

"'Aye there's the rub.' I knew that suspicions were entertained. I can see altered looks and tones as well as others."

"Why Lucy,—I may well ask the question, for your usual love,—your love for our father, and for me, and perhaps I might even mention James Osburn, used to make you cheerful and not dull. Has this stranger, this Mr. Reynall, any part in altering your moods sister?—alas! why need I enquire, I should be dull-sighted indeed if I doubted the fact,—though I trust the effect is but transitory, and one occasioned by thoughtlessness rather than reflection."

"You are indeed sharp-sighted, and inclined to be severe, Maria. I know not that I have encouraged Mr. Osburn more than neighbourly intimacy might warrant,—and, suppose Mr. Reynall to wish that I should give up prior claims, and accompany him to B — as his companion for life, what great objections could you urge?"

"He is a stranger to us," said Maria, with emotion.

"He has been well recommended to father's kindness, by old friends," said Lucy, "and we may know as much of some in seven days, as we can of others in as many years."

"Well then, Lucy, as to James Osburn's claim, and my objections to Mr. Reynall,—Do you not know that James has long settled his affections on you, that his chief object has been to prepare for your comfort and happiness, that your altered conduct has deeply pained his sensitive and ardent mind, and that a total change in your views respecting him, would, in all probability, plunge him into a state which would cause you excessive distress, except you should be altered more than I believe my sister ever can be?"

"Am I bound to sacrifice my feelings and views," said Lucy, "because another chooses to indulge in day-dreams? But proceed to your objections."

"My objections," said Maria, "shall be few, but I think them of consequence. Mr. Reynall I believe to be of a fickle disposition. In the few days' acquaintance which we have had with him, we have seen him enter at one time with boyish zeal and recklessness into pursuits, which, a few hours after, for no reason, except the decline of animal spirits, were given up as entirely distasteful. Is that a disposition worthy of my Lucy's affection? It is petty and dangerous. Another objection is, that the alteration of your views cannot be from principle, I know it cannot, for you can see no superiority in him as compared with his rival,—it is, I fear, the effect of a foolish desire for novelty,—and believe me, old habits will be revenged,—life in B — will be very different from life at Maryville, and the one has too deep root to be easily displaced. Recollect Lucy, since we were infants, and since emigration brought our father to this continent, Maryville has been our home,—and recollect what our sainted mother so often insisted on, she who took such care in forming our minds, and to whose love and good sense, and accomplishments, we owe any superiority we possess,—recollect how often she insisted that principle, not vague impulses, should be the ground of our decisions, if we expected blessings to follow."

"Ah," said Lucy, "to what principles is your zeal in this matter to be attributed? Do you fear that the wife of Harry Fairfield the farmer, might be eclipsed by her sister, in the polite circles of B —? Do you wish to depress me from selfish motives?"

"No more, no more of that, dear Lucy," said the sobbing Maria,—"I ask your pardon for the freedom I have taken,—I will mention the matter no more,—only do not sever me from your respect and affections,—let us still and ever be sisters,—whatever change is to occur, however the present scene and late anticipations are to be blasted, let us not, I beseech you, add personal estrangements to our other trials: I conjure you by our mother's love, and by her dying charge, let us ever be the dearest friends to each other."

The sisters were soon locked in a mutual embrace,—Lucy entreated her sister to use her wonted freedom in every matter, and to forgive her harshness,—and Maria said that she knew her Lucy would be always herself, kind and warm-hearted, and that she would pray for her happiness incessantly, whatever state of life she should be placed in.

This little scene had entirely passed by,—Julia had returned from the dairy,—and Walter and Michael from the field, and the rich hues of sunset were bathing prairie and wood in the most delicious and sweetly tempered light, as the three dogs, Wolf and Watch and Rolla, came bounding into the cottage, announcing the return of their masters.

Clarkson was simple and cheerful as usual, and Reynall appeared to have more than his wonted vivacity. He had brought home some prairie hens, and Lucy had undertaken to prepare them for supper. She understood their cookery, the rice for dressing was soon on the fire,—light embers were heaped together for rapid roasting,—a few glasses of wine were obtained from the husbanded stock of that article, and some preserved orange peel, and spice, formed the other ingredients for the sauce of the delicious dish.

