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EVA HUNTINGDON.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XIII.

And now the season was drawing to an end, and the different members of the Huntingdon family, so rarely coinciding in each other's opinions or wishes, agreed at least in looking forward to its close with feelings of sincere regret. Lord Huntingdon felt most reluctant to exchange the gaiety of the town for the dull monotony of the country, whilst to his lady the idea was perfectly abhorrent; the only ray of comfort it admitted, being the hope that she would see her son there, unless indeed some new whim would drive him back to town immediately on their arrival, or what was equally probable, send him on a six months' tour on the continent. Eva, too, who had found the commencement of her London life so wearisome and interminable, now anticipated its close with anything but satisfaction. True, the walks at Huntingdon Hall would be as pleasant, the sunshine as bright as when she had wept so bitterly at leaving them, some months before; but Mr. Arlingford would not be there to welcome her, and another tie would also be wanting,—a tie which had entwined itself slowly, almost imperceptibly around her heart, and whose existence she only learned from the bitter anguish the thought of parting brought with it. Rarely as Chester Rockingham, with all his perseverance and indefatigable ingenuity, had contrived to baffle the vigilance of Mrs. Wentworth, each interview he had obtained with Eva, however brief and measured, had added another link to the close and binding chain he was weaving round her affections. Ever devoted, ardent, seeking her through difficulties and discouragement, more than repaid for every effort by a word or smile, she saw not, felt not her danger, and yielded without even a passing feeling of remorse, to the happiness she derived from his devotion. Her feelings of satisfaction then were wholly unalloyed, when informed one morning by Mrs. Wentworth, that their stay in town was to be protracted for three additional weeks. The very evening of the day on which Eva had received that welcome intimation, lady Huntingdon was seated in her dressing-room, under the hands of her maid. The costly robe on the couch beside her, the jewels that glittered in her hair, told she was preparing for some gay scene, and yet the clouded, anxious expression of her countenance, harmonized ill with her festal attire."

"Will your ladyship wear pearls or flowers in your front hair?" enquired Willis, breaking in upon her reverie.

"Either," was the indifferent reply. The girl, thus left to her own discretion, decided in favor of the jewels, and whilst she turned away in search of the casket, her mistress leaned her head upon her hand, and murmured with a deep drawn sigh:

"Three weeks to-day since my fourth and last letter left, and yet no reply. Still, why should I feel so depressed, so anxious about him? How often has he permitted double that time to elapse without noticing my communications by a single line: Would that I could cast off this unaccountable and anxious presentiment that hangs around me! Perhaps I would not feel so uneasy, had he not corresponded regularly with me for some time after his arrival in the country. How I long to hear from him—to know what he will say in reply to the information contained in my last, regarding Mrs. Vivian, information which I hope may bring him back to town. Surely it cannot fail at least in making some impression on him, and yet I heightened nor exaggerated nothing. Here every day, himself her constant, her only topic, her blushes, her sighs. Oh! if he could only be persuaded or coaxed into taking her, what an advantageous *parti* in every sense of the word; but no, he is too headstrong, too blindly indifferent to his own interests for that. Well, even so, he will find other matches equally eligible. From the way that little Gaveston blushed when I casually mentioned him the other day, I could at once perceive that very little persuasion would induce her to break off her childish engagement with young Cressingham, in favor of Augustus; and the latter, by the way, seemed a little taken with her whilst in town. Well, I should not wonder if she is destined eventually to be my daughter-in-law; and on the whole, I am very well satisfied, though I must confess to a little aristocratic weakness in favor of lady Mary. Her princely ancestry, her open haughty disdain of all other suitors save the favored one, are both traits that would go far to win my favor."

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* Continued from page 226.

At this point of her ladyship's reflections a rapid heavy footstep resounded on the stairs; the next moment the door was roughly thrown open. The intruder, who was Lord Huntingdon, motioned the maid to quit the room, and then turning his pale troubled face to his wife, exclaimed, in tones almost indistinct from agitation:

"I have news for you to-night."

"For me? about whom?" she asked, and then her thoughts instantly recurring to the one dear object that ever engrossed them, she exclaimed with pallid lips: "'Tis of my child, my darling Augustus, you would speak. He is ill—dying."

"Neither," rejoined her husband, striking the table with a fierce oath. "Neither! but *married!* and married to a beggar—a *parvenue*, a country curate's daughter."

"Married!" shrieked Lady Huntingdon. "You are mocking me. It is not, it cannot be, Oh! in mercy retract your words. See me, here, kneeling before you!" and in the bewildered agony of the moment, she flung herself at his feet, her long black hair floating wildly around her, "Only say that you have spoken in jest, in falsehood, and I will bless—I will worship you."

"By——! madam, I only wish I could; but my information has come from too true a source—from the former suitor of the new Mrs. Huntingdon, and whilom rival of our only son—the parish clerk himself."

"Huntingdon, you have killed me!" murmured his wife, as her head drooped forward, and with a deep, agonized groan she sank insensible at his feet. Greatly alarmed he hastily raised her and laid her on a couch. She was cold as marble, and her very features wore the contracted, rigid look of the grave. He had once or twice, however, before seen her in a state nearly similar, and he instantly applied the proper restoratives; but it was long ere his efforts were successful. At length the heavy lashes parted and she looked around. The instant her glance fell on her husband, the vague restlessness that had previously filled it vanished, and was replaced by an expression that at once told memory and its maddening stings were hers again. Without replying to his anxious enquiries as to how she felt, she motioned him to the next apartment, murmuring in tones whose hollowness strangely startled him:

"Return in an hour—I will be better then." He obeyed, and she then fell back on her pillow to struggle in silence and loneliness with the terrible and invisible foe that was gathering its deadly crushing folds around her heart. The paroxysm was awful in its length and intensity, and for a time her cruel enemy seemed to have triumphed. Clammy drops bedewed her livid brow, the limbs stiffened out as if in the last mortal struggle,—but Lady Huntingdon's hour had not yet come. After a time the intensity of her sufferings subsided, and she faintly murmured:

"Once again have I escaped, the next will kill me!" For another length of time she lay back motionless, her thoughts as wildly agitated as her earthly frame was calm, till at length her husband, who had been leaning for the previous half-hour against her door, divided between the fear of leaving her so long alone and that of disobeying her injunctions by entering, exclaimed in a somewhat timid voice:

"May I come in, Isabella dear? How do you feel now?"

"Better," she briefly replied. He entered, and seated himself beside her, anxiously, though covertly scanning her features all the while. He was prepared for tears, for agony of look and tone—he saw neither. Lady Huntingdon was calm and proud as ever, nay, if anything, prouder.

The lofty brow bore no tokens of humiliation, of suffering; but, to a quick observer, the fixed look of the eyes, whose dark pupils seemed dilated to twice their natural size, the spasmodic quiverings that occasionally convulsed her features, her whole frame, would have revealed the volcano that burned within.

"I fear you are not much better, Isabella?" said her husband, anxiously.

"Better! Do you not see that I am quite well? You need not look so doubtingly at me, I can have no interest in deceiving you. Draw your chair nearer. We may as well discuss and settle this matter at once, whilst we are free from interruption."

Half deceived by her seeming calmness, lord Huntingdon obeyed, and his wife, with the same unnatural tranquillity of tone and manner, continued:

"Well, my lord, so our only son, I had almost said our only child, for so indeed has he been to me, has already decided his earthly destiny. Trampling on his duty to us, on the proud name he bears, on the benefits, the favors we have showered on him, from his cradle to the present moment, he has insulted and outraged us by choosing a pauper, aye! worse than that, a low born plebeian, for his wife—choosing her to fill the place I have filled, to bear the name I have borne. I have not forgotten, my lord, though you have generously forborne reminding me of it, that often when entreating you to discharge the debts his reckless extravagance had incurred, I assured you over and over again, that he would eventually atone for all, by contracting an alliance that would both enrich and aggrandize his family. Such an alliance was within his grasp; he knew it, yet wilfully, determinedly rejected it—wilfully, determinedly, brought disgrace and ruin upon us all. Well, as he has done his duty towards us, so shall we do ours towards him. Have you pen and paper there? Yes, on the stand beside you. Please, take it and write to him, briefly, clearly. Say you formally disinherit him as far as lies in your power, that you, as well as his mother, the mother whose heart he has broken—but no, do not say that—it would sound like weakness, mention simply that we both cast him off for ever, rejecting and refusing all future intercourse with him or his. Tell him, that whatever may be the extent of the misery, poverty and suffering, that may and will ultimately be his lot, to us he need never apply. The charity that would be accorded to a common pauper, will be denied to him!"

Lord Huntingdon, yielding entirely to the influence of the master mind of his companion, wrote as she dictated, without adding or omitting aught, and then folded and sealed the epistle, without a single remark.

"Thank you, my lord, I trust to you to see it sent immediately in the morning; and now, if you will leave me, I will ring for Willis. I scarcely feel equal for Mrs. M——'s to-night."

Lord Huntingdon, with some well meant but misplaced speech, about "the folly of thinking or fretting more over that ungrateful rascal," consolations which elicited no farther reply from his wife than an impatient wave of the hand, left the room.

"Married!" she murmured, clasping her hands tightly together. "Married! The end—the hope—the governing aim of my life—gone. And I, who have so wildly, so madly idolized him—I, who have made it the one all-engrossing duty of a life to promote his happiness, to anticipate and gratify his wishes, his very caprices. Oh! Ingrate that he is, how has he trampled on the love that would have sacrificed the last spark of life to have spared him one hour's sickness or suffering. But this heart has done for ever with all vain repinings and weak regrets. The idol it had formed unto itself, the idol which but too late it finds is but of clay, shall engross it no more. Let him find, if he can, in the calculating, interested affection of a stranger, a compensation for the intense, the passionate devotion of the mother, whose only fault was loving him too well. That dream, however, is past forever, and my indifference, my coldness, will equal for the future, the self-sacrificing love I have hitherto lavished on him. Yes; when the first weeks of boyish delight are sped, when poverty comes, bringing in its train gnawing cares and anxieties, when dissensions shall arise between him and the wife for whom he has riven all the holy and binding ties that have encircled him from his cradle, then will my hour come, and coldly, unsympathizingly, will I look on, nay, rejoicing that his heart is enduring some of the bitter pangs he has so often and so ruthlessly inflicted on my own. But enough of this. I must ring for Willis, or her suspicions will be aroused. And yet how soon will the terrible truth be known to her—to the world. Oh! would—would that it had killed me at once! That I had thus been spared the days and nights of agony, of shame, of unavailing regret that are in store for me."

Her attendant was not deceived by the outward calmness of her demeanor, as the keen covert glances she so often directed towards her plainly told; but Lady Huntingdon, formidable to her family, was doubly so to her domestics, and the girl, notwithstanding her burning curiosity, concluded her task without daring to proffer any remark. All that night Lady Huntingdon sat beside her table, her head supported by her hand, and the dawn of morning still found her there.

On Willis entering her apartment at her usual hour, she uttered an exclamation of anxious surprise on seeing her mistress in her dressing gown, her couch undisturbed; but she was immediately silenced by the latter, who commanded her in an imperious tone, "to tell Miss Huntingdon she wished to see her as soon as possible." The summons filled Eva with terror and anxiety.

"What was the meaning of it? What was the subject on which her mother wished to communicate with her?"

Harrassed by a thousand different fears and conjectures, she sought the latter's dressing-room; but every personal apprehension, every thought of self vanished, as the ashy, suffering-stamped features of Lady Huntingdon met her view.

"Mamma, mamma!" she hurriedly exclaimed, "are you ill?"

"Yes, a little; but if you can spare me an hour from your customary avocations, be seated. I have intelligence of importance to communicate to you."

Chilled by her mother's repellant coldness, Eva silently obeyed, and her companion, with an assumption of calm indifference that was too laborious, too constrained, to deceive even her inexperienced listener, exclaimed:

"You must know that your brother is married. Start not, but listen! Married to one infinitely beneath him in family and social position. Well, as we cannot recognize the wife, we must also disown the husband; and I have sent for you to say, that henceforth being regarded by your father and myself as our only child, many privileges and advantages, of which your youth and secondary position in the family have hitherto deprived you, will now be yours. You may retain or dismiss your governess as you please, only 'tis my advice, as well as wish, that you should pursue to the end the educational course you have commenced under her auspices. In any case, however, the rigid rule you have hitherto lived under, may be modified or altered as much as you desire. In all family matters of moment or otherwise, you will be consulted, and your opinions duly regarded. And now, before concluding, I have but to say, that I forbid you in the most solemn and positive manner, ever holding any intercourse, either by conversation or by letter with your brother or his wife. If they cross your path, turn from them; if they address you, reply but by silence. Remember, that no more leniency will be shewn to one erring child than to another. You may retire now, and if you meet Mrs. Wentworth, have the goodness to send her to me?"

