THE

Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanach.

February.		R. Sun.	S. Sun.	Moon	H. W.
16	Saturday,	6 58	5 30	8 56	1 24
17	Sunday,	6 56	5 31	10 10	2 2
18	Monday,	6 54	5 32	11 31	2 43
19	Tuesday,	6 53	5 33	morn.	3 30
20	Wednesday,	6 52	5 35	0 51	4 28
21	Thursday,	6 51	5 36	2 11	5 44
22	Friday,	6 50	5 38	3 17	7 21

First quarter, 20th. 3h. 19m. eve.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Robt. F. Hazen, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Wm. Scovil, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Charles Ward, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: W. O. Smith, Esq.

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Marine Assurance Company.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Miscellany.

THE MONK OF LA TRAPPE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

(*Concluded.*)

About noon, the magnificent equipage of the Count of Altenberg drove up to the gate, and the brothers alighted. Augustus proceeded straight to the chapel, and, having robed in the vestry, took his station with the other officiating priests. It was the first time he had been in this chapel since, four years past, he himself had enacted the part of bridegroom to the beautiful girl he was now about to bestow on another. The chapel was illuminated and decorated precisely in the same manner, and the whole of that scene of painful mockery presented itself strongly before him. He remained absorbed in gloomy reverie; a chilling doubt, a secret discontent, clung, in spite of all his efforts, to his thoughts. Why should he be denied the enjoyment of the best, the purest affections of his being? The ideas, if not the words, of our sublime Milton, were present to his mind; and he felt, for the first time, a secret abhorrence of those hypocrites who 'austerely talk.'

'Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure; and, commands to some, leaves free to all.'

He felt, that to this ill judged attempt to force our imperfect nature on too lofty a pinnacle, was owing its disgraceful fall among the class of men to which he belonged. Such an impracticable elevation, he began to regard as a sort of spiritual Babel, which, like the Babel of yore, lay crushed in its own weakness, folly, and presumption.

Augustus heard the heavy carriages thunder one after another through the paved archway; the trampling and neighing of horses, an occasional note of music, or a peal of laughter, met his ear. On a sudden, however, these sounds ceased; an unusual stillness reigned around, and, somewhat startled by the contrast, Augustus raised his head from the folds of his robe. He thought his clerical companions seemed surprised; distant doors were banging, and footsteps were hurrying to and fro; several menials, pale and alarmed, looked into the chapel and disappeared. At length came the sound of many voices in rage and lamentation; a crowd seemed approaching the chapel; the voices, mingled and confused, grew every moment louder, till the count rushed in like a madman, gnashing his teeth and tearing his hair, followed by the Baron of Elsenheim, his sons, and several other noblemen, all trying in vain to appease him.

At the proper time, the bride had been sought for in the oratory; two hours had elapsed, and it was now no longer possible to conceal that there was no bride to be found.

The scene that ensued baffles description. Augustus at length, partly by force, partly by entreaty, succeeded in conveying his brother home. The wondering guests slowly dispersed. The baron, with the female part of his family, shut himself up; while his sons and vassals scoured the surrounding country, threatening vengeance and destruction to the unhappy girl, and all who might be concerned in her flight.

Wilhelmina was pointed out by Emmeline's sisters as an object of suspicion; and to her cottage did the brothers first direct their steps. She had already returned from the castle, whither she had gone early, arranged in all her finery, to assist at the toilet of the bride. They found her seated on the floor, sobbing and crying bitterly. She steadily disclaimed all knowledge of Emmeline's intentions, who, she allowed, had visited her of late more frequently than usual; but it was her habit never to pass the cottage upon any occasion without doing so. She said she had observed that Emmeline *looked* melancholy, but had never heard her express any aversion to her approaching marriage; and when she (Wilhelmina) spoke of it in terms of joy and pride, she had never been checked by Emmeline. She unhesitatingly denied having seen her on the close of the preceding day. This was all that Wilhelmina could or would reveal. Strict search was made within and about her cottage, but in vain.

