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THE ROYAL ELECTION.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIMES—BORROWED FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF POLAND

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion

CHAPTER VIII.

THE glance of eager regard, which passed between the Princess and her humble admirer, neither escaped the jester nor the jealous noble, who sat beside her. In the breast of the one it awoke a thousand painful apprehensions for his beautiful but imprudent mistress, in that of the other it gave rise to a torrent of the darkest and most malignant passion. His love was converted into bitter hatred, and he vowed vengeance upon both. Leaving the palace of the Weyvode, he hurried home, to give vent, in the solitude of his own chamber, to the phrenzy which possessed him.

"Yes, it is true!" he cried, pacing the room with hurried steps; "I suspected it yesterday—I know it today. She loves him—dares to love him—to prefer him to my very face. This serf—this black-smoor. Oh, I could die with rage—but no—I will live to see them die. The fools—the brainless idiots—do they imagine they can deceive me? My hour is coming—their hours are already numbered. What ho! Ivan—who waits there?"

His summons was answered by the same man to whom Lechus had sold the spikes.

"Hark you! did you execute my commands?"

"I did, my lord."

"Of whom did you purchase them?"

"Of a poor young blacksmith without the city."

"What tempted you to do that?" said Lord Lechus, with a frown.

"I thought it less likely to awaken suspicion."

"Confound you for a fool! what business had you to think? That man will betray us!"

"Impossible, my lord!" said the terrified Ivan; "he does not know aught of the purpose to which they have been applied."

"I tell thee, he knows every thing. That man's the devil! Hark you, Ivan—he must be put to silence. Take six stout men at arms, surround his forge, and despatch him. If six will not do the job, take twelve. He must die!"

"Whersore, my lord?"

"Slave! that is no concern of thine—bring me his head, and I will give thee its weight in silver."

"It is a weighty argument in favour of murder," said Ivan, half persuaded to do the deed; "but I would rather not be the executioner."

"Do as I bid thee!" said the impatient noble, "and use no delay. I am thy master now! Before night, I shall be thy king!"

"Your majesty's orders shall be obeyed," said Ivan, as Lord Lechus left the room to prepare for the important race; "but this poor blacksmith—what can he have done to incur my lord's hatred. Ah, 'tis an evil world we live in—he is a handsome fellow too, and brave as a lion. 'Tis a pity—I don't like the job. I'm half inclined to give him a hint to be off. But then the silver. Humph! some one must do it—why not I? I shall not have to answer for the murder, my lord's alone to blame. Well, I suppose I must do it; but I say again, I don't like the job."

"Put a bold fate upon the matter man, and I will help thee," said the Tartar, suddenly making himself visible.

"Did my lord send you?" asked Ivan, regarding his new companion with a stare of surprise.

"No," returned the Tartar. "Did he know that I was here, he would solicit my aid himself."

"Who the devil are you? and how did you gain admittance?" said Ivan:

"My key opens all locks," said the Tartar; "and no man can make me afraid without he fights with weapons more powerful than mine. Come, let us be doing. I will deliver the blacksmith into thy hands."

"What harm has he done thee?"

"Much—he has resisted my power. Are you ready?"

"Not quite," said Ivan. "I don't half like the cut of your phiz. I won't trust you."

"Ha! ha!" said the Tartar; "you had not these scruples when you stabbed Rudolph in the crowd, and heard another man condemned for the

deed; nor when you stuck the race course with spikes, to secure to your maaster an unrighteous victory."

"How did you learn these things?" said Ivan, turning white with fear.

"I was at your elbow."

"I did not see you."

"I did not choose to make myself visible—but I suggested the deed."

"Then you must be ——"

"I know what you would say," said the Tartar.

"Admitting that I am he, will you serve me if I condescend to help you?"

"I will make no promises," said Ivan; "I can do the deed without your assistance."

"I defy thee to do that," said the Tartar; "but go thy ways for a hardened villain; I am sure of thee at all times."

"Who art thou prating with, Ivan?" said the Lord of Cracow, suddenly re-entering the apartment; "and who is this fellow, who dares to enter my castle without the permission of the owner?"

"Speak more civilly, if you please, to your superior," said the Tartar, smiling ironically. "You and I have met before." He stepped close up to the nobleman, and whispered something in his ear.

"Is such thy name and nature?" said Lord Lechus, with the same cold immoveable air. "I acknowledge that we have had some dealings together. Leave us, Ivan—I would speak alone with this stranger." The serving man obeyed; and the Tartar, drawing his noble figure up to its full height, confronted his companion. "What do you most desire at my hands?"

"Revenge on the blacksmith."

"That is beyond my power—ask something else."

"How!" exclaimed the Lord of Cracow, angrily; "did you not promise to deliver him even now into the hands of my servant?"

"I did—but no more; I did not say that no other power could rescue him. The spirit who protects him, is more powerful than me—against him I can do nothing. Ask something which I am better able to perform."

"Grant me victory in this day's race, and I will be thy servant for ever."

"You will win the race; and further than this, I shall not disclose."

"It is enough," said the proud nobleman; "my own hand shall determine the rest."

"You are such an adept in evil," said the Tartar; "that old as I am in the ways of sin, I could learn something new of thee. Farewell—we shall meet again upon the race-course."

Whilst the wicked Lord of Cracow was busy plotting against the life and peace of the poor blacksmith, he and Ora were retracing their steps to old Steinulf's cottage. Ora was so delighted with her visit to the palace, that she did nothing

but talk of it; and Lechus was so much engrossed with his own thoughts, that he did not hear her. Ora mistook his silence for deep attention, and redoubled her eloquence. What a pity such words were wasted.

On the threshold of the cottage they were joined by Steinulf and Casimer, who were dressed to attend the horse race, but anxious to hear the news, they all re-entered the hut together. Here Ora recapitulated their adventures; and besides all the embellishments she had added in her conversation with Lechus by the way, she gave many more, that her fertile fancy supplied at the moment. Her narration might have been called a second edition, with additions and improvements. Lechus often cried humph! but Ora did not notice the hint, whilst old Steinulf and Casimer listened in amazement to the wondrous tale.

"Fifty gold pieces, did'st thou say, my child?" cried old Steinulf; "Lechus! Casimer! think of that."

"For shame Ora," said the blacksmith; "what tempts you to mar your good fortune by telling a lie. The prince promised ten, and thou hast added forty—if you go on at that rate, your marriage portion will amount to five hundred crowns before night."

"Ten are enough to turn her brain," said Casimer; "I wish the prince had been less bountiful."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Casimer—what do you mean by that?" said Ora.

"Whilst you were a poor simple girl, Ora, an honest country lad might perhaps have won your regard—but with this fine fortune, you will be too grand to look at me."

Ora raised her eyes, and looked at him attentively—she never thought he looked so well before.

"What dost thou think of him, Ora?" said Lechus, slyly; "is he not a handsome man, and rich withal, ha?"

"He is well enough," said Ora; "but he is not to be compared with the gentleman in the grand cap."

"I've always heard women are most in love with fools," said Lechus.

"Then I suppose, Master Lechus, that was the reason I was so fond of you," said Ora.

"Ha! ha!" roared the blacksmith; "why, my little Ora, I did not think there was so much wit in thy head—I could make love to you myself, on the strength of that speech."

"You are thinking of my fortune now, Lechus," said Ora; "but 'tis no use relenting—you flouted me before all the courtiers, and I would not have you if you were to ask me upon your knees."

"Whose loss would that be?" retorted Lechus; "never fear, I shall not put you to the pain of a refusal—honest Casimer will make thee a far better helpmate."

CHAPTER IX.

"Listen to what Master Lechus says," cried Casimer, taking her hand and very gallantly pressing it to his lips; "I have loved you long and faithfully—ah, say that you will be my wife!"

"He will make thee a good husband, child," said old Steinulf; "which is more than yon rattled fellow would do. I give him my consent."

"And I mine," said Lechus.

"I consent," said Ora, blushing; "but Casimer, only on one condition—you must never fall in love with any one else, and must settle the ten gold crowns on me."

"And will add ten more, dear Ora, out of my own little savings," said Casimer; "when shall the wedding be?"

"Tonight," said old Steinulf; "so may you both have cause to rejoice at the royal election,—Lechus, you shall be bridesman, and dance the first saraband with the bride."

"And steal the first kiss, without the aid of the black shovel—ha, Ora."

"Now don't tease, master Lechus," said Ora; "we must forget our old flirtations. Besides, you know not what may happen before night."

As she ceased speaking, the door was suddenly burst open, and six armed men entered the cabin.

"Thou art a prophetess!" muttered Lechus, snatching up Steinulf's axe, for the old man was a woodman by trade, and both he and Casimer gained their living by supplying the city with wood, from the vast forests by which it was surrounded.

"Whom do you seek here?" cried Lechus, turning fiercely to the intruders.

"We seek you," said Ivan; "deliver yourself up quietly, for, dead or alive, you must go with us."

"Alive I will never go hence, with such a set of scoundrels," said Lechus; "and, if dead, you will find my life a dear bargain."

With a sudden spring, he flung himself among them, cutting to the right and left with his dreadful axe. Ivan was the first man who fell the victim of his fury, and Steinulf and Casimer coming up to his aid, soon freed the intrepid blacksmith from his cowardly assailants.

"Pah! 'tis a bloody piece of business," said Lechus, wiping his brow, and looking down upon the dead; "my life was hardly worth this dreadful sacrifice."

"Doubtless it has been preserved for some great end," said Casimer; "are you wounded?"

"Not that I know of," returned Lechus; "I am only hot, and a little out of breath. Hark! there's the trumpet—the race is about to commence. I shall be too late to expose that man's villainy."

He rushed from the cottage, leaving old Steinulf and Casimer in charge of the dead, and hurried forward to the scene of action.

THE danger to which he had been exposed, and the dark scene of death he left behind, no longer retained a place in the excited mind of the blacksmith. His thoughts were entirely absorbed by one engrossing object, that of exposing the villainy of the Lord of Cracow. Urged on by an impulse almost irresistible, he determined to effect this, or die in the attempt. Covered with dust, hot, and panting for breath, he at length arrived on the scene of action.

The signal for the race had just been given, and the cracking of whips, the cries of the horsemen encouraging their steeds, and the wild shouts of the rabble succeeded in awakening the blacksmith to a painful consciousness of the strange events of the morning.

He cast a hasty glance around him, ere, starting forward, he made one in that eventful race. The vast plain was crowded with spectators. The course alone presenting a vacant space. His eye wandered restlessly over that ocean of human heads, to gather hope and confidence from one face in that vast multitude. Pale, proud, and beautiful, surrounded by her father's vassals, the object of his mad idolatry was there, but so far removed from her humble worshipper, that she could not recognize him among the motley throng. Yet, "marvellously," did one glance of that lovely countenance, though unrecognized by its fair possessor, "shoot strength into his heart." The next moment a thick cloud of dust obscured the plain, and hid her from his sight. The trumpet sounded—away started the candidates for royalty, the earth trembling beneath their horses' hoofs, as each noble steed bounded forward with the speed of an arrow launched from the bow. Anon, from amidst the murky veil that hid the champions from the gaze of the eager multitude, issued fearful cries and imprecations, shrieks and groans, as horse and man came headlong to the earth in the very moment they deemed themselves secure of victory.

One solitary horseman, and a peasant, who ran at his bridle-rein, alone occupied the ground that a moment before had been so fiercely contested. The Lord of Cracow pressed towards the goal with frantic speed. Triumph sat enthroned upon his brow, and he viewed the vast multitude who rushed eagerly forward to proclaim him king, as though he were already their ruler.

But, well has it been said, that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" the young blacksmith, bent on frustrating his haughty namesake's stratagem, started on foot for the goal, at the moment when the horse-race commenced. Confident that his immense strength could compass the distance—that the foot which had often arrested the wild horse of the desert would not fail him when the interest of his country was at stake, he sprang, he bounded forward, with the strength of a lion, and the swiftness of a roe-buck, and the haughty noble-

man, to his great annoyance, still found the plebeian Hercules at his bridle rein.

Lord Lechus would have viewed this circumstance in the light of an evil omen, if the mysterious Tartar had not promised him victory; but even as it was, he spurred his gallant steed impatiently forward, in order to be rid of his tormentor. The blacksmith was doomed to be his evil genius, for clearing the distance, which was only a few paces from the goal, with one mighty spring, he startled the animal, which leaped on one side, and fell on the sharp spikes which his crafty master had so successfully prepared for his rivals in power. Lord Lechus lost his saddle, and his head coming violently in contact with the stone pillar, the collision was fatal, and he died amidst the hisses and groans of the enraged populace, who had discovered his treachery, ringing in his ears. The blacksmith springing forward, seized the crown, and waving it triumphantly aloft, exclaimed as he did so.

"My countrymen! Heaven has justly punished this wicked Palatine for his treachery, and he has fallen himself into the snare he laid for his rivals. Rejoice with me that you have escaped a tyrant, who would have ruled you with a rod of iron, and are now free to choose a more worthy sovereign."

"Let him who has won the victory, wear the crown!" burst spontaneously from a myriad of voices, and the air was rent with loud cries of "Long live King Lechus! long live he of the swift-foot and the strong arm. He whom heaven has declared our ruler!"

Confounded, overwhelmed with astonishment, and yet exulting at his unexpected good fortune, the newly elected monarch was unable to utter a word. He stood like one in a dream, the violent throbbing of his agitated heart excluding all other sounds, and the mist that gathered for the first time since early boyhood over those sparkling eyes, shutting out the vast plain and its swarming thousands from his aching sight.

"What can this mean?" he murmured to himself; "I the victor—I a king—nonsense! 'tis all a delusion of the evil one—a dream."

Before he could recover his self-possession, or convince himself that all he saw and heard was nothing more nor less than reality, he was surrounded by the princes and magnates of the land, who placed the crown upon his head and proclaimed him King of Poland.

"Thanks be to heaven!" he mentally exclaimed, "that I resisted the temptations of the evil one. Honesty is the best policy after all, and those who walk in the straight path need not fear a fall."

Then taking the crown from his head, he advanced with trembling steps and downcast eyes, and laid the shining circlet at the feet of the princess Rixa, who shone pre-eminent in beauty above the fair-haired daughters of the land.

The princess hastily alighted from her steed, replaced the diadem upon the head of the kneeling monarch, and with an air of modest confidence said:—

"The once lowly Lechus is now my king, and may command the services of his handmaid."

The Weyvode, who had recovered from his late overthrow, now stepped forward and joined the hands of the youthful pair, amidst the joyful exclamations of the crowds, who conducted the bride and bridegroom in triumph to the city.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

OUR story, like all other stories, must have an end, but before we consign again to oblivion the actors in this drama, who have long since mouldered into dust, we will follow our youthful monarch and his fair bride within the walls of the royal palace, and see in what manner the blacksmith conducted himself as a king.

Never, until receiving the homage of his subjects, had Lechus felt his inferiority, or become humbled in his own eyes. This is the test of great minds. Weak and vain men are always presumptuous; and if they cannot bring down superior merit to their own level, they never dream that the fault rests in themselves. Happily for Lechus he lived in a barbarous and warlike age, and was called by Providence to rule over a brave and barbarous people, and he possessed all that was requisite to the task—firmness, decision, invincible courage, moral rectitude, and mental and physical energy. The faults of his boyhood had led him into danger and difficulty, but the trials of manhood, which succeeded, had converted these into useful and important lessons, and he had become a gainer by the follies of inexperienced youth. Placed in a situation of awful responsibility, Lechus determined never to abuse the confidence of the brave people who had placed him at their head. From the moment the crown pressed his temples, he dedicated himself to his country, and the independent spirit which had made him an object of admiration to the great, as a poor man, ensured their respect and esteem when he became their equal.

When conducted to the royal chamber, in order to change his mean garments, and take upon himself the outward show of royalty, Lechus begged for a few minutes repose, and overcome by the fatigue and excitement of the two last days, he slung himself upon the rich couch and fell into a deep and quiet slumber. The shades of evening were darkening the face of nature; but our new made monarch still slept in happy unconsciousness of all the sorrows and cares of his exalted station, and the broad beams of the morning might have still found him napping, if the fool had not volunteered to awaken the king.

Dressed in his gayest apparel he presented himself against the bedside, secretly admiring the noble figure of Lechus, who still arrayed in his coarse peasant's garb, formed a striking contrast to the splendour which surrounded him. "An honest man is the noblest word of God," so thought Zouski, and he secretly rejoiced that Providence had called such a man to fill the throne.

"How soundly he sleeps! A year hence—and will he slumber as calmly as he does now?" thought the jester. "The happy, independent blacksmith may sink into the anxious and care-worn king. Beware my heart if I would change my crown for his! My lord! my lord! you sleep too soundly; 'tis time to rise, and ape the tricks of power."

Rubbing his eyes, and yawning most independently, Lechus started upright on the bed.

"It can't be day yet, Valdo? I did not hear the cocks crow, and I am confoundedly sleepy."

"Your majesty's cocks must crow to a new tune now," said Zouski, laughing. "It is time for you to forget the forge, and learn to rivet the crown, which Providence has so miraculously dropped upon your head, by endeavouring to gain the affections of your people."

"Methinks, sir jester, the unusual weight has somewhat addled my brain; for, truly, I forgot the past, and fancied myself a poor blacksmith, sleeping beneath the canopy of Heaven with a rude stone for my pillow, and my old cloak for a coverlid, my head cool, my heart light, and my breast void of care. Dost thou think, sir fool, I have made a good exchange?"

"Perhaps not."

"Your reason?"

"Fools cannot give that which they are supposed not to possess. It would be an act of treason to speak the truth to a king."

"Nay, but I command you?"

"Then you prove yourself a tyrant! and I, as a brave man, and a fool, will resist your authority."

"My power is absolute—how could you do that?"

"Simply by holding my tongue. A truly efficacious remedy for a growing evil. In the multitude of words there is much folly. I hope your majesty will never allow yourself to be governed by women."

"Why, good fool?"

"Because that old proverb goes to prove that all great talkers are fools. Now women are made up of whims and words, which proves that they are by nature fools; and your majesty knows that it is useless to attempt to cure a natural defect. The man who wrote that sentence for the benefit of posterity, failed to apply the moral to himself."

"How so?"

"He was a great king, who said more wise things than ever proceeded from the mouth of royalty before or since, and committed as many acts of folly as any of his less gifted fraternity. After railing

against women, and declaring that he had not found one good among a thousand, he took to himself three hundred wives, and five hundred concubines, and suffered himself to be ruled by the evil he decried."

"He must have been a brave man," said Lechus, laughing heartily. "I would rather attempt to control a band of Cossacks at the moment of storming a town, and cry 'moderation!' when the spoil was just in their grasp, than endeavour to govern eight hundred petticoats. Of two evils, I think your wise king choose the least."

"May Heaven preserve your majesty from being ruled by one!" said the jester.

"Dost thou fear it?"

"Such a treasonable thought has entered my head. It is hard for your majesty to struggle against gratitude and love."

"I admit the premises are just. Sir jester, were you ever in love?"

"In my youth. I was a wise man then. Passion made me a fool, and a fool I have remained ever since."

"Thou shalt be my private minister, Zouski."

"No: thanks to your majesty. I have too powerful a rival."

"In whom?"

"The queen."

"How can my peerless sovereign be thy rival?"

"She will be chief minister of thy pleasures. Does not chief and prime mean the same thing? Therefore, she must be prime minister, and I sink into a humble deputy."

"Thou shalt be my private counsellor."

"And thy public butt. That is the way the world treats its friends. If thou wilt listen to my advice thou wilt not often play the fool. But did I attempt to teach thee, I should become thy master. That too would be above the duty of a subject. Adversity was the school in which I learned my craft. Necessity was my teacher, and experience proved the truth of what she taught. If I mistake not, your majesty was educated in the same college."

"Thou art right," said the king. "How dost thou think these royal robes become me?"

"Nature has fitted thee to them. Thou art too noble for the tailor to improve thee."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Lechus; "I take it for such coming from you. But how shall I appear before my royal bride?"

"If she loved thee in the garb of a peasant, begrimed with dust and soot, dost thou think she will scorn thee in thy royal robes?"

Before Lechus could reply to his sally, he was joined by the Weyvode and all the nobles of the court, who came to conduct the king to the banquet. In the hall he found the queen and her ladies already assembled, and in a few minutes the young monarch

was seated under the same gorgeous canopy, with the beautiful Rixa by his side. Their happiness was too deep for words; they scarcely dared trust themselves to look at each other, and felt a relief when the clashing of knives, and the business of the table, hid their confusion from the observation of their guests.

"I am half inclined to quarrel with you, Lechus, for sleeping so long," said the princess, in a whisper.

"The weight of a crown made my head ache. My beautiful Rixa was born to wear one and does not suffer from the same inconvenience."

"Time will reconcile you to the burden."

"Yes: when shared by you. Without this glorious appendage it would have been valueless in my eyes."

"One would think you had been born a courtier," said the queen; "you flatter so well."

"Nature taught me to worship at the shrine of beauty: it was the glance of those bright eyes that softened my iron heart, and lifted me out of my station. Had it not been for the Princess Rixa—the King of Poland would still have remained a poor blacksmith."

"Nay, my beloved lord! It was your brave and independent spirit which gave true nobility to mine. I loved you for that merit which Providence rewarded with a crown. Your worth achieved that which I received from fortune without any virtue of mine own; therefore, your rank is more exalted by nature than mine."

"Your majesty has already forgotten the useful lesson I gave you," said the jester, "and are about to abdicate your crown in favour of the queen."

"How, sir jester, do you court favour with the king by forswearing your lawful allegiance to me?"

"The moon is held in less reverence than the sun, my liege lady. Canst tell the fool the reason why?"

"The sun is king by day," returned the princess, "and as such, finds more favour in vulgar eyes; but the moon reigns absolute at night, in the eyes of those who wake to worship her beauty."

"Then thou shalt be queen by night, and I and thy loving lord will be among the first of thy devoted subjects," said the fool, kneeling, and pressing the queen's hand.

"Thou art too saucy," said she, laughing. "My love, devise a punishment for the fool."

"He shall be whipped," said Lechus.

"That's taking a mean advantage of a fellow, when his back's turned," said Zouski.

"I have thought of something better," said the Weyvode: "we will oblige him to take a wife."

"Alas! that would bring me under petticoat government. I am an enemy to all despots. Men become tyrants: women are born so. Commend me to the stocks and the whipping post."

"Here is a damsel and a peasant who crave an audience of your majesty," said a page, ushering in

Ora and her new accepted lover. "She comes to claim a promise made to her this morning, she says, and was so importunate that she gained admittance."

"I hope this is not the wife your highness threatened me with?" said the jester, turning to the Weyvode. "If so, I fear this handsome rustic will pull caps with me, and carry off the belle:

"Pretty maiden will you marry
With the lad of low degree?"

Or with peers and princes tarry,
And share the cap and bells with me?"

"Can that be master Lechus?" said Ora, on whom the sallies of the fool were completely lost in her astonishment at the metamorphosis which had taken place in her old admirer. "I dare not speak to him, Casimer. He looks so grand, he will not know us now. I am so sorry he's made king, and we have lost such a good neighbour."

"Dost thou think, Ora, that my new situation will make me forget old friends?" said Lechus. "We are no longer equals, but that will not destroy the kindly feelings which once existed between us, although we must cease to be fellow gossips and play fellows. Is there aught that I can do to render you more happy and comfortable?"

Ora felt that a vast barrier had arisen between her and her former friend. She was out of her proper sphere, and was so uncomfortable that she secretly wished herself away. Lechus guessed her thoughts, and again offered to assist and befriend her.

"Alas! my lord," said the simple girl, bursting into tears, "I only knew you as our Lechus, and I thought I could speak to you with the same freedom as I used to do. Pray pardon my boldness: I will go home, and never trouble you again."

"Not until you have claimed my promise. What was it, Ora?" said Lechus, with an encouraging smile.

"That your majesty would dance the first dance with me in the festivals of the evening, or provide me with a better partner," returned Ora, with a blush.

"That his majesty can easily do," said the jester. "I will act as proxy, and our performance will astonish the whole court."

"Oh!" said Ora, in whom the spirit of coquetry began to revive, "I can dance with a fool any day; but I may never obtain a king for a partner again."