Heart-struck and miserable, Eva left the room. The careless indifference, the total want of affection which had always characterized her brother's conduct, had never pained her much; for even towards the mother, who all but worshipped him, he displayed little more attention or love than he bestowed on herself, but from time to time he had shewn some traits of kindness, which, however few, however trivial, had yet won for him a place in Eva's grateful heart. The intelligence, then, of his unequal and most probably unhappy match; the implacable anger of his parents evinced in their stern determination of disowning him; the severe prohibition that had been issued against her holding any intercourse with him, were all causes of deep and poignant regret.

Her sad reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Wentworth, who came to inform her that she must hold herself in readiness to leave London within two days, as Lady Huntingdon's health rendered an immediate return to the country necessary. Of the conversation which had passed between herself and the latter she made no mention whatever, alluding neither to her sudden illness nor to young Huntingdon's marriage; but from the peculiar manner in which she said, "that Miss Huntingdon could dispense with her studies, if she thought proper, till their arrival in the country," Eva at once divined that she had received due notice from her mother of the new limits set to her authority. The intelligence her governess had imparted concerning their speedy departure, overwhelmed, bewildered her, and the thought that she must depart without seeing Rockingham even for one moment, depart without his knowing why or whither they had gone, brought with it a pang surpassing in bitterness any that she had ever yet known. The following morning, a few moments after she had commenced, with a heavy heart, her preparations for her approaching departure, Sefton entered with the customary *boûquet* in her hand. Eva motioned her carelessly to leave them on the stand, and the instant the girl had left the apartment she eagerly snatched them up. They were the last, the very last she would receive from him, and for a long time she sorrowfully gazed upon them, tears dimming her eyes. At length she turned with a heavy sigh to restore them to the vase, when her attention was attracted by some white substance in the centre of the bouquet. Tearing the flowers apart, she discovered a small strip of paper twined round the stem of one of the blossoms. On it was hurriedly traced the words:

"I have been driven almost distracted by the intelligence of your approaching speedy departure. To know that you are going is misery enough;

but oh! that it should be without one parting word, one friendly smile, is almost more than I can bear. I dare not ask you to grant me a last interview, even sanctioned by the presence of your guardian; but the places where we have met, I will haunt incessantly, day and night, till the positive certainty of your departure shall have robbed me of the last hope of again meeting you. If you cannot bestow on me comfort and encouragement, at least, let your pity be mine."

C. R.

Just as Eva had reached the last line, the sound of approaching footsteps struck upon her ear, and crimsoning to her brow she thrust the paper into her bosom. It proved to be Sefton, however, and deputing to her the task of concluding the preparations she had commenced, she sought her mother's apartments. In the dressing-room she found Willis, who, in reply to her anxious enquiries, said that Lady Huntingdon, who was still very ill, had given particular instructions that no one should on any account disturb her. Eva silently and sadly turned away.

CHAPTER XIV.

The day preceding that appointed for the departure of the Huntingdon family from London; Eva having completed, with the assistance of her maid, her trifling preparations, bent her steps without any settled purpose to the now empty study. Mrs. Wentworth was there, engrossed as usual, with a book, but on her pupil's entrance she closed it, exclaiming:

"Perhaps, you would like to take a drive, Miss Huntingdon, to-day, as you have no tasks to attend to."

Eva replied in the affirmative.

"In that case, then, you have only to mention your wishes to one of the servants, they will be immediately attended to. I suppose you will not ask my society, for I am at best but a dull companion, and Lady Huntingdon's last orders have liberated me in a great degree from the strict *surveillance* I was bound to practise before."

The colour mantled to Eva's very brow. To go out, alone, unaccompanied—to meet Rockingham untrammelled by the eagle scrutiny of Mrs. Wentworth—to hear without fear of detection or danger, the sentiments of homage and devotion which he had hitherto dared to express by looks alone; all this was within her grasp, but then came the thought, "Would it not be wrong and unfeminine—would not Rockingham, imputing Mrs. Wentworth's absence entirely to herself, condemn even whilst he thanked her for so ready a compliance with the wish he had scarcely presumed to express in the hurried note he had written her?"

Wondering at herself for having entertained even for a moment such a thought; she hesitatingly replied, "That if Mrs. Wentworth would not find it inconvenient, she would feel grateful if she would accompany her; otherwise she would remain at home."

The governess perhaps secretly flattered by the assurance, immediately acquiesced, and Eva returned to her room to dress. As she had foreseen, and expected, they were joined ere they had proceeded any distance on their way, by Chester Rockingham; but this time he brought neither letters nor papers, he had no intelligence to ask or to impart concerning India and young Wentworth. After the first words of greeting he rode beside them in silence, and one eloquent saddened glance told Eva that she herself was the cause of his depression and taciturnity. After a time, however, he somewhat rallied, and turning to his elder companion, he addressed some trifling remarks to her, but as soon as a favorable opportunity presented itself, he stooped and whispered to Eva.

"How can I ever thank you sufficiently for this meeting? Oh! you know not how it softens the bitterness, the anguish of losing you."

Whether it was the expression of his countenance at the moment, or the lowness of his tones, that attracted Mrs. Wentworth's observation; she glanced sharply towards them, and her suspicious look warned Rockingham not to repeat the experiment. At parting, however, Mrs. Wentworth having turned to give some instructions to the servant, he availed himself of the favorable moment to press a letter into Eva's hand whilst assisting her to alight, whispering at the same time.

"I had foreseen all this, Miss Huntingdon, forgive then, I implore you, the presumption that has prompted me to remedy it thus?"

The girl's first impulse was to return the epistle to the giver, but her dread of Mrs. Wentworth prevailed over every other consideration, and she hastily concealed it.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks!" murmured Rockingham in his softest tones. "Whatever obstacles may intervene between us hereafter, fear not, we shall soon meet again; till then, Eva, beloved and dearest! do not forget me!"

With an agitation betraying itself in every shade of her changing countenance, Eva turned from him, and it was only when she was seated alone in her apartment some hours after, the key turned in the lock, that she found courage or self-possession sufficient to break the seal of the mysterious letter.

It was just what might have been expected under the circumstances; an impassioned protestation of tenderness and devotion. After dwelling with the winning eloquence so peculiarly his own, on the depth, the truth of an affection, such as he had never lavished on any earthly shrine before; he went on to say, "that he was not selfish enough to ask or desire that she should respond to it by forming any engagement with him. No, he was but the poor younger son of a family whose pride and wealth were all centred in an elder branch, and he could neither surround her with the luxury nor splendour she was entitled to. Still the world was before him; young, hopeful, with her love for an aim; he might yet achieve a position that would enable him to seek her openly for his bride. Till then, his attachment must be kept secret from her haughty family; whilst she herself, bound by no promise, no vow, was at liberty to accept or refuse his devotion—to waive his claims for the sake of a nobler or wealthier suitor." The letter concluded with an impassioned renewal of his vows of affection, and a touching eloquent prayer that her earthly destiny might be bright and blessed, even though it should never be united with his. Altogether the whole strain of the letter breathed a spirit of deep impassioned tenderness, of lofty generous humility that would have touched the coldest heart; and when Eva had finished its perusal, she covered her burning face with her hands and burst into a passionate flood of tears. Chester Rockingham had triumphed, her love was his.

And now it may not be out of place, to give the reader a nearer insight into the character of Eva's lover than she herself had yet obtained. This can best be done by transcribing the contents of a letter which the young man wrote the very day the Huntingdons had left for the country. The epistle was addressed to a young ensign, an intimate friend of his, whose regiment was stationed some distance from London, and written in a spirit of the frankest and most unreserved confidence:

My dear Harry,—I now sit down to write you a full and explicit account of the cause of the long silence, for which you have abused me so unmercifully in your two last letters. The truth is, I have been so busy following up the chase, of which I have already given you an inkling in a former epistle, that I have not heretofore had a moment to myself. Now, however, that the charming little divinity, who has of late entirely engrossed my time and thoughts, has, to my infinite relief, winged her way with her amiable family from the capital, I will prove a more regular correspondent. Passing over all preliminaries, I will come at once to the cream of the story, which is, that the heart, and consequently the fortune of the heiress of Huntingdon Manor, are mine, mine beyond almost a doubt.

You know, my dear Harry, I always prophesied I would marry an heiress, whilst you, as regularly endeavoured to discourage me by repeating incessantly that my bad debts and gambling propensities, both as well known as the Creed or Thirty-Nine Articles, would effectually and eternally preclude that. Well, you see the Rockingham star is in the ascendant. Here, have I, with a few flowers to the mistress, and a few half-crowns to the maid, secured a young and pretty wife, whose fortune will not only pay off all the debts that now keep me in a state of bodily as well as mental terror, but enable me to set up an establishment, rivalling in magnificence with that of any of those common curses of society, elder sons.

I must tell you, though, the lady's name, and now command your risible muscles, or you will die of laughter on the spot. Do you remember that handsome, reckless young fellow, whom you and I met at Brighton two summers ago, and whom we fleeced in three nights of as many thousands, yet parted from in perfect friendship and amity? Well, the trusting young heiress, who has all but consented to give herself and fortune into my hands, is his sister. What do you think of that, Harry? Is it not almost enough to induce a belief that the chief object of the existence of the Huntingdon family on this terrestrial sphere, is to replenish the empty exchequer of Chester Rockingham? You know this very fall I robbed him of every farthing in his possession, though he had just procured a fresh supply from the Jews, with whom he has had extensive transactions of late. I claim the merit of having first introduced him to those worthies, and of having initiated him into the gentlemanly amusement of gambling. He is just such another, trusting, open-hearted simpleton as his sister; and after our last sitting, where, as I told you, I completely fleeced him, winning each time, with a regularity that would have excited suspicion in any mind less recklessly confiding than his own; he rose from table exclaiming, 'Well, Rockingham, I'll play no more; there's no use trying against your confounded good luck.' The hair-brained fool never admitted even for a moment, the thought of treachery or false play. His sister acts on the same principle, though it must be confessed she is a little more prudent and guarded than he is. Indeed, only for the amusement the chase itself afforded me, I would have given it up at the beginning, for her own coldness, and the sleepless vigilance of her old hydra-headed governess, were enough to discourage the most resolute and sanguine of fortune hunters. Now, however, all this is at an end, and when next we meet, I will probably have the happiness or misery, whichever you choose to call it, of introducing to you Mrs. Chester Rockingham.

Do not infer from this, that all preliminaries are already settled between us. Quite the contrary. She has not yet even acknowledged that she loved me, but still enough has passed to ensure a certainty, that with a little additional trouble the prize will be mine. I intend to follow her to the country in a couple of weeks, indeed I should start at once, but a spell of more potent power detains me here; the bright eyes of that Queen of Coquettes, Eliza Dashwood, who is now on a visit with her sister Lady Portland. You know that for three successive winters we have flirted desperately together, though I dare say, we would both prefer taking a leap into the Thames to permanently uniting our destinies. Had it not been for her charms and flirting propensities, I do really believe that by this time I would have been fairly in love with my little heiress, for, as I mentioned to you some time ago, her pretty young face, and novel timidity of manner, made a deep impression on me the very first time I saw her. She has no chance, however, against the wit and brilliancy of Miss Dashwood, with whom, by the bye, she met me two or three times, and whose society I would recommend to you as an unfailing specific at all times against those malignant spirits named Blue Devils, which so often haunt penniless debtors and younger sons, terms synonymous I believe.

And now, my dear Harry, having written you according to the fashion of the day, a long letter, entirely filled with myself and my own affairs; I will devote a little corner of the postscript to you and friendship. How are you? What are you about? Does that malignant old Elmsworth still refuse you leave of absence, still condemn the elegant and exclusive Harry Warburton to all the horrors and miseries of a dirty barracks, in a dirty little town? From the mingled melancholy and asperity pervading your last letters, I would infer that it is so. Well, I told you as much, when you sold out of the twenty——th, because you could not obtain an almost perpetual furlough: but, as I live, there is the voice of that old reprobate, Smith, to whom I owe three thousand, down in the Hall. May the——but no, I will do better than swearing on paper, I will swear at himself.

Adieu, dear Harry, yours in haste, as well as hope, (remember the heiress).

C. Rockingham.

Such were the views and sentiments of the being to whom Eva Huntingdon had yielded up her heart and all its wealth of noble pure affections, of clinging tenderness; the being whose fancied devotion to herself, shed sunshine round her lonely path, a sunshine alas! that could serve but to render still deeper the gloom that would follow.

CHAPTER XV.