Augustus delayed as long as possible his departure to Suabia, partly to console and support his brother, partly in the hope that a short time might discover the retreat of Emmeline, and that he might act as mediator between her and her family, trusting, at least, to ameliorate the severity of her punishment. This for others; but in his own bosom he carefully locked up feelings far more acute even than those he sought to console. He acquitted himself, it is true, of ever having in word, in look, or even in thought, encouraged the love of Emmeline; that love, so full of truth and of despair, which, in despite of obstacles utterly insurmountable, had seemed to grow with her growth, and strengthen with her strength; that love, for which all wordly blessings, amply as they were showered on her head, had been rejected, and for which she was now a houseless and desolate wanderer! Where was she? what had become of her? Could he imagine that young and delicate form condemned to want and labour! or had it found a lingering death in the depth of some concealed cave? or been dashed from the brow of the precipice? or did it lie congealed in the mountain torrent? Alas! how willingly would he have braved the scorn of the world, and the severe injunctions of his religious creed—all that till then he had dreaded or held inviolable—to have wrung from her tresses the cold dews of night—to have warmed her on his heart—to have given his love for her love, his life for her life!

To all but him the events was as inexplicable as it was astounding: he alone held a clew, slight but certain, to the desperate step she had taken. In the inmost recesses of the woods, and along the lonely margins of the lakes, he called upon her name; and surrounded by their gloomy solitude, gave way to the heart-rending grief, which, from the eyes of his fellow-men, he was forced to conceal.

At times he almost hoped that Heaven had taken her to itself. What would it avail her to be found! My brother's love is turned to gall; her very mother would refuse even a tear to her supplications; and if she took refuge with me, she would find in my arms but disgrace and misery, without the power, even of protecting her against the vengeance of her family, and the offended laws of her country. No, Emmeline! thy pure and suffering spirit has fled where it will find pardon and peace! I have but a little time yet to struggle on, and then shall we meet where it is no crime to love.

A few weeks passed away, and by degrees all hope of recovering the lost Emmeline, or of ascertaining her fate, was given up. Her eldest brother, Rudolph, a harsh and haughty man, had already departed for the wars in Suabia; whither Augustus became now exceedingly anxious, according to his orders, to repair. The brothers, therefore, parted; Augustus, accompanied by a numerous armed train, to Ulm; and the count to Vienna, where he hoped amid gaieties and pomp, and above all, by a suitable marriage, to heal the wound that had been inflicted on his love and his pride.

Augustus found Suabia even in a more state than he had apprehended. The peasants were in all directions rising *en masse*; and the imperial army, though brave and well-disciplined, was, owing to the poverty of Charles the Fifth, small, and ill supplied. It is not necessary to remind my readers, that the priesthood at that time not only influenced the councils of armies, but often personally engaged in their contests.

The zeal, energy, and ability of Augustus, joined to the unbounded confidence placed in him, rendered his presence of much importance. About a month after his arrival, a desperate conflict took place near Ulm, in which the Imperialists were successful; but, while in pursuit of the flying peasantry, a body of the latter suddenly rallied, and discharged the few fire-arms they possessed. Augustus received a wound in the shoulder, sufficiently severe to prevent his proceeding; his horse, at the same time, being killed under him. Unwilling, however, to draw a single follower from the pursuit, he retired to the bank of a small, clear stream, where he attempted to stanch the blood and bind the wound; but heat, fatigue, and over-excitement, had done their work, and he fell exhausted, without being able even to refresh himself by a draught of the water that bubbled past him.

On recovering, he found himself supported by some one who was bathing his temples and the palms of his hands, and who, on seeing him able to hear it, applied himself with great skill, coolness, and delicacy of touch, to the dressing of the wound. Augustus looked up, and beheld a thin, pale boy, apparently not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, and arrayed as a page, but by no means handsomely. When he had finished dressing the wound, he gave his patient a draught of the cool water; and making him up a pillow of moss, assisted him to lie down, covered him with his military cloak, and then went to the road-side to watch for some of his returning followers.

The first demand Augustus made, when awaking on his own bed at Ulm, was for the stranger-boy who had so providentially succoured him, and, perhaps, had been the means of saving his life. The boy was immediately brought forward; and Augustus, dismissing those about him, inquired who he was.

'I am,' replied the youth, 'the son of Wilhelmina, a vassal of your brother, the count; but who has resided on the lands of the Baron of Elsenheim, since she nursed my foster-sister, the Lady Emmeline.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Augustus, with great interest; 'you are the son of Wilhelmina! But, how came you here? I thought you were in the train of the young Ulric of Elsenheim.'