This speech of Ora's produced a general burst of laughter at the expense of the jester, who, turning to Lechus, with a ludicrous air of gravity, and making a very low bow, said:

"I resign my claims in your majesty's favour."

"And I," said Lechus, "will bestow them where they cannot fail to be fully appreciated. Casimer, is this damsel thy wife?"

"She told me so, your majesty, an hour ago," replied Casimer.

"Then what better partner can she have for the dance than the one she has chosen for life," said Lechus. "Clear the hall there. Rolof, give us a merry tune—a song, in honour of the bride."

Now, gentle reader, it was my intention to have ended this eventful history with Rolof's song. In this instance, however, the muse will not befriend me. She gives me gentle hints that, like the bard, I too am growing old, and the darkness of age is seldom favoured with the light of song. The bard has been dead so many ages that it is hardly to be expected that his extemporaneous epithalmium should have descended to posterity, and tonight I am not equal to supply the blank. I must, therefore, bid you farewell, recommending my honest hero to your especial notice. In spite of his humble origin, he proved one of the best and most popular of Poland's early kings, and, like most other sovereigns of the same era, sleeps forgotten with the people over whom he held despotic sway.

Belleville, Dec. 12, 1840.

CALCUTTA.

THE city of Calcutta is the metropolis of British India, the seat of the supreme Government, the emporium of oriental commerce frequented by ships of all nations; and, on these and other accounts, the most important city of the East. It is situated on a flat, and originally marshy country, on the right bank of the river Hoogly, about one hundred miles from sea. The river is here, at high water, about a mile across; and, on approaching the capital from the sea, the stranger is impressed with the number of elegant villas on its banks, the extensive fortifications of Fort William, the domes, minarets, and spires of the temple, mosques, and churches of Calcutta. But whatever feelings of astonishment these and other particulars of the brilliancy and splendor of an oriental city may produce,—whatever excitement of the spirits the swarming population, varied costume, strange features, unknown language and usages, may occasion, the heart of the Christian sinks within him when he beholds the city, with a very slight exception "Wholly given to idolatry," whose polluted and disgusting emblems are exhibited on all sides, and the marks of which are inscribed on the forehead of almost every native whom he meets.

Calcutta extends along the borders of the river about six miles, and, at the widest part, is a mile and a half in breadth. The native part of the city is to the north, and it exhibits a striking contrast with the part inhabited by Europeans. It is extensive and populous. The streets are narrow, dirty, and unpaved. Some of the houses are built of brick,

with two stories, and flat-terraced roofs; but the greater number are mere mud cottages, the sides of which are formed of mats, bamboos, and other frail and combustible materials; hence, we sometimes hear of fires by which thousands of these slight habitations are consumed in a few hours.

By a census recently taken, it was ascertained that in Calcutta and its suburbs, there are 500,000 inhabitants; and it is supposed that within a circle of five miles radius, there are 500,000 more. Of this million of human beings, 650,000 are Hindoos, 300,000 Mussulmans, and the remainder consist of people of various nations. Armenians, Jews, Arabs, Parsees, Mugs, Chinese, Malays, with Europeans and their descendants. Including the Indo-Britons, and a few Greeks and Armenians, there are about 10,000, or one in a hundred of the whole population nominal Christians, of whom about two thirds are Protestants, and one third Roman Catholics. The number of persons entering in the city every day, from the surrounding country, has been ascertained to be 100,000; and the writer of these lines was assured, many years ago, by a friend who had long resided there, that the greatest thoroughfares of London were far less crowded than the streets and bazaars of Calcutta. It is, however, at the great annual festivals, that the vastness of the population is most strikingly apparent. Missionaries who have been present on these occasions, describe the impressions produced on their minds by the immense concourse of human beings then congregated, as quite overwhelming.

At the feast of Doorga Poojah all the Hindoos assemble, and at the feast of the Mohurram all the Mohammedans; and if these two festivals should happen to occur at the same period of the year, as they sometimes do, it is impossible to convey any adequate conception of the scene. Thousands on thousands, myriads on myriads pass in procession through the long streets of the magnificent city, all mad upon their idols, or worked up to phrenzy in adoration of their prophet, presenting at once the most melancholy and the most heart-stirring spectacle upon which the eye can rest.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.—*Shak.*

TRUTH.

TRUTH, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding; whatsoever is besides that, however authorized by consent, or recommended by rarity, is nothing but ignorance, or something worse.—*Locke.*

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES

TO A ROSE, THAT CAME INTO BLOSSOM ON A
DECEMBER MORNING, AND FADED BEFORE
NIGHT.

Slowly, oh beauteous Rose,
Thou op'st thy glowing cup,
As loath, on this December day,
To yield thy fragrance up—
But lured by kindly warmth,
And by the genial rays
Of the bright sun, who o'er thee sheds,
His brief, but welcome blaze,—
Thy bosom thou unveil'st
To meet his ardent kiss,
And spread'st thy "paradise of leaves,"
All tremulous with bliss,—
Waking to life and joy,
As queen-like on thy stem,
Thou sitt'st, with fragrance redolent,
A peerless floral gem!

Think'st thou, a leafy bower
O'er-canopies thy head,
Through whose bright net-work, emerald green,
A golden light is shed?
And look'st for answering smiles,
From sisters young and fair,
For tufted violets at thy feet,
Whose perfume freights the air?
Ah, drear is all without,
Seen through thy chrystal wall,
The green earth buried deep beneath,
A broad and snowy pall!
In vain, in vain, lone Rose,
Thou lift'st thy tiny voice,
Deeming thine own bright race around,
Will at thy birth rejoice,
Swelling the pæan glad,
With fairy minstrelsy,
Rung from the lily's silver chime,
Of sweet bells swinging high.

For, joyous are the tones,
Reed-like, and small, and low,
That issue from each floweret's cup,
Soft as a streamlet's flow.
The Tulip breathes her tale
Into the Janquill's ear,
And the tall Monk'shood bends his head,
The Pansy's voice to hear.
Too fine for mortal sense
This mystic melody,
Yet by the wild bird heard full oft,
And the enamoured bee.

* Squathey.

Silent thou sitt'st, fair Rose!
No floral revelry
Welcomes thy birth, for thou alone,
Wear'st summer's 'broidery.
What marvel then, thy hue,
Should pale before the eve?
They are not with thee, whom thou lov'st,
Can'st thou do aught but grieve?
Sad, and yet blest thy fate,
In thy first blossoming,
E'er blights and frosts have o'er thee fall'n,
Thus early withering.

Ah, they may envy thee,
Who, in life's garden stand,
Lone flowers, and sad, companionless,
Last of a happy band.
Pale, dying Rose, farewell!
Type of our earth-born joys,
Nurtured in hope, with beauty rife,
Till some cold blight destroys,
When like thy fading leaves,
They too lie scattered,
Baring, to wound us, pointed thorns,
Which late by flowers were hid.

E. L. C.

December 20.

SLAVERY.

SLAVERY is so vile and miserable an estate of man, and so directly opposite to the generous temper and courage of our nation, that it is hardly to be conceived that an Englishman, much less a gentleman, should plead for it. And truly I should have taken Sir Robert Filmer's *Patriarcha*, or any other treatise which would persuade all men that they are slaves and ought to be so, for such another exercise of wit as was his who wrote the encomium of Nero, rather than for a serious discourse, had not the gravity of the title and epistle, the frontispiece, and the applause that followed it, required me to believe that the author and publisher were both in earnest. I therefore took it into my hands with all the expectation, and read it through with all the attention, due to a treatise that made such a noise at its coming abroad; and cannot but confess myself much surprised, that in a book which was to provide chains for all mankind, I should find nothing but a rope of sand; useful to such, perhaps, whose skill and business it is to raise a dust, and would blind the people the better to mislead them; but, in truth, not of any force to draw those into bondage who have their eyes open, and so much sense as to consider that chains are but an ill-wearing, how much care soever hath been taken to file and polish them.—*John Locke's Two Treatises on Government.*

(ORIGINAL.)

BEATRICE; OR, THE SPOILED CHILD

A TALE.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.

Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind.

• • •

Anger is like a full hot horse, who being allowed
his way, self mettle tires him.

Shakspeare.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done.

Ibid.

ON gaining the end of the road immediately leading from the house, Sir Claude reined in his horse, and proceeded at a slower pace, his page taking care to keep at a respectful distance from him. It was now the autumn, and the leaves were fast falling around them, as they struck into the new forest, while the wind, moaning through the branches of the trees, as they waved majestically above their heads, inspired our young heroine with melancholy reflections. She knew nothing of Sir Claude's intentions on arriving at Lyndhurst; but the fearful words he had uttered in his displeasure, "that it would be better for them to part," continued to ring in her ears, and fill her with dismay. As it grew darker, and the scene more dreary, she drew nearer to him, instinctively, for protection.

"We are going to have a rough night of it, Master Tony, I fear," said Sir Claude, looking up to the heavens, where threatening clouds seemed gathering; "yet a storm without is better than a storm within, and I had no choice."

The page murmured a reply in the lowest tone.

"Why, what ails you, sir?" inquired Sir Claude, casting a furtive glance on his companion; "are you sulky or sad?"

"I have got the tooth-ache," replied the page, in a feigned voice.

"The tooth-ache! poor boy, I pity you, but will not recommend the remedy of Benedict, 'to get married.' The tooth-ache is a less evil than the heart-ache!" and Sir Claude sighed heavily as he said this. "Yet, care avaunt," he continued in a gayer tone, "we will break our chain and go back to the wars, my boy—say, how would you like that?"

"I should not like it at all," muttered the page, sullenly.

"Is that the case, craven? then a life of ease and luxury is spoiling you; but the bugle shall rouse your dormant energies, sirrah, and restore your courage.

Hark at the thunder! Let us push on, else the storm will overtake us ere we gain shelter."

Beatrice now found it rather difficult to keep up with her companion, who had dashed on at full speed. From her earliest childhood she had been accustomed to ride, the management of a troublesome horse was, therefore, comparatively easy to her; but the increasing gloom, and the unpromising appearance of the weather were by no means cheering signs, and she looked eagerly forward in the hope of seeing some friendly habitation start up before her. At any other hour or season, the road they were pursuing would have appeared highly picturesque and beautiful; but now it looked dreary enough, and as Beatrice reflected that the new forest had occasionally been a harbour for smugglers, her meditations, as they advanced, were not of the most pleasing description. From these she was awakened by the sound of approaching horses, and in a few minutes, two men, mounted and muffled up in rough pilot coats, overtook them. Beatrice trembled, for her worst fears seemed realized. They eyed her most suspiciously as they drew near, while one of them remarked:

"This is a rough night for travelling, youngster: whither are you bound?"

"I am following my master," replied the terrified girl: "he is going to Lyndhurst."

"To Lyndhurst! he will scarcely reach that before midnight."

The voice and manner of the stranger reassured her, since they pronounced him to be of gentle kindred, notwithstanding his outward appearance.

"Have others passed you on the road?" was the next question, to which she replied in the negative.

Sir Claude turned round on hearing voices, when the page drew back, while the strangers advanced. A few words passed between them, when, putting spurs to their horses, they galloped off, and were soon out of sight. The rain now commenced falling heavily, accompanied by terrific peals of thunder. The road, which had led them in a winding direction, now brought them to a branch running into many paths. It was by this time quite dark, save when the lightning flashed fearfully in their faces. At this moment a light glimmered at some distance amongst the forest trees. It was a welcome sight to our young heroine, who began to feel faint and weary, from not having tasted any food

since the early part of the day. She fondly hoped that Sir Claude might be induced to seek shelter in the habitation, if such it proved, until the violence of the tempest had abated, even though it would lead him to discover her, and she rode up to him as they drew nearer to the spot. Sir Claude took notice that his attendant appeared drooping, and scarcely able to sit his horse, and said, in a kind tone :

"Poor boy, I am afraid you are suffering pain. This is scarcely a night I would have turned a dog out, and though I have braved it to please myself, I am scarcely justified in exposing you to its fury. Ride on, and knock at yonder house where you see the light. I wish you had told me that you were not well before you started."

Beatrice dared not trust her voice to reply, but instantly and gladly obeyed the order. A few minutes brought her to a large stone building, from one of the windows of which streamed the light that had attracted them. She rode round it to find the entrance. One small door, strongly barricaded, met her view, while the house itself looked forlorn and much dilapidated. Sir Claude now approached, and observed the place with attention, then knocked at the door with the end of his riding whip; but after waiting and receiving no answer, he became impatient, and called aloud :

"Hulloa! master! unbar your inhospitable door and give us shelter from the tempest, else will I shiver it into splinters, churl that you are."

These words caused a movement within: a window was opened, and the figure of an old man, his head adorned with a red nightcap, appeared at it, who inquired in querulous tones :

"What are you doing here at this hour, disturbing quiet folks? ride on to the inn, it is only two miles off," and with these words he retreated, closing the casement.

"By heavens, you shall repent this," said Sir Claude. "Antonio, hold my horse, while I give the old boy a volley of stones, to teach him civility."

He dismounted as he spoke, and throwing up several, he quickly brought the old man back in alarm.

"Don't break my windows!" he exclaimed. "what is it you want?"

"Shelter till the storm passes. Come down quick, or here goes," said Sir Claude, holding up a large stone.

"Patience, patience, worthy sir; spare my windows, for I am an old man, helpless and desolate. How many are you?"

"Only two, and we have gold. Are you coming?"

"Gold, say you? Yes, yes, and you shall have the best accommodation my house affords."

"Aye, aye, a golden key turns all locks," muttered Sir Claude, when, after a little more delay, he heard the door slowly unbarred, and a heavy chain unlinked.

The old man came cautiously forward, carrying a lantern. He was withered in appearance and nearly bent double with age. He held up the light to note with his keen and cunning eyes who were his guests. The noble bearing of Sir Claude seemed to satisfy him, and he invited him to enter in courteous tones.

"Have you a stable where we can put up the horses for awhile," demanded Sir Claude.

The man hesitated, and then said that the only place he possessed was a shed for his donkey. It proved a wretched wooden building, through the roof of which the rain was pouring fast. The poor donkey looked round, on the entrance of the strangers, and in the melancholy depicted on its honest face, and the leanness of its sides might be traced the want and misery to which it was doomed.

"Antonio, this will never do," said Sir Claude, who was extremely particular about his horses. "I fear we must push on through the storm."

Beatrice, who had dismounted, and was holding her horse, merely sighed at this remark, while the old man rejoined :

"There is a barn about twenty yards from this, belonging to a neighbour of mine, perhaps your honour might get shelter for them there."

"Lead me to it, and I will inquire," replied Sir Claude. "Antonio, you remain here till we return."

He was preparing to go as he said this, when Beatrice, terrified at the idea of being left alone in such a place, and forgetting all else besides, sprang after him, exclaiming in an agony :

"Oh! Claude! take me with you, for mercy's sake!"

Sir Claude started at the voice. He seized her by the arm, and dragging her to the light, ejaculated :

"Good God! is it possible?" Then instantly recovering himself, he turned to the old man, saying : "The horses may remain here. Lead us into the house."

After securing them as well as it was in his power, he took the hand of the trembling Beatrice, but uttered not another word, until they had passed through the low door, which the old man carefully barred up again, and entered a long dark passage. He conducted them up a broken flight of steps into an apartment, comfortless beyond all description— one table, a chair, and a wretched pallet, being the only articles of furniture it contained, save a few broken pieces of glass and crockery on a shelf. The dying embers of what once had been a fire, were scattered over the hearth. These their host collected together, blowing them with his breath into a blaze. Sir Claude looked on in silence, the stern expression of his countenance proclaiming his thoughts; while Beatrice clung to his arm, her pale cheek resting on his shoulder.

"Have you one glass of wine in this den of abominations?" he demanded, after casting a hurried

glance upon her. "Old man, here is gold: for God's sake, bring some quickly?"

He threw a piece on the table as he spoke. The man eagerly clutched at it with his long bony fingers, and after eyeing it with a grin of satisfaction, he dropped it into a leathern bag at his girdle, saying:

"Lord love you, master, where is a poor man like me to get wine? I be's a temperance man."

"Confound your temperance, old churl. Bring brandy—any thing to chafe the boy's temples: don't you see that he is fainting," returned Sir Claude, in an angry tone, and flinging his arm round the sinking Beatrice. "Leave the light and begone," as the man was retreating from the room with the lantern.

"I have got no other in the house," grumbled the old miser; "I will be back in a minute or so," and he closed the door, leaving Sir Claude and Beatrice in total darkness.

"What madness has possessed you, unhappy girl, to follow me thus, and place both yourself and me in a situation like the present?" now said Sir Claude, in a voice of great displeasure; "and how dare you tamper with my servants, teaching them to disobey my orders, and exposing me to their insolent remarks. By heavens! you little know the man you are trying in this senseless way, else would you reflect before you act."

"Antonio was not to blame," feebly murmured Beatrice, who was quite subdued by fear and fatigue: "he knew nothing of my intention. The thought of your going away from me, and in anger, was too much for me to bear. Oh, Claude! dearest Claude! forgive me this time?"

As she said this, her head fell heavily on his bosom, and she became so still, that in his alarm he uttered a malediction at the tardiness of the old man, every instant appearing an age, till he returned with a broken bottle, containing some brandy. This, Sir Claude applied to the temples and the lips of Beatrice, lying her gently on the floor, for on the bed he would not place her. The miser held the light down, and gazed wonderstruck upon the beautiful creature, whose long golden ringlets, now escaped from their confinement, fell in rich profusion over her pale face and shoulders.

"The winds of heaven have seldom blown roughly on that youngster, I am thinking," he said, astonished at the delicacy of the supposed boy's appearance.

"Rather too roughly tonight, at all events," returned Sir Claude, who, harassed and distressed, hung anxiously over her, addressing to her a few words as he perceived her eyes slowly unclosing. Beatrice answered him by a faint smile, and a pressure of his hand that held hers.

"Now go, old man, and bring a few logs of wood to kindle a fire with," said Sir Claude; "and if you can add to these a loaf of bread, I will thank you."

"And where is a poor man like me to get a few logs and a loaf of bread?" whined the miser.

But he was checked by the anger of Sir Claude, who by this time had discerned his character.

"Get them where you got the brandy, old starveling. Come start, or I will go in search of them myself."

"Pardon me, worthy sir," replied the miser, in some perturbation, "maybe I may gather some two or three sticks; but as for bread, unless, indeed, you have more gold——"

"There, miserable wretch, vociferated Sir Claude, throwing another piece on the floor, "you would barter your soul for gold, I believe."

A violent peal of thunder burst immediately over the crazy building at this moment.

"Lord have mercy on us," said the startled old man. "This is indeed an awful night." He picked up the gold hastily as he spoke, mumbling his thanks as he once more left the room.

Sir Claude now sat down, and resting his elbow on the table, gazed silently and gloomily upon Beatrice, who, recovered from her faintness, was sitting at his feet, her beautiful head bowed down dejectedly on her knees. He laid his hand upon it, saying:

"Well, wilful one, how is it with you now?"

"Beatrice raised her face to his: his countenance had somewhat relaxed from its severity, and she grasped his hand as she replied:

"Better, dearest Claude. Tell me that you pardon me and I shall be well—and oh, if God only brings us safely through this night, never will I again yield to my unchristian temper."

"Peace, peace, I will listen to no promises," returned Sir Claude. "Yours are written in the sands, which the first light breeze scatters away. I am tired of these constant altercations, and feel sick at heart."

The melancholy of his voice and manner affected Beatrice far more deeply than his anger. She felt that by her intemperate folly she was risking the loss of his affection, which she prized beyond all other possessions, and she shed tears of bitterness at the thought. No more was said by either till the return of the old miser with half a loaf of bread and a few logs of wood, which he threw on the hearth and after considerable labour kindled into a bright and cheerful blaze. Sir Claude then persuaded Beatrice to taste the bread, which to please him she strove to do; but the fast of many hours, added to anxiety and fatigue, had destroyed all desire for food. He now proposed a visit to the horses and to see whether the weather was at all likely to clear, as a night spent in such an abode of wretchedness was not to be thought of.

"Do not be alarmed, I will return to you immediately," he said to Beatrice, on perceiving the terror painted in her countenance as she was leaving the room.

She knew that remonstrance with him would be unavailing, and she heard the door close upon her with an agony of fear which no pen can describe. She continued to listen to each sound, gazing timidly round her, and fancying she saw frightful forms in every shadow which the flickering flames cast upon the walls. The tempest had by this time lulled, or now only came in fitful gusts, as if sobbing itself to rest, while with every blast the old doors and shattered casements rattled and creaked in melancholy discordance. Beatrice cowered over the fire, shivering and miserable, as she reflected how perfectly happy she might have been at this hour with her husband in their own beautiful home, but for her irascible conduct.

"Oh, my mother," she exclaimed, "if you had taught me patience and forbearance when I was a child, happy would it have been for me now—where shall I seek for help—where but from God. Oh, will He, will He hear me, sinful as I have been in giving way to my unholy passions."

She sank on her knees as she uttered this in broken accents, when the consoling words from the Sacred volume, immediately recurred to her as an answer from on High: "I am with thee," saith the Lord, "to save thee. I will correct thee in measure, and will not leave thee altogether unpunished." She remained meditating, and occasionally offering up an ejaculation more fervent than she had ever done before. So true it is that we never seek God in earnest till we feel our need of His Divine assistance and support, then will the cry of "Lord save us, we perish," come indeed from our hearts.

In the attitude of prayer Sir Claude found her on his re-entrance. This softened him at once, and raising her in his arms, he pressed her affectionately to his bosom.

"Oh! thank God—thank God," murmured Beatrice. "Now I know you have forgiven me. Shall we leave this horrid place, dearest Claude; indeed I am rested enough, and I do not mind the rain."

"Not yet, my own; have patience," replied Sir Claude; "the moon will be up presently, when we will proceed to the first inn, and obtain some conveyance to carry your little truant ladyship home, where, no doubt, your absence has caused great uneasiness. I must postpone my visit to Lyndhurst until tomorrow; thanks to your wisdom."

"I am ashamed of myself for the part I have acted," returned Beatrice, clinging fondly to him; "but it was your own words which alarmed me so much, 'that it would be better for us to part.' Oh, Claude, you did not mean them?"

"Why, would it not be better to part than be always quarrelling?"

"Ah, no, no; life without you now would be as forlorn and dreary as the tomb which is closed against all that is bright, and beautiful, and happy; you know that I should die were you to leave me?"

"And you know how dear you are to me, or you never would have tempted me so far as you have done this day, yet beware, my Beatrice, in time; men do not possess the devotion of your sex for a beloved object—we must not feel the chain that binds us to you—else does it become irksome."

"Yet tell me only this, Claude, were you free at the present moment would you make again the same choice?"

She looked earnestly in his face as she spoke—he could not resist the appeal.

"Yes, from ten thousand," he replied, pressing his lips with passionate fervour to hers; "your guileless nature has conquered one who has always been considered harsh, stern, inflexible; you know best whether I merit this character at your hands."

"I have seen you so to others, never to me; yet in that dreadful countenance which you can so strangely assume, I read the angry state of your feelings. Claude, I wish I could suppress mine—you must teach me how; for you, I think, I could do anything."

Their conversation was at this moment interrupted by the sound of men's voices underneath the window of the room in which they were. Sir Claude held up his finger to Beatrice to command her silence, while she fearfully clung to him, as she heard oaths and execrations mixed with every word they uttered.

"Come forth, old Finchbeck," cried one, "we want to make a bargain with you; let us in, I say, for the officers are on the look out for us, and we must be quick."

"What is it you want, my masters?" demanded the querulous voice of the old miser, unclosing his lattice.

"Have we not told you, you d——d old cunning rascal; come down instantly or this crow-bar shall find us an entrance," said another voice, whose coarse tones struck terror to the heart of Beatrice.

"Have you brought gold with you," enquired the miser.

"Aye, aye, gold enough to fill up your grave; down then with you and lead us to the cellar."

"Hush, hush, my masters, you may be heard. I will come to you in a trice."