We will pass over the return of the Huntingdon family to the country—the confusion that followed their first arrival, and behold them at length installed in what Augustus had once denominated, "the stupidity and stagnation of Huntingdon Hall." If the term had been at all suitable then, how much more applicable was it now. Lady Huntingdon entirely engrossed by the one great sorrow that had blasted in an hour the hopes, the wishes, the happiness of a lifetime, lived in the most rigid seclusion. Isolated the whole day in her own apartments, which she only left to preside occasionally at the family repasts, refusing alike society, or sympathy, it needed not the daily increasing pallour and emaciation of a countenance on which ten additional years seemed to have left their deepest traces, to tell that the grief which was preying so remorselessly on her spirits was also wearing away her life. Yet, affliction had neither humbled nor softened her haughty nature. Far from that, it had but rendered her more sternly arrogant, more overbearing than ever. Her voice had grown harsh and stern, her countenance more cold and merciless than before, and her whole household trembled in her presence. Even her husband was not at all times proof against the general awe she inspired, and there were few points he would not yield, few concessions he would not make to avoid incurring her formidable anger. He too had causes sufficient to cloud his brow and ruffle his temper, and his long and frequent interviews with his agent, interviews from which he ever rose with an anxious harassed countenance and fretful air, betokened that his financial cares were neither light nor trifling. One day after a consultation of unusual length, he hurried to his wife's apartment.

"There Isabella!" he exclaimed as he abruptly entered and cast down a roll of papers and an open letter on the table before her. "There, look over those papers from our banker, and from Morland, to whom the half of the estate is mortgaged, and then read that letter which will tell you that young Leland is coming down here, ostensibly to visit us, in reality to demand a last and final settlement of his affairs."

Lady Huntingdon rapidly glanced over the papers and then threw them down exclaiming! "Terrible, I had no idea your affairs were in so desperate a condition."

"Then you know it now, and do tell me what is to be done?" and he hopelessly looked from the papers to his wife. The latter took up young Leland's letter again and after a moment's silence exclaimed.

"It appears Sir George will be here this week. Well, I will contrive that his visit shall be one of friendship instead of business. When he arrives, do you, on your part receive him with great cordiality, expressing your gratitude for the friendliness which brings him down to enliven the monotony of our dull country life. He is so totally devoid of anything like cleverness or common apprehension, that we may succeed in making him forget the object of his visit here, and send him back as he came."

Lord Huntingdon's brow cleared up a little for he had no ordinary confidence in the abilities of his companion, and seeing her in so favorable a mood, he entered on a more detailed account of his debts and embarassments than he had yet ventured on. After a couple of hours he left the room, his countenance far more free and cheerful than when he had entered, whilst that of his wife was proportionately anxious and overcast.

Two days afterwards Sir George arrived, and the first intimation Eva received of his intended visit, was finding him alone one morning in the breakfast room. Divining at once that her start of recognition was not also one of pleasure, he carelessly exclaimed.

"Do not look so uneasy and dissatisfied, Miss Eva. My stay here will not be very long."

Eva colored, and murmured something about "his having misunderstood her," but he cut short her apologies by rejoining as he negligently extended himself on a couch.

"No occasion in life for excuses, you have given no cause for offence. Indeed I am so accustomed to be courted and flattered by young ladies, that the novelty of being shunned is on the whole rather agreable. Can you guess the cause of my universal popularity."

Eva with difficulty concealing her secret feelings of contempt, contented herself by replying. "Indeed, I cannot."

"Then I will tell you; I am very rich." He paused, but his companion making no reply, he resumed "I have an estate in Yorkshire free from mortgage or encumbrance, that yields me a clear ten thousand a year." A second and a longer pause. "Another in Lincolnshire, inherited from my mother who belonged to one of the first families there, whilst my family jewels and plate, are a small fortune in themselves."

Eva was still silent, and Sir George, whose eyes had been intently fixed on her face all the while he was speaking, found no difficulty in reading the expression of wearied impatience that despite her efforts rested on her features. "To change the subject, though, Miss Huntingdon, for it neither appears to interest you, or to advance myself in your estimation, I must ask if you have seen or heard anything from your brother since his marriage?"

"No," said Eva coloring, and glancing involuntarily towards the door. He seemed to understand her, for he continued in a much lower key.

"A prohibited subject I suppose, however, the ban does not extend to me. Have you seen your new sister-in-law yet."

"No, I have not even heard her name."

"Why, it appears then, I know more about her myself than you do. She was a Miss Hamilton, a curate's daughter but an orphan when Gustus married her. What on earth induced him to commit an act of such egregious and unpardonable folly? All London rings with it. Mrs. Vivian has already fretted herself to a shadow, whilst Lady Mary Lawton abuses him every where, wondering how she and her family could ever have tolerated much less favored an individual capable of manifesting the degraded and plebeian tastes that he has done. Little Miss Gaveston whom report also reckons amongst the number of his conquests, has dutifully consented to soon consummate her nuptials with young Cressingham, a thing for which she manifested a sudden and most extraordinary reluctance from the period of her acquaintance with your brother; I was told that he resides somewhere in this neighbourhood."

"Is it possible?" asked Eva eagerly. "And yet it cannot be, I would have learned it ere this."

"Perhaps not, but it could not matter much to you, Miss Huntingdon. 'Tis needless to ask if you have been forbidden to hold any intercourse with him?" Eva did not reply but her color deepened. Sir George continued. "And, of course, a young lady brought up as you have been, would respect herself too much to stoop to hold any communication however indirect with one who has degraded and disgraced his family, as your brother has done."

"Whatever wrongs his own family may have to reproach him with, you at least, Sir George, have suffered nothing from him," rejoined Eva coldly.

"I am not so sure of that," was the somewhat unintelligible reply. "Circumstances may occur hereafter"—but his speech was abruptly terminated by the entrance of Lord Huntingdon, who warmly shaking hands with him, "inquired affectionately after his dear boy's health," demonstrations of affection which called forth, but a very cold display in return.

The arrival of the young Baronet made but little change in the domestic arrangements of Huntingdon Hall. The feeble and daily declining health of the hostess precluded anything like gaiety, and the visitor was compelled to pass the greater part of the day alone, either riding out or lounging on a sofa in the Library. Still, notwithstanding the total dearth of anything like amusement, he seemed perfectly contented, the more so, that he contrived nearly every day to inflict a share of his indolent *ennui* on Eva. That this was far from pleasing or desirable to the latter 'tis unnecessary to say, but to her mingled astonishment and annoyance, Lady Huntingdon who had once enforced with such rigid exactness her entire devotion to her studies, now insisted as determinedly on her daily appearance in the drawing room. There she had to sit for two long hours every evening, listening to Sir George's enlightened criticisms on her embroidery, music; or else to the almost miraculous feats he recorded of the swiftness of a hunter named Eneas, or the sagacity of a favorite pointer rejoicing in the equally classical name of Hector. He was never disconcerted for a moment by her cold and almost unvarying silence, and one evening when she fancied she must have slightly discouraged him, by maintaining a silence almost unbroken by a monosyllable for two entire hours, he patronizingly declared.

"That it was indeed a pleasure to converse with Miss Huntingdon, for unlike most young ladies, in whose society it was impossible to edge in a word side-ways, she could listen as well as talk." Eva made no reply, but she thought of Mr. Arlingford and sighed; she thought of Chester Rockingham, and sighed still deeper.

About three weeks after Sir George had been domesticated at the Hall, he entered the breakfast room one morning in earnest conversation with his host. The countenance of the latter notwithstanding his attempts at indifference was singularly troubled, and his first question was "for Lady Huntingdon." On hearing that she was confined to her room by indisposition he seemed much annoyed, and as soon as the meal was over, made some apology to his guest and hurried away. The latter looked at his watch, yawned and then as Eva approached the door, earnestly exclaimed.

"Are you going too Miss Huntingdon? Really it would be an act of charity, if you and Mrs. Wentworth would either remain here, or else permit me to accompany you to the study to assist at your lessons."

Eva looked towards her preceptress, already pitying Sir George in anticipation of the severe reproof which she expected this daring speech would infallibly call down on him, but to her indescribable astonishment, her governess calmly rejoined; "that Miss Huntingdon was free arbitress of her own actions, and that as far as she herself was concerned, she was willing, nay desirous that her pupil should at all times waive the individual duties of private improvement in favor of those of hospitality."

Mrs. Wentworth followed up this speech by placing herself with a book at a distant window, whilst Eva, left without any other alternative, placed herself before her embroidery frame. Sir George evidently delighted, drew a chair near her and as he entangled her silks under pretence of assorting them, exclaimed.

"I like, to see this patience-proving work brought out; it affords promise of a long pleasant hour's talk. And now, Miss Huntingdon, shall I tell you about the grand steeple chase at which Eneas won a gold cup, or of the race between young Lord Mornington and myself last autumn, at which I came in winner by nearly half the distance."

"I believe you have already related both facts to me," said Eva, with an almost imperceptible smile.

"I have, aye? Well I never told you of my novel wager with Captain Brookes of the Lancers, in which we agreed to walk through Brighton with a cart, disguised as vendors of delf, and see who should dispose of most in a given time. The wager was for a thousand guineas, and I lost it by a sixpenny tea-pot and a child's mug."

Eva having acknowledged her ignorance of the fact in question, Sir George immediately entered on the full details and after he had finished, proceeded to acquaint her, though under solemn injunctions of secrecy, with his suspicions "that Brookes had bribed the old woman who purchased the tea-pot." "He was still leaning over Eva's chair, absorbed in all the excitement of his narrative, when Lady Huntingdon entered the apartment. The young Baronet drew back silent and somewhat abashed, but her ladyship sweetly exclaimed."

"Nay, Sir George, I do not wish to interrupt you, only I fear you are tempting Miss Huntingdon to play truant too long."

Eva understanding the allusion, rose, and whilst she and Mrs. Wentworth left the room, her mother seated herself on a couch and gracefully motioned her guest to take a place beside her.

"Come, Sir George, I must hear that amusing tale you were relating to Miss Huntingdon. If you succeed in rendering yourself one half as agreeable to me as you have apparently done to her, you will be an invaluable companion."

The young man obeyed, though he entered on the narrative with a hesitation and reluctance very different to the ardour and eagerness he had displayed whilst recounting it for Eva's benefit, for he stood somewhat in awe of the cold satirical spirit of his fair hostess. The tale, however, was highly applauded, and Sir George's daring spirit smilingly eulogized. Nearly an hour elapsed ere they parted, and then Lady Huntingdon returned at once to her dressing room, whither her daughter was immediately summoned.

"You must dispense with your studies, to-day, Eva," she exclaimed as the latter entered. "I want to have a long conversation with you, but take a seat."

Lady Huntingdon's manner was less chilling, her voice less harsh than usual, and Eva wondering what the change portended seated herself, though at a respectful distance.

"Well, the intelligence I have to impart will, no doubt, surprise you as much as it has surprised myself; for I did not even dream of having such a fact to communicate to you for years to come. Child as you yet are, your hand has been already sought in marriage, and by one, I am happy to say, whom my warmest dreams could scarcely have dared to expect for a son-in-law."

"Surely your ladyship is jesting," stammered Eva, paling and then crimsoning to the roots of her hair.

"I do not believe I am in the habit of jesting on such topics," was the grave reply. "No, you may rely on my seriousness, a proof of it, your hand has been promised as well as sought. I need not enquire if you know to whom?"

Eva was too agitated to think of replying. A thousand wild fancies and suppositions flashed across her. One moment she thought of Mr. Arlingford, but that was too absurd, too improbable It was, it must be Chester Rockingham. The thought was ecstacy, it was the very delirium of happiness, but her dreams were harshly and effectually dispelled by Lady Huntingdon's next sentence.

"You know not how very fortunate you are, in having won the affections of a man of the wealth and standing of Sir George Leland."

The revulsion of Eva's feelings may be imagined. "Sir George Leland," she re-echoed. "Yes, the owner of Leland Park and Wilden Abbey," rejoined Lady Huntingdon somewhat sharply, for neither the tone nor manner of her daughter pleased her.

"Mamma, mamma, you do not mean to say, that you have promised my hand to Sir George?" asked the young girl, in a tone that plainly revealed the state of her feelings.

"Not promised it! Do you fancy, for one moment, that precious as it doubtless is, it would be refused to a Baronet whose income amounts to twelve thousand a-year?"

"But Mamma, I do not love, I do not even respect him."

"I thought Mrs. Wentworth had interdicted you the perusal of novels or romances," was the brief but satirical reply.

A long silence followed, during which Lady Huntingdon, with great apparent calmness, counted the pearls in the setting of one of her rings, and then looking up she exclaimed with one of her insufferably arrogant smiles:

"Is this your only objection to Sir George, young lady?"

"No, I have another more potent still," rejoined the girl, stung to the quick by the insulting superciliousness of her companion. "Tis, that I dislike, I despise him."

