

for that short space of time. This may give some idea of the ravages of grief.

I have at last resolved on availing myself of Brown's invitation. It may be I shall never return to view again the scenes that were once so dear. Then, Angelina, you may have the consolation of knowing that you banished from his native land, and made a wanderer, a poor broken-hearted man, whose only fault was that "he loved—not wisely, but too well." Nevertheless, I forgive you, Angelina, I forgive you, but, alas! I cannot forget!

I have just been very near killing two innocent persons, besides bringing my own wretched life to an untimely close. While walking out in the dusk of the evening, I came upon John Thomas quite suddenly, and as I could not escape, of course I was obliged to stand my ground. Vowing that I would not be pitted by a footman, and determined to put a bold face on the matter, I exclaimed in as off-handed a manner as I could assume:

"Say, John Thomas, how is your young mistress?"

"She's putty well, sir," he answered; "she went off last night, sir."

"Went off! How! Where?" I asked in amazement.

"Went off in that ere Heast-Ing-y-man—both on 'em—werry quiet affair. Slung the slipper after 'em myself, sir."

Very rudely expressing an unchristian wish that it had been something heavier than a slipper, I took to ignominious flight. Ah! John Thomas, you never before, in all your experience, saw coat-tails fly round a corner as mine did at that moment! As I swept round the said corner, preceding the coat-tails aforesaid, I caught a glimpse of a portly old gentleman directly before me, apparently engaged in admiring the upper story of some public building. Before I could alter my course, that same gentleman was lying on his back in the street, making eccentric motions with his arms and legs, like a huge bumble-bee on a cold autumn day. I regret to say I did not wait to tender him assistance, on the principle that in such cases "delays are dangerous," but continued my headlong course, regardless of the cries of an old gentleman who kept on demanding that I should return instantly and answer for my assault and battery, as it was a clear case of intent to do "grievous bodily harm."

Without slackening my speed, I reached my lodgings, and, after mounting the first flight of stairs, was flying along the passage, when I felt a shock, and heard a shrill voice gasp "Law-sakes!" I found I had come into violent collision with the landlady, and she being rather corpulent, and the inertia tremendous, I rebounded like an india-rubber ball, and only that I clutched the banisters at the head of the stairs, I should have arrived at the bottom in the reverse of the ordinary way.

It did not take many minutes to get my things packed, so that on that very night I was on my way to see Brown, Jones and Robinson once again.

Merrily we skim along the waves, as they dance and sparkle in the silvery moonlight, and quickly I leave behind the scene of my hopes and disappointments.

Farewell my native land! Farewell old house! farewell ye towering chimneys! ye are fast disappearing from my view, perhaps never to be seen again. And a long farewell to thee, in whom all my earthly hopes were centred, who was the joy of my life—my treasure, my all. I'll think no hard thoughts of thee, Angell—I mean, Mrs. Capt. White,—I'll think no hard thoughts of thee, but try to believe it was my foolish presumption that led to all my troubles. I'll try to think that all your loving looks were only those of friendship, that when you smiled so sweetly—but no matter; "let bygones be bygones," my dear girl—my dear madam, "let the dead past bury its dead."

And now, dear reader, I bid you too farewell, while I try to gather what little consolation I may from the following lines of the poet, although I sometimes doubt that, when penning them, he viewed the matter by the light of my sad experience,—I mean to say that I doubt if by the word "lost" he meant exactly lost in the sense of becoming "another's" (as Mr Moddle would say). However, as "the drowning man will grasp at a straw," so I catch at the poet's words, and say as resignedly as I can:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all!"

THE GARDEN OF SAMARCAND.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

The garden of Samarcand was the loveliest place in the world. Fountains of sparkling rose-water fell, with merry waltzes, into basins of diamond and pearl, flinging their silvery showers over the blushing, smiling flowers. Tall trees with odoriferous blooms and leaves, waved by the zephyr's fragrant breath, murmured sweetest songs as they towered toward the azure sky. Large golden mandarin, mandarin oranges and tangerines, rich purplish mangustias, rose-apples, crimson as the sunset clouds, the pale yellow flat peach, and all of the delicious tropical

* The author here refers to the house and chimneys of Angelina's respected father.

fruits, were in abundance. The liveliest imagination can have but a faint idea of its glorious beauty. It was enclosed by three walls of white marble, each wall having one gate, and each gate guarded by a dragon; the whole surrounded by a lake whose depth could not be ascertained.

It was a lovely day in summer, the air fragrant with the breath of flowers, and thrilling with bird-songs, when King Al Edrie called his three sons, and thus addressed them:—
"My sons, the youngest of you is of age this day. Go up to the Ivory tower, look in the mirrors, and you will see your future brides."