Beatrice fixed her eyes on her husband—but extreme terror had chained her tongue. He held her in his arms, while his brow became contracted, and his lips firmly compressed. They heard the steps of the old man cautiously descending the creaking staircase, and the heavy iron chain unlinked, succeeded by the rough voices of the men in the passage. Much whispering followed, and a shuffling of feet along the stone pavement. They seemed retreating, when presently a violent struggle was heard, and a cry so piercing, so awful, that Beatrice, unable to bear more, re-echoed the dreadful sound and sank on the bosom of her husband.

"Silence, for your life, and listen," he said, eternally.

Another and another cry, followed by horrible imprecations, seemed to curdle the very blood in their veins. Beatrice gasped, yet dared not yield to her agonising alarm, which was, however, powerfully expressed in her distended eyes and parted lips. Sir Claude stood for several moments irresolute, till the voice of the old man in faint and heart-rending accents called out :

"Oh ! stranger ! noble stranger ! help ! murder ! help !" His words were lost amidst the curses of the ruffians.

To endure this was impossible. Brave and chivalrous as he was, he would not have paused a single instant but for his helpless wife. He now broke from her frantic hold and rushed to the door unmindful of her screams ; he burst it open, while in loud and appalling tones, he vociferated :

"Stay, incarnate fiends, cease from your dastardly work—behold retribution is at hand."

As he spoke he fired off a pistol which he had carried in his bosom, when a fearful yell was immediately followed by the heavy tread of feet down a flight of stone steps. A feeble groan guided Sir Claude to the spot, where by the light of the lantern which was lying on the ground, he beheld the unfortunate miser stretched on his back at the entrance of the cellar. Sir Claude had the precaution to close the door and draw the bolt ; he then raised the wretched creature in his arms. A frightful gash appeared across his throat, and another over his eye, while his grey hairs were completely saturated with blood. Inexpressibly shocked, Sir Claude addressed him in pitying accents. The life of the unhappy man was fast ebbing away, but true to the character, which had caused his dreadful fate, he strove to articulate :

"They are gone for my gold. Don't let them take it. Oh ! oh ! Help ! I am an old poor man."

A livid hue overspread his withered face. One sigh followed and the miserable wretch was gone forever ; a victim to the sordid desire of amassing that wealth for which he had not only sacrificed his life—but his immortal soul.*

Not a moment was now to be lost. Sir Claude, on seeing that all was over, bounded up the staircase and into the room where he had left Beatrice. She had crawled to the door where she lay with her face on the ground ; in an agony of alarm he lifted her up and bore her swiftly from the scene of horror. He heard the voices of the ruffians in the cellar beneath as he gained the end of the passage ; they seemed drawing nearer and nearer ; with a trembling hand

* The scene of this murder, which the writer has laid in the new forest, occurred on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The house of the old miser may be seen between Dickenson's Landing and Prescott.

he unbarred the door, which he hastily opened, just as a frightful oath struck on his ear ; he closed it after him and with his unconscious burden proceeded towards the shed. The moon was by this time shining brightly, and the storm passed away. The horses who knew his voice began to neigh on hearing him approach. His situation was not enviable ; yet one calculated to call out the cool, determined courage of the soldier. The air had partially revived Beatrice, who feebly murmured some indistinct words.

"Beatrice, rise up from this womanly weakness," said her husband, sternly. "Foul murderers are near us, and if you wish to preserve your own life and mine, you will exert all the daring spirit of your nature and act, else by heavens we both are lost."

Could such intelligence be received in vain.

"Only help me to mount and God will give me strength," gasped the poor girl.

Sir Claude lifted her into her saddle, and then sprang upon his own horse—taking her reins in his hand to lead her out ; he spoke to her encouragingly, but as he would have done to a very young soldier ; not tenderly, or in kindness, since in such a moment he knew it would only soften her to tears, and destroy her returning powers. His decisive manner produced the desired effect. She obeyed his directions implicitly, and in a few more minutes they had turned away from the abode of death and misery to proceed to the nearest inn—whose lights, after a ride of two miles gleamed cheerfully through the trees. Thankfully did Sir Claude halt before its hospitable door, and give his horses into the charge of the ostler, then enter under its humble roof with his interesting charge. A bright fire blazed on the ample hearth of the kitchen. Several men were sitting round it, who, on the approach of Sir Claude drew back. Beatrice attired, as she was, attracted their curious attention, and was immediately recognized by the two strangers who had passed her and Sir Claude in the forest. They gazed upon the pale beautiful creature as she sank into the nearest chair in profound astonishment ; but there was *that* in the proud, dignified appearance, and the distant manners of Sir Claude, which repelled all advances or enquiries. He now called for wine, which he compelled Beatrice to swallow, while he drank off a large glass himself ; he then gave orders for a carriage to be in immediate readiness to take them back to Lynington, sitting down by her till it was announced. Under any other circumstances she would have felt the extreme awkwardness of her present situation most painfully ; but her thoughts were so completely absorpt in the horrors she had witnessed at the old miser's house, that all was forgotten, unseen, disregarded. Sir Claude abstained from addressing her, lest any particular attention on his part might lead to a discovery of who she was ; yet from time to time he cast anxious glances on her deathlike countenance,

and great was his relief, when at length he was told that a carriage awaited him at the door. Ere he departed he called the landlord aside, and disclosed to him the murder of the unfortunate old miser, stating in few words how he had become acquainted with it. The character of the miser appeared to be well known in the neighbourhood, and his trade of smuggling suspected.

"Those are officers belonging to the preventive service, who are now in my house," said mine host; "they have been on the look out all this evening, owing to intelligence they received of smugglers being concealed some where in the forest; perhaps, sir, you will communicate your discovery to themselves."

"I am anxious to reach home on account of my young companion, who is ill," replied Sir Claude, drawing the arm of Beatrice within his; "tomorrow I shall be this way again—until which time I leave my horses under your care; but I caution you to use every means to secure those atrocious villains, who, I fear, must have already escaped with their booty."

The landlord bowed low, accompanying his guest to the door. Beatrice was then lifted into the carriage, followed by Sir Claude. Who can express the relief it was to her long suppressed feelings as it drove rapidly away, to cast herself on his bosom, where he tenderly held her, and to weep floods of tears.

They did not reach Lymington until past midnight. Lady Brereton and Mary were still sitting up in a state of great anxiety, and affectionately and gratefully was the young truant welcomed by them both, as she was led into the house by her husband, who solicitous that she should, if possible, obtain repose after all she had undergone, desired that no questions might be asked her. What a transition from the scene of squalid misery and vice she had left, now appeared her own elegant room with its luxurious bed; its couches, and cheerful lamps burning on the table. On entering it, she clasped her hands, ejaculating:

"What am I, that I should possess all these. Oh, I never, never could have imagined that the world, so beautiful as it is, could have contained so much guilt—so much misery," and she shuddered.

Mary and her woman, Melford, both assisted her to undress, but owing to the instructions of Sir Claude, they did so almost in silence.

"I will pray for you tonight, my darling sister," said Mary, kissing her pale cheek, which now rested on its pillow. "Good night; and may all kind spirits watch around your slumbers."

On the entrance of Sir Claude a short time after, he was thankful to find that a deep sleep had stolen over her. No eye save that of God was now upon this proud stern man, and he knelt; yes, knelt by her side, and as he gazed upon her angel face—so calm, so beautiful in its repose, he offered up a

prayer in grateful acknowledgment, that the dangers of the night were passed; and that she who he loved had been preserved to him through all its horrors.

But justice was still to be performed, and the following day beheld Sir Claude in the character he was better known by, that of a determined, rigorous disciplinarian. He called for Antonio, who in fear and trembling pleaded his innocence in having disobeyed his orders, alleging that he had been locked up until long after Sir Claude's departure; he added that if he had only known where to follow him he certainly would have done so.

"The fault was entirely Mrs. Melford's, sir," said the boy, viewing, in alarm, the gathering storm in the eye of Sir Claude. "She first 'ticed me into Mrs. Crampton's preserve closet, and then went to my room for my best suit, and a fine state it is in, sir, all over mud—quite spoiled, sir."

"Silence, sirrah," vociferated Sir Claude; "you must have been an egregious fool to suffer yourself to be cajoled by a woman—desire Melford to come to me, and do you hear, be ready to attend me punctually at three o'clock—one moment later at your peril."

Antonio quickly retreated, thankful to have escaped so well, yet muttering to himself:

"Fool, indeed; I know some one else who has suffered himself to be cajoled by a woman, wise as he may be."

Melford entered the library courtesying and smiling, with her best cap on, trusting that rather a pretty face might speak in her behalf, but Sir Claude gave her no encouragement. In a quiet, yet most determined tone, he ordered her to prepare for immediate departure from his house, at the same time placing her wages before her.

"Oh, dear, Sir Claude, you cannot be so cruel, and me so fond of my lady," said Melford, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. "I am sure I said all that I dared say to dissuade her from following you, but you know that when her ladyship sets her heart on anything no power can change her."

"Indeed, I was not aware of that," returned Sir Claude, carelessly. "I am sorry for you but I make it a rule never to retain that person in my service who has once betrayed my confidence; therefore, I repeat that I no longer consider you as belonging to my household."

Melford wept and pleaded in vain. Sir Claude was inflexible, and at length indignant that her persuasive powers should meet no success she flounced out of the room, saying:

"Cold, harsh, tyrant—hearts must have been shocking scarce when he was made, that's pretty certain."

Mary was sitting in the apartment of Beatrice, who languid and sorrowful, had felt too unwell to leave it. Sir Claude had already taken his departure with the intention of remaining at Lyndhurst until the day following. The hour was noon, and from the

silence maintained by the sisters it would seem that each was deeply engaged in thought, till Mary, looking up from her work, fixed her eyes upon Beatrice reclining on a couch, her face concealed with her hands; and as her sister continued to regard her attentively she perceived tears trickling down from between her slender fingers. Unable to resist such an appeal to her feelings, she flew to her side, and gently striving to remove them, said in her own soft and soothing voice:

"What is distressing my sweet sister, tell me, my Beatrice, I entreat of you, never have you yet had a thought concealed from me?"

"Oh, Mary," replied Beatrice, now laying her beautiful head on the shoulder of her kneeling sister, "the remembrance of last night has filled me with such horror that I feel, as if I never should be the same light-hearted happy being I have been again. The awful cries of the old man for help; those dreadful oaths and execrations, they will ring in my ears for ever—did Claude say that they murdered him?" and she gazed wildly on Mary, as she made the enquiry.

"Do not dwell upon the painful subject at present, my sister," returned Mary, turning pale at the mention of the horrible circumstance; "you know that Claude, particularly charged me not to suffer you to do so, and we must not disobey him."

"How I wish that he had not gone to the fearful place again, or that I could sleep until his return," rejoined Beatrice; "my mind is tormented with a thousand vague fears for his safety, which I dare not form into words."

"Then dismiss them all, and remember who is watching over him."

"Thank God you are with me, dear Mary, at this time," returned Beatrice, clasping her arms round her sister's neck. "No one ever possessed the power to soothe me as you can—how is it that under all circumstances I behold you so calm, so full of repose; would that I could acquire the same."

"And so you would, my dear Beatrice, if you would learn to rest more upon your Heavenly Father—and less upon man—to desire nothing too eagerly—to grieve for nothing too immoderately. God will not dwell in a divided heart, and it is his presence alone that gives peace to the soul. I speak from sad experience; there was a time, my sister, when an earthly object filled mine, and oh, the distractions the wanderings in prayer, the heart burnings I suffered; but I was despoiled of my idol, and though, at first, the stroke was agony, yet when afterwards I calmly reviewed it, I could behold the love and wisdom that directed the Lord's hand, for had the desires of that period been granted, I certainly should not have been so happy as I now am; so little do we know in our blindness the things that are for our good."

"Ah, but you possess so much philosophy, Mary;

while I have none; even this morning, when Claude told me in his provokingly quiet, yet resolute manner, that he had dismissed poor Melford, how difficult I found it to command my angry feelings—nothing but the remembrance of his kindness last night could have enabled me to do so. I cannot bear contradiction."

"And yet you will find as you journey on through life with Claude, that you must bow your will to his, unless you prefer to live amidst constant storms. He is not one who will yield to any one, and as you desire to retain his affection, you must never let him witness in you the conduct of yesterday; make it the subject of every prayer to the Almighty God that he will grant you grace to curb your headstrong passions, else will they plunge you into many a woe which remorse cannot remedy."

Beatrice reflected a few moments and then enquired:

"Is Claude what you term a religious man?"

Mary hesitated, and then replied:

"He is not what God terms religious, my sister. I dare not deceive you on so momentous a subject. He has many fine qualities; he is generous, brave, affectionate, and honourable; these are fine sounding names, but if they do not spring from love to God, and desire for his glory, they are not exempt from sin, since pride, or love of fame, and the praise of man, may be united to them all."

"And yet he would shrink from the committal of any base or wicked act, what more do you require?"

"God requires purity of thought as well as of action, submission to his commands, and the subduing every passion, will, or appetite, that is opposed to his Divine Laws; even pride—undue pride—is not sanctioned by this perfect being."

"Ah, I know that you consider Claude as too proud, yet was it this which first led me to admire him; he seemed to stand alone, cold, indifferent to all, and when he smiled upon me, how I triumphed!"

"Wait till this pride of his crosses some darling wish of your own, my sister," replied Mary, smiling, "and then will you desire to see more of the spirit of one of God's children in our dear Claude—you have not forgotten the precepts of Edward Mortimer, I trust; "that of ourselves we can do nothing acceptable, since we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God; that we must cast down our high and lofty views of our own worth, and come in meekness and humbleness to Jesus," for till we feel our need of his redemption, how can we value all that he has done and suffered for us, as we ought to do?"

Their conversation was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of a servant with letters—one from Mrs. Annesley to Beatrice, and another from Mr. Mortimer, to Mary, in which he expressed in many and christian terms, his gratitude at the happy

change in the tide of his affairs, owing (under Heaven) to the noble kindness of Sir Claude Brereton. For whose spiritual and earthly prosperity he devoutly prayed. There was much in this letter affecting to Mary; his expressions of affection for herself, and the picture of domestic happiness which he drew, with her as his dear assistant in the duties of his parish, melting her even to tears. Mr. and Mrs. Annesley had awarded their consent to his aspiring hopes—hopes which at one time, he had dared scarcely own even to himself.

“But who,” he added, “can limit the power of Almighty God. When Mary drew near the sepulchre of the Lord, wondering how the stone might be rolled away which hid him from her sight—behold it was already gone. How many stones do we find removed out of our daily walk which we had thought eternally fixed. Oh! for more faith to trust in His mercy and goodness. Tell my dear little pupil, Beatrice, (for by that fond appellation I must still venture to call her) how I rejoice in the prospect of becoming her brother: in heart I have always loved her as one—and she knows it. May I claim hers notwithstanding my many lectures.”

“Indeed, indeed, he may,” replied Beatrice, warmly, on Mary’s reading this message aloud. “There are very few who I value as I do my kind Mr. Mortimer: the little good that is in me, I owe to him.”

“As God’s instrument, my sister,” rejoined Mary, in whose sweet face beamed the happiness she felt; “but what says my mother—will you not tell me her news?” for Beatrice had folded her letter and put it aside in silence. She now placed it in the hands of her sister, who felt grieved to find how entirely it was filled with the trifles of this world. In speaking of Mary’s prospects she said: “Had she been beautiful as you are, my child, never would I have given my consent to her union with Mr. Mortimer, who has no connexions to recommend him, but when I came to reflect that, in all probability, his would be the only offer she might ever have made to her, I thought it as well to accede. I am sure, I hope, they may be very happy. Mary is easily pleased, poor thing, that is one advantage.”

“Even this affects not my present happy feelings,” replied Mary, smiling, as she returned the heartless letter to Beatrice, whose cheek glowed with indignation at the slighting manner in which her excellent sister had been mentioned, but the gentle sigh she breathed seemed to contradict this assertion, and it touched Beatrice, who, throwing her arms fondly round her, said:

“Little does mamma reflect how far more deserving you are of admiration than her spoiled and wilful Beatrice; but others know it, and appreciate you as you deserve; and when you are settled at your charming Parsonage you will let us come and

visit you, will you not, that we may become good as you are?”

The reply of Mary was an affectionate embrace, for at the moment she dared not trust her voice to speak.

During this day Lady Brereton came in frequently to see Beatrice, the time when she would have felt only displeasure at her wild and thoughtless conduct having passed, notwithstanding the coloured representations made by Mrs. Pry, whose sense of propriety had been completely outraged on hearing it; but then Mrs. Fry was one of those prim, precise old maids, who, to substantiate her claims for the strictest decorum, thought it necessary to cast odium upon every one else. She had lived with her lady for many years, and had become necessary to her from habit rather than from any merit she possessed. She was much disliked by the other servants, on account of her fondness for repeating everything she heard to Lady Brereton, and consequently making mischief. On the present occasion her astonishment was great, in proportion to her ideas of the magnitude of the offence given by Beatrice. When she perceived the calm dignified silence with which her lady listened to her remarks, aggravating them by stating that Antonio had devoured all Mrs. Crampton’s preserves, whilst locked up in her closet.

“Even to your ladyship’s favourite ginger,” she added, with increasing asperity.

“Indeed,” replied Lady Brereton, “then Mrs. Crampton had better obtain more immediately.”

She walked into the room of Beatrice as she said this, leaving Mrs. Pry gazing after her in utter amazement.

Beatrice was much struck by the forbearance of Lady Brereton towards her contrasting it as she did with her former hauteur, under far less provocations.

“Powerful, indeed, must be the influence of religion on a heart so proud and haughty, as to produce the change I now see,” she mentally said, as she met the softened anxious gaze of the matron, and listened to the tender enquiries she made, whether she were recovered. “How dear she has become to me since I have ceased to fear her. I would not give her pain now, if I could avoid it, for worlds.”

It was late on the subsequent day ere Sir Claude returned. Beatrice had been watching for him for hours, and now when she perceived him riding up to the house, she flew out to meet him with all the affection her warm nature prompted, expressing her joy at his arrival. He received her salutation coldly, scarcely answering her, while he turned to give a few orders to Antonio before entering the house. Beatrice felt hurt, mortified and indignant, while Mary whispered:

“Something has vexed him, dear; do not appear to notice it.”

This was a difficult task for Beatrice, who sat down pouting at the window.

"Your Quixotic adventure has been made pretty public, Lady Brereton," at length said Sir Claude, turning round to address her. It was the first time he had done so thus formally, and his voice sounded strange and harsh in her ears; but concealing her feelings she tossed back her beautiful head with that childish, pettish air, habitual to her when annoyed, and replied:

"Has it, indeed, then probably Lady Stormont may choose it as the subject for her next literary effort, and present it to you as a *gage d'amitié*. I hope she will conclude the romance by saying that the valiant knight rewarded the heroism of his lady fair by turning sullen and sulky, dear man."

A smile passed over the face of Sir Claude at this reply.

"You are quite recovered, I perceive, young lady," he said, holding out his hand to her.

"While you are only recovering," returned Beatrice, not deigning to accept it. "You may frown, Mary, but I have no notion of such airs: to turn his back upon me, indeed, before Antonio. He should not do that with impunity were he generalissimo of the army, instead of being lieutenant colonel of a marching regiment."

Sir Claude now laughed. "I forgot the respect due to your dignified little ladyship," he said, walking up to her, and making a low obeisance. "I humbly beg pardon."

Beatrice in an instant sprang into his arms: he pressed her tenderly, and then added:

"Are you aware, young incorrigible, that you lamed one of my best horses last night?"

"Is that all," returned Beatrice, smiling; "how fortunate that I did not break my own neck, while following you over hill and dale, and forests dark—Ah, Claude," she continued, her light manner changing, "how trifling a cause for vexation. Did you learn the result of that awful scene?"

"I did, dear; the wretched perpetrators of the deed have all been taken," replied Sir Claude; "they were three in number, and were discovered by a young boy who carried them across to Cowes in his boat. He heard them conversing together upon the subject of the murder, in the dialect of their country, for they were Irish. They little imagined that the boy understood them; but on arriving at Cowes he informed against them, and they have been lodged in jail to await their trial."*

"Thus has the judgment of the Lord followed them quickly," said Mary, who had listened to this statement with deep interest. "How true it is, that evil hunts the wicked person to destroy him, and destruction to all the workers of iniquity.' May God make us thankful that we are not as they."

Weeks now passed away, during which no event worthy of record took place. Since the close retirement maintained by Lady Brereton precluded all intercourse with the gay visitors at Lymington, beyond an occasional morning call from a few, this season for reflection was not left unimproved by Mary, who earnestly strove to devote it to the spiritual advantage of her young and lovely sister, who, she reminded, ought no longer "to speak as a child, understand as a child, or think as a child." "The Almighty has placed you in a sphere, comprising many responsibilities," she would say. "He has blessed you with a kind husband, with wealth, and numberless mercies; but for all these remember you will have to render an account on some future day, whether you have improved them to His glory, or wasted them wantonly and selfishly on your own gratifications. Beware of the sins of omission, for they will weigh as heavily against you as these of commission, in that day when the hearts of all shall be revealed. Oh, my sister, I cannot think of the period, when you may be plunged into the dissipations of a London life, without dismay. Alas! I have falsely termed it life, since St. Paul says, that 'She who lives in pleasure is dead while she liveth.' Spiritually dead! awful thought. May God preserve you from the snare; and he will, if you desire it from your heart. Never have a secret from your husband. To confide in, I know, one of your charming qualities. May you ever possess it; adding to it meekness, gentleness, and patience. Again must I warn you to conquer the passion of jealousy, which, if yielded to, will not only sap the very foundation of your religious principles, but might lead even to the evil you most dread—the alienation of your husband from you. Let him see qualities to admire and love in you; find in his home an abode of peace and happiness, and be assured he will never wander from it. Seek to draw him towards religion, by its graces which he beholds in you. Example does far, infinitely far, more than precept; and remember that the welfare of his precious soul may, through your instrumentality, be much advanced or injured. Oh, think what a solemn trust is this, and what your reflections would be in your last hour if you were to abuse it. Deem me not too strict in my advice, dearest Beatrice; at present it may appear so, but I hope fervently that the time will arrive when you will gladly renounce every thing inimical to a life of holiness, and become a true follower of your dear Redeemer."

Many were the walks enjoyed by the sisters together in the beautiful neighbourhood of Lymington, while Mary thus counselled, and Beatrice listened with devout attention; and when at the close of a few months they separated, the one to return to her parents' home until the period fixed for her union with Mr. Mortimer should arrive, and Beatrice to accompany her beloved Claude to Norwood Abbey,

* True.

it was with reciprocal feelings of regret and sorrow, chastened by the prospect of many bright hopes glittering in their onward path, which they viewed according to their opposite characters—Mary, with a calm, placid, and resigned heart—Beatrice, with all the eagerness of her ardent temperament.