"Better and better, Miss Huntingdon," rejoined her mother with the same mocking smile. "Dislike and despise are singular words from the lips of a young lady not yet seventeen, applied too to the individual whom her parents have selected as her future husband. I fear your moral training has been neglected by good Mrs. Wentworth in her anxiety for your advancement in more superficial branches. Now, listen to me Eva, I will say but a few words more, and to those few words there must be no reply. You have spoken as a child, yet will I reason with you as a woman. Know then, that the credit, the honour of our name depends on your union with Sir George; that alone can save your family from ruin, your father from disgrace and shame. When the only surviving parent of the man now most fortunately and unexpectedly suing for your hand, died; he left his son, a boy of six years, to the sole guardianship of his bosom friend Lord Huntingdon. Now, I do not wish to criminate or accuse your father in any way; suffice it to say, that either through misfortune or mismanagement, the state of his affairs are such, that the final day of reckoning with his ward, will be a day of exposure, of ruin. That day which has been delayed by every possible stratagem, can no longer be averted. Sir George has come down here with that purpose, already has he applied to your father on the subject. Half distracted, Lord Huntingdon came to me for the assistance and encouragement no longer in my power to bestow; when a hope so bright, so blissful, that its coming almost dazzled us, has suddenly broken in upon our affliction; and young Leland in asking for your hand, has at once put it into your power to save not only the honour of your family, but to add to its dignity and wealth. And now I have said enough, too much for the daughter of Lady Huntingdon. The path of duty is plainly traced out, you have but to follow it. As your consent has been given, however, in a matter of such importance without consulting you, and as you have expressed yourself with such singular, and I may add, unfeminine violence on the subject; I will give you ten days for reflection. At the end of that period, Sir George, who left here about an hour ago on a visit to Lord Middlemore, will have returned, and I will then expect you to give me your consent in due form, and receive him with the regard and deference due to your affianced husband. That will do now, I have detained you already too long."

Yielding to the force of habit, Eva turned mechanically to the door, but suddenly recollecting herself, recollecting that this passive obedience might be construed hereafter into a token of acquiescence in the proposal just laid before her, she paused, and rested her hand on the lock. Her companion, however, divining her intention at once exclaimed:

"Not another word, Miss Huntingdon! I wish to hear no more from you, till you are in a more dutiful frame of mind. Retire now, and remember, that when this subject is next discussed between us, I must hear no more of your childish objections and scruples."

The master mind conquered, and Eva left the room, though with thoughts as rebellious as her outward actions were passively obedient.

(To be continued.)

The following lines by T. K. Hervey, are among the most beautiful in the language. There is an elasticity and melody in the versification, which has never been surpassed. Cleopatra's barge could not have floated more buoyantly down the Cydnus, than do the poet's bright fancies down his light and graceful stanzas:

CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.

Flutes in the sunny air,
And harps in the porphyry halls,
And a low, deep hum, like a people's prayer,
With its heart-breathed swells and falls!
And an echo like the desert's call,
Flung back to the sounding shores!
And the river's ripple, heard through all,
As it plays with the silver oars!
The sky is a gleam of gold!
And the amber breezes float
Like thoughts to be dreamed of, but never told,
Around the dancing boat.

She has stepped on the burning sand!
And the thousand tongues are mute!
And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,
The strings of his golden lute!
And the Ethiop's heart throbs loud and high
Beneath his white symar,
And the Lybian kneels as he meets her eye
Like the flash of an eastern star!
The gales may not be heard,
Yet the silken streamers quiver,
And the vessel shoots, like a bright-plumed bird
Away—down the golden river.

Away by the lofty mount!
And away by the lonely shore!
And away by the gushing of many a fount,
Where fountains gush no more!
Oh! for some warning vision, there,
Some voice that should have spoken,
Of climes to be laid waste and bare,
And glad, young spirits broken!
Of waters dried away,
And the hope and beauty blasted!
That scenes so fair and hearts so gay,
Should be early wasted!

"I wish that we could create a general passion for gardening and horticulture—we want more beauty about our houses. The scenes of our childhood are the memories of our future years. Let our dwellings be beautiful with plants and flowers." Flowers are, in the language of a late cultivator, "the playthings of childhood and the ornaments of the grave; they raise smiling looks to man and grateful ones to God"

THE AFFIANCED.

A CANADIAN TALE.

The ice in the river had not yet sufficiently formed to obstruct the passage of boats; a canoe was therefore unmoored, in which the little party seated themselves, and were quickly rowed across by Madelaine's son, a boy of sixteen years. Millicent's heart sunk within her as she approached the opposite shore; and absorbed in mental devotion, she scarcely heard the low tones of the priest, who strove to whisper words of consolation in her ear. And when at last the light bark ceased its onward motion, and she knew she was approaching the fatal spot, she strove in vain to look up, her head drooped upon her bosom, and an involuntary trembling seized her whole frame. The good priest marked her emotion with the tenderest pity:

"Courage, my daughter," he said, "it is God who chastens, and He has power to comfort you."

He gently took her arm as he spoke, and assisted her to leave the boat. She made a strong effort to control her feelings, and as her kind conductor led her onwards, strove to nerve herself by inward prayer for her fearful task. But yet she wanted courage to look around her; and not till an exclamation of horror burst from the lips of Justine, was she aware that she had reached the scene of the late fatal contest. Then, rallying her almost failing strength, she raised her eyes by a desperate effort, and looked around upon the objects amidst which she stood.

Terrible indeed was the spectacle which met her view. The late pretty and peaceful village of St. Charles, the queen of the Richelieu, renowned for its beauty and prosperity, was deserted by its terrified inhabitants, and that portion of it around, and in the vicinity of the Seigneur's mansion, which the stockade included, lay now a mouldering ruin. Still from the unconsumed buildings arose dense clouds of smoke, and gleams of lurid flame, which yet found food for its rapacity in the charred and crackling timbers. The mangled bodies of the slain lay around in promiscuous heaps; and dispersed among them were groups of weeping women and terrified children, searching for the bodies of those whom they had lost.

Millicent grew sick and faint, she could not endure the sight; a cry of anguish burst from her lips, and she clasped her hands over her eyes to shut out the horrid spectacle.

"Courage! my daughter," repeated the good priest; "it is a sight of woe,—but they are our brothers—our sons—our fathers, who lie unburied here, and we must nerve ourselves for duty. To-morrow we will weep—to-day is for action."

So saying, he began to search among the ghastly faces that lay upturned about him, grim with the last agonies of a violent death, for the familiar features of M. de St. Vallery, of Léon and others, to whom his first services were due. Millicent followed silent and shuddering; but as she became more accustomed to the horrors of the place, she felt her gaze attracted as by a spell to every prostrate body, yet trembling every instant lest she should recognize in each that her eye fell upon, the well known garb and features of those she sought, yet feared to find."

Too soon, however, were her fears in part realized. As she pursued her trembling search, eager, yet shrinking with instinctive dread, she approached a heap of slain, who, from the situation in which they lay, seemed to have fallen in the first heat and fury of the combat. The priest was bending down to examine one whom he fancied still breathed, when he was startled by a wild cry of agony, and turning quickly, he beheld Millicent kneeling beside a figure that lay with its face upon the earth.

The motionless arm was outstretched, and on a finger of the rigid hand, sparkled her father's ring—it was an emerald which had descended to him with his name—he had always worn it, and by this token his wretched daughter recognized him. And now, that lifeless hand, which was never more to clasp her's with the fond pressure of affection, she bathed with her tears, and strained in mute agony to her heart and lips. The benevolent priest, touched to the soul by this spectacle, moved silently apart, forbearing by word or sign to violate the sanctity of filial grief.

Suddenly, however, the tramp of steeds and the noise of an armed troop was heard approaching. "*Les Anglais! Les Anglais!*" resounded from the groups of terrified females, who were prosecuting their melancholy search, and snatching their children in their arms, they fled with precipitation to the shelter of the neighboring woods. It was in truth a detachment of the royal force, returning to the field of battle, for the humane purpose of burying the enemy's dead, and it was in vain that they shouted to the frightened women to return, promising that no harm should befall them. They continued their flight, turning a deaf ear to the friendly voices, which they believed were raised to lure them to death, so deep-rooted was their fear and hatred of the English, and so firm their belief in their cruel and revengeful purposes.

Millicent and her companions alone remained stationary. For an instant she raised her head to gaze upon the tumult, and then again, indifferent to all around her, sunk beside her dead father, and relapsed into absorbing sorrow. The soldiers immediately commenced digging trenches in which to bury the dead; but the priest, anxious for Millicent's sake, to reserve the body of St. Vallery for more honorable interment, approached a group of officers who stood discoursing together, and made known to them his wishes. They were courteously acceded to; and after ascertaining beyond a doubt that Léon de Lorimier was not among the slain, he proposed to Millicent her immediate return to St. Marc's.

Her reluctance to quit the lifeless remains of her father was vanquished, by the priest's declaring his intention to remain and see the body safely conveyed across the river, while she and Justine should make their short voyage back, with the lad who rowed them over in the morning. Millicent pressed his hand in grateful silence,—she dared not trust herself to speak,—she could not even thank him for shedding the hope, that Léon still lived, over the darkness of this hour of sorrow.

As guided by the priest, and supported by Justine, she slowly quitted the scene of recent slaughter, an officer who stood intently observing her, uttered some words of commiseration that touched her inmost soul. She did not raise her eyes to thank him, for they were streaming with tears, but she bowed her head as she passed him, with that gentle and touching grace, which distinguished her, even in this moment of intense and bitter suffering. He saw through the peasant's garb that she was other than she seemed, for it disguised her less, than did the air of misery and dejection which threw so strange a veil over the beautiful and brilliant daughter of St. Vallery.

And so respect and pity followed her as she moved along, and she was grateful for it. Nor could she be insensible to the humanity of those who had come thus early to bury the dead of their vanquished enemy, and to bury them too with the rites of their own holy faith; for the English had summoned thither priests of the Catholic Church, who were uttering over the slain their own affecting and solemn funeral service.

That evening, the good priest arrived at St. Marc's, bringing with him the body of M. de St. Vallery. It was no time for delay; the burial rites were therefore performed immediately, and before midnight, the mortal remains of the once haughty and ambitious St. Vallery were deposited in their last resting place, among the humble graves of the village cemetery.

It is impossible to picture the grief and desolation of Millicent, when these final solemnities were ended. Then she truly felt that she was an orphan—she forgot all that she would have wished to change in her father—his recent coldness, the madness of his political career, the deliberation with which he had sacrificed all most dear to them both, on the shrine of his vain ambition. She remembered only the love she had borne him—the affection he had lavished upon her. She thought upon those sunny days, when her home was an earthly paradise; when the tenderness of her parents, and the love of Léon made her cup of life overflow with happiness And now—how sad the reverse of the picture—what a change had come over her lot; she dared not trust herself to contemplate it, but strove earnestly to lift her thoughts above this transient scene, and lose the keen sense of her present misery and desolation in the sublime and glorious promises of an immortal life. But her sorrows and bereavements were still of a date too recent, to yield at once, even to a source of consolation so perfect and entire.

Added to the grief occasioned by her father's death, was the intense anxiety for Léon, which racked her mind. His fate was still wrapped in dark uncertainty; and the fearful suspense she endured was, if possible, more torturing than the most dreadful certainty. Worn out by grief and agitation, nature at last sank exhausted, and throwing herself upon her bed, the unhappy girl sunk into a deep, but unquiet sleep, which lasted several hours.

The dawn was just breaking, when she was awakened by an unusual bustle in the outer apartment. She raised herself upon her elbow, and listened breathlessly. It was surely Léon's voice! yes—she heard him speak her name, and springing up,—for she had not undressed on lying down—with one bound she reached the door. It burst open, and she was clasped in Léon's arms—clasped in a passionate embrace to his heart. She felt his scalding tears upon her cheek,—but her's fell like balm,—for he was spared to her, and she was not desolate.

Their first words were of her father, and long and sadly they conversed of his fate. Léon strove with the tenderness of love to soothe and comfort her, and most grateful to her wounded heart were his fond and gentle words of sympathy. Yet he spoke with a feeling near akin to envy of the death of St. Vallery; expressing himself on the subject of his conduct and fall, with such sad, yet animated fervor, that Millicent asked, in an accent of surprise, if he regretted his own escape.

"Thank God rather, dear Léon," she said, "if only for my sake, that your life is spared—and oh! let the experience of the last few days, which has involved so many in misery and wretchedness, persuade you to withdraw from this fatal contest, and return to the peace and happiness you have forsaken."