The eldest soon took the golden key with a low bow, and, followed by his brothers, went up the marble steps leading to the Ivory tower.

There were three mirrors, set in frames of costly gems. One either side of the door, and one directly opposite, enveloped in a red curtain. Sentrim, the eldest, stepped to the right hand; Alrie, to the left; leaving to Alin the veiled mirror. Raising the curtain, Alin started back in horror, for a stream of blood flowed from beneath his hand. Gathering courage, he again raised the curtain. A pavillion enveloped in a snowy curtain met his eye. Slowly it was raised, and he saw a young girl leaning against a pillar of red-veined marble.

A dress of the purest white fell in graceful folds around her slender figure; and a dove, with feathers tinged with gold, fluttered over her head. Her countenance was sad as the angel on our right shoulder who weeps when we repent of evil, and her eyes were filled with tears. Fair as the snow of Lebanon, with a tint on her cheeks delicate as the heart of the rose-apple, deepening to scarlet on the exquisite lips, eyes blue as the Southern sky, delicately chiselled features, and such tiny white hands!

"It is well," said the King, when the young men had returned to him. "The maiden thou hast seen, Sentrim, is none other than the eldest daughter of our neighbour, King Aleppo. Thou, also, Alrie, hast seen well, for Prince Avin's only daughter hast thou looked favourably upon. But thou, O Alin, youngest of thy brothers! hast wildly and foolishly placed thy silly head in danger; for the maiden thou hast seen is kept prisoner in the garden of Samarcand, guarded by horrible dragons. Truly thou shalt deal in blood, ere thou wilt release her."

"My father," replied the Prince proudly, "I will release her from her prison."

"My son, my son!" sighed the King, "thy years have not brought thee discretion. Knowest thou that thou must enter the garden and gather a certain luscious fruit. Consider, I pray you, the danger of the expedition."

"My father, love is stronger than danger."

"The Prophet Corihma prophesied danger for thee. Go to him, and he will direct thy course, foolhardy though it be; for many go hither, and none return."

Consulting the Book of Fate, Corihma threw an arrow of light into the air, and said to him:—
"This arrow will lead you to a dervish, who will guide you further. There are great dangers before you, but you will overcome them."

Alin thanked him, and soon came to the dervish, who was sitting by the roadside, smoking a long ohibonq. Looking keenly at the Prince, he said:—"You come from the Prophet Corihma, who bids me help you on your journey. Turn neither to the right hand nor the left, until you come where seven roads meet. There is a tree at the side of each road, and a bird in each tree. They will immediately cry out the advantages of their particular road, but you must not answer a word, and heed only the white bird, who will give you three stars. Him you must obey in every particular."

Alin obeyed him, and went on slowly, for the way was full of sharp-pointed rocks, and brambles by the side caught his clothes and scratched his hands. After a long time, he came to where the seven roads met, when six of the birds directly called out:—"Take my road, and it will lead you safely to the Princess Lalla, whom you seek. There are all sorts of dangers in the others; but the giant in this is my friend, and he will take you on his back and set you over the high wall into the garden."

"Believe them not! The giant would devour you at a mouthful. I am the one who will guide you to Samarcand."

After screaming till they were hoarse, the birds became angry and flew at each other, pecking furiously.

Then the white bird said, in a sweet voice; "Noble Prince, hasten away ere this turmoil ceases. Follow and obey implicitly the three stars, or they will leave you to your fate. You can safely sleep while they watch over you; but beware! close not thine eyes in Sleeping Valley. List not to the sirens who would woo thee to a never-ending sleep; and taste no drink nor fruit, except over which the stars cast a radiance. As soon as you leave Sleeping Valley, you will come to an old woman spinning cobwebs with a golden wheel, who will furnish you with what you need."

Alin bowed three times, and taking the road indicated, walked away at a brisk pace. The road was through a sort of cavern of twilight dimness. Massive rocks rose either side of a stone pathway, flowers that gleamed like a flame of fire, birds with trumpet-like voice, and fruit crimson as the pomegranate blossom, golden as the acacia, purple as the famed Tyrian purple, whereof kings' robes were made, white as the snow blossom, with veins of pink, blue, scarlet and gold running through the glossy outside covering.

Weary and thirsty, he pressed on. Alas! must he die of thirst and hunger when the fruits

of all climes surrounded him, and he could hear tinkling streams flowing over the rocks, and see the glint and sparkle of their diamond drops? On, on went the stars, their radiant light lighting the dimness of the cavern. At last they hovered over a tree with spreading branches, laden with fruit, pink as the seashell's heart, and sweet as honey to the taste.