'I was so,' replied the boy; 'but my mother felt herself affronted at the suspicion cast upon her by the family, on the occasion of the Lady Emmeline's disappearance, and she has gone back to Altenberg. She has also sent me word (for she cannot write) to quit the Lord Ulric, to make the best of my way to Ulm, where I should find you, and to proffer you my services, as to the brother of my liege lord. I have had a weary travel all the way from——; but, thank God, I came in good time.'

'Undraw that window-curtain a little, and let me look at you.' The boy did as he was ordered. 'I forget your name.'

'Theodore, my lord.'

'Poor boy! you do, indeed, look worn and fatigued! You appear younger than your foster-sister.'

'Yet we are as near as may be the same age.'

'She is taller than you are.'

'No, my lord, we are about the same height; but a lad of sixteen will hardly look so old or so tall as a young lady of that age.'

'True,' replied Augustus thoughtfully, with his eye still fixed on the youth.

'I have been considered,' continued Theodore, colouring a little and drawing himself up, 'to resemble the Lady Emmeline. My mother was very proud of that resemblance, slight as it was, and made every body remark it: but I fear you, my lord, do not discover it, I am now so much altered for the worse.'

'Yes; I think there is a likeness, though I am scarcely a judge (and Augustus sighed deeply,) as I have only seen the Lady Emmeline once, for a few minutes, during the last two years. Your hair and complexion are darker; and the slight resemblance you bear will wear off as you grow up and get more manly.'

'I am sorry for it,' said Theodore looking a little disconcerted; at which trait of youthful vanity Augustus could not suppress a smile.

He liked the frank, yet modest and simple manner of the boy so much, that he took him at once into his service as page; and although his want of birth would prevent his rising higher, it would be easy, he thought, to provide for him in a few years in some other department of the household. Theodore accordingly was, to his great apparent delight, soon arrayed in the handsome and becoming, but somewhat fanciful, dress of a page in those times. He looked so well in it, and a few days' rest had made so favourable an alteration in his appearance, that the resemblance of which he had boasted, began to strike Augustus more forcibly, and secretly influenced farther to notice and favour the boy. He was timid, gentle, and apparently in delicate health; his habits were exceedingly reserved; and when not with his master, he would retire into the little room assigned him, and would there read, write, or practise on his lute,—an instrument on which he excelled, and which, he said, he loved, because his dear young Lady Emmeline had herself given him his first lessons. The sound of the war-trumpet made him turn pale; but he was remarkably prompt and skilful in attending to the wounded. Augustus, in his hours of rest and relaxation at home, was never without Theodore, whose cheerful smile, interesting and intelligent conversation, lute, and song, only waited a glance from his master; to whom he soon became as a young and cherished brother. Placed on a stool at his feet, even when Augustus was occupied in writing, or in deep thought, or in conversation with others, would lean his head unreproved upon his knee, and look at or listen to him with that affectionate devotion, that mixture of love and veneration, we feel for a beneficent and superior being.

At first, the name of the Lady Emmeline was sometimes naturally on the lips of Theodore, but it always produced an expression of so much pain on the countenance of Augustus, that the page, apparently presuming he had not recovered from the indignity his brother, the count, had received, forbore to dwell upon it.

Rudolph of Elsenheim, the eldest brother of Emmeline, had also taken up his winter quarters in Ulm. A civil, but distant, intercourse took place between him and Augustus; for, amongst other ill effects of the strange event that had occurred, the alienation of the two families could scarcely be prevented. Twice, on the occasion of a ceremonious visit made by Rudolph, Theodore effected his escape in much agitation; for which Augustus rather reproved him: 'You need not be alarmed; you and your mother are our vassals; and your having been so long in the service of the Elsenheims, was a matter of courtesy on our part, and not of right on theirs.

The winter months were passing away, during which the Imperialists had received great re-enforcements; and it was confidently expected that early in the spring the insurrection of Suabia would be annihilated.

Affairs were in this situation, when, on the occasion of a great church festival, at which Augustus was to preside, he, for the first time, pressed Theodore to accompany him.