"Millicent," he said, in tones of desperate firmness, "I cannot do this, I am a marked man, for I have drawn my sword against my sovereign, and I cannot sheathe it now without the loss of liberty and life. I have been urged on to embrace a career which neither my reason nor my conscience approve; but I am pledged by solemn vows to my party not to recede—and at all risks, I must go onward. Dearest Millicent," he continued, in a voice of deep emotion, "do not urge me to dishonor—pray rather that I may fall beneath the sword of an honorable adversary, than live to meet the ignoble death of a traitor."

A look of tender reproach was Millicent's only reply; she was wholly unnerved by suffering, and she hid her face and wept in silence. He was rebuked by her enduring gentleness, and all bitterness forsook him—he thought only of her, and strove again to soothe her.

"I am a wretch," he said, "a selfish, unmanly wretch, sweet Millicent, "to increase the poignancy of your sorrows, by the utterance of my own—I did speak with envious feelings of your father's fate—for so should all have stood, winning with desperate valor, victory or death. But after the first onset of the foe, the fortune of the fight seemed against us, and they fled; I strove to rally them—but in vain. The charge with bayonets had stricken terror into every soul;—and I—what could I do against a host? I turned to follow them, and heard myself branded with the name of *coward!* Even now, although I sealed in death the lips that dared to utter it, the insulting epithet still rings in my ears—I feel myself degraded by it, and more blood must flow to wash away the stain."

Millicent trembled as she looked upon his pale and agitated face, and listened to his rapid and excited utterance.

"Léon! dear Léon!" she said, "how are you transformed! I can scarcely recognize in you the being to whom I gave my whole heart, with all the strength and purity of its first and fondest affections. Talk not of shedding blood so lightly, Léon;—too much has flowed already, and for an idle word, be not so swift to grasp the murderous sword."

"Forgive me, dearest," he said; "the memory of that biting taunt has driven me to dwell upon a theme too harsh for one so gentle as my Millicent. I am getting a soldier's roughness in this war," he added, with a melancholy smile, "and fear I wound you by it—but not designedly—no, believe me, dear one, never in the fondest, brightest moments of our intercourse, when happiness shone cloudlessly and full of promise on us, was my heart more loyal to its love, more truly, more entirely yours, than now."

Millicent returned the fond pressure of her lover's hand, but her heart was full, and she attempted no reply. Léon too remained silent, absorbed for many minutes in most painful thought. He had indeed become a desperate man; for in partially adopting the views and feelings of the discontented, he had inadvertently compromised his honor and his principles; and the extremities to which his party at length proceeded, and the overt acts committed by them within the last few days, revealed to him the precipice on the brink of which he stood, and convinced him that there was no longer any avenue open by which he might retreat.

He must now stand or fall with the cause to which he had rashly pledged himself, and of the ultimate success of which he cherished no hope; since, however flattering might have been their prospects, they were now ruined by a premature resort to arms. There was too, so little concert among the leaders, so little unanimity in their followers, and such a want of proper discipline and system in the organization of the whole plot, that he could anticipate for it only certain and speedy failure.

Still he considered himself pledged to it; he had gone too far to recede, and his only prospect and purpose now, was to stand or fall bravely with the cause for which he had bartered his dearest earthly hopes. Foreseeing, as he thought, his inevitable fate, he was anxious to place Millicent at once in a safe and peaceful home; and feeling assured that in case of his death, she would choose to end her days in a convent, he resolved to urge her seeking immediately the

Hôtel-Dieu, where her father had wished to leave her before his death.

The malcontents, routed at St. Charles, were banding themselves together with renewed strength in the county of the Two Mountains, and there Léon had promised immediately to join them. Millicent he knew, in order to be near him, would desire to go to Madame D'Lorme, her father's step-sister, at St. Eustache; but he shrank from conveying her to a place, where in all probability, another scene similar to that of St. Charles, would ere long be acted.

Léon's love for Millicent had been an absorbing passion, nor had it lost any of its tender and devoted character, for she was a creature formed to inspire an affection, as enduring as it was fervent. But more consistent in his love than in his political conduct, he could not endure the thought of involving the being dearest to him on earth, in his own destruction; and not even for the joy of having her beside him while he lived, would he consent to her sharing the danger and death, which must in all probability environ him. Therefore he spoke to her of the convent, contrasting its peace and repose with her present position, urging her father's often repeated wishes on the subject, and entreating her, till happier times permitted him to claim her, to retire there, and yield him the comfort of knowing that she dwelt in safety and quietness.

"You were rejoiced when my father permitted me to accompany you here, Léon," she said quickly, "and now,—now,—why is it that you urge me to quit you? Why, since you alone remain to me, may I not be suffered to dwell where I can hear from you, and sometimes have the happiness of seeing you?"

"Ah, dearest, you know not how reluctantly I ask you to seek a distant asylum. But the changes and chances of a career like mine, cannot be calculated upon, dear Millicent, and go with me where you will, events may soon remove me again, and so far from you, that I may not be able, either to hear of your welfare, or send you tidings of mine. In the present crisis of affairs, much as I shall feel the separation, it will bring relief to my mind to think of you with good and pious souls, in a home of peace and safety."

She looked at him with tearful eyes, and her lip quivered, as she said, "Léon, since such is your wish, I will leave you—my heart may break, but it matters not, since my presence can no longer give you comfort."

"Dearest Millicent, do not misunderstand me," he said passionately; "I urge you to this step through the very intensity of my affection; for it is like plucking out a right eye to send you from me, but your safety is dearer to me than my own happiness."

"I am safe any where," she answered, "but only near you, Léon, can I know peace. Should ill befall you, which God forbid,—I will then gladly bury my grief in the life-long seclusion of a convent; but while you live, let me dwell where I may sometimes hear the sound of your voice, and see your smile beaming upon me in love."

Léon's heart was deeply touched by her enduring and self-sacrificing love. Never had she seemed dearer to him than at this moment; and while most keenly alive to all the joy and peace her presence and affection brought, his reluctance grew proportionably strong, to expose one so lovely and beloved to the shifts and perils of his uncertain life. She read his perplexity and said gently:

"Léon, if you have fears for me, dismiss them,—only suffer me to choose my own path; whether it leads to death or life, if you are my companion I will not shrink from following it."

"Ah, Millicent," he said with strong emotion, "How ill do I deserve from you this noble self-devotion! Alas! I have won your young and pure affections, only to cast on them the fatal blight destined to fall on every thing I love!"

"Let us not accuse fate, Léon, nor utter vain and bitter self-reproaches," she said, "but humbly place our reliance on that good Being whose love controls our destiny. And now—you go to St. Eustache—did you not tell me so?"

"Yes, the spirit of revolt is active there, and I have pledged myself to aid it," he answered with a bitter smile.

"And you know, Léon, that my aunt, Madame D'Lorme resides there, and she will gladly give both shelter and protection to her brother's orphan; of whom else, indeed, could I ask it with so much confidence?"

"I no longer oppose your wishes, dear Millicent," he said, "We will not separate till fate decrees it, and may that day be more remote than my fears whisper. Let us now prepare for our departure, for we must begone immediately."

Within the short space of an hour, the lovers attended by Justine, and driven by Madelaine's son, in one of those high clumsy vehicles called a *calèche*, which are to be seen only in Canada, and even there, are rapidly being superseded by more modern and commodious equipages, commenced their progress towards St. Eustache. Avoiding the usual route by the city, they crossed the St. Lawrence at the northern extremity of the island of Montreal, and passing on by the way of Terrebonne, reached the village of St. Eustache at a late hour in the evening. Madame D'Lorme received Millicent with a kind and cordial welcome, and for that night Léon also remained beneath her roof.

She was a widow, without children, and of simple habits; for though descended on the father's side from the same ancestors as her step-brother M. De St. Vallery, she was wholly free from that inordinate hereditary pride, which had been so prominent a weakness in his character. She was in truth the most humble and gentle of human beings, and soothed by her kind sympathy, and by the perfect tranquillity which reigned throughout her little household, Millicent, under other circumstances, might have regained somewhat of her former cheerfulness. But the knowledge that the country around her was in a state of open insurrection, preparing with all the strength it could muster to resist the authority of the sovereign, and that Léon was a voluntary sharer in all the peril and odium of this dangerous experiment, banished slumber from her eyes, and peace from her anxious heart.

As for Léon, he passed most of his time at St. Benoit, a village about twelve miles distant from St. Eustache, the inhabitants of which were also engaged in preparations of a hostile nature. Often he was absent for several days in succession, and when he returned from these expeditions he seemed disturbed and restless, and frequently maintained a moody silence, which Millicent seldom ventured to break. Once only she remonstrated with him on the course he was pursuing; but he listened to her with ill concealed impatience, and when she ceased, implored her as she valued his love, never to speak again to him upon that subject.

She strictly obeyed him; and from that day no word of entreaty or expostulation ever escaped her lips. She felt that every earthly prop was deserting her, but she yielded without a murmur to her fate, and with the humble fervor of a soul that had abandoned earthly hopes and joys, she implored of God his guidance and support through all her still unknown and mighty trials. In the privacy of her own apartment, and at the altar of the village church, she was daily a meek and earnest supplicant for that resignation to the Divine will, which she found it so difficult to attain.

The effects of this fearful struggle were too soon apparent in the wasting of her fragile form, in her faltering step, her fading cheek, and in the sad and downcast glance of that dark and eloquent eye, once so radiant with delight and love. Madame D'Lorme, with secret anxiety, watched the sad, yet gradual change in the person of her lovely niece; nor was Léon, absorbed as he seemed in hurrying and weighty cares, insensible to her altered appearance; yet he strove to fancy that he deceived himself, and though every day showed in the soft lineaments of her face the deeper ravages of sorrow, he dared not trust himself to express his apprehensions, lest by so doing his heart should become unmanned, and his arm wholly unnerved.

He must go onward at whatever cost—he had pledged himself to the course he was pursuing, and though with his whole heart he did not approve it, he would not pause in his mad career; he called it yielding to destiny, and so he pressed on and reaped the bitter fruit of his infatuation. His manner had become abstracted, often moody, and his affection for Millicent seldom found utterance—one might almost have thought it was no longer cherished in his heart, but for the burst of impassioned grief and tenderness, which at times he seemed unable to repress.

But even these expressions of his undiminished love failed to exert their wonted power over the stricken soul of Millicent. The hopes, the enchantments of earth were fast losing their facinations in her view: for she knew that she should soon be beyond their power to wound, or give her joy. Her love for Léon was a deathless principle, which she felt assured would survive the term of her brief mortal life, and expand into higher and purer beauty in that land where no night comes. But here her dream of bliss was ended; the grief and anxiety of the past few weeks had too surely done their work, and now the brilliant glancing of her eye, the vivid hectic of her cheek too truly presaged the brief term allotted to her, who, a few short months before shone bright with joy, and looked gaily forward through a long and smiling vista of happy years.

Thus passed on nearly a fortnight, when intelligence reached St. Eustache, that a military force from the garrison of Montreal, was preparing to march thither immediately. These tidings only served to increase the ardor and activity of the malcontents; the bustle of preparation ceased not night nor day; every thing that could be converted into ammunition for the ill-supplied Canadians, was used for that purpose; even the common iron utensils, designed for culinary use, were cut up into circular pieces, to supply the only cannon in their possession. The women too zealously lent their aid, and employed themselves in making cartridges and flags; the latter of a rather miniature size, but displaying various patriotic emblems and mottoes, which they confidently expected would soon wave in triumph over their defeated foes.

On the morning of the 14th of December, some scouts who had been sent out to reconnoitre, returned, bringing intelligence that a large body of troops, headed by the Commander-in-Chief, had encamped on the preceding night at St. Martin, and were already on their march towards St. Eustache, which they would probably invest before noon. At these tidings, many a heart which had prided itself upon its courage, quaked, and there were not a few who fled to St. Benoit, from the scene of immediate danger.

Early on the morning of that fatal day, Millicent, ignorant of the tidings which had arrived, went, as was often her custom, to offer her prayers at the altar of the village church. The building, though still used for religious purposes, was intended as a place of defence in case of attack, and accordingly the lower panes of every window had been removed, and through each aperture protruded the end of a musket.

Its state of preparation was not new to Millicent, neither was it a strange thing to her that in a time of so much excitement, armed men in groups, or singly, should be constantly passing in and out; other females were kneeling round her, and indifferent to the bustle, she sank upon the steps of the altar, and was soon so wholly absorbed by her devotions, as to become insensible to the rapidly increasing tumult. She was aroused at last from her heavenly communings, by the pressure of a hand upon her shoulder, and the sound of a voice, that in a hurried tone pronounced her name. That dear voice, in spite of many struggles, had not yet lost its power over her heart; its tones drew her back again to earth, and with a kindling cheek she looked up to Léon, who, agitated and breathless, was bending anxiously over her.