Sleeping Valley was close to a cavern. Such a lovely, sleepy place as it was! The grass was green as orange leaves; watered by a fragrant dew, and waved by a gentle wind, it gave forth a perfume like the rarest flowers. There were trees a hundred feet in height, forming arches of living green. Some had scarlet leaves and golden blossoms, purple and crimson, green and gold, pink and white. One tree would bear half a dozen different kinds of fruit in clusters together. Flowers of all kinds, and perfumes, fringed the valley's emerald-green robe, from the blue-eyed violet to the rose of Sharon and Damascus, and the lily of the valley, eight feet in circumference.

Over the valley was the purple haze of summer twilight, with its subtle breath and fragrant air, thrilling Alin to the heart. The peaceful, dreamy happiness that heralds sleep took possession of his frame, and the songs of the birds and murmur of the streamlets rippling through the lovely bowers, rang melodiously in his brain. Beautiful youths came from under the feathery tree branches, offering wine and fruit with gentle tones and graceful gestures. Alin turned from them hastily, and the stars shot forth fiery sparks.

Then lovely maids from all nations—from the dusky Ethiope to the fair Circassian—greeted him with joyous, winning smiles and sweetest tones.

"Rest, noble Prince, in this valley of love," they cried, in tones sweet as the bulbul's love-song. "We will gather thee fruit of every tree, and strew rose-leaves for thy couch, and bring thee wine from the vintage of Damascus, and sweet-flowing waters from our Fragrant Spring, and thou wilt never know aught of sorrow again. Rest thee in peaceful sleep, and we will sing thee songs of love."

Under nearly every tree Alin saw sleeping youths; but he resolutely kept on his way, never heeding the winning tones, nor tempting offers of fruit and wine, which they offered him on salvers of solid gold and cups of pearl and sapphire.

When he wavered in his heart, the stars grew dim; when he grew strong in purpose, they shone in glorious brightness. He had gone about half-way through the valley, when a young girl, before whom the others paled as stars before the sun, paused before him. Her dress of crimson velvet was crusted with jewels wrought into the semblance of birds and flowers. Her long, jetty hair was one glitter of gems, and her snowy neck was covered with the richest necklaces.

Alin looked at her in admiration. She accosted him in tones so musical the birds hushed their songs and the streams their murmur to listen, and offered him a goblet of pearl blazing with diamonds.

"Look at these rugged mountains," cried the siren, "either side our lovely valley! Their rocks are sharp as hatred, and slippery as falsehood; and behold! they reach to the skies. Rest thee, if but a moment, beside our Fragrant Spring, shaded by fringing palms."

Alin answered not a word; and as if by magic the scene was changed. Youths and maidens followed him, shouting and flinging stones, branches of trees, and showering him with water. One star went behind him, and it was darkness to his pursuers; the others guarded and guided him to the old woman. As soon as his pursuers saw her, they rushed away headlong with horrible shrieks and groans.

"Your way leads through the bowels of the earth," said she; "and here is a ball of light to guide you through the darkness. A giant with six legs and four arms will challenge you to battle, when this sword of Keenness will stand you good service. After despatching this monster you will come to the lake before the garden of Samarcand. You must then say, three times, authoritatively, 'I command you in the name of the Prophet Corihma to lower the drawbridge,' being very careful not to fall into the lake. On reaching the other side, a man twenty feet in height, and ten across the shoulders, will challenge you to a race. You must, by wit and shrewdness, outwit him, for you cannot possibly outrun him. When you have won the race, he will become your friend and do you signal service. I have spun you a net and rope of gold, silver, and spiders' web, which you must use as occasion requires. But if your heart is not pure, you had better return, for no tongue can paint the dangers you will have to overcome. Wisdom is more than might, and cunning is more than an army. Challenge the first dragon to mortal combat, and be not dismayed at his fury. The second dragon will send an army of loads against you. If you can secure the first one, you can easily secure him. The third dragon is the most powerful of all. Then will thy courage and shrewdness test itself. Take of my spinning whatever you like. Farewell!"

Alin thanked her respectfully, and chose a golden bow with golden arrows no larger than your finger. The old woman's eyes sparkled, and she set to spinning as if the world was kept moving by her exertions.

The ball of light, from which rays and sparkles of light glanced like rockets in the inky blackness, kept steadily on. Alin could only see one step ahead; when he had taken that, another

appeared. The most fearful groans and pitiful shrieks issued from the walls, and doors were shaken violently. Now Alin was very brave, as all good people ought to be, and he called out, in a loud voice, so that all should hear:—"Wait patiently, my friends, a little longer, and I will free you from your horrible prison."