Reynall expressed the delight which he had in his day's excursion, and his almost willingness to forego the City for the Prairie. The chief novelties of the day, were the effects produced by the

flight of Cranes and Pelicans. The former stately creatures soared so high among the clouds, that the gazer saw but mere specks—giants of the feathered tribe, dwindled down to midges by distance—and could scarcely follow their majestic circlings, as they sailed sublimely far above the earth,—yet their deep sonorous notes filled the atmosphere, and came down as distinctly as if the flock were on the neighbouring marsh. The sounds came singly, and in mingling concord,—note after note, and note blended with note, like short deep noises made by brazen trumpets,—reminding of some supernatural army congregated in the region of clouds. The Pelicans, less high, and not distinguished by notes, were exquisite in the gracefulness of their motions. The flock continued, poised on their sail-like wings, for hours, over one narrow tract,—sinking and soaring, and wheeling and circling,—now dark in deep shade, as they floated against the sun, and again, reflecting his rays glancingly and most brilliantly,—as if a band of angels were there,—exercising their plumes, in playful, but ever sublime evolutions.

The sights and sounds of unsophisticated nature, have charms for the mind, except it be unusually callous, originally, or is rendered so by the action of long continued untoward circumstances. Clarkson thought Reynall's descriptions rather poetic; but the sisters could readily enter into his feelings, and both were pleased at the influence which Prairie scenes had on their visitor's imagination.

But the scenes of the air did not altogether absorb Reynall's attention; however distant the soul can travel on its more expansive senses, it comes regularly back to the narrow circle which forms its more immediate sphere, and looks there for its chief sorrows or joys. Young, inexperienced, and confident, he resolved on breaking the favorite burthen of his thoughts to his host,—and when the sisters had retired to their own apartments, in a distant part of the spacious cottage, he boldly demanded Lucy's hand from her astonished father. A manly and decided denial was the answer. Lucy was already tacitly engaged to his respected neighbour young Osburn; he would not appeal to her feelings, because she could not, and should not, be so silly and capricious as to change her mind so causelessly;—and the mortified visitor was politely informed, that his longer stay at the Farm could not be desirable, under the altered circumstances.

The companions soon separated, each to commune with his pillow. One surprised, and hurt, and feeling unusual and unpleasant anticipations lay hold of his mind,—the other baffled but not beaten; excited by opposition, by jealousy, by a desire to succeed in an attempt which occupied his heart, and resolved to play a deeper and holdier game for the prize.

The morning brought beauty and gaiety to the lower creation, but man every where, more or less, woke to the cares of existence. In some instances these cares sat lightly, just pressing beneficently, like the material atmosphere, counteracting the eccentric buoyancy which would else become an evil; to others they formed the chief business, and cast a cloud over every moment and incident of life; while others found their ears a scorpion scourge, corroding and irritating and finally deadening, every wholesome faculty. Clarkson felt much additional responsibility in his patriarchal government,—in vain his dogs waited, impatiently, at the door to accompany him into the fields,—in vain the garden, or the corn-field, or the prairie invited him forth,—he loitered about the cottage in an irresolute pondering mood. Reynall also was somewhat oppressed by circumstances; but he felt the spur which opposition and enterprise give the young, and though not at rest he was far from desponding. He had resolved to leave the cottage as soon as he could take leave becomingly, and had spent the morning in writing something which seemed to excite all his feelings. Unusual gloom predominated at the breakfast table. Clarkson scarcely spoke, Reynall appeared in his travelling costume and was studiously polite and cool,—the sisters perceived that some cause for depression existed, and they gave way to the atmosphere which the presence of anxiety creates. Reynall soon rose to depart, and informed the surprised sisters, that circumstances made a more hasty return to home, than he anticipated, desirable. Clarkson feared that he had rather transgressed the rules of hospitality, on slight grounds, and he put on a more courteous demeanour than his visitor expected. Maria was confounded, and the rapid alternation of red and white on the cheeks of Lucy, strongly told how ill at ease she was; at what seemed the final farewell, Reynall, with a beseeching look, contrived to convey a small note into her hand, unperceived by father or sister.

The cottage soon evinced that lonely feeling which accompanies the departure of an inmate. The sound of the garrulous tongue, the light laugh, the comely form, which lately animated the dwelling, had quit it, perhaps for ever, and those who remained did homage to the social feelings by deeply recognizing the change.

Lucy's note contained a request from her lover, that she would indulge him with a private farewell, at her own lattice, within an hour of midnight; this was urged with a lover's eloquence, and was acceded to soon as requested. The unsophisticated girl saw no impropriety in the interview, she believed his protestations, and shrank from the cruelty of harshly snapping their intimacy and its anticipations.