A period deeply interesting to Sir Claude, to the Dowager Lady Brereton, and indeed to all connected with our young heroine, was now approaching, when she expected to bear the fond and proud appellation of mother. Mrs. Annesley had naturally wished that so important an event should take place at the Park, but this, for many reasons, was resolutely opposed by Sir Claude, who, at the same time, pressing invited her to the Abbey, that she might watch over her beloved child so long as she needed her tender care. Under any other circumstances, the pride of Mrs. Annesley would have taken alarm at her wishes being disregarded, but her feelings as a parent rose paramount to all minor considerations, and she gladly availed herself of the request. Never had the affection of Sir Claude for Beatrice been permitted to reveal itself so completely as at this time; he watched her with anxiety, avoiding all causes for irritation, and anticipating her wishes with such assiduous care, that Lady Brereton smilingly observed to him that Mrs. Annesley must have read him a lesson upon the art of spoiling. As the period drew nearer, this anxiety on his part became painful; he would walk at midnight in his library, while others slept, dwelling on the possibility of her death, until the fearful picture seemed to start forth before him in all its horrors—how great then was his relief, his joy, when at length the glad tidings were announced to him, that his Beatrice was safe, and had made him the father of twin boys—tears, the first he had ever been known to shed since his childhood, rose to his eyes, and he sought the privacy of his own chamber, that he might conceal an emotion which he felt ashamed he had been unable to conquer. His interview with Beatrice after this, and the sight of the infants reposing on the same pillow by her side, was full of touching interest, nor could one have discovered in him a trace of the haughty cold Sir Claude Brereton at the moment he bent over them in tenderness and love. Such a display of his softer feelings was rare indeed, save to Beatrice when in private; and Mrs. Annesley, who only knew him as he was known to the world in general, could not forbear expressing her surprise upon the occasion, while tears of joy coursed each other down her cheeks. The birth of these dear children afforded inexpressible happiness to the Dowager Lady Brereton—they seemed to fill up the painful void made in her widowed heart—and the only alloy she experienced was the reflection how great a delight they would have proved to the estimable Sir George had he lived to behold them. In due time the christening took place, with all the

state that Mrs. Annesley could desire—many of Sir Claude's great friends being present on the august occasion. The names of George and Henry were bestowed upon the children, who gave early promise that they would possess the beauty and noble appearance inherited from their parents. Mrs. Annesley remained a week at the Abbey after the ceremony, when she reluctantly took her departure, as she could not refuse the solicitations of Mary to be present at her marriage, which was solemnized in the most private manner, in the village church of Ashford. Herbert had long since taken his departure for the Military College at Sandhurst, and while Mr. Annesley secretly enjoyed the profound quiet to which he was promoted in his studio, the mother pined for the youthful merry voices she had been wont to hear, and the forms she had loved to see flocking around her, until she wept over the desolation of that home from whence they had all been scattered. Who can enter into her feelings, save those who have looked on the empty chair of some darling object, viewed with tearful gaze the many little mementos they may have left behind them, to tell of gone happy days, or shuddered at the silence so strangely succeeding to the sounds of mirth and innocent joy. Yes, these are some of the trials to which fond parents are doomed—and painful, most painful, are they even with the hope springing up before them that the "far away" will again return to bless their lonely hearths; but, oh, when they are called upon to relinquish some dear child forever—when the tomb has closed over their brightest earthly possession—where can they find comfort, support, or strength in their affliction then? Will the remembrance that she had been accomplished, admired, elegant, or graceful, help to console them? Would not bitterness be added tenfold to their woe, when they reflected that to give her these fictitious graces, they had neglected her immortal soul—that soul which God had intrusted to their care, that they might prepare it for its mansion in Heaven. Oh, no, no; *one* thought alone could have power to shed light over the darkness of that hour—the *certainty* of their child's happiness, that in the bosom of her Saviour she reposed eternally blessed.

Oh, that we were wise that we would redeem the time—that we would feel more earnestly the deep importance of training up our little ones in religion's paths—that we would, by our own consistent examples, evidence the beauties of a life of holiness—that we would press on with them ere the night cometh, pausing not by the way in the haunts of frivolity and folly, until we reached the heavenly goal, where in joy we might exclaim, "behold the children thou gavest me, and not one of them is lost." But we plead pardon for this digression—the only excuse we have to offer is, that it came gushing from a heart more and more impressed with the importance of the subject as the days and years

so rapidly flit away, and how could we control it? Return we now to our tale.

(To be continued.)

THE MONEY LENDER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

OF this species of bloodsucker, there are many varieties. There is the fashionable money-lender, who wriggles himself into parties; calls a broken lord or two his friend; gets himself enrolled at a small club, and dubs himself a gentleman. He has a great taste for the fine arts, visits the opera, and thinks Bellini a most magnificent fellow. Two or three popular authors are, if you will believe him, his most intimate acquaintances; and the leading actor, whoever he may be, dines with him once a week. He is, moreover, a liberal in his opinions; at least he was, until Reform became vulgar, and a mild Whiggism was voted the genteel thing. He is a man, on his own word, of the very best society; for he is, every season, one of the seven hundred who feed at the honourable Mrs. Rougepot's, the oriental dowager. It is at his club, and at such parties, that he makes friends and enlarges his connections: it is there that he spins his web, and catches the "gilded flies" of fortune.

The legal money-lender is a harpy of the longest claws: he has no more heart than a drum; no more blood than a cricket. He is, notwithstanding, a most respectable solicitor; as chary of his reputation as a housewife of a favourite piece of cracked china; and resents the slightest insinuation of his infamy with even alarming vigour. Now and then he is, poor man, grossly libelled by the press; whereupon he becomes one of a society for the better protection of morals. Though steeped from head to sole in rascality—though a moral Ethiop—under the benign protection of the law of libel, he is the purest of the pure; yea, one of the fairest of the sons of men. It is ten to one that he has married prosperously—has caught a rich and inexperienced client—perhaps one of three orphan sisters; and is, thereby, the friend and legal adviser of the unprotected. As such, he absorbs the whole of their substance, enmeshes them in the nets of his craft, and—the process is rapid—they are beggars. That the children of affluence should have nothing to remind them of their past condition—that nothing tangible should remain to them to awaken recollections of happier days, the money-lending lawyer has been known to remove from them every painful memento, even though it were a harp or piano. He is, nevertheless, a most respectable man; has very handsome chambers, keeps a score of clerks, and lends money from eighty to cent per cent. His face—we draw from the life—would be inexpressive as a stale muffin, were it not for the two cat-like eyes, and thin, cruel lips, that redeem it from utter blackness. He moves

stealthily as an ogre; as though haunted by the memory of a thousand acts that have written him down in the private memoranda of a lucifer. He, the attorney money-lender, is admirably fitted to display the wisdom and philanthropy of the English laws. Had he lived in Spain, he would have made an excellent familiar of the Inquisition; would, with demoniacal complacency, have applied the thumb-screw, the burning pincers, and the molten lead. Born in England, bred an attorney, and adding to his professional cares the anxieties of money-lender, he is not yet enabled to satisfy his natural and acquired lust of evil, and he therefore *gets up costs*. He has never stood at the bar of a police office, and yet his hands are dyed with the blood of broken hearts. Under cover of the law, armed with its curious weapons, he lives a life of rapine, hoards wealth, passes for a most respectable man—for he never had a bill protested, and owes no man a shilling—and, when he dies, a tombstone will record his apocryphal virtues for the example of a future generation. Yet is not the wretched money-lender all to blame; his iniquity, base as it is, is assisted by bad laws. The wisdom of the legislature has made poverty punishable; and putting the scourge, iniquitous costs, into the hands of the attorney, he wields the knout for his own special benefit, to torture, and sometimes death of the suffering. "Death!" exclaims the reader, "what exaggeration! Is it possible that so respectable a man as ——" Quite possible; worse, quite true. Our hero, soft-spoken as a maid, and sleek-looking as a beaver, has dabbled in blood, but only in the way of the law. The bow-string is unknown in free and happy England; but, be sure of it, innocent reader, *red tape* has its daily victims.

Then, there is the benevolent money-lender. The animal that, whilst he devours his man, drops crocodile tears; and, in the act to pounce upon his victim—to feed at his very throat—looks blandly in his face and cries, "What can I do?"

There is the humorous money-lender. The frank, jovial, companionable fellow, who asks sixty, seventy, a hundred per cent. with a horse-laugh, and thinks the hardest usury the finest joke.

The bacchanal money-lender is a common animal. He lends half in gold, and half in poison: so many pounds sterling, and so much bad vinegar, that having been kept near port, must, as he conceives, have a vinous flavour.

There is the military money-lender. He is a captain, whose name and rank have never appeared in "The Army List." Nevertheless, he is a man of most refined honour, and robs with the highest sense of a gentleman. He has a country-house somewhere; but generally has his letters directed to a tavern, where it will sometimes unfortunately happen

he has either just been or is just coming, or where he will not return for many days, as circumstances may direct. He is very often the jackal, the mere hunter, for the greater *carnivora*; and, as an "agent" is not called upon to blush for another party; he will look in your face, and ask your permission to eat you, with eye unblenched and cheek untinged. He has great connections; and it is, therefore, a condescension in him to pillage what he denominates a common person; he has, however, if strongly pressed, no invincible repugnance to make a meal of a tradesman, though his fare, when he can choose it, is generally noblemen in their minority. Nothing so succulent as a peer under age, to be eaten in due time with *post obit* sauce.

Jew money-lenders are numerous as the hairs in Aaron's beard; and, for the most part, all alike. They have no variety of character, and have lost the picturesque villainy of former centuries. We could feel a degree of sympathy for the outraged Hebrew—the branded, despised, insulted wretch—taking his slow and sure revenge of the oppressors. We could follow him with interest to his coffers, where the despised vagabond, day by day, hoarded power and strength; where he amassed the means of authority; where he built an altar at which even the rigid Christian should be made to bow down and worship. Persecution has ceased, and Jew money-lender is merely a vulgar, ravenous, sordid thing—a horse-leech among leeches.

The money-lender and his victims!—If the reader would behold their types let him wend to the Zoological Gardens, politely ask to be shown the remarkable fine boa-constrictor at present adorning the collection of *reptilia*. Shut up in the box with the boa, the reader will perceive some half-dozen pigeons. Innocent, guileless things! They perch on the scaly folds of the monster; they pick up peas near his horrible jaws; and so, dreaming not of the coming day, they live for weeks and weeks. For all this, they are only there to be swallowed. The boa is motionless as a coil of cable; but once in, say three months, he stirs himself, and, sure as sheriff's officer, gorges his unsuspecting prey—feathers, bones, and all.

Reader! starve, beg, or—no, we must not say rob—but, whatever you do, eschew the money-lender. He who is bound in his bills, though he may think himself a man, is, indeed, only a pigeon, a guinea-pig, a rabbit—with a torpid boa!

GENIUS was originally deemed supernatural; the happy possessor was supposed to hold converse with a superior order of beings, and it was thought that the *Genii* themselves immediately inspired him with his supereminent powers.—*Cogan*.

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES TO

I saw thee ere thy bosom heaved
With one impassioned sigh;
When all thy youthful accents breathed,
Shone as a cloudless sky.

I gazed upon thy sunny smile,
No beam so purely bright;
It mingled then no thought of guile,
'Twas one sweet ray of light.

But go—and may the heart you've spurned,
Devoted in its love to thee,—
Feed on a passion unreturned,
And wither like a leafless tree.

Thy broken vows thy faithless love,
May yet awake a fond regret;
And many a bitter moment prove,
'Tis vain to bid the heart forget.

J. D. M'D.

TRUSTING TO OTHERS.

It would be greatly for the advantage of men of business, if they made it a rule never to trust anything of consequence to another, which they can by any means do themselves. Let another have my interest ever so much at heart, I am sure I have it more myself: and no substitute one can employ can understand one's business so well as the principal, which gives him a great advantage for doing things in the best way, as he can change his measures according to circumstances, which another has not authority to do. As for dependents of all kinds, it is to be remembered always, that their master's interests possess at most only the second place in their minds. Self-love will ever be the ruling principle, and no fidelity whatever will prevent a person from bestowing a good deal of thought upon his own concerns, which must break in, less or more, upon his diligence in consulting the interest of his constituent. How men of business can venture, as they do, to trust the great concerns some of them have, for one half of every week in the year, which is half the year, to servants, and expect others to take care of their business, when they will not be at the trouble of minding it themselves, is to me inconceivable. Nor does the detection, from time to time, of the frauds of such people, seem at all to deter our men of business from trusting to them.—*Burgh*.

CONSCIOUSNESS

Is the immediate knowledge which the mind has of its sensations and thoughts, and in general of all its present operations. We cannot properly be said to be conscious of our own existence; it being only suggested to us by those sensations and operations of which we are conscious.—*Wollaston*.

SKETCHES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

Who has not noticed the great disparity of individual success in the various avocations of life? how fortune bestows upon some favoured objects all the advantages of health, wealth, and station; and overwhelms others with sorrow, distress, and poverty. And, as if to render her capricious conduct seemingly still more unjust, how she destines the worthy portion of mankind to suffer, whilst the rich and powerful she frequently permits to disgrace human nature with the perpetration of the most flagrant crimes.

Meditating upon this anomaly in human life, one might almost be ready to accuse Providence of partiality in the distribution of its benefits; but, upon a nearer view of the subject, there can be no doubt but that all classes of society enjoy, in the aggregate, a far less disproportion of what is called happiness, than short-sighted mortals are apt, on a superficial view, to suppose. If the occupier of high station possess honours and advantages, he suffers also the vexations, perplexities, and disappointments attending it: whilst the more humble individual, having but few wants, and those few being easily supplied, lives on from day to day contented, and, therefore, happy. The enjoyments of the latter may not be so varied and exquisite as those of the former, but they are of a far more permanent and solid nature. So, again, if the rich man be able to roll along in his gilded chariot, and command the luxuries of life, ten to one if his peace of mind be not destroyed by corroding cares and insupportable anxieties: at the same time that his poor neighbour, to whom the terms "loss and gain" are perfect strangers, labours only for his present wants; and this very labour, which the calls of nature force him to use, happily furnishes that constant, cheerful, and active employment for both mind and body, which alone can render a human being capable of receiving real, permanent enjoyment. So that it would seem from this view of the subject, that God, in his inscrutable justice, has so arranged, that no portion of his creatures, by any mere external circumstances, can partake, in the aggregate, more of happiness than another; and that all, whatever may be their situation in this life, by simply following those unchangeable laws which he has set down for their guidance, may share equally in his benefits.

But, notwithstanding we are forced to this conclusion, still the remarks with which we commenced lose none of their force; and it is with the view of elucidating our first proposition that we venture on the task of recording scenes, which, though long since enacted, are, nevertheless, still fresh in memory.

CHAPTER I.

THE romantic village of G— is situated on the shore of a small, but beautiful lake in the county of S—, which is now a highly cultivated portion of Lower Canada. Its central and advantageous situation for trade attracted to it the pioneers of that section of country. Among the early contributors to its advancement towards that distinguished state of prosperity and wealth, to which it arrived in the course of a few years, were three individuals, the delineation of whose chequered history will serve the purpose of the present undertaking. The names of these individuals were, Joshua Cotts, James Peasley, and Chauncey Bantwick.

Joshua Cotts was the son of Captain Cotts of the militia, one of the primary settlers of the town, and, we may say, the first man who made an opening on the location of the village of G—. Captain Cotts was an industrious, honest, and hard working man; but his son Joshua was in some respects the reverse of this. From his childhood he had a great aversion for manual labour. This was no small vexation to the veteran captain, as, in the first settlement of every new country, all the members of a family are called upon to contribute their share of the labour requisite to procure the necessary comforts of life. There occurred, therefore, frequent altercations between the father and son, arising from the captain's determination that Joshua *should* work, and Joshua's determination that he *would not* work. But, in proportion as Joshua increased in strength and years, he was enabled, in the same ratio, to free himself from his father's influence, and pursue his own bent of mind. At length he obtained his father's consent to depart in peace; and, gathering together what little he could call his own, he gladly sallied forth into the wide world to seek his fortune as best he might. At this time, Joshua was in his eighteenth year; and as he had never been to school, nor possessed the least disposition for book learning, he was very illiterate. He was an odd mortal, both in mind and body. He had a thick, stout body, large head, and stump legs. His gait peculiar and difficult to be described; head always inclined forward, and eyes constantly looking to the ground. His "tout ensemble" coarse and graceless. As to mind, Joshua possessed a shrewdness and originality of thought truly remarkable; but his thoughts and feelings were all of that low description, which regard only self interest at the expense of every other consideration. No generous emotion warmed his cold breast, nor sympathy for others' distress moved him to extend a helping hand in time of need. In a

word, he laboured only for himself, neither asking of, nor granting favours to any one. Ignorant, of a suspicious disposition, and extremely tenacious of his rights; he was continually on the alert to guard against being overreached by his more enlightened neighbours. Nor was he less determined to resent any injury that he had, or imagined he had received of another, and he prided himself so much on this trait, that he was never known to forgive an injury of this nature, until he had been able, by watching a favourable opportunity, to repay it two-fold.

Joshua's first beginnings for himself were on a small scale. With the avails of what he brought away from his father's roof, he purchased a quantity of iron; and, with part of a set of blacksmith's tools, an ancient, half demolished anvil, which had been thrown by as unfit for use, and a bellows of his own construction, he began to work up his stock into *nails*. And let it not be supposed that the adoption of this branch of business was the result of the chance workings of an idle curiosity or an unsettled mind; on the contrary, scarcely any thing could give better evidence of a cool calculation and sound judgment in Joshua, than this selection of an article, so useful in itself, and so suitable to the circumstances by which he was surrounded, upon the manufacture and sale of which, to found his future speculative operations: for the village of G— was then in its infancy: it neither boasted of a store nor a mechanical shop of any kind: the country all around, for many miles distant, was a dense forest, except here and there an "opening" along the high market roads; but settlers were constantly arriving, attracted by the representations of the pioneers, of the cheapness and fertility of the soil, and the facility for making settlements: these, of course, must have buildings, of some kind, to shelter themselves and flocks from the severity of the northern climate: and, in the construction of these habitations, as well as in many other instances, *nails* were absolutely necessary. Joshua, therefore, found a ready market for his productions; and taking advantage of the necessities of his customers, and of the fact of there being no competition, he sold at an enormous price.

Joshua laboured diligently for many months in this vocation, living all the while on the smallest possible outlay, until he had gained a small sum of money. He then felt an inclination to increase his business, or, perhaps it would be nearer truth to say, that he began to grow weary of hard labour, and to look about for some means of making money without it. However this may be, the villagers of G— were surprised one sunny morning, to see their nail manufacturer step aboard of a single horse waggon, and turn his horse's head towards the city of Montreal. Joshua's nail factory was closed forever. He had taken a step above it: and when, after a sufficient lapse of time, he returned with his waggon laden

with sundry articles of merchandise, it was manifest that he was determined on becoming a *trader*. Many were the expressions of wonder that escaped the lips of Joshua's neighbours, that so odd a man, without either capital, friends, or the good will of any one, should presume to set himself up amongst them, without their consent or knowledge, for a place so conspicuous. But they had not yet become acquainted with every trait of Joshua's character. They had yet to learn how rigid economy and unwavering perseverance, in the pursuit of one object, will enable a man, in the face of all obstacles, to carry almost any plans for the attainment of that object into successful operation. And Joshua possessed no small share of these qualities. On returning from the city, he engaged a small room in a private dwelling, and hastily rigging it up with rude shelves, counter, &c. &c., he arranged his pigmy stock of goods in a manner to make the greatest display and show; and, at once, duly opened his little store for the benefit of the astonished villagers, and the public in general.

It required no less an unyielding and indomitable spirit than that of Joshua's to carry him successfully through the difficulties that now surrounded him on all sides. His whole fortune consisted merely of what trifling sums he had cleared in his nail transactions, and which could amount, at the utmost, to no more than a few pounds. He was destitute of credit, both at home and abroad; consequently, his purchases in this, his debut in the commercial line, were limited to the extent of his cash. Moreover: his singularity of character rendered him, as it were, one by himself. He could point to no one in the whole circle of his acquaintance whom he could claim as a friend, or with whom he possessed sympathy or community of feelings. Even his parents, his own brothers and sisters, shunned him as unworthy of their friendship or regard. But Joshua was of that peculiar make and disposition that he could say, emphatically, in the words of the celebrated Bernadotte, "that if they cared not for him, he cared not for them." He, therefore, with the most indomitable resolution, kept open store, and was at all times, from earliest dawn to latest eve, to be found behind his rough counter, ready and prompt to wait upon any customer, man, woman, or child, that might present himself or herself to trade: whilst the villagers, influenced by their prepossessions against him, avoided his store, except when absolute necessity compelled them to go to it for articles which they could not do without. Thus month after month passed away, during which, Joshua Cotts suffered no opportunity to escape him of making a good bargain; and he used every means to turn his trade to the best account. In all this time he kept no books—gave no credit—made no friends. He dealt upon the principle of selling as dear, and buying as cheap, as he could, and in all cases for ready pay.

Neither had he any regular established prices, but sold, as the saying is, "as he could light of chaps." It cannot be supposed that his relation with his customers, under the operation of this cut-throat system of trade, would at all improve for the better; and it was the general opinion that Joshua would turn out to be a hard-hearted miser. In the mean time the village rapidly increased in population and wealth. Emigrants were constantly coming in, and erecting numerous new buildings; and in a short time the bustle and stir of business, and the noise of mechanical operations, enlivened its environs. In proportion to this augmentation of population and resources, did the demand for goods increase; and it began sensibly to be felt that Joshua's store, conducted on its present contracted system of operations, was inadequate to supply their wants. Of this fact no one was more sensible than Joshua himself. He, therefore, set himself about devising means to meet the demand, and, after mature deliberation, thought best to take in partners, rightly calculating that by an increase of capital and strength he would be enabled to meet the emergency. These partners were James Pestley and Chauncey Bantwick, whom we have before mentioned, and whose history, up to this event, it will be necessary for us now to proceed to relate, though briefly.

James Pestley was also the son of one of the first settlers of G—. His parents possessed nothing remarkable in their characters, except unbounded pride, and an inordinate love of show and dress. Continually goaded on by these vices to appear above their sphere, and show off their darling son and only child as a dashing young gentleman, kept their limited means constantly stretched to the utmost limits of which they would admit, until finally, by a succession of misfortunes, they were brought to endure the extremities of poverty. It was a galling stroke to them to submit to receive favours at the hands of those whom, in their days of prosperity, they regarded as beneath them. But necessities, as well as truths, are stubborn things: they were obliged to yield to their hard fate. And, as misfortunes seldom come single-handed, so poverty was not the only tormenter of the devoted Pestleys. Disease, in its most horrid form, appeared amongst them in the midst of their pecuniary distress; and death, in quick succession, carried off both James' parents. Nor was this all: James himself was violently attacked with the raging distemper, and for a long while lay flitting between life and death. But finally, after many weeks of suffering, through the humane exertions of the physicians and neighbours, Providence saw fit to restore him again to health, though with the loss of an arm, which required to be amputated, and at the expense of other shocking deformities. When he finally recovered, his worldly prospects were truly doleful. An orphan and penniless: whose only home was the wide

world with its dark contingencies. He found a transient resting place with a charitable neighbour, whilst news of his sad condition could reach his uncle, who resided in the country whence his parents emigrated. In a short time his uncle sent a conveyance to take him to his own home, where arriving, he sent him to school. James here continued his studies until he was about twenty years old, when, possessing a desire to revisit the country of his birth, he returned to the village of G—, and engaged in an elementary school. His character now gradually developed itself. He inherited from his parents a proud and haughty spirit. Of an irascible and violent temperament, he was subject to the most ungovernable fits of anger whenever opposed or crossed in his views; and at such times, no words, however aggravating or insulting, were sufficient to vent his passion, and no actions, however mean, were left unresorted to to get revenge on the object of his hatred. But James Pestley had many redeeming qualities. If he was quick and violent in temper, still, when the storm for the time passed over, which (unless the cause of irritation still continued), passed off as quickly as it came, he was ever ready to make atonement for his wrong. He possessed talents, both by nature and education, of no ordinary kind. He had a strong, penetrating mind, was of quick perception, and, when in friendship, could exercise warm and ardent feelings. Ambitious, and actuated by lofty thoughts, he aspired to arrive at distinction. With these qualities, and this object in view, he soon made himself famed in school teaching, and was thus enabled to command a high rate of wages. This relieved him from his dependence on his uncle's bounty, and enabled him to appear becoming the course he had marked out for himself. It was while thus engaged that Joshua Cotts, with that singular foresight which has already characterized him, discovered in James Pestley qualifications which, in his view, were calculated to render him successful in life. He, therefore, proposed to him to become a partner with him in his little business, and was accepted. But their united capital was not sufficient for their purpose, and, to supply this deficiency, they sought another partner, whose resources were ample.

Chauncey Bantwick was the son of William Bantwick, Esquire, a gentleman by birth and fortune, who emigrated to Canada at an early day, and, purchasing a tract of land in the vicinity of G—, commenced agricultural operations on a large scale. His skill at this business, together with provident management, brought him large profits; while he reared up a large family of children, amid the hardships and privations always attending the first settlement of all new countries. Nor did he allow any difficulties consequent on his position to deter him from not only training them up in all the sound maxims relating to the calling he had chosen for

himself, but from giving them all necessary instruction in the common branches of a good education.

Mr. Bantwick's commanding talents and conspicuous standing in society, as the richest man in that section of the country, made him looked up to by all the colnists as their guide and counsel in all their difficulties; and the government, sensible of his worth, honoured him with the title of "Justice of the Peace."