The words had scarcely left his lips ere the place was shaken as by a mighty wind, and a huge black giant, with a tall Norwegian pipe for a staff, appeared, shaking the earth with every step. His eyes (two in front, two on each side, and two behind) were as large as dinner-plates; and each of his four arms was as long as a man's body, and his voice sounded like the ocean when a furious storm lashed it to fury.

"Who are you, who dares wake me from sleep?" he cried, angrily. "Come hither, and I will add yet another to the many who with groans and shrieks soothe me to sleep. Ah! I see you. Take that for your temerity," aiming a heavy blow at Alin with his staff.

Quietly evading it, Alin fixed a golden arrow in his bow, and the next moment it had pierced the sight of one of the giant's eyes. Wootvall roared so loud it sounded like the din of artillery when two mighty armies meet, and vainly endeavoured to strike the young Prince, blowing great clouds of smoke from his mouth to suffocate him. But the ball of light burnt it up ere it reached Alin. When the fourth eye was pierced, Wootvall caused an earthquake to shake the earth to its foundations. At the fifth, the air was filled with sulphurous flame and smoke, and red-hot tongues lapped the water that issued from Wootvall's mouth. At the destruction of the sixth eye, the earth whirled rapidly, the thunder crashed to a deafening roar, flames of fire lit the darkness like day, red-hot balls whizzed with frightful hisses through the air, the earth opened and closed, vomiting floods of water and flames of fire.

Alin immediately seized the Sword of Keenness and cut off the monster's head, when the flames and balls disappeared, and the place became quiet. The ball of light had shone steadily through all the battle; but now it shot forth sparks like stars, and Alin found himself on the shore of the Black Lake. Commanding the drawbridge to be lowered, he heard a heavy noise, and a bit of board no more than two inches wide was thrown over the lake. Flinging a golden rope over a tree on the other side, he stepped on the bridge. Up and down went the bridge rapidly, and he must have inevitably have fallen if he had not taken the precaution to fasten a rope to the tree opposite.

A giant advanced to meet him, and challenged him to a race.

"Very well," said Alin.

Comolin's hair hung down to his heels in thick curls, and as he turned to run, Alin caught one of the long curls, and in a few moments was safely ensconced on the giant's shoulder. On went Comolin like the wind; and, after running till out of breath, he paused, and looked round. Alin was nowhere to be seen, and he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Let him laugh who wins," exclaimed the Prince, who had descended to the ground, and stood a little in advance of Comolin.

"My friend, my deliverer!" cried Comolin, in tones singularly soft and sweet, clasping Alin in his arms and nearly squeezing the breath out of him; "how can I thank thee? The spell is broken, and I am free. The wicked enchanter who guards Samarcand placed me under a spell until some one beat me in a race. Ask what you will (for you are the first who has beaten me), and I will do it if possible."

"Help me to enter the garden of Samarcand, and be my friend."

"With all my heart," replied Comolin.

After a while they came to the first wall round the garden. The dragon lay half-asleep in the sunshine; and Alin had an opportunity to see how terrific he was. He had two heads with a face on each side of them, and four arms, and four legs covered with hair.

"What ho!" cried Alin; "I challenge you to a mortal combat."

The dragon shook himself, and rushed at Alin with his great mouths open, brandishing his arms, and yelling hideously. Seizing Alin, Comolin placed him in a tree, and ran a few rods, thus drawing the attention of the dragon to himself.

With a loud roar, the dragon gave chase to Comolin, going directly under the tree in which Alin was concealed, when the young man at one blow cut off both his heads. The body rolled into the Black Lake with a boom like the discharge of a cannon; and the first wall fell to the ground, shaking the earth to its centre.

The second dragon no sooner saw Alin and Comolin than he sent an army of loads, with eyes all over their bodies, to devour them. Spreading the silver net on the grass with one of the spider's webs over it, Alin, with a dexterous movement, caught them all, for they did not notice the web beneath, but thought there were but spider's webs on the grass, tinged with sunshine. This dragon had four heads and eight arms, with feathers for hair. Finding his army destroyed, he was furious; and spitting in the air, it was filled with flies, that flew at Alin and Comolin, trying to pierce them with their stings. It was of no avail, for Comolin had hid the Prince in his long hair, and combed it over his face, and it was so thick the flies could not pierce through it. The dragon then threw a stone in the air, and it became an eagle, but this also could not pierce Comolin's hair. Seizing a stone, Comolin threw it with its full strength at the dragon, shattering one of his heads into fragments. Alin at the same