'You have hitherto,' observed Augustus, 'pleaded delicacy of health, and the effect of cold in church, as excuses for not attending its service; but your health now is quite restored; for I can scarcely recognise,' continued Augustus, smiling, 'the thin, pale boy that tended me so providentially by the river-side; and you well know, Theodore, how almost rigid I am in the discipline of my household, and how much I insist upon their strict observance both of public and private worship.'

'I am ready to attend you, my lord,' replied the boy meekly, but dejectedly, 'at high mass this evening.'

The church was magnificently ornamented and illuminated; and the celebration of mass, in the absence of the bishop, devolved on Augustus. Great numbers of all classes of people were present. Among the nobles who stood near the railings of the altar, Augustus remarked, not only Rudolph, of Elsenheim, but also his younger brother, Ulric, who, it seems, must have just arrived; and their numerous followers, easily known by their badge, were dispersed about the church. The same was the case with the armed followers of Augustus; but his household stood together, and among these was placed Theodore. Augustus could not help remarking, in the intervals of the ceremony, that the looks of the two brothers were fixed on himself with a peculiar expression; it partook of scorn, triumph, and revenge. He felt surprised, and occasionally, in his turn, looked full at them, with his dark, stern, and penetrating eyes; but they did not quail beneath his gaze; and a sort of contemptuous smile, at such moments, slightly curled their lips. Their looks were never moved from off him, except to settle on his household group; to which Augustus also directed his. Theodore was almost hid behind the ample cloak of the seneschal, and seemed scarcely able to support himself. Not far from the brothers, and wearing their badge, stood a fine, dark, sturdy youth, whose looks were also often fixed upon the same group, with an uneasy and almost terrified expression.

'There is some mystery,' thought Augustus, 'hanging over that boy Theodore: I am convinced he has left the Elsenheims without leave, and has cajoled me with falsehoods. This accounts for the whole of his singular conduct; but, before I sleep, I will know the truth.'

After the service, Augustus retired into the vestry, to unrobe, and was a little surprised to find that Theodore, who had come to the church with him, was not among the attendants who remained to escort him home. It appeared that he had already departed with the rest of the household.

In honour of the festival, the streets were lighted, and the houses mostly opened for the reception of company: many gay scenes, and sounds of music and merriment, caught the eye and ear of Augustus, but he anxiously proceeded homewards. His saloon was also lighted, and a few clerical visitors were assembled, whom he managed to dismiss as soon as possible. He then inquired for Theodore, and was told that he had appeared unwell the whole evening, and had retired to his room immediately on his return home; and also that there was a young man just arrived, who anxiously begged permission to speak with the page: 'Should he be admitted?'

'Certainly,' replied Augustus; and, in another instant, the young follower of the Elsenheims, whom Augustus had observed at church, was ushered in.

'You wish to speak to my page?'

'If you please, my lord.'

'You may do so; but I have my reasons for being present at your conference. Follow me.'

The young man did so unhesitatingly; and Augustus proceeded to Theodore's room. The door was fastened.

'Open the door, Theodore!'

There was a pause—a delay.

'Excuse me, my lord—I will come out presently—in one moment—but—I—I am undress.'

'Pshaw!' exclaimed Augustus, now quite incensed; and with one thrust of his foot the door flew open, but he himself stood rooted with astonishment at its threshold.

By the single table-lamp, a figure was perceived standing in the centre of the little chamber: it was, and it was not the page of Augustus. Evidently preparing for repose, it was shrouded in a single long white robe; the fair and beautifully rounded arms were uncovered nearly to the shoulder, and both trembling hands were employed in gathering together the folds of the dress, so as to conceal the room; the small white feet were bare on the cold pavement; and, veiling the figure almost to the knees, fell a profusion of bright brown hair, partly in folds, and partly in plaits, which had not yet been undone, and in which it had evidently all been arranged, for the purpose of concealment, beneath the tunic of the page's dress; the night's ablutions had removed from the face its light brown tint, and paled as a lily, it drooped over the clasped hands, with eyes closed from excess of shame and terror.

Augustus was immoveable; but the young stranger rushed by him, and without any appearance of surprise, addressed the figure in a hurried tone: 'My poor mother is dead, and, on her death-bed, confessed *all—all!* Fly, for Heaven's sake! You are in the utmost danger—delay not a moment! I give you this warning at the hazard of my life!'

Then, turning, he was about to escape from the room, when the athletic grasp of Augustus seized him.

