

the divine life is cherished, might support the notion that the immortal soul is not a self-breathing essence, incorporate in the frame, but is the mystic union of two lives—an all-hued Iris binding hope to hope.

By love, those aspirations which have been dull and dumb, are quickened by a glorious energy; our darkling ends and aims are tipped by the sunlight of a splendid purpose. Those longings after good which, when the heart would have rayed them toward distant objects, were turned and deadened in itself, are winged with a sweeping, endless flight. Love is a real bliss, with the unreal wideness of a shapeless hope; it is a victory before the war; the lustre of a triumph, unsoiled by the dust of the race. Thenceforth, joy is not an occasional and confined emotion; it is the state of the heart; it lies at the source, and mingles with the first fountain of the thoughts, and like the tinted crystal sphering a star-like fire, colours each springing beam of light. The lover breathes an exhaustless air of bliss—floats on an ebbless tide of joy. For all delights, his thoughts are all-sufficient to themselves; and, deep-enriched in sheltering peace, hope resting on the breast of memory, carols its floating chaunt of joy.

As well might a man, by slow-kindling and successive bonfires, attempt to stutter forth the startling glare, whereby the lightning with its one swift flash displays the skies, as a narrator to convey by slow particulars, and cold details of action and impression, the flood-like force of instant love, whereon the soul is floated far from all its moorings. Godari felt as if a fiery minister of life had whirled through his thoughts with the speed of a vollege, and lighted the dull grief of his heart into a blaze of gladness. He was panting with the agitation of this exciting interview. Whether accident had hitherto prevented his meeting with one whose presence was fitted to disturb his soul with the might of quivering feelings, or whether his proud and jealous temper had felt a lonely joy in turning softness into scorn, certainly never till now had masterless love possessed his being. The sullen cloud that had eclipsed his days rolled away into the distance of long-forgotten years. When the first tumultuous ecstasy had passed, and his calmer mind began to hover about the edges of the one imagined thought that possessed his memory, that recollection seemed to him a secret treasure which he might visit to refresh his heart and think of with delight in all his troubles, an ever-blooming and still-budding bliss to which his pained soul might turn and sigh away its grief.

Godari had taken the precaution of sending an attendant after the lady to ascertain where she resided, and had resolved on visiting her on the following day. The night was passed by him in tasting the sweetest thing the mental sense can ever know—a lover's fragrant fancies and nectared hopes. Independent of the keen pleasure of these delightful thoughts, the rich relief from the agonizing pressure of the morbid terrors which had weighed upon his being, which was afforded, by the absorption of sensibility in an inward subject had been sufficient blessing. The tyranny of externality no longer crushed his freedom; he breathed a regular and unchecked breath. Rid of the spectored thralldom of his former slavery, his fancy gambled in its covert lawns. His scheming heart—for the poet's heart will still be scheming—shaped goodliest scenes of happiness, and incidents of pleasure; he framed a thousand histories of wedded joy, all to be told of in his future life. Roaming through all the dizzy worlds of dreamery, companioned by her loveliness, her presence made the blest more blissful. Leaving the young dreamer to his thoughts of pleasantness, let us turn for a while to another scene.

The summer shadows were beginning to lengthen through the ancient forest which was skirted by the deep and rapid river Ceveri, when the young king Goroyen rode through the wood to enjoy the freshness of the rising breezes. This monarch, while yet a boy, had been called to assume the throne of the southern district of India; and was in the habit of compensating himself for the annoying absorptions of business in the morning, by long and solitary rides through the royal forest in the afternoon. It was on the same day that Godari had taken his vows, that the king, after being present at the ceremony, and having returned to his palace to dine, mounted his horse and set out on his usual excursion. The father of Goroyen, who was a man of solitary and meditative disposition, had built a lodge in the heart of the forest and furnished it with the utmost luxury and elegance, as a place of retreat and privacy from the business and bustle of the court. The rooms were arranged every morning by a confidential servant from the palace, but no attendant resided at the house and no one was entrusted by the king with the key. Goroyen visited this place almost every afternoon, and its silence and solitude rendered it a delightful spot for reading or for thought.

