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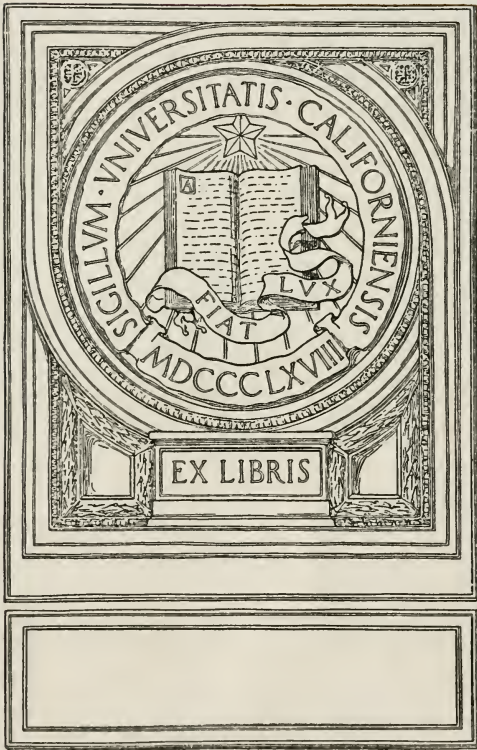
OF

AMERICAN POETRY

THIS VOLUME IS THE GIFT OF

Samuel Coffin Eastman, Esq.

OF THE CLASS OF 1857







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THE AMULET.

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THE

AMUSEMENT.



Boston.

OTIS, BROADERS & Co.

MDCCLXVII.

THE

AMULET.

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

FOR

M D C C C X L V I .

WITH NINE BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

BOSTON:

OTIS, BROADERS & COMPANY

1846.

AY 11
A67

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY L. H. BRIDGHAM,
WATER STREET.

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LINES ADDRESSED TO A BRIDESMAID.

—
BY HER GROOMSMAN.
—

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,
 Makes another, soon or late ;
Never yet was any marriage
 Entered in the book of Fate,
But the names were also written
 Of the patient pair that *wait*.

Blessings then upon the morning
 When my friend, with fondest look,
By the solemn rites' permission,
 To himself his mistress took,
And the Destinies recorded
 Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
 Still the ground the lovers eyed,
And the parents and the kinsmen
 Aimed their glances at the bride,
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins
 Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her,
One was dark, and one was fair,
But nor fair nor dark the other,
Save her Arab eyes and hair;
Neither dark nor fair I call her,
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsman — shall I own it?
Yes, to thee, and only thee —
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden
Who was fairest of the three,
Thus he thought: “How blest the bridal
Where the bride were such as she!”

Then I mused upon the adage,
Till my wisdom was perplexed,
And I wondered, as the churchman
Dwelt upon his holy text,
Which of all who heard his lesson
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion
For the flowers, the feast, the wine?
Thine perchance, my dearest lady,
Or, who knows? — it may be mine:
What if 't were — forgive the fancy —
What if 't were — both mine and thine?

T. W. P.

DEPARTURE AND RETURN.

—
A TALE OF FACTS.
—

WHEN I entered the Churchyard it was in the morning — a morning one of the serenest and sweetest of the season. Summer had robed the earth in luxuriant beauty; save a few fleecy cloudlets, far on the ethereal depths, the whole bosom of the sky was blue and beautiful; and nature, with a silent rejoicing, seemed to bask in the warmth of the genial sun. All around was tranquil, the hum of busy life was hushed, and even inanimate nature seemed to feel and own the presence of the Sabbath. The murmur of the stream came on the ear like “a tender lapsing song;” and the lark that sprang from the tufted grass at my feet, carolling fitfully as it fluttered and soared, appeared in the ear of imagination to chasten its wild lyric notes to something of a sad melody.

As I stood looking at the old church, there was magic in the remembrances connected with it. The whole structure appeared less than it had done to the eye of boyhood, and scarcely could I make myself believe that it was the same; but in proof of its identity, there was

the self-same bush, from which a school-fellow and myself had purloined a green-linnet's nest, still keeping its contorted roots steadily fastened in the crevices of the mouldering stones on the abutment of the ivied tower. While casting my eyes up to the steeple, which still from its narrow iron-barred lattices looked forth in grayness, the jangling of the bell commenced, and its sonorous ding-dong resounded through the air, like the voice of a guardian spirit watching over the holiness of the old temple. I sauntered a few footsteps from the walls, and some urchins, dressed out "in their Sunday's best," all neatly clean, were wandering amid the mossy tombstones, picking king-cups and daisies. The oldest had a child in her arms, seemingly a little sister, and was spelling out the inscription on one side of a square pillar.

So unperceived is the lapse of time, and so gradual the change of circumstances, that it is only by contrast we come to perceive the startling alterations which years have produced. When last I had stood in that calm field of graves, I was a youth, with hopes buoyant as a spring-morning, and full of that animation and romantic delight which cares only to look on the sunny side of things. Nature was then as a magnificent picture; the affections of the heart a dream of love. When attendant on memory we travel through the past, how often do we stumble on green spots and sunny knolls—on scenes and on persons which endeared life, which awaken "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," and pleasant remembrances of what hath been, never to be again,—too pleasant to be pondered on, except on a

bright holiday. As I leant my elbow on an old moss-greened tombstone, I gazed on the country around — I knew it all — it was the same, and unchanged ; but the feelings with which I had once viewed it were withered for ever !

I was in my nineteenth year when I left home, and at that age life has not lost its romantic interest, nor earth its fairy hues. The serious occupations of life had been hardly commenced ; but trifles were allowed instead to assume undue importance. Yet what events may spring from veriest trifles — trifles seemingly unworthy remembrance, far less record. Nevertheless, such influenced my fate — changed all my views — and gave the color to my future destiny.

Reader — I was then in love. If you have never been so, put aside this brief narrative, until that consummation happens to you, for it will appear unnatural and over-strained. If you have been, or are, I throw myself on your tender mercies.

CATHERINE WYLIE, before she left home to spend a few days with a relation a mile or two distant, had given me a promise to return on a particular evening — the Friday evening — at a particular hour, and I was to be in waiting as her escort. The days passed over, and the evening came.

The clock had just struck six ; it was summer time, the middle of a delicious June, and, shutting my book, I was proceeding to the door, when lo ! it opened, and in bounced my thoughtless friend, Frank Lumsden.

“I am just come over to spend an hour with you,” he said, tapping me on the shoulder ; “or what say you to

a stroll on this fine evening? They say a Danish vessel has come into our little harbor to-day. Let us go down, and have a look of it."

What could I do — what could I say? Love is bashful as it is secret; and the tongue of a lover fails when most required. It would have been rudeness to have shaken him off; and had I plead out of doors engagement, ten to one he would have proposed accompanying me. Frank was a general acquaintance.

Out we went; there was no help for it. I was angry with myself and him. The evening passed over; every minute seemed an hour. I cursed the Danish vessel, and all that it concerned. Frank stuck to me like an evil conscience; and not till an hour after all hopes of seeing Miss Wylie had expired, did he leave me to myself, to chew the cud of my bitter thoughts.

The next noon I called in the expectation that some chance might have been afforded me to plead my apology, and to express at once my regret and disappointment. I only saw Mrs. Wylie; Catherine was indisposed. For several successive days I made inquiries. She was better, but had not left her room — she was now nearly quite well — she was out at a short walk; — Catherine was invisible. What could this mean? Offence, if offence had been given by me, was involuntary. Faulty or not, why condemn me without affording opportunity either of a hearing or an explanation?

At that period, all the passions of youth burned hotly in my heart, and all within was in a tumult. By fits I was sorrowful and angry — jealous — doting — implacable — forgiving; "every thing by turns, and nothing

long," except in the ardor of an affection which I railed against, but could not cast from me.

Previous to this, I had been urged by my friends to accept of a lucrative mercantile situation in Demerara; but this offer, although not positively refused, I had kept in abeyance solely on account of my reluctance to leave all in the world that was then held dear by me. In the delirium of my thoughts I imagined that this bar was now removed; and that not only had I a right to go where I pleased, but that I was ready at a moment's warning to do so. She shuns me; she despises me; — at all events she condemns me unheard; she wishes to get rid of me; her affections may have been alienated to another; I shall not distress her; she shall soon be rid of my presence.

But perhaps I had procrastinated too long. Was the situation still open? I wrote on the instant to my friend at Liverpool. By return, an answer came, summoning me to be ready with all speed, as the vessel was ready for sailing, and that he had secured my passage. In two days I was off on my journey. Headstrong and impetuous, I had not time — I gave myself not time — to reflect on my conduct. The steps I had taken were irretrievable.

Did Miss Wylie know my motions? I had every reason to believe that she did not; and I even triumphed in the supposition (may Heaven forgive me!) that she would feel the cruelty of her conduct to me, and suffer for it — oh, not suffer — that is too strong a word — but be sorry for it when too late.

The morrow was my starting time. I was to leave

my native land, and all I loved in the world, in search of uncertain gains. My mind was dissatisfied and dark, and I could have wished for death, were it for no other reason than that my bones should rest in the same churchyard with those of my family and forefathers. The love of country may be much stronger in some bosoms than in others ; but if the latent glow is at any time to be called forth, it must be when a man is leaving it for a dim and indefinite period — perhaps with little prospect of return.

At morning the carriage, with trunks laced on top and front, rattled to the door. We drove off; passed through the well-known streets, like people who are hurrying to a scene of gayety; and before I had recovered enough from my reverie to be altogether conscious of what was passing, we were several miles from my native place — from the home of Catherine Wylie. I remember, even in the midst of my hardy bravery, being more than once overcome with the softness of humanity, and starting up to the windows of the chaise, to cast a last, and yet another last look backwards. The young day was serene and beautiful; the birds were singing in the fields, and the wayside traveller whistling in vacant joyfulness of heart. The town was still visible, as it lay on the side of a gentle hill. The blue smoke from a hundred happy hearths was ascending up through the quiet morning air, and the weathercock on the town-house steeple glittered brightly in the sunshine.

Thirty years! — what a chasm in human life — thirty years passed over my head in a foreign land, as, chang-

ed in form and mind, I set my foot on the native soil to which I felt I had almost grown an alien. The high-hearted passionate stripling had become transformed into the sallow valetudinarian, the almost penniless youth into the man of substance. On the morning after my arrival, as I thought of my early years, I looked at my face in the mirror, and could not help heaving a sigh over the ravages of time.

Need I say that few, very few of my early friends remained to bid me welcome back? The sythe of time had made dreadful havoc. The old had passed away "like a tale that is told;" the mature, such as remained of them, were gray-headed, and bending under the weight of years. Boys were transformed into the thoughtful fathers of families, and jocund thoughtlessness had given place to the furrowing lines of care. Around me was a generation, which, mushroom-like, had sprung up in my absence, and more than once I mistook the children for their parents — pictured in my remembrance as if they had been destined never to grow old. The parents of Miss Wylie — the mistress of my heart in its heyday — were long since dead; and she gone, many, many years ago, none knew whither.

I now almost repented me that I had returned home. Much better had it been had I lingered on and on, thinking that many old acquaintances might await me there, if ever I determined to bend my way thitherwards — much better had it been to have indulged in this pleasing reverie of hope — to have died in it — than to have the dreadful certainty exposed to me of all my deprivations — the cureless misery of being left alone in the world.

From having passed my time in the bustle of commercial speculations, the monotony of the country, uncheered by cordial sociality, was insupportable; and I thought that things would go better on if I placed myself, even though but as a spectator, amid the thoroughfares of life. In such a hope I removed to Liverpool.

In a few days one of the clergymen called on me. He was a frank, free and easy, good-natured sort of a person, and we became rather intimate after a short acquaintance. Being a bachelor, and unencumbered with family matters, he not unfrequently did me the honor of stepping in to share with me my sometimes solitary meal, and to enliven it by his pleasant conversation. Nor was the smack of my port disagreeable to his palate, if I may credit his repeated confessionals.

We had been for some time in the habit of taking a forenoon saunter together, in the course of which he took me to different places of public resort. I remember his one day saying to me, "If you have no objections we will now visit a scene not less gratifying, though far less ostentatious, than any we have hitherto paid our devoirs to. It is an orphan school, taught without fee or reward, by an old widowed lady."

He led me to one of the oldest and most obscure parts of the town, where the buildings seemed congregated together in direct opposition to all regularity or order—a confused and huddled mass, where squalor and poverty showed but too many signs of their presiding dominion.

Proceeding down one of those lanes, we came to a low-browed doorway, and he entered without the cer-

emony of tapping. There were three windows in the apartment, but from the narrowness of the lanes on either side, the light was so much obscured, that a degree of indistinctness seemed permanently thrown over all the objects within. In a few seconds, however, the vision adapted itself to the place, which insensibly brightened up, and discovered to us some thirty or forty little urchins, all poorly but cleanly habited, arranged on wooden benches—the girls on the one side, and the boys on the other. The governant had risen from her chair on our entrance.

While my reverend friend was addressing her—this recluse from the world, who had devoted her life to the sole purpose of doing good—an indescribable emotion awoke within me. The remembrance of I knew not what flashed across my memory. She was a lady-looking person, somewhere on the worst side of fifty, rather tall and thin. We stopped for a little, while she explained to my friend some alterations and arrangements she had been recently making in her teaching-room. After which we heard two or three of her pupils con over their lessons, and repeat a hymn, and making our bows, wished her a good morning.

“What is that lady’s name?” I asked. “Does she belong to this town?”

“I believe not,” was the reply. “But she has been for a long time here; some fifteen or twenty years, I dare say. I do not know much of her history; but she is the widow of a Captain Smith—a West India captain. Her own name, I believe, was Wylie, or some such thing.”

I could have sunk into the ground. "Wylie, did you say?"

"Yes, Wylie, I am sure that is the name. Perhaps you overheard her invitation for my dining at their house to-morrow. They are most excellent people, and I am on the most easy terms with them. As you seem interested, do accompany me—and I will vouch for your receiving a hearty and sincere welcome."

The drawing-room into which we were ushered was large, and although smacking somewhat of the fashion of years gone by, yet not without pretension to elegance. Mrs. Smith, our hostess, received us with much cordiality, and introduced us to two or three female friends, who were to make up our party.

The window, near which my chair was placed, looked into a very pretty flower-garden, and I was making some passing compliment on the manner in which it was laid out, when the same indefinable sympathy between the lady's voice and something relating to the past, again obtruded itself. I gazed at her more attentively, when opportunity offered; and, as she chanced to be seated with respect to me so that her profile was exhibited, revolved a thousand circumstances in my mind, which, however, like the windings of the Cretan labyrinth, led to nothing, and left me in doubt. And yet her name could be Wylie! Strange coincidence. But she of yore had fair hair, this had dark. To dream of their identity were a thing impossible.

In a few minutes, the door opening, a tall spare figure entered, whom my reverend friend introduced to me as Mrs. Smith's cousin.

“Miss Catherine Wylie — my friend, Mr. ——”

I shall not attempt to describe my emotions. The whole truth stood in a twinkling revealed before my mind's eye. Thirty long years were annihilated — and the day of my departure from my native country, “all things pertaining to that day,” — its hopes — its fears — its regrets — its feelings, were in my mind; and prominent over all, the image of Catherine Wylie, the wayward, the young, the beautiful. I glanced across the room — I looked on that picture and on this — there could be no mistake — “alike, but oh how different!” What a change! could so much lie within the narrow compass of human life? It were less had she been dead — vanished for ever. Then would she have been Catherine Wylie still, the peerless in the eye of imagination; but here gloomy reality put an extinguisher on fancy. The spring's opening rose of beauty had matured only to wither like the commonest weeds around, and to droop beneath the unsparing blasts of age's approaching winter. The vision of long years was disenchanting. The romance of life had waned away into the cold and frigid truth; and my heart bled to behold its long cherished idol moulded of the same perishable elements as the daily groups around. She was plainly dressed. Care and thought and the ravages of time were visible on her countenance, that yet, in eclipse, betrayed of what it had been, as the western sky retains the illumined footprints of the departed sun. She was looking wistfully into the fire, as she leaned her cheek on her thin pale fingers, one of which was circled by a mourning ring.

Dinner passed over, but no symptoms of recognition on her part were perceptible. I had contrived to place myself by her side; yet I dared scarcely trust myself to enter into conversation with her. Her cousin—our hostess, Mrs. Smith—I identified with a young lady whom I had seen at her aunt's house in the days of yore, and who was an especial friend of Catherine. General topics were discussed—more especially those of a serious and sedate nature—but I could take no share in either eliciting or keeping up the flow of thought. My heart was full of unutterable things; and often, in spite of every repressing effort, an unmanly tear would gather itself in the corner of my eye. Happily all this was unperceived, and my absence of manner excited no attention. Here were the long-sundered fortuitously brought together, after seas had rolled between us for more than a quarter of a century!—and yet it seemed as if we had never met before.

Having on our walk home been informed by my reverend friend that our hostess was regular in her forenoon attendance on the labors of love amid which we had formerly found her engrossed, I thought I might sinlessly, and without breach of friendship, make a visit next forenoon. I did so—and found Catherine at home.

She had not the least suspicion of me. I tried her on various topics, and occasionally verged very near the truth. But how could it be? She was a girl when last we parted. Through a long sequence of years, in which she had seen all the world changing, she had

heard nothing of me, and the chances were as one to five hundred that I could yet be alive.

“You mentioned Darling-port, Miss Wylie,” said I; “are you acquainted with any of the families there?”

“Oh yes,” she answered — “or rather, I should say, I once was. Indeed it is twenty years since last I had foot on its streets. Our burying-place, however, is there, and I must pay it yet another visit, when I am unconscious of all.”

“May it be long till then, Miss Wylie! It is still a longer period since I took up my abode there; — but I lately paid it a visit. Do you know if any of the family of the G——’s are still alive?”

She turned pale.

“I scarcely think so. G——, did you say? I knew them well, long, long ago. The two daughters married, and settled with their families in London. James, the youngest son, went to India, when a mere boy. My inquiries have thrown no light upon his destiny since. Richard went out to a mercantile house at Demerara. But that is thirty-two years ago.”

“Indeed,” said I, almost trembling, as I took a small gold locket from my waistcoat pocket. “Did you ever see that before?”

“Merciful heavens! is it possible?” she exclaimed. “How came that into your possession and — and who are you? Does Richard —— still live; or, dying, did he transmit that remembrancer through you, to be given to her who once owned it?”

“Nay, Catherine,” I answered; “look at me. Am

I indeed changed so much that you — even you do not recognise me ?”

She started back, half in agitation and half in alarm, gazing at me for a second or two in breathless silence, then, sinking into a chair, extended to me her hand, which (I trust pardonably) I pressed to my lips. The hour was a melancholy one — but it was an hour of the heart, and worth many years living for. In it the mystery of life was unriddled, and the paltry nucleus on which its whole machinery may revolve fully disclosed to view.

“I remember well,” she said, “the evening you allude to; but you blame me without cause, when you say that I dismissed you, without deigning an explanation. I had been urged by the family whom I was visiting to extend my stay for a few days longer; but no — I held in mind your promise to meet me, and all their entreaties were in vain. Let me add, that I had been that very day told that you were about to be married to another. This I could scarcely lend an ear to; yet it would be prudery in me at this distance of time to deny the effect on my excited feelings.

“When I descended from the carriage at the appointed spot, for I would not allow it to proceed with me nearer home, I gazed anxiously along the road. No one was there; and, as twilight was already deepening, I made what speed I could homewards. I confess it was now only that what I had heard began to make a serious impression on my mind, and from what had happened I felt vexed and agitated. Come what might, in this peevishness of spirit I determined on denying

myself to you for a few days, to evidence my displeasure, as well as my doubt. That by this determination I was sorely punishing myself I do not deny; but the resolve was strengthened from my learning, the same night, that you had twice passed my window, leaning on the arm of Frank Lumsden, the brother of your reputed bride.

“What could I think — young and inexperienced — and in a case that precluded me from daring to ask advice, or acquire information? I kept my apartment, feigning illness — ah! not feigning it. The sickness of the heart was mine; more intolerable in the endurance than aught of corporeal suffering. Doubt was with me night and day. It clouded my day dreams — it haunted my nightly pillow. A pocket copy of Milton, which you had the week before presented me with, was my only companion — but I could not peruse it. My sorrows were too entirely selfish to allow my thoughts being alienated from my inward feelings. But, in the calm of after years, I have often read it since — *there it is*,” she added, reaching a carefully-preserved volume from the mantel-piece. “But my doubts and my hope deferred at length ended in despair. The first thing I heard was, that you had embarked for a foreign country, and I vowed a separation, so far as Christian duties permitted, from the things and thoughts of this world. No one has possessed the place which you — and now I speak of you as a being of the past — once possessed in my affections, and I have striven to keep my vow unbroken before Heaven.”

These passages from the story of human life need

no comment. He who knows not to control his passions, and bear with the frailties of those around, instead of freeing himself from difficulties and annoyances, will only plunge himself more inextricably into the slough. Behold what "trifles light as air" had an overpowering sway in our destinies, as if they had been "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." But regrets are now vain. Five minutes of explanation would to both have altered the hues of destiny, and saved thirty long years of melancholy separation.

We lived in calm friendship for two years after this meeting, when my poor Catherine was suddenly called to pay the debt of nature; and mine was the sorrowful privilege of laying her head in the grave. I often visit the spot, and con over the name engraved on her simple tomb. Nor can the time be far distant when my ashes shall be laid beside hers, and our spirits meet again in another world to part no more.

PARTING WORDS.

MAY morning light fall o'er thee,
 When I am far away ;
 Let Hope's sweet words restore thee
 All we have dreamed to-day.

I would not have thee keep me
 In mind by tears alone ;
 I would not have thee weep me,
 Love mine, — when I am gone.

No ; — as the brook is flowing,
 With sunshine at its side,
 While fair wild flowers are growing,
 Leant lovely o'er the tide ;

So linked with many a treasure
 Of nature and of spring,
 With all that gives thee pleasure,
 My heart to thine shall cling.

The rose shall be enchanted
 To breathe of love to thee ;
 All fair things shall be haunted
 With vows of faith from me.

The west wind shall secure thee
 My tidings from the main ;
 But, most of all, assure thee
 How soon we meet again.

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN AMERICAN.

—
 BY AN ENGLISHMAN.
 —

I HAD been disappointed in love. As sings an old rhyme, which I remember to have met with :

“ My heart was sad :
 For the maid was married whom I should have had.”

When I say that it was not my first love, nor my first disappointment in an affair of the heart, I would not that the reader should infer either that I was fickle in my attachments, or that I made love to more than one damsel at a time. On the contrary, I was the most constant and devoted of swains. What captain Dalgerty was in war, I was in love : that is to say, true to my colors for the time being ; but it was not my fault if the object of my adoration married another ; and he must have odd notions of propriety who could expect me to love her afterwards.

But, although it was not my first love, I see not why I was less to be pitied on that account : since, in love, as in the gout, every fresh attack may be more severe

than the last ; and thus it was in my case. 'The man who hangs, drowns, or shoots himself, under such circumstances, is precluded from another chance in the lottery of matrimony ; and, therefore, I did neither. "There are," says Winifred Jenkins, or some other classical authority, "as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

However, I had no special temptation to remain in a circle where I was continually exposed to the mortification of meeting the "happy pair," as all newly married persons are styled, and doubtless are, until their first quarrel ; so I resolved to visit the Continent. It is true, I might have attained my object without stirring from my own country. Like my friend S., I might have buried myself in the heart of the Glamorganshire mountains, and the smoke of forty furnaces ; or I might have been equally invisible in the eternal drizzle of the Devonshire hills ; but I had a fancy for drinking hock, a favorite wine with me, "in its native purity," and therefore embarked for the Rhine.

Having no notion of travelling *a l'Anglaise*, that is, as if the object were to get over the greatest quantity of ground in the shortest possible space of time, I went up the river, and down the river, and ascended it again ; sojourning a day at one spot, and two days at another, and saw all the lions from every point at which they could be viewed.

I had been tarrying a short time at Schaffhausen, when I encountered an old friend, who, like myself, had gone thither to see the falls of the Rhine ; but who, on the second day after our meeting, received a summons

to join his man of business at Paris. He had with him a light caleche, and a pair of English bays, which, being compelled to pursue his journey with all despatch, he could not take with him, and therefore committed to my care; I undertaking to bring them home with me to England. He likewise left with me his postilion, who, a German by birth, was acquainted also with the English language; and whom, independently of his *professional* services, and perfect knowledge of the localities, I found useful as an interpreter, my own Teutonic lore being rather theoretical than practical.

A friend of mine being resident at Stuttgard, I resolved on paying him a visit, which, proceeding by easy stages, with occasional halts of a day, for the purpose of resting my horses, I could well accomplish with the travelling equipage placed at my disposal.

It was on the afternoon of a remarkably fine day, towards the end of the autumn, that, in the prosecution of this plan, I was travelling through the Schwartzwald, or Black Forest. The roads were heavier than I expected to find them, and, accustomed as I had been to the admirable highways of England, I began to find the journey tedious. It wanted but two hours of sunset, and there were yet some miles between me and the solitary inn in the forest, at which I proposed to halt.

Being naturally anxious to reach my quarters before night-fall, I put my head out of the window, for the purpose of urging on my postilion the expediency of quickening his pace, when my attention was attracted by the sight of a travelling-carriage, nearly overturned, by the road-side. It had, apparently, been drawn by

two horses, one only of which was visible, and that, disengaged from the vehicle, was grazing on a little patch of greensward beneath the trees.

The only human being on the spot was a young man, probably not more than four or five-and-twenty. He was somewhat above the middle height; athletically, yet not inelegantly formed. His hair was light, and slightly curled; his complexion remarkably fair, but ruddy; and his face, although too round to be deemed strictly handsome, had a pleasing and good-humored expression; and, combined with his laughing light-blue eyes, formed a striking contrast to those Werter-visages with which romantic young ladies are wont to fall in love, as prompt paymasters draw their bills, at sight. He was attired in a blue frock-coat and foraging cap, and had altogether the look and air of a gentleman.

When I first descried him, he was, with a flint in his hand, endeavoring to coax a reluctant spark, from the tyer of one of the wheels, into a piece of German tinder, for the purpose, I presumed, of lighting his cigar. On my addressing him, he desisted from his occupation. I had formerly, at the house of a merchant in London, been thrown into the society of some American gentlemen, and I thought I could detect, in the first sentence of his reply to my expressions of condolence in his misfortune, that he was an American, which, it afterwards appeared, he really was.

In answer to my inquiry as to the cause of the accident, he pointed to one of the fore-wheels, which was lying a few yards in the rear of the carriage.

“But where,” I inquired, “is your postilion?”

“He has proceeded on the other horse to an inn which, he informs me, is a few miles further, in quest of assistance,” was the answer.

“Do you expect him back soon?” I asked.

“His return,” replied he, “depends, I imagine, upon the quality of the landlord’s wine, and the charms of his daughter, if he have any; for the knave, I find, was born on the frontier, and with the true Teutonic taste for the wine flask, has all a Frenchman’s devotedness to the fair sex. The fellow has been gone long enough to have been back an hour since.”

“I marvel,” said I, “that you did not mount the other horse, and follow him.”

“I made the experiment,” was the reply, “but it did not answer.”

“Indeed!” I exclaimed; “would not the beast let you get on his back?”

“O, yes!” said he; “but he had an objection to my remaining there; for, no sooner did I venture to suggest to him the propriety of quitting the greensward for the road, than the brute flung his heels up in the air, and threw me over his ears, with as little ceremony as if I had been a sack of sawdust!”

“But what do you propose to do?” I asked.

“Do?” he echoed; “what can I do, but pass the night in the forest, here, with the chance of being devoured! — whether by the wolves, or the wild boars, the morning will probably determine.”

“Nay,” said I, “there is surely an alternative.”

“And what may that be?” he inquired.

“The vacant seat in my carriage: — you could not

suppose," I continued, "that I, or any other man, could leave you in this plight."

"I know not," was the rejoinder, "what the *men* of your country are wont to do in such a case, but your women have marvellously little sympathy for a traveller in my condition. The only carriage that has passed the spot, since the accident, contained one of the sex, who, with a *chevaux-de-frise* of beard and moustache, which would have defied the most determined assault upon her lips, popped her head out of the window, and inquired minutely into the particulars of my misfortune; but as she could not offer me a seat in her vehicle without incommoding her maid or her marmozet, she left me, with many expressions of condolence, and the consolatory assurance that the wolves invariably devour the horse, before they attack the traveller."

As time was precious with us, I leaped from the carriage, and assisted the American in the transfer of his luggage from his vehicle to my own: when, with a few, but earnest acknowledgments, he took a seat beside me, and we pursued our journey. His name, I perceived by the brass plate on his portmanteau, was Woodley.

My fellow traveller was frank and communicative, and, by the time we arrived at the inn, I gathered from his conversation that he had been brought up to the profession of physic, which, however, finding himself, at the age of one-and-twenty, the inheritor of an ample fortune, he had abandoned, and was, at that time, in the course of a tour through Europe.

The inn at which we were destined to sojourn, was an old and dilapidated building, which, although of cen-

siderable size, contained but two rooms, independently of sleeping apartments, into which a guest could be introduced ; namely, the kitchen, and a parlor on the opposite side of the entrance-hall. The parlor being already occupied by an English gentleman and lady, we were asked into the kitchen, where the first object which encountered the gaze of my new acquaintance, was his Gallo-teutonic postilion, with a glass in one hand, and the rosy fingers of the "maid of the inn" in the other.

The manifestation of the American's justly excited choler would, in all probability, not have been restricted to words, had not the offender vanished, with his inamorata, leaving to us their places by the side of the blazing fire, which, with such homely, yet substantial, and, to us, acceptable refreshment, as the house afforded, had soon the effect of restoring my companion's wonted good humor.

Our repast was seasoned by a flask of Rhenish, which our host pronounced to be of the vintage of 1789. Whatever might have been its age, the wine was passable, and, under its influence, the American and myself, being left alone in the apartment, grew mutually communicative, and discussed "things in general," with as little reserve as if we had been friends of some years' standing. Among other topics, the respective merits of a monarchical and republican form of government became the subject of conversation ; each of us, of course, advocating the system under which he lived, and, it may be added, had prospered. Insensibly the debate assumed that warmth which is, unfortunately,

too characteristic of political discussions, and it not unfrequently required an effort, on both sides, to restrain the discussion within the boundary of good breeding and courtesy.

In the meantime, we had called for another bottle, from which we each filled a glass, when, in reply to what I deemed a reflection on my country, I hazarded a remark which was probably more creditable to my patriotism than my judgment. My glass, at the moment, was applied to my lips, and the American's was within an inch of his, when he hastily replaced it on the table, and dashed mine upon the floor.

"What mean you, sir?" inquired I, starting up, under the influence of mingled feelings of wrath and surprise.

"Simply," replied he, in a tone of calmness approaching to seriousness, and contrasting greatly with his former animated strain, "that there is that in the wine which belongs not to the vintage of 1789, so much lauded by our host. In other words, it is drugged, and that so potently, that one glass of the liquor before you would despatch us upon a journey which we have little contemplated, and for which, — God help us! — we are, perhaps, as little prepared."

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, "forgive the rash expressions which escaped my lips!"

"Nay," said he, "the occasion appeared to warrant them; but it was no time for ceremony."

"But," returned I, "are you well advised of what you assert?"

"Sure of it," he replied; "I cannot be mistaken as

to the poison : I know it too well, and could detect a drop of it in a hogshead."

"But what," I asked, "can be the object of thus drugging the wine?"

"Plunder," was the answer; "and the means murder. These German road-side inns have an indifferent reputation. I like not the looks of that same landlord of ours, and I have more than doubts of the good faith of my postilion; I begin to suspect that the breaking down of the carriage was less the result of accident, than of design, on his part, to leave me at the mercy, not of the wolves and wild boars, but of a gang of robbers, with whom gentry of my driver's complexion have not unfrequently been found in league. However, we will summon him to our presence, on some pretext connected with my journey to-morrow, and, by a little dexterous cross-questioning, may elicit something to confirm or remove our suspicions. In the meantime, whatever be our apprehensions, it will not be wise to betray them; so, I pray you, gather up the fragments of your glass, and cast them into the ashes:—you may replace it, from the side-board, yonder, while I summon my varlet."

Our call, however, for the postilion of the broken vehicle, was fruitless. He had, we were informed by the damsel already alluded to, quitted the inn, in quest, it was alleged, of the post-horse, which Woodley had left grazing by the carriage. Our worst fears were now confirmed, inasmuch as there could be little doubt that the knave had absconded, for the purpose of putting his

accomplices on the right scent for the quarry which they would have missed in the forest.

We remained, for a few seconds, gazing at each other in perplexed silence, which I was the first to break, by exclaiming: "Our position is any thing but an agreeable one; what is to be done?"

"Nothing," was my companion's reply, "but stand by each other; for, if I mistake not, we shall have fearful odds against us."

"Shall I send for my servant?" I inquired; meaning the functionary whom my friend had left with the carriage, and who officiated for me in the treble capacity of valet, postilion, and interpreter.

"By no manner of means," was the rejoinder of Woodley, who exhibited a forethought and presence of mind, rarely witnessed on such trying occasions. "Much," he added, "as we are in need of his presence to reduce the odds, which, I fear, are opposed to us, we cannot, after your strict injunctions that he should not be disturbed until the morning, send for him, without awakening suspicions which may precipitate the catastrophe we seek to avert."

The fact is, that the poor fellow, naturally of a drowsy habit, had been so overcome by the fatigue of his journey, and the subsequent attention to his cattle, that I had dismissed him to his chamber, which was in a remote part of the rambling old building, as soon as he had despatched his meal.

"Nevertheless," resumed Woodley, "we may as well open a communication with the English gentleman in the opposite apartment; for, although, to judge of

the glimpse I caught of him when the door opened just now, he will help us little if it come to hard knocks, it is but fair to apprise him of the danger to which, I doubt not, he is exposed in common with ourselves."

I assumed the office of ambassador, and, on being admitted to the room, I found myself in the presence of a portly gentleman upon whose head some three-score winters had cast their snows, and whose full and rather rubicund countenance gave evidence of "a contented mind," and somewhat of the "continual feast," which forms the other section of the proverb. In fact, "John Bull" was written upon his face in a good round hand, which was not to be mistaken.

At the opposite end of the little table on which the dinner was spread, was a young lady, apparently about nineteen, in whose features a "general resemblance," as it is called, to her companion was softened down into an expression of surpassing loveliness, and left no doubt that the twain before me were father and daughter.

I believe there are few persons who care to be interrupted at their dinner, unless it be by an old friend to give them an excuse for drinking an extra glass afterwards; and thus it was, that, although of an easy temper, the venerable gentleman's philosophy was scarcely proof against my intrusion at that particular juncture.

However, Alderman C * * * the worshipful and *enlightened* magistrate of the ward of *candlewick*, — for such was the august individual in whose presence I stood, — received me with an encouraging nod, and obligingly pointed to a chair at his right hand.

The reader will readily believe that I wasted few

words in the way of preface, but, plunging at once "in medias res," informed him of our discovery in the matter of the wine.

"Obliged to you all the same, sir," said the worthy senior; "but I never touch a drop of their wishy-washy wines, and my daughter never drinks wine at all. This is my tipples," he continued, lifting a glass of brandy and water to his lips, and adding, "Your health, sir."

A small travelling spirit case, which stood open on the table, showed that he did not trust to the cellar of a German inn even for a supply of his favorite beverage; but, for the "good of the house," as he expressed himself, he had ordered a bottle of wine, which, although the cork had been drawn, remained untouched on the table.

When, however, I communicated to him my suspicions that the adulteration of our Hochheimer was the result, not of accident, but of a design on our lives and purses, the alderman dropped his knife and fork, and in a tone rather of vexation than alarm, exclaimed, "Well, this comes of foreign travel! Catch me beyond the limits of old England again, and they may plunder me and cut my throat into the bargain! I should have been forty miles further on my road by this time," he continued, "but for the unlucky chance of my driver falling sick, and I much doubt if he will be well enough to proceed with us to-morrow morning; but that will not be of much consequence if we are to be assassinated to-night. However," he added, "they shall not have it all their own way."

With the love of good living, and bluntness of John

Bull, the alderman possessed no small portion of John Bull's courage; and starting up, he hurried across the room to his portmanteau, and drawing thence a pair of holster pistols, which he assured me were "Tower proof," and had formed part of his equipment when a private in that distinguished corps, the City Light Horse, he said, "My limbs, young gentleman, — thanks to old age and the gout, — are not quite so nimble as yours, but I can yet pull a trigger, and if there is virtue in gunpowder, the rogues, if they will have our gold, shall have an ounce of lead with it."

After a brief consultation, it was agreed that I and my transatlantic companion should shift our quarters from the kitchen to the apartment occupied by the citizen and his daughter, in order that we might concentrate our forces. On returning to Mr. Woodley to communicate the result of my embassy, I found that, in order that our suspicions of treachery might not be betrayed, he had emptied the bottle upon the ashes so as to make it appear that we had drunk the wine.

Previously to our joining the alderman, we took our pistols from our portmanteaus, and, having bestowed them in our pockets, summoned the attendant, and ordered a fresh bottle and glasses into the next room; alleging my countryman's invitation as the cause of our removal.

We had scarcely effected this coalition with the alderman, and closed the door of the apartment, when we heard the tramp of many feet advancing from the stables through the court-yard of the inn, and, shortly afterwards, in the passage which divided us from the

kitchen we had just quitted. Having waited until the noise thus occasioned had subsided, I applied my eye to the key-hole, and saw, through the open doorway on the opposite side of the passage, a group of rough looking men gathered round the kitchen fire, apparently in earnest conversation, while among them, not a little to my uneasiness, tending as it did to strengthen my fears, I could plainly distinguish the postilion of the American's carriage.

Unwilling to augment the alarm of our fair companion by communicating the result of my examination, I turned a significant glance on Woodley, who, without making any remark, rose and reconnoitred the enemy as I had done, and then resumed his seat. The alderman and his daughter, however, had observed our movements, and, I suppose, gleaned, from the expression of our faces, that the aspect of affairs was not improving. A few minutes of entire silence succeeded, and anxious as I naturally enough felt on my own account, I could not help stealing a glance at the countenances of my companions, in order to ascertain the effect produced upon them by the more than doubtful circumstances in which we were placed.

The alderman betrayed no emotion, except, by the restlessness of his eye, which wandered from the door to his daughter, and showed that the father was busy at his heart; while the compressed lips and varying color of the lovely girl at once indicated her apprehensions, and her endeavors to conceal them from her anxious parent.

I next scrutinized the American; but his look blanched

not; nay, even the perilous position in which he stood, could not quite quell the vivacious expression of his laughing blue eye. His face was a study for an artist; calm, not from contempt of danger, but from the habitual fortitude and self-possession which mark a brave man, who, having made up his mind to the worst, is resolved to sell his life as dearly as he can.

In the mean time, the conversation in the kitchen, though audible, was carried on in so low a tone, that it was impossible for us to gather its import without throwing open the door of our apartment, which it did not seem expedient to do. Few words passed among ourselves, for although Woodley and I essayed, by starting indifferent subjects of conversation, to turn the thoughts of our companions from the unpleasant channel into which our precarious circumstances had forced them, our endeavors were utterly abortive.

The American, observing the alderman and his daughter conversing in a low whisper, availed himself of the opportunity to examine the locks of his pistols, unperceived by them; an example which, of course, I did not fail to follow. An inspection of the citizen's weapons, was not, however, so easily to be accomplished without increasing the alarm of his daughter; but Woodley, whose tact was equal to his self-possession, after making a few turns across the room, took up the pistols of the veteran light-horseman, with a careless air, as if for the purpose of examining their fashion. Turning his back upon their owner and his fair girl, he threw open the pans, and, with a smile, exhibited them to me without a grain of priming, it having entirely escaped.

Having dexterously remedied the defect, unperceived by our companions, he quietly replaced them by the alderman's side.

He had scarcely performed this manœuvre when a loud crash of thunder, the distant muttering of which had, during the previous half hour, announced a storm, burst over the roof of the inn, with a vibration which shook every article of furniture in the apartment we occupied, and produced a corresponding effect upon the nerves of the young lady. Peal succeeded peal, and the rain began to descend in torrents, and with a violence as if every drop were a bullet.

We needed not this addition to the horrors of the evening to increase our discomforts. At last a terrific clap of thunder was followed by a crash which indicated that one of the monarchs of the forest had fallen a victim to the electric fluid. This appeared to be the climax of the storm, which gradually decreased; the thunder became less audible, and, at length, died away; the rain ceased, and Silence, "Darkness' solemn sister," resumed her reign.

We were not left long without a new subject for our speculation. The sound of a horse at full speed was heard upon the road, and, in a few seconds, the clattering of hoofs upon the paved court-yard announced a fresh arrival. The front door of the inn was then opened, and steps, as of a heavily booted horseman in the passage, were audible. The new comer passed into the kitchen, and we shortly afterwards heard a voice, differing from any which had previously emanated from that quarter, addressing in a tone of authority, the par-

ty which had previously taken possession of that apartment.