'Who are *you?*' he asked in a voice of thunder.

The boy struggled to free himself, while he answered: 'I am Theodore, Wilhelmina's son!'

'And this?' said Augustus, pointing to the figure.

'Oh, my lord! there is no time for jesting,' replied the true Theodore; 'when every instant increases the danger of the Lady Emmeline!'

Augustus let go his hold, and the boy was down the stairs, and out of the house, in an instant.

With strangely mingled feelings of the keenest joy and the deepest despair, Augustus closed the door, and approached the yet motionless form of Emmeline. She suddenly retreated.

'Come not near me! For the sake of her who bore you, have pity on me, unworthy as I am!'

'Emmeline!' he replied, with a look and voice replete with tenderness, 'misjudge me not: deem me not so undeserving of all thy love, thy sacrifices, and thy sufferings! Confide in me; would to God thou hadst done so sooner!'

As he spoke, he unclasped the light mantle which he wore. 'There is no time to dress; let me wrap you in this, and I will convey you to a subterranean passage, where you will be safe for a few hours. My people shall be on guard for the night, and, by early dawn, some scheme shall be matured for your future concealment.'

'For my concealment,' replied Emmeline, pleadingly, 'but not—not for my separation *from you!*'

'No, my love—*my wife!*' whispered the now entirely subdued Augustus, as he impressed on her lips one long and fervent kiss; '*God hath joined us together, and no man shall put us asunder!*'

Alas! were not these the words of impiety?

He carefully wrapt her in the mantle, and, lifting her in his arms, prepared to convey her to her retreat.

The emotions of the last few moments had been so overwhelming, that neither Augustus—'so fondly to overcome with female charm'—nor Emmeline had heeded a low and peculiar murmur of voices, nor the sound of advancing footsteps. Before they themselves had reached the door of the apartment, it was flung open, and the two brothers of Emmeline, armed to the teeth, with about twenty followers, and a civil magistrate, stood before them. It was the work of a moment for Augustus to spring back with his trembling burden, place himself against the opposite wall, draw a double-edged poniard from his girdle, and stand on his defence.

'All here are friends and brother's,' said the magistrate; 'let there be no blood shed but the blood of our enemies! My Lord Augustus of Altenberg, resign to the legal authority of her family, the unhappy and misguided girl now sheltered in thine arms!'

'Never!' replied Augustus, 'but with my heart's blood!'

'Now, shame on thee, priest!' retorted the magistrate. 'Thou, so famed for sanctity; the very model of purity: the very pattern of our holy church; to stand, as thou dost at this moment, braving the world, with that wanton in thine arms!'

'By the soul of my father!' exclaimed the enraged Augustus, 'if she be a wanton, so are the daughters of thy blood and the wife of thy bosom!'

At that moment he heard, to his great relief, the gathering of his household, and the advance of such followers as the only esquire, who was at home on this festival-night, could collect. Augustus never allowed a sentinel about his house; and this irruption had been made so boldly, yet so quietly, that it had completely succeeded.

'On your guard!' said Ulric to his men; who immediately faced to the landing-place to receive those who were ascending the steps to the attack.

'Yield her, thou devilish hypocrite!' exclaimed the infuriated Rudolph, waving his sword, and gnashing his teeth.

'I will *never* yield her!' was the reply. 'On! on! my brave fellows, to the rescue! Cut down these night marauders—these cowardly house-breakers!'

A cheering shout from his advancing followers without answered this appeal. The clash of arms, and the yell of the meeting foes, were heard.

'Then, priest, thy blood be on thine own head!' And, as Rudolph spoke, he drew, and fired a pistol full at Augustus: but rage and confusion had caused his hand to waver. Emmeline made a sudden bound in the arms of her protector; he felt a warm torrent gush over his breast, and he heard the cries of, 'You have killed *her*—your sister!' The strong spring of his mind gave way; images of darkness, streaked with flames and blood, danced before him; for a moment he was mad, and the next he was insensible.

It was midnight: the tumult had ceased; not a step was heard, save those of the guard who patrolled the street; every window and door in the terrified neighbourhood had been closed, and a melancholy calm had succeeded to the fury of the affray.

'He is recovering,' said the physician, anxiously bending over the yet inanimate form of Augustus.