"Millicent," he said quickly, "Why are you here? this is now no place for women; we have tidings that the foe is near, and I entreat that you will come and let me bear you to a place of safety."

She cast a hasty glance around her—the females had all fled, and she alone, was kneeling in an attitude of calm devotion amid a band of armed and desperate men.

"I have no fear," she said quietly; "Let me remain Léon; God can protect me here, as well as elsewhere."

"Millicent are you mad?" exclaimed Léon in excessive agitation. "Even while I speak the British force is in sight, and in a few minutes the deadly knell of battle will be sounded in our ears."

"I have no fear, Léon," she said firmly, "you must remain here, and where should I be, but near you in the hour of danger?"

"And so expose yourself to needless peril, and me to torturing anxiety," he exclaimed impetuously. "Come away, dear Millicent, I implore you; I cannot do my duty while you are here, and I would not again be branded with a coward's name!"

His voice became hoarse with emotion, as in a low tone, and with lips compressed, he pronounced the last words. She felt his hand tremble as it convulsively grasped her's, and turning her sweet imploring eyes to his face, she still entreated with her soft and plaintive voice, for permission to remain.

"When danger really comes, I can, if need be, easily escape," she said, "or at least seek shelter in the vaults beneath the church; no harm can reach me there. Do not send me away, dear Léon; I will kneel here and pray for you all the while, and if death comes to you to-day, I shall be near, and I know you would rather breathe out your life on my bosom than elsewhere."

There was sad music in her touching tones as she uttered this appeal, and Léon could not resist its melting influence. Tears blinded his eyes as he fixed them for a moment on her kneeling figure, but he dashed them hastily away, feeling how impossible it was to grant her almost insane request, or to linger from duty many minutes longer. He again entreated her to let him conduct her from the church before the nearer approach of the English, should render it impossible for him to accompany her.

"Léon," she said, in the same low and tender voice as before, so low indeed that the sounds were scarcely audible; "in one brief minute I will go, since you desire it, but,"—and her lip slightly quivered with emotion,—"we may never meet again on earth,—nay, start not dearest Léon, but let it bring you comfort, if you fall in this day's fight, to know that we shall not long be separated; my days are numbered, Léon,—my sands are running low; look at me, dear friend, and say if I speak not to you now the truth."

Léon did look upon her with a long and tearful gaze, as though he but now for the first time marked the ravages which sorrow and illness had made in that form—those lovely features which had ever seemed the perfection of beauty in his sight. And even, with its wasted outline and its unnatural lustre, that sweet upturned face beamed on him like the face of a seraph; so pure, so chastened was its angelic loveliness, so full of that high and holy hope which only heaven can inspire.

Her person was enveloped in a cloak, the hood of which had fallen back, exposing to view her head, around which the braids of dark glossy hair were twined with an unstudied grace, that assisted to define its beautiful and classic contour. Her eyes had lost the playful archness that once shone in their sparkling beams, but a soft and heavenly expression endued them with an eloquence unknown to language. The carnation of her cheek was gone, except when fatigue or emotion called forth the brilliant flush, that faded as quickly as it came; and as Léon continued with an almost breaking heart to gaze sadly upon her, she reminded him of a fair and fragile rose, which, removed from its own sunny garden, was dying for the genial air and cherishing nurture of its dear natal soil.

"Léon," she said, with a bright smile meeting his tearful gaze, "we shall not long be separated. I had last night a vision, which, sure I am, the blessed Virgin sent to comfort me; for when I woke, my heart was buoyant with happiness. I thought I saw my mother, Léon, and she was radiant with celestial joy and beauty; I stood with you, dearest, upon the shore of a stormy river, and she beckoned to us from a golden cloud, on which, with other angelic forms, she sat listening to seraphic melody; I too heard it, and I stretched out my arms longingly towards her, when suddenly the bank on which we stood, gave way, and we were plunged into the dark and turbid stream. We struggled but a moment, when we seemed to rise, I know not how, and ascend rapturously towards her; then I awoke, but the harmonies of heaven were yet ringing in my ears, and the unutterable bliss of that vision has infused into my soul, the peace that passes understanding."

She sank down exhausted, when she ceased speaking, and Léon forgetting all, save her, knelt in speechless emotion by her side. But quickly commanding himself, he said in a tone of enforced cheerfulness:

"You were ever a sweet enthusiast, my Millicent; and though I grant now, that this bright vision may have been sent to sustain us in our trials, let us not suppose it intimates a certainty of our shortly departing hence. No, my beloved, before death separates us here, we shall surely be permitted to realize those promises of happiness, which, but a few short weeks ago were just within our grasp."

A smile of holy resignation lighted up the wan face of Millicent, and with a gentle motion of her head she remained silent. Once more, uneasy at her protracted lingering in the church, Léon earnestly pressed her departure. The building was fast filling with men, but the one interest which engrossed them, prevented their observing the lovers, who stood near one of the side altars, in a dimly lighted and remote aisle. Millicent no longer opposed any resistance to his wishes, but rising with a painful effort leaned heavily on his arm, as he led her gently towards the door. When they reached the font of holy water, she paused to make the sacred sign of the cross upon her brow, and as she touched it, Léon perceived her falter, and grow deadly pale. Greatly terrified, he threw his arm around her, with an exclamation of mingled tenderness and alarm, and conjured her to tell him if she were ill.

"Be calm, dear Léon," she said faintly, "Let me rest here a moment, and I shall recover," and she sank helplessly upon a bench as she spoke.

At that instant a loud volley of musketry burst from the windows of the church, shaking it to its foundation; it was succeeded by a long and deafening shout, and this greeting of the insurgents was immediately answered by the cannon of the enemy, whose prompt and well-aimed fire failed not to do deadly execution. A wild shriek of terror and agony rung through the vaulted roof of the building, a shriek never to be forgotten by those who heard it, and then there was a sudden rush away from the windows, and the dead and wounded fell thick upon the threshold of that sacred edifice, hitherto solely dedicated to the peaceful and holy offices of religion.

Filled with horror, Millicent sprang instinctively to her feet. "Mother of God, have pity on us!" was her low and agonized exclamation, as unable to sustain herself, she fell forward on the bosom of the appalled Léon.

"Oh, my beloved, whither can I fly to hide you from this scene?" he wildly exclaimed, in the bitterness of feelings that wholly mocked controul.

"Earth has no more power to wound me now," she faintly whispered; "Heaven already opens to receive my spirit! Léon, too dearly loved, farewell!"

She made an effort to raise her lips to his, but with a sudden shudder, fell back lifeless in his arms. The pure and gentle spirit had departed to Him who gave it; and the wretched, desolate, self-accusing lover, held only a beautiful corpse upon his bosom.

"Oh, God! now is my cup of bitterness full even to the brim!" were the words of deepest agony which burst from his stricken heart, as sinking to the ground, he remained, stupified by the suddenness of this fatal blow,—as senseless almost, as the cold and silent form which he still clasped closely in his embrace. The din without was unheeded by him, and the groans and tumult within, failed to arouse him from his lethargy of grief. None had time or thought to mark him; as there he sat, gazing in fixed and tearless despair upon the marble features of her he had so long and fondly loved.

Suddenly a hand grasped his arm, and a voice sounded in his ear, which said, "Rouse yourself De Lorimier, the enemy will soon effect an entrance—it is impossible to hold out against them much longer—we must quit the church, or be consumed within it, for doubtless they will fire it instantly."

Léon looked up with vacant wonder, and saw standing beside him one of the leaders of the patriot force,—one of the bravest and most constant, who, when others quailed or fled, stood firm and unappalled at what he deemed the post of duty.

"But this precious one," answered Léon in a wild, low whisper,—"Look at her pale beauty—she has died in my arms—it is I who have killed her, and I cannot leave her pure form to be profaned by sacreligious hands."

"Carry her," replied the other, to the vaults beneath the church, they will never penetrate there—hasten, and I will assist you, for there is not a moment to be lost."

"Ay, there shall she rest," exclaimed Léon with returning animation; "it is a fitting mausoleum for my pure and gentle love; then let them light the pyre—no royal Greek had ever one more glorious!"

Léon's eyes flashed with unnatural lustre as he spoke, and instantly rising, he raised his blighted flower tenderly in his arms, and followed by his companion, descended to the vault beneath the edifice. There he softly laid down his lovely burden, drawing the folds of her cloak with loving care around her form. Between her cold hands she still clasped her little crucifix of gold, and Léon breathed upon it a fervent prayer for the repose of her soul.

"I haste to join thee, my beloved," he softly murmured,—"short, as thou didst prophecy, short will be our earthly separation."

Then pressing a last lingering kiss upon her pale and silent lips, he followed his companion up the dark and narrow stairs, by which they had descended to the vault. When they regained the body of the church, they found it deserted by nearly all except the dead and dying; a few only lingered, fearing to fly, yet dreading to remain. The British were thundering at the door, and in another minute or two would effect an entrance.

"Stand firm, brave Canadians," said Léon, as he looked upon the pale and terror-stricken faces around him; "there is no safety in flight, the enemy is at the door, and death is sure; meet it then like men and patriots—let us show them that if beaten, we are not daunted."

"It is madness to remain, De Lorimier," said the leader—"it is to throw away our lives, and we should strive to save them for the cause that is dear to us. Fly! they are here! through this window, we may escape."

He rushed toward the large window in the rear of the church, as he spoke, followed by several others, and leaped from it, high as it was, to the ground. But there too death awaited him, for scarcely had a sense of security stolen over him, when he was shot down, and fell never to rise again. Léon gathered the few who remained, around him, and urged them to stand firm and sell their lives dearly. But almost instantly the door of the church was burst open, and a detachment of the Royal Regiment rushed tumultuously in.

Hand to hand then was the stern contest; but the overpowering numbers of the foe rendered resistance brief and fruitless. One by one they all speedily fell. Léon was the last who met his fate. He warded off the assaults of his enemy with the reckless air of one in sport—he longed too ardently for death, to fear or shun it, and when at last the bayonet of a soldier pierced his heart, he sunk upon the ground with a triumphant smile, and with his dying sigh breathed forth the name of Millicent.

As the needle turns away from the rising sun from the occidental, from regions of fragrancy and gold and gems, and moves with unerring impulse to the frost and deserts of the north, so Milton, and some few others in politics, philosophy and religion, walk through the busy multitude, wave aside the importunate trader, and, after a momentary oscillation from external agency, are found, in the twilight and in the storm, pointing with certain index to the pole-star of immutable truth.—*W. S. Landor.*

THE MISSIONARY'S WALK.

BY A SCOTCHMAN AND A SOLDIER.

> Salvation ! oh, Salvation!
> The joyful sound proclaim,
> Till each remotest nation
> Has learned Messiah's name.
>
> HEBER.

The trying hour was now at hand,
McWard must leave his native land ;
The long long sleepless night was o'er,
The last he'd spend on Scotland's shore—
A night o'ercast with doubts and fears,
And spent in sighs, and prayers, and tears.
Soon as the morning's cheerful ray
Had ushered in the opening day,
He sought a lone secluded spot,
Some distance from his father's cot,
Where oft he'd stray'd in mornings past—
This visit was to be the last—
There, in retirement's sweet abode,
To hold communion with his God,
And plead for grace, and heav'nly pow'r
To aid him in the trying hour;
For though his spirit yearned o'er
The heathen on a distant shore,
And long'd to bear the Gospel light,
To dark Ashantee's land of night—
Yet home and friends lay near his heart,
And, oh ! he felt it hard to part.
Pensive and sad at length he stood
Beneath the shadow of the wood,
Then wistfully he turn'd to see
The lovely scene round sweet Dundee.
The morning sun of flowery May
Shone mildly on the banks of Tay,
Whose gentle wave and peaceful stream,
Reflected back the trembling beam,
And shadow'd on its glassy tide
The lovely scene on either side—
The happy peasant's rural cot,
The simple fence, the garden plot,
The lofty seat with turrets crowned,
The shrubb'ry and the pleasure ground,
The hermit tree, which long had stood
Upon the margin of the flood,
The stately vessel floating by,
The passing cloud, the vaulted sky,
Fell on the watery mirror fair,
A grand inverted picture there.
The dewy tears which night had shed
Hung pendant on the tender blade—
Or as the gentle zephyr passed,
The silver drops were falling fast;
The primrose fair and daisy sweet
In beauty smiled around his feet;
On hedge and bush and thorny spray,
The little birds sang o'er their lay,
While soaring high above the rest,
By far the sweetest and the best,
Of all the warbling feather'd throng,
The lark poured forth his hymn-like song.
Nature's sweet anthem fill'd the air,
And call'd on man to praise and prayer.
It was a scene might well inspire
A patriot or a poet's fire.
McWard felt all his soul expand,
For much he loved his native land ;
His eye roamed o'er the pleasant view,
For every spot full well he knew ;
The fields, the woods, the banks of Tay,
The quiet walk, the lonely way,
Where oft at morn and twilight there
He had retired for secret prayer.
The church's spire he well could trace,
From fair Dundee, his native place,
Where dauntless Knox once took his stand,
The great reformer of the land—
Who oft at court, in after time,
Had dar'd reprove a sovereign's crime,
And bade a trembling Queen revere
The truths she was not fain to hear;
There Wishart too, the meek and good,
Had strove to stem dark error's flood,
And Willison, whose cherished name
Stands on the Christian's book of fame,
There fed the flock which Christ had given,
And led them in the path to heaven;
And young McCheyne, whose brief career,
Like morning star, was bright and clear,
There with an angel's zeal had spent
The health and life his God had lent.
McWard felt inspiration's fire—
With trembling hand he took the lyre,
And when his song of praise began
'Twas thus the noble measure ran :—

"My God, my rock, my heart's desire,
"O touch my lips with living flame,
"And with thy grace my soul inspire,
"To bless thy great and holy name.
"Thou source of all my peace and joy
"Which pain nor grief can ne'er destroy,

"Lord," if thy servant might aspire
"To ask for gifts so rare, from thee,
"Oh grant me Knox's holy fire,
"With Wishart's love and constancy;
"Thy spirit with their mantle send,
"And bid me wear it to the end.