It should be remarked that, although both the American and myself possessed a sufficient knowledge of German to enable us to read works in that language, our very imperfect acquaintance with the pronunciation rendered it extremely difficult for us to understand the natives, as well as to make ourselves intelligible to them. The inconvenience, as far as I was concerned, had, latterly, been mainly obviated by the kindness of my friend, who had left me an interpreter in his servant. Our fair companion was even less familiar with the language than ourselves; and, to use the worthy alderman's own words, it was all Greek to him.

The conclave in the kitchen appeared to have waited only for the arrival of the horseman to proceed to action, and we were not long left in doubt, as to whether the discussion had reference to ourselves, for the footsteps of the whole body — as we conceived — were heard advancing towards our apartment; at the door of which they halted, when the voice of the lately arrived guest, in a hurried and impatient tone, demanded admittance.

In anticipation of an assault, we had taken the precaution to fasten the door, as well as we could, with the single bolt on the inside; and had also disposed all the movable furniture of the room so as to form a breast-work, behind which we could, at greater advantage, fire upon our opponents, in the very probable event of their forcing the door.

To the summons we returned a peremptory refusal,

and inquired what they meant by disturbing us. An animated conversation, or rather consultation, then took place among our assailants, during which the American, addressing the alderman and myself, said :

“ My friends, if they burst the door, as no doubt they will, be not in too great haste to fire. We must not, if it be possible to avoid it, waste a shot. Let us, therefore, be cool, and let each mark his man ; and, with our three brace of pistols, we may make six of our enemies bite the dust before they can close with us.”

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the demand for admittance was reiterated with more energy, and was, of course, met by a repeated refusal.

From the rejoinder of the spokesman without, all that we could understand was, “ You are trifling with your lives ! Open the door, or you are all dead men ! ”

“ You will enter at your peril ! ” responded the American.

“ Fools ! madmen ! ” we collected from the reply, “ you know not what you do. Here, Wilhelm, — Rudolph, — Schwartz ! ” — and, the next moment, we discovered that preparations were making for forcing the door.

A few heavy blows were struck upon the panels, which, however, not being of modern manufacture, resisted the assault. A lever was next resorted to, apparently with a view of breaking the bolt, or forcing it from the socket ; but the iron and the door-post were obstinate, and our assailants were again foiled.

During these operations I stole a glance at my companions. The maiden whom, for better protection, we

had placed behind the most substantial piece of furniture in the room, had sunk upon her knees, with her hands clasped, and her eyes upraised in prayer to Him, whom she had early been taught to believe was "a very present help in time of trouble."

The alderman, though much agitated, exhibited no lack of courage; but it was the courage of a tigress roused in defence of her young.

The American was wonderfully cool and self-possessed. Having accidentally dropped one of his pistols he re-examined the lock, and replaced the percussion cap with as much apparent indifference as he would have wound up his watch. His anxiety for the safety of the young lady was second in intensity only to her father's. Woodley's glance was ever reverting to her, and, observing that she was not sufficiently covered by the piece of furniture behind which she had taken refuge, he took up such a position, that a shot, fired in that direction must have taken effect upon himself before it could reach the object of his solicitude. His generous consideration was not lost upon either the father or the daughter. I could perceive that they thanked him with their eyes.

For my own part, whether I betrayed any particular emotion on the occasion I cannot say; but this I know, that I heartily wished myself out of the scrape.

The crow-bar, — for such was the implement of which our besiegers, in the last attempt, availed themselves, — was then inserted between the door and the door-post, where they were united by the hinges, which, being rusted and crazy, finally gave way. The door fell in-

wards with a loud crash, and discovered a group of rough-looking persons, headed by our landlord, and a tall swarthy man, booted to the thighs, whom the tone of his voice identified with the horseman that had last arrived at the inn.

Each of them was formidably armed; the booted hero presented at us a phial — apparently of physic; while the landlord supported him with a jug of hot water!!!

Not being exactly prepared to combat with enemies armed after such a fashion, Woodley and myself, each having a cocked pistol in our hands, reserved our fire. The military ardor of the alderman was not however so easily repressed; for, no sooner was the door forced, than he discharged his pistol at the round target-like visage of the landlord, and, I regret to say, with fatal effect upon one of his followers, — an unlucky cur who had attended his master to the assault.

Boniface, regardless of the fate of his faithful dog, fell instantly upon his knees before us, spilling, in the action, half a pint of scalding water over the shins of the man of physic, who, thereupon, executed a caper worthy of Oscar Byrne.

All that we could gather from the nearly unintelligible jargon which he poured forth, were supplications for mercy and forgiveness. Luckily, at this juncture, we were joined by my interpreter, who had been roused by the uproar and report of the pistol, and had hurried, half dressed, to the scene of action.

Then followed an explanation by which the mysterious events of the evening were cleared up to the satisfaction of all parties. The landlord, it appeared, not

being particularly rich in the article of bottles, was in the habit of drawing from the cask such wine as was called for by his guests; and, in the case of our second supply of the "Vintage of 1789," had used a bottle which had contained a mixture for poisoning vermin, and had not been quiet cleansed from its deleterious contents. On discovering the fatal error which he had committed, he sent off instantly for the nearest *Æsculapius*; fearing however, in the mean time, to acquaint his guests with a disaster for which he had no remedy at hand.

The postilion of Woodley's carriage had, as he alleged, gone into the forest, in search of his horse by moonlight; but on his way met some peasants, who had found the animal, and were conducting it to the inn; and whom, in acknowledgment of their good offices in the recovery of his steed, he had treated to some liquor in the kitchen, where they were subsequently detained by the violence of the storm. The clatter of hoofs, which had added to our alarm, proceeded from the horse of the man of medicine, who came, in all haste, to apply an antidote to the poison which we were supposed to have imbibed.

The landlord, who had laid his account with little short of being hanged for poisoning his guests, was overjoyed on hearing that we had so providentially discovered the presence of the poison in the wine, before tasting it; nor had the doctor reason to regret his being called out, at that unseasonable hour, inasmuch as he received from each of us an acknowledgment of his

zeal in hastening to offer that aid of which we were happily not in need.

Ridiculous as was the termination of the affair, we were none of us in a tone of mind to laugh at it. Two of our party had escaped a horrible and untimely death; while the alderman had, by the interposition of the same Providence, been saved from shedding the blood of an innocent man. Every other feeling was merged in thankfulness for our deliverance, and, with mutual congratulations, we separated for our respective chambers.

A night of tempest was succeeded by a glorious morning. The sun shone brightly upon the leaves of the forest, yet dripping with the recent rain. The birds were singing merrily, and they were not alone in their gladness; for, when we assembled in the little room which had been the scene of so much alarm, there could scarcely have been found four more cheerful countenances than those exhibited by the alderman, his daughter, the American, and myself.

On my repeating my acknowledgments to Mr. Woodley for his prompt interference in saving me from the deadly potion, he replied, "Nay — we are quits; if I prevented your swallowing poison, I am equally indebted to you for saving me from the wolves and the wild boars, and from exposure to a tempest scarcely less to have been dreaded than either."

"And for my part," said the alderman, "if I escape poison, assassination, and drowning, and return to Old England, I shall be glad to thank you, young gentlemen, in Finsbury Square, for your gallant behavior."

“Nay,” rejoined the American, “you are pleased to take our valor upon trust; and yet the affair was not altogether a bloodless one.”

“Witness the unlucky cur,” returned the other; “however, it is well that it was no worse.”

It appearing from an examination of the crazy vehicle which had broken down with Mr. Woodley, that the necessary repairs would occupy some time, he discharged it, and, as my route was different from that of the alderman and the American, the old gentleman offered him a seat in his carriage, which was, of course, thankfully accepted. We parted with many expressions of regard, and of our desire to meet again, and I pursued my way to Stuttgart.

If the interest taken by my readers in the young republican be equal to what he excited in me, they will perhaps expect some further account of him. His fate, I regret to say, was a melancholy one, for he had not proceeded many stages with his new acquaintances, when he was shot through the heart by a brace of balls — eye-balls I should have said — from under the silken lashes of the alderman’s fair daughter.

It was nearly a year after this adventure, and some months after my return from my continental tour, that I found on my table the card of Mr. Woodley, who had called during my temporary absence on a visit to a friend a short distance from town. On returning his call, I found him established in an excellent house in one of the squares. After some conversation on our respective adventures since we parted, he suddenly interrupted me by exclaiming, “By the way, I must intro-

duce you to a mutual friend who happens to be with me at this time." He quitted the room and, in a few minutes, returned with our fair companion of the Schwartzwald, whom he introduced to me as Mrs. Woodley.

He was justly proud of his wife, as was the worthy alderman of his son-in-law.

For myself, the bitterness of the disappointment which had driven me to seek "consolation in travel," was considerably mitigated by the fact that the gentle Julia who jilted me—she who was wont to be all smiles and sweetness—had turned out a Tartar—in other words, a domestic legislator—a very *Draco*. She finally drove her husband to that splendid refuge for the henpecked, a seat in the House of Commons, which gave him an excuse for dining at Bellamy's and staying out till twelve o'clock, five nights in the week during session. He dared not have the toothache without asking his wife's permission.

I have little to add. My friend Woodley had taken a cottage at Box Hill, and asked me to spend a month with them. The town was empty, and the club heavier than Magog's; so I gladly accepted the invitation.

Mrs. Woodley had a cousin, pretty, accomplished, good-humored, and who did not waltz. Fanny and I walked together, talked together, and sang together; but still I should have escaped the fatal *noose*—a word which is applied literally to hanging, and figuratively to marrying—both go by destiny. Many a man has been driven to hang himself by a dull day—I was driven to matrimony by the same cause. Fanny and I were shut up in the library for three hours—it rained cats and

dogs — the day was dull, and our conversation grew duller; — we had exhausted every topic, and for the pure dearth of a new subject, I proposed matrimony, and was accepted. We were, as the world says, made for each other; she was just emancipated from the thralldom of the gravest of guardians, the Lord Chancellor, and I was yet on the sunny side of thirty. Let the Times tell the rest; “A set of chambers in the Albany to be let,” and — “Married at St. George’s Hanover Square,” &c. One word more: I have been married three whole weeks, and, not having repented my bargain, may justly be termed a happy man.

1875
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THE
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FAIRIES' DANCE BY MOONLIGHT.

FIRST FAIRY.

My home and haunt are in every leaf,
 Whose life is a summer day, bright and brief, —
 I live in the depths of the tulip's bower,
 I wear a wreath of the cistus flower,
 I drink the dew of the blue harebell,
 I know the breath of the violet well, —
 The white and the azure violet:
 But I know not which is the sweetest yet, —
 I have kiss'd the cheek of the rose,
 I have watch'd the lily unclose,
 My silver mine is the almond tree,
 Who will come dwell with flower and me?

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Dance we our round, 't is a summer night,
 And our steps are led by the glowworm's light

SECOND FAIRY.

My dwelling is on the serpentine
 Of the rainbow's colored line:
 See how its rose and amber clings
 To the many hues of my radiant wings;
 Mine is the step that bids the earth
 Give to the iris flower its birth,

And mine the golden cup to hide,
 Where the last faint hue of the rainbow died.
 Search the depths of an Indian mine,
 Where are the colors to match with mine?

CHORUS.

Dance we round, for the gale is bringing
 Songs the summer rose is singing.

THIRD FAIRY.

I float on the breath of a minstrel's lute,
 Or the wandering sounds of a distant flute,
 Linger I over the tones that swell
 From the pink-veined chords of an ocean-shell;
 I love the skylark's morning hymn,
 Or the nightingale heard at the twilight dim,
 The echo, the fountain's melody, —
 These, O! these are the spells for me!

CHORUS.

Hail to the summer night of June;
 See! yonder has risen our lady moon.

FOURTH SPIRIT.

My palace is in the coral cave
 Set with spars by the ocean wave;
 Would ye have gems, then seek them there, —
 There found I the pearls that bind my hair.
 I and the wind together can roam
 Over the green waves and their white foam:
 See, I have got this silver shell,
 Mark how my breath will its smallness swell,

For the Nautilus is my boat
In which I over the waters float :
The moon is shining over the sea,
Who is there will come sail with me ?

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Our noontide sleep is on leaf and flower,
Our revels are held in a moonlit hour :
What is there sweet, what is there fair,
And we are not the dwellers there ?
Dance we round, for the morning light
Will put us and our glowworm lamps to flight !

RECOLLECTIONS.

VE pleasant thoughts, that memory brings, in moments free
 from care,
 Of a fairy-like and laughing girl, with roses in her hair ;
 Her smile was like the starlight of summer's softest skies,
 And worlds of joyousness there shone from out her witching
 eyes.

Her looks were looks of melody, her voice was like the swell
 Of sudden music, gentle notes, that of deep gladness tell ;
 She came like spring, with pleasant sounds of sweetness and
 of mirth,
 And her thoughts were those wild, flowery thoughts, that
 linger not on earth.

A quiet goodness beamed amid the beauty of her face,
 And all she said and did was with its own instinctive grace ;
 She seemed as if she thought the world a good and pleasant one,
 And her light spirit saw no ill in aught beneath the sun.

I've dreamed of just such creatures, but they never met my
 view
 Mid the sober, dull reality, in their earthly form and hue.
 And her smile came gently over me, like spring's first scented
 airs,
 And made me think life was not all a wilderness of cares.

I know not of her destiny, or where her smile now strays,
 But the thought of her comes o'er me, with my own lost sunny
 days,
 With moonlight hours, and far-off friends, and many pleasant
 things
 That have gone the way of all the earth, on Time's resistless
 wings.

THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

—
 “WE LIVE MORE BY EXAMPLE THAN REASON.”
 —

EVERY one who has attentively marked the formation of character, will at once acknowledge, that man has been justly called an *imitative creature*. Direct instruction carries less, and example much more weight, than is usually imagined. This is best evinced by observing that plastic period of life, when both the mind and the manners are most yielding and susceptible. “We are all,” says Mr. Locke, “especially in youth, a kind of chameleons, that take a tincture from the objects around us.” The words of Seneca have gained the currency of an approved general maxim: — “*Longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.*” Your way by precepts is tedious, by examples short and sure. Were our design to point out the influence which bad company has in vitiating and ensnaring youth, the difficulty would not be so much in finding facts, as in selecting and classifying them. We should be bewildered in the mass of materials, and demonstration itself might wear an air of triteness.

How many, besides Julius Cæsar and Charles XII. of Sweden, have been roused by the story of the Macedonian Madman, to aspire after heroic fame! They can,

unmoved, contemplate the earth deluged with torrents of blood and misery, so they may but win and wear the wreaths of conquest. Nor does it rarely happen, that one fierce, daring spirit inflames a multitude, though in prosecuting their wild career, they are chiefly distinguished by petty exploits of mischief and extravagance. Promptitude and energy, when joined with eccentricity, often act with the power of enchantment on the impassioned minds of the young. Schiller's play, called the Robbers, was forbidden the stage in one town, because it was discovered that certain juvenile frequenters of the theatre, had been instigated by it to bind themselves in a secret confederacy to go out into the woods, and live the life of freebooters. Thus we see, that not merely real characters, but fictitious also, which vividly represent them, possess and exert, in no small degree, this powerful species of fascination.

But there are many who have none of the elements of ambition and enterprise in their nature, and of course can never be spurred to daring deeds. True; yet, have they not other propensities, which expose them to peril in an opposite quarter? Are they not liable to be drawn into the low haunts of gross sensuality? Gay and sprightly triflers first hang out the lure of pleasure on the borders of forbidden ground. Dissipation and luxury, deadly and odious as they are, and from their nature necessarily must be, can assume a fair and tempting exterior, and call the unwary with the softness and melody of a Siren's voice. But it is commonly example which has the greatest force of attraction. Let one crafty decoy lead the way, and a train of dupes easily follow to

their own ruin. "He," says the eloquent Bishop Taylor, "that means to be temperate, and avoid the crime and dishonor of being a drunkard, must not love to partake of the songs, or bear a part in the foolish scenes of laughter, which distract wisdom, and fright her from the company."

There is a vagueness, a coldness, a bleak and wintry sterility, in the best abstract principles. We always prefer a pattern to a precept; for should both be equally understood, which is seldom the case, they are never both equally felt. "Verbal teaching," says Dr. George Campbell, "when in its highest perfection, comes as far short of good example, even for conveying just ideas of duty, as a verbal description of a man's person to those who never saw him, would fall short of a masterly portrait or statue of him; or as the most elegant account that could be given in words, of the figure, the situation, and the fortifications of a town, would fall short of an accurate map or model of it. And again, if, in order to avoid some imminent danger, or to attain some valuable end, I must climb a steep and craggy mountain, to appearance inaccessible, or must pursue my way through some lone and dreary desert; do but show me the print of a human foot, or rather point out others who appear to have successfully engaged in the same arduous enterprise, and I shall sooner be prevailed on to attempt it than by ten thousand arguments."

Adverting again to the years of childhood, the good example of parents has unquestionably the most powerful and benign influence; and the very endearment and tenderness intimately connected with the relation, are

sufficient to account for it. In the subsequent stages of human life, even the recollection of those early impressions thrills the heart with feelings of pleasure, love, and veneration; and, wakening anew, invest all the objects, scenes, and sentiments of that interesting period, with an exquisite and happy charm. "How often," saith Bishop Hall, "have I blessed the memory of those passages of experimental divinity, which I have heard from the mouth of my mother! What day did she pass without being much engaged in private devotion? Never have any lips read to me such feeling lectures of piety, and her life and death were saint-like." Here, indeed, we find the inculcation of principle, and the exhibition of correspondent practice, conjointly touching and affecting the opening faculties of the mind; but it is easy to see, in the very tenure and cast of the language employed, how much the efficacy of the former depended on the influence of the latter. Augustine, Hooker, Flavel, Cecil, and many others, have left testimonies in many respects similar to that which has just been recited. These memorials should render Christian parents anxious to present religion to their children in a lovely and engaging form. Where it is not so presented, the creed and the commandments are taught in vain. I recollect reading of a son, who once said to his father: "I have *done* evil, but I have *learned* of you."

Next in importance after parents, must be placed the character and spirit of those guardians and tutors, to whom the education of youth is entrusted. And when such as have this high and arduous duty to perform, possess qualities calculated to create and rivet attachment,

what happy effects may be anticipated! The most appropriate instance which occurs to my mind, for illustrating this point, is drawn from the life of the amiable and devout Fenelon. The Duke of Burgundy, when placed under his care, was proud, perverse, irritable, obstinate, and violent. He possessed a good capacity, and discovered a promptitude in acquiring all kinds of knowledge; but the fierceness and turbulence of his passions made him a terror to all around him. The lessons and the life of Fenelon in a short time effected an extraordinary change in him. His talents were cultivated and improved, his tempers were softened and subdued, and he became not less agreeable as a gentleman, than accomplished as a prince. That much was in this case owing to the wisdom, dignity, candor, and mildness of his excellent tutor, has been readily admitted by all. Fenelon seems to have had a singular power of conciliating esteem and affection, by exhibiting virtue and piety arrayed in their most winning and attractive charms. Even Lord Peterborough, the skeptical wit, when he lodged with this prelate, was so interested in his conversation, that on his departure he exclaimed, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." But while those who are rising up in life are confessedly much influenced by parents, guardians, and tutors, their characters, for the most part, are still more modified by the companions of their own rank and age. Ductile and pliant, they easily receive impressions; ardent and unsuspecting, they are more ready to pursue a track opened for them, than to strike out one for themselves. Our present concern is not to enter into any

philosophical discussion of the cause of this, but merely to state the fact; nor does it appear of any consequence, though some rare exceptions could be produced, while the general principle is established.

From what has been above advanced, we may fairly infer, that it is a matter of the highest moment for all, but particularly the young, to choose those associates whose good character and good conduct have been both well known and well tried. Doubt and uncertainty on this head, ought instantly to check and repress intimacies, though they should not form an absolute bar to all intercourse. Let not this inference from the reasoning of the preceding pages, be branded with the charge of monastic rigor, or attributed to a system of discipline too elevated and refined to be ever practicable. If the value of good example be once admitted, it is a fair conclusion that we should be incessantly careful in the selection of our acquaintance and friends. To say or insinuate the contrary, is to allow in the gross what is denied in the detail, — to build up with one hand, and pull down with the other.

But grant that friends are to be chosen with due caution and care, — what then? Why, it will fairly follow, that mere personal attractions and showy accomplishments, wit and spirit, humor and vivacity, where a sense of delicacy and propriety is wanting, can set up very slender and inadequate claims to our regard; — that we are not to trust ourselves with persons whose prominent qualities please and fascinate only to ruin and destroy; — and that it is dangerous long to admire what we cannot, on moral grounds, really approve.

But methinks the sprightly votary of pleasure, as yet unentangled in its toils, briskly replies, What then can we do, unless we had some wonder-working instrument, like the spear of Ithuriel, to detect evil at a touch, and make every fiend under a fair disguise, start up in his own likeness in a moment? Such an instrument cannot be found: but a little good sense and consideration, mixed with patience, will serve the purpose, if not so speedily, quite as well. The warnings which age and experience impart, are, at any rate, worthy to be weighed. It is a fact, that young people are apt to be charmed with those qualities which lie on the surface, which glitter to the eye, or captivate the fancy, without taking time or measures to form any just estimate of those attributes which alone give sterling worth to the character. With more generosity than wisdom, they give an easy credit to what is plausible; and though assured that counterfeits abound, are usually too impatient and sanguine to apply a test by which they might soon be detected and exposed. If the hints which have been given on this subject are accurate, the choice of fit associates is of incalculable importance to young persons of both sexes. Their principles, their tastes, their tempers, their habits, and pursuits, are all considerably affected and modified by the company they keep.

The force of good example exerts an influence over us in books as well as in society, though not perhaps in an equal degree. The position, were it necessary, might easily be sustained by facts; but few, it may be presumed, will require any formal proof in a matter so evident. Taking the point for granted, there is therefore the same

reason for the exercise of a discriminative judgment, and a virtuous delicacy, in fixing the preference we give to books, as to friends. He who actually shuns the company of debauchees and blasphemers, yet can relish or even endure lewdness and blasphemy in the form of a novel or a narrative, has no real love to moral purity. Virtue, with him, is a thing of ceremony and show, of interest and expediency. Some writer has said, "History is philosophy, teaching by example." The assertion would be more correct as applied to biography than to history; for the latter is too general to answer the purpose, at least, with equal effect. Biography, wisely chosen, supplies a kind of reading, peculiarly interesting and advantageous. It furnishes the best specimens of excellence in every kind, the choicest products of knowledge and wisdom, virtue and piety, from every soil. Biography affords to young people the means of forming a circle of acquaintance, in every respect unexceptionable. They can converse with these freely, dismiss or recall them at pleasure, without giving offence; receive their counsel and imbibe their spirit, without engendering suspicion, or incurring the charge of servility.

"How many pictures of the bravest men," says Cicero, "have the Greek and Roman writers left us, not only to contemplate, but likewise to imitate! These illustrious models I always set before me, and have formed my conduct by contemplating their virtues." But in this age, and Christian country, we have brighter patterns of every thing truly great and good, than the

philosopher, whose language we have here repeated, had to boast.

On the other hand, a good man may be instrumental in diffusing the fruits of righteousness, much further than his most sanguine thoughts had anticipated. Has he genius and intellectual energy? How powerfully he pleads the cause of truth! While the productions of Voltaire or Hume are scattering poison, his efforts are successfully excited to heal and purify. Has he wealth? How wide a surface does he make it to fertilize and cheer! How much pressing misery does he remove — how much positive good communicate! Has he civil authority? The vicious are repressed, the virtuous encouraged. In a word, while he is intent on supporting the sacred cause of freedom, or of maintaining and promoting, amidst the clamor of prejudice and the rancor of opposition, the claims of justice, of benevolence, and of religion, — his energy, his firmness, his activity, his prudence and perseverance, are kindling in many other bosoms a similar spirit. His light so shines before men, that they see his good works, and glorify God in the day of visitation. If such be the importance attached to example, how ought we to watch and guard our conduct! Property may be lost and recovered; but the influence which character gives, if even weakened and impaired, is seldom restored. What diligence, temperance, and circumspection, are necessary in those who draw many others in their train! Their virtues and graces are strong, in exact proportion as they are bright and fair. To be eminently useful, they must be eminently exemplary. And can we witness a more interesting

or animating sight, than a good man finishing the course of life and beneficence, in calm peace and unclouded joy? Like a summer sun, he sinks below the horizon and disappears: but the excellence of his character remains, and sheds a mild and lovely radiance over the whole surrounding scene.

THE STARS.

Oh! 't is lovely to watch ye at twilight rise,
 When the last gleam fades in the distant skies,
 When the silver chime of the minster-bell,
 And the warbling fount in the woodland dell,
 And the viewless sounds in the upper air,
 Proclaim the hour of prayer!

Then ye shine in beauty above the sea,
 Bright wanderers over the blue sky free!
 Catching the tone of each sighing breeze,
 And the whispering sound of the forest-trees,
 Or the far-off voice, through the quiet dim,
 Of some hamlet's hymn!

And the midnight too, all still and lone!
 Ye guard in beauty, from many a throne!
 In your silver silence throughout the hour,
 Watching the rest of each folded flower,
 Gladdening with visions each infant's sleep,
 Through the night-hour deep!

Yes, ye look over Nature's hushed repose,
By the forest still where the streamlet flows,
By the breezeless hush of many a plain,
And the pearly flow of the silver main,
Or sweetly far o'er some chapel-shrine
Of the olden time!

Thus in shadeless glory ye onwards roll,
Bright realms of beauty, from Pole to Pole!
'Midst the vaulted space where your bright paths lie,
In the hidden depths of the midnight sky,
To some far-off land, — to some distant home,
'Neath the ocean's foam!

But, hark! the far voice of the waking sea,
And the dim dew rising o'er lawn and lea,
And the first faint tinge of the early day,
Shining afar o'er the ocean-spray!
Oh, ye that have been as a power and a spell,
Through the dim midnight! — Farewell!

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

THOU art not gone ; thou could'st not go ;
 True friends can never part :
 Our prayer is one, our hope is one,
 And we are one in heart !
 Nor place, nor time, can e'er divide
 The souls which friendship seals ;
 But still the changing scenes of life
 Their mutual love reveals.

Body from body may be placed
 Remote as pole from pole ;
 But can our fleshly frailties bind
 The fellowship of soul ?
 'T is when removed from grosser sense
 My spirit claims her right ;
 My friend is often *least* away
 When *absent* from my *sight*.

His form and look, in memory's glass,
 I still distinctly see ;
 His voice and words, in fancy's ear,
 Are whispering still to me.
 The stars which meet his pensive eye
 Are present still to mine ;
 The moonlights, which surround his path,
 Around my footsteps shine.

Beneath the same fair dome we dwell,
By the same Hand are fed ;
And, pilgrims in one narrow way,
Are by one Spirit led !
To the Great presence of our God,
By hourly faith we come ;
And find in sweet communion there,
One everlasting home !

Our hope, our joy, our life, our soul,
In our ONE Saviour meet ;
And what in earth or heaven shall break
A union so complete ?
O ! blest are they who seek in Him
A union to their friend ;
Their love shall grow through life's decay,
And live when life shall end

And blest be He whose love bestows
A friendship so divine,
And makes, by oneness with Himself,
My friend for EVER mine !

HALLORAN THE PEDLER.

—
AN IRISH STORY.
—

“It grieves me,” said an eminent poet once to me, “it grieves and humbles me to reflect how much our moral nature is in the power of circumstances. Our best faculties would remain unknown even to ourselves did not the influences of external excitement call them forth like animalculæ, which lie torpid till wakened into life by the transient sunbeam.”

This is generally true. How many walk through the beaten paths of every day life, who but for the novelist’s page would never weep or wonder; and who would know nothing of the passions but as they are represented in some tragedy or stage piece? not that they are incapable of high resolve and energy; but because the finer qualities have never been called forth by imperious circumstances; for while the wheels of existence roll smoothly along, the soul will continue to slumber in her vehicle like a lazy traveller. But for the French revolution, how many hundreds—*thousands*—whose courage, fortitude and devotedness have sanctified their names, would have frittered away a frivolous, useless, or vicious life in the saloons of Paris! We have heard of

death in its most revolting forms braved by delicate females, who would have screamed at the sight of the most insignificant reptile or insect; and men cheerfully toiling at mechanic trades for bread who had lounged away the best years of their lives at the toilettes of their mistresses. We know not of what we are capable till the trial comes;—till it comes, perhaps, in a form which makes the strong man quail, and turns the gentler woman into a heroine. .

The power of outward circumstances suddenly to awaken dormant faculties—the extraordinary influence which the mere instinct of self-preservation can exert over the mind, and the triumph of *mind* thus excited over physical weakness, were never more truly exemplified than in the story of HALLORAN THE PEDLER.

The real circumstances of this singular case, differing essentially from the garbled and incorrect account which appeared in the newspapers some years ago, came to my knowledge in the following simple manner. My cousin George C***, an Irish barrister of some standing, lately succeeded to his family estates by the death of a near relative; and no sooner did he find himself in possession of independence than, abjuring the bar, where, after twenty years of hard struggling, he was just beginning to make a figure, he set off on a tour through Italy and Greece, to forget the wrangling of courts, the contumely of attorneys, and the impatience of clients. He left in my hands a mass of papers, to burn or not, as I might feel inclined: and truly the contents of his desk were no bad illustration of the character and pursuits of its owner. Here I found ab-

stracts of cases, and on their backs copies of verses, sketches of scenery, and numerous caricatures of judges, jurymen, witnesses, and his brethren of the bar, — a bundle of old briefs, and the beginnings of two tragedies; with a long list of Lord N——’s best jokes to serve his purposes as occasion might best offer. Among these heterogeneous and confused articles were a number of scraps carefully pinned together, containing notes on a certain trial, the first in which he had been retained as counsel for the crown. The intense interest with which I perused these documents, suggested the plan of throwing the whole into a connected form, and here it is for the reader’s benefit.

In the south part of the county of Kilkenny lived a poor peasant named Michael, or, as it was elegantly pronounced, Mickle Reilly. He was a laborer renting a cabin and a little potatoe-ground; and on the strength of these possessions, a robust frame which feared no fatigue, and a sanguine mind which dreaded no reverse, Reilly paid his addresses to Cathleen Bray, a young girl of his own parish, and they were married. Reilly was able, skilful, and industrious; Cathleen was the best spinner in the county; and had constant sale for her work at Kilkenny: they wanted nothing; and for the first year, as Cathleen said, “There wasn’t upon the blessed earth two happier souls than themselves, for Mick was the best boy in the world, and hadn’t a fault to *spake* of — barring he took the drop now and then; an’ why wouldn’t he?” But as it happened, poor Reilly’s love of “*the drop*” was the beginning of all their misfortunes. In an evil hour he went to the Fair

of Kilkenny to sell a dozen hanks of yarn of his wife's spinning, and a fat pig, the produce of which was to pay half a year's rent, and add to their little comforts. Here he met with a jovial companion, who took him into a booth, and treated him to sundry potations of whiskey; and while in his company, his pocket was picked of the money he had just received, and something more; in short, of all he possessed in the world. At that luckless moment, while maddened by his loss and heated with liquor, he fell into the company of a recruiting serjeant. The many-colored and gaily fluttering cockade in the soldier's cap shone like a rainbow of hope and promise before the drunken eyes of Mickle Reilly, and ere morning he was enlisted into a regiment under orders for embarkation, and instantly sent off to Cork.

Distracted by the ruin he had brought upon himself, and his wife (whom he loved a thousand times better than himself) poor Reilly sent a friend to inform Cathleen of his mischance, and to assure her that on a certain day, in a week from that time, a letter would await her at the Kilkenny post-office: the same friend was commissioned to deliver her his silver watch, and a guinea out of his bounty-money. Poor Cathleen turned from the gold with horror, as the price of her husband's blood, and vowed that nothing on earth should induce her to touch it. She was not a good calculator of time and distance, and therefore rather surprised that so long a time must elapse before his letter arrived. On the appointed day she was too impatient to wait the arrival of the carrier, but set off to Kilkenny herself, a distance of

ten miles: there, at the post-office, she duly found the promised letter; but it was not till she had it in her possession that she remembered she could not read: she had therefore to hasten back to consult her friend Nancy, the schoolmaster's daughter, and the best scholar in the village. Reilly's letter, on being deciphered with some difficulty even by the learned Nancy, was found to contain much of sorrow, much of repentance, and yet more of affection; he assured her that he was far better off than he expected or deserved; that the embarkation of the regiment to which he belonged was delayed for three weeks, and entreated her, if she could forgive him, to follow him to Cork without delay, that they might "part in love and kindness, and then come what might, he would demane himself like a man, and die asy," which he assured her he could not do without embracing her once more.

Cathleen listened to her husband's letter with clasped hands and drawn breath, but quiet in her nature, she gave no other signs of emotion than a few large tears which trickled slowly down her cheeks. "And will I see him again?" she exclaimed, "poor fellow! poor boy! I knew the heart of him was sore for me! and who knows, Nancy dear, but they'll let me go out with him to the foreign parts? Oh! sure they would n't be so hard-hearted as to part man and wife that way!"

After a hurried consultation with her neighbors, who sympathised with her as only the poor sympathise with the poor, a letter was indited by Nancy and sent by the Kilkenny carrier that night, to inform her husband that she purposed setting off for Cork the next blessed

morning, being Tuesday, and as the distance was about forty-eight miles, she reckoned on reaching that city by Wednesday afternoon; for as she had walked to Kilkenny and back (about twenty miles) that same day, without feeling fatigued at all, "*to signify*," Cathleen thought there would be no doubt that she could walk to Cork in less than two days. In this sanguine calculation she was however over-ruled by her more experienced neighbors, and by their advice appointed Thursday as the day on which her husband was to expect her, "God willing."

Cathleen spent the rest of the day in making preparations for her journey; she set her cabin in order, and made a small bundle of a few articles of clothing belonging to herself and her husband. The watch and the guinea she wrapped up together and crammed into the toe of an old shoe which she deposited in the said bundle, and the next morning, at "sparrow chirp," she arose, locked her cabin door, carefully hid the key in the thatch, and with a light expecting heart commenced her long journey.

It is worthy of remark that this poor woman who was called upon to play the heroine in such a strange tragedy and under such appalling circumstances, had nothing heroic in her exterior: nothing that in the slightest degree indicated strength of nerve or superiority of intellect. Cathleen was twenty-three years of age, of a low stature, and in her form rather delicate than robust:—she was of ordinary appearance; her eyes mild and dove-like, and her whole countenance, though not absolutely deficient in intelligence, was more particularly ex-

pressive of simplicity, good temper, and kindness of heart.

It was summer, about the end of June: the days were long, the weather fine, and some gentle showers rendered travelling easy and pleasant. Cathleen walked on stoutly towards Cork, and by the evening she had accomplished, with occasional pauses of rest, nearly twenty-one miles. She lodged at a little inn by the road side, and the following day set forward again, but soon felt stiff with the travel of two previous days: the sun became hotter, the ways dustier; and she could not with all her endeavors get further than Kathery, eighteen miles from Cork. The next day, unfortunately for poor Cathleen, proved hotter and more fatiguing than the preceding. The cross road lay over a wild country, consisting of low bogs and bare hills. About noon she turned aside to a rivulet bordered by a few trees, and, sitting down in the shade, she bathed her swollen feet in the stream, when, overcome by heat, weakness, and excessive weariness, she put her little bundle under her head for a pillow, and sunk into a deep sleep.

On waking she perceived with dismay that the sun was declining; and, on looking about, her fears were increased by the discovery that her bundle was gone. Her first thought was that the good people, (i. e. *the fairies*) had been there and stolen it away, but on examining further she plainly perceived large foot-prints in the soft bank and was convinced it was the work of no unearthly marauder. Bitterly reproaching herself for her carelessness, she again set forward; and still hoping to reach Cork that night, she toiled on and on with in-

creasing difficulty and distress, till as the evening closed her spirits failed, she became faint, foot-sore and hungry, not having tasted any thing since the morning but a cold potatoe and a draught of buttermilk. She then looked round her in hopes of discovering some habitation, but there was none in sight except a lofty castle on a distant hill, which raising its proud turrets from amidst the plantations which surrounded it, glimmered faintly through the gathering gloom, and held out no temptation for the poor wanderer to turn in there and rest. In her despair she sat her down on a bank by the road side, and wept as she thought of her husband.

Several horsemen rode by, and one carriage and four attended by servants, who took no further notice of her than by a passing look; while they went on their way like the priest and the Levite in the parable, poor Cathleen dropped her head despairingly on her bosom. A faintness and torpor seemed to be stealing like a dark cloud over her senses, when the fast approaching sound of footsteps roused her attention, and turning, she saw at her side a man whose figure, though singular, she recognized immediately: it was Halloran the Pedler.

Halloran had been known for thirty years past in all the towns and villages between Waterford and Kerry. He was very old, he himself did not know his own age; he only remembered that he was a "tall slip of a boy" when he was one of the——regiment of foot, and fought in America in 1778. His dress was strange, it consisted of a woollen cap, beneath which strayed a few white hairs, this was surmounted by an old military cocked hat, adorned with a few fragments of tarnished

gold lace: a frieze great coat with the sleeves dangling behind, was fastened at his throat, and served to protect his box of wares which was slung at his back; and he always carried a thick oak stick or *kippeen* in his hand. There was nothing of the infirmity of age in his appearance: his cheek, though wrinkled and weather-beaten, was still ruddy: his step still firm, his eyes still bright; his jovial disposition made him a welcome guest in every cottage, and his jokes, though not equal to my Lord Norbury's, were repeated and applauded through the whole country. Halloran was returning from the fair of Kilkenny, where apparently his commercial speculations had been attended with success, as his back was considerably diminished in size. Though he did not appear to recollect Cathleen, he addressed her in Irish, and asked her what she did there: she related in a few words her miserable situation.

“In throth, then, my heart is sorry for ye, poor woman,” he replied compassionately; “and what will ye do?”

“An' what *can* I do?” replied Cathleen, disconsolately; “and how will I even find the ford of Ahnmoe and get across to Cork, when I do 'nt know where I am this blessed moment?”

“Musha, then, its little ye'll get there this night,” said the pedler, shaking his head.

“Then I'll lie down here and die,” said Cathleen, bursting into fresh tears.

“Die! ye would 'nt!” he exclaimed, approaching nearer; “is it to me, Peter Halloran, ye spake that word; and am I the man that would lave a female at this dark

hour by the way side, let alone one that has the face of a friend, though I cannot remember me of your name either, for the soul of me. But what matter for that?"

"Sure I'm Katty Reilly, of Castle Conn."

"Katty Reilly, sure enough! and so no more talk of dying; cheer up, and see, a mile further on, is n't there Biddy Hogan's? *Was*, I mane, if the house and all is n't gone: and its there we'll get a bite and a sup, and a bed, too, please God. So lean upon my arm, ma vourneen, its strong enough yet."

So saying, the old man with an air of gallantry, half rustic, half military, assisted her in rising; and supporting her on one arm, with the other he flourished his kippeen over his head, and they trudged on together he singing Cruiskeen lawn at the top of his voice, "just," as he said, "to put the heart into her."

After about half an hour's walking, they came to two crossways, diverging from the high road: down one of these the Pedler turned, and in a few minutes they came in sight of a lonely house, situated at a little distance from the way-side. Above the door was a long stick projecting from the wall, at the end of which dangled a truss of straw, signifying that within there was entertainment (good or bad) for man and beast. By this time it was nearly dark, and the pedler going up to the door, lifted the latch, expecting it to yield to his hand; but it was fastened within: he then knocked and called, but there was no answer. The building which was many times larger than an ordinary cabin had once been a manufactory, and afterwards a farm-house. One end

of it was deserted, and nearly in ruins ; the other end bore signs of having been at least recently inhabited. But such a dull hollow echo rung through the edifice at every knock that it seemed the whole place was now deserted.

Cathleen began to be alarmed, and crossed herself, ejaculating, " O God preserve us ! " But the Pedlar, who appeared well acquainted with the premises, led her round to the back part of the house, where there were some ruined out-buildings, and another low entrance. Here raising his stout stick, he let fall such a heavy thump on the door that it cracked again ; and a shrill voice from the other side demanded who was there ? After a satisfactory answer, the door was slowly and cautiously opened, and the figure of a wrinkled, half famished and half naked beldam appeared, shading a rush light with one hand. Halloran, who was of a fiery and hasty temper, began angrily : " Why, then, in the name of the great devil himself, did n't you open to us ? " But he stopped suddenly, as if struck with surprise at the miserable object before him.

" Is it Biddy Hogan herself, I see ! " he exclaimed, snatching the candle from her hand, and throwing the light full on her face. A moment's scrutiny seemed enough, and too much ; for, giving it back hastily, he supported Cathleen into the kitchen, the old woman leading the way, and placed her on an old settle, the first seat which presented itself. When she was sufficiently recovered to look about her, Cathleen could not help feeling some alarm at finding herself in so gloomy and dreary a place. It had once been a large kitchen,

or hall : at one end was an ample chimney, such as are yet to be seen in some old country houses. The rafters were black with smoke or rottenness : the walls had been wainscoated with oak, but the greatest part had been torn down for firing. A table with three legs, a large stool, a bench in the chimney propped up with turf sods, and the seat Cathleen occupied, formed the only furniture. Every thing spoke utter misery, filth, and famine — the very “abomination of desolation.”