'Thank God!' was repeated from lip to lip of the many who were watching him. The eyes of their master opened heavily; but, after a pause, he started up, and looked wildly round: then clasping his hands on his forehead, remained quite motionless for a few minutes: at length, he slowly withdrew them, raised his head, and, looking at the leech, asked in a low firm tone, 'Is she dead?'

The physician bowed his head, without reply.

'And the body?' he inquired calmly.

'We would not, my lord,' answered an esquire, 'permit the body to be removed from hence without your permission. When the ruffians fount what they had done, they retreated, almost without striking another blow.'

'Where is she?'

'My lord,' said the physician, 'the corpse has been well cared for by the seneschal's wife and daughters; and prayers will presently be said over it.'

'Lead me to her chamber!'

'Pray, let us dissuade you, my dear lord!' pleadingly repeated several voices.

'Peace, and obey me!' He attempted to rise; they assisted him. 'Order the women to leave the chamber, and let none intrude while I am there.'

And, in a few minutes, Augustus was alone with the dead Emmeline.

The couch had been drawn to the centre of the little room, and a few lights had been placed round it; from the pavement had been carefully erased all marks of the contest, but in a corner, over a chair, had been thoughtlessly flung the perforated mantle, still slowly dripping with the blood of Emmeline. The body lay shrouded in linen, white as snow, from which it was scarcely to be distinguished in complexion: the women had, with melancholy pride, laid out every long bright tress, and in the folded hands were placed a few winter flowers; the face was beautifully placid; she looked as if about to awaken with a smile.

'So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last, look, by death revealed.'—*Giaour.*

He bent over her, and touched with his lips the serene and virginal brow.

'O maiden!' he murmured, 'how deep, how faithful, how pure, has been thine ill-requited love! how enduring, and yet how hopeless! tried by thy suffering, and sealed with thy blood! *Is such, indeed the love of woman?* Pray for me, thou martyred saint; and the union which has been denied to us on earth, will be granted in Heaven! If, here, our love contracted aught of sin, may all that remains of my life be accepted as an atonement; *then* will I follow thee, my own, my loved, my murdered Emmeline!'

His grief, for a moment, lost its calmness, and a few burning tears forced their way. He lifted up one of those lovely and motionless locks of hair, severed it with his poniard, and placed it in his bosom; then stooped again to press her lips, but started from them in horror—how icy chill! Where was the fragrance, the warmth, the life, the love, with which, in a first, last, kiss, they had met his a few hours before? He retreated—one look—one long, long, look—and he was gone.

Augustus of Altenberg was never seen from that hour. It was supposed that he made use of his knowledge of the subterranean passage to effect his escape.

In two months after, a letter was received by the emperor (who much regretted his loss,) and one by his brother, the Count of Altenberg, detailing, exactly, the circumstances that had occurred. Augustus evidently considered such an explanation due to the memory of Emmeline, and to his own.

By Wilhelmina's death-bed confession it appeared, that it was not until the evening before the intended marriage with the Count of Altenberg, that she was at last induced to yield to the supplications of Emmeline to assist in her concealment and flight: had she done so sooner, Emmeline would not have delayed her disappearance, till the day fixed for her marriage. Wilhelmina further declared, that nothing could have induced her to comply, had she not been under the conviction that Emmeline would have put an end to her existence, rather than become the wife of the count.

About half a century from the time these events occurred, on the removal of a monastery of La Trappe, by the command of De Rance, the regenerator of that order, a grave, apart from all the others, by a rough stone, was observed; on the stone, the name of 'Augustus, was rudely carved. On farther examination, the body of a monk was found, and underneath his sack-cloth shroud, bound round his waist, and knotted over his heart, was a long tress of woman's hair.

Rio de Janeiro, January, 1836.