Chauncey was a promising youth. He possessed a handsome exterior, an intelligent countenance, and animated, lively, and graceful manners. He was of remarkably quick parts; possesse dan even temper, and a buoyant, confiding spirit. Mr. Bantwick early discovered that Chauncey was not cut out for a farmer. There was a peculiar delicacy about his tastes and actions, which rendered the coarse, laborious work of the farmer disagreeable to him; and, as he advanced in years, agricultural operations became more and more loathsome. Mr. Bantwick, therefore, took him from the farm and sent him to school, where he continued up to the time of engaging in trade with Cotts and Pestley. This circumstance happened when he was about twenty years of age: Mr. Bantwick bestowing on his son a sum sufficient to form his share of the capital necessary, and lending to Cotts and Pestley enough to enable them to turn in each an equal proportion with Chauncey. In this connexion, the reader will not fail to perceive characters, possessing tastes, dispositions, and feelings, very dissimilar, and in many respects diametrically opposite. The sequel will shew whether it was a *fortunate* connexion.

CHAPTER II.

THE introduction of additional capital and resources into the mercantile line of the village of G—, as narrated in the former chapter, called for an entire new system of trade from that which Joshua Cotts had pursued. A new store, with outbuildings, and a pearlsh factory,—that necessary and profitable appendage of a country trade,—were immediately erected and finished off in good style. An assortment of goods comporting with their ample means soon graced their shelves and store houses. A liberal credit was extended to those who were worthy of and desired it; and no pains were spared to gain the good will of people, and induce them to trade as deeply as their means would warrant. A sudden increase of business was the consequence of these great and flattering innovations.

Many circumstances besides contributed to render the firm of Pestley, Bantwick and Co. highly prosperous. Not only had they ample means at their command to enable them to keep constantly on hand a full assortment of goods, and at the same time to extend all necessary limits to their customers; but they had no competitors to trouble them—there was no other establishment of the kind within a score of

miles around them. The village, moreover, continually increasing in population and wealth, and the adjacent country fast settling in with a hardy, industrious yeomanry, whose wants were various and absolute, they possessed every facility for getting of their merchandise at a great profit.

The firm also was composed wholly of *bachelors*, which was not one of the least of its advantages. They were all, too, in that flowery time of life which lends the greatest attractions to human actions. Sensible of this themselves, they turned their power to the best account; and, acting on the principle that as long as they could sail well with the women they would be sure of receiving the support of the men, they soon made themselves popular with the female sex in general, and received the *particular* encouragement of all those good matrons who had daughters on their hands to bestow in marriage. Among this latter class there originated, in process of time, a sort of strife to see who should first succeed in bringing about a match between one or the other of the bachelor merchants and their fair charges: and, as it will serve our purpose well, we will proceed now to relate with what success the operations of that description of persons were carried on against the hearts of the young men: and this may be, in part, gathered from a conversation that took place between these gentlemen at their store, on the eve of a Christmas ball that was to be given by Mrs. Bartel, and to which, of course, they had invitations to be present.

"I say, Chance," asked James Pestley, with a roguish air, "who do you take to the ball tomorrow? Miss Tamworth? or the black-eyed Emeline Amelia Tontine?—though I had no need to have asked you that question, as it is rumoured Miss Emiline has succeeded in captivating your heart. And, indeed, I don't wonder at it, for who could withstand such an artillery of fire as proceeds from those piercing eyes? especially when aided by her insinuating grace, and backed by the approving smile of her fond mother? Then there is the fat dowry of Mrs. Tontine, which will be the daughter's portion, and of course the daughter's husband's, when the old dame dies, and the new one marries. Surely yours must be an enviable lot, Bantwick. *Saf*, do I guess aright?"

"As far as your guessing relates to my engagement to carry Miss Tontine to the ball, you are quite right; as to the rest, I have nothing to say in answer. And now let me in turn ask, James, have you not engaged Miss Norvel to accompany you to the same destination? or, is the widow Comstock your choice? for I hear it stated as a fact, that her charms, aided, as they no doubt powerfully are, by her reputed wealth, have prevailed over all other competitors. How is't, James, do you forsake the Norvels, the Tamworths, and all the rest of the troop of belles and beseiging beldameps, after all

their fire of Cupid's darts and efforts to ensnare you in matrimonial traps, for the fat little widow?"

"What if I should carry neither of those ladies you have mentioned, nor any other to the ball; but go all alone, so that I can avail myself of the opportunity to devote my whole attention to the pretty Calista, daughter of the fair hostess?" replied James Pestley, jocosely.

"Oh!" exclaimed Chauncey, "that would be rude, horrible! to leave so many pretty girls at home, who are dying to be there. You'd deserve to be cudgelled, James."

"I declare I'm almost determined to do it though were it only to give the lie to omniscient rumour. Besides, it would come up with the Norvels so—there too officious—one don't like to have a woman forced upon him, be she ever so handsome and accomplished," returned Pestley, growing serious.

"Certainly not, Pestley. But however much you may dislike the intrigues of Mrs. Norvel, or Mrs. whomsoever else you please, whilst endeavouring to make a good match for her daughter, (and such conduct on the part of mothers I detest as much as you), still we ought not to forget what belongs to good manners and sound policy on this occasion. The Norvels are rich, and if you thus slight them, we should at once lose their trade, and you would be sure to turn into inveterate enemies those who are now our best friends and customers."

The last remarks of Bantwick's touched a peculiar chord in the breast of Joshua Cotts, who had, until now, been much amused with the colloquy of his associates. Conscious that Chauncey's observations were correct, and ever alive to the interests of trade, he said to Pestley:

"Chance is right. By doing as you intend, you'll injure our business. What the devil do you care for rumour or the simpering of women? Can't you carry the girls to a ball without being engaged to marry them? You are not obliged to yoke yourself to Miss Norvel, or any body else, because you carry her out once or twice a-riding, or because you happen to look at her in meeting, or walk home with her from a singing school. No, Pestley, you shan't go without some of the female tribe. For my part, I will sooner carry a half-dozen of them than be seen going alone, like a squalling gander crying for his lost mate. The more the merrier I say." And Joshua concluded his observations with a rallying sort of laugh, in which Chauncey joined.

"You may be right, gentlemen," returned Pestley, in a half angry mood; "but it is annoying to one's feelings to be obliged to listen patiently to the cajolery of old women, and the whimpering and sawing of their silly daughters, whenever and wherever you happen to meet them: and, what is still worse, to be bound to gallant them to every trifling party that occurs in the neighbourhood, un-

der the penalty of being considered rude, or at the risk of forfeiting their custom and friendship."

"Well," rejoined Cotts, "what need you care about all this, as long as we get their money by humouring them. Remember, James, that the road to men's purses lies through the good opinion of the women. So we must keep the right side of the dear creatures, at whatever cost, as long as we mean our business shall prosper."

"Then you would trifle with their affections and love for the sake of their money, would you?" demanded Pestley in a serio-comic strain.

"Love! what is love, but an idle word? Is it any thing one can eat, drink, or wear?" retorted Cotts, spitting significantly on the floor.

"I must say you are an odd mortal, surely," said Mr. Pestley, somewhat cooled at this sarcastic appeal; but you must recollect that all men are not constituted as you are; and —"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a customer. It was a female, and a total stranger. Her dress, although rather ordinary in the materials of which it was composed, was, nevertheless, neat, tidy, and cut in the latest and best style. Her form was tall and slender, and her movements were graceful, and marked by that ease and dignity, which familiarity with good society, and a superior education alone can give. With a light step she walked up to the counter and enquired for an article of dress. Chauncey Bantwick happened, at the time, to be behind the counter, and it fell upon him, therefore, to wait upon the fair customer. The manner in which he performed this duty, was rather ludicrous. Struck with her surprising beauty and superior manner, and being, withal, of a bashful disposition, his ideas became confused, and his manner awkward in the extreme, and the way he answered to the interrogatories, and obeyed the desires of the young lady, was certainly not very creditable to a young man of his appearance and station. Even the young lady herself could not forbear smiling at his blunders and singular manner.

"Who can that be?" exclaimed Pestley, as soon as she retired. "Pon my honour, Cotts, did you notice how Chance was 'all struck of a heap' as soon as the fair damsel entered the store? I verily thought he was going crazy, so strange were his actions, and incoherent his talk: and I was on the point, more than once, of going to take him from behind the counter and waiting upon the lady myself."

"Egad, I did," replied Joshua, "and I'll lay a wager of a pound note that Chance is already in love with the fair unknown."

"I'll go your halves, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Pestley. And the two gentlemen burst into a loud laugh, whilst Chauncey Bantwick was almost dying with shame and chagrin.

A set of jolly fellows now came in, and learning the cause of the merriment, joined their voices with those of Pestley and Cotts; and poor Bantwick found no peace until he had silenced their clamour with a bottle of old Jamaica. As the company grew contented under the operation of the inspiring liquid, they became anxious to know who the lady could be who had thus innocently caused all their sport; but all that could be elicited, was, that one of the party had observed, a day or two before, a gentleman and lady arrive in an open sleigh, and put up at Mr. Bartel's; and, that it was said, they were from the States. This relation furnished ample conjecture for the company to occupy themselves upon until a late hour; and it was not until they had finished their third bottle that they separated and retired to their homes.

That night, Chauncey Bantwick had pleasant dreams of meeting a girl of surpassing beauty and loveliness, whose presence gave him unspeakable delight. And when he awoke in the morning, he felt so happy, that he dreaded to rise from his bed, fearful of dispelling the charm that seemed to surround him. But the thought striking him that he might, in reality, meet the angelic creature of his visionary slumbers, he bounded from his bed; and carefully making his toilet, descended to the breakfast parlour, and hastily swallowing a few mouthfuls, he set about preparations for the amusements of the day, with a gladsome heart.

Whoever is familiar with a Canadian winter, can easily imagine the bustle and hilarity everywhere visible on a Christmas day. The interchange of kindly presents between friends and acquaintances, with appropriate wishes for each other; and, among the juvenile portion of society, a tender salutation of kisses, mark the opening of the day's transactions. Then follow delightful sleigh rides, visitings, and amusements of every description; and the day closes with parties, balls, and routes.

The day that we are now to describe, was a glorious one indeed. The sun shone brilliantly from a sky of the clearest and finest blue. It was one of those clear, cold days, so common to that climate. The frosty snow glistened in all directions, presenting the appearance of myriads of minute fairies, glowing, and sporting their fantastic gambols, on every tree and bush, over every hill and dale. The keen, cold air, brought the blood to the face of the pedestrian, giving vigour to his steps, and buoyancy to his spirit. During the day, every variety of vehicle, from the rude *pung*, to the elegantly finished *yorker*, drawn by as great a variety of animals, and decked with blankets, robes, or furs, according to the quality of the teams or the pretensions of their owners, were constantly arriving and departing from the principal tavern of the village. Some jogged singly along, slowly and leisurely; others came in

long trains of half a dozen or more, making the air ring with the cracking of their whips, and jingling of their heavy, old-fashioned bells, of which each horse was decked with one or more strings. In these last, were to be seen the trim, young farmer's sons, with their rosy-cheeked, fun-loving sweet hearts; all chatting and giggling, and prepared to enjoy the sports and pastimes of the day, with unrestrained delight. The noise proceeding from the jingling of bells in all directions; the cracking of whips, the merry joking and laughing of the drivers; as these parties of pleasure or business, alternately drove up and departed, formed, altogether, a truly enlivening scene.

Mrs. Bartel's ball was intended to be a grand affair. A great number of both old and young, and comprising the elite of the village and its vicinity, were honoured with invitations to it; and preparations were made to give it a character for magnificence and style, that would enable it to completely eclipse anything of the kind that had ever taken place in that section of country. There were causes for all this. The Bartels were one of those numerous families, who were competing for the honour of alliance with the bachelor merchants. Mr. Bartel was a farmer, and an honest, industrious man, who, by industry and economy, had acquired a competence. He had but one child, a blooming girl of about nineteen, at the time of which we write. Although possessing these advantages, there were other families of no less pretensions; such as the Norvels, the Tontines, and a host of others, not forgetting the young, and rich widow Comstock. Mrs. Bartel, therefore, calculated on giving such a thrust at the hearts of the young merchants by this display of magnificence, as that one or the other of them should be forced to yield, a willing captive, to the charms of her lovely Calista. But how futile are all worldly calculations! Little did she dream, that that very occasion would bring upon the stage, one who would not only derange her darling projects, but also give a decisive turn to the affairs of those whom she laboured to ensnare into matrimonial alliances.

It was arranged that the gay party should rendezvous at the village hotel, and set off from thence, to enjoy a ride to a small village, about ten miles distant—partake of a collation and returned to Bartel's. Accordingly, about ten o'clock, A. M., the joyous cavalcade departed from the hotel in flying columns, to the no small wonder of the gaping multitude, from whose lips escaped many expressions of surprise, as they sped over the ground at the rate of ten miles an hour. About four in the afternoon they returned, and dashed up the avenue into the spacious yard of Mr. Bartel's farm house. There servants were waiting; some to take their ready horses, and others to show them into the hall; while

Mr. and Mrs. Bartel, and their blooming daughter, were in waiting to receive them, and assist them in laying off their outer garments.

It appeared that James Pestley had followed the advice of his prudent partners; for he was the first to enter, leading in the blushing Miss Norvel, who, but the day before, he had characterized as silly and fawning; but who, from his particular attentions to her now, one would think he would not exchange for all the world beside. When the formalities of their reception were gone through with, and they were fairly seated in the drawing-room, the hostess left the room; and after a few moments absence returned, leading in a young gentleman and lady, whom she introduced to the company as Master Albert Dartmouth, and his sister, Emily Dartmouth. What was the surprise of the young traders in recognizing, in the lady before them, the identical fair one who had created such a sensation the evening before at the store: and Mr. Bantwick's heart leaped into his mouth, as he thought he discovered in her exquisite form and lovely countenance, the same angelic creature who had enraptured his senses during his last night's sleep. Miss Dartmouth's dress was not of a costly kind, but she was attired with that sort of neatness and simplicity, which never fails to please. Her form was perfect; her countenance open, lively, and interesting; her soft, blue eyes expressing intelligence and goodness of heart, and her deportment easy, graceful, and dignified. In a word, Miss Dartmouth was one of those charming girls, whom a sensible, unsophisticated young man, of warm feelings, cannot look upon without loving. What wonder then, that Mr. Bantwick, on first beholding her, should have been struck almost dumb with confusion; and that on viewing her now, redolent in youth and beauty, he should, in common with others, feel the tender passion stealing over him?

The company soon adjourned to the hall, and dancing commenced with spirit. The first figure was led down by Mr. Bartel himself, having Emily Dartmouth for a partner. Albert Dartmouth danced with Calista, and the other gentlemen led on the ladies who came with them. The music struck up a lively air, and all was animation. All eyes were attracted by Miss Dartmouth's graceful performance. The elegance of her movements, when contrasted with the heavy steps of her sturdy partner, was most striking; and the good humoured farmer, perceiving that the laugh was coming upon him, took the first opportunity that presented, to excuse himself from dancing; saying, as he handed Emily over to a young man, "he would leave the young folks to play their own gambols."

The dance was kept up for some time, and there appeared a universal desire among the young gentlemen present, to secure Miss Dartmouth for a partner. But Pestley, possessing more ambition and prompt-

ness of decision than any other one, succeeded in most frequently gaining her hand. He exerted himself to the utmost to please; and improved every opportunity that occurred in the intervals of the dance, to ingratiate himself into her good opinion, by his particular attentions and conversation.

As for Mr. Bantwick, he felt a strong desire to dance with Emily, but his constitutional timidity prevented him from making application in season to gain her hand. He saw others enjoy what he might participate of himself, were it not for this cause, and he cursed himself from the bottom of his heart for his own folly.

Supper was at length announced, and the gay party sat down to a sumptuous repast; and from their former exercise, did ample justice to its enticing ingredients, of roast beef, boiled fowl, chicken pies, and all the etceteras of a farmer's well-stored larder.

The meal over, the company applied themselves to various amusements. Some engaged in cards, others busied themselves in sauntering up and down the rooms, examining whatever attracted their notice; whilst other portions again, collected in small groups, and entered into familiar conversation. Mr. Pestley, eager to follow up his acquaintance with Miss Dartmouth, challenged her and Miss Bartel to engage in a game of whist with himself and Mr. Dartmouth. In a corner of the hall a number of elderly matrons had taken a stand, and appeared busy in talking over household affairs; whilst a troop of young ladies occupied another part of the hall, and were discussing the latest fashions and scandals of the day.

Mr. Bantwick, when he arose from the table felt melancholy and unhappy. Some how or other, he could not keep his eyes from the form of Miss Dartmouth. Wherever she turned to go, his eye was sure to follow; and when he saw her take a seat at the card table, a disagreeable sensation came over him. To drive away this feeling, he walked rapidly up and down the rooms. Finally, he threw himself into the recess of a large, old-fashioned window opposite the card table, and leaning back, as far as he could, and crossing his arms on his breast, remained gazing on the countenance of Miss Dartmouth; intently watching every motion and muscle, as though he would read her inmost thoughts. He bit his lips out of pure anger, as he saw Pestley make extraordinary exertions to please his fair partner; and every smile of approbation which he saw Emily give him, in return for his humorous and witty sallies, went like a dagger to his soul. He remained sometime in this position, when suddenly starting up, a train of thought something like the following struck him. "Why should I take such an interest in that young girl? Who, or what is she, that I should be thus suddenly struck dumb, as it were with—with some-thing, I know not what? It surely cannot be love,

for it would be ridiculous to fall in love with a perfect stranger, merely because she may happen to have a prepossessing appearance. No! no! If I were disposed to be in love, there are ladies of my acquaintance, whom it would not disgrace any man to be in love with, but for whom I never have entertained any other feeling than that of friendship. But, as to this young lady, I cannot see her look upon another, or have my most intimate friend speak to her, without giving me pain. This is folly!" and as he concluded this soliloquy, he bounded from the window, and resumed his tramp up and down the hall.

Mr. Bantwick greatly deceived himself when he argued that he was not in love. There can be no better proof of this than his own reasonings. For, as he truly said, he knew many girls, whose beauty and accomplishments would render them no mean acquisition; and, although he had taken a great deal of pleasure in paying his respects to them, and gallanting them round, still they had never inspired in his breast a warmer feeling than that of common regard towards them. It is quite possible, notwithstanding, that he might one day have been contented to have chosen one of them for a partner through life, if he had not seen Miss Dartmouth. But the moment he saw that young lady, that moment an entirely new feeling took possession of his breast, and filled his whole soul with the intensity of its action. And, however he might strive to disguise the fact from himself, he was already deeply in love.

As he continued to pace the hall, engrossed with no very agreeable reflections, he heard the name of Emily Dartmouth mentioned from the group of matrons in the corner of the hall. His footsteps were at once arrested; and feeling curious to know what might be said of her, he carelessly threw himself into a seat near by, and taking up a book which lay open on a table, pretended to be engaged in reading, whilst in reality he eagerly listened to every word that fell from the lips of the speakers.

"I did not, by any means, wish to be understood, my dear Mrs. Bartel, that your fair protégée was not properly educated, or that she was destitute of suitable accomplishments; but what I meant was that she was wanting in one very essential qualification to render her a desirable acquisition with gentlemen of pretension, and that is wealth, Mrs. Bartel, as I am told she is quite destitute," said a lady, in an aristocratic tone.

"True, madam, she has no wealth. A sudden calamity swept from her family a handsome fortune—all they possessed—in one short hour. They had sold off their estates, and with the ready money Mr. and Mrs. Dartmouth went aboard a vessel for New York, whence they intended to proceed to the west, to seek a suitable location for their new home, leaving their two children at home to follow when they were fairly established. They had not been long

from port when the vessel took fire and was consumed, and along with her every thing on board was lost, except one or two passengers who almost escaped to tell the sad tale."

"Distressing!" exclaimed several voices at once.

"I used to be intimately acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Dartmouth," continued Mrs. Bartel, "many years ago, and I always esteemed them. They were truly worthy people: and when poor Emily and her brother came up here in their distress my heart yearned towards them as towards my own child, and my husband and I are determined to give them a home, and assist them as far as we are able."

"That is certainly a very good resolution in you, Mrs. Bartel—all quite natural. But at the same time you cannot think of putting Emily on an equal footing with your own daughter? Calista, no doubt, will feel and pity her misfortunes; but, if I mistake not, her spirit will spurn the idea of admitting her as entitled to the same consideration and respect, as her own high expectations and standing in society demand for herself," said the first speaker, in the same haughty tone.

"You wrong us as well as Emily, Mrs. Norvel. We consider those orphans as equals in every respect. They were born of respectable and wealthy parents; have been educated and nurtured in the best society; and their characters are pure and unspotted. And, now that Providence has thought proper to afflict them, it would be cruel in us, whom they have flown to for protection, to cast them off as unworthy of our esteem. And, were we base enough to endeavour to compel them to move in a sphere below that which they were born to adorn, I am sure their generous and high-minded spirits would never submit to the humiliating degradation," indignantly retorted Mrs. Bartel.

Bantwick could not avoid turning in his chair to see what effect these last words had upon the proud Mrs. Norvel; and he smiled as he saw her bite her lips in anger for a moment, then petulantly make this hypocritical remark:

"Well, madam, all I have to say is, that I hope your daughter will not suffer by this arrangement, for I really have a great fondness for her."

"You need entertain no uneasiness upon the subject, my dear madam," said Mrs. Bartel, as they separated, for certainly I apprehend no cause for any."

Mr. Bantwick felt deeply interested in the touching relation of Miss Dartmouth's misfortunes. He was pleased, however, to learn she was of good family and character. That circumstance seemed to remove a vague and disagreeable sensation from his breast, and which, connected with Mrs. Bartel's declaration, that Emily should always receive her support and protection, gave him to believe she was every way worthy of the most disinterested affection. He contracted, moreover, the generous intentions and

noble conduct of Mrs. Bartel with the illiberal and purse-bound spirit of the haughty Mrs. Norvel, and felt how much more happy he could be with the friendship of the former, than with all the riches of the latter.

Filled with these reflections, he naturally cast his eyes towards the card-table, where the orphans were seated. Emily seemed to enjoy the game greatly. Her countenance was lit up with an animated expression, her soft blue eyes sparkled with delight, and a gentle smile played upon her features. Bantwick thought he had never seen her look so beautiful as now. While thus agreeably occupied, the widow Comstock, with her arm locked in that of Miss Tontine, advanced towards him.

"How now, Mr. Bantwick!" exclaimed she, as she caught him by the shoulder and shook him violently, "you seem in a trance today. What can you be thinking of all this while? Here you have left us ladies to take care of ourselves as best we might for a whole hour, whilst you have been lounging in yonder window, or sitting here poring over a musty volume, or staring into vacuity, as if you were going mad. I declare you are absolutely rude, Mr. Bantwick!" and the merry widow flung herself into a chair beside, while Miss Tontine remained standing.

This sudden sally effectually aroused Chauncey to himself; and, rising, he politely offered his seat to Miss Tontine, and taking a chair between the two ladies, he apologized for his neglect.

"I have observed that you appear melancholy today, Mr. Bantwick," said Miss Tontine, with a languid smile.

"His mind must be attracted by some powerful object," added the widow, archly.

Chauncey blushed, but said nothing.

"It is our hostess' fair protégée who thus occupies his mind to the exclusion of every other object. I know it is. Do I not guess right, Mr. Bantwick?" continued the widow, looking up roguishly into his face.

Mr. Bantwick hitched in his chair, and blushing more deeply, faltered out:

"I know not what you mean, Mrs. Comstock—I was not aware —."

"Really, now don't deny it," interrupted the widow, laughing; "we have been watching your motions, so you may as well plead guilty to the charge at once."

"Well," returned Chauncey, somewhat nettled, "supposing all you say to be true, what then? Is there any harm done?"

"None at all, my dear sir!" replied both the ladies at once.

"But I was thinking though," added the widow, with a sarcastic look, "how much you would better your condition, were you to fall in love with, and marry a poor orphan girl of unknown character and

accomplishments, where you might marry a girl who would bring you something besides a handsome face for a dowry."

Miss Emeline Amelia Tontine turned her face partly away, and tried to look confused, at these bold remarks of the widow's.