“And what have ye in the house, Biddy, honey?” was the Pedler’s first question, as the old woman set down the light.

“Little enough, I’m thinking.”

“Little! Its nothing then.”

“No, not so much as a midge would eat have I in the house this blessed night, and nobody to send down to Balgowna.”

“No need of that, as our good luck would have it,” said Halloran, and pulling a wallet from under his loose coat, he drew from it a bone of cold meat, a piece of bacon, a lump of bread, and some cold potatoes. The old woman, roused by the sight of so much good cheer, began to blow up the dying embers on the hearth ; put down among them the few potatoes to warm, and busied herself in making some little preparations to entertain her guests. Meantime the old Pedler, casting from time to time an anxious glance towards Cathleen, and now and then an encouraging word, sat down on the low stool, resting his arms on his knees.

“Times are sadly changed with ye, Biddy Hogan,” said he at length, after a long silence.

“Troth, ye may say so;” she replied with a sort of groan. “Bitter bad luck have we had in this world, any how.”

“And where’s the man of the house? And where’s the lad, Barny?”

“Where are they, is it? Where should they be? may be gone down to Ahnamoc.”

“But what’s come of Barny? The boy was a stout workman, and a good son, though a devil-may-care fellow, too. I remember teaching him the soldiers’ exercise with this very blessed stick now in my hand; and by the same token, him doubling his fist at me when he was n’t bigger than the turf-kish yonder; ay, and as long as Barney Hogan could turn a sod of turf on my lord’s land, I thought his father and mother would never have wanted the bit and sup while the life was in him.”

At the mention of her son, the old woman looked up a moment, but immediately hung her head again.

“Barny does n’t work for my lord now,” said she.

“And what for then?”

The old woman seemed reluctant to answer—she hesitated.

“Ye did n’t hear, then, how he got into trouble with my lord; and how—myself does n’t know the rights of it—but Barny had always a bit of wild blood about him; and since that day he’s taken to bad ways, and the ould man’s ruled by him quite entirely; and the one’s glum and fierce like—and t’other’s bothered; and, oh! bitter’s the time I have twixt ’em both!”

While the old woman was uttering these broken

complaints, she placed the eatables on the table; and Cathleen, who was yet more faint from hunger than subdued by fatigue, was first helped by the good-natured Pedler to the best of what was there: but, just as she was about to taste the food set before her, she chanced to see the eyes of the old woman fixed upon the morsel in her hand with such an envious and famished look, that from a sudden impulse of benevolent feeling, she instantly held it out to her. The woman started, drew back her extended hand, and gazed at her wildly.

“What is it then ails ye?” said Cathleen, looking at her with wonder; then to herself, “hunger’s turned the wits of her, poor soul! Take it—take it, mother,” added she aloud: “eat, good mother; sure there’s plenty for us all, and to spare,” and she pressed it upon her with all the kindness of her nature. The old woman eagerly seized it.

“God reward ye,” said she, grasping Cathleen’s hand, convulsively, and retiring to a corner, she devoured the food with almost wolfish voracity.

While they were eating, the two Hogans, father and son, came in. They had been setting snares for rabbits and game on the neighboring hills; and evidently were both startled and displeased to find the house occupied; which, since Barny Hogan’s disgrace with “my lord,” had been entirely shunned by the people round about. The old man gave the pedler a sulky welcome. The son, with a muttered curse, went and took his seat in the chimney, where, turning his back, he set himself to chop a billet of wood. The father was a lean stooping figure, “bony, and gaunt, and grim:” he was either

deaf, or affected deafness. The son was a short, brawny, thickset man, with features not naturally ugly, but rendered worse than ugly by an expression of lowering ferocity disgustingly blended with a sort of stupid drunken leer, the effect of habitual intoxication.

Halloran stared at them awhile with visible astonishment and indignation, but pity and sorrow for a change so lamentable, smothered the old man's wrath; and as the eatables were by this time demolished, he took from his side pocket a tin flask of whiskey, calling to the old woman to boil some water "screeching hot," that he might make what he termed "a jug of stiff punch—enough to make a cat *spake*." He offered to share it with his hosts, who did not decline drinking; and the noggin went round to all but Cathleen, who, feverish with travelling, and, besides, disliking spirits, would not taste it. The old Pedler, reconciled to his old acquaintances by this show of good fellowship, began to grow merry under the influence of his whiskey-punch: he boasted of his late success in trade, showed with exultation his almost empty pack, and taking out the only two handkerchiefs left in it, threw one to Cathleen, and the other to the old woman of the house; then slapping his pocket in which a quantity of loose money was heard to jingle, he swore he would treat Cathleen to a good breakfast next morning; and threw a shilling on the table, desiring the old woman would provide "stirabout for a dozen," and have it ready by the first light.

Cathleen listened to this rhodomontade in some alarm she fancied to detect certain suspicious glances between

the father and son, and began to feel an indescribable dread of her company. She arose from the table, urging the Pedler good-humoredly to retire to rest, as they intended to be up and away so early next morning : then concealing her apprehensions under an affectation of extreme fatigue and drowsiness, she desired to be shown where she was to sleep. The old woman lighted a lanthorn, and led the way up some broken steps into a sort of loft, where she showed her two beds standing close together ; one of these she intimated was for the Pedler, and the other for herself. Now Cathleen had been born and bred in an Irish cabin, where the inmates are usually lodged after a very promiscuous fashion ; our readers, therefore, will not wonder at the arrangement. Cathleen, however, required that, if possible, some kind of screen should be placed between the beds. The old hag at first replied to this request with the most disgusting impudence ; but Cathleen insisting, the beds were moved asunder, leaving a space of about two feet between them ; and after a long search a piece of old frieze was dragged out from among some rubbish, and hung up to the low rafters, so as to form a curtain or partition half way across the room. Having completed this arrangement, and wished her " a sweet sleep and a sound, and lucky dreams," the old woman put the lanthorn on the floor, for there was neither chair nor table, and left her guest to repose.

Cathleen said her prayers, only partly undressed herself, and lifting up the worn out coverlet, lay down upon the bed. In a quarter of an hour afterwards the Pedler staggered into the room, and as he passed the foot of

her bed, bid God bless her, in a low voice. He then threw himself down on his bed, and in a few minutes, as she judged by his hard and equal breathing, the old man was in a deep sleep.

All was now still in the house, but Cathleen, could not sleep. She was feverish and restless: her limbs ached, her head throbbed and burned, undefinable fears beset her fancy; and whenever she tried to compose herself to slumber the faces of the two men she had left below flitted and glared before her eyes. A sense of heat and suffocation, accompanied by a parching thirst, came over her, caused, perhaps, by the unusual closeness of the room. This feeling of oppression increased till the very walls and rafters seemed to approach nearer and close upon her all around. Unable any longer to endure this intolerable smothering sensation, she was just about to rise and open the door or window, when she heard the whispering of voices. She lay still and listened. The latch was raised cautiously, — the door opened, and the two Hogans entered: they trod so softly that, though she saw them move before her, she heard no foot-fall. They approached the bed of Halloran, and presently she heard a dull heavy blow, and then sounds — appalling sickening sounds — as of subdued struggles and smothered agony, which convinced her that they were murdering the unfortunate Pedler.

Cathleen listened, almost congealed with horror, but she did not swoon: her turn, she thought, must come next, though in the same instant she felt instinctively that her only chance of preservation was to counterfeit profound sleep. The murderers, having done their

work on the poor Pedler, approached her bed, and threw the gleam of their lanthorn full on her face ; she lay quite still, breathing calmly and regularly. They brought the light to her eye-lids, but they did not wink or move ; — there was a pause, a terrible pause, and then a whispering ; — and presently Cathleen thought she could distinguish a third voice, as of expostulation, but all in so very low a tone that though the voices were close to her she could not hear a word that was uttered. After some moments, which appeared an age of agonizing suspense, the wretches withdrew, and Cathleen was left alone, and in darkness. Then, indeed, she felt as one ready to die : to use her own affecting language, “ the heart within me,” said she, “ melted away like water, but I was resolute not to swoon, and I *did not*. I knew that if I would preserve my life, I must keep the sense in me, and *I did*.”

Now and then she fancied she heard the murdered man move, and creep about in his bed, and this horrible conceit almost maddened her with terror : but she set herself to listen fixedly, and convinced her reason that all was still — that all was over.

She then turned her thoughts to the possibility of escape. The window first suggested itself : the faint moon-light was just struggling through its dirty and cob-webbed panes : it was very small, and Cathleen reflected, that besides the difficulty, and, perhaps, impossibility of getting through, it must be some height from the ground : neither could she tell on which side of the house it was situated, nor in what direction to turn, supposing she reached the ground ; and, above all, she

was aware that the slightest noise, must cause her instant destruction. She thus resolved upon remaining quiet.

It was most fortunate that Cathleen came to this determination, for without the slightest previous sound the door again opened, and in the faint light, to which her eyes were now accustomed, she saw the head of the old woman bent forward in a listening attitude: in a few minutes the door closed, and then followed a whispering outside. She could not at first distinguish a word until the woman's sharper tones broke out, though in suppressed vehemence, with "If ye touch her life, Barny, a mother's curse go with ye! enough's done."

"She'll live, then, to hang us all," said the miscreant son.

"Sooner than that, I'd draw this knife across her throat with my own hands; and I'd do it again and again, sooner than they should touch your life, Barny, jewel: but no fear, the creature's asleep or dead already, with the fright of it."

The son then said something which Cathleen could not hear; the old woman replied.

"Hisht! I tell ye, no, — no; the ship's now in the Cove of Cork that's to carry her over the salt seas far enough out of the way: and have n't we all she has in the world? and more, didn't she take the bit out of her own mouth to put into mine?"

The son again spoke inaudibly; and then the voices ceased, leaving Cathleen uncertain as to her fate.

Shortly after the door opened, and the father and son again entered, and carried out the body of the wretch-

ed Pedler. They seemed to have the art of treading without noise, for though Cathleen saw them move, she could not hear a sound of a footstep. The old woman was all this time standing by her bed, and every now and then casting the light full upon her eyes; but as she remained quite still, and apparently in a deep calm sleep, they left her undisturbed, and she neither saw nor heard any more of them that night.

It ended at length — that long, long night of horror. Cathleen lay quiet till she thought the morning sufficiently advanced. She then rose, and went down into the kitchen: the old woman was lifting a pot off the fire, and nearly let it fall as Cathleen suddenly addressed her, and with an appearance of surprise and concern, asked for her friend the Pedler, saying she had just looked into his bed, supposing he was still asleep, and to her great amazement had found it empty. The old woman replied, that he had set out at early day-light for Mallow, having only just remembered that his business called him that way before he went to Cork. Cathleen affected great wonder and perplexity, and reminded the woman that he had promised to pay for her breakfast.

“An’ so he did, sure enough,” she replied, “and paid for it too; and by the same token did ’nt I go down to Balgowna myself for milk and the *male* before the sun was over the tree tops; and here it is for ye, ma colleen:” so saying, she placed a bowl of stirabout and some milk before Cathleen, and then sat down on the stool opposite to her, watching her intently.

Poor Cathleen! she had but little inclination to eat, and felt as if every bit would choke her: yet she con-

tinued to force down her breakfast, and apparently with the utmost ease and appetite, even to the last morsel set before her. While eating, she inquired about the husband and son, and the old woman replied, that they had started at the first burst of light to cut turf in a bog, about five miles distant.

When Cathleen had finished her breakfast, she returned the old woman many thanks for her kind treatment, and then desired to know the nearest way to Cork. The woman Hogan informed her that the distance was about seven miles, and though the usual road was by the high way from which they had turned the preceding evening, there was a much shorter way across some fields which she pointed out. Cathleen listened attentively to her directions, and then bidding farewell with many demonstrations of gratitude, she proceeded on her fearful journey. The cool morning air, the cheerful song of the early birds, the dewy freshness of the turf, were all unnoticed and unfelt: the sense of danger was paramount, while her faculties were all alive and awake to meet it, for a feverish and unnatural strength seemed to animate her limbs. She stepped on, shortly debating with herself whether to follow the directions given by the old woman. The high road appeared the safest; on the other hand, she was aware that the slightest betrayal of mistrust would perhaps be followed by her destruction; and thus rendered brave even by the excess of her fears, she determined to take the cross path. Just as she had come to this resolution, she reached the gate which she had been directed to pass through; and without the slightest apparent hesitation, she turned in, and

pursued the lonely way through the fields. Often did she fancy she heard footsteps stealthily following her, and never approached a hedge without expecting to see the murderers start up from behind it; yet she never once turned her head, nor quickened nor slackened her pace;

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

She had proceeded in this manner about three quarters of a mile, and approached a thick and dark grove of underwood, when she beheld seated upon the opposite stile an old woman in a red cloak. The sight of a human being made her heart throb more quickly for a moment; but on approaching nearer, with all her faculties sharpened by the sense of danger, she perceived that it was no old woman, but the younger Hogan, the murderer of Halloran, who was thus disguised. His face was partly concealed by a blue handkerchief tied round his head and under his chin, but she knew him by the peculiar and hideous expression of his eyes: yet with amazing and almost incredible self-possession, she continued to advance without manifesting the least alarm, or sign of recognition; and walking up to the pretended old woman, said in a clear voice, "The blessing of the morning on ye, good mother! a fine day for travellers like you and me!"

"A fine day," he replied, coughing and mumbling in a feigned voice, "but ye see, hugh, ugh! ye see I've

walked this mornin' from the Cove of Cork, jewel, and troth I'm almost spent, and I've a bad cowl'd, and a cough on me, as ye may hear," and he coughed vehemently. Cathleen made a motion to pass the stile, but the disguised old woman stretching out a great bony hand, seized her gown. Still Cathleen did not quail. "Musha, then, have ye nothing to give a poor ould woman," said the monster, in a whining, snuffling tone. "Nothing have I in this wide world," said Cathleen, quietly disengaging her gown, but without moving. "Sure its only yesterday I was robbed of all I had but the little clothes on my back, and if I had n't met with charity from others I'd have starved by the way side by this time."

"Och! and is there no place hereby where they would give a potatoe and a cup of cowl'd water to a poor old woman ready to drop on her road?"

Cathleen instantly pointed forward to the house she had just left, and recommended her to apply there. "Sure they're good, honest people, though poor enough, God help them," she continued, "and I wish ye mother, no worse luck than myself had, and that's a good friend to treat ye to a supper, aye, and a breakfast too; there it is, ye may just see the light smoke rising like a thread over the hill, just fornent ye; and so God speed ye!"

Cathleen turned to descend the stile as she spoke expecting to be again seized with a strong and murderous grasp; but her enemy, secure in his disguise, and never doubting her perfect unconsciousness, suffered her to pass unmolested.

Another half mile brought her to the top of a rising

ground, within sight of the high road; she could see crowds of people on horseback and on foot, with cars and carriages passing along in one direction; for it was, though Cathleen did not then know it, the first day of the Cork Assizes. As she gazed, she wished for the wings of a bird that she might in a moment flee over the space which intervened between her and safety; for though she could clearly see the high road from the hill on which she stood, a valley of broken ground at its foot, and two wide fields still separated her from it; but with the same unfailing spirit, and the same steady pace, she proceeded onwards: and now she had reached the middle of the last field, and a thrill of new born hope was beginning to flutter at her heart, when suddenly two men burst through the fence at the farther side of the field, and advanced towards her. One of these she thought at the first glance resembled her husband, but that it *was* her husband himself was an idea which never entered her mind. Her imagination was possessed with the one supreme idea of danger and death by murderous hands; she doubted not that these were the two Hogans in some new disguise, and silently recommending herself to God, she steeled her heart to meet this fresh trial of her fortitude; aware that however it might end, it *must* be the last. At this moment one of the men throwing up his arms, ran forward, shouting her name, in a voice — a dear and well known voice, in which she *could* not be deceived: — it was her husband!

The poor woman, who had hitherto supported her spirits and her self-possession, stood as if rooted to the

ground, weak, motionless, and gasping for breath. A cold dew burst from every pore; her ears tingled, her heart fluttered as though it would burst from her bosom. When she attempted to call out, and raise her hand in token of recognition, the sounds died away, rattling in her throat; her arm dropped powerless at her side; and when her husband came up, and she made a last effort to spring towards him, she sank down at his feet in strong convulsions.

Reilly, much shocked at what he supposed the effect of sudden surprise, knelt down and chafed his wife's temples; his comrade ran to a neighboring spring for water, which they sprinkled plentifully over her: when, however, she returned to life, her intellects appeared to have fled for ever, and she uttered such wild shrieks and exclamations, and talked so incoherently, that the men became exceedingly terrified, and poor Reilly himself, almost as distracted as his wife. After vainly attempting to soothe and recover her, they at length forcibly carried her down to the inn at Balgowna, a hamlet about a mile farther on, where she remained for several hours in a state of delirium, one fit succeeding another with little intermission.

Towards evening she became more composed, and was able to give some account of the horrible events of the preceding night. It happened, opportunely, that a gentleman of fortune in the neighborhood, and a magistrate, was riding by late that evening on his return from the Assizes at Cork, and stopped at the inn to refresh his horse. Hearing that something unusual and frightful had occurred, he alighted, and examined the

woman himself, in the presence of one or two persons. Her tale appeared to him so strange and wild from the manner in which she told it, and her account of her own courage and sufferings so exceedingly incredible, that he was at first inclined to disbelieve the whole, and suspected the poor woman either of imposture or insanity. He did not, however, think proper totally to neglect her testimony, but immediately sent off information of the murder to Cork. Constables with a warrant were despatched the same night to the house of the Hogans, which they found empty, and the inmates already fled: but after a long search, the body of the wretched Halloran, and part of his property, were found concealed in a stack of old chimneys among the ruins; and this proof of guilt was decisive. The country was instantly *up*; the most active search after the murderers was made by the police, assisted by all the neighboring peasantry; and before twelve o'clock the following night, the three Hogans, father, mother, and son, had been apprehended in different places of concealment, and placed in safe custody. Meantime the Coroner's inquest having sat on the body, brought in a verdict of wilful murder.

As the Judges were then at Cork, the trial came on immediately; and from its extraordinary circumstances, excited the most intense and general interest. Among the property of poor Halloran discovered in the house, were a pair of shoes and a cap which Cathleen at once identified as belonging to herself, and Reilly's silver watch was found on the younger Hogan. When questioned how they came into his possession, he sullenly

refused to answer; His mother eagerly, and as if to shield her son, confessed that she was the person who had robbed Cathleen in the former part of the day, that she had gone out on the Carrick road to beg, having been left by her husband and son for two days without the means of support; and finding Cathleen asleep, she had taken away the bundle, supposing it to contain food; and did not recognise her as the same person she had robbed, till Cathleen offered her part of her supper.

The surgeon, who had been called to examine the body of Halloran, deposed to the cause of his death; — that the old man had been first stunned by a heavy blow on the temple, and then strangled. Other witnesses deposed to the finding of the body: the previous character of the Hogans, and the circumstances attending their apprehension; but the principal witness was Cathleen. She appeared, leaning on her husband, her face was ashy pale, and her limbs too weak for support; yet she, however, was perfectly collected, and gave her testimony with that precision, simplicity, and modesty, peculiar to her character. When she had occasion to allude to her own feelings, it was with such natural and heart-felt eloquence that the whole court was affected; and when she described her rencontre at the stile there was a general pressure and a breathless suspense; and then a loud murmur of astonishment and admiration fully participated by even the bench of magistrates. The evidence was clear and conclusive: and the jury, without retiring, gave their verdict, guilty — Death.

When the miserable wretches were asked, in the

usual forms, if they had any thing to say why the awful sentence should not be passed upon them, the old man replied by a look of idiotic vacancy, and was mute — the younger Hogan answered sullenly, “nothing:” the old woman, staring wildly on her son, tried to speak; her lips moved, but without a sound — and she fell forward on the bar in strong fits.

At this moment Cathleen rushed from the arms of her husband, and throwing herself on her knees, with clasped hands, and cheeks streaming with tears, begged for mercy for the old woman. “Mercy, my lord judge!” she exclaimed. “Gentlemen, your honors, have mercy on her. She had mercy on me! She only did *their* bidding. As for the bundle and all in it, I give it to her with all my soul, so it’s no robbery. The grip of hunger’s hard to bear; and if she had n’t taken it then, where would I have been now? Sure they would have killed me for the sake of the watch, and I would have been a corpse before your honors this moment. O mercy! mercy for her! or never will I sleep asy on this side of the grave!”

The judge, though much affected, was obliged to have her forcibly carried from the court, and justice took its awful course. Sentence of death was pronounced on all the prisoners: but the woman was reprieved, and afterwards transported. The two men were executed within forty-eight hours after their conviction, on the Gallows Green. They made no public confession of their guilt, and met their fate with sullen indifference. The awful ceremony was for a moment interrupted by an incident which afterwards furnished

ample matter for wonder and speculation among the superstitious populace. It was well known that the younger Hogan had been long employed on the estate of a nobleman in the neighborhood: but having been concerned in the abduction of a young female, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, which for the want of legal evidence could not be brought home to him, he was dismissed; and, finding himself an object of general execration, he had since been skulking about the country, associating with housebreakers and other lawless and abandoned characters. At the moment the hangman was adjusting the rope round his neck, a shrill voice screamed from the midst of the crowd, "Barny Hogan! do ye mind Grace Power, and the last words ever she spoke to ye?" There was a general movement and confusion; no one could or would tell whence the voice proceeded. The wretched man was seen to change countenance for the first time, and raising himself on tiptoe, gazed wildly round upon the multitude. but he said nothing; and in a few minutes he was no more.

The reader may wish to know what has become of Cathleen, our *heroine*, in the true sense of the word. Her story, her sufferings, her extraordinary fortitude, and pure simplicity of character made her an object of general curiosity and interest: a subscription was raised for her, which soon amounted to a liberal sum: they were enabled to procure Reilly's discharge from the army, and with a part of the money, Cathleen, who, among her other perfections, was exceedingly pious after the fashion of her creed and country, founded yearly

masses for the soul of the poor Pedler ; and vowed herself to make a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to St. Gobnate's well. Mr. L. the magistrate who had first examined her in the little inn at Balgowna, made her a magnificent present ; and anxious, perhaps, to offer yet further amends for his former doubts of her veracity, he invited Reilly, on very advantageous terms, to settle on his estate, where he rented a neat cabin, and a *handsome* plot of potatoe ground. There Reilly and his Cathleen were living ten years ago, with an increasing family, and in the enjoyment of much humble happiness ; and there, for aught I know to the contrary, they may be living at this day.

STANZAS ON FRIENDSHIP.

THOUGH the fair field of life be o'ershadow'd with sorrows,
 And the groans of calamity burst on our ears;
 Still the heart has its joys, whilst from friendship it borrows.
 A balm for its pangs, a relief for its tears.

In the balance of destiny, anguish and pleasure
 Are equally poised; but where friendship prevails
 'This equality ceases, and joy, without measure,
 Gives new sway to the beam, and thus varies the scales.

I have known what there is in that ardent sensation
 Which glows in the heart, when esteem is its source;
 I have known that regard, friendship's sweetest creation,
 Which lightens time's load, and gives speed to his course.

I have known that there are who a feeling can cherish,
 For those who have drained the full chalice of wo;
 I have known that there are who for others can nourish
 'That sympathy few ever deign to bestow.

And though friendship is said to have only her dwelling
 With the saints in their bliss, mid the light of the skies,
 She has cheered this dull earth — oh, what pride in the telling!
 She has challeng'd this heart, she has gladden'd these eyes.

I have known her, as if some bright angel had sent her,
Like a pure bliss from heaven, clinging fast to the soul;
And only that grave, where each mortal must enter,
Shall hide her pure light, or her fervors control.

Without her the virtues, all pale and affrighted,
Would fly to a kindlier sojourn for rest;
Without her religion, abandon'd, benighted,
Could impart not her cheer to the desolate breast.

All those social attachments which hither unite us,
But for her would be void, and this world would be then
A wild scene of things to confound and affright us,
And wolves would be less — far less savage than men.

But friendship enlivens the prospect before us,
For at her magic touch its asperities cease;
And the tempests of life as their thunders burst o'er us,
Are hushed by her voice, and subside into peace.

How oft does she kindle the torch of devotion,
And lift our affections from earth to the skies;
When memory awakens the tender emotion
For friends who are gone to the scene of their joys.

Nay, tell me not, you whom no fervors enkindle,
That our days bring no cheer as before us they fly;
Whilst life's varied web is unwound from its spindle,
How the labor is lightened when friendship is by.

Shall they round whose heart all that's selfish and sordid —
Like ivy long clasped round the storm-beaten rock —
Clings, its sympathies stifling, — shall they be regarded
Who delight at the miseries of others to mock?

With such she can never have fellowship — never
Shall her pure appeals with their sympathies blend —
From those she is sundered, and sundered for ever,
Who to self's only idol devotedly bend.

Tis not for the cold, for the selfish, unfeeling,
That friendship prepares the pure joys that she owns ;
To the sensitive only her blessings revealing —
She has sweets for her *bees*, but no honey for *drones*.

THE SUNSHINE.

I LOVE the sunshine every where,
In wood, and field and glen ;
I love it in the busy haunts
Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in
The humble cottage door,
And casts the checkered casement shade
Upon the red-brick floor.

I love it where the children lie
Deep in the clovery grass,
To watch among the twining roots
The gold-green beetles pass.

I love it on the breezy sea,
To glance on sail and oar,
While the great waves, like molten glass,
Come leaping to the shore.

I love it on the mountain-tops,
Where lies the thawless snow,
And half a kingdom, bathed in light,
Lies stretching out below.

And when it shines in forest glades,
Hidden, and green, and cool,
Through mossy boughs and veined leaves,
How is it beautiful !

How beautiful on little streams,
When sun and shade at play,
Make silvery meshes, while the brook
Goes singing on its way.

How beautiful, where dragon-flies
Are wondrous to behold,
With rainbow wings of gauzy pearl,
And bodies blue and gold.

How beautiful, on harvest slopes,
To see the sunshine lie ;
Or on the paler reaped fields,
Where yellow shocks stand high.

O yes ! I love the sunshine !
Like kindness, or like mirth
Upon a human countenance,
Is sunshine on the earth.

Upon the earth, upon the sea,
And through the crystal air,
On piled-up cloud, the gracious sun
Is glorious every where !

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The Student

THE HISTORY OF YORUK,

Yoruk the young man, a descendant of *Fedon*, a wild village of 4000 people, some being town men. He was an *Esquimaux* by birth and had come over the water to visit the *Esquimaux* as well as the people of the country. He was a perfectly honest man, and of natural good sense; but having taken great large doses of hot light wood-bark of *Tam Frax* and the French *Handkerchief* he became blind as to both below, light being a great enemy to sight. He was a good deal of a philosopher, brought up under some public instruction by a private gentleman, and a quantity of our general sense, and was very particular in his notions of justice, and of the nature of things, and would frequently remark to himself the propriety of the duck in every thing relating to the world.

Accordingly he held forth, at least, upon his lectures, thus to the first person, and finally to a company. He had some *prob*, and *theory* of the *theory* of *Assurance*. He set up for a great deal, but was a *confidence* for paper-worth, and was a remarkably good a member of the General Assembly of New York. With all his *spec* and *speculation*, he set upon for *Albany*, to discharge the *high* functions of his natural state. He was. He was in *order* a speech. His voice failed, he found his *quack* *business* *stagnant*, he sat down. The whole of



THE POLITICIAN OF PODUNK.

SOLOMON WAXTEND was a shoemaker of Podunk, a small village of New York, some forty years ago. He was an Englishman by birth, and had come over the water to mend the institutions, as well as the *solcs*, of the country. He was a perfectly honest man, and of natural good sense; but, having taken pretty large doses of new light from the works of Tom Paine and the French Revolutionists, he became like an inflated balloon, light-headed, and soared aloft into the unknown regions of air. Like many of his countrymen brought up under monarchical institutions, he was slow in understanding the mysteries of our political system; and, wanting the ballast of *Yankce* common sense, he nevertheless thought himself specially qualified to instruct the people of Podunk in every thing relating to civil liberty.

Accordingly he held forth, at first, over his lapstone, then at the bar-room, and finally at a caucus. He had some gifts, and more of the grace of assurance. He set up for a great man, became a candidate for representative, and was triumphantly elected a member of the General Assembly of New York. With all the spirit of a true reformer, he set forth for Albany, to discharge the high functions of his official state. He went. He rose to make a speech. His voice failed, his knees tottered, he became silent; he sat down. The whole af-

fair was duly reported in the papers. It was read at the alehouse in Podunk!

Solomon Waxtend came back an altered man. He went away round, ruddy, and self-sufficient; he returned lean, sullen, and subdued. He shut himself up for a month, and nothing was heard in his house by the neighbors, save the vigorous hammer upon the lapstone. At length, one evening, he appeared at the village inn. It was a sort of holiday eve, and many of his partisans were there. They looked at Solomon, as if they saw a ghost; but he had that calmness of countenance which betokens a mind made up. His late friends crowded round him; but Solomon, waving his hand, bade them sit down. Having done this, he spoke as follows.

“I trust I am duly sensible, my friends, of the honor you intended me, in sending me to the Assembly. If I have disgraced you, it has, at least, been a lesson to me. I find, that in order to understand your institutions, and to cope with your Yankee people, it is necessary, like them, to live long in the country, and to study its history, and become familiar with its political system. I find that an Englishman, with his tory notions, his hereditary love of monarchy, his loyalty, woven in with his first lessons of life, is like a ‘fish out of water’ in one of your democratic assemblies. I have, therefore, only one thing to say, and that will be told in the way of a story.

“Some people, digging in a sandbank by the seaside, in search of Kid’s money, came to a chest, with the following inscription, — ‘*Take me up, and I will tell you more!*’ This gave them fresh courage, and they con-

tinued their efforts. At length they dug up the chest, and on the bottom, they found the following inscription, — ‘*Lay me down as I was before.*’ ”

Having told this story, the cobbler departed, leaving his hearers to apply the obvious hint conveyed by the legend.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPORTING through the forest wide,
 Playing by the water side ;
 Wandering o'er the heathed fells,
 Down within the woodland dells ;
 All among the mountains wild ;
 Dwelleth many a little child !
 In the Baron's hall of pride :
 By the poor man's dull fireside ;
 Mid the mighty, mid the mean ;
 Little children may be seen !
 Like the flowers that spring up fair,
 Bright and countless every where !

In the fair isles of the main ;
 In the desert's lone domain ;
 In the savage mountain glen ;
 Among the tribes of swarthy men ;
 Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone ;
 Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
 On a league of peopled ground ;
 Little children may be found !

Blessings on them ! They, in me,
 Move a kindly sympathy !
 With their wishes, hopes, and fears,
 With their laughter and their tears ;
 With their wonder so intense,
 And their small experience !

Little children, not alone
In the wide earth are ye known ;
Mid its labors and its cares ;
Mid its sufferings and its snares,
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod,
In the presence of our God !
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide !

NICHOLAS DUNKS, OR FRIED MACKEREL FOR DINNER.

“IF I were to say what I should really like to have for dinner,” replied Nicholas, in answer to his wife’s question upon the subject, “it would be fried mackerel,” smacking his lips as he spoke.

“Then that’s just what you won’t have,” said Mrs Dunks, as sharp as a north-east wind.

“Humph!” quoth Nicholas.

“Ay! and humph again!” responded his better half. “I’ve other fish to fry to-day, that I can tell you.”

“Then why did you ask me?” said Nicholas.

“Because I was a fool. I might have known you would be sure to give all the trouble you can on washing day.”

“Humph!” quoth Nicholas again, as he took his hat off the nail, brushed it with the cuff of his coat, and clapped it on his head, with the air of a man determined to have his own way.

“Where are you going now?” said Mrs. Dunks.

“To get a fried mackerel for dinner,” replied Nicholas, marching out of the room, erect of body and resolute of soul.

Nicholas was right. A man is no man who cannot have a fried mackerel when he has set his heart upon it

and more especially when he has money in his pocket to pay for it. Nicholas Dunks was a tailor, — a circumstance which makes the assertion of his prerogative in the way we have seen the more remarkable; except that tailors are proverbial for their love of good living. He was forty: his wife forty-two. He a peaceable man, — she a cantankerous little body; he sober and industrious, — she generally inclined to tipple, and always inclined to be idle. He, first lord of the treasury, — she, one of the tellers of the exchequer, if ever he went to bed without first counting his money. They had been married six weeks, — only six weeks, — no more, — but (oh! shame to wedded life!) this was, at least, the sixteenth time Nicholas had found it necessary to put on his hat and walk abroad in search of domestic bliss.

On the present occasion, however, he first went in search of his mackerel, and then in search of the *Blue Posts*, a house of call for his tribe, where he meditated having it fried. Mrs. Dunks, as soon as the door closed, flounced into the back kitchen, muttering unheard-of vengeance when he came home, and began her dab wash. Miserable woman! she little dreamt of all the disastrous consequences of refusing to fry his mackerel. But we must not anticipate.

The tap-room clock had just struck two as Nicholas sat down to one of the finest mackerel he had ever clapped eyes on, and fried to perfection. By the side of it stood a foaming tankard of porter, inviting his lips to taste the refreshing draught. He yielded to the soft persuasion, and saw the bottom of the pot before he put it down again.

“That’s the way to spoil your fish, sir,” said a ruddy-faced man with a merry twinkling eye, who was seated at an opposite table.

“I don’t think so,” replied Nicholas. “It will have something to swim in.

“Are you fond of mackerel?”

“Very!” responded Nicholas, handling his knife and fork, and preparing to cut the one before him into two equal parts.

“Then take my advice, and begin at the tail; or, as sure as my name’s Jenkins, you’ll wish you had.”

Nicholas paused. It was very odd, he thought, what could make Mr. Jenkins trouble himself about his mackerel; and, for his part, he had never heard before of beginning at the tail. However, as there might be something in it, he prepared to cut off the tail.

“Not that way!” exclaimed Jenkins, starting up.

By this time the mackerel was getting cold, and Nicholas hot. He looked at Mr. Jenkins as if he would thank him to mind his own business, and let him eat his mackerel as he liked.

“Not that way,” repeated Jenkins; “do n’t cut the tail off, but slide your knife under, and pass it up gently to the head.”

“Oh!” said Nicholas, doing as he was directed, still thinking there might be some reason for it.

“Now,” continued Jenkins, seeing him about to begin, “before you proceed further, let me give you a second piece of advice.”

“What’s that?” quoth Nicholas.

“Another time do n’t let any body persuade you, that

you don't know how to eat a mackerel. That's all. Go on, sir, and I wish you a good appetite."

Nicholas laid down his knife and fork; and staring fiercely at Mr. Jenkins, he exclaimed, "For half a farthing I'd make you eat it, and begin with the head instead of the tail, you trumpety fellow. Mind your own business, will you?"

"I am minding it," answered Mr. Jenkins, with provoking coolness.

"No, you are not; you are interfering with me; and, if you don't take care, I'll soon let you know that you had better leave me alone."

"My business," said Jenkins, laughing as he spoke, "is to amuse myself with the simpletons of this world, by making them fall out with themselves. Pray, go on with your dinner."

"No, I won't," answered Nicholas, "till I have given you a bit of advice in return for that which you have just given me." At these words he rose from his seat, crossed the room towards where Jenkins was sitting, and standing opposite to him, said, "My advice, Mr. Jenkins, is this, that you make yourself scarce. Vanish, Mr. Jenkins, or I'll knock that jolter-head of yours against the wall till it shall ache again."

"Try," said Jenkins, keeping his seat.

Nicholas turned up his cuffs and drew nearer. Mr. Jenkins laughed.

"Take that!" exclaimed Nicholas, aiming a desperate blow at his face. Mr. Jenkins ducked his head, Nicholas knocked the skin off his knuckles against the wall.

A scuffle ensued. Jenkins seized hold of Nicholas by the collar. Nicholas twined his arms round Jenkins to put him out of the room. They hauled and tugged at each other for several minutes; at last they both rolled upon the floor, upsetting the table on which was placed Nicholas's dinner; and now mackerel, bread, porter, melted butter, vinegar, mustard, plates and dishes, lay around them, "confusion worse confounded."

The landlord of the *Blue Posts* made his appearance and separated the combatants.

"What does all this mean?" said he: "you have been at your tricks again, I suppose," he continued, addressing Jenkins, who laughed immoderately as he surveyed the wreck of eatables strewn upon the sanded floor.

"His tricks!" exclaimed Nicholas, examining his wounded knuckles, and panting for breath. "I have not done with him yet. My dinner is spoiled, and he shall pay for it before he leaves the room."

"To be sure I will," answered Jenkins, still laughing, "and, more than that, you shall go home and dine with me off something better than fried mackerel."

"Who are you?" inquired Nicholas doubtfully, his ire evidently giving way under the double prospect of a spoiled dinner paid for, and a good one promised.

"You shall know by nightcap time," answered Jenkins.

The landlord, meanwhile, had placed the table on its legs again, gathered up the broken crockery, etc., and was about to retire, when Jenkins told him to score the

damage to his account, and give him change for a five-pound note.

“Here’s for your wounds,” said Jenkins, counting the change, and tossing a half-sovereign to Nicholas; — “and here’s for your balked appetite;” he continued, tossing him another.

“You’re a queer un,” observed Nicholas, looking at the two half-sovereigns, and then at the donor with a ludicrous mixture of surprise and joy, amazingly puzzled to make out what it all meant.

“So everybody says,” replied Jenkins, putting the rest of the change into his pocket, and motioning Nicholas to do the like by the two half-sovereigns that lay before him.

“Oh, I’ve no objection of course!” said Nicholas, and picked up the money as if he expected it would burn his fingers, examining it also as though he thought it must be counterfeit. “Well, if this is n’t a go, I do n’t know what is!” he added, when he saw they were gold; and with a chuckle conveyed them into his waistcoat pocket.

“And now, suppose we go?” rejoined Mr. Jenkins, rising.

“With all my heart,” responded Nicholas and he followed him out of the room, wondering what was to come next.

They gained the street. Pursuing their walk in profound silence till they reached the Strand, Mr. Jenkins suddenly addressed Nicholas. “That’s a monstrous shabby hat of yours,” said he.

“It is,” quoth Nicholas; “but it’s my best and worst.”

“Step into that shop, and fit yourself with a better,” replied Mr. Jenkins, pointing to a hatter’s across the road. “Here’s money to pay for it, and I’ll wait here till you return.” He gave him, as he spoke, a five-pound note.

“Sure—ly, he’s mad!” said Nicholas, as he entered the hatter’s shop.

The purchase was soon made, and Nicholas rejoining his companion, gave him the change, — £3 15s.

“That will do,” said he, surveying Nicholas, as he put the change in his pocket without counting it. “Ay, now you look a little better; but I can’t take you home in those clothes, my friend; I must rig you out in a new suit at one of the ready-made warehouses in Holywell Street.”

So saying, they made for Holywell Street, and, as they went along, Mr. Jenkins put another note into his hand. “That’s a ten,” said he; “you’ll get coat, waistcoat, and trousers, with a pair of Wellington’s, for about five or six pounds; and then we’ll to dinner.”

Arrived at the corner, Mr. Jenkins told him to go into the first shop he came to, equip himself, and return.

“This never *can* be earnest!” exclaimed Nicholas, once more alone; “but *what* the joke is, curse me if I can fathom.”

Nicholas had a conscience, though a tailor. He not only selected a cheap suit, but gave Mr. Jenkins the benefit of his professional knowledge, beating down the price upon the plea of such bad workmanship as none

but a tailor could have discerned. When he returned to where he had left Mr. Jenkins, he was gone.

He stood for some moments looking about in every direction, and was upon the point of quitting his post, to return to the *Blue Posts*, in order that he might learn who Mr. Jenkins was, and where he lived, when a ragged, dirty boy came running towards him.

“Do you want Mr. Jenkins?” said he.

“Yes.”

“He’s waiting for you at Temple Bar. He gived me this (holding up a shilling) to come and tell you. He said I should see a gentleman with a bundle under his arm, looking as if he had lost something.”

“Lost something!” repeated Nicholas, as he turned in the direction of Temple Bar! “Found something, I think!” and then he laughed at the idea of being called a gentleman! “though for the matter of that,” he added surveying himself as he spoke, “if fine feathers make fine birds, I’m an outside gentleman at any rate.”

Thus soliloquizing, he reached Temple Bar, where he found Mr. Jenkins talking with a shabby-looking man dressed in a drab greatcoat, long leather gaiters, his hat slouched over his face, and a huge cudgel in his hand for a walking-stick. As Nicholas drew near, they separated, but not before the stranger had fixed his eyes upon Nicholas with such a strange, scrutinizing expression, that he shrunk involuntarily from their gaze.

“You were a long time *suiting* yourself,” said Mr. Jenkins, laying an emphasis upon the word “*suiting*,” as if he meant to make a pun.

“I was driving a hard bargain,” replied Nicholas —

“as hard a one as if it had been my own money, for I hate to be imposed upon. I got the whole for £3, 19s. 6d., after a long haggles about the odd sixpence.”

