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BEATRICE; OR, THE SPOILED CHILD;

A TALE.

BY E. M. M.

*Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion.*

In life's long sickness evermore,  
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro;  
We change our posture o'er and o'er,  
But cannot rest nor cheat our woe.

Were it not better to lie still,  
Let Him strike home, and bless the rod,  
Never so safe as when our will  
Yields undiscerned by all but God.

*Keeble.*

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be  
As more of Heaven in each we see,  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer,  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

*Ibid.*

"And now," said the Dervise, "what will you give me if I tell you the end of my story?"

*Eastern Tale.*

WHAT were the feelings of the unhappy husband as he continued to gaze and heard no sound, beheld no movement to indicate the slightest signs of life? There she lay, her face resting on the arm of the chair, her eyes closed, her lips sealed.

"Great God! she is not dead! she cannot be dead!" he exclaimed, as he knelt before her, utterly regardless of Mr. Annesley's reception, or the piercing screams of the wretched mother, who wrung her hands, calling on her child, her darling Beatrice. Herbert was the only collected one amongst them. He pealed at the bell, which soon brought a host of servants into the room, Mrs. Golding the foremost, who, the moment she beheld her lady, said:

"Do not be alarmed—this is not death—my lady has been thus once before."

Her words were like the sound of gushing waters to the parched traveller in the desert—they inspired new hopes, new feelings, while she hastened for the restoratives she knew would prove efficacious. These she gave into the trembling hands of Sir Claude, telling him how to apply them. With what tenderness he obeyed her injunctions may be imagined. After many minutes, which to those who watched seemed so many hours, a deep drawn sigh

heaved the bosom of Beatrice. Sir Claude placed his hand upon her heart, and felt its gentle beating. He marked her eyes, as they slowly unclosed and rested upon his kneeling figure. In their expression he read his fate. She fell forward on his neck; and in that one long and passionate embrace each felt that they were forgiven by the other. Could the parents, on beholding this scene, withhold their pardon? Oh no, it was impossible; and they mingled their tears and grateful acknowledgments to the giver of all good with those of their child, who now felt almost repaid for every suffering she had undergone. Herbert alone stood apart, a few lingering scruples remaining as to the reception he ought to give to one who had dared to doubt the purity of his sister, or what his companions might think of him if he passed over such an insult in silence. While he stood irresolute, his brows contracted by a frown, and his eyes flashing fire, Norris exclaimed:

"La, master Herbert, whatever is the matter, you look for all the world like a thunder cloud in a summer's day?"

"Yes, and the cloud shall burst too!" replied Herbert, in a voice that called the attention of Sir Claude for the first time towards him.

"Ah, Herbert, my dear boy, is that you?" he said, holding out his hand. "What a fine fellow you are grown, and how like your sister."

"Yes, sir, in some respects I may be—in others, wholly unlike her," rejoined Herbert, indignantly. "She has received you in kindness, forgetful of the insults and the misery you have heaped upon her, but she has left me to resent them and I accept the trust."

Sir Claude appeared astonished—the slightest smile was perceptible on his lip. He made no reply, however, but continued standing by the side of Beatrice, his hand fast locked in hers, while Mr. Annesley rebuked his son for increasing the agitation of his sister, who, in a voice hoarse from excessive weakness, said:

"Herbert, my dear brother, never let me hear