The king was riding leisurely along, within sight of this lodge, when he was startled by a wild cry of terror and distress, issuing from beyond a thicket of underwood which concealed the view. The cry was followed by a loud crashing of limbs and rustling of leaves, and the king spurring his horse quickly around the obstructing bushes, beheld with consternation, a young and delicate woman flying with breathless rapidity, and closely pursued by a terrible wild boar. The lady in a few moments sank to the earth, in horror and affright, and the ferocious animal was

about to spring upon her, when Goroyen threw himself from his horse, and drawing his sword with inconceivable swiftness, confronted the monster in the full rush of his violence. The boar, suddenly jerking his tusks sideways, inflicted a wound upon Goroyen, and brought him to his knee; then, drawing back lowered his front and dashed with all his vehemence at his bending foe. Goroyen planted himself firmly upon one knee, threw out his other foot and fixed it against a root, then supporting one end of his sword against his breast with one hand, and directing the blade with the other, was prepared to receive the assailant on the point of his weapon. The animal made one spring; the steel met and clove the centre of his skull: in a moment, he lay dead upon the body of the king.

Goroyen was stunned by the violence with which the enormous creature had leaped upon him; but, soon recovering, extricated himself from the lifeless load that rested upon him, and turned towards the lady whose safety had urged him to this contest, and who still lay where she had fallen, pale and insensible. The first conviction of Goroyen was that she was dead.

Without a moment's delay he raised her lifeless form in his arms, carried her to the lodge which was close at hand, and laid her upon a rich velvet sofa in one of its rooms. He resorted at once to all the modes of restoration which he could think of; he called her, shook her, begged her to come to life; then threw water in her face, and loosened her dress behind, that her returning breath might not be obstructed. Finding that none of these appliances were effectual, he knelt down and looked intently in her face; partly fascinated by her wondrous and peculiar beauty, and partly to see if no signs of vitality were discoverable in her countenance. He then threw himself beside her on the sofa, and clasped her to his bosom in the hope that the warmth of his person might quicken the coldness of her frame. In a little while she heaved a deep sigh, and presently after opened her eyes, and closed them again; she then drew a long and difficult breath, folded Goroyen to her bosom, and muttered—"My brother."

The king delighted with her restoration, imprinted eager kisses on her cheek. The lady again opened her eyes, and fixed them upon him.

"It is not my brother," said she, but without any surprize or agitation.

"It is one who loves you," replied the other, "with more than a brother's love."

"Are we quite safe?" she asked, gazing intently in the air.

"Entirely."

"Oh, what a horrid scene! a few minutes after you left me, I was hastening home, when a horrid animal sprang out of a thicket, and ran directly towards me. I thought I should have died with terror. I tried to run, but I felt so weak that I could scarcely move. The animal was just upon me, when you, my brother, appeared. Oh! oh! what I felt when I saw you," and she burst into a flood of burning tears.

Goroyen rose from the couch, and kneeling on one knee, watched her blind emotion, without interrupting the natural course of her feelings. He was deeply touched, as well by her beauty as by the interesting exhibition of uncontrollable disturbance. As the violence of her sobs abated, and she grew more composed, he took her hand in his with kindness, and said in an affectionate tone,—

"Well, the danger is now passed; you are entirely safe now."

The lady started, and fixed her eyes in astonishment upon the speaker. The indulgence of her excited feelings in tears had calmed her agitation and recalled her wandering thoughts to the reality of her position. She raised herself upon the sofa and looking wildly round upon the gorgeous furniture of the apartment, exclaimed, "Where am I? Who are you? What place is this?" Then looking down to where her falling dress had exposed the exquisite fairness of her bosom, she raised her hand hurriedly to conceal her breast, and blushed like scarlet.

Goroyen was enchanted by the graceful confusion and maiden delicacy of the lovely girl; and pressing her hand gently to his lips, said in a tone of profound respect, "Be assured, madam, that nothing but the eye of the purest and sincerest love has looked upon those charms." The lady blushed more deeply than before.

Goroyen was silent. The stranger, after struggling with her embarrassment, and essaying in vain several times to speak, said in a broken voice, looking upon the ground, "I—I thought it was my brother. I am indebted to you, I suppose, for my life. How shall I display my gratitude and—regard?" Then fearing that she had said what she ought not to have done, she hung her head and trembled with perplexity.

"Chiefly," replied the royal wooer, "by assuring me that you are not hurt in the least."