“Upon my word,” exclaimed Jenkins, receiving the difference from Nicholas as he spoke, “you have done both yourself and me justice, I must say. You’ll do now,” he added, looking at him from head to foot, “all except your hands. You must get a pair of gloves.”

They walked down Fleet Street, and the first hosier’s they came to, Mr. Jenkins, pulling out another five-pound note, gave it to Nicholas, with directions to go in and buy a pair.

“Hadn’t you better give me silver?” said Nicholas. “Perhaps they won’t have change.”

“Perhaps you’ll try,” replied Mr. Jenkins, as he walked on in the direction to Bridge Street.

“Well,” exclaimed Nicholas as he left the shop, “if this is to be the go, sure-ly he’ll buy me a shirt.”

Nicholas was mistaken. Mr. Jenkins seemed now to be quite satisfied, and proceeding eastward till they reached the neighborhood of White-chapel, he turned into a narrow court, containing about a dozen houses. Before the largest of these he stopped, and taking a key from his pocket, opened the door.

“I hope dinner is ready,” said he.

This was the first word he had spoken all the way from Bridge Street.

“I hope so, too,” replied Nicholas, gaily, “for I’m as hungry as a wolf.”

They entered a dark passage, Mr. Jenkins closing and locking the door after him.

“This way,” said he, ascending a flight of stairs which Nicholas could only dimly descry, and up which he stumbled more than once in following his guide.

Arrived on the first landing, Mr. Jenkins unlocked the door of a rather spacious apartment, the furniture of which was remarkable for its unostentatious character, consisting chiefly of one large deal table, that occupied the centre of the room, and four or five wooden chairs. In the corner, near a fireplace that had no grate, stood a massive piece of furniture, with numerous drawers, on the top of which lay sundry curiously shaped implements.

“I hope dinner is ready,” repeated Mr. Jenkins, as he walked up to the massive piece of furniture above described; and, unlocking one of the drawers, deposited in it something which he took from his pockets. “By-the-by,” he continued, still emptying his pocket of their contents, with his back towards Nicholas, “I never once thought to ask you your name.”

“Nicholas Dunks.”

“Nicholas Dunks, eh? A queer name that. And of what trade or calling?”

“A tailor.”

“A tailor, eh? And where do you live?”

“In Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.”

“Married?”

“Yes.”

“Any children?”

“No.”

“Married and no children! Very strange!”

“Not at all; there hasn’t been time. I only went to church last Sunday was six weeks.”

“Nicholas Dunks — tailor — of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden — married — no family — aged?” —

“Forty.”

“Aged forty. That’s your description, eh?” turning round, and surveying Nicholas as he spoke.

“You may add, if you like, and very hungry,” said Nicholas, forcing a laugh rather than laughing; for he began to feel queer at these interrogatories, and to appearances of things in general.

“Good,” ejaculated Mr. Jenkins, joining in the laugh; “good — I hope dinner is ready.”

“That’s the third time of asking,” rejoined Nicholas, “so it ought to be.”

“A wag, too,” exclaimed Mr. Jenkins.

There was a gentle tap at the door. “Come in,” said Jenkins.

The door opened, and a withered old woman, in tattered garments, begrimed with dirt, appeared. Putting her “choppy finger upon her skinny lips,” by which, as it seemed, her errand was conveyed, she waited silently for orders.

“Very well,” said Jenkins, “we’ll come directly.”

The ancient sybil withdrew, leering curiously at Nicholas.

“Now, Dunks,” he continued, “let us go to dinner. I’m sure you *must* be hungry.”

“That am I,” quoth Nicholas, rising to follow his host.

They descended to the ground floor, crossed a dark

narrow passage, ascended another flight of stairs, and entered a small, comfortable-looking room, from which daylight was excluded, its absence being supplied by an argand lamp suspended from the ceiling. Upon a table in the middle of the room dinner was spread, consisting of several dishes, whose savory odor would have whetted a duller appetite than was Nicholas's at that moment.

"Take your seat, Dunks," said Mr. Jenkins, pointing to a chair at the bottom of the table. "Remove the covers, Richard," he continued, addressing a man-servant who stood behind him.

The dish opposite Nicholas being uncovered disclosed a delicious fried mackerel.

"There, Dunks," said Mr. Jenkins, laughing, "when I promised you should dine off something better than a fried mackerel, I did not mean you should go without one."

"Am I to begin at the tail?" inquired Nicholas, waxing jocose at the sight of his favorite dish.

"As you like, *here*," replied Jenkins; "but, as long as you live, you'll never forget the fried mackerel at the *Blue Posts*, I guess."

At that moment, Nicholas, raising his eyes, met those of Richard, who was handing him some bread. He started. Where had he seen that indescribable look before? A moment's reflection told him. It was at Temple Bar — the man with whom Jenkins was conversing. But this could not be he: the dress — the figure — were different: the expression of the eye alone was the same. It was odd, he thought, that two men should possess such a remarkable, such a peculiar, such a *very* peculiar look,

and that he should have met with them both in one day. The matter thus settled to his satisfaction, he ate his mackerel: yet ever and anon stealing a glance at Richard, and never doing so without finding his eyes fixed upon him.

Dinner over, the cloth was withdrawn, and Jenkins and Nicholas set to, *tete-a-tete*, over a bottle of port. The wine was really good, but Nicholas thought it superlatively so. They drank and laughed, and chatted, and grew as cosy as if they had known each other for years. Jenkins told droll stories, sang droll songs, and pushed the bottle backwards and forwards like a liberal host; so that, what with laughing, talking and drinking, Nicholas began to see double, just as the door opened, and a gentleman, fashionably dressed, wearing green spectacles, entered the room.

“Ah! Franklin, is that you?” exclaimed Jenkins, jumping up, and shaking him cordially by the hand — “well, now, I consider this very kind indeed to give me the pleasure of your company so soon after your return to London. Sit down; we’ll have clean glasses and another bottle. I beg pardon — I forgot to introduce my friend; Mr. Dunks — Mr. Franklin.”

Nicholas rose from his chair with that balanced stateliness which men are wont to assume when they feel a difficulty in preserving their centre of gravity, and making a profound bow, sat down again. Mr. Franklin returned the salutation with less formality, but equal politeness.

“Well, and how are the ladies, Mrs. Franklin, and that pretty daughter of yours?” inquired Jenkins, as he

filled his glass from a fresh bottle. "I hope you found them quite well on your return."

"Quite," replied Mr. Franklin; "they will be here presently to answer for themselves."

Ladies coming, thought Nicholas; and one of them "that pretty daughter!"—what should he do? He could get on pretty well with men; but the idea of having to converse with ladies daunted him. He wished he could find an excuse to slip away, and go home to Mrs. Dunks. The wine had made him uxorious, and clean obliterated her refusal to fry a mackerel for his dinner. If wives knew all, they would never quarrel with their husbands for taking a *little wine*. It makes them *so* good-natured, and as pliable as an old glove.

While ruminating upon these matters, he happened to look at Mr. Franklin. At the same moment, Mr. Franklin happened to look at him over his green spectacles; and Nicholas saw two eyes, which he had seen twice before that day,—the first time at Temple Bar; the second, while they were at dinner. He could not be mistaken. The eyes were the same; but he could trace no other resemblance. Mr. Franklin was as unlike Richard, as Richard was unlike the shabby-looking man in the drab coat, long leather gaiters, and slouched hat. Why, he could not tell; but there was something about these mysterious eyes which made him feel queer. "Beware!" was in every glance; a mingled expression of cunning and ferocity, which seemed to say, "I am setting a trap, and eager to pounce upon the prey."

It is wonderful what some men will do under the generous influence of the grape. Nicholas suddenly took

it into his head that he should like to see Richard in the room along with Mr. Franklin, in order to compare their eyes; so, stretching out his legs in a free-and-easy manner, and admiring his new Wellington's, he said,—“Jenkins, I wish you would let your man-servant call a coach for me. It's getting late, I'm afraid, and Mrs. Dunks will be alarmed.

“Do you think so?” replied Jenkins, “then I'll ring the bell; but we must finish this bottle before we separate.”

Jenkins rang the bell; and, filling his own glass to the brim, called for bumpers, as he had a toast to give. When Nicholas and Mr. Franklin were ready, Jenkins proposed the health of Mrs. Dunks,—“a lady,” said he, “whom I have not the pleasure of knowing, but hope to do so before long.”

The toast having been “duly honored,” as the gentlemen of the press say, Nicholas rose to acknowledge it, which he did in a few expressive words.

He sat down and turned his eyes towards the door to watch for the entrance of Richard.

“I see you are anxious to be gone,” said Jenkins; “where can that fellow be?” and he rang the bell again with great violence.

Presently it was answered, not by Richard, but the withered harridan who had announced dinner.

“I want Richard,” said Jenkins; “what's the reason he does not answer the bell?”

The shrivelled hag said nothing, but leered significantly at her master. “Bid him fetch a coach for Mr.

Dunks," he continued; "and — do you hear? — send up coffee directly."

"Well," thought Nicholas to himself, "if this a'n't going it strong, I don't know what is: 'Mister Dunks, — and 'fetch a coach for Mister Dunks;' and 'bring up coffee!' Mrs. Dunks won't believe a word of it, I know."

"Are you related to the Dunkses of Staffordshire?" said Mr. Franklin, addressing Nicholas.

"I rather think I am," he replied; "for my father came out of Yorkshire and settled in London; so did my mother, and I know *she* was a Cornish woman."

"The Dunkses of Staffordshire are a very ancient family, I believe," observed Jenkins.

"Very," replied Mr. Franklin; "they came in with William the Conqueror."

"I've often heard my father talk of him," said Nicholas; "but I don't know whether they came to London together."

By this time Nicholas scarcely knew any thing. The wine had steeped his senses in forgetfulness, and he began to roll about in his chair as if his stomach was not comfortable. Coffee was brought in. He took one cup; and a few minutes after fell fast asleep, while muttering something about "Richard — a long while gone — to coach — and what would Mrs. Dunks think?"

And what *did* Mrs. Dunks think when eleven o'clock came, and twelve o'clock, and no Nicholas? What would any wife think, whose husband had gone out as Nicholas went out, and had stayed out as he was stay-

ing out? Why, of nothing but what she would say to him when he *did* come home.

The matrimonial philippic had been rehearsed over and over again, from the exclamatory exordium — “So, you’ve made your appearance at last!” — to the imperative peroration — “and now please come to bed,” until she had the whole of it so pat, that she grew every moment more and more impatient to be delivered of it.

Alas! that moment *never* came! The night passed away — the following day — the ensuing week — months — years — and the disconsolate Mrs. Dunks sought, in vain, tidings of her lost husband. Then it was, that, in the anguish of her bereaved heart, she would often exclaim — “Oh, that I had fried his mackerel for him!”

“Isn’t it very remarkable,” she would frequently say to her friends, “what *can* have happened to my poor dear Nicholas? A kinder husband never existed; and he doated upon me, which makes me feel certain he must have dropped down dead where nobody saw him, or else he went to bathe in the Thames and was drowned; but I wish I knew the fact, because then” — and then she would stop suddenly, and begin to talk of the difficulty of an unprotected widow woman getting through the world.

Fourteen years and upwards she had passed in this state of cruel suspense, still living in the same house, and “getting through the world” by hook or by crook, so as always to have a tolerably comfortable home; when one day, during the mackerel season, she was summoned to the street door by a loud knock, which to

use her own words, "almost made her jump out of her skin." She opened it, and —

"Will you let me have a fried mackerel for dinner?" quoth Nicholas!

Mrs. Dunks screamed. She would have swooned too, but she had not time to do that, and ran into the back parlor to tell Mr. Sowerby to run out of the back door, and make his escape over the back wash-house.

Mr. Sowerby was a journeyman glazier, who had called that very morning to settle finally about his union with Mrs. Dunks.

Mrs. Dunks, the moment she saw him safe on the other side of the wash-house, went into strong hysterics, and Nicholas sprinkled her face with cold water, while tears of joy ran down his cheeks, to think how the dear creature was overcome at seeing him.

Oh, woman! — but what's the use of moralizing? Don't we all know what a woman is? And what are we the better for our knowledge? Don't we believe them just the same? To be sure. Besides, is it not clear that Providence intended it to be so? Where would be the use of creating the beautiful deceivers, if there were not in the world that simple-witted creature, man, to be as quietly deceived the ninety-ninth time as he was the first. The *heart* of the latter, and the *art* of the former, were as much meant for each other, as the mouth and the stomach. We have often thought that fate and free-will were very like man and woman. In both cases we think we do as we like; whereas, in both cases, we are impelled by causes, whose immediate influence over us we do not discern.

Nicholas could hardly believe his senses when he saw the state to which his affectionate wife was reduced, by the sudden shock his unexpected return had given to her feelings; and he secretly vowed to repay such devoted love, by studying her happiness all the rest of his life.

But now to clear up the mystery of his long absence.

We left him fast asleep in the company of Jenkins and Franklin. Whether it was the wine alone, or whether the coffee contained something else besides milk and sugar, we will not take upon ourselves to say; but certain it is, he slept so soundly, that he was put to bed without knowing any thing about it, and that he did not awake next morning till he was pretty roughly handled by a person standing at his bed-side.

“Come, friend,” said he, rolling him to and fro, “I am sorry to disturb you; but my business won’t wait.”

“What is your business, and who are you?” asked Nicholas half asleep and half awake.

“My name’s Sloman”—

“I don’t know you,” interrupted Nicholas, turning round on the other side, and settling himself for another sleep.

“And I have a warrant for your apprehension” —

“A what!” exclaimed Nicholas, starting up.

“A warrant for your apprehension.”

“I warrant you have n’t,” replied Nicholas, lying down again with his back to the man, and pulling the clothes over his shoulders.

“Is your name Nicholas Dunks?”

“Yes.”

“Are you a tailor?”

“Yes.”

“Do you live in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden?”

“Yes.”

“Are you married?”

“Yes.”

“Have you any children?”

“No.”

“Is your age forty-two?”

“Yes.”

“Then it’s all right — so just turn out and come along.”

At each successive question Nicholas grew more and more awake; and each successive “yes,” was given in a tone of increasing amazement. But by this time a distinct recollection of the preceding day’s adventures began to dawn upon him, and he inquired for Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Franklin, Richard, and even the old woman; at which Mr. Sloman only laughed, and asked if he was still dreaming, or whether he thought to “do him.”

Further explanations took place, and Nicholas found that *he* was “done;” for Mr. Sloman gave him to understand he was a police-officer, that the warrant he held was for his apprehension, as one of an extensive gang, concerned in passing forged notes, and that several tradesmen were ready to come forward who had sold him a hat, clothes, gloves, &c., for which he paid with those notes. Nicholas protested his innocence. Sloman said he had nothing to do with that, *his* business being to make a capture of his person, and convey him before the magistrates.

“What a villain, what an infernal villain, that Jenkins must be!” exclaimed Nicholas to himself, while pulling on his new Wellingtons, “to sell an innocent man’s life in this way!”

“As to your innocence,” remarked Mr. Sloman, rummaging the pockets of Nicholas’ clothes as he spoke, and drawing from one of them a small red morocco case, “I should n’t wonder if this was to furnish evidence of it. Ay — I thought so,” he continued, with a malicious grin, opening the case, and taking out a roll of bank notes — “here’s a pretty lot of them — all fives and tens, and finished off equal to the regular Threadneedle Street flimsies. Where did your innocence get these, eh? If you’ll peach, and give us a hint how to find the place where these came from, perhaps that may save you.”

Nicholas clasped his hands together, and called heaven to witness that the pocket-book was not his, and that he couldn’t tell how it came into his possession.

As he uttered these words, he caught a full view of Mr. Sloman’s face, and started with amazement. These were the same eyes he had thrice seen before! And now that he surveyed the person to whom they belonged, enveloped in a rough greatcoat, with a colored silk handkerchief round his neck, he thought he could trace a strong resemblance to the man at Temple Bar, though not to either Richard in his livery, or Mr. Franklin, with his green spectacles and fashionable evening dress.

Nicholas was right. The man at Temple Bar, Richard, Mr. Franklin, and Mr. Sloman the thief-taker, were all one and the same person. In his last-mentioned ca-

capacity, (which constituted his regular calling,) he had entered into a conspiracy with Jenkins, (whose real name was Homerton, a notorious dealer in forged notes,) to victimize Nicholas for a double purpose; first, to entitle himself to a portion of the reward which had been offered for discovering the gang, or apprehending any individual belonging to it; and secondly, to turn aside from the real delinquents the inquiries that were on foot in every direction. The meeting between Jenkins, *alias* Homerton, and Nicholas, was purely accidental; nor did he, in the first instance, anticipate the use he afterwards made of him. Being a bit of a humorist, and fond of practical jokes, he intended nothing more than to enjoy a laugh at his expense, when he recommended him to begin his mackerel at the tail; but the very success of that clumsy piece of wit pointed him out as a fit person upon whom to practice the diabolical trick which was afterwards contrived. While this scheme was only as yet half formed, he chanced to run against Sloman, at the corner of Norfolk Street, who told him of the hot inquiries that were being made by the Bank, and how difficult it would be to stave them off much longer without making some disclosures, real or pretended, that might amuse the lawyers, and put them upon another scent. This intelligence determined Jenkins to make use of Nicholas at all hazards, and trust to his Old Bailey resources for carrying him through.

His confidence in these resources was justified by the event. In vain did poor Nicholas tell his story, without any coloring, or shadow of coloring, relating all the

circumstances precisely as they had occurred. It was literally laughed out of court, where the hatter, the ho-sier, and the Jew salesman from Holywell Street, appeared to identify him as the person who had passed the forged notes. The solicitor for the prosecution tried every means to persuade him to denounce his confederates. His resolute and unvarying declaration, that he had none, and that he himself had been duped, was regarded as an aggravation of his crime, and a proof that under the seeming simplicity of his character was concealed the hardened resolution of a practised offender : facts which were prominently set down in the brief, and most eloquently expounded by the counsel. Even the judge could not restrain his indignation at the audacity of the prisoner's defence, in his charge to the jury ; and the jury were so satisfied they saw before them one of the most hardened of the gang, who was resolved to know nothing, that the verdict of guilty was upon all their lips long before the trial was brought to a conclusion.

Nicholas was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.

“ If I deserve *that*,” said he, “ I deserve hanging.”

“ What 's that the fellow is muttering ? ” inquired the judge.

“ He says he deserves hanging, my lord,” replied the turnkey, who was standing by his side in the dock.

“ I know it,” answered his lordship, “ but I 've looked at the statute under which he is indicted, and I can't hang him.”

This was said with so much concern, as if his lord-

ship really regretted his inability to give the prisoner his deserts according to his own estimate of them, that an audible titter ran through the court.

“ Well,” exclaimed Nicholas, as soon as he was left to his meditations, “ so I am to cross the *herring-pond*, it seems, and if that is n’t making a pretty kettle of *fish* of my fried *mackerel* I do n’t know what is! Oh! if I had that rascal Jenkins here just now, or that evil-eyed scoundrel who, I suspect, has had more to do with it even than Jenkins, would n’t I”—— and he struck out right and left, with his clenched fists, several times, to show what these worthies might have expected at his hands had they been within reach of them. Then he thought of dear Mrs. Dunks, and how she would wonder what had become of him, and be puzzled to know what to do; but no tenderness mixed with his thoughts, — for, tracing matters up to their original causes, he, like most husbands, but in this instance with more justice than husbands commonly have, laid the whole burden of his calamity upon his wife’s shoulders. As thus: “ If I could have had a fried mackerel at home, I should n’t have gone to the *Blue Posts*; if I had n’t gone to the *Blue Posts*, I should n’t have met with Jenkins: and, if I had n’t met with Jenkins, I should n’t have been here.” Aristotle himself could not have reasoned more logically; and the result of his reasoning was, that as Mrs. Dunks had been the cause of all, she might get through her share of it in the best way she could. He was even malicious enough to find a balm for his own troubles in what he considered the retributive troubles that awaited her. In due course of time

he arrived at his destination, — not the first innocent man whom our admirable criminal jurisprudence and that bulwark of our liberties, trial by jury, have visited with the punishment due to guilt, upon the clearest evidence, and after the most patient investigation of facts. Happy England! where, if the wrong person happened to be hanged, he has the satisfaction of knowing it is by the laws' decree, and not by the arbitrary mandate of a tyrant. To a true-born Englishman, whose veneration for the law is at least equal to his love of law, this reflection must be very consolatory.

Among those marvellous accidents which occasionally befall us in our way to the grave, was one which happened to Nicholas while he sojourned at Botany Bay. His good conduct, his inoffensive manners, and the nature of his certified offence, which had nothing of deep or desperate villany about it, soon obtained for him as large a remission of the penalties attached to his sentence as it was within the discretionary power of the authorities to grant; and he was allowed, under certain restrictions, to carry on his trade. This indulgence he turned to such good account, that in a few years he had amassed a considerable sum of money, kept several journeymen, and was the very Schultze of Paramatta. His celebrity was such that he imparted his own name to a particular description of shooting-jacket, peculiarly adapted to the climate and country, which to this day, we believe, is called a *Dunks*.

That shooting-jacket led to the marvellous accident above mentioned. When it was in the height of its popularity, and when everybody who could afford it

wore a Dunks whether they went out shooting or not, the name attracted the notice of an aged convict who had been transported for life, and who had already passed nearly forty years in the colony. He kept a sort of public-house, and being of penurious habits on the one hand, and of rapacious ones on the other, his tens gradually swelled to hundreds, and his hundreds to thousands, till old *Jem Bunker*, as he was called, (though that was not supposed to be his real name), passed for a second Rothschild.

One day he came tottering into Nicholas' work-room to order a *Dunks* for himself. While Nicholas was taking his measure, the old man eyed him with great earnestness, but said nothing, and soon after left the place, giving strict injunctions to Nicholas to bring the shooting-jacket home himself, and to be sure not to send it by any of his men.

Nicholas humored the old fellow, and when the jacket was finished took it home; but instead of trying it on, as he wished, to see whether it was a good fit, or wanted any alteration, Jem Bunker took it quietly from his hand, laid it on a table, and bade him sit down.

"What made you call these jackets *Dunkses*?" said he.

"I did n't christen them. I only made them; people took it into their heads of their own accord to call them after me."

"Are you a Dunks?"

"So my mother always told me."

"It's rather an uncommon name," remarked the old man.

“ Ah ! ” observed Nicholas with a sigh, remembering what Jenkins said when he heard it for the first time, “ you are not the only person who has told me that, as I have good reason to know.”

“ You ’ve mentioned your mother ; who was your father ? ”

“ I ’m not a wise son,” replied Nicholas, laughing.

“ Perhaps a prodigal one ? ” rejoined Jem Bunker.

“ Not much of that neither, for I had nothing to be prodigal with. My father died, as I have heard my mother say, when I was in my cradle ; and who or what he was, I never had the curiosity to inquire.”

“ Where did your mother live ? ”

“ In London.”

“ What part ? ”

“ A great many parts ; but the first that I remember was Saffron Hill, where I went to school ; then she removed to Shoe Lane ; after that to Barbican ; then to Smithfield Bars : then to Gray’s Inn Lane ; then to Whitechapel ; then back to Barbican ; and then to Green Arbor Court, Old Bailey, where she died, poor soul, of a scarlet fever. Lord ! I remember all the places as well as possible. Oh dear, I wish I was in one of them now ! ”

“ Was your mother tall ? ”

“ I fancy she was ; they used to call her the grenadier, at Whitechapel.”

“ Did she stammer in her speech ? ”

“ Yes, particularly when she got into one of her towering passions, which was pretty often.”

“ What other children had she ? ”

“None — I am her only son and heir.”

“And she called you ——”

“I was christened Nicholas, but she always called me Nick, for short. ‘Nick,’ said she, the day she died, ‘if I don’t recover, bury me in St. Giles’s churchyard, for there’s where I was married.’”

“Enough!” interrupted Jem Bunker, starting from his chair, and tottering towards Nicholas, he threw himself into his arms, exclaiming “My son! my son!”

“Not very likely,” thought Nicholas to himself, as the old man hugged him, and kept repeating the words — “my son! my son!” But he said nothing.

“Lord! what a blessed thing it is to see and touch one’s own flesh and blood, after so many years,” continued Jem, looking Nicholas full in the face as he spoke, and clasping his hands between his, with a fervor and tenderness too true to nature to be mistaken. “I am a transported felon,” said he, “and doomed to die in this strange land; but thank God! thank God! I am a father!” and tears that gushed forth afresh, and trickled down his aged cheeks, attested the sincerity of his feelings.

“Thank God, sir,” replied Nicholas, “as it seems to make you so happy, I have no objection to be your son, I having no other father to claim me, do you see; but as to the fact of my being so, I really think it’s all gammon.”

“Hush, hush,” interrupted the old man, wiping his eyes and becoming more composed; “you don’t know what you say. Death may come now as soon as it likes

—I have nothing else to live for. But I wish your mother had answered my letters.”

“She could ’nt write, you know,” replied Nicholas. “You forgot that, father.”

“Ah! well, you may jest as much as you like,” said the old man; “but if you are my son, you have a flesh mark on the right arm, just above the elbow, shaped like a pear.”

“To be sure I have, to be sure I have!” exclaimed Nicholas, stripping off his coat, and rolling up his shirt sleeve, and showing the mark with an amazed countenance — “and my mother has often told me —”

“She has often told you,” interrupted Jem Bunker, “that her husband flung a ripe pear at her one day as she sat asleep, the shock of which terrified and awoke her.”

“To be sure she did,” said Nicholas, who now in his turn threw himself into the old man’s arms, exclaiming, “my father! — my father! — only think of my finding you here, and making that jacket for you!”

The truth must be told. Jem Bunker, *alias* “Ned Dunks,” had been transported for horse-stealing. He was sentenced to die; but there were some circumstances in his case which, upon being represented in the proper quarter, obtained a commutation of his punishment; and, instead of forfeiting his life, he was sent out of the country for life. Often did his spirit yearn towards his native land: often had he written to his wife, entreating her to join him; often had he thought in sadness and sorrow upon the infant he saw sleeping in its cradle, the evening he was torn from his fireside

by the Bow Street officers, who called to "inquire if he was at home;" for, though a horse-stealer, he was the owner of a heart that might have shamed many a proud and titled keeper of horses, in its natural affections for kith and kin. This was touchingly shown on the present occasion; for after the first violence of his feelings had abated, he gazed upon his son in silence during a few moments, and then heaving a deep sigh, said in a tremulous voice—"Well, I have found you, my dear Nicholas, when I little expected to do so, and now I shall go down to my grave in peace, blessing God's holy name for his great mercy—nay, my son, do not smile as if you wondered to hear *me* talk of God and his holy name. I have lived long enough to know the awful meaning, as well as the amazing comfort, of these words; to know that as the world falls away, and the space between us and the grave narrows to a mere span of life, we cannot, if we would, keep our thoughts from busy-ing themselves with what is to happen there," raising his withered hand towards heaven as he spoke.

Religious admonition, proceeding from aged lips, has power to awe, for the moment at least, the wildest and most unthinking spirit. Nicholas had never been so spoken to before. He felt abashed and was silent.

"Yes my son," continued the old man, "I *do* receive you as a blessing from the hand of God, sent to shed the light of happiness upon my parting hours; but"—and he paused—"but—*but you too are a convict.*"

"I am," said Nicholas, his face reddening as he spoke; "but I thank God I'm innocent as you are of the crime laid to my charge."

“We have a great many innocent convicts here,” replied his father significantly; “indeed it is a rare case to find one who is not innocent.”

“I don’t know how that may be,” answered Nicholas, “but as for myself, what I do know is, that the judge ought to have been hanged who tried me, and the jury too.”

“Perhaps you’ll tell me?”

“Oh! yes,” interrupted Nicholas, “I’ll tell you all about it in a very few words.”

He then proceeded to relate the adventures with which the reader is already familiar. When he had concluded, his father dropped upon his knees, and offered up a fervent thanksgiving to God for having, as he expressed it, “restored a son to him, upon whom he could look without any other shame than that of being his father!”

About a year after the occurrence of these events, Jem Bunker, *alias* “Ned Dunks,” breathed his last in his son’s arms, having, before he died, conveyed to him by will the whole of his property, amounting to several thousand pounds. With this, as soon as the law permitted, he returned to England; the first man, perhaps, that ever made his fortune by going out to dinner, because he could not have the dinner he wanted at home. But thus doth Providence over-rule our ways, and fashion our hereafter happiness out of the very dross and dregs of our present misery!

It now only remains to be told that Nicholas Dunks lived to a good old age, at his villa near Edmonton, which he insisted upon calling “MACKEREL HOUSE;” that Mrs. Dunks died soon after his return, which proba-

bly was the reason why he lived so long himself; that he had the pleasure of seeing his friend Mr. Jenkins hung at the Old Bailey, one fine morning in June, for forgery; that he left his money, &c., to the Fishmongers' Company, for the purpose of building alms-houses for decayed fishmongers, with the condition annexed, that they should have fried mackerel for dinner, every Sunday, while they were in season; and lastly, that, strange to say, the immediate cause of his own death was a mackerel bone that stuck in his throat, on the anniversary, which he always religiously kept, of the day he went to the *Blue Post* to dine off a fried mackerel himself.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
 I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
 'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
 Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
 And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
 The hallowed seat with listening ear;
 And gentle words that mother would give,
 To fit me to die and teach me to live.
 She told me shame would never betide,
 With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
 She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
 As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
 When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
 And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
 And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
 Years rolled on, but the last one sped —
 My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,
 When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'T is past ! 't is past ! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow :
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died ;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek ;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

FORGET THEE ?

FORGET thee ? — If to dream by night, and muse on thee by day ;
 If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can pay,
 If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to heaven's protecting
 power,
 If winged thoughts that flit to thee — a thousand in an hour,
 If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot,
 If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou, indeed, shalt be forgot !

Forget thee ? — Bid the forest birds forget their sweetest tune :
 Forget thee ? — Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon ;
 Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew ;
 Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its "mountains
 wild and blue ;"
 Forget each old familiar face, each long remember'd spot ;
 When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot.

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy-free ;
 For, God forbid ! thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for
 me ;
 Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh, bid not mine to rove,
 But let it muse its humble faith, and uncomplaining love ;
 If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not,
 Forget me then ; — but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot.



Painted by J. M. W. Turner

Engraved by J. P. E. Colnaghi

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PERPETUAL ADORATION.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
 My temple, Lord, that arch of thine ;
 My censers breathe the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
 When murmuring homeward to their caves ;
 Or, when the stillness of the sea,
 Even more than music, breathes of thee.

I 'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
 All light and silence, like thy throne ;
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,
 Shall be my pure and shining book,
 Where I shall read, in words of flame,
 The glories of thy wondrous name.

I 'll read thy anger in the rack,
 That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
 Thy mercy, in the azure hue
 Of sunny brightness, breaking through

There's nothing bright, above, below,
 From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,
 But in its light my soul can see
 Some feature of thy Deity.

There 's nothing dark, below, above,
 But in its gloom I trace thy love ;
 And meekly wait that moment when
 Thy touch shall turn all bright again.



HOPE.

THERE is a star that cheers our way
 Along this dreary world of wo,
 That tips with light the waves of life,
 However bitterly they flow.

'T is Hope ! 't is Hope ! that blessed star !
 Which peers through Misery's darkest cloud ;
 And only sets where Death has brought
 The pall, the tombstone, and the shroud.

But, ah ! to look upon the dead,
 And know they ne'er can wake again ;
 To lose the one we love the best ; —
 Oh God ! it sears the breast and brain.

Then, then, the human heart will groan,
 And pine beneath the stroke of Fate ;
 'T will break, to find itself alone,
 A thing all sad and desolate.

WINTER.

WINTER is coming ! who cares ? who cares ?
 Not the wealthy and proud I trow ;
 " Let it come," they cry, " what matters to us
 How chilly the blast may blow ;

" We 'll feast and carouse in our lordly halls,
 The goblet of wine we 'll drain ;
 We 'll mock at the wind with shouts of mirth,
 And music's echoing strain.

" Little care we for the biting frost,
 While the fire gives forth its blaze ;
 What to us is the dreary night,
 While we dance in the waxlight's rays ? "

'T is thus the rich of the land will talk ;
 But think ! oh, ye pompous great,
 That the harrowing storm *ye* laugh at within
 Falls bleak on the *poor at your gate!*

They have blood in their veins, aye, pure as thine !
 But naught to quicken its flow ; —
 They have limbs that feel the whistling gale,
 And shrink from the driving snow.

Winter is coming — oh ! think, ye great,
 On the roofless, naked, and old ;
 Deal with them kindly, as man with man,
 And spare them a tithe of your gold :

THE WELCOME BACK.

SWEET is the hour that brings us home,
 Where all will spring to meet us ;
 Where hands are striving, as we come,
 To be the first to greet us.
 When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath
 And care been sorely pressing :
 'T is sweet to turn from our roving path,
 And find a fireside blessing.
 Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
 If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we reck on a dreary way,
 Though lonely and benighted,
 If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
 And eyes that will beam love-lighted ?
 What is the worth of your diamond ray,
 To the glance that flashes pleasure ;
 When the words that welcome back betray,
 We form a heart's chief treasure ?
 Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
 If we are but sure of a welcome back.

POOR WILL NEWBERY.

THESE words have occasionally haunted my memory for more than twenty years, and still vibrate on my ear in the same mournful tone of grief, regret, and tenderness, as I last heard them uttered by one, through the course of whose life the sentiment that gave indescribable pathos to the simple ejaculation, "Ah, poor Will Newbery!" had never been forgotten.

"Ah, poor Will Newbery!" who and what was he? It was a mystery to the younger part of our household. In the neighborhood, in the whole extent of our acquaintance, there were none who bore that name, nor was it associated with any of our family traditions, although they went back through several generations; yet his identity we could not doubt, and we associated something very romantic and dismal with the name of this unknown and mysterious person. And now, methinks, I cannot give due effect to my simple recital, without introducing my readers to the circumstances which kept the seal of secrecy so long unbroken. I have alluded to one in whose bosom this secret seemed mournfully treasured. She was a gentlewoman far advanced in years, my maternal aunt, Mrs. Lloyd.

I may, perhaps, hereafter, have occasion to mention the circumstances that rendered her an inmate in our house. It is sufficient to my present purpose to state,

that she was extremely beloved and respected by the family with whom she dwelt, and especially interesting to those between whose age and her own lay an affecting sojourn of so many years; nor is it singular that these travellers in an unknown world should be peculiarly acceptable to the curiosity and inexperience of childhood and youth: but that difference of age, which did not preclude the most amiable and delightful sympathies, would have prevented any approach to familiarity on the subject in question; and it was only when she sat in a state of deep abstractedness, evidently imagining herself alone, or forgetful of those around her, that we ever heard her thus ejaculate, "Ah, poor Will Newbery!"

I have at this instant before me the face and figure of that fine old age, as she sat in that dim hour of evening which, in the stillness of country life, is so conducive to meditation and reflection. In the old-fashioned parlor, which was the common family room, we sat one or more of us, abstracted and silent as herself, watching the last fading colors in the distant horizon, when a deep sigh would draw our attention, and our eyes instantly turning on our venerable relative, we again beheld the clasped hands, the supplicating uplifted countenance, and heard again the affecting apostrophe to the never forgotten dead, "Ah! poor Will Newbery!" There were four of us, and if we were all present, actuated by the same feeling, we stole out of the room so quietly that not a step could be heard; and then, at that romantic period of girlhood, in the pensive twilight, did we walk in our garden or orchard, and alone, or togeth-

er, meditate or converse in conjectures on the circumstances that could so have hallowed the memory of "poor Will Newbery."

We had for a long time, each of us, entertained an idea that he must have been the lover of her by whom he was so tenderly remembered; and at last we began to communicate our thoughts on the subject to each other; for whatever we thought, we talked very little of love; and never, as I recollect, till the approaching night threw its vail over our faces, did our lips dare to utter, oh, how softly! the few and cautious words that gave expression to our sentiments.

The extreme reserve that was always observed by the heads of our family on this subject, continued, no doubt, to protract our shyness beyond the usual period when confidential intercourse is generally established; but an event occurred which introduced it cautiously indeed, but at once, into our family conversation; this was the marriage of a young lady, one of our very few relatives. Bride favors were of course sent to us. We received them with blushes, and appeared in them at church on the following Sunday with downcast looks. I remember that for some days after this event, we frequently found our mother's eyes fixed on us with an unusually thoughtful expression. The eldest of us then was about seventeen, a year older than the young bride. A short time after, we were sitting together in our garden bowyer; the evening closed in upon us slowly and imperceptibly; our little pieces of work rested in our hands in our laps; Julia's book was closed; the spirit of musing stole over us, and we sat quite silent, until a deep sigh

from my mother was followed by a few remarks which had nothing particular in them, but which riveted our attention from the manner in which they were spoken. But it is not my purpose here to relate the whole of my mother's discourse of that evening; it is sufficient to state, that while she held up to her daughters' example, with inimitable simplicity, the conduct of a line of females distinguished for their virtue and piety, with a voice that suddenly faltered, she acknowledged that there was one whose youth had been marked by an error, so serious in itself and pitiable in its consequences, that all the succeeding years of her long life, regulated, as they had been, by the strictest rules of morality and piety, had not been able to obliterate it from her memory. "Ah, poor Will Newbery," added my mother, "is all I have ever heard from her own lips on the subject." Oh! that I could give my readers any portion of that intense curiosity with which we listened to the developement of this long pending mystery! but vain as this wish is, the incident is in itself so singular, that I am induced to offer a slight sketch of the life and character of her whose otherwise simple history it so unfortunately distinguished.

Mrs. Anne Johnson, my father's maternal aunt, was the eldest daughter of a substantial yeoman at Up Ottery, in Devonshire. He would perhaps, in these days, have been called a gentleman farmer, for he rented considerably, and was, beside, the owner of a small freehold; but the title was not then in existence, and he was a plain, sensible man, who coveted not titles, or any thing that belonged to them, if we except the youngest daught-

ter of a neighboring baronet. As he was a very handsome man, he succeeded in gaining the young lady's favor, and she became his wife, but without the consent of her father, who never bestowed any fortune on his offending daughter. Of this remote and somewhat unequal alliance I never heard any thing more, than that the lady lived very happily with the husband of her choice.

In the first years of her marriage she became the mother of two daughters, — Anne, the subject of this memoir, and Margaret, who was my grandmother. When Anne was in her sixteenth year, her father received a proposal of marriage for her from a young man, whose situation and character were such as to render the prospect of her union with him very agreeable to both her parents. To their daughter, however, Mr. Newbery's proposal appeared in a very different light: happy in herself and in her home, without one care for the present or one anxiety for the future, a proposal so serious as that of marriage startled, disturbed, and intimidated her, and she entreated that her parents would allow her to decline Mr. Newbery's addresses; but as she continued to declare, in answer to every anxious interrogatory, that her heart was perfectly free from any predilection in favor of another, they imagined that her indifference towards Mr. Newbery, and her reluctance to marriage, might be conquered by the tenderness and devotedness of an affection which appeared to themselves so amiable and generous, and they positively forbade her declining his addresses.

Her parents had not so entirely forgotten their own

feelings as to have entertained a thought of forcing their daughter's affections; but where there was no affection, where the heart was free, they thought it was quite reasonable and proper that they should dispose of it themselves, to a handsome young man, whom Anne would be sure to love as a husband, however cold and reserved she might be to him as a lover. Assailed at once by parental authority, and parental kindness, Anne gave a reluctant consent. The day for the union was fixed, and all due preparation made for solemnizing the nuptials. The day opened auspiciously, and, in the primitive and simple manners of that remote period, the whole wedding party walked across the fields to the parish church at Up Ottery.

How Anne went through the ceremony I never heard related, but it is probable she betrayed no other emotion than might properly be imputed to her youth and timidity. I have said that the whole wedding party attended to witness the solemnization of the nuptials. It was a large party; and, upon leaving the church, the bride, declining the arm of him who did not appear to presume upon a right so recently obtained, mixed with those young companions who had attended her upon the occasion.

The wedding party was, by some chance, broken into little groups, and when they all assembled in the great hall of her father's house, the bride was not amongst them. She had not been missed sooner, because one group had imagined she had joined the other. "But where was the bride now? She must have returned before them — was in her garden or in her chamber."

The garden and chamber were searched — Anne was not to be found. Inquiries were made of the servants — they had not seen their young mistress. “She was certainly not returned then.” Her companions all declared this was some little jest of Anne’s — she was always so lively — she had certainly given them the slip coming from church, in order to make them search for her — they knew all her haunts; and they were all off instantly, in high glee, for a game of hide and seek with the pretty bride. In about an hour they dropped in again, with the inquiry, “Who has found Anne?” And the last scout had returned, and still Anne was not found.