"Though trials sore my soul oppress,
"I ever find my Saviour near;
"He knows and feels my deep distress,
"And kindly wipes the falling tear;
"I will adore thy Name, and bless
"The Lord, my light and righteousness.

"The dear loved friends from whom I part,
"Whose melting souls are steep'd in grief,
"Oh! pour thy balm into their heart,
"With sanctifying sweet relief,
"And may we meet when time has fled,
"Where parting tears are never shed."

His plaintive harp, attun'd to grief,
Had brought his chastened soul relief,
And when he knelt in humble prayer,
He felt sweet consolation there,
And found renewed supplies of grace,—
An inward calm and heavenly peace.
He rose compos'd, and moving slow,
With homeward step he turn'd to go,
Yet linger'd still, and still he stray'd
Deep musing 'neath the leafy shade—
His thoughts on those he loved so well,
While nature's tear began to swell,
And her soft voice still seem'd to say,
How can I stand this trying day?
How shall I tear myself away?
The silent grief my father bears,
My mother's pleading sighs and tears,
And oh! that loving sister band,
And Scotland, thou my native land,
Oh must I leave thy hallow'd strand
And cross yon wild tempestuous flood,
To dwell with heathens stain'd with blood!—
With men wild as the beasts of chase,
And cruel as the tiger's race—
Dwell in a land of deepest night,
No cheering ray of moral light—
A land whose pestilential breath,
Whose poison'd breeze is fraught with death—
Where prowling beasts at freedom roam,
And deadly reptiles have their home—
No Sabbath bell—no temple there—
No voice of psalm, nor voice of prayer,
But superstition's cruel rites;
The worship of the Prince of Night.
And pleading nature seem'd to say
Oh! that this cup might pass away!
When lo these words, in accents clear,
Fell on the missionary's ear:—
"McWard, why dost thou linger here?
"Thy early home, thy native shore,
"And what is even loved still more,
"The friends that cluster round thy heart,
"And feel it worse than death to part,—
"Forsake them all, dear though they be,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,—
"I send thee to a land afar,
"Where millions of my chosen are,
"Who sit in darkness, close beneath
"The gloomy verge and shade of death.
"Go, bear the Gospel's glorious light
"To that beclouded land of night—
"I'll be thy shield, thy guide, thy stay,
"Thy fire by night, thy cloud by day—
"Go raise the brazen serpent high,
"And bid the people cease to die;
"Touch thou the rock, and springs shall bless
"The barren parched wilderness,
"Increasing as they onward go,
"Till rivers through the desert flow;
"And flowers of rare and rich perfume
"Shall deck the banks in heavenly bloom.
"I'll own my faithful servant's toil,
"The lonely place shall sweetly smile,
"And where the deadly Upas grows,
"Shall flourish Sharon's lovely rose,
"Where Adam's poor degraded child
"Stalks like a felon through the wild,
"Or, like a fiend of blood and strife,
"Is lurking for his brother's life,
"There shall the Christian patriot stand,
"The bulwark of a happy land;
"I'll stamp my image on his soul,
"And grace shall all his powers control;
"Peace shall reside in his abode,
"His house shall be a house of God,
"Where prayer and praise shall still arise,
"Sweet as the morning sacrifice;
"There weekly shall the Sabbath bell
"Peal through the air with solemn swell,
"While happy tribes shall flock around,
"To hear the Gospel's joyful sound—
"In sweet affection all shall meet,
"And worship low at Jesus' feet,
"In humble faith and ardent prayer,
"Shall join their meek petitions there,
"While deeds of mercy, love and grace,
'Shall bless the land with joy and peace;
"Go, take my standard in thy hand,
"And plant it on that distant land—
"I will go with thee to the place,
"And give thee rest and give thee peace.

McWard felt all his strength renewed,
His faith confirmed, his fears subdued,
And hastening through the quiet vale,
Bade friends and home a long farewell.

FICTION.

BY HENRY GILES.

It would be a needless task in our day to go into any argument to prove that fiction may not in itself be wrong. An absolute condemnation of fiction, would condemn every thing in which imaginative art has the least concern: not prose romance alone, but also poetry, painting, and sculpture. The most literal portrait has an element of fiction in it. Indeed so far as fiction has an illusive power, it has it from its connection with actuality and truth. So far as fiction is symbolical and representative, it has accordance with the greatest portion of our experience. We live amidst phenomena and appearances, and the realities that lie behind them mock the most strenuous efforts of our reason. Truth lies in signs even to the most exact thinkers—by diagrams and formula they climb to the heights of heaven, and guide themselves through infinity amidst labyrinths of stars. Thus they penetrate the mysteries of nature; and thus, when they have found their meaning, they reveal it. And, when God, himself, would speak with man, it is by analogy and allegory that he opens such glimpses of eternal verity as the dim sight of humanity can bear. Not only are parables imaginative; the texture of religious speech generally must of necessity be so. If thought, at the best, is but a sign; if life itself is the stuff which dreams are made of, if it be a dream rounded by a little sleep, if in it we see but as in a glass darkly, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; if, moreover it is indeed as a tale, and quickly becomes a tale that is told, men then act, but on the simplest promptings, when they copy it in phantasies which they shape for themselves, when they coin memories of their own experience—when they depict with exaggeration the sadness and the queerness that vary their existence—when here in the childhood of their being, they take pleasure as children do, in curiosity and wonder, in turning realities into stories, and stories into realities.

But, like every other thing in the world, man can abuse this propensity and does abuse it. First it is abused by numbers who write fiction. There are works frequently of commanding genius, which enter profoundly into man and take a wide survey of the world—but it is ever in darkness and discontent; and in result they do nothing but to increase them. They assume a serious and philosophic form ; some of them are written in a fascinating eloquence; they are intent with passion; and the general result on the mind after perusal is a union of intoxication with depression. But, eloquent and poetic as they are, their substance is that of exalted sensualism—associated as such sensualism ever is with a concentrative egotism. The main interest commonly turns on individual misery—and commonly this misery is a contradiction to individual desire. Desire is raised from the low station which the moral reason gives it, to a dangerous aristocracy in which the sensual imagination rules. Nature stands for law—inclination stands for virtue; so that to draw out a scheme of life in conformity with such dictates would be to reverse the phraseology of the Decalogue. Our old novelists are in many things condemnable and in nothing more than in their grossness. But they never tampered with the radical convictions upon which individual and social morals rest. In general they were careless persons—men of the world, and men who aimed only to give the world as they saw it. They drew characters as they were, they used them because they were suitable to amuse the reader, to advance the action of the story ; and giving no promise for their integrity, offering no bail for their good behaviour, they dismissed them to their fate to make their way in the community as well as they were able. They were no reasoners, no speculators, and where one of them composed a narrative that enchained the attention of his readers he achieved all that he proposed.

Another class of fictions is entirely of modern growth. These fictions literally riot in debasement, in moral and physical corruption. Will it be said that the romance does not within any measurable degrees come near to the reality. But this is no true reason for reproducing them in art. Further, it may be said, that vices and sufferings are in life and nature, and that it is serving the cause of humanity to shew them forth in literature. I would have nothing excluded from literature, the most tragic, the most comic elements should abound in it, but they should be duly mingled. Neither would I have any condition of social grade excluded: nor, indeed is any ever excluded by novelists of the highest order.

Genius in the finest writers of fiction has crowded its world from the humbler walks of existence. Who are those with whom Cervantes is most at home? Goat-herds, peasants, barbers, inn-keepers, carriers! Whom does Goldsmith bring before us? The inmates of a country parsonage, rustics, and the rabble of a jail. Scott I need not mention, for to enumerate the characters of his romances would be to survey the whole scope of civilization. In such works we may learn of humanity from a most wonderful wisdom—but to seek for knowledge in some modern stories that profess to reveal the mysteries of sin and sorrow, would be as vain a task as to go to asylums of insanity for specimens of prudence, or to jails for examples of honesty—as vain a task as to study finance in the tale of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp, or to learn geography in Gulliver's travels. Let me mention two writers not in English, who shew how lowly personages may be combined with transparent purity of sentiment, with the utmost prodigality of imagination:—one of these is the Italian, Manzoni. His "Betrothed" is a narrative of humble life, and is filled with the brightest riches of the heart. It has variety of character and incident, without bustle or confusion; it throbs with emotion but avoids extravagance; it pictures domestic sorrows of the most afflicting kind and public calamities the most terrific, but in both, it "over-steps not the modesty of nature," and never violates simplicity or truth. It depicts fondness and tenderness without being mawkish; it shews the ghastly vision of a plague without being disgusting; and to the minuteness of Defoe it unites the imagination of Bocaccio. The incidents are not only beautiful but probable. Nearly all of them might have occurred in an ordinary life. The characters are consistent both in outline and detail. Peasants speak and act as peasants: barons speak and act as barons. The spirit of the story is as profound as it is spotless. It lives in a religious eloquence which has nothing that surpasses it, and except in Fenelon, nothing that equals it.

The other to whom I have referred is the German, Richter. If we had not a pre-eminent example in the over-flowing comicry of Don Quixote to prove that the quaintest humor, the slyest drollery, the most grotesque extravagance, may consist with the most unsullied thoughts, we might point to the stories of Richter. These stories of Richter are mostly domestic. Their especial charm lies in sentiment. This is rich to large abundance; joining the familiar to the curious, the simple to the wild, the odd rising to the sublime, the sublime merging in the odd; the queer going hand in hand with the beautiful; the beautiful gyrating through mazes of eccentricity; the comic in the midst of miseries; misery girding the comic with a sombre bounddary, painful struggles tinted with smiles, moments of joy snatched from depths of wretchedness; battlements of calamity lit up with beamings of glory from the soul, agony choking down its pain and giving place to bursts of child-like laughter; common events exalted to the grandest poetry or made suggestive of profoundest reflection, illustrations gathered from every art, every science, every department of scholarship, every region of the universe; the whole of such strange compound, finding unity, identity, and life, in an unbroken inspiration of humanity and heaven. It would take a Rabelais, a Sterne, a Mackenzie, a Richardson, a Shelley, all melted into a single incarnation to form a genius resembling that of Richter, and yet all of them together could not give us Jean Paul in the sweep of his fancy, the fulness of his love, and the depth of his power.

This desire for fiction is again abused on the part of readers. It is abused by excess. It is not the loss of time that it occasions, it is the false and the undue excitement which it indulges that is the most to be deplored. The world of dreams in which it constantly somnambulises, brings it in two ways into conflict with the world of duties. First, it is a conflict with hard requirement, in which enthusiasm has to buffet with literal obligation. Second, it is a conflict of extraordinary emotion against the regularity of settled laws. This collision between fact and fancy, does, of necessity, sear the temper; it irritates the spirit, it causes the sphere of positive demands to assume an appearance, melancholy, monotonous, and penal. We lose, then, the best enjoyment which fiction itself can give, by divesting its perusal of novelty and by reducing it to a habit. We miss, too the joys which are most worthy of rational existence; the joy which comes out from the exercise of our best powers; the joy of earnest purpose; the joy of independent meditation; the joy of grappling athletically with the various problems that are involved with all our relations to the universe; the joy, in fact, of feeling that we labor and that we live. Readers likewise, abuse fiction when they go to it for positive knowledge. For even if it could dispense with labor in instruction—if it could fully communicate philosophy without taxing thought, it would do it all to our disadvantage. The method, the discipline, the patience, the struggle of our faculties, the progress of research, enlarged discernment, enlarged tolerance; the formation of reflective habits, the growth of moral wisdom, these are more important, far, than any amount of mere intellectual acquisition. It is not merely the fable of the husbandman's legacy to [his sons realised: it is better, for, while we enrich the soil by cultivation we also find the treasure.

