there, my subjects were corrupted and encouraged to rebel against me, to make attempts against my person; in a word, to speak, undertake, and execute all that led to the troubles which have befallen my country.

"And now, Madame, with all that freedom of speech, which I foresee may in some sort offend you, though it be nought but the truth; you will, I doubt not, find it more strange that I now come to you with a request of far greater importance, and yet very easy for you to grant me. It is, that, not having been able hitherto, by accommodating myself patiently for so long a time to the rigorous treatment of this captivity, and my carrying myself in all respects, even the least that regard you, to obtain any assurance of your good favour, or give you thereby some earnest of my entire affection towards you; and every hope being taken away of better treatment for the short time that is still left me to live, I supplicate you by the bitter passion of our Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, to allow me to withdraw out of this realm into some place of repose; to seek out some comfort for my poor body, worn out as it is by continual sorrow; and with liberty of conscience to prepare my soul for God, who is daily calling me to Himself."

Alden's Quintilian! Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This volume is a good counterpart to the Greek Reader of Professor Anthon, noticed in our May No. We are glad to see that authors are complying with the wants of the people, and giving us an opportunity of gaining a little more knowledge of works hitherto inaccessible, by putting them in a cheaper form, and especially by giving us such convenient abridgments as this. And yet it is not an abridgment in the orthodox sense of the word, i. e. a work cut up, and cut down, and twisted, and compressed out of all proportion, but a number of extracts made with good taste, and forming a complete treatise of rhetoric.

We were sorry to see that the editor could not find place for a portion of the noble criticism of Latin authors—the gem of the work;—but it would perhaps have made the volume less compact, and less appropriate, as coming from a Professor of Rhetoric, in the pretty college of Williamstown now too little known.

The text is neatly printed, and the pages numbered along the margin, so as to make the book well-adapted for recitations. It is got out altogether in the neat style for which its publishers are deservedly celebrated.

The Ursuline Manual, a collection of Prayers, Spiritual Exercises, &c., interspersed with the various Instructions necessary for the forming of Youth to the practice of solid piety. New York: Edward Dunigan. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This work was originally prepared for the use of the young ladies educated at the Ursuline convents.—It has lately been revised by Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes—and this is the first edition published in America. The preface is an admirably written paper, and may be read with advantage by Christians of all religious sects. There is a spirit of liberality in the views on education which we are glad to see.—If these views are carried out, there need be no danger apprehended from the spread of the catholic religion. That it was the true faith all will concede; let us hope and pray that what of error has been fostered in the dark ages may be done away, and that it may be restored to its original purity. The work is beautifully printed.

Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon, by Harry Lorrequer, with Illustrations, by Phiz. Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This series of graphic, humorous, and dashing sketches, is continued without any diminution of the fun and frolic which marked the previous numbers; in fact the spirit of the story seems to increase in interest; and the fund of incidents to promise inexhaustible variety. There is fun alive in the Picnic party in the beautiful vale of Llanberrie. And then the idea of the free and easy system as practised in Jamaica. "Talk of West India slavery indeed! It's the only land of liberty," exclaims the joyous Mousoon. "There is nothing to compare with the perfect free-and-easy, devil-may-care-kind-of-a-take-yourself way that every one has there. If it would be any peculiar comfort for you to sit in the saddle of mutton, and put your legs in a soup tureen at dinner, there would be found very few to object to it. There is no nonsense of any kind about etiquette." O'Malley's account of his adventure in Lisbon is admirable. And then the felicitous contrasts with which this story abounds. Take a sample of a moonlight scene on the borders of the Tagus.

"It was a rich moonlight night, as I found myself in the street. My way, which led along the banks of the Tagus, was almost as light as in daytime, and crowded with walking parties, who sauntered carelessly along, in the enjoyment of the cool refreshing night air. On inquiring, I discovered that the Rua Nuova was at the extremity of the city; but as the road led along by the river, I did not regret the distance, but walked on with increasing pleasure at the charms of so heavenly a climate and country.

After three quarters of an hour's walk, the streets became by degrees less and less crowded. A solitary party passed me now and then; the buzz of distant voices succeeded to the gay laughter and merry tones of the passing groups, and, at length, my own footsteps alone awoke the echoes along the deserted pathway. I stopped every now and then to gaze upon the tranquil river, whose eddies were circling in the

pale silver of the moonlight. I listened with attentive ear, as the night breeze wafted to me the far-off sounds of a guitar, and the deep tones of some lover's serenade; while again the tender warbling of the nightingale came borne across the stream, on a wind rich with the odour of the orange-tree.