When the jest first began to wear a serious aspect — when the breast of the bridegroom was stricken, and the countenances of the parents fell, and the jests of the assembled party turned into assurances that no harm could have happened to Anne, can only be imagined; but in a few hours the whole household were out in search of her. As the evening advanced, increasing terror spread from house to house, and, during the whole of the night, all the inhabitants of the village were out for miles in quest of her. The old men, leaning upon their sticks, and women, with children in their arms, were standing at the yard gates of her father’s house, to catch the first tidings. The lights in the deserted house were dismal to behold; where no one rested for a moment, but where returning guests came only to find disappointment, and to hurry off again with lessening hope and increased alarm; but it is impossible to describe the consternation and dismay that pervaded every breast,

and spoke in every look, when the morning broke upon their unavailing search. As the day advanced, every pond and well for miles round, was dragged, — messages were sent in every direction; yet, notwithstanding this general and strict inquiry, no clue could be found to account for the mysterious absence of her, to whom all now began to assign some terrible destiny.

It is probable that those bosoms which were the first given up to fear, were the last in which some slight hope of her return was totally extinguished; but when day passed after day, and weeks and even months came into the reckoning, when this appalling event was named, those flittings of hope hovered only for an instant over the darkest abysses of terror and dismay. Her parents and sister had at least some companionship in their strange and heart-appalling circumstances; but the miserable husband was alone in his grief; alone he wished to be — he soon ceased to seek sympathy in kindred or friend — he absented himself from his habitation for days and weeks together; no one would doubt that he went in search of her whom he had thus mysteriously lost; but upon his return he soon ceased to make any communication whither he had been, and the looks with which he was received anticipated his own inquiries.

Month after month passed away, but time, whose lenient influence soothes other griefs, only increased the despair of the forlorn and bewildered man. By degrees his health and strength failed him, but the blow had come upon him in the vigor of youthful manhood, and the struggle of grief with youth and strength was long and doubtful, although deadly at last. When his strength

became so exhausted that his feeble limbs could carry him no farther, he still continued to walk to the church where Anne had become his bride. He always took the same path, and was observed, in certain spots, in deep abstractedness of mind; but he started if a leaf fell at his feet, or at the rustling of the wind, or the flitting of a shadow, and the earnest gaze of his sunken eye bespoke a blended feeling of expectation and fear. It was a look of intense desire to behold some object, but of doubt and dread whether that object were of this or of another world. He used to stand for whole hours at the church porch, on the very spot where he had last parted from Anne. The late villager, or the sojourner returning to his home, sometimes passed within sight of him with feelings of the deepest commiseration, but no one intruded upon a grief that seemed to admit not of comfort or alleviation. Had the unhappy man stood by the grave of his bride, consolation might have lighted upon his soul, as the soft dews fall from heaven: nay, had the earth opened and buried her quick before his eyes, even this calamity would not have been so dreadful as was his.

At the end of two years, the friends who had attended him in the triumph and exultation of his heart to the nuptial shrine, bore the corpse of the unfortunate young man to his long home of forgetfulness and rest; and the concern and pity not only of friend and relative, but of the whole neighborhood that had marked the decline of his health and strength in that long and bitter struggle, were now awakened afresh for her who had occasioned it. What were the feelings of Anne's parents then,

and what, when, a few days afterwards, they received a letter from their long lost daughter, no pen can possibly describe. And she, their daughter, was well, — in security, and wanting only their forgiveness to be at peace ; and he, the victim of her caprice, whom they had loved almost as their own son, for whom they had felt, even in the midst of their own anguish, unutterable pity, — he was newly in his grave, and no art could restore his broken heart, no tidings could reach his ear.

It will readily be imagined that though satisfaction was mingled with the first feelings of surprise and indignation, sentiments of resentment and displeasure were soon uppermost in their minds.

Anne's beauty and sprightly and amiable disposition had rendered her a general favorite in the neighborhood, and those who had loved her had never ceased to deplore a fate so singular, mysterious, and fearful ; but no sooner had the tidings spread abroad, than every voice and every hand were raised, accusing, reproaching, and upbraiding her cruel conduct.

But in pursuing the narrative, it is best now to return to the morning of that unfortunate and fatal marriage, which had probably no sooner been completed than the hitherto reluctant girl and now revolting bride determined on sudden and instant flight. Thus resolved, she found little difficulty in withdrawing unobserved from such a party as I have described, passing through small enclosures with hedges, intersected with lanes and where spots of coppice wood and orchard were interspersed. The first point gained, that of withdrawing herself without observation or suspicion, her knowledge of the

country for some miles round enabled her to pass to a considerable distance by a track the most uninhabited, and by paths the most unfrequented.

It is not probable that in a resolution thus hastily formed, she had conceived any plan for her future proceedings. To fly to a distance so remote as to screen her from present research or inquiry was the first impulse of her feelings, and she had left her native village eight or nine miles behind before she dared to sit down to rest and reflect. Bred up in the peace, comfort, security, and kindness of such a household as that in which during the whole of her short inexperienced life she had been a favorite and cherished inmate, what must have been the feeling of a girl not quite sixteen at such a juncture, and under such circumstances, in quitting at once all she had loved, known, and trusted, to enter upon a world to which she was a stranger, the rumor of which had probably reached her peaceful retirement in all that coloring, at once so inviting and fearful to the youthful and ardent mind, but to one in her situation, so young and so unfriended, truly appalling. "Without one friend!" thought poor Anne as she sat at the foot of a tree which spread its grateful shade over the weeping and exhausted girl—"Not one friend!" The distressing reflection brought at length to her memory a young girl who had left their neighborhood about a year before, and was now residing with an uncle in London. She was an orphan, and had been Anne's school-mate and favorite companion; and she wiped away her tears, as her heart was eased of more than half its load of anxiety and fear, in the thought that her once

favorite playmate might befriend her in her sad exigency, and assist her views. The difficulties and dangers of a journey to London, even at that time, were very secondary, in the apprehensions of one whose first resolve had been so decided and desperate. It is probable that the distance of London, the total absence of all communication with the retired little spot in which she lived, and, (at the remote period of a century ago) the conviction in Anne's mind that her friends would as soon think of seeking her in a foreign country as there, might have been another inducement to her finally determining on such a plan.

Persevering in her resolution thus formed, without any other refreshment than a draught of water from the way-side stream, she had, before the close of the day, proceeded to a distance of more than twenty miles:— and this she had done without making one inquiry, and carefully avoiding all recognition. She was now on the old London road, and although exceedingly fatigued, she continued to walk slowly on, doubtful whether she should rest for the night in the first respectable dwelling that would afford her an asylum, or remain the few hours of a short midsummer night in the building or shed attached to some farm-house, where she might be equally secure from observation or interruption; and her acquaintance with that sort of building, was, she knew, sufficient to render her choice very tolerably secure. Still, though faint and exhausted from want of food, she continued to walk irresolutely on, until, sitting down on a bank by the way-side to settle her bewildered mind, she was roused from her reflections by the appearance of a party of persons on horseback coming towards her.

Rising as they approached, though not without difficulty, being more exhausted than she had imagined herself, she walked on a few paces; but her air and manner betrayed not only extreme exhaustion, but also trepidation and alarm. Two or three horsemen passed first, and then some ladies riding on pillions behind their servants. The appearance of such a young woman alone, at such an hour and in such a situation, attracted their attention, and the elder of the ladies, giving her the usual salutation of the hour, perceiving that she faltered in her reply, ordered her servant to slacken his pace; and upon a nearer observation of her ingenuous countenance, she inquired in a tone of great kindness, "May I ask whither you are journeying alone, at this hour on the highway, fair mistress?" The gentle and considerate manner in which this inquiry was made, struck the full heart of the poor fugitive, and her painfully suppressed feelings burst forth at once. "Oh! pity me, — pity me, — save me!" she exclaimed, with raised hands and streaming eyes. The whole party now halted, and the poor girl, quite overcome, staggered a few paces, and then sunk upon the bank where she had before been resting. Two or three of the party alighted, and amongst them the gentleman who was at the head of it; he was the husband of the lady, whose notice Anne had attracted, and was travelling to London with his family and domestics. It was some time before Anne was sufficiently recovered to make any other reply to the questions that were put to her, than by tears, sobs, and inaudible attempts at speech. "Press her not with questions, — give her time to recover herself," said the lady who had first addressed

her. In the first ebullition of feeling, Anne would probably have disclosed her real situation; but in the short interval thus obtained her, she had sufficiently recovered her presence of mind; and collecting her scattered thoughts, the poor girl gave to the little fiction which she had that day invented, an air of the most perfect truth and simplicity, by the emotions of genuine grief with which it was delivered. She represented herself as a destitute orphan, who, by strange and disastrous circumstances, had been rendered dependent on one, who, taking advantage of her helpless situation, had formed the most cruel designs against her, until at length she had been obliged to quit abruptly and clandestinely, and all unprepared as she then stood before them, the only little spot in the wide world with which she was acquainted, the place of her birth, and, up to the period of these afflicting events, the home of her affections; and as Anne continued, through her short narrative, to pause and to weep, the lady to whom she particularly addressed herself, manifesting the warmest interest in her story, when she had finished, in a kind and most pitying tone, asked where she was going, and whether she had formed any plan for her future proceedings. To these questions Anne replied that her first thought was only to fly from the danger which awaited her; but that she had, after much perplexing reflection, determined, if it pleased Heaven to defend her from the terrors and hazards of such an undertaking, to proceed on to London, where there now resided a friend of hers, one who was an orphan like herself, and with whom she had grown up from infancy, until about a year before, when her young friend

had been sent for by a relative of her deceased father, who, being a man of some account in the city of London, would perhaps be induced to take pity on her sad circumstances, and recommend her to some situation.

“And who was this young person, from whose good offices she expected such assistance?” “She was a very virtuous respected young woman, one Mrs. Betty Hope.” Poor Anne’s countenance brightened as she pronounced the name of the only friend whom she now dared to *claim*. “And Hope is the name of thy pretty mate, and is now thy only friend, poor wanderer!” exclaimed the lady; “but cheer up, my child, I trust that the presage is a gracious one!” and then turning and speaking a few words apart with her husband, the lady offered to take Anne to London, and she was immediately placed on a horse, which was led by a servant, for the accommodation of one of the young ladies, who chose occasionally to change a pillion for a saddle. With the name of the family who at once became the protectors of our interesting relative, I never was acquainted, or I have forgotten it through a lapse of years; but “Betty Hope” was a name never to be forgotten in so singular an adventure.

With this worthy and amiable family, Anne proceeded towards the great city: but before they reached the end of their journey the slow and lonely travellers met with an adventure not very uncommon. They were attacked and plundered by highwaymen, but pity even in such breasts still prevailed for poor Anne; for when accosted in her turn, she presented her purse, containing only one solitary piece of gold, and declared with streaming

eyes it was all she possessed in the world, it was instantly returned to her.

Precious little piece of gold! that preserved from pecuniary obligation the independent spirit of its singular possessor.

During her long, tedious, and, as it appears, somewhat dangerous journey, Anne's disposition and behavior had so far gained the goodwill of her benevolent protectress, that she would willingly have granted her an asylum in her own house; but while her spirit would not brook obligation of this nature, she had also, reflecting on the strange step she had taken, and the perplexity of her situation, resolved upon such a plan as should render her independent of the protection of those friends, whose favor might have been forfeited by the discovery of her real situation.

Anne's education had been extremely well attended to; and simple as it would now be considered, she was so perfect a mistress of all that young females were then generally taught, that her friends were brought to approve of her scheme of opening a school, which, with their assistance and recommendation, offered a very fair promise of success.

The sudden and total change in her situation produced at once great solidity of character and seriousness of demeanor; and her undertaking was soon crowned with success beyond her expectation.

It was not many months before she was fortunate enough to discover the residence of Mrs. Betty Hope, with whom she managed so well to obtain a private interview, in which she disclosed all that had befallen her,

and engaged her confidence and secrecy. I have said that two years had elapsed before Anne communicated to her friends, in an epistle, a brief account of what I have here detailed; she pleaded, in palliation of her most strange and apparently unfeeling proceeding, that the engagement she had entered into on that fatal morning never appeared to her so dreadful, as when it was indissolubly fixed, involving her, as it did, in circumstances too fearful for her to abide, and from which she had suddenly determined to fly, at any hazard or danger; and in concluding, she besought, in the humblest manner, the forgiveness of her parents; but she held a higher tone towards him, who had, she declared, unadvisedly pressed on a suit so disagreeable to her, and she ended by avowing her fixed resolution never to acknowledge those ties which had driven her from the home where his misplaced addresses had found her a cherished and happy child.

I have already stated the manner in which this letter was received: and when at length it obtained an answer, she was informed, in no softened terms, of the fatal issue of her "rash and cruel proceeding;" their forgiveness they did not withhold, but this forgiveness was coldly accorded; and they added, that, as it had pleased Providence to raise her up friends and to open to her an honest way of living after her rash adventure, they advised her not to return to her former home, unless she was prepared to meet the displeasure and reproof of all who had formerly thought but too well of her. They further added, that she who had once credited those who had bred her up, and had withal been consid-

ered a comfort and a blessing to them, was now become to them an occasion of shame and confusion of countenance; that even her name, once so familiar and sweet to hear, now sounded harsh and stern in their ears, as when one speaks of a guilty and proscribed creature; and when, they added, "we seek for consolation in the sanctuary of the afflicted — when with broken hearts we kneel at the altar where you pronounced those sacred vows which you so fearfully profaned, we pass by the grave of that most dear and worthy man whom you have destroyed."

Anne never appealed from this interdiction; she never returned to her native place, nor, as I think, ever beheld the faces of her parents again. Thus, young and affectionate as she was, cut off by her own act from parents and kindred and friends, in a situation so stern and so forlorn, that her heart had relented in grief and remorse, and entertained kinder and tenderer thoughts of him whom she had forsaken, no one could doubt who heard from her tremulous lips after such a lapse of time, and when she was upwards of eighty years, that one forlorn, affecting expression, "Ah poor Will Newbery!"

And now perhaps my narrative ought shortly to close; but I am fain to hope that those whom it has interested might like to hear something more of the character and circumstances of the after life of one whose youth was marked by so extraordinary an occurrence.

With the detail of many succeeding years I am totally unacquainted, further than that she continued to pursue very successfully the occupation she had first chosen, until the death of her father. A few years af-

ter that period, she left London for the first time, on an excursion into the country: she went into Somersetshire on a visit to my grandmother — it was a wedding tour.

“ And could she, after such an event, marry again ? ” some fair reader may be ready to exclaim. Gentle reader, be not hasty: Anne continued the widow of the man whose name she had never borne, for a period of more than twenty years. She was upwards of forty when she married a gentleman of the name of Lloyd.

After a short stay with my grandmother, she returned to London, and never afterwards visited the country until she finally departed from town, and came to live with my father in her seventy-ninth year. Her husband had then been dead several years. The occasion of this removal was no less disastrous than the loss of nearly her whole property, which she had consigned to a person who had abused a confidence which had been implicit and unlimited. I remember, as it were but yesterday, the coming of the letter by the evening post that acquainted my father with the loss of the property which he had always expected would have been bequeathed to his children; but his own disappointment on the occasion was soon absorbed in more generous feelings. I remember the reading of that letter; there was something exceedingly fine in its perfect simplicity; it was at once pathetic, pious, and dignified; it won every heart in that innocent and artless circle.

My dear mother was the first to express her wishes that my father would immediately write and invite her to come and live with us; my father wrote a few lines by the returning post, and followed his letter the next

day; and in the course of the ensuing week he returned, bringing with him, in his aged relative, a stranger to his whole family; but a dear and welcome stranger she was.

Previously to this event, occasional letters, short and far between, accompanied with small presents to and from town, had been all the communication that had passed between the aunt and nephew — an only aunt and an only nephew; but oh! how close did misfortune on one hand, and benevolence on the other, draw this neglected tie between these amiable relatives.

My grandmother, who, surviving her husband, had resided with my father from the period of his marriage, had died a short time before; and Mrs. Lloyd very nearly resembled her, and as that dearly remembered countenance seemed presented to us again, the tears with which we embraced her, gave to our artless welcomes an assurance of affection and feeling most soothing to her situation and circumstances.

How happy we were with her, how happy she was with us, during the remainder of her days, will often be a sweet reflection to the end of mine. From the first day in which she became an inmate in our house, her confidence in the affection, esteem, and kindness of my father and mother was entire; but it is probable her sweetest sympathies were with their children; we were the constant companions of her “in-door comfort and out-of-door gladness;” most interesting was it to behold one who had been the child of nature, returning into her bosom after a separation of more than sixty years. Every dormant feeling was awakened, and every wel

remembered pleasure enhanced by previous privation ; and she met her favorite flowers again — the humble flowers, which in her youth were reckoned rarest and sweetest — with tears of delight, the pink, the stock, the polyanthus, the wall-flower, and the homely rose-mary ; we made our little beds of them, and cherished them more than ever for her sake ; we caught even what might be called her prejudices, and gave no place to their newly imported rivals, “ who came,” she said, “ to flaunt in gaudy colors over their modest heads.” Nor did the garden, or orchard, or pretty home-field bound her walks ; she was a rambler and wanderer amongst us, by stream and hedge-row, through the tangled copse, and over the open heath, and abroad in our meadows, when rich in the perfume and beauty of the sweet cowslip.

Days, weeks, and seasons passed on, and when I look back upon them I often wonder how they could seem so long, when they were so happy — were they as long and happy to her ? I think they were ; for she seemed a child amongst children — a girl amongst girls. With the wisdom and experience of age was blended the simplicity of youth ; and the ties of blood, from which she had been so long estranged, gave a new tone to her feelings, a fresh charm to her existence. Almost entirely in her company, while we thus continued to enliven many of her hours, we acquired habits of silence and reflection in those intervals of quietude that were necessary to age like hers ; yet it was a fine old age, without sickness or infirmity, during the first years of her residence with us. Her memory was the faculty that

was first impaired ; and it gradually decayed, until by a singular lapse, she entirely lost the whole of the period which she had spent in London. She forgot her second marriage, the man with whom she had united herself, and with whom she had lived, contentedly at least, for several years. All the various incidents that had occurred to her, and the acquaintances she had formed during her long sojourn, had passed from her mind like a forgotten dream ; but the occurrences of her youth seemed fresher then ever to her imagination ; and however confused and perplexed was the recollection, she never forgot the strange and impressive events that marked that remote period of her life ; and the last faltering tones that gave utterance to the name of him whose heart her indifference had broken, were full of tenderness, pity, and regret. As her imagination continued as lively as ever, her lapses of memory were sometimes extremely amusing to our thoughtless age ; she had been a great reader from her youth upwards ; books of romance and devotion had been the amusement of her youth and the consolation of her advanced age ; and with the history of her own country, at least, she was tolerably acquainted.

As her sight began to fail, and at length, when after shorter and shorter attempts, her spectacles were laid down by her largest printed books with a sigh, she began to relate to us stories which she had read in her youth, with a pretty modest introduction. — “ Some,” she said, “ simply for our amusement,” others, she hoped, “ might tend to strengthen and improve our memory ; and others,” she observed more seriously “ she

would relate for our edification." She would draw from the sacred writers, from the books of martyrs, and from works of many of the most approved theological writers, the most affecting examples of faith and piety, with great precision and propriety of adaptation; but her memory continually betraying her on those subjects, she would transfer some of the most affecting of the scripture narratives to story-books which she had read in her youth. "I remember such a one, my dears, and truly a pretty story it was. There was a lady—dear me! I forget her name, and the place where the author had laid his scene; yet it was a wonderfully ingenious tale: well, I think I have it now—the lady's name at least: she was a woman of high station, a great woman in her day, and exceedingly pious withal—my Lady Shunem—I think that was her title":—thus would she proceed, and was certainly eminently diverting in her details. At another time she would commence—"There lived, a great many years ago (I think it might have been somewhere in Devonshire), a gentleman of the name of Jacob. Now Mr. Jacob was a family man," and then she went on with the history of the Patriarch and his sons. She frequently modernized these narratives in such a way as one would have thought must have cost great pains and contrivance; and these undesigned alterations displayed a turn and talent which, had it happened to have been called into action, would have made her a pretty romance writer of any period. The Scripture chronicles she blended with the history of her own country—dear woman! but she could not see the smiles go round when she admonished

us of the necessity of treasuring up in our memory some of the most whimsical mistakes. To the crimes of Mary were frequently added all the atrocities of Jezebel; and the next day, perhaps, she made Jezebel a return in full of all Mary's crimes; and then concluded all with remarking gravely, that all young women ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the history of their own country. And then she sung too, and how sweetly did her voice blend with ours in our evening hymn, when gathered round our large hall fire; and sometimes, if we asked, though she certainly required a little pressing, she would sing alone, and often did she commence with "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament," and after a few melancholy notes, gliding into the doleful ditty of "Cruel Barbara Allen," on a sudden raise her voice to its highest pitch in the lively air of "Kilkenny was a Fine Town," and then with breath a little exhausted by the quickness of the measure, sink, in sweetly querulous tones, into the sacred dirge, the pathetic and solemn eighty-eighth Psalm.

I have never seen so fine, so happy, so engaging an old age as hers; her bright figure — her firm step — her cheerful countenance — the bland and chastened expression of her fine dark eyes — her measured movements, stately without the smallest approach to formality, formed altogether a person and address that exceedingly became her rich and old-fashioned attire, her brocades, her laces, her strait waist and stomacher, her high cap with its lappets and ribbons intermixed. What a picture! when the Sabbath morning especially brought her down for the day. How we gathered together

round her, and praised her appearance and her looks ; and how she smiled upon us, and blessed us ! her smiles and her looks are before me still, and her tones are in my ear.

I think she had nearly reached her eighty-sixth year before her sight became materially impaired ; and when in the course of a few years she totally lost it, she did not appear to be sensible of the change ; at least during the two remaining years of her life, no one of the family ever heard her advert to the loss. When she first perceived the decay in her vision, she had occasionally evinced great distress of mind in her apprehensions of her approaching blindness ; and we had dreaded the effect as a fatal shock to her cheerfulness. But it was over, and she seemed not to be aware of her misfortune. The little circle around her had been anxiously watching and assiduously attending her steps and her motions ; and as the dimness gathered darker and darker, every hand was ready to guide her, and to set every thing right about her, in such a manner that she might not discover their aid to be necessary. I remember one evening, my father wishing to ascertain if her sight were entirely gone, waved a candle two or three times near her eyes without its exciting her attention ; we were then perfectly convinced of the total extinction of vision. We had all feared and expected that it was so, but there was not a dry eye in the circle that surrounded her ; she smiled, however, and chatted as usual, and was, I think, the most cheerful of the party that evening.

When her sight became extinct, and the remains of memory were only faint gleams or misleading guides,

her fancies and imaginings seemed to lose nothing of their vividness or buoyancy ; and over these fancies the most inauspicious seasons or times had no effect. Even our delightful Mitford herself might have borrowed a scene from her description. Often has she startled me from a musing dream by her side, where I was generally stationary in that dear warm corner in the cold dreary winter afternoons, by declaring that our valley lay all before us in the promise and brightness of spring, or the beauty and richness of summer ; and these fancies generally ended in her expressing a wish for a walk, it being, she would say, a sin to sit at home on such a morning : then, her bonnet and cloak being brought, we set out on our walk ; while the different rooms, one after the other, and the long passage that led down the suite of apartments, and which was indeed sufficiently cool, afforded to her imagination pasture and lane, and breezy heath, wanting nothing to engage and refresh the senses ; memory supplied to her the honey-suckle and wild-rose, wherever she had seen them grow. Her favorite flowers still bloomed and breathed for her, for she often praised their beauty with her accustomed sensibility, and declared that every gale brought their sweet perfume. The deception of her senses could not have been so complete, but that she never gathered a flower. A course of observation convinced us that it was one of her little ruling maxims not to cut short their transient lives ; and, noting this pretty tenderness — is this, I have often thought, she who broke the heart of “poor Will Newbery ?”

I could, through the course of many pages, dwell up-

on the simple and affecting incidents that crowd upon my mind ; but I will venture only one, which formed almost the closing scene in the simple but romantic drama of the life which I have sketched, and would not willingly leave till its close.

A serious and affecting charge devolved on her youthful relatives, when at length, her bodily strength and all the remaining faculties of her mind daily and rapidly declining, she was entirely confined, first to her chamber, then to her bed. For several weeks she had been lying in a state of extreme helplessness, but apparently without suffering, for she generally slumbered through the day, and showed no other signs of recognising those about her than by never failing to thank them with her usual politeness for any attention she received : this was all ; but the few and tremulous accents were sweet to hear. We leaned over and repeated her words to each other, as a fond mother repeats the half formed expressions of her child. “ And is it so,” we exclaimed, “ and is her fine mind really reduced to that state of infantile weakness ! and when we shall tell her tale, will it end thus ? ” Not so — she left a more gratifying memorial behind her.

I remember it was a fine afternoon in the late autumn, when, tempted by the favorable weather, we all went into the orchard to assist in gathering the hoard apples. Our parents were both from home, and we left our charge to the care of a faithful domestic who was much attached to her. Every hand was busily engaged — we gathered our fruit — laughed, rallied each other, and boasted of the finest apples, as each emptied her well-filled little

basket into the general stock. I feel at this moment the panic that struck my mind with the reflection that I had been absent more than an hour from the room which my mother requested me not to leave many minutes together. Vague and startling apprehensions gave wings to my feet, and quick as thought, I was through the orchard, down the garden, and up the stairs. The interval of a few minutes longer would probably have subjected me to a life-long remorse. I found our aged relative in a state which gave such a pang to my heart, as, I hope, sufficiently atoned for my negligence; she had arisen and partly dressed herself, but had sunk in a state of insensibility at the foot of her bed. From her shrunken frame, cold and senseless, every spark of life seemed to have fled: there was no time to reflect — it was necessary to act, and on the instant I caught a long warm cloak from the peg where it hung, raised the dear insensible object of my terrors, and wrapping it round her, took her, carried her in my arms down stairs, and along the passage and large hall where we usually sat, and placed her in her own easy-chair by the hearth; and drawing a table that was near, I set it before her to prevent her falling: I then ran to an outhouse, got a faggot of light dry wood, which I placed on a few embers still slumbering under the ashes; and when the flame burst brightly up the chimney-back, I had a cordial in a little sauce-pan ready to warm. My eyes were continually turned on the object of my solicitude; soon I saw the grateful warmth bring a faint color to her countenance, and relax her cold and stiffened limbs; and when, presenting the glass to her lips, she drank a little

of the cordial, not only without difficulty, but with apparent satisfaction, it seemed to me the first time, during this short but trying scene, that I dared to breathe. But I could not speak. I kneeled down before her and pressed her hand in mine, while tears of grief and joy fell upon them. She soon addressed me by my name, which she repeated, observing, "For I know that it is Mary," and her utterance was clearer, and her voice stronger than I had known it for several months past.

The words of one risen from the dead could scarcely have impressed me more than her subsequent discourse, from which I discovered that she had been perfectly conscious of what had passed, from the moment I had found her in a state of seeming insensibility.

"I had come," she said, "to revive the trembling flame of life, to give one more proof of my affection, and to receive her last thanks and last blessing." She adverted to my tender age (I was then about seventeen), and to the delicacy of my frame, and she blessed Him who had, she observed, so strengthened me, that my steps tottered not under a burden so strange, and in circumstances so trying. She proceeded in an affecting strain of devotion, pouring out her heart to that God whose forgiveness, mercy, and love had extended over all the days of her life; who had brought her in age and destitution to those dear and beloved relatives, for whom she now besought grace and favor, and more especially every spiritual good. She named each individually, beginning with her "dear nephew" (my father), and in this most affecting and solemn appeal she discovered a perfect and lively sense of the distinguish-

ing characteristics of these objects of her solicitude and tenderness. Finally, she laid her hand upon my head, and blessed her "beloved Mary," for whom, she said, she besought not, with submission to the Divine will, that her life should be prolonged to days so helpless as hers; but if so protracted and so enfeebled, that it might also be as tenderly ministered unto, and so close in the bosom of kindred kindness and peace.

She had but just concluded this farewell benediction when others of the family came in; my father and mother also returned home; she spoke cheerfully to all; tea was prepared, and we were delighted at having her partake of it with us again. But in the midst of our simple social meal, she sunk into her accustomed slumber, and my father conveyed her in his arms to her bed, from which she never rose again. A few days after, sitting by her bed-side and perceiving her dissolution was near at hand, my father addressed to her a few words, to which she endeavored to reply; but in a voice scarcely audible, and with some difficulty, she could only articulate "my dear nephew." It was, however, a most dear and welcome recognition; and in the extreme yearning of the heart, at this painful moment, my father put a few questions of solemn import and affectionate solicitude, entreating her to press his hand, in token that, in this awful extremity, her God was with her. Twice she repeated the desired and affecting token, and then the spirit returned to God who gave it.

On the morning of her interment, before the funeral attendants had arrived, we stood once more round the close coffin that contained the remains of our venerable

and beloved friend, and shed showers of tears over the mournfull shell, which, from the approximation to the dead, is more afflicting to the mourner, than even the grave which hides poor mortality in the bosom of its mother earth, covered with her softest robe besprinkled with the little flowers which she loves best. I have bent over the simple memorial of ninety-two years in the affecting trust that in that world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, the fine and delicate spirit was reunited to him who had loved, “not wisely, but too well” — to the ill-fated in this world — to him whom a broken heart had laid in an early grave — to “poor Will Newbery !”

LINES TO ELEANOR.

CAN I e'er cease to love thee —
 Forget thee? Ah! no;
Though nations divide us,
 And seas 'twixt us flow;
Thy beauty is graven
 So deep in my heart,
I fancy thee near me,
 Wherever thou art.
All nature seems fairer
 Whene'er thou art nigh;
The sun shines more brightly,
 More blue is the sky;
When absent, thy form
 In each object I see,
And every thing round me
 Reminds me of thee!

1870



TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

THEY tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride,
 That the wreath is woven for thy hair, the bridegroom by thy
 side ;
 And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer tone,
 As they give thee to another's arms — their beautiful — their
 own.

I never saw a bridal but my eyelid hath been wet,
 And it always seem'd to me as though a joyous crowd were met
 To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing
 Lay aside her maiden gladness — for a name — and for a ring.

And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other hearts thy
 love,
 And gayer friends may be around, and bluer skies above ;
 Yet thou, when I behold thee next, may'st wear upon thy brow,
 Perchance, a mother's look of care, for that which decks it now.

And when I think how often I have seen thee, with thy mild
 And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child,
 Oh ! how mournfully, how mournfully, the thought comes o'er
 my brain,
 When I think thou ne'er may'st be that free and girlish thing
 again.

I would that as my heart dictates, just such might be my lay,
 And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like the
 May ;
 But it may not be ! within my breast all frozen are the springs,
 The murmur dies upon the lip — the music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my rest,
That sunshine shall illumine thy path, that joy shall be thy guest,
That thy life shall be a summer's day, whose evening shall go
 down,
Like the evening in the eastern clime, that never knows a
 frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring hath press'd thy
 hand,
When those thou lov'st, and those that love thee, weeping
 round thee stand,
Oh! may the verse that friendship weaves, like a spirit of the
 air,
Be o'er thee at that moment — for a blessing and a prayer!

A HOME IN THE HEART.

OH, ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
 Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls ;
 Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,
 And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.
 But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
 Where love once awakened will never depart ;
 Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,
 And you 'll find there 's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh, link but one spirit that 's warmly sincere,
 That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care ;
 Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
 And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare..
 Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,
 The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,
 But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
 Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

SAY, OH, SAY, YOU LOVE ME.

By the gloom that shades my heart,
 When, fair girl, from thee I part ;
 By the deep impassioned sigh,
 Half suppressed when thou art nigh ;
 By the heaving of my breast,
 When thy hand by mine is pressed ;
 By these fervent signs betrayed,
 Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid ?
 Then say, oh ! say, you love me !

By the joy that thrills my frame,
 To hear another praise thy name ;
 By my mingled dread the while,
 Lest that one should woo thy smile ;
 By the flush that dyes my cheek,
 Telling what I ne'er could speak ;
 By these fervent signs betrayed,
 Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid ?
 Then say, oh ! say, you love me !

Heart and soul, more fond than mine,
 Trust me never can be thine ;
 Heart and soul, whose passion pure,
 Long as life shall thus endure.
 Take, oh ! take me, let me live
 On the hope thy smiles can give ;
 See me kneel before my throne ;
 Take, oh ! take me, for thine own,
 And say, oh ! say, you love me !

LADY ALDA'S DREAM.

—
A SPANISH BALLAD.
—

In Paris sits the lady that shall be Sir Roland's bride,
 Three hundred damsels with her, her bidding to abide ;
 All clothed in the same fashion, both the mantle and the shoon,
 All eating at one table, within her hall at noon :
 All, save the Lady Alda, she is lady of them all,
 She keeps her place upon the dais, and they serve her in her
 hall ;

The thread of gold a hundred spin, the lawn a hundred weave,
 And a hundred play sweet melody within Alda's bower at eve.

With the sound of their sweet playing, the lady falls asleep,
 And she dreams a doleful dream, and her damsels hear her
 weep ;

There is sorrow in her slumber, and she waketh with a cry,
 And she calleth for her damsels, and swiftly they come nigh.
 ' Now, what is it, Lady Alda ' — (you may hear the words they
 say) —

' Bringeth sorrow to thy pillow, and chaseth sleep away ; '

' Oh, my maidens ! ' quoth the lady, ' my heart it is full sore !
 I have dreamt a dream of evil, and can slumber never more !

' For I was upon a mountain, in a bare and desert place,
 And I saw a mighty eagle, and a falcon he did chase ;
 And to me the falcon came, and I hid it in my breast ;
 But the mighty bird, pursuing, came and rent away my vest ;

And he scattered all the feathers, and blood was on his beak,
And ever, as he tore and tore, I heard the falcon shriek.
Now read my vision, damsels, — now read my dream to me,
For my heart may well be heavy that doleful sight to see.'

Out spake the foremost damsel was in her chamber there —
(You may hear the words she says) — 'Oh! my lady's dream
is fair :

The mountain is St. Denis' choir, and thou the falcon art ;
And the eagle strong that teareth the garment from thy heart,
And scattereth the feathers, he is the Paladin,
That, when again he comes from Spain, must sleep thy bower
within.

Then be blythe of cheer, my lady, for the dream thou must not
grieve,

It means but that thy bridegroom shall come to thee at eve.'

'If thou hast read my vision, and read it cunningly,'

Thus said the lady Alda, 'thou shalt not lack thy fee.' —

But wo is me for Alda! there was heard, at morning hour,

A voice of lamentation within that lady's bower ;

For there had come to Paris a messenger by night,

And his horse it was a-weary, and his visage it was white ;

And there 's weeping in the chamber, and there 's silence in
the hall,

For Sir Roland has been slaughtered in the chase of Roncesval.

A STORM.

THERE was a tempest brooding in the air,
 Far in the west. Above, the skies were fair,
 And the sun seem'd to go in glory down —
 One small black cloud (one only), like a crown
 Touched his descending disk, and rested there :
 Slow then it came along, to the great wind
 Rebellious, and, although it blew and blew,
 Came on increasing, and across the blue
 Spread its dark shape, and left the sun behind.
 The daylight sank, and the winds wail'd about
 The barque wherein the luckless couple lay,
 And from the distant cloud came scattering out
 Rivers of fire : it seem'd as though the day
 Had burst from out the billows far away.
 No pilot had they their small boat to steer
 Aside from rocks ; no sea-worn mariner,
 Who knew each creek and bay and shelt'ring steep,
 And all the dangers of the turbulent deep.
 They fled for life (for happiness is life), —
 And met the tempest in his hour of strife
 Abroad upon the waters : they were driven
 Against them by the angry winds of Heaven ;
 Or thus it seem'd : the clouds, the air, the sea,
 Rose from unnatural dead tranquillity,
 And came to battle with their legions : hail
 Shot shattering down, and thunders roar'd aloud,
 And the wild lightning from his dripping shroud
 Unbound his arrowy pinions blue and pale,
 And darted through the Heavens. Below, the gale
 Sang like a dirge, and the white billows lash'd
 The boat, and then like ravenous lions dash'd

Against the deep wave-hidden rocks, and told
Of ghastly perils as they backward roll'd.

The lovers, driven along from hour to hour,
Were helpless, hopeless, — in the ocean's power.
The storm continued; and no voice was heard,
Save that of some poor solitary bird,
That sought a shelter on the quivering mast;
But soon, borne off by the tremendous blast,
Sank in the waters, screaming. The great sea
Bared, like a grave, its bosom silently,
Then fell and panted like an angry thing
With its own strength at war; the vessel flew
Toward the land, and then the billows grew
Larger and white, and roared as triumphing,
Scattering afar and wide the heavy spray,
That shone like bright snow as it pass'd away.
At first, the dolphin and the porpoise dark
Came rolling by them, and the hungry shark
Follow'd the boat, patient and eager eyed,
And the grey curlew slanting dipp'd her side,
And the hoarse gull his wings within the foam;
But some had sunk — the rest had hurried home.
And now pale Julia and her husband (clasp'd
Each in the other's arms) sate viewing death;
She, for his sake in fear, silently gasp'd,
And he to cheer her kept his steady breath,
Talking of hope, and smiled like morning. There
They sate together in their sweet despair:
Sometimes upon his breast she laid her head,
And he upon her silent beauty fed,
Hushing her fears, and 'tween her and the storm
Drew his embroider'd cloak to keep her warm;
She thank'd him with a look upturn'd to his,
The which he answer'd by a tender kiss,
Press'd and prolong'd to pain! her lip was cold,
And all her love and terror mutely told.
— The vessel struck. —

RETRIBUTION.

—
 “THE MEASURE METED OUT TO OTHERS, MEASURED TO US AGAIN.”
 —

CHAPTER I.

MISS LANDON closes one of her sportive poems with the heartfelt exclamation —

“Thank Heaven that I never
 Can be a child again.”

The remark falls harshly from a woman's lip ; and after all does not admit of general application. There are those who were never children — with whom the heart was never young. There are those who never knew that brief but happy period when the spirit was a stranger to guile, — and the heart beat high with generous impulses, — and the future was steeped in the colors of hope, — and the past left behind it no sting of bitterness, — and the brow was unwrinkled with care, — and the soul unsullied by crime, — and the lips poured forth, fondly and fervently, with unbounded and unwavering confidence, the heart's purest and earliest homage to Nature and to Truth. And he whose career, on the second anniversary of his death, I am tempted to record, was a living illustration of the truth of this assertion.

Vincent Desborough's prospects and position in society embraced all that an ambitious heart would seek. He was heir to a large fortune — had powerful connections — talents of no common order — and indisputable personal attractions. But every good, natural and acquired, was marred by a fatal flaw in his disposition. It was largely leavened with CRUELTY. It seemed born with him. For it was developed in very early childhood, and bade defiance to remonstrance and correction. Insects, dogs, horses, servants, all felt its virulence. And yet on a first acquaintance, it appeared incredible that that intelligent and animated countenance, those glad-some and beaming eyes, could meditate aught but kindness and good will to those around him. But as Lord Byron said of Ali Pacha — one of the most cruel and sanguinary of Eastern despots — that he was “by far the mildest looking old gentleman he ever conversed with ;” so it might be said of Vincent Desborough, that never was a relentless and savage heart concealed under a more winning and gentle exterior.

That parents are blind to the errors of their offspring has passed into a proverb, and Vincent's were no exception to the rule. “He was a boy,” they affirmed, “of the highest promise.” His ingenuity in causing pain was “a mere childish foible which would vanish with advancing years ;” and his delight at seeing others suffer it, “an eccentricity which more extended acquaintance with life would teach him to discard. *All boys were cruel!*” And satisfied with the wisdom of this conclusion, the Desboroughs intrusted their darl-

ing to Doctor Scanaway, with the request that "he might be treated with *every possible* indulgence."

"No," said the learned linguist, loudly and sternly, "not if he was heir-presumptive to the dukedom of Devonshire! Your son you have thought proper to place with me. For that preference I thank you. But if he remains with me he must rough it like the rest. You have still the power of withdrawing him."

Papa and Mamma Desborough looked at each other in evident consternation, and stammered out a disjointed disclaimer of any such intention.

"Very well! — Coppinger," said he, calling one of the senior boys, "take this lad away with you into the school-room and put a Livy into his hands. My pupils I aim at making *men*, not *milksops* — scholars, not simpletons. To do this I must have your entire confidence. If that be withheld, your son's luggage is still in the hall, and I beg that he and it may be again restored to your carriage."

"By no means," cried the Desboroughs in a breath; and silenced, if not satisfied, they made their adieus and departed.

CHAPTER II.

In Doctor Scanaway's household Vincent met with a congenial spirit in the person of a youth some years his senior named Gervaise Rolleston. Gervaise was a young adventurer. He was clever, active, and prepossessing; but he was poor and dependent. He discovered that,

at no very distant period, accumulated wealth must descend to Vincent, and he fancied that, by submitting to his humors and flattering his follies, he might secure to himself a home in rough weather. The other had no objection to possess a faithful follower. In truth a clever coadjutor was often indispensable for the successful execution of his mischievous projects. Mutual necessity thus proved a stringent bond to both; and between them a league was struck up, offensive and defensive, which — like other leagues on a broader scale which are supported by wealth and wickedness — was formidable to all who opposed its designs and movements.

CHAPTER III.