Conjugal Pastimes.—We heard of an old Blue Beard of a fellow, who enjoyed infinite sport in tickling his wife to death, in which manner he made away with about as great a number as that notable personage himself. A gentleman in the upper part of this city, though not with the same diabolical intent, thought to have a little amusement at the expense of his lady, and so proposed to give her an elegant silk dress, if she would hold her finger ten minutes in a mixture of salt and snow. The offer was readily accepted, and the experiment commenced. "It is cold," said the lady. "Take it out then," said the husband. "But the dress?" "Ah, you will lose it," said the husband. "I must have it:" said the lady, and she persevered most heroically till the ten minutes expired, when on withdrawing her finger it might have been as easily broken off as any finger on the hand of Lot's wife, being completely frozen; and the husband has the double amusement of paying a round bill to his doctor. The perseverance is excelled only by that of the lady who threatened if her husband refused her request to attend an entertainment, to cut off one of her fingers, and on his refusal actually carried her threat into execution; both abundantly proving the truth of the old couplet concerning women, that

"When she will, she will—you may depend on't.
When she wont, she wont, and there's an end on't."

Turkish Ladies.—Nothing can exceed the courtesy of the Turkish ladies to strangers; they always appear delighted to converse with an European female who seems disposed to meet them half way, and they do so with a frankness and an ease which at once destroy every feeling of *gene* on the part of the stranger. In five minutes every thing they have is at your service,—the fruit of which they are partaking, and the scented sherbet that they have prepared with their own hands. To make acquaintance with them you only require to be cheerful, willing to indulge their harmless curiosity, and ready to return their civility in as far as you are enabled to do so. There is none of that withering indifference or that supercilious scrutiny which obtains so much in Europe to be dreaded from a Turkish gentlewoman; but there is, on the contrary, an earnest urbanity about her which is delightful, and which emanates from the intuitive politeness so universal among the natives, coupled with a simplicity of feeling and a sincerity of good nature that lend a double charm to the courtesies of life. Nor is the eye less satisfied than the heart in these moments of agreeable although brief communion; for the graceful bearing of an oriental female greatly enhances the charms of her ready kindness, and her self-possession and dignity of manner render her superior to the paltry affectation of assumed coldness, while they convince you, that she would be as prompt to resent impertinence as she had been to proffer courtesy.—*Miss Pardoe's City of the Sultan.*

The Science of Begging.—We met many tribes of gipsies in Hungary, but princely fellows in comparison with those we see in England; for they usually possessed a very fair stud of horses; and if one might be permitted to judge from the quantity of pots, pans, gridirons, and other culinary utensils, which hung conspicuously among the rest of their goods and chattles, I should say that they understood what good living was as well as other people. They are, I believe, originally from Thibet, and still preserve many of their Eastern customs, among the rest that of prostrating themselves and kissing the ground over which you are about to pass which really is such an insinuating attention—such a full and captivating acknowlegment of your dazzling grandeur, and their own superlative unworthiness, that I scarce think I could refuse them the very last farthing I possessed on earth. Now this is the whole art and mystery of begging: almost all of us are open to flattery, let it be ever so clumsily administered.—*Ross's Three Months.*

From a work by the Rev. C. Trelawney Collins.

PERRANZABULOE;

OR, THE LOST CHURCH FOUND.

The Church of St. Piran's, so celebrated in Cornish annals, disappeared in the most remarkable manner. The overwhelming weight of the great Western sea advanced, and invaded, year after year, the fruitful district in which it stood, and at length the Church was buried in the sand. The overflowing surge had so effectually done its work, that not a trace remained to mark the place of its entombment, save a swelling mound. Yet the neighbouring tinner, as he passed the spot, seemed to feel a religious awe as he journeyed by. Their children bowed—they uncovered heads, and with quickened pace and suspicious look, ran past on the other side.

Centuries rolled away, the sands deepened, and the winds and waves further encroached, so that this persecuted * parish too well brooketh his surname † in sabulo: for the light sand, carried by the north wind from the seashore, daily continueth his covering, and marring the lands adjoinant; so as the distresses of this deluge drave the inhabitants to remove their Church." And we find from another ancient historian, that more than three hundred years ago the parish was "almost drowned with the sea sande, that the northwest wind whirleth and driveth to the lande, in such force as the inhabitants have been once already forced to remove their Church; and yet they are so annoyede as they day ley loose their lande."

Such has been the melancholy condition of Perranzabuloe nearly from the time of the Norman invasion; though there is reason to believe the Church itself was not entirely buried till the twelfth century.

Many have been the attempts made from time to time by enterprising individuals to clear away the overwhelming mass, and to restore to the light of day so interesting a relic of the piety of their forefathers. At times the work seemed to prosper in their hands; and at the moment when success had almost crowned their labour, their old enemies, the waves and the winds, would mar the enterprise, and the Church slept on in her sandy bed.