As thus I lingered on my way, the time stole on; and it was near midnight ere I roused myself from the reverie surrounding objects had thrown about me. I stopped suddenly, and for some minutes I struggled with myself to discover if I was really awake. As I walked along, lost in my reflections, I had entered a little garden beside the river; fragrant plants and lovely flowers bloomed on every side; the orange, the camelia, the cactus, and the rich laurel of Portugal were blending their green and golden hues around me, while the very air was filled with delicious music. "Was it a dream, could such ecstasy be real?" I asked myself, as the rich notes swelled upwards, in their strength, and sunk in soft cadence to tones of melting harmony, now bursting forth in the full force of gladness, the voices blended together in one stream of mellow music, and suddenly ceasing, the soft but thrilling shake of a female voice rose upon the air, and its plaintive beauty stirred the very heart. The proud tramp of martial music succeeded to the low wailing cry of agony; then came the crash of battle, the clang of steel; the thunder of the light rolled on in all its majesty, increasing in its maddening excitement till it ended in one loud shout of victory.

All was still; not a breath moved, not a leaf stirred, and again was I relapsing into my dreamy skepticism, when again the notes swelled upwards in concert. But now their accents were changed, and, in low, subdued tones, faintly and slowly uttered, the prayer of thanksgiving rose to heaven, and spoke their gratefulness. I almost fell upon my knees, and already the tears filled my eyes, as I drank in the sounds. My heart was full to bursting, and, even now as I write it, my pulse throbs as I remember the hymn of the Abencerrages."

To sum up all in a word—Charles O'Malley is decidedly the lion of the season.

Three Voyages for the Discovery of a Northwest Passage, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and narrative of an attempt to reach the North Pole. By Sir W. E. Parry, Capt. R. N., F.R.S., in two volumes, forming 107 & 108 of Harper's Family Library. New York: Harper & Brothers. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The two volumes here presented to the public, are of peculiar interest. They narrate a noble and daring attempt to extend the boundaries of science and of that civilization which follows in its train. Five voyages were made by that distinguished navigator, Capt. Parry, under the sanction of the British government, in search of a passage from the eastern to the western side of the American Continent, through the Arctic Ocean. The official report of these voyages has been published, and fills several expensive volumes. The present is an uninterrupted narrative of these voyages, in Capt. Parry's own words, but divested of the official form, and compressed into the present neat and commodious volumes, by an omission of all such details as were not inviting to the general reader, whose attention is thus kept on the alert by a rapid succession of striking incidents. The task appears to have been judiciously executed, and the enterprising publishers deserve the thanks of the public for this valuable accession to geographic as well as general knowledge.

The Maryland Medical and Surgical Journal, and official organ of the medical department of the Army and Navy of the United States. Baltimore: John Murphy.

This journal is very handsomely brought out, and is occasionally embellished with engravings, wood-cuts and portraits. Besides professional papers from some of the most influential numbers of the profession, the work is enriched with biographical sketches, and occasional papers on art and science. In the present number, for instance, there are two practical articles on the Daguerreotype process. We doubt not that this journal will advance the interests of more than one important branch of science.

Two Hundred Pictorial Illustrations of the Holy Bible, etc. Robert Sears, 122, Nassau street, New York. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This book, as its title imports, contains two hundred illustrations from the Bible, beautifully executed. The landscape scenes are from original sketches taken on the spot. We humbly recommend this work as one containing beautiful

views and very interesting letter press. A better Christmas gift for a young Miss or Master cannot be found.

The Young Prima Donna. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

The best story with this title was published in the *Lady's Book* in 1834. It was written by Alexander Dimitry, A. M., now of Washington city. Let those who have files of the *Book* refer to it. This same story was copied into an English magazine, translated into French, and retranslated into English, and travelled extensively through this country, nobody recognizing its first appearance in the *Book*. *Cortes*, we had not the extensive list then we have now.

The present publication is one of feeling, as may be imagined from the plan of the novel, that of forcing a young girl to adopt stage singing for a profession. Mrs Grey has managed her story well, and has succeeded in giving to the public a work full of beauty and interest.

Harry Lorrequer. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

Since our last, a new edition of this work has been put to press. It is the concrete essence, the portable edition of all Irish whim and waggery.