"I am not hurt at all; but—but, cannot I go home?"

"At any moment that you please; yet I shall be most honoured and delighted if you will remain. Listen to me. This place is sacred from all intrusion. Your presence will give me pleasure. If you will stay here a little while, I pledge to you my stainless honour, that nothing shall occur that can possibly embarrass or offend you, and that I will obey your directions in

every thing. And, that you may feel yourself protected, put this little dagger in your belt."

As she was extending her hand to receive the weapon, her eye fell upon a little stream of blood creeping slowly along the carpet. She started up, exclaiming with alarm, "You are wounded."

"Not the least; the merest scratch," said Goroyen, who, in the warmth of interest, had forgotten his wound.

But in attempting to raise himself from his knee, the necessary strain upon the sinews of his limb, caused him such acute suffering that he cried out, in spite of himself. Forgetful of his boast, he was fain to crawl to the sofa and stretch himself upon it, with a countenance expressive of extreme pain.

"Does it give you much pain?" said his companion with solicitude.

"Not much, my love," said Goroyen in a kindly tone, at the same time frowning with anguish.

"I will dress it for you," said she.

"My darling!" said Goroyen, in an incredulous tone, "what should you know about dressing wounds? You had better let it alone."

"No, indeed, I can dress it very well. Will you not let me?" "You may try it if you like. But you will kill me I am sure."

The lovely surgeon began her operations. The congealing blood had caused the dress of the king to be stuck to the flesh, and the removal of it inflicted severe pangs upon the patient. "Oweh! my sweetest!" was the exclamation which the first motion elicited: "Booh! my dearest cherub!" marked the second: "Bah! you loveliest dear!" was roared at the third.

At length the operation was completed. "Do you find yourself better?" asked the successful surgeon.

"Much," replied the king, "and shall be still better if you will do one thing more."

"What is that?"

"Kiss me," said the modest patient.

There was something so frank yet so delicate about the countenance of Goroyen, that he inspired confidence and ease in all who came near him. Though the lineaments of his face could not have disclosed his rank, they would have told you at once that he was a thorough gentleman. The lovely lady seemed to understand in a moment the playful refinement, and unpresuming familiarity of his manner; she only pouted with her pretty lips, and said "I shan't."

"By the by," said she, "I wonder whereabouts we are. Do you know?" And she looked with curiosity about the room. She then walked to the window and looked out. "Good gracious! this is the king's lodge. There is no other building in the forest. I tell you what, the king often rides at this hour, and if he comes and finds us here he will be terribly angry. What shall we do? We had better get out as soon as possible. How in the name of goodness did you get in?"

"There is the key," said Goroyen.

"There are but two persons who ever have that key," said she, looking at him with a certain queerness; "the king and his private servant."

"Might it never occur to you, you perversè little angel! that I was the private servant of the king?"

She paused a moment, and looked keenly at him. "No, no," said she, shaking her head, "you have not the appearance of a servant."

"Then," said Goroyen, smiling kindly towards her, "I must be—"

He stopped and looked enquiringly at her. "The king!" she exclaimed with surprise and awe. An Indian monarch is looked upon as belonging to a superior order of mortals. The colour fled from the lady's cheek, and she bowed with the deepest reverence.

"Nay, nay, my darling!" said Goroyen, "do not tremble at having conquered a king. By my faith, I must renounce my rank, if it deprives me of the privilege of your affections. Come to me," said he. "I told you that you would be an unskilful surgeon; for while you cured one wound, you inflicted a deeper. That wound," he continued, pressing her to his bosom, "only yourself can heal."

Leaving the lovers in the solitude of sacred feeling, let us return to the history of young Godari. The servant whom he had sent after the lady whom he had met so suddenly, and whom the reader has doubtless discovered to be the same whom the king had rescued in the forest, returned with the intelligence that her name was Chatrya—that she resided a little beyond the termination of the forest, and that she belonged to the ancient and honourable tribe of the Samides, the descendants of the old dynasty of kings who had been dethroned ages before by the founder of the present reigning family, and had since lived in entire seclusion, within a separate district, totally disconnected with every other family in the kingdom. Besides the interest of such pure illustrious blood, there floated round the history and position of this tribe, or family, an air of romance, which farther enfeathered the fancy of Godari and made him still more anxious to meet her again.