Domiciled in the little village of Horbury, over which the learned doctor ruled with undisputed sway, was “a widow humble of spirit and sad of heart, for of all the ties of life one son alone was spared her; and she loved him with a melancholy love, for he was the likeness of the lost.” Moreover, he was the last of his race, the only surviving pledge of a union too happy to endure; and the widow, while she gazed on him with that air of resigned sorrow peculiar to her countenance — an air which had banished the smile, but not the sweetness, from her lips — felt that in him were concentrated all the ties which bound her to existence.

“Send Cyril to me,” said the doctor to Mrs Dormer, when he called to welcome her to the village. “No

thanks—I knew his father—respected him—loved him. I like an old family—belong to one myself, though I have still to learn the benefit it has been to me!”

“I fear,” replied the widow, timidly, for the recollection of very limited resources smote painfully across her, “at least I feel the requisite pecuniary consideration” ———

“He shall pay when he’s a fellow of his college—shall never know it before! *You’ve* nothing to do with it—but THEN I shall *exact* it! We will dine in his rooms at Trinity, and he shall lionize us over the building. I have long wished to see Dr. Wordsworth—good man—sound scholar!—but have been too busy these last twenty years to manage it. It’s a bargain, then? You’ll send him to-morrow?”

And the affectionate interest which the doctor took in little Cyril, the pains he bestowed on his progress, and the evident anxiety with which he watched and aided the developement of his mind, were one among the many fine traits of character which belonged to this warmhearted but unpolished humorist.

To Dormer, for some undefinable reason, Desborough had conceived the most violent aversion. Neither the youth of the little orphan, nor his patient endurance of insult, nor the readiness with which he forgave, nor the blamelessness of his own disposition, served to disarm the ferocity of his tormentor. Desborough, to use his own words, was “resolved to drive the little pauper from their community, or tease his very heart out.”

His love for his mother, his fair and effeminate appearance, his slender figure, and diminutive stature, were the objects of his tormentor's incessant attack. "Complain, Dormer — complain at home," was the advice given him by more than one of his class-fellows.

"It would only grieve my mother," he replied, in his plaintive musical voice, "and she has had much, — oh! so much — to distress her. I might, too, lose my present advantages; and the good doctor is so very, very lenient to me. Besides, surely, Desborough will become kinder by and by, even if he does not grow weary of ill-treating me."

And thus cheered by Hope, the little martyr struggled on, and suffered in silence.

The 4th of September was the doctor's birthday, and was invariably kept as a sort of Saturnalia by all under his roof. The day — always too short — was devoted to cricket, and revelry, and manly sports; and a meadow at the back of the shrubbery, which, from its being low and marshy, was drained by dykes of all dimensions, was a favorite resort of those who were expert at leaping with a pole. The whole party were in motion at an early hour, and Cyril among the rest. Either purposely or accidentally he was separated from the others, and, on a sudden, he found himself alone with Desborough and Rolleston. "Come, you little coward," said the former, "leap this dyke."

"I cannot, it is too broad: and, besides, it is very deep."

"Cannot? You mean will not. But you shall be made. Leap it, sir, this instant."

“I cannot — Indeed I cannot. — Do not force me to try it ; it is deep, and I cannot swim.”

“Then learn now. Leap it, you little wretch ! Leap it, I say, or I’ll throw you in. Seize him, Rolleston. We’ll teach him obedience.”

“Promise me, then, that you will help me out,” said the little fellow, entreatingly, and in accents that would have moved most hearts : “promise me, do promise me, for I feel sure I shall fail.”

“We promise you,” said the confederates, and they exchanged glances. The helpless victim trembled — turned pale. Perhaps the recollection of his doting and widowed parent came across him, and unnerved his little heart. “Let me off, Desborough ; *pray* let me off,” he murmured.

“No ! you little dastard, no ! Over ! or I throw you in !”

The fierce glance of Desborough’s eye, and the menace of his manner, determined him. He took a short run, and then boldly sprang from the bank. His misgivings were well-founded. The pole snapped, and in an instant he was in the middle of the stream.

“Help ! help ! Your promise, Desborough — your promise !”

With a mocking laugh, Desborough turned away. “Help yourself, my fine fellow ! Scramble out : it’s not deep. A kitten would n’t drown !” And Rolleston, in whom better feelings for the moment seemed to struggle, and who appeared half inclined to return to the bank and give his aid, he dragged forcibly away. The little fellow eyed their movements, and seemed to

feel his fate was determined. He clasped his hands, and uttered no further cry for assistance. The words "Mother! mother!" were heard to escape him; and once, and only once, did his long wavy golden hair come up above the surface for the moment. But though no human ear heeded the death-cry of that innocent child, and no human heart responded to it, THE GREAT SPIRIT had his observant eye fixed on the little victim, and quickly terminated his experience of care and sorrow, by a summons to that world where the heavy laden hear no more the voice of the oppressor, and the pure in heart behold their God!

CHAPTER IV.

The grief of the mother was frightful to witness. Her softness and sweetness of character, the patience with which she had endured sorrow and reverses, the cheerfulness with which she had submitted to the privations attendant on very limited resources, had given place to unwonted vehemence and sternness. She cursed the destroyers of her child in the bitterness of her soul. "God will avenge me! His frown will darken their path to their dying hour. As the blood of Abel cried up from the ground against the first murderer, so the blood of my Cyril calls for vengeance on those who sacrificed him. I shall see it, — I shall see it. *The measure meted out by them to others, shall be measured unto them again.*" It was in vain that kind-hearted neigh-

bors suggested to her topics of consolation. She mourned as one that would not be comforted. "The only child of his mother, and she a widow!" was her invariable reply. "No! For me there is nought but quenchless regrets and ceaseless weeping!" Among those who tendered their friendly offices was the warm-hearted doctor. Indifferent to his approach and in appearance lost to every thing else around her, she was sitting among Cyril's books — inspecting his little drawings — arranging his playthings — and apparently carefully collecting together every object, however trivial, with which his loved memory could be associated.

To the doctor's kind though tremulous inquiries she had but one reply — "*Alone — alone in the world.*"

His offer of a home in his own house was declined with the remark — "My summer is so nearly over it matters not where the leaves fall."

And when he pressed her under any circumstances to entertain the offer made through him — by a wealthy kinsman of her husband — of a shelter under his roof for any period, however protracted — "Too late! too late!" was her answer — "*Ambition is cold with the ashes of those we love!*"

But the feelings of the mourner had been painfully exasperated by the result of a previous inquiry. An inquest was indispensable; and rumor — we may say facts — spoke so loudly against Desborough, that his parents hurried to Horbury, prepared at any pecuniary sacrifice to extricate him from the obloquy which threatened him. Money judiciously bestowed will effect impossibilities; and the foreman of the jury — a bustling,

clamorous, spouting democrat — who was always eloquent on the wrongs of his fellow-men, and kept the while a most watchful eye to his own interests — became on a sudden “thoroughly satisfied that Mr. Vincent Desborough had been cruelly calumniated,” and that the whole affair was “*a matter of ACCIDENT altogether.*”

A verdict to that effect was accordingly returned!

The unhappy mother heard the report of these proceedings, and it seemed to scorch her very soul.

“The covetous, craving, earth-worm!” she cried. “He thinks he has this day clenched a most successful bargain! But no! from this hour the face of God is against him! Can it be otherwise? *He that justifieth the wicked, and condemneth the just, are they not both equal abomination in the sight of God?* For years the wickedness of this hour will be present before the GREAT, JUST SPIRIT, and will draw down a curse on his every project. I am as confident of it as if I saw the whole course of this man’s after life spread out before me. *Henceforth God fights against him!*”

It was a curious coincidence, the solution of which is left to better casuists than myself, that from the hour in which he was bribed to smother inquiry, and throw a shield over crime, misfortune and reverses in unbroken succession assailed him. His property melted away from his grasp with unexampled rapidity. And when, a few years afterwards, the kinsman, already alluded to, left poor Dormer’s mother a small annuity, it so chanced as she quitted the vestry with the requisite certificates of birth and marriage in her hands, she encountered

this very juror in the custody of the parish officers, who were bringing him before the proper authorities to swear him to his settlement, and then obtain an order to pass him forthwith to the parish workhouse.

CHAPTER V.

A few years after the melancholy scene at Horbury, Desborough was admitted at Cambridge. He was the sporting man of a non-reading college. Around him were gathered all the coaching, betting, driving, racing characters of the University — the “*Varmint men*,” as they called themselves — “*The Devil’s Own*,” as others named them. It was a melancholy sojourn for Desborough. The strictness of academical rule put down every attempt at a cockpit, a badger hunt, or a bull bait. It was a painfully momentous life; and to enliven it he got up a rat-hunt. Appertaining to him was a little knowing dog, with a sharp quick eye, and a short curled up tail, who was discovered to have an invaluable antipathy to rats, and an unparalleled facility in despatching them. What discovery could be more opportune! Rat-hunts wiled away many a lagging hour; and the squeaks, and shrieks, and shouts, which on these occasions issued from Desborough’s rooms, were pronounced by the senior tutor “*quite irregular* ;” and by the master to be “by no means in keeping with the gravity of college discipline.” To the joy of all the staid and

sober members of the society these sounds at length were hushed, for Desborough quitted the University.

“What a happy riddance!” said, on the morning of his departure, a junior fellow who had had the misfortune to domicile on the same staircase. “His rooms had invariably such an unsavory smell that it was quite disagreeable to pass them!”

“And would you believe it,” cried another, who used to excruciate the ears of those above and below him by the most rasping inflictions on a tuneless fiddle; “would you believe it, after the noise and uproar with which his rooms were familiar, that whenever I began one of those sweetly soothing airs of Bellini, his gyp used to come to me with his master’s compliments, and he was sorry to disturb me, but really the noise in my rooms — fancy — **THE NOISE!** was so great that he was unable to read while it lasted!”

“He was so little accomplished — played the worst rubber of any man I ever knew,” observed the dean, with great gravity.

“He carved so badly!” said the bursar. “He has often deprived me of my appetite by the manner in which he helped me!”

“And was so cruel!” added the president, who was cursed with a tabby mania. “Poor Fatima could never take her walk across the quadrangle without being worried by one or the other of his vile terriers.”

“The deliverance is great,” cried the musical man, “and Heaven be praised for it!”

“Amen!” said the other two; “but good Heavens! we have missed the dinner bell!”

CHAPTER VI.

In a fair and fertile valley, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England — where the first bursting of the buds is seen in the spring — where no rigor of the seasons can ever be felt — where every thing seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness, lived a loved and venerated clergyman with his only daughter.

He belonged to a most distinguished family, and had surrendered brilliant prospects to embrace the profession of his choice. And right nobly had he adorned it! And she — the companion of his late and early hours — his confidante — guide — almoner — consoler, — was a young, fair, and innocent being, whose heart was a stranger to duplicity, and her tongue to guile.

His guide and consoler was she in the truest sense of the term. He was blind. While comforting in his dying moments an old and valued parishioner, Mr. Somerset had caught the infection; and the fever settling in his eyes had deprived him of vision.

“I will be your curate,” said the affectionate girl, when the old man, under the pressure of this calamity, talked of retiring altogether from duty. The prayers, and psalms and lessons you have long known by heart; and your addresses, as you call them, we all prefer to your written sermons. Pray — pray — accept of me as your curate, and make a trial of my services in guid-

ing and prompting you, ere you surrender your beloved charge to a stranger."

"It would break my heart to do so," said the old man faintly.

The experiment was made, and succeeded, and it was delightful to see that fair-haired, bright-eyed girl steadying her father's tottering steps — prompting him in the service when his memory failed — guiding him to and from the sanctuary, and watching over him with the truest and tenderest affection — an affection which no wealth could purchase, and no remuneration repay, for it sprung from heartfelt and devoted attachment.

Satiated with pleasure and shattered in constitution, a stranger came to seek health in this sheltered spot. It was Desborough. Neither the youth, nor the beauty, nor the innocence of Edith availed her against the snares and sophistry of this unprincipled man. She fell — but under circumstances of the most unparalleled duplicity. She fell — the victim of the most tremendous perfidy and the dupe of the most carefully veiled villany. She fell — and was deserted! "Importune me no more as to marriage," was the closing remark of Vincent's last letter — "your own conduct has rendered that impossible." That declaration was her death-blow. She read it, and never looked up again. The springs of life seemed frozen within her; and without any apparent disease she faded gradually away.

"I am justly punished," was the remark of her heart-broken father when the dreadful secret was disclosed to him. "My idol is withdrawn from me! Ministering

at HIS altar, nought should have been dear to me but HIM! But lead me to her, I can yet bless her."

The parting interview between that parent and child will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The aged minister wept and prayed — and prayed and wept, — over his parting child, with an earnestness and agony, that "bowed the hearts of all who heard him like the heart of one man."

"Is there hope for me, father?" said the dying girl. "Can I — can I be forgiven? Will not — oh! will not our separation be eternal?"

"Though sin abounded," was the almost inarticulate reply, "grace did much more abound. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

"We shall not be long parted," was his remark when those who watched around the dying bed told him he had no longer a daughter. "The summons has arrived; and the last tie which bound me to earth is broken."

Acting upon this conviction, he commenced and completed the arrangements for the disposition of his little property with an earnestness and alacrity they could well understand who had witnessed his blameless career.

The evening previous to that appointed for the funeral of his daughter, he said to those who had the management of it — "Grant the last, the closing request of your old pastor. Postpone the funeral for a few hours. I ask no more. A short delay — and one service and one grave will suffice for both."

His words were prophetic. The morrow's sun he

never saw ; and on the following Sunday, amid the tears of a bereaved people, father and daughter were calmly deposited in one common grave.

CHAPTER VII.

In the interim how had the world sped with Gervaise Rolleston? Bravely! He had become a thriving and a prosperous gentleman. There are two modes, says an old writer, of obtaining distinction. The eagle soars, the serpent climbs. The latter mode was the one adopted by Rolleston. He was an adroit flatterer; possessed the happy art of making those whom he addressed pleased with themselves; had a thorough knowledge of tact, and always said the right thing in the right place. All his acquaintance called him "*a very rising young man.*" And for "*a very rising young man*" he held a most convenient creed. For to forget all benefits, and conceal the remembrance of all injuries, are maxims by which adventurers lose their honor but make their fortunes. In a happy hour he contrived to secure the acquaintance of Lord Meriden. His Lordship was an amiable, but moody, valetudinarian who had no resources in himself and was entirely dependent on the good offices of others. Rolleston was the very man for him. He was a fair punster — told a good story — sung a capital song — played well at chess and billiards, and most unaccountably was always beaten at both — could read aloud by the hour together — and

never took offence. To all these accomplishments, natural and acquired, he added one most valuable qualification, which was in constant exercise — the most profound respect for Lord Meriden. And how true is it that “we love those who admire us more than those whom we admire?”

Rolleston's advice, presence, and conversation became to Lord Meriden indispensable. And when ordered abroad, by those who foresaw that he would die under their hands if he remained at home, the sick nobleman's first care was that Rolleston should accompany him. He did so; and played his part so successfully, that in “remembrance of his disinterested attentions,” Lord Meriden bequeathed to him the whole of his personal property. His carriages, horses, plate, yacht, all were willed by the generous nobleman to his pliant favorite. In the vessel which had thus become his own, Rolleston embarked for England. It was a proud moment for his aspiring spirit. He was returning to those shores an independent and opulent man, which he had quitted fifteen months before a pennyless adventurer. His family, apprized of his good fortune, hurried down to Ryde to receive him on his arrival. They vied with each other in the length and ardor of their congratulations. By the way, what extraordinary and overpowering affection is invariably evinced by all the members of a family towards that branch of it which unexpectedly attains wealth or distinction! The “Fairy Queen” was telegraphed — was signalled — hove in sight — passed gallantly on — and all the Rollestons, great and small,

pressed down to the pier to welcome this "dear, good, worthy, accomplished, and excellent young man."

At the very instant of nearing the pier, in the bustle and confusion of the moment, Rolleston was sent overboard. Some said that he was overbalanced by a sudden lurch of the vessel — others, that he was struck by the jib-boom. One staid and respectable spectator positively affirmed that he had observed a sailor, to whose wife, it seemed, Rolleston had, some months before, offered insult, rush violently against him, with the evident intention of injuring him; and this account, strange as it appeared, gained considerable credence. The fact, however, was indisputable. He struggled bravely for a few moments with the eddy that sweeps around the pier — then struck out boldly for the shore, waved his hand in recognition of his agonized family, who were almost within speaking distance, and in a moment sunk to rise no more.

For many days his anguished mother lingered at Ryde, in the hope of rescuing the body from the deep; and large was the reward promised to those who should succeed in bringing her the perishing remains. So many days had elapsed in fruitless search, that hope was fading into despair, when one morning a lady in deep mourning inquired for Mrs. Rolleston. On being admitted to her presence, —

"I am the bearer," said she, "of welcome intelligence: I have this morning discovered on the beach, at some distance, the body of your son, Gervaise Rolleston."

"How know you that it is he?"

“I cannot be mistaken!”

“Are his features, then, familiar to you?”

“Familiar! I am the mother of Cyril Dormer!”

CHAPTER VIII.

It is painful to observe how soon the dead are forgotten. The tide of fashion, or business, or pleasure, rolls on, — rapidly obliterates the memory of the departed, — and sweeps away with it the attention of the mourner to the ruling folly of the hour.

“There poesy and love came not,
It is a world of stone;
The grave is bought — is closed — forgot,
And then life hurries on.”

Engrossed in the all-important duty of securing the property which had been bequeathed to their son, and which, as he had left no will, there was some probability of their losing, the Rollestons had completely forgotten him by whose subservience it had been acquired. At length it occurred to them that some monument was due; or, at all events, that a headstone should be raised over him who slept beneath the yew tree in Brading churchyard; and directions were given accordingly. Their intentions had been anticipated. A headstone had been erected — when or by whom no one could or cared to divulge. But there it was. It bore the simple inscription of the name of the departed — the day

of birth and the day of death ; with this remarkable addition, in large and striking letters : — “ WITH THE SAME MEASURE THAT YE METE WITHAL, IT SHALL BE MEASURED TO YOU AGAIN.”

CHAPTER IX.

Some years after the circumstances detailed in the last chapter, a gentleman, in military undress, was descried riding slowly into the village of Beechbury. The size and architecture of the village church had apparently arrested his attention, and he drew bridle suddenly, to make inquiries of a peasant, who was returning from his daily toil.

“ Ay ! it’s a fine church, though I can’t say I troubles it very much myself,” was the reply. “ There’s a *mort* of fine *munniments* in it beside. All Lord Somerset’s folks be buried there : and ’twas but last Martinmas that they brought here old parson Somerset and his daughter all the way from a churchyard t’ other side Dartmoor, because ye see they belong to ’em : and these great folks choose to be altogether. It’s a grand vault they have ! But here’s Moulder, the sexton, coming anent us, and he’ll tell as much and more than ye may care to hear.”

The name of Somerset seemed to jar harshly on the stranger’s ear ; and dismounting hastily, he demanded of the sexton, “ whether he could show him the interior of the church at that hour ? ”

“Certainly,” was the reply. — “Turn to the right, and I will overtake you with the keys before you reach the west door.”

The church was one of considerable magnitude and surpassing beauty. It was built in the form of a cross, and had formerly been the chapel of a wealthy monastic order, suppressed at the period of the Reformation. Near the altar was a shrine, once the resort of pilgrims from every clime, from its enclosing a fragment of the true cross. You approached it by an isle which was literally a floor of tombstones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed. Mitres, and crosiers, and spears, and helmets were all mingled together — emblems of conquests, and honors, and dignities, which had long since passed away. The setting sun cast his mellow radiance through the richly painted western window, and tipped with living lustre many of the monuments of the line of Somerset. Some of the figures were of the size of life, and finely sculptured. And as the restless and agitated stranger gazed on them, they seemed to reply to his questioning glance, and slowly murmur, — “All on earth is but for a period; joy and grief, triumph and desolation, succeed each other like cloud and sunshine! Care and sorrow, change and vicissitude, we have proved like thee. Fight the good fight of faith as we. Brave the combat, speed the race, and stem the storm of life; and in God’s own good time thou, like us, shalt rest.”

“I wish,” said the stranger, when he had traversed the church, “to descend into the Somerset vault. It’s

a sickly, foolish fancy of mine ; but I choose to gratify it. Which is the door ?”

“ Nay, that ’s no part of our bargain,” said the sexton, doggedly ; “ you go not there.”

“ I am not accustomed to refusals, when I state my wishes,” said the soldier, fiercely and haughtily. “ Lead the way, old man.”

“ Not for the Indies ! It ’s as much as my place is worth. Our present rector is one of the most particular parsons that ever peered from a pulpit. He talks about the sanctity of the dead in a way that makes one stare. Besides, it is the burial place of all his family.”

“ The very reason for which I wish to see it.”

“ Not with *my* will,” said Moulder, firmly. “ Besides, there ’s nothing to see, — nothing but lead coffins, on my life !”

“ Here,” cried the stranger. And he placed a piece of gold on the sexton’s trembling palm.

“ I dare not, sir ; indeed, I dare not,” said the latter, entreatingly, as if he felt the temptation was more than he could resist.

“ Another,” said his companion, and a second piece of the same potent metal glittered in the old man’s grasp.

“ Well,” said Moulder, drawing a long and heavy sigh, “ if you *must* you *must* ! I would rather you would n’t, — I ’m sure no good will come of it, — but if you *insist* upon it, sir, — if you *insist* upon it,” — and slowly and reluctantly he unclosed the ponderous door which opened into the vault.

The burial-place of the Somersets was large and im-

posing. It was evidently of antique construction and very considerable extent. Escutcheons, shields, hatchments, and helmets, were ranged around the walls, all referring to those who were calmly sleeping within its gloomy recesses, while coffins, pile upon pile, occupied the centre. One single window or spiracle of fifteen inches in diameter passed upwards, through the thick masonry, to the external air beyond, and one of those short massive pillars which we sometimes see in the crypts of very ancient churches, stood in the centre and supported the roof.

“Well, sir, you are about satisfied, I take it,” said the sexton, coaxingly to his companion, after the latter had taken a long, minute, and silent survey of the scene around him.

“No! no!”

“Why, how long would you wish to remain here?”

“At least an hour.”

“An hour! I can’t stay, sir, really I can’t, all that time! And to leave the church, and, what’s worse, the vault open, — it’s a thing not to be thought of! I cannot, — and, what’s more, I will not.”

“Dotard! then lock me in, I say! Do what you will. But leave me.”

“Leave you! Lock you in! And HERE! God bless you, sir! you can’t be aware,” —

“Leave me! — leave me!” said the stranger impetuously; and he drew the door towards him as he spoke.

“What! would you be locked up and left alone with them dead Som ——?”

“Go, — and release me in an hour.”

In amazement at the stranger's mien, air of command, courage, and choice, Moulder departed. "The Jolly Beggars" lay in his way home, and the door stood so invitingly open, and the sounds of mirth and good-fellowship which thence issued were so attractive, that he could not resist the temptation of washing away the cares of the day in a cool pint, were it only to drink the stranger's health.

This indulgence Moulder repeated so frequently as at length to lose all recollection of the stranger, of the vault, and of his appointment, and it was only late on the morning of the following day, when the wife asked him "*if he had come honestly by what was in his pocket?*" that in agony he remembered his prisoner.

Trembling in every limb, and apprehending he knew not what, he hurried to the church and unlocked the vault.

The spectacle which there awaited him haunted the old man to his dying day. The remains of the stranger were before him, but so marred — so mutilated — so disfigured — that no feature could be recognised even by the nearest relative.

Rats in thousands and in myriads had assailed him, and by his broken sword and the multitudes which lay dead around him, it was plain his resistance had been gallant and protracted. But it availed not. Little of him remained, and that little was in a state which it was painful for humanity to gaze upon.

Among the many who pressed forward to view the appalling spectacle was an elderly female much beloved in the village for her kindly, and gentle, and compassionate

heart, and to her the sexton handed a small memorandum-book which had somehow or other escaped complete destruction.

Upon the papers it contained the old lady looked long and anxiously, and when she spoke, it was in accents of unusual emotion.

“These,” she said, “are the remains of Colonel Vincent Desborough. May he meet with that mercy on High which on earth he refused to others!” The old lady paused and wept, and the villagers did homage to her grief by observing a respectful silence. They all knew and loved her. “This spectacle,” she continued, “opens up fountains of grief which I thought were long since dry; but chiefly and mainly does it teach me that the measure we mete out to others is measured unto us again.”

R

THE MUSICAL BOX.

My little friend, 't is a stormy day,
 But we are left together ;
 I to listen, and thou to play,
 So we 'll not heed the weather !
 The clouds may rise, and the tempest come —
 The wind and the rain may beat —
 With thee to gently play "*Sweet Home!*"
 I feel that home is sweet !

The yellow leaf, from the shivering tree,
 On Autumn's blast is flying ;
 But a spirit of life, enshrined in thee,
 While all abroad is dying,
 Calls up the shadows of many a year,
 With their joys that were bright as brief ;
 And if, perchance, it may start a tear,
 'T is not the tear of grief.

'T is a hallowed offering of the soul,
 From her richest fountain gushing —
 A warm, live drop, that has spurned control,
 To the eye for freedom rushing —
 As Music's angel, hovering near,
 To touch thy tender key,
 The numbers of a higher sphere
 Is pouring forth from thee.

And while I feel his powerful hand
O'er the chords of Memory sweeping,
To waken, and bring from a spirit-land
The things that had else been sleeping,
It lifts my thoughts to a world to come,
Where the parted here shall meet,
Secure from the storms of life, at home,
And sing that home is sweet!

COME HOME.

COME home ! — there is a sorrowing breath
 In music since ye went,
 And the early flower-scents wander by,
 With mournful memoriès blent.
 The tones in every household voice
 Are grown more sad and deep,
 And the sweet word — *brother* — wakes a wish
 To turn aside and weep.

O ye Beloved ! come home, — the hour
 Of many a greeting tone,
 The time of hearth-light and of song,
 Returns — and ye are gone !
 And darkly, heavily it falls
 On the forsaken room,
 Burdening the heart with tenderness,
 That deepens 'midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you*, ye wandering ones ?
 With all your boyhood's glee
 Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
 Or on the lone mid-sea ?
 By stormy hills of battles old ?
 Or where dark rivers foam ?
 Oh ! life is dim where ye are not —
 Back, ye beloved, come home !

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds, o'er the main !
Our love is grown too sorrowful —
Bring us its youth again !
Bring the glad tones to music back !
Still, still your home is fair,
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there !

R *

THE MERRY HEART.

I would not from the wise require
 The lumber of their learned lore ;
 Nor would I from the rich desire
 A single counter of their store.
 For I have ease, and I have health,
 And I have spirits, light as air ;
 And more than wisdom, more than wealth, —
 A merry heart, that laughs at care.

At once, 't is true, two 'witching eyes
 Surprised me in a luckless season,
 Turned all my mirth to lonely sighs,
 And quite subdued my better reason.
 Yet 't was but love could make me grieve,
 And love you know 's a reason fair,
 And much improved, as I believe,
 The merry heart, that laughed at care.

So now from idle wishes clear
 I make the good I may not find ;
 Adown the stream I gently steer,
 And shift my sail with every wind.
 And half by nature, half by reason,
 Can still with pliant heart prepare,
 The mind, attuned to every season,
 The merry heart, that laughs at care,

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind,
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good-humor find.
Yes, let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share,
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

AN INCIDENT VERSIFIED.

FAR in the South there is a jutting ledge
 Of rocks, scarce peering o'er the water's edge,
 Where earliest come the fresh Atlantic gales,
 That in their course have filled a thousand sails,
 And brushed for leagues and leagues the Atlantic deep
 Till now they make the nimble spirit leap
 Beneath their lifeful and renewing breath,
 And stir it like the ocean depths beneath.
 Two that were strangers to that sunny land,
 And to each other, met upon this strand ;
 One seemed to keep so slight a hold of life,
 That when he willed, without the spirit's strife,
 He might let go — a flower upon a ledge
 Of verdant meadow by a river's edge,
 Which ever loosens with its treacherous flow
 In gradual lapse the moistened soil below ;
 While to the last in beauty and in bloom
 That flower is scattering incense o'er its tomb,
 And with the dews upon it, and the breath
 Of the fresh morning round it, sinks to death.

They met the following day, and many more
 They paced together this low ridge of shore,
 Till one fair eve, the other, with intent
 To lure him out, unto his chamber went ;
 But straight retired again with noiseless pace,
 For with a subtle gauze flung o'er his face

Upon his bed he lay, serene and still
And quiet, even as one who takes his fill
Of a delight he does not fear to lose.
So blest he seemed, the other could not choose
To wake him, but went down the narrow stair ;
And when he met an aged attendant there,
She ceased her work to tell him — when he said,
Her patient then on happy slumber fed,
But that anon he would return once more, —
Her innate had expired an hour before.

I know not by what chance he thus was thrown
On a far shore, untended and alone,
To live or die ; for, as I after learned,
There were in England many hearts that yearned
To know his safety, and such tears were shed
For him as grace the living and the dead.

THE ITALIAN EXILE.

WHEN the minstrel is sorrowful, sad is the lay —
 You may smile on his song, but his soul is away ;
 For no theme can excite this cold fancy of mine,
 So far from the land of the Olive and Vine.

There passion breathes out from the lyre and the lute,
 And the voice of their melody never is mute ;
 Love stamps on the forehead of Beauty its seal,
 On cheeks that can burn and on hearts that can feel.

Years vanish — their trace on my brow you behold,
 And my heart has to beauty grown careless and cold ;
 Yet of all sweet impressions that linger there yet,
 The daughters of Florence it last will forget.

Ye Pilgrims of Beauty, from barbarous lands,
 Behold where the model of loveliness stands ;
 Go, kneel by the marble, if marble it seem,
 And Love, with its torch, will illumine your dream.

Lost thoughts of your youth will that statue renew ;
 You will muse on the home of the faithful and true,
 Where never can come disappointment or care,
 And the beings are pure as that image is fair.

Italy ! Italy ! never again
May the minstrel revisit thy mountain and plain,
Yet a vision of bliss on his slumber there breaks,
But to dream of thy shores, though an exile, he wakes.

Thy present is beautiful ; great was thy past ;
May the future restore thee to greatness at last !
The home of my fathers ! the land of the sun !
Honored though distant, and dear though undone.

STANZAS.

THERE is an evening twilight of the heart,
 When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest ;
 And the eye views life's fairy scenes depart,
 As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
 'T is with a nameless feeling of regret
 We gaze upon them as they melt away ;
 And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
 But hope is round us with her angel lay,
 Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour ;
 Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

In youth, the cheek was crimsoned with her glow,
 Her smile was loveliest then ; — her matin song
 Was Heaven's own music, and the note of wo
 Was all unheard her Eden bowers among.
 Life's little world of bliss was newly born :
 We knew not — cared not — it was born to die —
 Flushed with the breeze : wet with the dews of morn ;
 With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,
 And mocked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue —
 Like our own sorrows then, as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too : On the eye
 Half realized her early dreams burst bright ;
 Her promised bower of happiness seemed nigh,
 Its days of joy, its vigils of delight ;
 And though at times might lour the thunder storm,
 And the red lightnings threaten — still the air

Was balmy with her breath ; and her loved form,
 The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.
 'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen ;
 Her wreath, the summer flower ; her robe, of summer green.

But, though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
 There 's more of heaven's pure beam about her now ;
 That angel smile of tranquil loveliness
 Which the mind dreams of, glowing on her brow ;
 That smile will mingle with the evening star
 That points our destined tomb ; nor e'er depart
 'Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
 And hush'd the last deep beating of the heart.
 The meteor bearer of our parting breath —
 A moonbeam in the midnight storm of death.

THE KEEPSAKE.

THE tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
 The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
 Show summer gone, ere come. The fox-glove tall
 Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
 Or when it bends beneath th' up-springing lark,
 Or mountain finch alighting. And the rose
 (In vain the darling of successful love)
 Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
 The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
 Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
 By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
 That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
 Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not !

So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline
With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
Has worked (the flowers which most she knew I loved,)
And, more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

In the cool morning twilight, early waked
By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,
Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning breeze,
Over their dim, fast-moving shadows hung,
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely-moving river-pool.
There, in that bower where first she owned her love,
And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretched
The silk upon the frame, and worked her name
Between the moss-rose and forget-me-not —
Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair !
That forced to wander till sweet spring return,
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
Her voice, (that even in her mirthful mood
Has made me wish to steal away and weep,)
Nor yet th' entrancement of that maiden kiss
With which she promised, that when spring returned,
She would resign one half of that dear name,
And own thenceforth no other name but mine !

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drawn by J. M. W. Turner

engraved by J. G. Heath

The Old Mill

THE OLD MILL.

AND is this the old mill stream that ten years ago
 Was so fast in its current, so pure in its flow ;
 Whose musical waters would ripple and shine
 With the glory and dash of a miniature Rhine ?

Can this be its bed ? I remember it well
 When it sparkled like silver through meadow and dell ;
 When the pet-lamb reposed on its emerald side,
 And the minnow and perch darted swift through its tide.

And here was the miller's house, peaceful abode !
 Where the flower-twined porch drew all eyes from the road ;
 Where roses and jasmine embowered a door
 That never was closed to the wayworn or poor.

Where the miller, God bless him ! oft gave us " a dance,"
 And led off the ball with his soul in his glance ;
 Who, forgetting gray hairs, was as loud in his mirth
 As the veriest youngsters that circled his hearth.

Blind Ralph was the only musician we had,
 But his tunes — oh ! such tunes — would make any heart glad ;
 " The Roast Beef of Old England," and " Green grow the
 Rushes,"
 Woke our eyes' brightest beams and our cheeks' warmest
 flushes.

No lustre resplendent its brilliancy shed,
 But the wood fire blazed high, and the board was well spread ;
 Our seats were undamasked, our partners were rough,
 Yet, yet we were happy, and that was enough !

This is the old mill where we idled away
Our holyday hours on a clear summer day ;
Where Roger, the miller's boy, lolled on a sack,
And chorused his song to the merry click-clack.

But, lo ! what rude sacrilege here hath done ?
The streamlet no longer purls on in the sun ;
Its course has been turned, and the desolate edge
Is now mournfully covered with duck-weed and sedge.

The Mill is in ruins. — No welcoming sound
In the mastiff's quick bark and the wheels dashing round ;
The house, too, is gone, and all 's in decay,
And the miller, long dead : all I loved passed away !

This play-place of childhood was graved on my heart,
In rare paradise colors that now must depart ;
The old mill 's in decay, the fair vision is fled, —
And I weep o'er its wreck as I do for the dead.

THE LANSBYS OF LANSBY HALL.

CHAPTER I.

A BLEAK January day had settled down into a night of continued snow. Every now and then a wilder gust of wind made the windows of the old manor-house rattle, and the party assembled in the dining-room drew closer to the fire. This consisted only of Mr. Merton, the proprietor of Merton Manor — a quiet, sedate looking gentleman of about fifty years of age — his wife and daughter. The weather seemed to forbid the slightest chance of a visiter, and after a silent and somewhat hurried dinner, the squire drew a little round table to the side of the chimney, and sipped his wine, with his eyes intently fixed upon the burning masses of wood with which the fire-place was filled. After an unsuccessful attempt to discover a body to a splendid Turk, whose head he saw frowning majestically from a fragment of a pine log, he turned about in despair to his wife, and said, “ I really wish, my dear, my father had taught me something or other to do in a snowy winter night. Drinking by one’s self is so desperately dull.”

“ Can’t you take a book, Mr. Merton ? ” replied the lady ; “ here is a most beautiful story, ‘ The Woes of Clementina ; ’ it will make you delightfully melancholy for a whole night.”

“No great miracle if it does, especially in such a dismal night as this. I have n’t seen a soul for three days, and if this snow continues for twelve hours, we shall all be buried alive. What would I give now for some fellow to drop in! But who the deuce would move out in a storm like this, that could possibly stay at home?”

Mr. Merton sighed as he concluded, and made a second attempt to discover the body of the Turk. But he was suddenly startled from this occupation by a noise outside the window.

“Wheels, by all that’s happy!” he exclaimed. “I hear them coming down the avenue. There — they’re come past the bridge — now they’re at the garden corner — they’re stopt — they’re at the gate. Who can it be?”

“I told the butcher, as he returned from the market, to bring me the third volume of *The Orphan’s Tears* from the circulating library. I hope he has brought it in his gig.”

“I hope no such thing. I wish the scoundrel may drive into the mote if he has raised all my hopes for nothing; but no — it was a four wheeled carriage. Why do n’t some of them go to the door?”

A bustle was now heard in the hall — somebody certainly came in, — the words great-coat, portmanteau, bed-room, were heard in the dining-room, — the door was thrown open, and in walked Mr. Nathaniel Clack, the very oldest friend Mr. Merton had in the world.

“Merton! my boy,” exclaimed the visiter, as he shook hands with the whole party, “how goes it, eh?”

Capital night this for a visit — bad weather always makes a fellow so welcome.”

“ It does n't need bad weather, Nat, to make you welcome here.”

“ Or any where else faith, if the truth must be spoken. No, no — hop here — chirp a little — skip there — gossip a little — never stay long in the same place — talk, dance, laugh — any thing by way of a lark — then off like a shot the first glimpse I catch of the dismals.”

“ Ah, that's the way to enjoy life! You bachelors can fly about just as it pleases you. Where do you come from last?”

“ From Harry Grumps's. You can't think what a queer old fellow he's grown. No more racket, no more whim — dull as a Dutchman — and yet can't help punning even in his bluest fits, and with such a miserable long face, that you are satisfied, if punning is a crime, he is doing penance for it in the moment of commission. We had capital fun for two days.”

“ What! even though Mr. Grumps was so melancholy?” said Mrs. Merton.

“ To be sure, — the very thing that kept us happy. There is nothing half so amusing as a fellow continually croaking, — wishing the weather would clear up, — that somebody would come in, — that he had a liking for books, — in short, regularly non-plussed for want of something to do. I always make a point of ridiculing such absurd hypochondriacs.”

“ Do you?” said Mr. Merton, poking off the 'Tur!'s head; “ but you tired of it at last?”

“ Why, yes, two days are quite enough; so, as it was

a miserably bleak, raw, and gusty morning, I ordered my phaeton, and drove across the six-and-thirty miles, to bestow a little of my tediousness on you. Have you any news?"

"No, I do n't think any thing has happened since I saw you last. I think I told you I changed my gray horse for a black one."

"Yes, so have I my wig, — do n't you see what a magnificent Brutus I am, — in fact, gray hair is very unbecoming, and is only fit, as the Psalmist says, to go down with sorrow to the grave."

"Well, really, if you had n't told us it was a wig" —

"My dear madam, do n't go on. Do give us something original. I've heard that a dozen times, and never believed it a bit the more. What would be the use of wearing a wig, if nobody knew it to be one? No, no, — this is a coat, that a boot, and this is a wig."

"Well, Nat, I'm happy to see you, wig or no wig, and here's your health."

"That's not original, — do let us hear something new. I would travel from Dan to Beersheba to hear something out of the common way; but all mankind seem set on the same key. Touch any note of the instrument, it gives out exactly the same tone."

"By the by, Nat, do you know that Lansby Hall has at last got a purchaser?"

"To be sure I do, — every body knows it, — eighty thousand down, and forty more in three months."

"Who is it?" interrupted Mrs. Merton; "we do n't even know his name."

“Oho, — do n’t you? — why, ’t is a man of the name of Merivale. No one can tell where he comes from, — immensely rich, — nobody can imagine how he got his money. In short, he ’s quite a mystery.”

“Is he old or young?” continued the lady.

“Young! quite a young fellow, — my own age, — fifty or so.”

“Tall or short?”

“Oh, he ’s not a long overgrown monster of six feet, I can assure you. I heard, indeed, he was a very handsome, dignified-looking individual, — grave, striking, distinguished. I should take him to be somewhere about my own height.”

The lady smiled. “Have you seen him?” she said.

“No, not I; but we were all talking about him so much at Grumps’s, that I should be sure to know him if we met on Mount Caucasus.”

“And his manege? his establishment?”

“Grand! magnificent! carriages without number, — horses enough for a battalion of the guards. When shall we go over and call on him?”

“Is he arrived already? It is n’t above a fortnight since he bought the estate.”

“Fortnight! pooh, man, what are you thinking of? Do n’t you know that he carries the lamp of Aladdin in his pocket, and can fit up a palace in a twinkling? Half the upholsterers, painters, paperers, architects, carpenters, and masons in London, were down for a week, and for the last five days the proprietor has been living in a fairy palace a hundred times richer and more gorgeous than the pavilion of an Eastern king.”

“The devil he has! and I all the time cooped up by the snow! I’ll go over to-morrow and ask him to dinner next week.”

“But his wife, Mr. Clack, has he a wife or children?”

“Faith, ma’am, I do n’t know; if he has any thing of the sort, he keeps it very close. I rather think he’s a bachelor, — the roc’s egg is still wanting.”

“My dear Nat,” said Mr. Merton, “we are very plain people; what in the world would Mr. Merivale do with a roc’s egg, if he had it?”