Night came, and with it, sadly deceived hearts sank to peaceful rest. Clarkson felt elated at so easily escaping interruption of domestic peace,—Maria was delighted at what seemed the happy termination of her foreboding, and of her sister's temptations,—and Osburn experienced the removal of a load from his honest mind, and expected soon to see his Lucy her own sweet self, relieved from all the coquetry which had lately marred his prospects;—Lucy, although not at rest, was also the victim of false anticipations;—the innocent romance of her interview, the final departure of her stranger lover, the return of old feelings, and the continuation of the former peaceful tenor of her way, were the thoughts of her mind. Alas! all were deceived, and she the most. That was, to her, the last night of maiden buoyancy and freedom, and the commencement of cares and disappointments and remorse, before undreamed of. So it is continually for good and for evil; the anticipations of mortals, as regards this world, are generally deceptive and fleeting, as the beautiful chaos in the east, which precedes sunrise,—fading and altering and assuming most dissimilar aspects, even while we take a momentary gaze.

At the appointed hour Lucy was at her unbarred lattice, and soon perceived a form moving through the dark shrubbery. A farewell was not Reynall's object, and with the impetuosity of youth, he urged an immediate resolution that their future fate should be indissolubly united. He had prepared horses and a guide; they would be married at the village of V—, he would study to make his Lucy's city's life happy, her father and sister would soon be reconciled and pleased with her resolution,—and the merchant's wife should as far outshine the farmer's, as the rose of Lucy's own garden surpassed the wild flowers of the Prairie. Such were the arguments which he used, and in the whirl of the moment they were successful. Scarcely knowing what she did, guided and urged by her ardent lover, Lucy prepared a small bundle of necessary habiliments, emerged noiselessly from the window into her tempter's arms, hurried with him through the paths of the farm, and turned her back, forever, on the peace and enjoyments of her home. It was the first false step.—Alas! how many such are made in human history,—to what pangs do they lead, how much of unappreciated wisdom consists in a mere continuance in the way of duty.

To be continued.

## JERUSALEM.

Two works have very recently issued from the British press on the Holy Land, the first by Lord Lindsay, and the second by George Robinson, Esq. We give below the accounts of the Holy City as furnished by our travellers, which shew how differently the same heart-stirring object is viewed by various minds.

### LORD LINDSAY'S APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

Riding slowly on to Jerusalem, we met numbers of most picturesque-looking white bearded old men, and many lovely children. One of them, particularly, a Russian boy, taking off his fur cap to return our salutation, with his flowing ringlets and sweet face, reminded me of one of Raphael's angels. We met many parties, too, of Turks, Armenians, and Greeks, pilgrimising—the former to Rachel's tomb, the latter to Bethlehem. Some saluted us with "Bon Viaggio," and "Benvenuti Signori!" others with the emphatic "Salam," "Peace!" or by simply laying the hand on the heart in the graceful oriental fashion. It was delightful thus to be welcomed to the City of Peace by men of all creeds and countries, a sort of anticipation of the happy time when all nations will go up to worship One God at Jerusalem, and all will receive the welcome of the heart as well as the lip.

Of Jerusalem I have but little to say; we took no cicerones. There is no mistaking the principal features of the scenery: Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, down which the brook Kedron still flows during the rainy season, and the Mount of Olives, are recognised at once; the Arab village Siloan represents Siloam, and the waters of Siloam still flow fast by the oracle of God. A grove of eight magnificent and very ancient olive-trees at the foot of the Mount, and near the bridge over the Kedron, is pointed out as the Garden of Gethsemane; occupying the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of scripture.—It was the only monkish legend I listened to. Throughout the Holy Land we tried every spot pointed out as the scene of Scriptural events by the word of the Bible, the only safe guide-book in this land of ignorance and superstition, where a locality has been assigned to every incident recorded in it—to the spot where the cock crew at Peter's denial of our Saviour, nay, to the house of Dives in the parable. Yet while I question the truth, I would not impugn the poetry of some of these traditions, or deny that they add a peculiar and most thrilling interest to the scenes to which they are attached—*loca sancta*, indeed, when we think of them as shrines hallowed by the pilgrimages and the prayers of ages.

There is no spot (you will not now wonder at my saying so) at, or near Jerusalem, half so interesting as the Mount of Olives, and, on the other hand, from no other point is Jerusalem seen to such advantage. Oh! what a relief it was to quit its narrow