Ten Thousand a Year: by the author of *Diary of a Physician*. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The third volume of this work has made its appearance, and the author appears to warm with his subject. *Titlebat* has taken possession, and a splendid set out it was. A literary lady of New York, pronounced this decidedly the best book of the season.

Number 13 of *Master Humphrey's Clock* has struck. Messrs. Lea & Blanchard say that the demand for it increases with every number.

The *Gentlemen's Magazine* has been purchased by Mr. Graham, the enterprising proprietor of the *Casket*. It will hereafter be published in conjunction with that *Magazine*, with punctuality on the first day of each month—success to the joint concern.

CRITICISM OF FASHIONS.

Two figures of our fashions this month, are *Ball Dresser*, viz. Nos. 3 and 4. No. 2, is a *Bride's dress*, and No. 1 a dress suitable for evening visits. We give these as there is but little change in the fashions during the winter months.

Cloth dresses, it is said, will be introduced this winter, made up to the throat, with three rows of buttons down the front, and the sleeves cut like those of a man's coat. A small round cambric collar *double*, not two collars, but the two sides of the one stitched together and made very stiff, with or without a narrow Valenciennes round, will be worn with those dresses.

HATS.—A slight change has taken place in the hats; they are perfectly flat upon the top of the head, and sit much closer to the sides of the face, consequently they do not rub the hair off the top of the head as much as they have been doing lately.

In jewellery there is nothing so *recherché* at present as coral, a necklace of *camios* of cut coral united by fine gold chain work, more valued just now than perhaps any precious stone. Diamonds, of course, keep precedence of all.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.—This is an old fashion revived, and one that promises to become very general. We mean the combs with very high galleries or heads, which were so much in vogue in the time of our grandmothers; they are of the same form as those employed at the court of Napoleon in its early days; they were then ornamented with precious stones of all kinds; those now coming into use are set with gold, *camios*, or coral, and the last appears decidedly the most in favour.

SPLENDID DRESSES.

The *Duchess of Kent*, who was present at her Majesty's speech, wore a dress of white satin, embroidered with gold, a band of diamonds, and a plume of ostrich feathers. The

Queen of the Belgians wore a magnificent robe of white flowered satin, richly trimmed with lace, a plume of ostrich feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Her Majesty wore a robe of white satin, richly trimmed with lace, and fastened in front with gold cord and tassels; a stomacher, necklaces, ear rings, and a tiara of brilliants.

A correspondent of the Enquirer and Courier of this city, mentions a new fabric for curtains and other draperies. The rich damask pattern is woven in *glass* and silk—producing a dazzling effect—beyond silver or gold in richness of display.

VELVET SPENSERS.—Some have the sleeves *demis* large, with the fullness confined, both at bottom and top, in longitudinal folds by fancy silk trimmings and buttons. Others, and these last are very novel, have the sleeve of the bishop form, but of a very moderate size, and the upper part tight to the arm, and ornamented with velvet disposed in a kind of corkcrew roll, and intermingled with tassels.

BALL DRESSES.—The most elegant full dresses are of satin, with a corsage *a pointe*; an open skirt, and a rich white brocade as a petticoat. The dancing dresses are of crape, looped up, and trimmed with flowers.

BONNETS.—Velvet bonnets still retain their vogue, their number increases every day, satin ones are also being adopted, that is to say, pale pink or white ones; the latter have the exterior trimmed with white *marabouts*, shaded with green, and the interior decorated in a very light style with a mixture

of *tulle* and green velvet foliage. Pink bonnets have the crown decorated with a wreath of exotics, formed of velvet; the interior of the brim is decorated at the sides with blond lace intermingled with very small *coques* of velvet.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publisher respectfully informs the subscribers to "The Book," that the same style of Engravings will be used during the year 1841. It also gives him pleasure to state, that Miss Leslie will contribute to every number during the year. This, in addition to the already great array of talent, will enable the Book to maintain its proud superiority.

We require a regular notice to stop the Book—returning a number is not legal—the Post Masters will always give us notice if requested. We hope after this that no subscriber will receive the January number who does not intend to continue through the year. The person whose name is registered on our book, is always considered liable for the subscription.

Exchange papers in noticing the embellishments in the various magazines should make a distinction between those engraved expressly for a work and second hand plates. We give two engravings in each number from steel plates engraved expressly for the Book.

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