"If you allude to Miss Dartmouth, madam," said Chauncey, firmly, "I think you must labour under a mistake in regard to her, for I have heard from good authority that she possesses a good character, and is much accomplished: and as to property, I never have thought it constituted any part of the qualifications of a good wife."

At these words, Miss Tontine hung her head, and the widow looked surprised. But instantly rallying, and assuming a mysterious look, she said, as she took Emeline's arm to go away:

"Well, I shall say nothing; but if you knew as much as I do about that girl, you would not be so far interested in her behalf, as to attempt to disparage other people's qualifications by comparing them with hers."

Chauncey started at the words and manner of the widow. Already he viewed his fair charmer in the light of a vile character, and a thousand painful thoughts flitted across his mind. But this was only for a moment. Love began his powerful plea in her favour, and a glance which Chauncey at that moment cast upon the innocent and happy countenance of the object of his thoughts, completely changed the tenor of his feelings. He easily persuaded himself that the dark insinuations of the widow proceeded from envious and malicious motives. And the following dialogue, which he fortunately overheard, confirmed him in this view of the case. Miss Norvel came tripping up to the widow and Miss Tontine, as they were passing near Mr. Bantwick, and tossing her head aside so as to render a pair of gold ear-drops more conspicuous, and casting a self-complacent glance down on her rich and flowing dress, exclaimed:

"Oh! Emeline Amelia, I have just heard some news!"

"Indeed! what can it be?" eagerly inquired Miss Emeline.

"Why, nothing more nor less than that we have got to bring ourselves down upon a level with the poor orphan girl!" replied Miss Norvel, with a smile of contempt.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the ladies.

"Nothing more true," added the malicious girl. "I have just heard from the lips of Mrs. Gammon that our hostess intends that her fair protégée shall have as much respect and attention paid her as to her own daughter, notwithstanding the thing is dependant upon her charity for the veriest subsistence."

"That certainly is news," said Emeline, proudly.

"I declare it's too bad. I recommend that we

all lay aside our dresses and put on homespun, if we have got to submit to this degradation, so that we may, at least, appear consistent. What say you, Mr. Bantwick?" demanded Miss Norvel, looking into Chauncey's face, with an insinuating smile upon her countenance.

Mr. Bantwick was not of a nature to sympathise with such sentiments as were advanced by the ladies before him. On the contrary, he felt disgusted with their heartlessness and ill-breeding. He was one of those who regard the riches of this world as a secondary consequence in the formation of character. Never having felt the want of them himself, he could not appreciate the motives of those who, rising from obscurity, sought to make them the means of exclusive distinction and personal aggrandisement. He had a heart to feel for misfortune in any shape, and a mind too noble to oppress the poor and weak. It may easily be imagined, therefore, that far from countenancing those who were endeavouring to crush the defenceless and forlorn, especially when those defenceless and forlorn were interesting from beauty, and loveliness, and worth, his heart spurned them and their grovelling designs, as it would have done so many adders. He, therefore, replied rather abruptly to Miss Norvel's question, as follows:

"I look more to the dress of the mind, than that of the body, madam. Silks cannot make a bad heart good, nor, in my humble opinion, will homespun detract from a good disposition."

"Dear! how moral you are all at once, Mr. Bantwick," exclaimed the proud girl, tossing her head disdainfully on one side; and seizing the widow's arm, the three ladies walked away in evident ill-humour.

At this moment the party at the card table broke up, and Emily and Calista, accompanied by Albert, came up to Mr. Bantwick; and Calista, with as meet smile, said, as she politely curtsied, "Mr. Bantwick, I desire to make you better acquainted with my new friends; and you would oblige me by taking Emily's hand to lead another dance."

Chauncey acceded to this proposition with pleasure; and he expressed as much thankfulness to the good-hearted Calista for the honour intended him, as his unconquerable bashfulness would permit of. Offering Miss Dartmouth his arm, and Albert taking Calista's, they proceeded to take their stand at the head of the dancers, who were rapidly forming into a long line down the hall floor. Soon the music struck up a lively air, and the pastime again commenced with renewed vigour.

Mr. Bantwick was a first-rate dancer; and as he, with his fair partner, wound down the mazes of the figure, his natural timidity gave way; and in proportion as this left him, he recovered his native gracefulness and elegance of manner; and stimulated by Emily's inimitable execution, he fairly out-did himself. If Miss Dartmouth attracted notice

whilst dancing with Peatley, what must have been the admiration of the lookers on, now that she was dancing with one whose performance was as much superior to that of Peatley's, as was that of Miss Dartmouth superior to the dancing of ordinary females. Indeed, the well matched couple were, themselves, sensible that they far outshone all others. Chauncey was delighted with himself; and his eye lit up with unwonted brilliancy as he gazed on the countenance of his fair partner, and watched every motion of her fairy form. Once, and only once, did Emily look at him, and then, encountering his ardent gaze, a deep crimson overspread her neck and face, and she cast her eyes to the floor, where she kept them until they arrived at the foot of the set. Her modest deportment and surpassing loveliness of person, entranced the heart of Mr. Bantwick, and long before they arrived at a stop, he had become, himself, conscious that he was in love; and he yielded himself unresistingly, to its soft and rapturous influences.

When they finally came to a stand, Chauncey would have poured out his warm and bursting feelings into the ear of his charmer, had not his constitutional timidity, which was ever ready to torment him, prevented. As it was, he could screw up his courage to do no more than make trite and commonplace remarks; and his violent palpitation of heart made this a difficult piece of business. But his looks spoke enough. No one, who was not blind, could fail to perceive their meaning; and Miss Dartmouth needed not his avowal of the fact, to make known to her that she had created a lasting impression upon his heart, and if she was not pleased at the valuable conquest she had made in so short a period, she did not appear by her conduct to be greatly displeased, as she returned Bantwick's bashful advances, with a sweet approving smile and fascinating manner.

It was a late hour when the company, after partaking of more refreshments, made preparation to go home. Again were cloaks, bonnets, caps and furs in requisition. The horses, harnessed into their elegant yorkers, were brought, and were stamping in the cold, impatient to be gone. At length all are ready—they take leave of their open-hearted host and hostess, and after covering themselves in the warm buffaloes, set off. Again the crack of whips, the noise of bells, and the merry talk and laugh of the riders, fill the air.

They all arrived safely home, and the gentlemen, after seeing their fair companions snugly lodged in their own homes, and their horses well taken care of, gladly threw themselves into their beds, in order, if possible, to steal a little refreshing sleep, before old Sol, whose presence the faint streaks in the eastern sky indicated was not far off, should call them to their daily labour. As for Chauncey Bantwick, his slumbers were broken and unrefreshing.

The form of Miss Dartmouth continually flitted before his disturbed imagination. At one time she would smile on him with ineffable sweetness, and deign to speak words of endearment to him; but when he extended his arms to clasp her in his passionate embrace, she instantly vanished; and he would awake and find himself hugging his pillow. At other times his wayward vision beheld her chatting and laughing with James Pestley, and half willingly receiving a kiss from his amorous lips. The most tormenting passions would then seize upon his soul, and cause him to start from his sleep and stare wildly around, until partially recovering his senses, he would sink again to his pillow, only to undergo the same scenes of alternate happiness and misery. Morning at length came, and he felt a vast deal more need of rest than when he went to bed.

The reader will readily perceive, from what has been said, that Chauncey Bantwick was destined to have a rival in his affections for the beautiful Miss Dartmouth; and that too, from a quarter the most annoying to him. James Pestley had also been struck with Cupid's darts—the moment he first saw Emily, he discovered something about her greatly superior to what attends ordinary women; and, from being a reviler of woman's character, and a ridiculer of her conduct, he was fated to bow the knee at the shrine of her beauty and perfections. Such is the imperfection of human nature! that what we one day spurn from us as valueless, circumstances may the next force us to seek, as of the utmost importance to our welfare.

Unlike Chauncey Bantwick, James Pestley was of a sanguine disposition, and always acted from the impulses of the moment, reckless of consequences. He possessed also a great share of self-confidence, and therefore, deformed as he was, he did not hesitate a moment to indulge his passion for the fair Emily, without stopping to enquire into her character or family, or reflecting how a young and lovely girl might receive one of his unprepossessing outward appearance. Thus actuated, he managed as before stated, to dance with Miss Dartmouth several times during the evening of the ball just described, and to engage her in a game of whist; and he did not fail to put forth his utmost efforts to please, and ingratiate himself into her good opinion. But these manœuvres had no other effect on the young lady than to annoy her. This was a natural consequence with one to whom affection and coquetry were perfect strangers; and who, though beautiful, was yet ignorant of her charms. Mr. Pestley therefore felt mortified when he returned home from Mrs. B.'s ball, to perceive that he had with all his exertions, made no favorable impressions on the heart of the fair Emily. Moreover, green eyed jealousy began to prey upon his mind, as he ran over in his thoughts the sensation that she

and Chauncey had produced in the dance; the sweet smile she gave him at parting, and the happy expression of Chauncey's countenance as he bade her adieu. From these causes, Pestley's sleep, the night after the ball, was no less unrefreshing than was that of Mr. Bantwick, and he arose in the morning feeling an equal want of rest.

Thus, then, there arose grounds of serious difficulty between the two young merchants; and which, as events will show, proved fruitful sources of trouble.

They met in the store the next morning after the ball, mutually distrustful of each other's views. Their salutations were cold and formal, and they conversed but little with each other, except on business topics. Mr. Cotts observed their constrained conduct, and shrewdly guessed the nature of the position they stood in, relatively to each other—he, therefore, began to rally them on the former day's proceedings.

"Well James," said he, "how did you like the sport yesterday—didn't it go off well?"

"I had no fault to find," surlily replied Pestley "I should think not," retorted Joshua good humouredly, "for I observed you enjoyed yourself with the prettiest woman, and made yourself free with the good things of farmer Bartel's table. But, as for Chauncey, I'll be hanged if he ate as much as a chicken's leg the whole evening—in fact, he acted like a robin, mourning for his lost mate. What was the matter, Chance?"

Pestley and Bantwick looked rather queerly at each other, but they said nothing.

"You seem to have lost the power of speech this morning," continued Joshua. "I should guess your sweethearts refused you a parting kiss last night, that you should be so much out of humour the next morning after a ball."

Bantwick began to stretch himself and yawn, and remarked lazily, "for my part, I feel rather the worse for wear this morning,—and I couldn't sleep much last night."

"I think you may take your remarks in regard to good living, in part, to yourself," said Pestley a little warmer, "and as to the women, I thought you appropriated the widow pretty much to yourself yesterday."

"Who had a better right?" demanded Joshua laughing.

"No one I presume," replied Pestley, joining in the laugh.

"And, now I've got you into good humour gentlemen," continued Joshua, "I would ask how you like the Bartel's new acquaintances? I am told they intend opening a high school in the village, if they can get sufficient encouragement to begin with."

"I am not prepared to give an opinion upon their fitness for that object," said Pestley with nonchalance.

"I thought you seemed mightily taken with the young lady, though yesterday," added Joshua, in a hectoring vein.

"How keen you are this morning, Cotts. One would think you did nothing yesterday but watch other people's motions," retorted Pestley, vexed at his partner's persevering raillery.

"Come now, don't get angry," returned Joshua, in a mock-soothing strain, and shaking his sides with laughter; "you know its my way, always, to speak out; but to be serious—I really hope you and Chance will not get into a quarrel about a young girl; for, I vow, I believe you are both in love with your fair customer, although you have neither of you *seen* her but twice, and *know* nothing about her at all. If this be the case, what will you do—divide her between you?"

These words went home to the hearts of the two gentlemen addressed. They looked confused, but returned no answer. Their eyes were now fully opened to the peculiarity of their situation, and they felt that one or the other would be obliged to withdraw his attachment from Miss Dartmouth; and perhaps each secretly came to the conclusion, to run his risk of succeeding in gaining the fair object of their mutual desires, and thus *force* the other to give up his pretensions. Actuated by such feelings, they walked the room in silence, evidently embarrassed; whilst the inexorable Joshua continued to annoy them with his shrewd remarks, until customers coming in to trade, relieved them from their disagreeable situation.

(To be continued.)

THE BURNING OF THE CAROLINE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

A sound is on the midnight deep,
The voice of waters vast,
And forward with resistless sweep,
The torrent rushes past
In frantic chase—wave after wave—
The crowding surges press and rave,
Their mingled might to cast
Adown Niagara's giant steep,—
The fretted billows foaming leap
With wild tumultuous roar—
The clashing din ascends on high
In deaf'ning thunders to the sky,
And shakes the rocky shore.

Hark! what strange sounds arise?
'Tis not stern Nature's voice—
In mingled chorus to the skies,
The waters in their depths rejoice—
Hark! on the midnight air
A frantic cry arose,—
The yell of fierce despair,
The shout of mortal foes—
And mark! yon sudden glare,
Whose red portentous gleam
Flashes on rock and stream
With strange unearthly light!
What passing meteor's beam
Lays bare the brow of night?

From yonder murky shore
What demon vessel glides,
Stemming the unstem'd tides?—
Where madd'ning breakers roar
In hostile surges round her path,
Or hiss recoiling from her prow,
That reeling staggers to their wrath,
While distant shores return the glow
That brightens from her burning frame,
And all above—around—below—
Is wrapt in ruddy flame!

Sail on!—sail on!—no mortal hand
Directs that vessel's blazing course;
The vengeance of an injured land
Impels her with resistless force—
'Midst breaking wave, and fiery gleam,
O'er-canopied with clouds of smoke,
Midway she stems the raging stream,
And feels the rapid's thundering stroke;
Now buried deep—now whirled on high,
She struggles with her awful doom,—
With frantic speed now hurries by
To find a watery tomb!

Lo, poised upon the topmost surge,
She shudders o'er the dark abyss;
The foaming waters round her hiss,
And hoarse waves ring her funeral dirge;
The chafing billows round her close,
But 'ere her burning planks are riven,
Shoots up one ruddy spout of fire—
Her last farewell to earth and heaven—
Down, down, to endless night she goes:
So may the traitor's hope expire,
So perish all our country's foes!

Destruction's blazing star
Has vanished from our sight—
The thunderbolt of war
Is quench'd in endless night;
No sight nor sound of fear
Startles the listening ear,
Nought but the torrent's roar,
The dull, deep, heavy sound
From out the dark profound,
Echoes from shore to shore,
Where late the cry of blood
Rang on the midnight air,—
The mournful lapsing of the flood,
The wild winds in the lonely wood,
Claim sole dominion there.

To thee! high-hearted DAW,
And thy victorious band
Of heroes tried and true,
A nation's thanks are due;
Defenders of an injured land—
Well hast thou taught the dastard foe
That British honor never yields
To democratic influence low
The glory of a thousand fields.
Justice to traitors, long delayed,
This night was boldly dealt by thee;
The debt of vengeance thou hast paid,
And may the deed immortal be:
Thy outraged country shall bestow
A lasting monument of fame;
The highest meed of praise below,
A British patriot's deathless name!

Melsetter, Douro, U. C.

(ORIGINAL.)

BORDER LEGENDS.

BY A MONK OF G— ABBEY.

NO. IV.

“RECKLESS ROBIN.”

CHAPTER I.

— Gentle or rude,
No scene of life but has contributed,
Much to remember.

Rogers.

THE Lake of Windermere, the principal scene of the following tale, I need hardly inform the reader, is the largest, if not the most picturesque, of those beautiful sheets of water, so numerous in that wild mountainous district, near the border, called the “Fells,” stretching through the whole length and breadth of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and even into Yorkshire, expanding, in one direction, into the bleak wastes of Stanmore, while, in another, it abruptly rises again, till it mingles with the clouds in the dizzy heights of Ingleton.

This ridge, by no means in a straight line anywhere, makes, in one place, what may not inaptly be termed, a grand detour, so as to form that deep and romantic dale, through whose fertile and alluvial bosom, the Ken, a small river, winds its devious and placid course. Hence the name of the small manufacturing town, so often referred to in this authentic history, which stands on its grassy banks, alike adorning and adorned.

We will not, however, attempt to describe this locality more minutely than is necessary to elucidate one or two incidents, which otherwise would hardly be understood.

Kendale, the town we have alluded to, is thirteen miles from Windermere, though at the period of which we write, owing to windings in the road, or rather path, made without any obvious or apparent cause, some of which may still be traced on the mountain sides, the distance was much greater.

On one side of the town, to the north west, in the direct road to the lakes, are the heights of Burnside, sloping away to Milnthorpe sands. On the other, occupying the space between the town and the mountains, stands a high and isolated hill, not, however, sufficiently elevated, nor otherwise of a character, to be confounded with the lofty summits of that barren and weather-beaten ridge which so nearly surrounds this deep valley. From the top of this hill, the remains of the castle, then blackened in their recent ruin, look down, in majestic grandeur, upon the quiet town below—a monument, alike, of the baronial power of former ages, and of plebeian ferocity of that of which we speak, from whose halls, a century

before, another of England's tyrants had taken his sixth and last wife.

In the basement story of the only remaining tower, in this immense ruin, cooing, with the broken fragments

“Of bastion tower and battlement,”

a space of twelve acres, a chamber is still entire, and of such heavy masonry as to have withstood the cannon of the usurper; albeit, an old legend assigns its preservation to supernatural interference, in consequence of some deed of blood having been secretly perpetrated within its dark precincts, in times long gone by, from which circumstance, it is called to this day, the haunted tower. Upon the remains of this tower a small field piece was planted, over which a sentry kept his nightly watch, while the chamber below was converted into a guard-room, in order to communicate to the commandant of the garrison in the town immediate notice of any signal fire, which, from its commanding position, might be seen on any of the surrounding heights.

It was about the middle of the seventeenth century, a little before midnight, on the eve of Christmas, that great festival, then so generally desecrated, that the peaceable and industrious inhabitants of Kendale, after the breaking up of many a little family party, had retired to rest, under the soothing reflection, and self-satisfying consciousness of having had their eyes opened to perceive the sinfulness of that papistical and prelatial institution, without being debarred the pleasure and privilege of still celebrating, as high holidays, the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth days of December, when they were aroused by a report from the gun in the watch tower, already mentioned, rendered appallingly loud by the lateness of the hour, the darkness of the night, and the imminent and pressing danger it betokened. “The Philistines are upon us,” was their first thought, but, from what quarter, they could not even conjecture; and while they listened and waited, in ominous suspense, becoming every moment more fearful in the solemn stillness which prevailed, a troop of horse, which they could barely distinguish as belonging to the garrison, came dashing down the street at full speed, and just as they were beginning to collect in groups, to join, in what they considered, the flight of the military, the clattering of hoofs, on the frozen ground, drove them back into their de-

serted houses, when another troop swept past them in the same direction, which, in their fright they mistook for the enemy in hot pursuit; this too was succeeded, ere their panic had subsided, by a long line of cavalry or mounted infantry, at a brisk trot, with a brigade of artillery in its rear.

The civil war had ceased.—Cromwell's "crowning mercy," the bloody field of Worcester, had been fatal to the hopes of the Royalists, and they had bowed, in bitter and humiliating submission, to the sword of the conquering usurper; all save one, for Major Robert Philipson, or as he was familiarly called among his friends "Reckless Robin," still held out; although often worsted, in frequent conflicts with his assailants, he was never subdued; and it was his boast and his glory that he was the only man in England who never sheathed his sword, till the "king got his own again." And when the arm of flesh, in the phraseology of the time, was unable to overpower him, he was assailed with exorcisms and denunciations, the most tremendous, that the fiercest acerbity of triumphant fanaticism could dictate, in consequence of his supposed connexion with the evil one, which gave rise to the fearful soubriquet, with which his enemies had distinguished him, for he was called by them, "Robin the Devil."

In the tempest of persecution, which had raged impetuously around him in his impenetrable fastnesses with such unremitting fury, there was a lull, which continued so long, that he thought the storm had blown over, and, thrown off his guard, he determined to spend his Christmas at his native island, with his wife and child, whom he had not seen for a long time. The house of his ancestors, where she had taken refuge, with the island we have mentioned, on which it stood, belonged to his elder brother, who, on the occasion of which we speak, was still in arms for the Royal cause, although he had tendered his submission; coupled, however, with terms, which the powers that were had not then thought it expedient either to accept or refuse, but waited the result of a cunningly devised and deeply laid plan for the suppression of Reckless Robin's power, as it had no small weight in the pending discussion. The property, therefore, was not confiscated, as was that of others in similar circumstances; hence his family were left in undisturbed, and apparently in unheeded possession.

The mansion, as it was termed, *par excellence*, consisted only of a low, quadrangular, battlemented building of heavy masonry, with narrow windows, so narrow and numerous that they had evidently been intended originally for the archery of the olden time, stood upon the rocky shore of the eastern end of the largest island in the lake, consisting of about thirty acres, chiefly of low level land, without the slightest attempt at any outer defences,

After giving some private instructions to Bow-

ther, his trusty squire, as he might with propriety be called, he set out on his journey, without a single attendant, for

"He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone,
"And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none."

But his arch enemy, Colonel Briggs, an active military leader and zealous magistrate in the neighbourhood, under the new order of things, had had his eye upon him, and was heard exultingly to exclaim, when the important circumstance was communicated to him, by the signals preconcerted with his spies, "I thought the trap was well baited, and I have caught him at last."

It was some time after nightfall, on the Christmas eve already mentioned, when Robin knocked for admittance at the massy portal of the home of his infancy; he had so planned his visit, that it might attract the less notice. The old deaf mastiff was roused by the noise, and, with a loud and fierce bark, lazily emerged from his warm kennel; but when he saw who was there, he stretched himself, yawned, wagged his tail, and returned.

The meeting was such as those only who have lived and loved in such adverse circumstances, can appreciate, and the first ebullition of conjugal affection was naturally mingled, on the part of his tender and anxious wife, with those apprehensions for his safety, which his peculiar situation could hardly fail to inspire. Her first care, after she had recovered from the surprise and delight, not unmixed with fear, with which his unexpected visit had been hailed, (when his personal comforts had been attended to,) was to ascend to the battlements, in order to look around upon the lake, to see if all was quiet. At first its dark surface could only be distinguished from the still darker outline of the woods, and rocks, and fells, on the "main;" but while anxiously peering into the impenetrable gloom, the setting moon, emerging from behind the black mass of lowering clouds, which hung over the scene like a funeral pall, with the highest peaks of the mountains on which it rested, as its supporters, descended into the narrow bright streak at the horizon,

"Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to die,"

when, shading her eyes with her hand, to shield them from the confusion of its low and level rays, as they danced and flickered on the silvery ripple around her, she saw a dark speck on its dazzling wake, and then another—and another.

"He's watched and doomed," she cried, as she descended, with all the haste her trembling steps would permit, to communicate the fearful intelligence to her husband.

"If that's the case, I think I had best be off as soon as I've finished my supper," he carelessly

said, as he continued his attacks upon the party before him with undiminished vigour; while she, in some measure reassured by his recklessness, busied herself in buckling on his sword, as he sat at the table, remarking, with ill-suppressed emotion, as she placed the plumed cap upon his curly head:

"I little thought when you came that I should so anxiously hasten your departure."

"A merry Christmas to thee, Margery," was the gay and good-humoured reply to this endearing expression, as he raised the sparkling goblet to his lips; "and now," he continued, when he had finished his draught, "good night! good night, Madge!" and, as he clasped his beloved and loving partner and participator, or rather sympathiser, in all his hardships, and sufferings, and dangers, and to that heart which beat not but for her and his royal master,—he soothingly and affectionately added:—"Fear nothing, my love, either on my account or your own; but where's my Charlie?" She proudly led him to his couch, where the stern warrior, bending over his sleeping boy, kissed his bold bright forehead, and, in broken accents, exclaimed: "Good bless thee, my son!" and rushed from the apartment. Yes! Reckless Robin was for once unmanned.

CHAPTER II.

— Not far there lurk a crew
Of trusty comrades, staunch and true.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

FROM the iron studded gate of the mansion, whose rusty bolt he drew aside with his own hands, being unwilling to disturb the old drowsy porter, who was apparently asleep at his post, to the place where he had left the light skiff which had wafted him to his island home, was but a step—but no skiff was there. He ran across the point, which separated this small cove from another of deeper water, where a large craft was always kept moored—but that too was gone; and he had no alternative but to return to the place from whence he came, which circumstance did certainly suggest to his mind, the concluding paragraph of the death doom of the judge, "and from thence to the place of execution." "No, no!" he muttered to himself, as if in reply to the thought; "there's danger in attacking even a stag at bay."