“Metaphorical, — I was only metaphorical. You recollect, after the fairies had filled Aladdin’s palace with every luxury he could possibly desire, his enemy the conjuror got him persuaded to ask for a roc’s egg, which would have turned every thing topsy turvy, and led him the life of a dog; the roc’s egg is only an allegory, and means, — a wife.”

“And old Lansby, old Sir Walter, what has become of him?”

“Ah, there, I think, he’s very foolish; he has removed to the Springfield farm, the only spot of ground left him, and I believe he continues to be as stiff, and vain, and heartless as ever.”

“Well,” said Mr. Merton, “I like him the better for it. It shows there is some good stuff in him to keep up his pride in the fall of his fortunes. I never liked him as long as he was at the hall; I think I’ll go and call on him now he’s at the farm.”

“I like that; something original there. I’ll go with you. I should like to see Marius moralizing in a stack-

yard, but I think 't would have been wiser to have placed his Carthage a little farther off."

"Some more of your metaphors, Nat. Now, I think he shows his wisdom in fixing his quarters under the very nose of his successor. All men hate their successors."

"And you may depend upon it, Sir Walter will not be deficient in hating" ——

"Surely, surely he won't hate Frank Merivale," said Miss Mary Merton, who had been silently listening to the conversation.

"And why not, my little sweetheart? and how do you know any thing of Mr. Merivale? and how do you know that his name is Frank? Ha! there's some mystery here."

Mr. Nathaniel, as he asked these questions, fixed his looks upon the young lady with the most penetrating expression he could muster, for it was one of his weaknesses, like Dr. Parr, to think that he had a wonderful power of eye; though, like the ocular organs of that vast pedagogue, the glances of the ungenerous Nat were at all times rather ludicrous than commanding.

Oh! I merely thought — that is — I think — his name — didn't you tell us his name yourself, Mr. Clack?" replied Miss Mary, stammering and blushing.

"His name, yes I certainly told you his name; but not, that I recollect of, his Christian appellation — but Frank is a very good name; so, as I was saying, depend upon it old Sir Walter will hate him with most praiseworthy bitterness, whatever be the name he rejoices in. He certainly is the most revolting old vinegar-

faced rascal I ever met. I can't bring myself to utter a syllable beyond the commonplaces of society in presence of such a starched, stiff-rump'd, cold, authoritative dictator."

"Well, that's very odd, for I always thought you remarkably agreeable when Sir Walter dined with us," said Mr. Merton, utterly unconscious of the severity of this speech.

"Sir Walter was certainly very stiff and formal," continued his lady, equally unobservant of Mr. Nathaniel's chagrin; "but I have always heard he was a very respectable man."

"Exactly. Whenever you hear of a respectable man, write him down an individual to be studiously avoided. Sir Walter is the very perfection of a respectable man, spotless character, regular conduct, church twice every Sunday. People, after all, are very good natured, and give a man credit for being virtuous, merely because he has never been convicted of a crime. Now, if a wild young fellow like me, for instance" —

"Yes, Nat, the world is very censorious sometimes. You recollect what a noise there was when you broke off with the Lancashire heiress?"

"Recollect it? to be sure I do. They said I was wild, cruel, fickle, vain; 'pon my honor I was nothing of the kind. I certainly paid the girl a great deal of attention, and we certainly appeared to be mutually attached, but you know, my dear madam" —

"Oh yes," replied Mrs. Merton, "I know all about it. She was engaged all the time to her handsome cousin, and tried to hide it by flirting with you. I think

it was very improper behavior, and that you were greatly to be pitied, for I remember ill-natured people laughed at you very much."

The little man looked very much disconcerted by this uncomplimentary version of the anecdote, which nevertheless was the true one, and took no notice of the lady's observation. "And who lives with old Lansby?" he went on, turning to Mr. Merton.

"Only his daughter, Miss Julia."

"Tall and straight as a poplar tree," replied Mr. Nat — "the father in petticoats, with the same coldness, stiffness, pride; they must be quite happy in each other's society."

"They are!" exclaimed Miss Mary, whose fair brow had for some time been gathering with a frown; "it can only be the weak and the frivolous who can accuse Julia Lansby of coldness or pride. There never was a nobler girl in the world; so meek, so humble, so self-denying, and at the same time so beautiful. Every new misfortune that befalls the family seems only to call forth new powers to enable her to support it.

"Hem," replied Mr. Nathaniel, "we've got into dangerous ground here. I assure you, my dear Miss Mary, I meant no disrespect to your excellent and amiable friend. She may be all you say, and a thousand things more, only don't you allow yourself that in general society she is a little stately or so; a little haughty as it were — and imperial? For my own part, I prefer livelier sorts of beauties — people who are ready to laugh, and occasionally descend from their stilts — Miss Lansby's smile" —

“Is beautiful,” interrupted Miss Mary.

“May be so — but ’pon honor, when she smiles in answer to any observation I make to her, I can’t help thinking that there’s a kind of a — sort of a — don’t you remark? — a kind of pity as it were, or almost — as I may say — contempt” —

“Oh no,” said Mrs. Merton; “I dare say a great many young ladies do that when you speak to them, but I am sure Miss Lansby is too amiable to despise any thing, or, at all events, too well bred to show it.”

“Well, thank God! here comes my mutton chop,” exclaimed Mr. Nathaniel, quite discomfited by the unintentional hits he received from the one-idea’d Mrs. Merton; “and after I have finished it, I will join you, my old fellow, in a single pint of claret.”

“We shall be happy to see you in the drawing room,” replied the lady, and followed by her daughter, she left the gentlemen to themselves.

CHAPTER II.

The old man was sitting in a high backed oaken chair, his hands folded before him, and his eyelids closely pressed together, but evidently not in sleep — the motions of his lips and the fitful contraction of his brow showed that the spirit was busy within. At a table beside him sat a young lady, with a shade of settled melancholy visible on her subdued, yet noble features. She turned her eyes every now and then from the pa-

per on which she appeared to be sketching, with an expression of anxious affection, to the troubled countenance of her companion. The room they sat in was small, and very plainly furnished — the sky was fierce and stormy, and occasionally the old casements rattled loudly when a wilder burst of wind than usual sent a dash of sleet and hail against the window pane. The old man started from his recumbent position and sat upright, with his eye fixed keenly and harshly on the pale, placid face of his daughter. “Julia, Lansby,” he said, “act the hypocrite no more — speak to me no more in such soothing and gentle tones, but tell me at once boldly and sincerely, that — that you hate me” —

“Father!” —

“There! how *dare* you call me father, which ought to be a name of reverence, of piety, of love, when you well know that in your heart of hearts you detest me as a selfish, cold, unpitying old man?”

“You wrong me, father! Never, even in thought, has my affection wandered away from you. I have no hopes, no wishes, no regret, save as they are connected with your happiness. For my own” — here she sighed, and added, after a pause, “I am contented if I only could see you pleased with me — I have no other object now.”

“And why not now? Is it because we are poor you can no longer be cheerful as you used to be — because we no longer see ‘company,’ as they call it, and have our ball-rooms filled with the grinning sons and daughters of vanity? The loss truly is great. I wonder not at your despair.”

“ Oh, father, do not torture me by speaking so unkindly, You know that the loss of fortune, that poverty itself, could never move my regrets.”

“ But you have deeper matters for sorrow,” replied the father, with an ironical sneer. “ Oh, doubtless, you have many more griefs to weigh you down than ever fell upon me; fortune ruined — family broken — hearth left desolate — deserted by my own children, and supplanted in my own ancestral halls by a purse-proud, insulting villain, who” —

“ No, not a villain, dear father, not a villain ” —

“ Yes, madam, a villain; I say a proud, presumptuous, insensible villain. What! and is Francis Lansby still master of that silly heart? I charged you long ago to dismiss him from your thoughts. Julia Lansby, why have you not obeyed me?”

“ I *have* obeyed you, father, in all things possible. I have submitted without a murmur to your commands. I have given you my promise never to speak to him, to write to him, to hear of him or from him, without your consent; and till this extraordinary occurrence, I knew not whether he was in England, or whether he was alive or dead.

“ And he thinks by coming down hither, and overpowering us with his wealth and splendor, to make us regret having rejected the alliance of so mighty an individual as Mr. Francis Lansby Merivale. Oh, had my son but lived, my noble, handsome Harry” — Sir Walter put his hands before his eyes on saying this, and leaned back in his chair, as if overcome with the bitterness of his reflections. And Julia was in hopes that

the irritation of his temper, which had lately increased to a most distressing extent, would be soothed by the indulgence of his grief. But she was mistaken. Again, with the same cold, sarcastic sneer, he turned towards his daughter, and said, "Your meekness and resignation are truly amiable — your love to your father is so sincere — your gratitude for all his goodness to you unbounded — He has squandered away his fortune, and sunk the haughty lady of Lansby Hall into the inmate of no loftier a dwelling than this, — you must be grateful to him for having saved you from the perils of wealth. He has charged you — and now still more solemnly than ever charges you, to banish from your remembrance, or to remember only with scorn and loathing, the wretch who has risen upon our ruins, who looks on us — gracious heavens — perhaps with pity, — but no — villain as he is, he dares not to insult us with his pity."

"What — what has he done to deserve your anger? He thinks of you, I will answer for him, only as the friend and benefactor of his youth." She paused, and then added, with a tone of touching and solemn dignity — "Francis Lansby thinks of you as my father."

"And as such he *curses* me, or the Lansby blood has turned to milk within his veins. What has he done, you ask me? What has he *not* done to baulk and injure me? Does he not *live* ? Is he not 'a gay and prosperous gentleman,' with hope, fame, happiness all before him, while the golden locks of my noble Harry are gone down into the dust? Why is *my* son taken

from me, while fortune showers all her blessings upon theirs?"

Julia looked in her father's face as he uttered these words; but withdrew her eyes, as if horror-struck with the fierce malignity of his looks and language.

"You shudder," he continued: "but it is not madness that makes me speak thus. See, I am cool; nay, I can smile — and why should I not? Is not the story I am now about to tell you a pleasant one? Come hither, child, and listen. — I was an only son; but my father was afraid I should be spoiled, as only sons usually are, and had my cousin to live with me and treated us in all respects alike. Our boyhood passed without any occurrence to call forth our characters, except that, probably from knowing his dependent situation, his manners were so soft and insinuating, that they formed a striking contrast to the manliness and independence of mine. At college, to which we went together, and where by my father's orders our intimacy was continued, we were called Lansby the proud and Lansby the gentle. I confess I felt myself flattered by the distinction. We returned home; we hated each other. At all events, I can answer for myself; for him, I scarcely think he had manliness enough to hate any thing. My mother now was growing old. She had a companion to reside with her. She was young and beautiful — surpassingly beautiful. She was a relation of my mother's — high born and poor. Ere long I perceived that my cousin Edgar was passionately in love with Helen. What right had he, the soft, the delicate, the gentle, to lift his eyes to so glorious an object as Helen Trevor

I loved her ; and it added to the intensity of my passion to think how the insolence of my rival would be punished when I should ask the hand of the object of his passion. I did ask her hand : she refused it, and asked for my intercession with my father to secure his approbation of her marriage with my cousin. From that hour I hated both. Was I not justified ? But I was revenged. Edgar was going into orders. My father had promised him the family living ; the incumbent was infirm and old. They married ; I gave away the bride. They lived the first half year of their marriage in this very house. Here, in this very room, they sat and gazed on each other in the first happiness of their mutual fondness. My father died ; and, shortly after, the living became vacant. This Francis was then about two months old. I called upon them, and told them of the incumbent's death. I described the beauty of the parsonage, the quietness of the village ; and when I saw the young mother stooping down, and in the gladness of her heart covering the child of Edgar Lansby with her kisses, I told them I had bestowed the living upon another. You start — it was the first minute of enjoyment I had had for years. But they still were happy. I gave them notice that I had put another tenant into Springfield. They left it ; he procured a curacy in some distant part of the country. I married ; and, even in the first months of matrimony, thought much more of their happiness than my own. My Harry was born, and yet I felt no diminution of my hatred. At your birth I resolved, if possible, to repay to the son the agony that had been inflicted on me by the parents.

I have succeeded. One after another they died; they were poor and miserable. I adopted their orphan son; I made him the companion of my children; I watched the love that grew up between you, — and when I perceived that it was too firmly settled in his heart to be eradicated, I turned him loose upon the world. I feasted on the agony of his looks, for in them I recalled the expression of his mother. And now what has it all come to? *My* boy is dead; and this wretch, this slave, whom my bounty fed, is adopted by his mother's uncle, has purchased every mortgage upon my estate; and save for one consuming sorrow, one passion which I know from experience turns all his other feelings into gall and bitterness, he would be too happy for a mortal — successful in ambition, in love, and, above all in revenge. Is n't this a pleasant sketch, and — Ha! what has my madness done? Wretch, wretch! I have killed my child!"

He bent over the fainting girl with his hands clasped in agony, and his whole being underwent a change. Cruel and malignant as he had truly painted himself, his love for his children was the overpowering passion of his mind. Since the death of his son, this love all concentrated in his daughter; and, however strange or unnatural it may appear, the value he set on her, the pride he took in her talents and beauty, were the very considerations which prevented him from bestowing them on any one whom, justly or unjustly, he had loaded with his hatred. He knew that, by the bar he had placed between them, her happiness was as much sacrificed as that of her cousin — and had she been indiffer-

ent to him he would not have condemned her to so much misery. Hitherto, indeed, the noble behavior of his daughter had deceived him. Her uncomplaining meekness, her gentleness, and her dutiful submission to his will, had hidden from him the depth of the sufferings she endured. And, unknown perhaps to himself, there was another ingredient in the bitterness of the hatred which he professed to entertain for Francis Lansby. Since the astonishing change in their respective situations, her former lover had made no efforts to discover that his affection for Julia was unchanged. The thought of his being able to forget *his* daughter was more galling to Sir Walter's disposition than even his marrying her would have been.

“Waken, Julia! rouse yourself, my child; I spoke too bitterly; misfortune has made me mad. I hate him not.” Whilst he uttered these exclamations Julia slowly recovered, and looked at her father with a faint smile as if to thank him for his attempts to comfort her. “But he has forgotten us,” he continued; “he thinks not of us — and why, since he has banished you from his memory, do you continue to waste a thought on *him*?”

Ere Julia Lansby had time to reply, Mr. Nathaniel Clack bustled into the room, followed more slowly by his friend Mr. Merton, and exclaimed, “Ha! something uncommon here. How do, Sir Walter? Miss Julia, how d’ye do? Any thing happened, Miss Julia?”

“Miss Julia Lansby is suffering from a slight indisposition,” replied Sir Walter, assuming even more than his usual stiffness and hauteur.

“Change of air — nothing like change of air for recovering strength. I recollect an old rascal in my own village, capital fortune once, never moved from home, bad health, nervousness, pride, anger, and all that; lost his fortune, went to another house, moved about, bustling immensely, 'gad you can't tell what a good-natured sort of fellow the old curmudgeon became.” Mr. Nat went on relating this not very well-chosen anecdote, disregarding for a time the eye of the proud old man, as it was fixed upon him with the most withering expression of contempt. At last he perceived it, stammered a little, sank his voice, and, after several attempts to clear his throat, stood mute. In the mean time Mr. Merton had been paying his compliments to Miss Julia, and now addressed himself to Sir Walter.

“Well, Sir Walter, I hope, as we are nearer neighbors than we used to be, we shall see more of each other. My Mary has begged me to make a strong entreaty for a visit from Miss Julia.”

“If Julia would have pleasure in leaving her father at this time, she has my full consent. It would ill become me to interfere with the enjoyments of the young and careless.”

“Oh! if you can't spare her, of course poor Mary would never have preferred her request. She knows Julia's admirable qualities as a daughter too well for that.”

“Does she? And does she indeed suppose that I am so selfish as to immure her in a desolate place like this, merely because I would not be alone? Julia, you shall return with Mr. Merton.”

“ You are lonely here, father — the days are dull and dark. It would be better ” ——

“ I have said it. You shall visit Mary Merton; I shall probably have business to arrange with the new proprietor of the Hall, and perhaps it may be better managed in your absence. Will you return her to me in a week ? ”

“ Certainly — and in the mean time I hope the society of her old friends will be of use to her. It is useless, Sir Walter, to ask you to dine with me on Thursday next? I intend to invite Mr. Merivale.”

“ Merivale? and you ask me to meet Mr. Merivale, to dine with him, talk with him, hear his voice? what ” ——

“ Oh, if I had known it would have been unpleasant, my dear Sir Walter, believe me I should never have mentioned the subject.”

“ On Thursday did you say? Have you seen him? ”

“ No. We are just on our way to the Hall to pay him our respects.”

“ On Thursday? He will certainly accept your invitation. Julia, you will meet him; I wish you to meet him.”

“ Aha, Miss Julia,” interrupted Mr. Clack, who had by this time recovered a portion of his volubility. “ He is quite a young fellow, I understand. Many odd things have happened in that sort of way. Shouldn’t be surprised if ” —— but the unfortunate Nathaniel was again afflicted with a total incapacity to conclude his sentence.

Visibly, as clouds over the sky, flitted dark meanings across Sir Walter’s features; but by an effort he seemed

to restrain himself, and went on. "You shall stay with Mrs. Merton till after Thursday; and if you will allow me to alter my mind, I will also join your party."

"We shall be delighted, I am sure. Can Miss Julia accompany us now? My close carriage is at the door, and on our return from the Hall we can guard her over the snow."

Sir Walter bowed at this offer; seemed to swallow some proud speech he was about to make; and with a look of ineffable disdain to the now quite chop-fallen Mr. Nat, said — "Miss Lansby has still a carriage. She shall go to Merton Manor whenever her preparations are completed, and on Thursday I shall see my child again."

There was no gainsaying any thing advanced in the authoritative manner which Sir Walter habitually assumed; so, in a few minutes, the gentlemen were on their way to the Hall — Mr. Nathaniel Clack muttering all the time curses not loud but deep, and feeling a relief on leaving what he called the old tyrant's presence, pretty much akin to what we should consider the sensations of a monkey, which by some miracle has made its escape from a tiger's den.

CHAPTER III.

"This, then, decides my fate for happiness or misery," said Mr. Francis Lansby Merivale, as he rose from his writing-desk, where many piles of paper were lying in most admired disorder. "The estate is once

more disencumbered, and the directions of my benefactor complied with, in restoring the old hall to its rightful owner. What then? my cause is still more hopeless than before. Even if I prove to him that it is the will of the person leaving me this fortune that the property should be returned into his hands, I know his indomitable pride so well, that the gift will be viewed as an insult; and without Julia, what happiness is it to me to revel in useless wealth? Oh! for the glorious days back again when I was still the dependant of Sir Walter — still the companion of my Julia!” The packet, which he folded up and directed to Springfield Farm, seemed a very voluminous one. The letter which accompanied it contained these words: —

“The estrangement of the last two years has not obliterated from my heart the kindness of the protector of my childhood. With my whole heart I thank you for the home you afforded me when other home there was none for me to fly to; and frown not if at this hour, before I banish myself for ever from the scene of all the memories of my youth, I guard myself against any suspicion of a wish to conciliate your favor by the step I now take. The Lansby blood flows as proudly in my veins as in your own. You would spurn me as I know I should deserve to be spurned, if you fancied I had endeavored to *purchase* a reconciliation. Deeply as I should value your friendship, and unchanged as are my sentiments on a subject to which I cannot trust myself to allude, I cannot, even if your favor were accorded me, accept of it without an explanation of your conduct. I tell you, Sir Walter Lansby, that your conduct has

been cruel and unjust. In the pursuit of a selfish gratification you have ruined the happiness of the person who ought to be — nay, I will do you the justice to admit, who is — the dearest to you on earth. Do you deny it? Look to the wan cheek and wasting form of her who was once — but enough of this. The estate is now your own. The will of Mr. Merivale is enclosed for your perusal. Think not that I entertain a thought that this change in our positions will produce any change on your determination. If you can go on inflicting, I will show you that I can continue to suffer. From this hour you shall hear of me no more; but neither time nor distance shall make me forget for a moment the being to whom I consider myself united in the sight of heaven. Sir Walter Lansby, she is mine by vows indissoluble save in the grave, by affections which grew with our growth and are unchangeable while the hearts which nourished them continue to beat. But if it will add to the piquancy of your triumph, I will not conceal from you that you have driven me, as well as that other one, to despair; that you have made life to me a desert, as it has long been a solitude to her. And now what remains for me? Wealth which I cannot enjoy; youth which will waste away in misery; and, bitterer perhaps than all, a consciousness that these injuries are inflicted by one whom I have ever loved — and whom I have never offended.”

The Thursday appointed for the party at last arrived. With a degree of secrecy which entirely eclipsed the “Wonder” of Mrs. Centlivre’s comedy, the two young ladies had given no hint of the identity of young Frank

Lansby and the present proprietor of the hall. Mr. Merton and his friend Mr. Clack had been refused admittance on the morning of their call, and no answer had been returned to the note of invitation which Mr. Merton had despatched on the succeeding day.

“Devilish queer fellow this Mr. Merivale,” said Mr. Nat. “He might have sent an answer to a civil note at all events, if he would n’t let us into his cursed gimcrack of a house; in the snow too. Well, hope he’ll come after all — drop in on us — something new in that — eh?”

“Well, I hope he will; but I suspect the meeting will be a very odd one between him and Sir Walter.”

“D——d old tyrant,” muttered Nat.

“It will be very queer to see the first salutation exchanged between the old possessor and the new one.”

“Said the old Jackdaw to the young Jackdaw,” interrupted Mr. Clack.

“Come, Nat, out with your best stories. Have all your smiles and similies ready, for here some of the party come.”

Sir Walter came among the rest; stately, solemn, stiff as ever. He paid his respects to the assembled guests, then looked anxiously round for his daughter, led her up to one of the windows, gazed earnestly into her face, and clasping her in his arms, imprinted a kiss upon her brow.

“Egad! old Iceberg’s beginning to thaw,” whispered Mr. Nat into the ear of Mary Merton, for already he had begun to lose the power of very audible conversation.

“I am sorry Sir Walter,” said Mr. Merton, “we are disappointed of Mr. Merivale. It would have given me great pleasure, though I have not the honor of knowing him myself, to have been the medium of an introduction between such near neighbors.”

“Not know him, Mr. Merton? Well, in that case I believe I have the advantage of you. I know him intimately.” Julia looked inquiringly, but unobserved, into her father’s face when he said this but the features were as rigid and inflexible as ever.

Mr. Merton also must have thought there was something forbidding in his countenance, for he changed the conversation as quickly as possible

“I hope you can spare Julia to us a few days longer,” said Mrs. Merton.

“Your kindness to my Julia is very great. We are not ungrateful for it. But she returns with me to-night.”

“To-night? Oh I hope not.”

“There are circumstances that require her immediate return to Lansby — to Springfield Farm I mean — I sometimes forget how changed we are.”

“Oh, not to-night, Sir Walter. Mr. Merton or Mr. Clack will be so happy to drive her over to-morrow.”

“There are persons in this neighborhood, madam, who make it desirable that Miss Julia Lansby should be under a father’s eye.”

“The cursed old Bashaw,” said Mr. Nat, but this time to himself; “confound me, if he does n’t think his daughter may take a fancy to *me*.” Mr. Nat gave a look to the mirror, and pulled forward his wig.

But Julia knew too well the meaning of her father’s

speech. With a sigh she resigned herself to her fate, and going to the dining-room, Mary Merton thought she saw the dark eyes of her friend moistened with tears.

What could have been the meaning of her father's conduct in first forbidding her to think of Francis Lansby, and then in sending her to Merton Manor, for the express purpose, as it were, of throwing her in his way? And why had Francis Lansby not come to see his old friends the Mertons, even if he had had no expectation of finding her there? These, and five hundred other thoughts, but all coming to the same hopeless conclusion, occupied her all the time of dinner. There seemed to be a universal dulness spread over the party. Even Mr. Clack had very little conversation, and that only in a whisper. The liveliest person of the party was Sir Walter Lansby himself. As if in bravado of his fallen fortunes, he was more cheerful than ever he had been in his palmy days. But his daughter, who was acquainted with all the phases of his character, saw that his liveliness was assumed, and she dreaded the reaction which was sure to follow so unnatural an effort.

But once the name of Merivale was mentioned, some person casually inquired if there were not a Devonshire family of that name distantly connected with the Lansbys.

"There may be, sir," replied Sir Walter; "and as a person said of his connections, the more *distant* they are the better."

The rareness of an attempt at humor on the part of Sir Walter Lansby compensated for the poorness of its quality. There was a general laugh at the reply.

“Now, confound me,” said Mr. Nat to his neighbor, “if there is any thing to laugh at in what old Chronhoton has said. A man who has any reputation for wit may say five thousand better things every hour of the day, but really witticisms from some people are so common that people take no notice of them. But only let a dull, formal, pedantic old blockhead give utterance to the very oldest Joe Miller, and the thing strikes people as a sort of miracle. The man will die a wit on the reputation of a miserable story badly told.”

The gentleman to whom Mr. Nathaniel addressed himself, was not endowed with any superfluity of metaphysical acumen and looked most wonderfully contented with Mr. Nat’s explanation.

“Do n’t you think so?” continued Mr. Clack.

“Think what, my dear sir?”

“Why, that the novelty or unexpectedness is every thing. You do n’t expect to see pigs play on the fiddle?”

“No — who the devil does?”

“Nor porcupines to make watches?”

“No.”

“But if you saw porcupines making watches, or pigs playing on fiddles, you would think it very remarkable, would n’t you?”

“To be sure I should.”

“Ah!” said Nat, quite triumphant, “I was certain you would agree with me in thinking Sir Walter’s rejoinder a very poor one.”

The gentleman looked at Nat, and wondered very much, but said nothing.

At length the tedious night wore on, and, greatly to the satisfaction of the host and hostess, not to mention the now reanimated Mr. Clack, "they walked alone the banquet hall deserted." Julia saw by her father's manner that something very unusual had either happened or was about to happen. Her friend Mary Merton shared in her apprehensions, and has very often mentioned her fears, after she had heard of the catastrophe of that night. Old Sir Walter sat moodily silent beside his daughter. She, deeply absorbed in her own thoughts, took no notice of the pace they were going at, or even of the carriage in which they were conveyed. At length her eye caught the trees of the short avenue that led from the road to Springfield farm; but still the carriage rolled on. She now began to observe that the chariot was very different from the one in which she had made her visit to Merton Manor; and on looking round to her father, for every thing was visible by the light of a clear frosty moon, she saw that he was intently watching her countenance.

"You do n't ask me, Julia, where we are going," he said; "you see we have passed the farm."

"I saw we had passed it."

"And have you no wish to know where we are going?"

"Where?"

"To the hall. Where should Sir Walter Lansby take his daughter to but to Lansby Hall?"

Julia half shrieked as he said this, and now knew that her worst fears were realized.

"Oh, not there!" she cried, "not there!"

“And why not? Give me your hand, my daughter: are you not safe in the protection of your father?”

“But Frank, — but Mr. Merivale” —

“I will speak to him in the house of my ancestors as they would wish me to speak.”

The lodge at the gate was full of lights; the gate wide open, and they rapidly approached the front door of the hall. Julia, in an agony of apprehension, not diminished by her astonishment, suffered her father to lead her through the vestibule, up the great staircase, along the corridor, and, opening the door of the library, they saw standing ready to receive them, Mr. Francis Lansby Merivale.

Julia leant trembling on her father's arm — Frank stood as if expecting Sir Walter to begin the conversation. He drew his daughter closer to him, paused for a moment, then laying her hand within that of Francis Lansby, said, — “Julia, your cousin — my children!”

His own agitation prevented him from seeing the effect of his speech upon his daughter. “I told you, Francis Lansby, when I called here in answer to the letter you had sent me, with the documents restoring this estate to me again, that to accept it was impossible, unless for the purpose of conveying it to my child. My pride is broken as by a thunderbolt. Take her. I thought it was impossible for the hatred of a Lansby to suffer decay — but, nay, no thanks, your letter was a just reproof. When the ceremony is over, I shall return to the farm, and find consolation in reflecting that the son of Helen Trevor is the happy husband of the daughter of Walter Lansby.”

1875

THE
LITTLE
BOAT
ON
THE
LAKESIDE
BY
J. H. B. & C.



EARLY DAYS.

Who, for all that age could bring
 Would forget life's budding spring?
 Hours of frolic! school-boy days!
 Full of merry pranks and plays;
 When the untaught spirit beats
 With a thousand wild conceits;
 When each pleasure, bright and new,
 Sparkles fresh with heavenly dew;
 When the light that shines abroad,
 Seems the very smile of God;
 Who, in after toil and strife,
 Would forget the morn of life?

Maturer age brings riper thought,
 Fills with nobler hopes the mind,
 Seeks the truth by Prophets sought,
 Toils to benefit mankind;—
 Yet who, mid all that age can bring,
 Would forget life's budding spring?
 * * * * *

New-born minds, untouched by sin,
 Make the earth seem holy ground;
 Thus the innocence within
 Sheds its light on all around,
 Till the hills and flowers and streams
 Are woven o'er with golden dreams.
 How oft in youth I wandered out,
 With bounding step and merry shout,
 Running and leaping in the sun,
 With heart brimful of joy and fun,
 Till by degrees my eye grew mild,

And I became less gay and wild,
 And every thing by nature wrought
 Awakened me to calmer thought,
 And my young spirit, unaware,
 Seemed lifted on the wings of prayer.
 How oft beneath the shadows dim,
 I sat beside the fountain's brim,
 Watching the wild-wood flowers, which there
 Breathed their sweet perfume to the air,
 And saw each dew-bent blossom shine
 With something of a light divine !

How oft I watched, with thoughtful eye,
 The clouds that slowly wandered by,
 Amid an atmosphere of blue,
 With pearl and rose and amber hue,
 And felt, as thus they went abroad,
 They were the messengers of God !

And when, upon the river's side,
 I saw the silver waters glide ;
 While my school-mate, half in play,
 Watched the tranquil current flow,
 And sought to draw the speckled prey,
 From its native home below ;
 How often have I felt the sight
 Fill my whole being with delight,
 While waves below and clouds above
 Stirred my young heart to holy love !

* * * * *

Then each scene, before me brought,
 Did unfold some inward thought ;
 Happy moments ! Golden hours !
 Pure and blessed joys of youth !
 Then I felt those inward powers,
 That now pant for highest truth !
 Not for all that age can bring,
 Would I forget Life's budding spring !

THE NEAR SIGHTED LOVER.

THOSE who are born into the world with good eyes, who descry afar the countenances of their friends, and can distinguish across a church or a theatre, the turn of a feature or the color of an eye, the fashion of a head-dress or the shade of a riband; — Happy mortals! how I envy them; little do they know what a gift they possess, and scarcely can they imagine the utter wretchedness of being near sighted!

Between bad eyes and no eyes at all, those are much the most lucky who have no eyes at all. A blind man is universally known and understood to be blind; and every body makes allowances accordingly. Let him be ever so awkward, let him make the most ridiculous blunders possible; — he is blind; he is an object of pity and respect; and should any one undertake to laugh at his infirmities, such a violator of the sacred rights of misfortune would be scouted from society with universal execration.

But what pity was ever extended to the awkwardness of the near-sighted? or what pardon to their blunders? Good heavens! I would walk barefoot, a thousand miles, to kiss the latchet of that man's shoe, who has omitted to laugh, when his near-sighted friend has mistaken a crimson-colored pincushion for a peach, or a perfect stranger for an old acquaintance. Such good nature as

this, could it any where be found, would, indeed, be worthy of the humblest homage. But it is impossible to find it. The mistakes of the near-sighted man are considered fair game; and many a man, — yes, and many a woman, — who would blush at the thought of ridiculing a withered arm or a club foot, will persecute, with the most relentless spirit, a poor near-sighted wretch who, on every rational principle, is as much entitled to mercy as the halt or the crippled.

To expect a man, whose circle of vision does not extend three inches beyond his nose, to recognize you in the streets, to find you out in the midst of a crowded saloon, to return your nods at a lecture room or a theatre, and to take as much notice of every thing that is going on about him, as if his eyes were a couple of telescopes, is just as unreasonable as to require a deaf man to catch all our whispers, or a man with one leg to dance a hornpipe.

The men sin in this respect; but not half so much as the ladies. With all that softness, gentleness and generosity, which fill the female bosom to overflowing, it is well known how jealous is the softer sex of any thing that looks like slight or neglect. To pass a lady in the streets without knowing her, is a sin of no trifling magnitude; but a sin which the near-sighted are always committing, and which they are always obliged to expiate by some considerable penance. Is a lady dressed, on any occasion, with peculiar taste, — and who ever knew any lady, on any occasion, not to be so dressed? — at least, in her own opinion; — not to notice and praise it, is an omission, of which no man will be guilty, who

wishes to stand well with his female acquaintances. It is a safe rule to praise always ; but what risks does he run, in attempting to praise, whose eyes are so treacherous, that he can tell neither the stuff nor the color of a new dress, nor, indeed, whether the dress itself be an old or a new one ?

To the grand misfortune of being near-sighted, I may justly ascribe all the miseries of my miserable life. They are numerous enough to fill a volume, or, as I ought rather to say, — two volumes, as large and as closely printed as the “*Diary of a Physician*,” — and, in point of distress, — solid and serious distress, — they outdo the “*Diary of a Physician*” altogether.

But as I have always held it just and reasonable, for every man to bear his own burdens, and not to oppress his neighbors with unending tales of suffering and sorrow, it is far from my intention to inflict the whole two volumes, at once, upon the good nature of my readers. I am content to select a single incident, — one individual item of the whole sum total of my distress ; and this story, simply and sincerely told, to surrender my unhappy case to the sympathies of my fellow creatures ; not however, with the vain expectation of universal pity ; — for the sneerer must have his sneer, and the jester his joke, and the unfeeling, — can it be expected they will feel ? But certain I am, that there will be here and there one, — a precious few, — a relict, a remnant, that, having escaped the blighting influences of the world, have still hearts to feel, and tears to shed.

It is, however, the sympathy of my female friends, that I particularly expect ; — for the tale I have to tell,

is the story of my first love. Ah Love! it is impossible to mention thy name without an apostrophe, yet scarce do I know in what terms to speak of thee; — thou curse! — thou blessing! — source of wo, spring of delight, origin of all evil, fountain of every human good! no, — I will not curse thee. The pangs thou raisest in the bosom of a disappointed lover, are worse to bear than those endured by him, famous in ancient story, whose heart was torn by insatiable vultures. But once to have known thy joys, — to have been once in love, — actually in love, — to have had that love returned, — to have known it; — no matter how short a dream it proved; — no matter how soon dissipated by thy own folly or the lady's fickleness; — it is a sensation of pleasure, a draught of delight; a rich, intoxicating draught, worth a whole life of miserable, solitary selfishness. But all this is nothing to my story.

Emma, — for so was the lady named, to whom I made the first surrender of my heart, — was not commonly reported beautiful. But I thought her so, and if I was mistaken, — 't is a mistake, — and the ladies may bless their stars for it, — often made by lovers. Her figure was slight and elegant, her complexion delicately pale, her eyes and hair dark, her voice soft and musical; and there was a sweet smile playing from time to time about her lips, that went directly to my heart. A near-sighted man, does not descend much into particulars. He is not very likely to be captivated by a pretty foot or a well turned ancle, and a lady may sport a delicate hand a whole evening, without his once taking notice of it. It was not in this way that I was enslaved; — nor yet by

any one of the attractions above enumerated, nor by the union of them all. A near-sighted man is not very likely to be the victim of mere personal charms, — he is almost certain not to fall in love at first sight, — because, at first sight he scarcely sees any thing at all, nothing at least, definitely and distinctly; and though obscurity favors the sublime, it is otherwise with the beautiful. For my part, all ladies, the first time I see them, look very much alike; some I observe, are tall, and some short; some are blondes, and some brunettes; — this is about all that I discover the first evening.

And this leads me to observe, that near-sighted lovers are always the most serious, sincere and sentimental. They find out how a lady talks, as soon as, — or sooner than, — how she looks; and as their passions are not founded exclusively on the lady's beauty, — though beauty has power, it must be confessed, to charm near-sightedness itself; — there is commonly more sympathy of mind in their attachments, than in those of their neighbors, who see more, but *observe* less.

However this may be, my love for Emma was serious and sentimental enough. I worshipped her; I adored her. One word, one look from her, surpassed, in my esteem, all the other pleasures of existence. My life seemed to depend on the continuance of her affection. I have learnt better since, — I have learnt not to fall in love so very deeply. There should be a moderation in every thing; such passionate devotion is not due to poor humanity; it results, inevitably, in disappointment; it overstrains and destroys the sympathies of the soul, and ends in misanthropy, if not in idiotism. Love is like

brandy, too powerful to be taken pure; to be indulged in with safety, it needs to be much diluted.

Emma had been absent from town about a week, and that very morning, — the morning of that Wednesday, which, ever since, has borne a black mark in my calendar, I had received a letter from her, full of fondness and affection, informing me that she did not intend to return for a week to come. Since our engagement, I had neglected almost all my former acquaintances, — I had been devoted exclusively, to the dear Emma's service. If, however, I was guilty of rudeness towards my former friends, it was not wholly my fault; for ever since my engagement had become public, my female acquaintances had treated me with a cool nonchalance, sufficient to have abashed a man much less sensitive than myself. While Emma was away, I passed my evenings at the theatre; — it was several years ago, before the theatre had become so unfashionable as it is at present.

That very Wednesday evening, to the theatre I went, with Emma's letter in my pocket.

Love is said to be quick-sighted; and I was delighted to find that it added some quickness, even to such eyes as mine. I had observed, with no little pleasure, that I could distinguish Emma at a much greater distance than any body else. I entered the theatre about the middle of the first act; the boxes were crowded; but judge my pleasure and surprise, when at no great distance from me, I saw the dear Emma herself. She was surrounded by two or three ladies, and as many gentlemen, whom I could not distinguish at all; but her own features I could trace distinctly; and I saw, from time to time, or

thought I saw, that sweet, peculiar smile, so exclusively her own. I tried to catch her eye; but as I was farthest from the stage, and she seemed intent upon the play, it was impossible. My heart boiled over with impatience; but as I have the greatest antipathy to attract the attention of a crowd, and as the house was so full that no one could move without making a disturbance, I waited, however reluctantly, till the act was finished.

The curtain had hardly begun to fall, before I was in the lobby; and, as good luck would have it, the people in the box next to Emma's made a move at the same time. They left their box half empty; I pushed in; and, as Emma sat on the middle seat of the next box, between two other ladies, I stood close beside her. Still, she did not observe me. A sudden thought came over my mind that the dress she wore was not exactly in her usual good taste; the ladies with her, I did not know at all,—nor did I half like their looks; but setting them down for some country cousins of Emma's, I leaned over the box, and whispered a cadence in Emma's ear. She started, as suddenly as I had expected; but the look she gave me was one such as I certainly did not expect. Her face was covered with blushes, and seemed to indicate a strange confusion. I stood hesitating, when, all at once, the truth burst upon me,—that the lady I had spoken to was not Emma,—but somebody, to be sure, very much like her. The fluttering of the ladies drew the attention of a gentleman behind them, who seemed to be a brother, or something of the sort; and I had nothing else to do, after asking the lady's pardon for my intrusion, than to beckon the broth-

er aforesaid, into the lobby,— tell him I was near-sighted,— that I had mistaken the lady under his protection for a particular friend of mine, and so explained the matter the best way I could.

I immediately left the house, inwardly resolving never to enter it again ; and cursing the eyes that had so grievously deceived me.

Yet what is a resolution, the fruit of a sudden excitement, against the calm but powerful influence of habit ? I had now been at the theatre every night, for a week past ; and when evening came, without once thinking of the resolution so seriously formed the night before, I walked into the house, and took my seat as usual. The house was not so full as it had been on the previous evening ; but some of the same company was present. For, as I cast my eye along the boxes, I observed at a distance, that same identical lady on whose account, the last night, I had made myself so ridiculous. I thought she looked at me as though she meant to know me ; I bowed very gravely, and turned my head the other way. The play happened to be a favorite of mine, and I was all attention to it. After the performances were over, as I was sauntering leisurely homeward, I was overtaken by Ned Murrowday, an acquaintance of mine, who took me by the arm, and congratulated me on Emma's return. " Emma returned ? " said I, " why no, 't is impossible, I have a letter of her's in my pocket, in which she tells me I must wait a week longer." " Don't put too much confidence in a lady's letter," said my friend, " whatever she has written, she has certainly returned ; as I passed by the theatre I met her coming out of it,

and what is more," he added in a whisper, "she was leaning on the arm of a very spruce young man, a lieutenant in the navy, I believe. Have a care my friend! — have a care!"