At length approached the year 1835, the glorious tercentenary of the unlocking of the Bible from the tongue in which it had been hidden from the people. It is a curious and memorable coincidence, that in this same year another treasure, precious to every Cornish Protestant, has also been unlocked by the single effort of a spirited individual: Perranzabuloe—the lost has been found—the bound has been set free. A gentleman of singular enterprise and perseverance, neither deterred by difficulties, nor intimidated by former failures, resolutely put his hand to the work: and though the waves foamed on the neighbouring shore, and the winds with more than accustomed fury, "drove and whirled" around him the densest clouds of suffocating sand, yet, nothing dismayed, the work advanced, every obstacle was overcome, till at last he had the unspeakable honour and happiness of laying open the ancient British Church, and of presenting it in all its simplicity, simplicity, to the wonder of antiquarians, and the gratitude of Cornish men.

The sand that for centuries had been accumulating, was carefully removed, and every part of the sacred building, though deeply encrusted with the penetrating dust, was easily restored to its original state, so that, with the exception of its roof and doors, it was found to be as perfect as when first erected. ‡ The masonry of the walls is remarkably rude, but as remarkably solid and compact, and without doubt is one of the earliest specimens of stone-building that superseded the mud-wattled walls of the British Churches. It appears never to have contained more than one small window, and probably never possessed a roof, or otherwise at that early time service might have been performed by the light of tapers; for we learn from an early historian, that in Achaia, in Thessaly, and Jerusalem, it was the custom to go to prayers when the candles were lighted—and likewise that in Cappadocia, Cyprus, and Cæsarea, the bishops and presbyters did not expound the Scriptures till after the candles were lighted. This early practice was afterwards converted into two distinct offices in the Greek and Latin Churches: in the former it was called *lucernikon*—in the latter, *lucernarium*. It is possible, therefore, that this custom of some of the eastern Churches might have been introduced at Perranzabuloe, and may thus account for the absence of windows.

The doorway is in high preservation, neatly ornamented with the Egyptian zig-zag, or arrow, having on the key-stone of its sound-headed arch, a tiger's head sculptured, and two human heads on the corbels of the arch. On entering the interior, it was found to contain none of the modern accompaniments of a Roman Catholic place of worship. Here was no rood loft for the hanging up of the host, nor the vain display of fabricated relics; no latticed confessional; no sacring bell; no daubed and decorated images of the Virgin, or of saints. There was nothing found that indicated the adoration of the wafer, or masses for the dead. The most diligent search was made for beads and rosaries, pyxes and agnus dei's, censers and crucifixes; but not the remnant of one could be discovered.

At the eastern end, in a plain unornamented chancel, stands a very neat, but simple stone altar; and in the nave are stone seats, of the like simple construction, attached to the western, northern, and southern, walls. The Church originally contained a very curious stone font, which fortunately has been preserved, having been removed before the building was buried in the sand. This font was transferred to the second Church mentioned by Carew and Norden, and now stands in the third, or present parish Church of Sambourne. On removing the altar, three skeletons were discovered; one of gigantic dimensions, the second of moderate size, and the third apparently of a female. No doubt the former is that of the old saint Piranus himself; and the latter, his aged mother, Wingela. They were carefully replaced in their narrow cell—there, let us hope to remain undisturbed till that day when "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible."

Such are the particulars attending the discovery and restoration of Perranzabuloe—a discovery most interesting to the lover of antiquarian lore—a restoration invaluable to those who are within the pale of the Established Church. Legibly can we read in its history, now that it is secured and cleared of what so long had defaced its ancient characters, the image and superscription of our pure and reformed Church; it illustrates, in a manner most literally and strikingly true, the actual condition of the long-lost Church of England at the time of the Reformation, when it was not rebuilt, but restored, purged, and cleansed from those monstrous errors and encrustations which the Church of Rome, the great Western tyrant, had spread over the walls of our Zion, and by her repeated encroachments had at last entombed in the very dust and depth of her own abominations.

* A bell rung before the host.

† The ground around the Church is now covered with human bones, which from time to time have been uncovered by the winds, and lie bleaching on the sand.

‡ "In sabulo positum S. Pirano, sacellum."