"So ho! there! old rusty keys! open the gate!"

for the faithful old functionary, habituated to jealous watchfulness in those perilous times, slept so lightly that he had been awakened by the noise of his master's departure, and had risen to shut and fasten it: His summons was instantly obeyed, when he added:

"Tell old Fothergill to attend me in the hall."

"He has been dead, sir, just a twel'-month. Last winter was a rainy one, and yer honour knows, an open Christmas makes a green church-yard—we thought—"

"Never mind, tell Jack Kitchen to come here."

"O, sir, doesn't yer honour know he was hanged last summer but one, for that fray we had with——"

"Well, well! see that all on the island attend me instantly!" The order was obeyed with alacrity, when his directions were as promptly given to them.

"Ha! Jennings, I'm glad the crop-ears have left me one of my father's old servants. How many fat cattle have you? But its of no consequence; let every hoof, fat and lean, be slaughtered and brought within the house, you'll find a place for some of them in the withdrawing-room, if you're at a loss; we may consider them better furniture than any thing else it contains, before this brush is over; and let the women and children be employed in adding to the store of fuel; to this end pull down the out-buildings nearest the mansion; we must all work, as for our lives, while we have time, which will not be long,—perhaps tonight and tomorrow. I think they can hardly be here before tomorrow night, and others may be here before that time,—but not if I stand prating here. One of you run instantly and set fire to the stables!"

"The loft is full of hay, sir!"

"No matter, it will afford you the better light."

To hear was to obey, and in a few minutes a dense black smoke, and then a livid flame ascended aloft, and

"Waved like a blood flag on the sky,"

which threw such a glare of unearthly light over the broad and calm surface of the sleeping waters, and from thence reflected with such increased intensity upon the surrounding mountains, as distinctly to define the shadow of the sentinel of his party, as he "walked his lonely round," and kept a faithful watch upon his sleeping comrades, some fourteen miles distant.

"Well, Margery!" he replied, rather to the looks than to the words of his terrified wife, as she joined the busy groups at this moment, "the cowardly kerns have stolen my skiff—the thieves! that's all. But thou too must take thy turn of duty in the present weak state of our garrison, so ascend again to the battlements, but look not at those black specks upon the lake which frightened you so just now, but to the Fells beyond, and this will shield thee," throwing his military cloak over her shoulders, "from the chilling night air. Thy watch, however, need be but short, or I mistake the eagle-eye of faithful Bowther."

* The author was looking at a house on fire, one dark night in the winter of 1832-3, from the window of a room without a light, when he perceived his shadow distinctly thrown upon the opposite wall, and the distance could not be less, in a straight line, than fourteen miles, twelve of it measured. Several persons witnessed this extraordinary fact, which could only be accounted for by the light being reflected from the glassy surface of the snow after an "ice storm."

She left him, for the post assigned her, without exchanging a single word; her heart was too full to speak, but her energies were roused at the idea of being useful in such an emergency.

"Stephen," he continued, turning to the old porter, as his wife left him, "see to the arms, and muster all the old firelocks you can find, and have them at every loop-hole and crevice we can poke a muzzle through, with plenty of ammunition; thanks to the ignorance of the old double-distilled traitor, who brought his plundering masters to search this old hide-and-go-seek-tumble-down mansion, we have enough of that; they thought, the fools, they had not left us a shot in the locker." This he said, *sotto voce*, for his supposed auditor did not stop to listen to a word after he had received his orders; when, turning to the stables, he said, as if replying to his own doubts and musings: "I have more friends than foes in Ray-Rigg and Bowness yet," as his eye rested upon some scattered houses in the vicinity of those villages, rendered visible by the red light of the fire, "if they dare but shew themselves; and if I had not, they might as soon turn the pike of Langdale into the lake, as Bowther from his purpose; but Colonel Briggs, with his band of blood-hounds—no, no!—they cannot be here in time; but I must prepare for the worst, although I shall get but small thanks from my brother, for the trifling liberty I am taking with his goods and chattles."

His wife, returning at this moment from her mission, interrupted his further reflections.

"Well, Madge! what news? Good, I know from thy bright looks."

"The heather's on fire on Ambleside Fells! the whole mountain's in a blaze! another fire on the top of Hardknot! and another on —."

The word was lost on her enthusiastic auditor, or it would have damped his ardour.

"By St. George! I knew it." Then waving his cap above his head: "Hurrah!" he exclaimed, "Three cheers for my brave mountaineers! the Fell sides for ever!" when it struck him there were none to cheer them, and quietly replacing his cap, he exultingly added: "the lads will be here before old Briggs yet, so to bed, Madge: I shall snatch what sleep I may upon this old settle, for the knaves will be here anon for fresh orders, if it be but to prove their alacrity. Good night! you may sleep in peace, for the brave lads are on the march ere this, and you'll have to be stirring before the dawning to welcome my deliverers."

As his wife retired, he ascended the battlements to take a look at the signal fires of his partisans himself, when sweeping the horizon with an anxious eye:

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "what have we here?" as he caught a glimpse of a fading and flickering light on the top of Rawlinson's Nab; "that has been lighted by a foeman's brand—there are more

traitors here than I thought. The old fox thinks he has me now, but—nous verrons," and he hastened below to look to his preparations for a more desperate defence.

When he again reached the hall, he found the old porter, whom he had so lately transformed into the armourer, in waiting with his report, which was more favourable than he expected.

"But that old bull-dog above yonder," he asked, referring to an uncouth and antique looking piece of ordnance he had seen, "can it bark yet?"

"Yes and bite too," was the satisfactory rejoinder; "but we've no shot, sir," continued the functionary, with a disappointed look.

"Never mind, we'll break up the old pots, or send them their own back again; or, if we cannot do better, we must blaze away without; it will at least frighten the Kendale weavers from coming too near us."

CHAPTER III.

From gray hill side his band came down,
Just like a torrent swelling,
From Skiddaw's Scours of high renown,
Or from his mute Helvellyn.

Old Ballad.

THE reader will form a very erroneous idea of Reckless Robbin's band, if he supposes it consisted of any thing like a regular regiment of the present day, or even of that remote period. If such it had been, the authorities could easily have quelled it; but so far from this being the case, whatever military force was sent into this beat, as he called the whole of this mountainous district, for that purpose, and such expeditions were numerous, they either could not find a foe to contend with, or, if they could, none returned to tell the tale. In the former case, the inhabitants were uniformly found to be busily employed in their rural and peaceful occupation, and so thinly scattered over such a vast extent of wild and pathless "Fells," as to have little or no communication, either with each other or with the plains below; neither, when their houses were searched for arms or ammunition, could any thing of the kind be found; nor, although a large reward was publicly offered for the apprehension of our hero, could a vestige of his movements be discovered.

This band of undisciplined warriors, never very numerous, seldom mustering more than a hundred, except on extraordinary emergencies, was composed of tall, athletic, and robust young men, as hardy and enduring, as active and powerful, as they were bold and daring. Accustomed, almost from their infancy, to the use of the fowling-piece, they were excellent marksmen, of which the oliverians, or rebels, as they were then designated, had many a fatal proof. Their clothing was the common homespun "hoddin grey" of the country, manufactured from the coarse wool

of the Fell sheep, and although their ordinary attire, it contributed not a little to give them the martial appearance of regular troops, clad in a uniform, the best adapted, from its colour, to the scene of their exploits, whether in their own native fastnesses and fell-sides, or on the time-worn battlements of Colonel Philipson's mansion.

Their arms consisted of a short carbine, or rude fowling-piece, which they carried in their left hand, when on foot, or slung across their shoulders, when on horseback, for they were infantry or cavalry as the occasion required, although their "forte" was in the former capacity; they also carried a pistol stuck in the leathern belt which encircled their waists, from which was suspended, on one side, a short sword, or couteau de chasse, and on the other, a sort of game-bag, or wallet, containing their ammunition and provisions, which completed their equipment, rendering their tout ensemble so formidable, that the hero of a hundred fights, opposed to them in deadly strife, on a fair field, man to man, might have quailed before them without a stain upon his escutcheon.

Their military tactics, if such they could be termed, were like those of most mountaineers, chiefly exhibited in cunningly devised ambuscades, or in sudden and furious attacks, for they were generally the assailants. The enemy was allowed to approach within a very short distance of their hiding place, or they themselves, either under the cover of night, or of a thick fog, or through some unguarded pass where they were least expected, suddenly pounced upon the foe, whose first notice of the onset was from a well-aimed and destructive volley from their firelocks, which they instantly flung away, and rushing forward with a loud shout, gave another with their pistols, which they threw into the left-hand, and drew their swords. If unsuccessful, which was hardly ever the case, they fled, and if possible, the way they came, and picked up their arms, which, if they could not rally again at the moment, they hid, and returned to their flocks and farms.

They had no pay, and but little plunder. Why, then, it may be asked, did they fight, and that so bravely? Was it patriotism, or loyalty, or the gratification of a feeling of revenge? Nothing of the kind, unless a little of the latter might have been roused by the wanton tyranny and oppression of which they were the frequent victims. Save and except this, they fought because there was nothing on earth they liked so well—they gloried in a fray—they knew little, and cared less, on whose side, or on whose account, their swords were drawn—their foe was pointed out to them by their leader, and they were satisfied.

The legend of the "Stone of Bowther,"* or the

"Rebel's Grave," as carefully preserved in the traditional lore of the neighbourhood, is not only so illustrative of this portion of our history, but so characteristic of the man, that we shall hardly be accused of a digression, if we give it at length.

An officer or two, with some thirty or forty men, my authorities differ as to the number, had been quartered for a long time among the Fells, where all seemed perfectly tranquil, for the express purpose of apprehending this indomitable partizan; so long indeed that they were personally acquainted with almost all the inhabitants, with some even intimately; when one of the latter, apparently a hired man at a farm house to tend the sheep, on whose fidelity they placed the utmost confidence, was asked if he did not think that Robin's hiding place could be discovered. To their surprise and satisfaction, he unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative. "But what portion of the reward," he enquired, in the broadest patois of the country, "will be mine, if I tell you?" "The half," was the immediate answer. "Put then twelve hundred an fifty pund in my master's hands, and I's the man to shew him to ye, and ye mun meet me at the gate here tomorrow; but tomorrow's Friday, say Saturday, an hour before midnight with as many o' ye as ye think ye'll want." The terms were settled, and a sergeant with half a dozen men met him accordingly, and immediately, with him as their guide, started on their journey, but they had not proceeded far, before they were joined by the rest of the detachment.

He led them a long and a weary march, now threading their way through Barrowside woods, now

been ever moved by human means; and, if it fell from the nearest of the rocks, it must have rolled upon the ground much further than can readily be conceived of the motion of such a mass."

How far the fair tourist is correct in these assertions the reader may judge from the following.

Four or five of my schoolfellows, determined upon undermining an immense stone at the very apex of a mountain in this very neighbourhood, for the sole purpose of seeing it roll down into the valley below. Their only tools, a few stakes cut from a neighbouring wood; their only time, an hour or so in the evening after the school was out. They commenced their operations, as a farmer was ploughing a field at the foot of the hill, or a little beyond it, and never flagged in their efforts till the ripened grain upon it was safely housed, when their labours were crowned with the most glorious success; a shout of extatic triumph accompanied the ponderous mass in its thundering career; the mountain trembled beneath our feet at every bound it made, as if shaken by an earthquake, till, to our horror and dismay, it went so far beyond the bounds we had assigned for the termination of its course, as to reach the field above mentioned; and such was its size, we had to pay about four pounds for blasting and removing it. Even I myself had to pay a share, although too little, at the time, to have more to do in the affair than to clap my hands, and unite in the exulting plaudits. So much for being in bad company, and not a little for the mobility of the "Stone of Bowther."

*Mrs. Radcliff, speaking of this stone, in her *Tour to the Lakes*, says, "This is one of the spectacles of the country. Its size makes it impossible to have

clambering up the rocks that rise so abruptly above the thundering cataract of Lowdore, and then obscured in the dark shadow of Gowdar Crag, from which they emerged again at the head of Derwent-water, where they halted a moment to rest before they entered the Gorge of Borrowdale, a pass formed by the yawning of dark and rugged rocks, in every possible shape of fantastic and terrific grandeur on one side, the beetling cope of Glaramara threw its darkening shadow across the chasm, on the other, the eyrie heights of Eagle Crag seemed suspended over it, while their steep path, if path it would be called, was strewn with immense fragments broken from the surrounding precipices. Upwards still they toiled, but heavily armed as they were, they found it hard work to proceed, even in single file. At length, as day began to dawn, when, so worn out with fatigue, that some of the men began to murmur, their active and untiring guide pointed to a small twinkling light on the top of Castle Crag* Fell, at the head of the pass up which they were struggling, as the termination of their journey, and at the same time requested the officer to halt his men for a moment. The word was communicated in a whisper, from man to man, to the rear of the advancing column; when he proceeded a short distance before them, and mounting a projecting ledge, as if to reconnoitre, he exclaimed in accents of loud defiance, "I AM THE MAN YE SEEK." A dozen firelocks were levelled at him in an instant, but ere a trigger was drawn, he had retired into a dark cavern behind him, when a loud crash was heard, and a huge mass of rock came thundering down the gorge, followed by a shout, which seemed to rend the very mountains, from a fierce band of armed men, rushing down upon what was left alive of that panic stricken and unresisting foe, with an impetuosity, little short of that of the fatal harbinger of their approach.

The sun had hardly ascended high enough into the heavens, on that fatal morning, to shed upon that deep valley, at the foot of the gorge, a single ray, as bright as if the dew drop had not been dashed from the blood stained grass, ere a pit was dug, in which were deposited the mangled remains of their enemies. The fatal stone, which even to this day bears the name of him who planned and executed this fearful onslaught, together with a large mound near it, are still pointed out to the curious traveller as the "Stone of Bowther," and the "Rebel's Grave."

Such were the men, or rather a small portion of them, which the faithful and cautious Bowther, a person to whose authority they submitted, with a deference similar to that paid to his superior, had

assembled to watch from the heights of Ambleside for the signal their reckless leader had reluctantly promised to give them in the event of any untoward accident befalling him on his journey, which, when they saw, to arm and to set fire to the heather was the work of a moment, and they were instantly on their march to his relief or assistance, picking up a man or two at every house they passed. A messenger was also dispatched to the southward, to raise their forces in that direction. Those, however, fortunately, as the reader will perceive anon, met with obstacles on their route which obliged them to return.

The others, comprising the main body, arrived in safety at the northern side of the lake, near the upper end, where they found a small boat or two, and then another, as they now proceeded by land and water, till they obtained a sufficient number in which to embark their whole force, when they pushed off for the island, some miles lower down; still, however, keeping nearer the north shore; and it was well for them they did so, for on a point of land, a high promontory, stretching far into the lake on the opposite side, while it was yet dark, a lightning flash, as they passed it, was seen, for an instant, to glance upon the steel caps of armed men, succeeded by the sharp and loud report of a heavy gun, reverberated in thundering echoes from the surrounding rocks, as its iron messenger came bounding o'er the deep, harmlessly recocheting amid their frail and fragile fleet.

They then rested for a moment upon their oars, not from fear, but from surprise, and then, without word or sign from their leader, they stretched to them again with such redoubled vigour, that the tough ash bent in their hands like a willow wand, and the light craft almost rose out of the water, like a thing of life, as they flew so swiftly over its surface, that ere another shot was fired, they were so far beyond its reach, as to render the report as little alarming as its own echoes.

With set teeth and compressed lips, onward still they worked their way, as headland, rock and wood flew past them in their rapid course, for Bowness' Point had still to be passed.

A dawning streak of grey light in the east, brightened, in some measure, by being reflected from the "silvery sheen" of the glassy lake, afforded, as they approached it, an indistinct view of men and horses, and a low rumbling sound, as of heavy wheels, came faintly down upon the ear, gliding softly o'er the calm dark surface of the placid waters, till it reached the boats, when it seemed to ascend up over the gunnel, as if some friendly spirit had risen from the deep, to warn them in whispers of their danger; and then another shot, better aimed or better sped than the last, for it struck the sternmost boat in the bows and dashed it to pieces, when the two next backed water to pick up the drowning,

* So called from the castle or fortress which once guarded this important pass; at least such is the prevailing opinion, but not a vestige of it remains.

men, not one of whom was wounded; but in doing this, they lost so much time, as to be cut off from their comrades, and could not make the island. To account however, for all this, we must commence a new chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

"Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid."
Shakespeare.

COLONEL BRIGGS, (already introduced to the reader,) the commandant of the small garrison of Kendale, about five leagues from the Lake of Windermere, on whom devolved the difficult task of overawing and keeping in subjection, the thinly scattered inhabitants of that wild and mountainous district, which so nearly surrounds the deep "vale, in whose bosom" that small town is situated, as to leave but one outlet from it to the sea, having been taught, by fatal experience, in his many unsuccessful rencontres with this watchful and resolute band, that it was worse than useless to contend with them in open conflict, had recourse, like themselves, to stratagem, in order to apprehend their leader, on whom, he knew, depended the effectiveness, if not the very existence, of the force which owned his power. To this end, he withdrew all his men, or rather never replaced his last detachment, which had been totally destroyed at the Gorge of Borrowdale.

The calm, which was the natural consequence of this preliminary step, for a long time was considered only a prelude to the tempest or the earthquake. Vindictive as his feelings were known to be, exasperated by repeated and disastrous defeats, baffled and chagrined, and taunted by the authorities for his failures; it never was for a moment supposed that he had given up the contest: on the contrary, Robin's spies, and any of his men acted in this capacity, under their real character, rather than in the disguise of farmers attending the market at Kendale, where their arch-enemy resided, brought him word that busy preparations were making for some important enterprise, which they could not and did not mistake as intended for any thing else than to take ample and retributive vengeance for the awful catastrophe we have mentioned; and this was the more especially certain, as his own son was said to have been one of the officers so treacherously murdered, as some termed it, on that melancholy occasion.

This conviction was rather confirmed than shaken by the report, so industriously circulated, as to defeat its intended purpose, that the force he was mustering was intended to quell some outbreak in the Sedberg and Ingleton Fells, on the borders of Yorkshire.

There was also another circumstance, which had no little weight in preventing the mountaineers from being entirely deceived, and this arose from the uni-

versal silence among the military, upon the fate of the last detachment sent into the Fells, a subject of such fearful and intense interest to the inhabitants of the town.

It was said, too, that neither Colonel Briggs nor his family went into mourning for the loss their domestic circle had sustained; nor otherwise gave evidence that any report of such a bereavement had ever reached them. In a word, the old soldier over-acted the part he had unnaturally assumed, and it failed in its intended object, to blind and deceive.

All this, however true, with regard to the object and destination of the force he was thus preparing, threw no light upon the mode in which it was to be employed. They saw the storm ominously darkening the hemisphere, but as to the precise spot among their green valleys, which was doomed to desolation by the first outbreak of its fury, they were entirely at fault; but this gave them little concern, for descend where it might, it would be seen from a hundred hills.

But when these preparations appeared to be entirely completed, and the troops were peaceably reposing in their winter quarters, it began to be bruited abroad, that Colonel Briggs had received orders from the government to stay all further proceedings against them; and, when such report reached the ears of the wily commandant himself, he but faintly and evasively contradicted it. This ruse was so successful as to induce our reckless hero to come down from his fastnesses, to pay the visit, we have mentioned, to his wife and son, who had purposely been allowed to hold undisturbed possession of his brother's mansion on his native island. Hence Colonel Briggs' exclamation, "the trap was well baited, and I have caught him at last."

A short distance above Philipson's Island, the lake, on whose bosom it seems to float, is narrowed to within half a mile by two mountains nearly opposite each other, stretching away their sloping and tapering points till they meet beneath its surface, forming, in appearance, a shallow on which the pebbles might be counted at the bottom, although at a depth of more than twenty feet, so clearly pure and transparent are its chrysal waters. There was then, as there is at the present day, a ferry across this strait, and the man who kept it, was the individual employed to watch the long looked for coming of Reckless Robin! Many long days and longer nights of weary disappointment passed away, yet he came not, and he began so to relax in his assiduity, as very nearly to have missed him when he did arrive.

One dark and lowering winter-evening just after the close of day, while fastening his boat to the fragment of a rock on Bowness' Point, as the southernmost of these premonitories was called, from its proximity to the village of that name, and from which the fatal shot was subsequently fired, resolv-

ing, thus early, to give up his watch for that night, as it was Christmas eve, to join some merry-making among his friends, he saw a light skiff push off from or pass the opposite point, he knew not which:—to detach his own from the stone, to which he had tied it, to shove it off, and embark, was the work of a moment, when he was in full chase after the suspicious looking little vessel, which he soon saw was making for the island, and at so rapid a rate as no single arm, save one he knew of, could impel it.

The prow of the chase no sooner touched the grassy bank than he hastened back to the point,—again hauled up his boat,—then mounted in breathless and panting haste to the summit of Rawlinson's Nab, set fire to his previously prepared heap of dried ling and withered broom, when he instantly descended to his boat, and again pushed off for the island, and having reached it, towed out the little skiff and moored it to a rude anchor, a stone with a rope tied to it; he then pulled round the point, where lay the larger boat, already mentioned, which, after hard struggling to get afloat, he towed out, and moored in the same manner.

The task assigned him, being thus finished, he rested upon his oar, at a farther and safer distance from the upper end of the island, where he exultingly awaited the arrival of his employer, without once entertaining the dread thought that the avenger might be there before him.

The signal fire he had lighted was answered by another on the heights above Burnside, which overlook the vale of Kendale, about six miles off, in a straight line, though more than twice that distance, by any practical path. These heights, though far from reaching the same elevation as Rawlinson's Nab, are sufficiently high to intercept the line of vision, between that lofty peak and the haunted tower of Kendale Castle, from which the startling shot, that so alarmed the peaceable inhabitants of the town, had been fired.

As all was done, before our hero was aware that he was so hard beset, and consequently before any signals could have been exchanged between him and his faithful followers, Colonel Briggs had, at least, an hour's start of them; part of this advantage, however, was lost by the larger time he necessarily required to prepare for his expedition; but this, again, was more than counterbalanced by the greater celerity of his march, when he did commence it, as his men were all well mounted, so that he reached the lake in time to intercept the small portion of Robin's force that, the reader may recollect, was to come down by the southern shore, which having mistaken for the main body, he so far relaxed in his efforts, as to consider the few boats he found at Bowness, sufficient for his further proceedings; these, with as many men as they could conveniently carry, he sent off to the island, there to debark and keep a strict and

cautious watch till the boatmen returned for another freight.

The men, though brave and unflinching as their own steel blades, quailed in abject dismay under their commander's eye as they were told off for this fearful service.

"We can face men, like men, in mortal combat," they muttered among themselves, "and perforce may even wrestle with the evil one himself, but to be driven into the very den of the lion, that goeth about seeking whom he may devour and in the dark too, is a tempting of Providence,—a trifling with one's conscience, and more than a soldier's duty; and I'll tell the colonel so, if ever I return alive."

"Him!" exclaimed another, "he cares no more for 'Robin the Devil,' than I do for a roystering cavalier."

"I wonder, whispered a third, whether he has here any dark passages into the bowels of these mountains, such as he took the poor fellows into, that were last sent against him; if he have, hang me if I'll follow him into them."

"And do you think they did?" asked the corporal in command, rising from his seat on the thwart in thy bows and clearing his voice. "No, no! they were led, will ye, nil ye, by his sorceries, and his enchantments, and his witchcrafts, and his devices, and his—but what's that? as I'm a poor sinner, a blue flame on the island." He had caught a glimpse of the light from the glowing embers of the burnt stables; "and see there, his black boat's waiting for us! back, back to the main! That's it, give way men."

And, to increase if possible their consternation, just at this moment the two lumbering field pieces, which they did not know had been ordered to follow them, arrived, and opened their fire upon the enemy's fleet, of whose very existence they were equally ignorant. They saw the flashes, which, in the darkness, seemed much nearer than they really were; the reports rung so sharp and clear over the dark and smooth surface of the lake, when every rock sent such a booming echo back, that they were utterly confounded, they thought a hundred unearthly guns had opened upon them at once, and they ceased to make a single exertion for their safety.

