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ARABELLA STUART,

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY E. L. C.

Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion.

The Lady Gervase paused, and the flowing tears of Lady Arabella, the silent yet fervent kiss which she impressed upon the hand of her venerable and afflicted friend, alone attested the deep and intense interest with which she had listened to her touching narrative. She had no power for words, and silently both walked onward, when suddenly two gipsies, a man and a boy, sprang from the opposite side of a hedge, and remained at a short distance apparently regarding the ladies with interest and curiosity.

"Ha! our gipsy gang have returned to pay us their yearly visit," said the Lady Gervase, looking towards them; "they are accustomed every summer to encamp for a few weeks in the glen at the foot of the miller's hill, as it is called, and I make it a point never to have them molested; I feel a strong interest in this wild roving race of beings, and aware that I befriended them, they have gratitude enough to refrain from committing depredations on my domains, though my steward is always on the alert to detect them, if they attempt to encroach."

She paused in her walk as she ceased speaking, and turned towards the gipsies, supposing they waited to address to her some petition. The man retreated when conscious that the lady's observation was upon him, but the boy, doffing his little tattered hat, pressed eagerly forward, the soft air blowing back his tangled curls, and shewing his brown face lighted up with pleasure.

"Ah, Janson, is it you come back amongst us," said the Lady Gervase kindly; "and so grown, one would scarcely have known you again, but for those sparkling eyes, and that ragged hat, which it is not easy to forget; and pray is pretty Meta with you still—and is that Joseph, waiting for you by the tree yonder—Joseph, the most honest of gipsies?"

"No, my lady, Joseph is fishing in the mill-stream under the hill—and Meta—Meta is ill my lady, and I am sent to the Hall to beg of your ladyship some of the medicine you gave to Kerah last year; and

I should have been back with it before this, but Jack o' the mill met me, and took me to see the ~~my~~ sports down yonder, and there I saw your ladyship and——"

"Never mind a longer story my little truant," said the lady smiling, "but come home with me and you shall have what Meta requires. I am weary, or I would go down and see the poor thing, if she is really ill and suffering, but perhaps, my dear Arabella, you may like to prolong your walk to the pretty glen, this lovely evening, and bring me some account of the girl, that will enable me better to minister to her comfort, than I know how to do, from the disjointed statement of this little mad-cap."

The Lady Arabella gladly consented to depart on this mission of charity, happy ever to be engaged in acts of benevolence, and loving nature with an enthusiasm that made her always rejoice to be wandering at will among its fair and fragrant scenes; and leaving the Lady Gervase to proceed to the Hall with her little petitioner, she turned into a foot-path that led from the park through a grove of oaks, on to the encampment of the gipsies. Slowly she passed on under the broad gnarled arms of the old oaks, and had just gained the brow of the hill that overlooked the glen, when she heard footsteps behind her, and on turning round, recognized the gipsy, who had been the companion of little Janson, pressing on, as if desirous to overtake her. There was something in his appearance which made her wish to avoid him, wrapped as he was in a loose coat of coarse material, with a broad brimmed hat slouched over his face so as almost to conceal its features; but before she could execute her purpose of bounding down the steep acclivity into the glen, he signed to her to pause and await his approach. Naturally timid, she feared to offend him by flying, but still gently retreating as he advanced, she said in an entreating accent:

"Do not detain me, I am in haste to visit one of