With these words, he turned down another street, and left me to my own meditations. What kind they were, the reader may easily imagine. That I should have passed the whole evening, so near my Emma, and not have known her! and when she tried to attract my attention, to have repulsed her with a distant nod, — Oh! 't was too cruel, — 't was insufferable. There was no spice of jealousy in my composition, and the young lieutenant never once entered my thoughts; but I was kept awake the whole night, thinking how Emma must have thought of me. The next morning, at the earliest possible hour, I waited upon her, — but she refused to see me. I sent up more than once to renew my request, but she proved inexorable. I returned home, sat down, and wrote the best explanation of my unlucky blunder, that my haste and perturbation would permit, and despatched it immediately. It was some time before I received an answer; and when it came it was fatal to all my hopes. Emma's note was very civil; she pitied my unfortunate infirmity, — she was quite satisfied with my explanation, — but circumstances, she said, which had grown out of that evening at the theatre, had made it necessary to return all my letters, and to inform me that henceforth, we could be nothing to each other but common acquaintances. She concluded with assurances of everlasting friendship, and sincere esteem. At first, I hardly knew how to take this letter, but my doubts were

soon relieved. A half-a-dozen good-natured friends of mine came running in, with all the particulars. Emma, it seems, as she was returning from the theatre, had endeavored to assuage her sorrows, by opening her heart to the young lieutenant, who attended her. He saw his advantage, and used it. A lady's heart, when softened by grief, is easily moulded. He succeeded in convincing her, that my coldness and neglect must have been intentional; that, at any rate, such purblind stupidity, if it were nothing worse, was totally unpardonable; and he gave her to understand that if she had lost one lover, another might easily be found. The night was pleasant and their walk was prolonged. My fate was sealed that very evening; and when my explanation came, it came too late.

THE HONEST MILLER.

Of all the callings and the trades
 Which in our land abound,
 The miller's is as useful sure
 As can on earth be found.
 For vain, without the miller's aid,
 The sowing and the dressing ;
 Then sure an honest miller he
 Must be a public blessing.
 And such a miller now I make
 The subject of my song,
 Which, though it shall be very true,
 Shall not be very long.
 This miller lives in Glo'stershire,
 I shall not tell his name ;
 For those who seek the praise of God,
 Desire no other fame.
 In last hard winter — who forgets
 The frost of ninety-five ?
 Then was all dismal scarce, and dear,
 And no poor man could thrive.
 Then husbandry long time stood still,
 And work was at a stand ;
 To make the matter worse, the mills
 Were froze throughout the land.
 Our miller dwelt beside a stream,
 All underneath the hill ;
 Which flowed amain when others froze,
 Nor ever stopped the mill.
 The clam'rous people came from far
 This favored mill to find,

Both rich and poor our miller sought,
For none but he could grind.
His neighbors cried, ' Now miller seize
The time to heap up store,
Since thou of young and helpless babes
Hast got full half a score.'
For folks, when tempted to grow rich,
By means not over nice,
Oft make their numerous babes a plea
To sanctify the vice.
Our miller scorned such counsel base,
And when he ground the grain,
With steadfast hand refused to touch
Beyond his lawful gain.
' When God afflicts the land,' said he,
' Shall I afflict it more ?
And watch for times of public wo
To wrong both rich and poor ?
Thankful to that Almighty Power
Who makes my river flow,
I 'll use the means he gives to sooth
A hungry neighbor's wo.
My river flows when others freeze,
But 't is at His command ;
For rich and poor I 'll grind alike,
No bribe shall stain my hand.'
So all the country who had corn
Here found their wants redrest ;
May every village in the land
Be with such millers blest !



THE WEARY WATCHER.

'T is not the hour her lover named,
 Yet she already deems him late ;
 And pouts her lip, as if ashamed
 That mortal man should make her wait.

She turns the pages o'er and o'er,
 And seems unconscious of Time's flight ;
 She vows she 'll watch the path no more
 Where first his form will be in sight.

And were she summoned by his voice,
 She would not turn her head to greet him ;
 Come when he may, she will rejoice
 To show how coldly she can meet him !

She will not frown, for frowns would say
 That she had watched for his return ;
 She will not smile, — it would betray
 She saw him not with unconcern.

Oh ! should he ever come, no trace
 Of weak emotion shall appear ;
 She 'll seem, while gazing on his face,
 Unconscious that he stands so near.

No blush shall mantle on her cheek,
 No tear shall tremble in her eye ;
 To some young stranger she will speak,
 And seem engrossed by his reply.

And thinking thus, she proudly leans
Over the pages of her book ;
Come when he may, *she* never means
To raise her head or grant one look !

Lady, most beautiful thou art,
And pride becomes thee mid the crowd ;
But oh ! with him who wins thy heart,
Thou 'rt fond, — weak, — any thing but proud !

Resentment when he leaves her side
Betrays the depth of woman's love ;
And when she prattles of her pride,
What but her weakness doth she prove ?

Why starts she now ? why turn her head
With such a glance of gay delight ?
Alas ! forgetting all she said,
She smiles the moment he 's in sight !

The Weary Watcher can command
No word to wound, no frown to chill ;
The silent pressure of her hand
Assures him he is welcome still.

A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

—

“I SHALL tell you
 A prosing tale; it may be you have heard it;
 But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
 To scale 't a little more.” . . . CORIOLANUS.

—

THE conjurer sat at his books. The various utensils of his art were scattered around him,—a horoscope, globe, astrolabe and quadrant, and huge volumes of mysterious characters in an unknown tongue. He was an adept in the black art, shrewdly conversant with whatever might excite the superstition of the credulous, and usually made his calculations with a sagacity that baffled detection. The old man was poring over one of these tomes, when he raised his keen gray eye from the volume as the door opened, and a stranger presented himself. He was of small stature, attired in a rustic drab; his visage thin and wrinkled, and his little black eyes hardly separated by an attenuated apology for a nose. The intruder stood silent for a few moments, as if hesitating how to address the man of forbidden knowledge.

“He that would consult the stars,” said the conjurer, “must view them in a mirror of silver; the book of fate is sealed to him who comes empty-handed.”

At this hint the stranger drew from his pocket a well-worn purse of heart-case, and fingering the contents of

the bag, desposited a few small coins in the palm of the conjurer.

“I would know,” said he, “if there is money buried on the great island down the river?”

He of the horoscope opened one of the huge volumes of mystery, and began slowly turning the leaves with great care. Apparently unsatisfied, he handled the astrolabe for a few moments, and at length fell to figuring with earnestness.

“There is gold there which may not be touched by mortal hands,” said he, suspending his calculations; “it is the charmed treasure of the pirate.”

“I dreamed it,—I dreamed it!” said the visiter, leaning towards the table and casting a furtive glance at the talisman; “but is there no way,—have you not power to disenchant it?—where is it buried?”

The geomancer drew his wand over a cycle inscribed with the characters of the heavens, and again turned the leaves of the mysterious volume. At length he began muttering,—“Seventeen hundred and—Saturn ascendant,—Arcturus glares like a cresset, and Bootes is grim with blood. Enough!—there was murder when the chest was buried and the spirit of the dead watches the gold.”

There was a convulsive movement in the features of the stranger, and his little black eyes for a moment gleamed with an expression of horror. It soon gave way to the all absorbing passion of his being.

“But where is it buried?” he repeated.

“On the south end of the island. Some rods from the water stands an old elm alone. On the fiftcenth day

of the moon, at midnight, its shadow will fall directly on the iron chest. Measure five paces from the roots, and at the shadow of the junction of a great western limb with the trunk of the tree, dig for your life. You will see and hear what might appal a bolder man,—but speak never a word. The moment a human voice is heard, the spell is broken. If you succeed, there is enough to make you a nabob.”

Another tribute was levied on the purse of the visiter, who took leave in the confidence of success.

There was a belief prevalent at that time, among many of the good people of New-England, that the noted Kidd had in one of his cruises ascended the Connecticut, and buried on its numerous islands, immense treasures of his hoarded booty. This belief was strengthened by the confession of an old African, who declared, on his death-bed, that he had been employed in the capacity of cook on board the piratical vessel; and whose incoherent answers to the eager interrogations of those who shrived him, confirmed sundry dark hints, he had thrown out previously. He even pointed out this island in question, as the repository of the treasures of a Spanish galleon he had seen plundered and burned; but whispered, with a shudder, that the deposite was guarded by the ghost of the butchered boatswain. The effects of this story on those who hasted to be rich were astonishing.

“ Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad.”

Many were the adventurers who haunted this new El Dorado, and fearful were the perils they were reported

to have encountered in their search for the unhallowed hoard. The substance of the present legend formed the subject of a fire-side tale, which the writer in his boyhood heard of a long winter evening recounted by the identical hero of the adventure, and who was introduced to the reader in his interview with the conjurer. The latter was none other than the celebrated necromancer, Ballou; and the old gentleman never concluded the story, without remarking, with great solemnity, that shortly after this event, he of the familiar spirit died suddenly in his bed, agreeably to a prediction of his own when apparently in perfect health, not six hours previous.

Be this as it may, our hero returned home with the bewildered feelings of one who has suddenly drawn a capital prize. The almanac was daily consulted with the eagerness of one who would fain move forward the shadow on the dial; and the long weary days, which intervened before the appointed time, were eked out in the sickness of hope deferred. He would occasionally kill a lingering hour by projecting princely improvements on his little farm, which lay meanwhile like the garden of the sluggard; the conjurer's talisman, like the wand of Prospero, seemed at a stroke to have converted his humble tenement into the dwelling of a prince, and air-castles swam before his heated imagination in all the gorgeousness of romance. But it was in his dreams, which "spoke like Sybils of the future," that he revelled in the full fruition of a more than oriental sumptuousness,—a boundlessness of wealth that would have beggared the kings of the genii. Chests of gold

and silver, mines of caverned riches, avalanches of jewels tumbling around him, gnomes and goblins, a whole cosmorama of Sinbad fantasies mocked his slumbers, till the good woman at his side, in innocent ignorance of the latter day glory that awaited her, deemed him, as he lay tossing around, the prey of some fearful, damning secret. He had as yet lisped the revelation in no mortal ear, sensible as he was that a participation in the hazard of the adventure would induce a participation in the spoil. Besides, his mind had hitherto been so absorbed in the disposal of the anticipated prize, that he had scarcely bestowed a thought on the means by which it was to be obtained. But as the day drew nigh, difficulties began to present themselves, which filled him with misgivings. His unassisted efforts might prove insufficient for the removal of the ponderous treasure; and he could not conceal from himself that a companion of flesh and blood would, to say the least, be very convenient in an adventure which might call for the interposition of an incorporeal agency. Gladly would he have availed himself of the co-operation of the partner of his wordly thrift; but the injunction of the conjurer that not a word should be spoken,—alack! “Ichabod” was written on the very face of it. From this dilemma we leave the good man to extricate himself; premising at the same time that his nearest neighbor was an elderly bachelor brother, whose heir presumptive he flattered himself to be; and who, in case of his enlisting his services, would still, as the saying is, retain the property in the family.

It was now the green depth of summer, and the broad banks and meadows of Connecticut were teeming with

the luxuriance of vegetation. As yet, steam-boats were in the womb of futurity, and the light water-craft with which the followers of the adventurous Ledyard navigated this beautiful river, had but recently given place to the lumbering batteau of the merchant. Ever and anon as its huge sail hung lazily flapping over the dark waters, the rude song of the boatman might be heard as he wrought at the oar, swelling out among the numerous coves and inlets which bordered its margin, or answered in echoes, faintly multiplied among the mountains beyond. Even this was of so rare occurrence as to attract attention; and the honest rustic on the banks, as it swept along, would lean for a moment on the implement of his labor, to dream of distant voyages, shipwrecks, and the perils of the water. The shout and merry laugh of childhood were heard among the clustering elms that bordered the stream; and the pattering of little feet came across the water from the smooth line of beaten sand along its margin. But there was one who gazed on all this with a vacant eye,—he was revelling in the immateriality of a world of his own creation. He called to a little urchin who was clambering the thick vines with a group of his fellows, and muttered, as he parted the flaxen curls from his forehead, “tomorrow — and the young rogue will be the son of a nabob.”

It was late in the brilliant evening ensuing, that a small boat might be seen to push from the shore, and shoot noiselessly across the river in the direction of the island. The moon was near her zenith, and a long line of light gleamed across the water, broken only by the

ripples that circled around the stern of the little craft, or followed dancing in her wake. Approaching the island, it drew up in the shadow of a small cove, and two dark forms stepped on shore; landing a spade, mattock, and bar, and an old queen's arms, which might have been loaded with a silver bullet. Making the boat fast, they cautiously ascended the bank, and deposited their implements at the foot of an old elm, which threw the shadow of its spreading branches far around over the smooth sod. The younger of the men appeared by far the most active, alternately consulting an old time-piece which he continually drew from his pocket in anxious restlessness, and throwing fearful glances among the bosky thickets at hand, which lay motionless as death. The lonely stillness of this wild spot at this "witching time of night," the air of mystery thrown over their conversation, which, like the mutes of an eastern seraglio, they carried on only by signs, were all befitting some unholy deed, while

"The setting of the eye and cheek, proclaimed
A matter from them."

At length, measuring a few paces from the tree, and once more eyeing all around with cautious scrutiny, they commenced digging in its shadow. At this moment an object appeared rounding an angle of the shore below, and in an instant a vessel of war under full sail rushed by the island. Not a soul was discoverable on the deck of the phantom ship, but ever and anon, as it boomed sullenly onward, loud shrieks and the crash of

swords came mingling with shouts of demoniac laughter, the losel song of carousal, and the fierce oaths of the bucanier. The money digger rested on his spade, and passed his hand athwart his eyes to convince himself of the reality of the vision ; — all had vanished, and he saw only the brazen clasps of the family bible glittering in the moon-beams, which his companion was hugging in an agony of terror. A breathless pause ensued, while their hearts palpitated in audible throbs. Anon, as they resumed their labors, a whale-boat appeared slowly bearing down on the island without sail or oar. Not a voice or sound was heard from that shadowy crew,—the headless helmsman stood at his post with the fixedness of a corse, and his companions were ranged along the bows, with the blood still spouting from each ghastly trunk. At this moment the elder of the worthies sunk his bar in the sand, and struck the lid of the iron treasure chest with a jar. The presence of mind, which had bridled his tongue in spite of the demon visitations, now forsook him in the moment of success. “There it is, by heaven !” he exclaimed, leaping up in an ecstasy. “And there *it* is !” screamed the other, hurling his mattock full at his brother’s head in the frenzy of one whose hopes are blasted at a breath.

There was a low rumbling beneath their feet, and the ponderous mass passed slowly from under them as the spectral boat gradually melted into moonlight.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

No circling hills may sweeping form
 A boundary for thee ;
 Nor woods, defying time and storm,
 Thy ramparts proudly be ;
 Nor winding waters amply stream,
 Fair as the wrapt enthusiast's dream,
 Steal through thy sun-bright vales.

The crowded mart, the noisy street,
 The busy hum of men —
 A scene where things familiar meet,
 Unknown of poet's pen ;
 These may be thine — unhallow'd, rude,
 And thine a "peopled solitude,"
 Ungenial and unloved.

And yet no sun-bright valley fair,
 No mountain-screen'd domain,
 No glen, or grove, or waters clear,
 Can bind in strong link'd chain,
 The heart as thou, amid the din,
 The chaos from without, within,
 And lost to Nature's charms

'Tis thine to whisper to the heart,
 Of childhood's happy dawn,
 Of joys that with our youth depart,
 Of Love's bewitching morn ;
 And thine to speak of playmates fled,
 Of friends removed, estranged, or dead —
 A wild and spectral train.

And thine to 'wake the voice of Love,
Long silent in the tomb ;
Of parent love ! — pure as above,
The love in worlds to come !
And thou, the scene of births and death,
Of burial, and of bridal, hast
A voice, none else may claim.

Oh ! many are the storms that roll
Their waters o'er the mind —
Many the waves that threat the soul
By this world's griefs refined,
To bury in their depths profound,
Association's hallow'd mound,
Thoughts, recollections fond ;

Yet, in the might of love sublime,
One spot undimm'd appears —
One consecrated spot — no time
From Memory's tablet tears ;
My father's house ! shrine of the best,
And holiest earthly love, confess'd,
Affection's dearest home.

Guilt may have sear'd, ill fortune worn,
The sympathies away ;
Yet will remembrance fondly turn,
And own the boundless sway
Of parent love ! — the while will be
The heart's unsullied sanctuary,
A father's house confess'd.

Fairer, a thousand times more fair,
May show full many a scene,
Than that which gave us birth ; but there,
Oh, there's one spot green !
The Oasis of the desert waste,
With more than scenic beauty graced,
Impervious to decay.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

—
A SPANISH STORY.
—

DON CAYETANO BALBOA, a respectable and wealthy merchant of Eucija, in Andalusia, had an only son, named Don Pedro, on whom he bestowed a liberal education, and for whom he subsequently obtained a post in the Health Office at Madrid. In this city the young Pedro, who was left in a measure his own master at the early age of nineteen, formed connexions which deeply implicated his own future peace and that of his family. He was of a generous disposition, but weak-minded in many respects, and easily biassed by the arts of designing persons. The half-medical character of Don Pedro's employment brought him into intimate acquaintance with most of the principal physicians and apothecaries of Madrid, and with their families. Among others whom he met in this circle was Donna Catalina, the widow of an eminent chemist who had been banished to Africa for participating in some political conspiracies, and who had, it seems, died in exile. At the period of her husband's banishment, Donna Catalina was very young, but her character had already fully developed itself; and what that character was, may be in part imagined from the confession which her husband made to some friends before his departure, "that his sentence was endurable,

because it freed him from the bonds of his imperious helpmate."

Donna Catalina was considerably under her thirtieth year, and yet very beautiful, when she became acquainted with Don Pedro de Balboa. Her wit and charms fascinated the young Andalusian, and she, in her turn, formed for him a deep and ardent passion. In Catalina's disengaged and widowed state, there was no obstacle to the formation of a matrimonial alliance between them, and in all likelihood a marriage would have ensued, but for the discovery which Balboa made of Catalina's violent and intolerable temper. Still, after the advances he had made, he could not easily give up his imperious beauty. She had acquired a power over him, and he *feared* to dare the outburst of her passion. At length he found the means of withdrawing himself. His father sent an express order for his return without delay, and as this injunction could not be disobeyed, or trifled with, Pedro tore himself away from the company of Catalina, and returned to the paternal mansion.

When Don Pedro reached his father's house, he found that the old merchant had become anxious (probably from having heard of the state of matters in Madrid) that his son should marry and settle in life. He had even provided a match for the youth, in the person of a young and lovely cousin, whom Don Pedro, at the period of his return, found resident in his father's family. Nor was Pedro long in becoming captivated with the simple and amiable character of his young relation, so unlike that of the enchantress who had formerly enthralled him. Every thing, in short, went on as the fa-

ther wished. But, meanwhile, the deserted Catalina, alarmed at the prolonged absence of her lover, wrote him letter upon letter, reproaching him with his apparent infidelity, and urging him, in the strongest and most passionate terms, to return to Madrid. By degrees, the tone of her letters changed from reproach to menace, and the conclusion of one of these epistles ran thus:—“Yes, traitor! I now know why you went to Andalusia, and I know why you remained there so long.” Alluding to Don Pedro’s cousin, she then continues, “But beware! for, with the aid of the blessed Virgin, I will kill her, then I will kill you, and, lastly, I will kill myself!” She then, with the same inconsistency of spirit which other parts of the letter betray, commends her lover to divine guardianship, and signs “Catalina.” This effusion fell by accident into the hands of Don Pedro’s father, who opened it by mistake, and thus became fully acquainted with the serious nature of the ties which his son had contracted at Madrid, of which he was, perhaps, but in part aware. The result was, that the old man, desirous that his son should be extricated from the connexion, fully, as well as honorably, wrote to Donna Catalina, informing her of his son’s intended marriage with his own cousin, and offering at the same time to settle on his correspondent a respectable annuity, if she would pledge herself to abstain from seeking any further correspondence with Don Pedro.

The proud and passionate Catalina returned no answer to this proposal, nor did she again write to Don Pedro. Hoping that his letter had made her give up all thoughts of the matter, the old merchant hurried on the

match between the cousins ; and, with that pliability which formed a prominent part of his nature, Pedro, also, was perfectly willing to have the marriage completed. Accordingly, a dispensation from the church (necessary on account of the consanguinity of the parties) was obtained, and the connubial ceremony was fixed for an early day. When that day came, the rites of the church were performed, and its blessing pronounced upon Pedro and his bride — in peace. But the parties had scarcely left the altar, when a fearful and lamentable catastrophe took place. The newly married lady was just leaving the portico of the church, when she was met by some young ladies of her acquaintance, who presented her with a nosegay. She blushed at this mark of attention, and raised the flowers to her face ; but she had inhaled their perfume but for a very short time, when she instantly fell back a corpse in the arms of her husband. All attempts to recover her proved ineffectual — she was dead ! The nosegay must have been poisoned. It was sought for everywhere, but it had vanished ; in the first moment of confusion it had been entirely forgotten.

The young ladies who had presented the flowers were first examined. They related that they had received the nosegay from a stranger, who was to have accompanied them, but who had failed to keep her promise. Then did the father of Pedro recollect the menaces of Catalina. Eager to avenge his niece's death, he applied to the ministers of justice, and had Catalina brought from Madrid. She was confronted with the young ladies, and they all recognized her as the person from whom

they had received the fatal nosegay. Catalina, on her part, declared that she had not left Madrid, and numerous witnesses were brought forward to confirm her statement. The report of the medical men tended to make the affair yet more complicated. They declared that, on opening the body, they had not found in the organs of respiration any trace of the action of poison. The brain they had found strongly injected; but though such an alteration might have been caused by violent narcotics, it was also possible that it might have been the effect of sudden apoplexy. Some of the physicians denied the possibility of poisoning so suddenly by means of a nosegay. The hydrocyanic acid, they said, could alone operate with such violence, but would have lost its power if exposed for several minutes to the air; besides which, this, as well as several other poisons that they enumerated, would have been sure to leave a trace behind. Other physicians, on the contrary, maintained that we are but imperfectly acquainted in Europe with the science of poisons, in which the Orientals, and even some savage nations, had made much greater advances. The consequence of these contradictory reports, and the positive evidence adduced that she had not quitted Madrid, was, that Catalina was ordered to be set at liberty.

While in prison, she addressed several letters to Don Pedro. "My affection for you (she wrote) is the only cause of the persecution to which I have been exposed. I am innocent, I am innocent! — but had I ever been guilty, it would only have been because I loved you too well; surely you will not forsake me!" Whatever may have been his motive, Don Pedro, it seems, visited her

while in prison, and she succeeded in resuming her ancient influence over him. Not satisfied with this proof of her power, she succeeded, on her liberation, in involving him in a law-suit with the family of his deceased bride, and was on the point of persuading him to return with her to Madrid, when his father once more interfered, and, by a vigorous exertion of parental authority, prevailed on Don Pedro once more to abandon all ideas of marrying her. Catalina found an opportunity that very day to enter the merchant's house, and the apartment of her vacillating lover. She played off all her arts of seduction, but in vain, for this time Don Pedro proved firm in his purpose. Gradually giving way to the violence of her passion, "Dastard!" she exclaimed—"you allow yourself to be fooled by the words of a silly old man; but do not fancy that I am to be outraged with impunity! I have not yet forgotten how to take vengeance on those that insult me! Know 't was I that killed your bride, and you also shall die!"

As she said this, she seized him by the arm, and it was not without a feeling of dread that he contemplated the altered countenance of the fury. He perceived that she had between her fingers a pin that she had drawn from her hair. He had scarcely noticed this movement when he felt himself pricked in the arm. "I have killed thee!" she exclaimed, and rushed out of the room, flinging away the pin with which she had inflicted the wound. Don Pedro almost immediately felt his head grow heavy, and his sight dim: he uttered a few faint cries; but before he had time to say a prayer, he fell senseless to the ground. The servants heard the fall, and hasten-

ed to the room. A physician was sent for, who succeeded in recalling him to life. Don Pedro related what had happened. The pin was sought for and found, and, on a chemical analysis, some traces were discovered on it of the juice of a certain subtle poison in which the native hunters of Spanish America used formerly to dip their arrows, to enable them to kill their game the more speedily. The poisoned weapon had passed through the several folds of Balboa's dress, by which means, probably, a part of the venom had been rubbed off, for he recovered in a short time. Catalina, on being brought before the Alcades del Crimen, not only avowed her crimes, but added, that her failure was the only circumstance that she regretted. She was condemned to the scaffold, and met her death with firmness. Her husband's skill as a chemist had of course given her the opportunity of acquiring that knowledge of poisons which ultimately caused her own end.

This tale is taken without the slightest change of facts, from the records of the criminal courts of Seville, where the trial of the unfortunate and guilty lady took place but a few years since. However marvellous some of the circumstances may appear, there can be no doubt of the veracity of the relation, though it is possible that Catalina, in compassing her rival's death, may have contrived secretly to conjoin more common-place and effectual means with those to which the catastrophe is here ascribed, and was ostensibly owing.

JENNY AND THE WATCH.

IN some of the country parts of Scotland, a custom prevails of young men giving their watches in trust to young women for whom they have declared their attachment. The watch is kept and carried in the bosom of the fair one, until the anxious couple are united in the bonds of wedlock, when, as a matter of course, the pledge of sincerity is delivered up to its original owner. This is imagined by country lasses to be an infinitely better plan for securing the fidelity of a sweetheart, than that of breaking a sixpence. A watch is a valuable and highly prized article. It is worth at least a couple of pounds; and the loss of that sum by an individual in a humble condition of life, is a very serious matter. Still we believe there are cases in which the proposed match is broken off, and the watch abandoned for ever; though doubtless this is only in cases of great fickleness, or when weighty reasons for desertion intervene.

The following laughable incident regarding a watch so entrusted, occurred a few years ago. Jenny Symington, a well-favored sprightly girl, in a certain farm-house in Galloway, had been entrusted with the watch of her sweetheart, Tam Halliday, a neighboring shepherd, and which she carried with scrupulous care in her bosom; but even the most carefully kept articles will sometimes disappear, in spite of all the precautions considered neces-

sary to preserve them. Jenny, be it known, was esteemed a first-rate hand at preparing potatoes for the family supper; none could excel her in serving them up beaten and mashed in the most tempting style. On one occasion, in harvest, when the kitchen was crowded with a number of shearers waiting for their evening meal, and while Jenny was busy beating a mess of potatoes, what did the unlucky watch do, but drop from her bosom, chain, seals, and all, into the pot among the potatoes! Jenny's head being turned away at the moment, she knew nothing of the disaster, and therefore continued to beat on and at her task. She certainly was a little surprised when she felt there was still a hard potatoe to beat, notwithstanding her previous diligence; but thinking nothing of it, she continued to beat, occasionally giving the hard potatoe, *alias* the watch, a good thump with the end of the beetle. At length she thought she had fairly completed the business; and so infusing a large jar of sweet milk into the mess, she stirred all together, and placed the vessel ready for the attack of the hungry on-lookers.

Behold then the pot, a round clumsy tripod, planted in the middle of the floor. A circle was formed around it in a trice, and horn for horn the shearers began to stretch and strive. Many mouthfuls had not been taken, before certain queer looks began to be manifested. "Deil's in the tatties!" says one, "I think they've got banes in them." "Banes!" says another, "they're the funniest banes ever I saw; they're made of broken glass and pieces o' brass; I'll sup nae mair o' them." With that another produced a silver watch-case, all bat-

tered and useless, from his capacious horn spoon, and a universal strike among the suppers immediately ensued. It was clear that a watch had been beaten up with the potatoes; so the good wife had nothing for it but to order the disgraced pot out of the way, and to place a basket of oatmeal cakes and milk in its stead.

What were poor Jenny's feelings during this strange denouement? On the first appearance of the fragments of the watch, she slipped her hand to her bosom, and soon found how matters stood. She had the fortitude, however, to show no symptom of surprise; and although every one was wondering where the broken watch had come from, she did not disclose her knowledge of how it had found its way into the pot. As it had belonged to no one in the house, the materials were not identified,—and as Jenny was a young woman of great prudence and modesty, and had never shown any one that she had a watch in her possession, no one teased her about it. In a short time the noise of the circumstance died away, but not till it had gone over the neighborhood that the family had found a watch in the potato-pot;—and, among others, it came to the ears of the owner, Tam Halliday, who was highly pleased with the conduct of his beloved Jenny; for he thought that if she cried or sobbed, and told to whom the watch belonged, it would have brought ridicule on them both. Tam was, in short, delighted with the way the matter had been managed, and he thought that the watch was well lost, though it had been ten times the value.

Whatever Tam's ideas were on the subject, Jenny

felt conscious that it was her duty to replace the watch. Accordingly, next time she met her lover, she allowed no time to elapse before she thus addressed him :—

“ Now, Tam, ye ken very weel how I have demolished your good silver watch, but it is needless to regret what cannot be helped. I shall pay you for it, every farthing. The one half I will give you when I get my half-year’s wages, at Marti’mas, and the other half soon, as my brother is awn me three pounds, which he has promised to pay me afore the next Fastern’s e’en fair.” “ My dear Jenny,” said the young man, taking her kindly by the hand, “ I beg you will say nothing about that ridiculous affair. I do not care a farthing for the loss of the watch ; mair by token, I have gotten a rise in my wages frae the new lord ; for I maun tell ye, I am now appointed chief herd in the Ca’s Hope. However, to take any payment from you, to rob you of your hard-won penny-fee, would be disgraceful. No, no, I will take none of your wages ; but there is one thing I will take, if you are willing, and which, I hope, will make us baith happy for life.” “ And what may that be, Tam, now that ye’re turned a grand head shepherd ?” “ I will take,” said he, “ yourself ; but mind, I do not ask you as a recompense for a paltry watch ; no, in my eyes your worth is beyond all estimation. If you will agree to be mine, let it be done freely ; but whether you are willing to marry me or not, from this time henceforth the watch is never to be more spoken of.”

What followed may be easily imagined. Tam and Jenny were married as soon as the plenishing for the cottage at the Ca’s Hope could be prepared ; and at the

wedding, the story of the watch and the potato-pot was made the topic of much hearty mirth among the assembled company. 'The last time we visited Jenny's cottage, we reminded her of the transaction. "Houts," said she, "that 's an auld story now; the laird has been sae weel pleased wi' the gudeman, that he has gien him a present o' that eight-day clock there; it cost eight pounds in Jamie Lockie's, at the east port o' Dumfries, and there 's no the like in a' the parish."

STANZAS FOR EVENING.

THERE is an hour when leaves are still, and winds sleep on the
 wave ;
 When far beneath the closing clouds the day hath found a
 grave ;
 And stars that at the note of dawn begin their circling flight,
 Return, like sun-tired birds, to seek the sable boughs of night.

The curtains of the mind are closed, and slumber is most sweet,
 And visions to the hearts of men direct their fairy feet ;
 The wearied wing hath gain'd a tree, pain sighs itself to rest,
 And beauty's bridegroom lies upon the pillow of her breast.

There is a feeling in that hour which tumult ne'er hath known,
 Which nature seems to dedicate to silent things alone ;
 The spirit of the lonely wakes, as rising from the dead,
 And finds its shroud adorn'd with flowers, its night-lamp new-
 ly fed.

The mournful moon her rainbows hath, and mid the bright of all
 That garlands life, some blossoms live, like lilies on a pall ;
 Thus while to lone affliction's couch some stranger-joy may
 come,
 The bee that hoardeth sweets all day hath sadness in its hum.

Yet some there are whose fire of years leaves no remember'd
 spark,
 Whose summer-time itself is black, whose very daybreak dark.
 The stem, though naked, still may live, the leaf though perish'd
 cling ;
 But if at first the root be cleft, it lies a branchless thing.

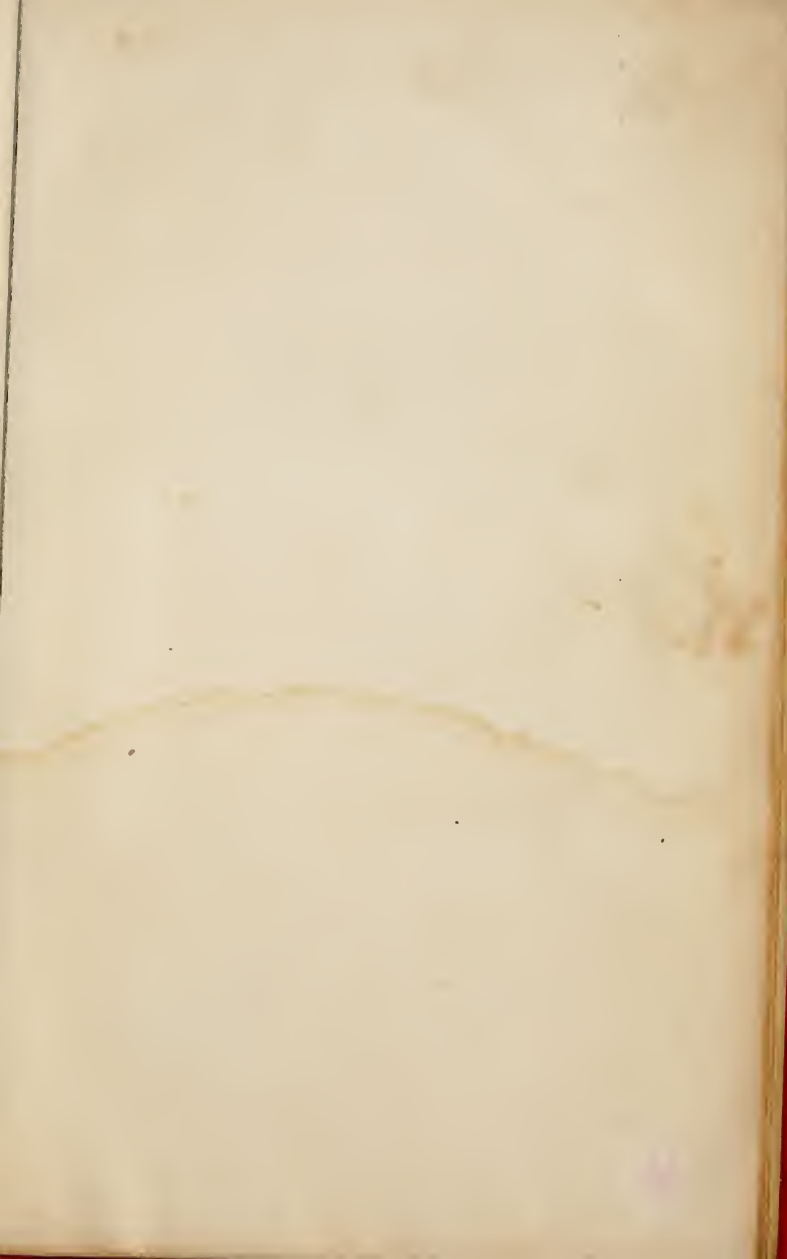
And oh! to such, long, hallow'd nights their patient music
send;

The hours like drooping angels walk, more graceful as they
bend;

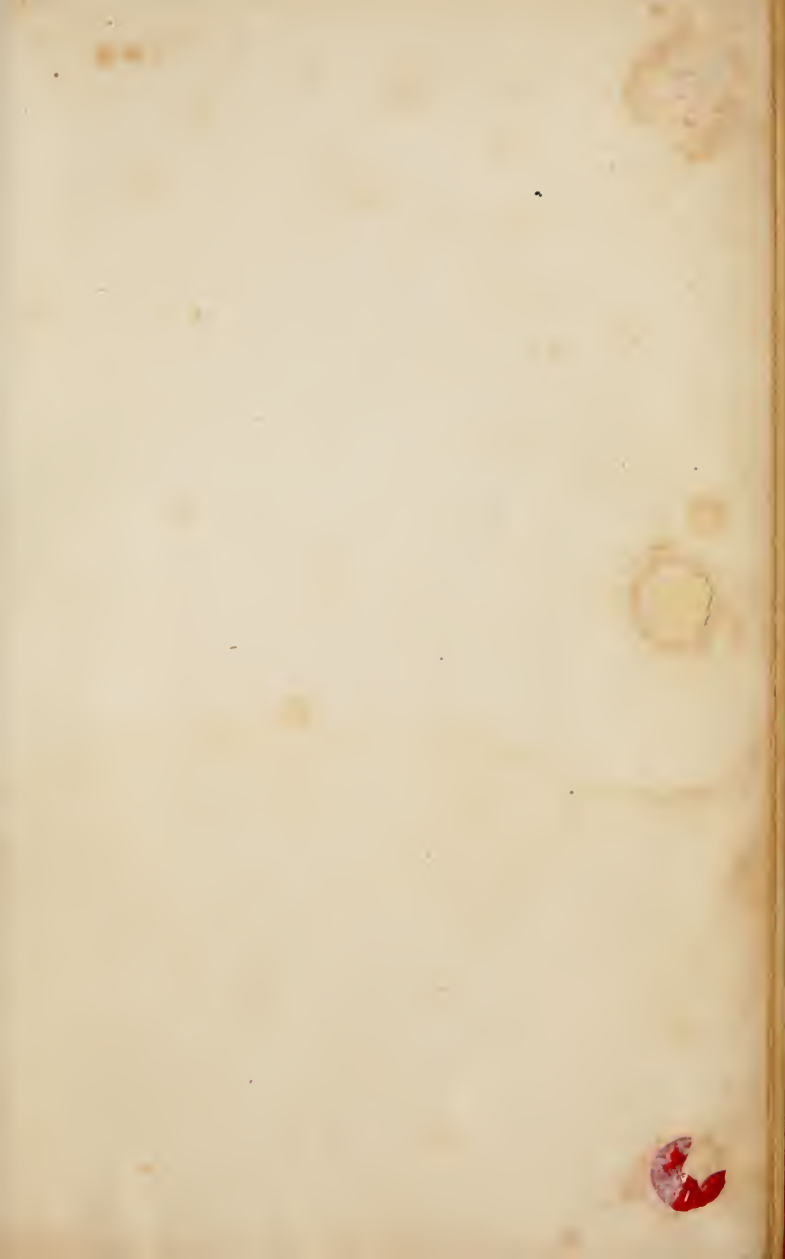
And stars emit a hope-like ray, that melts as it comes nigh,
And nothing in that calm hath life that doth not wish to die.

*Collated. Imperfect. 27 Jan. 1912.
E. M. W. C.*

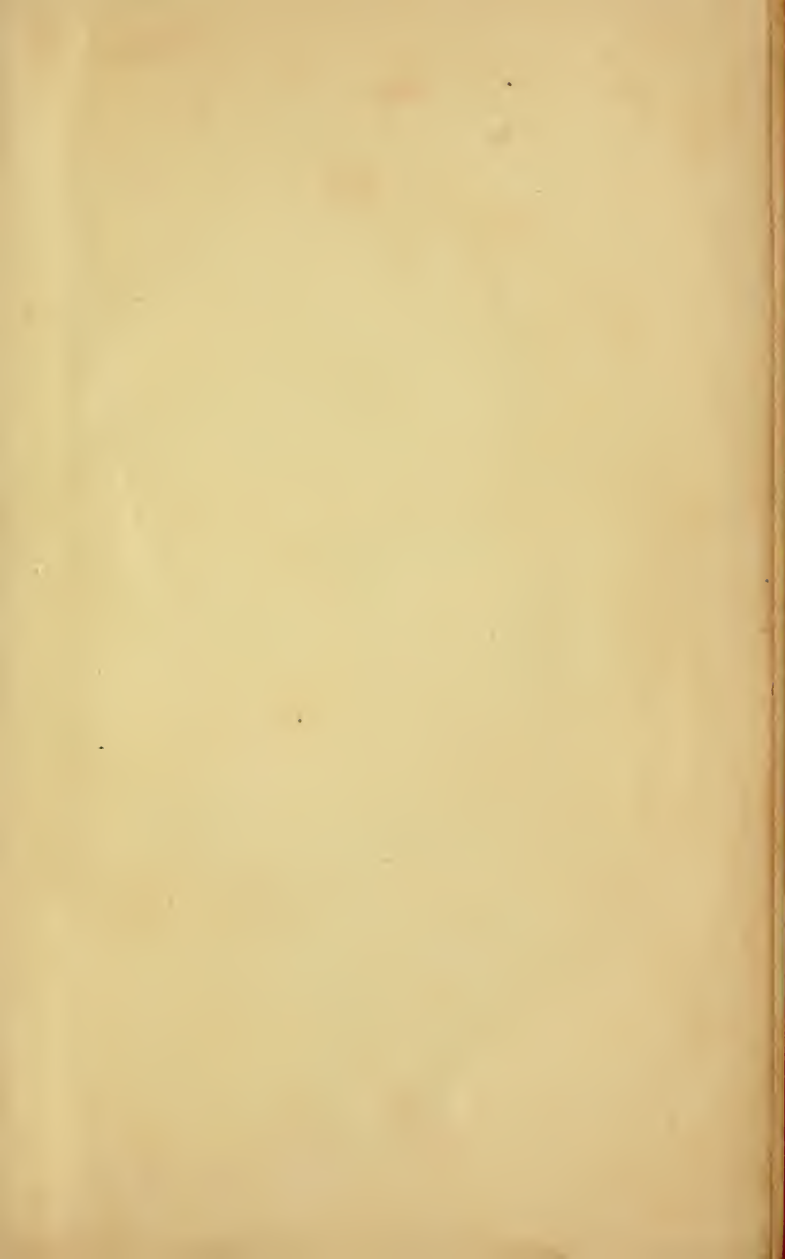
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