This stunning din of artillery ceased, and the morning began to dawn, when an order was sent to them, to attack the disabled boats. This roused them, in some measure, from their panic, and they promptly obeyed it, especially as there was now light enough to enable them to see, that in outward form and appearance at least, the enemy they were to contend with, did not belong to the immaterial world.

The rest of the boats, still containing a formidable number of Robin's followers, met with nothing fur-

ther to impede their progress ; they slightly deviated, however, from the course they were pursuing, although they had little time to do so, in consequence of perceiving a solitary skiff, with but one person in it, creeping stealthily, as they thought, round the head of the island, as if to get under the shore opposite to that they were approaching. The man being hailed, only redoubled his efforts to accomplish his purpose ; but the foremost boat soon overhauled him, when throwing him the bight of a rope, for they themselves were too hotly pursued to admit of the delay that would have been occasioned by picking him up, they bade him bold on as he valued his life. As he did value his life, he let go ; for he was no other than the traitorous spy, the author of all the mischief. The next boat, on observing that he had not caught the rope, threw him another, which struck him a fathom or so from the end, and swung once or twice round his body, and such was the rapidity with which they were sweeping past, before he could disengage himself he was dragged, with a sudden jerk, over the gunnel of his boat, into the water ; he now, however, not to belie an old proverb, did hold on till they towed him ashore, which they soon after reached.

They all knew him well, as he had formerly belonged to their own band, and if they had entertained any doubt as to the objects of his errand there, it would have been instantly removed by his abject and humiliating cries for mercy.

“ On, to the mansion !” shouted the leader, “ and if the villain deviates a step from the path, shoot him !” Three or four of the foremost instantly threw their loaded firelocks across their left arms, to be in readiness to execute the command. The order was thus hastily given, as a shot from one of the enemy’s guns, which they had got afloat, at that moment lopped a branch from a tree above their heads.

We shall not attempt to describe with what a high and consequential bearing the old porter threw open the massy door to admit that martial array, nor with what feelings of satisfaction they were welcomed by their delighted leader and his trembling wife ; nor of the substantial breakfast that awaited them ; nor with what keen appetites, after the mutual greetings were over, they sat down to enjoy it. Suffice it to say, that it was indeed enjoyment, and such as men can only feel when they have endured such hardships as they had undergone, and escaped from such dangers as they had been exposed to.

Their morning meal was hardly well commenced, before they began to discuss, along with it, the measures to be adopted for their defence, all possibility of retreat being cut off, by the capture or destruction of their boats. The result of these deliberations need not be noticed, further than as it will be developed in operations which our true and faithful narrative obliges us to detail.

The old court-yard wall, or rather the remains of it, was all pulled down :—the more distant outbuildings shared the same fate, and the timber was brought within the mansion for barricading the doors, repairing breaches, &c., and everything that could afford the slightest shelter to their assailants, burned and levelled with the ground. They then proceeded to carry within their fortress, as we may term it, an immense quantity of large stones from the ruined walls, to be used as missiles to repel an escalade as well as for the purpose of walling up the principal entrance as effectually as possible, leaving, for a sally port, a door below the surface of the ground, leading from the cellars, which their guns could not be brought to bear upon.

While the little garrison was thus occupied, Colonel Briggs was actively employed in transporting his men, guns, and other military stores, as well as provisions, to the position he had taken up on the island, sheltered from the fortress by an intervening wood, as the only spot from which he could, with safety, commence his approaches in form, if that should be necessary. His next step was to place a guard of boats in the offing, beyond the reach of small arms from the mansion, round the lower end of the island, forming a curved line in shape of a horse-shoe, throwing out a small picquet at the upper end, directly opposite his encampment, to keep up a communication across the opening.

When he had completed this formidable array, and added further to its terrors by discharging his two guns, probably to let his enemies know how well he was furnished with artillery, he sent a flag of truce with a summons to surrender, which they sent back with scorn and defiance, and the black flag was instantly hoisted on the ramparts.

At length that eventful day “ was done,” and night threw her “ sable curtain o’er the busy scene,” when, without, the guards were drawn so closely round that doomed fortress, as to hear from within, the song, and the loud laugh, and the merry jest of its inmates

“ Keeping their Christmas holiday.”
(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL.)

TO E J

Flower of my spirit—bird of my sight,
Blossom of beauty—rose of delight :
The spring of my bosom’s lone desert art thou,
The shrine where I breathe the soft words of each
vow.

A rose art thou E—and yet without thorn—
A sun without even?—a star without morn—
Music and beauty thine attributes are,
Sweet essence of all that is fragrant and fair. . . .

Montreal, 18th February, 1841.

RUSSIAN AIR.

ARRANGED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY MR. W. H. WARREN, OF MONTREAL.

The musical score is arranged for piano and consists of four systems of two staves each. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a time signature of 2/4. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system contains dynamic markings such as *mf* and *f*. The fourth system concludes with the word "FINIS." written in the right-hand staff.



CUPID'S DEFIANCE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

THINK ye to fetter Love with gold ?
 Ah no, no !
 With brow of care and features old ?
 With pulseless veins and bosom cold ?
 Ah no, no !
 Enchain the star
 That gleams afar,
 Withhold the breezes from the tree ;
 Forbid the heart
 To act its part,
 Then hope with gold to fetter me.
 Could Love an humble captive be ?
 Ah no, no !
 The heart is Cupid's monarchy ;
 No gold is in his treasury.
 Ah no, no !
 Ambition bold,
 Pride stern and cold,
 Are subjects, Mammon, for thy chain ;
 But Love is free
 As thought can be,
 And flings thy shackles back again.

THE WAVES THAT ON THE SPARKLING SAND.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

THE waves that on the sparkling sand
 Their foaming crests upheave,
 Lightly receding from the land,
 Seem not a trace to leave.
 Those billows in their ceaseless play,
 Have worn the solid rocks away.

The summer winds, which wandering sigh
 Amid the forest bower,
 So gently as they murmur by,
 Scarce lift the drooping flower.
 Yet bear they, in autumnal gloom,
 Spring's withered beauties to the tomb.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,
 Their impress leave behind ;
 And spirits, which their bonds would spurn,
 The blighting traces find.
 'Till altered thoughts and hearts grown cold,
 The change of passing years unfold.

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE POET.

THOMAS MILLER was a basket-maker, in Elliott's-row, Whitechapel, for a long time living in the most abject state of poverty. Sitting between an apple stall woman and an oyster stall, did he offer his wicker baskets for sale; yet there, amidst the grossness and accumulated mass of ignorance and vice, did the indwelling spark silently work through his blood and brain, and the unquenchable fire of genius blaze out laughingly. The first man who took him by the hand was the *then* proprietor of the *Monthly Magazine*, in which he wrote, and received a few shillings for his contributions.

One day as he was cowering over the embers of his dying fire, without a penny in the house, working at a job of two baskets, for which he was to receive five shillings, a gentleman entered the room, (it was the editor of *Friendship's Offering*) and asked him if his name was Miller. "Then," said he, "I want you to write something for me. I can't promise to accept it; but if you will send it to me, I will see what can be done."

Miller rather hesitated; but he asked him if he was not in great distress, and threw down half-a-crown to relieve him.

On his departure, Miller sent his wife out for a penny sheet of paper, a penny worth of ink and a pen, and two pounds of rump steaks. The paper was brought, and by the light of the fire, he wrote the beautiful poem of "The Fountain."

"Herc," said Miller, "is a beautiful poem; but I don't think that 'ere chap can appreciate it." He folded the poem, and wafered it. We forgot to say, that when he sat down to the poem, the two baskets he had to finish, and for which he should get five shillings, occurred to him. "Wicker against literature," said he, and finished the baskets first. The next day the gentleman called, told him he thought the poem beautiful, and threw down two guineas on the table. Miller had never before possessed such a sum, and his astonishment may be well conceived. He actually barred the door that night lest he should be robbed. The gentleman engaged him to write another, and another. Fortune seemed at last to smile upon the poet. His rise upwards has been very great. The Countess of Blessington, of whom he speaks in the highest terms, used to send for him; and there, after sitting with her, Bulwer, and D'Israeli, with his feet on the Turkey carpet, he had to run down to Waterloo Bridge, or some such place, to sell baskets! The Countess (bless her heart for it!) used to endeavour to make him accept money, which he steadily refused; but one day she followed him to the door, and extending her hand, said "Good bye, Miller;" when she relinquished her grasp, he found three sovereigns in his hand. Mr. Miller is justly proud of his rise, and does not spurn the gentleman, or despise his former owliness.

THE BANNER OF ENGLAND.

A LOYAL SONG—BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

The banner of old England flows
Triumphant in the breeze,
A sign of terror to our foes;
The meteor of the seas.
A thousand heroes bore it,
In the battle fields of old;
All nations quailed before it,
Supported by the bold.

Brave Edward and his gallant sons,
Beneath its shadow bled;
And lion-hearted Britons,
That flag to glory led.
The sword of kings defended,
When hostile foes were near;
The sheet whose colours blended,
Memorials proud and dear.

The hist'ry of a nation,
Is blazon'd on its page;
A brief and bright relation,
Sent down from age to age.
O'er Gallia's hosts victorious,
It tam'd their pride of yore;
Its fame on earth is glorious,
Renown'd from shore to shore.

The soldier's heart has bounded
When o'er the tide of war;
Where death's brief cry resounded,
It flash'd a blazing star.
When floating over leagred wall,
It met his lifted eye,
Like war-horse at the trumpet's call,
He rushed to victory.

Ye Sons of Britain will you see
A rebel band advance?
To seize the standard of the free,
That dar'd the might o' France?
Bright banner of our native land,
Bold hearts are knit to thee;
A hardy, free, determined band,
Thy champions yet shall be.
Melsetter, Douro, Jan. 2, 1838.

SELF LOVE.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebbles stir the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowing of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind.

Pope's *Essay on Man*.

SCHOOLBOY MUSINGS.

BY AUGUSTUS NIPCHEESE, ESQ.

How pleasing 'tis on downy bed
To rest the weary languid head,
The arms to fold, the eyes to close,
Inviting balmy sweet repose,
While o'er the senses softly steal,
In dreams that words cannot reveal,
Sweet visions of celestial hue,
Ever varying, ever new.

How useful 'tis to sit and read,
Devouring with a miser greed,
The maxims of the wise of old,
More precious far than untold gold.
To cull from every learned store,
To take the gold from out the ore,
And fill the storehouse of the mind,
With choicest fruits of every kind.

O how bewitching 'tis to feel
First love, through youthful bosoms steal,
A heavenly transport fills the soul,
Which yields to Nature's sweet control ;
The summer eve, the shaded bower,
The murmuring rill, the cooing dove,
Breathe sweet of the delightful power,
Of soul entrancing, youth's first love.

Bliss past expressing 'tis to sit,
Indulging in a musing fit,
And from my casement battled high,
To view the orbs that fill the sky,
Roam through illimitable space
In Godlike majesty and grace,
Types of the power which made them all,
Like this immense terrestrial ball ;
The soul from out the body springs,
And soars on heaven expanded wings,
Firm in the vast immense 'tis lost,
In intricacy tempest tost,
And raised exaltedly sublime,
Above the narrow thoughts of time,
Adores the God whose wondrous skill
Created all and governs still.

O, who on earth's extended round,
The height can scale, the depth can sound,
The vastness scan, or aught conceive
Of him by whom we live and breathe.
We feel the spirit of his form,
Careering in the midnight storm,
When in the whirlwind's sweeping blast,
The sky in sackcloth's overcast,
When at the flashing of his eyes,
Forked lightning through the ether flies,
When at the trampling of his feet,
The clouds in fierce collision meet,

And utter forth their thunder loud
O'er earth, enwrapped within her shroud,
As if to all in this vile world,
God had the flag of mercy furled.

CLEOPATRA.

OPPOSED to the most able and powerful men that ever lived, she finally conquered the world's conquerors, by the brilliant qualities of her mind and the seductive influence of her charms. She successively subdued Julius, enslaved Antony, and outwitted Augustus. When proclaimed the partner of the Emperor of Rome, and when her statue was placed in the temple of its gods, she only used her power over the hearts of "the world's great masters" to save Egypt and to increase its dominions. From a fugitive princess, wronged, friendless, dethroned and hunted to death by unnatural kindred, she made herself an independent sovereign queen, and raised the decaying capital of her kingdom to be the intellectual metropolis of the universe ; a shrine to which the wise men of all nations brought their tributes.

Never was Egypt so rich in wealth, power, and civilization, as under the reign of this last of its queens, who made knowledge the basis of national supremacy ; who reconstructed that precious library which man, in his madness, had destroyed ; and who, when the treasures of the Roman empire were made disposable at her will, (by the prodigality of the enamoured Antony,) replied to his offers, "The treasures I want are two hundred thousand volumes from Pergamus, for my library of Alexandria."—*Lady Morgan's Woman and her Master.*

COIN OF DORT

UPON the coin of Dort, in Holland ; is a cow, under which is sitting a milk-maid. The same representation is in relievo on the pyramid of an elegant fountain in that beautiful town. Its origin is from the following historical fact :—When the united provinces were struggling for their liberty, two beautiful daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to the town with milk, observed, not far from their path, several Spanish soldiers concealed behind some hedges. The patriotic maidens pretended not to have seen anything, pursued their journey, and as soon as they arrived in the city, insisted upon an admission to the burgomaster, who had not yet left his bed ; they were admitted, and related what they had discovered. He assembled the council, measures were immediately taken, the sluices were opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in the water. The magistrate, in a body, honoured the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for the act of patriotism which saved the town ; they afterwards indemnified him fully for the loss he sustained from the inundation ; and the most distinguished young citizens vied with each other who should be honoured with the hands of those virtuous milk-maids.

OUR TABLE.

THE UNION.

SINCE the publication of the February number of the *Garland*, events of vast importance to the future prosperity of Canada have taken place. Since then, the long talked of Union between the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, has been consummated, and the first steps taken for the return of the people of the former to that state of political freedom unhappily disturbed by the disastrous occurrences of the years 1837 and 1838.

The tenth of February will form a new epoch in our Colonial History, whether for good or ill depends upon the spirit and temper of the people affected by the important change. That it may be the beginning of a more prosperous and peaceful state, we cannot imagine that any one is so destitute of patriotism as not to desire. That many, from motives of purest patriotism, have opposed it, no one with any share of that liberality and candour becoming in all, will deny. But there now exists no motive for further opposition. The power to reverse the *fiat* is not with us. Until time has shewn it to be unproductive of good, the power which decreed it cannot, nor will not again interfere. Let then the energies of all who love their country be bent to the one honourable purpose, to render it a blessing to the people for whose benefit alone it has been intended, by the beneficent and liberal Government of the great empire to which we proudly turn as the fostering parent of our own young but vigorous country.

Though somewhat alien to the subjects of which it is our duty to treat, we have been induced to touch upon this event, as one of too much importance to pass unrecorded in our pages, and as we do not approach it to discuss its merits, we do not fear that any of our readers will deem us at all intrusive. Equally with them we are interested in the result; like them, what is good for Canada cannot work harm for us—what is prejudicial to her interests must to us and to all be proportionately detrimental. It is then the interest, as it is the duty, and as it should be the pleasure, of every individual to contribute his assistance to render the operation of our new system of Constitutional Government as effective as possible for good.

Canada has for years suffered the evil consequences of opposing hostile parties, neither of which has been wholly blameless, as in all quarrels neither party can claim total exemption from reproach; but the extreme length to which, in pursuit of its object, one powerful body carried its hostility, led to results so terribly disastrous that all minor or more unimportant shades of difference forgotten, the opponents of the wild theorists were bound together in one impregnable phalanx. With a people so divided—with interests, feelings, every thing so diametrically opposite, it was of course impossible to govern the people by representatives chosen by themselves; the very attempt to elect them would only have been the means of rendering yet more bitter the already too fierce hostility of the rival parties. Such an attempt was wisely shunned.

Now, however, after two years of almost profound repose, when the rancour of political strife is scarcely remembered with other feelings than those of disapprobation and regret, when men have had time to permit the unnatural passions then roused into brief existence, to sink into oblivion, the period has arrived at which may justly be conceded the comparative self-Government without which it is impossible that men inheriting the opinions and blood of Britain can happily exist, and which are equally necessary to the well-being of our brethren of a different origin, the present generation of whom have been equally habituated to consider them necessary to their prosperous existence.

So circumstanced, it became the duty of the British Government to give back into the hands of the Colonists those privileges which had been in kindness withdrawn. The duty has been cheerfully performed. It will not form part of our future history that the trust has been unwisely given, or improperly and dangerously used.

Henceforward, let the past be but remembered as a moral lesson for our future guidance. Let the hatchet be indeed buried, and the country suffered to advance into that position for which it has been evidently designed by God and Nature, whose blessings have been showered upon it throughout its vast extent with a bountiful and unsparing hand.

Having thus far ventured into a territory which we do not claim to be justly within our jurisdiction, we beg to submit to the readers of the *Garland* the closing portion of the Proclamation issued by the Governor General, after the Union had been formally declared. It will not, we trust, be unacceptable, breathing as it does, sentiments alike worthy of the statesman, the philanthropist, and the patriot—sentiments which, in the peaceful spirit with which they are imbued, will express the feelings, the hopes and wishes of every lover of his country, of every individual whose desire is to see United Canada take that place among the nations, which the intelligence, the enterprise, and the character of her people, equally with her natural and acquired advantages, entitle her to maintain :—

Inhabitants of the Province of Canada ! Henceforward may you be united in sentiment, as you are, from this day in name. Who can visit, as it has been my good fortune to do, the extensive regions which are now united in one common denomination, and fail to acknowledge the vast resources they present for all that can conduce to the comforts and happiness of man ? A Part of the Mighty Empire of England—protected by Her Arms—assisted by Her Treasury—admitted to all the benefits of Trade as Her Citizens—your freedom guaranteed by Her Laws, and your rights supported by the sympathy of your Fellow Subjects there—Canada enjoys a position unsurpassed by any Country in the World.

It is for you its inhabitants to cultivate these advantages, to avail yourselves of the new Era which now opens upon you. Our Gracious Sovereign and the people of England watch with anxiety the result of the great change which has today received its completion. It is the first wish of the Queen to rule in the hearts of Her Subjects, and to feel that they are contented and prosperous under Her mild and just sway, Her Parliament and Government in conferring on you new Institutions have sought only your happiness and advantage. In your hands rests now your own fate, and by the use which you will make of the opportunity it must be decided. May the All wise Disposer of events, so ordain your acts that they may tend to the promotion of peace and happiness amongst you, and may He pour His Blessing upon that Union, of which it is my pleasing duty this day to announce to you the completion.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.

This periodical, which we have before noticed with commendation, continues to sustain the character of a useful and excellently conducted magazine,—one which by the mercantile community of America must be highly valued. The articles are generally written with ability, and are such as to afford much information in a very convenient space. The last number contains, among other excellent papers, a comprehensive and able lecture by Mr. Philip Hone, of New York, with the subject, of which "Commerce and Commercial Character," he appears to be perfectly familiar. His style is clear, piquant, and amusing, the lecturer wisely shunning the mere dry detail, and enlivening his subject with an occasional anecdote, calculated to keep the attention alive and active.

From this admirable lecture we extract a passage referring to the early commercial history of New York. The contrast with what is now to be seen in the thoroughfares of the metropolis of the Empire state will be sufficiently striking to satisfy the most sanguine advocate of speculative enterprise :—

"The merchants of New York, embracing as well such as buy and sell at home, as those 'who go down to the sea in ships,' upright and intelligent as they generally are, are undeniably prone to what is understood by the term overtrading; unlike the same class of persons in Europe, who plod on, generation after generation, in the same track, pursuing the same line of business, occupying the same premises, knowing no change but the succession of son to sire, and content with the steady accumulation of the small but regular profits of trade, are too apt to be swept away by the current of success into the ocean of speculation. The desire to get rich fast, makes us disregard the means of doing it safely; and habits of extravagance are induced by the visionary calculations of prospective wealth; but the city of New York is above all others the offspring of commerce; to the enterprise, ability, and liberality of her merchants she owes her present commanding position. Queen of the western world, her throne is established upon the pillars of trade, and mercantile honour is the jewel of her diadem.

"It is amusing to look back upon the state of the trade of New York, and the modes of conducting business within a brief period of less than fifty years, and contrast them with the present condition of things. I have no ambition to claim your respect or reverence as a sage of antiquity. On the contrary, I fear, I may have given you occasion this evening to remark that I am young enough to learn a great deal :

but my connection with business commenced so early in life, that I can describe these matters with tolerable accuracy. I was a lad in the retail dry goods store (shop we called it then) of my brother, in William street. Goods were imported principally from London. The ships (only two or three in number) made two voyages a year; and when they arrived, and the packages were opened in the warehouses of Waddington, Rawlett, and Corp, or Douglas and Shaw, notice was sent to the shop-keepers, who went down to Pearl street, and each selecting the articles he wanted, the whole importation was bought up; and a bill of five hundred dollars would have brought down upon the purchaser the jealousy of his neighbours, and occasioned serious alarm to the importer.

"It is a fact difficult to realize, that at the time I am speaking of, French dry goods were unknown in New York. I distinctly recollect the first package of French kid gloves; and for several years after the peace, English lutestrings were the only silks in use. The ladies will find it difficult to imagine such a state of destitution, and may, perhaps, thank their stars that they were not born in so dark an age, when the possession of a silk gown was a luxury that few arrived at, and its advent in the family an event of sufficient importance to be chronicled with the birth of a child, or the setting out of a husband on a voyage to Albany.

"Those were the days of frugality and carefulness; and as we are now in a gossiping humour, I will relate an anecdote to prove it. A relation of mine, a merchant in the Dutch trade, who had then been a resident of New York fifteen or twenty years, had in his possession a silk umbrella of uncommonly large proportions, which attracted the notice of a friend in company, who said to him in jest, 'I should not be surprised to hear that you had brought out that umbrella with you from Holland.' 'You have guessed right,' he replied; 'I did bring it when I came to this country, and have had it in constant use ever since; but I sent it once during the time to Holland to be newly covered.' Now this gentleman was liberal and charitable, but he took good care of his umbrella, and died worth a million of dollars.

"In the days of which we have been speaking, there was but one bank in the city, the Bank of New York, in Pearl street, then Hanover Square, of which Mr. William Seton was cashier, and Mr. Charles Wilkes first teller. Those were the blessed days of specie currency; and if you will indulge me, and laugh with me instead of frowning at me, I will describe how pleasantly it worked. The few notes which were given out by the merchants and shop-keepers (and the sequel will show how few they must have been) were collected of course through the bank. Michael Boyle, a runner, (how delightfully do his jocund laugh and pleasant countenance mix up with the recollections of my early years!) called, several days before the time, with a notice that the note would be due on such a day, and payment expected three days thereafter. When the day arrived, the same person called again with a canvass bag, counted the money in half dollars, quarters, and sixpences, (those abominable disturbers of the people's peace, bank notes, were scarcely known in those days,) carried it to the bank, and then sallied out to another debtor; and so all the notes were collected in this great commercial city, and in such a circumscribed circle did its operations revolve. Well do I remember Michael Boyle running around from Pearl street to Maiden lane, Broadway, and William street, (the business limits of which district, happily for him, did not extend north of the present Fulton street,) panting under the load of a bag of silver, a sort of locomotive subtreasurer, or the embodiment of a specie circular."

At the present moment, when the celebrated attack upon the *Caroline* is again a prominent subject of discussion, the very spirited and beautiful lines upon the subject, (written by Mrs. Moodie, at the period when the adventurous deed was performed,) will not be unacceptable to our readers, many of whom may before have met with them in the columns of some of the Provincial newspapers, in which they were published at the time. They are characterised by a boldness of style, and a patriotism of spirit every way worthy of the powerful intellect which has so lavishly contributed to adorn the pages of the *Garland*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS,

WE have received, since the publication of our last number, a variety of contributions, the major portion of which have been laid aside from insertion, the crowded state of our pages preventing the possibility of their appearance in the present number.