I say nothing, here, of kinds of fiction that ought neither to be written nor read. I refer here to mental results more than to moral ones, to the danger of injury to truth and simplicity of feeling, more than harm to its purity—to the disorder of intellectual health rather than the dislocation of the spiritual principles. The moral and the spiritual are I grant more important than the intellectual, but this is so readily apprehended, that there is no need to dwell upon it. Besides, I have in these remarks concern only with an excess in degree, and not an evil in essence. Constant indulgence in fiction weakens both mind and motive, it incapacitates the one for thought, and the other for action. It surrounds the life of its victim with an atmosphere of unreality, and it puts within it a fountain of uneasy desire. Thence arises a general discontent, not that sort of discontent with things as they are, which urging us to make them better is an essential of improvement, but that vain discontent with things inevitable, which flies for relief to a vague idealism that only deepens the malady. Useful and sober studies are not simply neglected, they are loathed. The excessive novel-reading, besides taking from us a relish for simple pleasures, a keen clear discernment of human beings and human circumstances as they are in the world which God has made and which his wisdom rules, takes from us the inclination to commune with outward nature, deprives us of the power to appreciate it. With heated blood and dizzy brain, worn from loss of sleep, and depressed from long excitement, outward objects yield none of their true influences to our perverted feelings and our disordered senses. We get so habituated to the landscapes of romances that in these only we luxuriate, and we turn from the actual to rejoice in a fanciful creation. We wait till the shutters are closed to find a Summer's dawn blushing beautifully on paper, and half asleep near a smoking lamp at midnight, we have in the same way a resplendent sunset on the mountains. This is not alone to take creation and humanity at second hand, it is to exist in a medium which is artificial as well as visionary; to quit the fair earth and the open sky for overheated pictures, to look at character, not in spontaneous movement but in curious contrivance—to study social manners, not by direct observation but in exaggerated description: it is, in fact, to exclude from the mind original impressions—and to cram it in their stead with the vagaries of imagination.

Much more might be said, but the space permits it not. Having thus regarded fiction on the side of its evils, we are now to regard it on the side of its uses. But from this point of view, I shall generally have before my mind fiction the purest and the highest. The utility of fiction like the utility of any other kind of art, does not consist in separate and measurable result, it is co-incident with the inspiration which it contains and which it communicates. A great story-teller acts on many faculties, and therefore, within himself he combines a vast capacity of agencies. Equally analytic as creative, not dependent on the instinct of genius alone, but matured by reflective thought, and rich in knowledge with the spoils of time, he is painter, architect, dramatist, critic, satirist, geographer, naturalist, antiquary, historian, politician, metaphysician and moralist—not in technical systems and disquisitions, but in the concrete vitality of human action and of human character. The utility of fiction is therefore to be traced in the wholeness of its power. The advantage derived from the highest kind of fiction is analogous to the advantage derived from the highest kind of drama. Neither aims to put the mind in a specific attitude, neither to urge it in a specific direction, but both tend to enlarge, to soothe, to humanise it. When we study "Lear" or "Macbeth," no distinctive intellectual or moral purpose is obtruded on us, but compass, and force, and insight are given to our intellectual and moral being. In like manner, the benefit received from the perusal of "Ivanhoe" or "Old Mortality" is in the order and degree of inspiration which they contain or can communicate. The higher fiction like the higher drama, acts through emotion and imagination—sometimes one, sometimes the other; but most completely, when both combine and form a unity. Give this unity a name, and it is what we call sympathy;—one is imperfect without the other. Emotion without imagination is narrow and timid sensibility. Imagination without emotion is cold, brilliant, and constructive. Emotion at the best will give us only sentiment, imagination will give us only wit or incident; bring them together, and we have pathos and humor, drollery and tragedy, character and story. Passive sympathy in the reader corresponds with active sympathy in the author—the active sympathy of the author comes forth in living realities—passive sympathy in the reader, enters into and understands them.

Fiction here presents itself to us, as an agency in one very elevated order of culture—culture though sympathy. This kind of culture has the highest utility. Some very deep questions on the nature of mind, even, have been clad with the form of romance; and if they have not been thus resolved, they have at least, rendered more intelligible. They are put for us into flesh, they are placed before us in the maturity of a substantial life, and this life we can contemplate in the full personality of deed and passion. What arrangement of mere logical method, what sublety of abstract diction, could for instance, as the story of Caleb Williams does, lay bare to us the structure of a peculiar mind, or the influence of peculiar circumstances on character and happiness? What inferences from analogy reasoned out in hard philosophy, could make us feel the misery of surviving all with whom our life was first associated, as we feel it in the vivid personation of incarnate loneliness in the romance of St. Leon? With what terrible reality we behold the perdition, which mere intelligence should endure without human kindred and social affinities, in the wild, the most eloquent story of Frankenstein. And when has metaphysical analysis ever sounded such depths in the problems of thought and passion, as have been explored in the dramatic romance of the "Faust"? Such works do not alone interest us in the mysteries of our nature, but they also charm us with the richest variety of event and eloquence.

I will not say that romance can teach history, neither will I enter into the discussion, as whether historical studies have been improved or injured by the historical novel;—but, certainly through this medium, millions of men and women have obtained living images of past ages, which they would not have sought or found in other writings. Romance can not teach history, nor should it be taken even as historical interpretation, and yet it can help us to understand history. We understand history as we understand man. It is as we can grasp the everlasting realities of his nature, that we can comprehend him, into whatever shape the mould of custom or of time may cast him. Outward changes of eras and of empires can be recorded in chronicles, it is sympathy alone that reaches down to the spirit of that eternal humanity which underlies them. Fiction does much to excite and to enlarge this sympathy. An age lives to us again, and they who where buried in it as in a grave, come forth at the wizard's invocation, giving us not the story, but the very being of their day. The past is made the present. It is around us, and the world which once it owned, ceases to be overthrown with fragments of its sepulchres. It rejoices and is glad to be with its myriads in the sun again, to revisit the glimpses of the moon, to smell the air in which ere now it lived, to tread upon the earth which aforetime it had ruled. We too rejoice and are glad to look upon its living face, and to listen to its living voice. Thus by the enchanters power, the select of generations, become our well known acquaintances, our familiar friends; their names are household words, and great eras and mighty times seem but a portion of our own auto-biography. The distant is made near. With the red man or the dark, we communicate as with our neighbour;—summoned from every corner of the earth, clad in every costume. Members of our race throng around our fireside, tell us there, strange stories of their hearts, and lay before us the working of their thoughts. Man of the distant and the past, brought thus present to us, brought thus near to us, we recognize at once to be our brother, and as such we clasp him, we see the movements of his features, we feel the throbbing of his bosom, we are brought within the play of his passions, we are glad or sorry, angry or pitiful in the varyings of his condition, he is our friend or enemy, our sovereign our slave, we have shame in him or pride, we blush for him or claim praise, we weep in his afflictions, we burn against his sins; he is no longer a shadow with a name, he is a substance with a soul.

Such culture must have much of moral usefulness. It does not stop in making us acquainted with an abstract humanity, but enriches those generous charities and affections that bind us to individual men. All those novels, therefore, which deal in personal scandal and polemical dispute are as abominable to ethics as they are to art. Fiction which is alive with the spirit of true genius, out of its own fulness pours an abundant love. Near, and afar off, humanity is dear to it, and nothing so execrable to it, as anti-social or misanthropic feelings. To bring the mind not only into nearer but into kindlier contact with humanity is the best office of genius. Shakspere's creations above all, have this influence. They have this influence in their conceiving and tenderness, but with a deeper force they have it ever in their darkest workings. Trace the poet through his most awful wanderings, through the subtleties of temptation, the cunning of desire, the sophistries of delusion, the gradations of passion, the crooked ways of envy, the steep ones of ambition, the patience of revenge, the pangs of jealousy, the moodiness of despair, the agony of remorse,—trace him through the doubts of reason, the hesitancy of conscience, to the mysteries and conjectures which lie along the bourne whence no traveller returns, you feel more powerfully as you advance the sense of your humanity; by those latent capacities which enable us to appreciate power, we feel kindred with the highest, by those low monitions of conscience which warn us that the blackest guilt he paints might have been our own, we feel brotherhood with the worst. Art for its own sake must present humanity to us complacently, and genius of its own free will, does what art requires. Observe the magic with which genius weds goodness even to weakness or insanity. Who is not made gentle by the zeal of Dr. Primrose for monogamy; the ardor of Captain Shandy in recounting the siege of Namur and the devotion of old Monkbarns to antiquarianism? Who is not warmed with friendliness to his nature, as he listens to the valiant and most gentle knight, Don Quixote, rejoicing in his prowess only that he may defend the weak, desiring to exalt himself that he may confer benefits on his friends, and especially, his poor Sancho Panza? We share the cordiality of Sancho when he exclaims, "Lord bless thee for a master;" who would believe that one who can say so many good things should tell such nonsense and riddles about Montesino's Cave.

But fiction as a mere enjoyment, within its proper limits, has important usefulness. It is often desirable, and for our good, to be taken from ourselves, to be delivered for a while from our cares, to live amidst scenery and passions more enchanting and absorbing than any which experience or the actual world gives us. It is not only allowable but beneficial occasionally to lay aside toil of the head as well as of the hand, and to seek for change, if not for relaxation, in the excitement of the feelings and imagination; to pass from the sphere of the work-day realities which have fatigued or vexed us to find relief in the wide domains of the ideal. There are times, too, when we are utterly disqualified for labour either active or sedentary. There are states both of body and of spirit that go before illness, or that illness leaves, in which we are void of power and even of will. The beguiling of attention from our infirmities in these circumstances; the replacing of a painful consciousness by a pleasurable one; the filling up of time which would otherwise be vacant or distressing, with delightful interests, is more than a present solace; it is curative; it tempers sickness and accelerates the return of health. Fiction becomes then a benignant ministration.

In its due relations and degrees, fiction has some peculiar advantages as an amusement. It is intellectual. It acts upon the mind, and within the mind's own region, provides enjoyment. It is artistical. It is artistical to the reader as well as to the writer, so that fiction affords critical excitement as well as emotional delight. When in the perusal of a story we have revelled in pleasure that we did not care to analyse, which we could not wait to examine; our satisfaction is not less at the end, when memory and reflection enter on the task of reproduction. It is indeed, a new and added pleasure, when judgment traces the admirable skill which was exercised to produce effects so illusive and impressive, effects that were first a spell upon our fancy, and then a problem to our reason. Other artists the unprofessional can know in their effects alone. Their methods and contrivances the uninstructed can not know; and how means in them are related to ends the uninstructed have no capacity to judge. But, in fiction every man has the witness in himself, he is at once the instrument upon which the master plays and a critic of the player. Music is, of all arts, the most intense in its effects; but the principles which guide the composer, and the manner in which he applies them, are almost as remote from the common mind as the mysteries of creation. Fiction also is accessible to the mass of mankind. It is, no doubt a most exalted pleasure to look upon a noble piece of sculpture. The most ragged casts of the Elgin marbles fill the mind with gratified astonishment: nearer to life and less sublime is the joy derived from painting; and even in a common print, the Last Supper, shines forth divinely in the light of religion and beauty. More absorbing than any and than all is music, and he who has heard its highest strains has memories to last for life. Still, these arts in their full excellence have many limitations, they are not capable of a boundless diffusion in their individual results. The statue must stay fixed on its pedestal; the picture must remain in its gallery;—and music, for its finest performance, demands talent which is rare, and which like all rare things is expensive. Fiction, you can have always and you can have it every where. You need no mediator between it and your own mind. It is not shut out from the eye, you have but to open the volume and its meaning is revealed; it is not dead or silent to the ear, waiting the enchanter to come and call it into life and power, the witchery is at your own command, and the spirits that you would have pass before you, are ready at your own invocation. You can lose yourself in its delectations, in your chamber or chimney corner, in the midst of solitude, or the midst of men, in the garden-bower or the forest-nook, in the thronged hotel or in the crowded steam-boat, and without other medium than the printed page, the author's mind and your own are in full communion. I have said nothing on the universe of idealism into which fiction transports the mind; a universe that fiction has called into being, and which will hold its being while the actual fails to satisfy, and while fancy tires of experience. There is no knight that ever strode a horse, more fixed in thought than he that managed Rosinante: and there is no bailie that enters the town-council of Glasgow more distinctly visible to his fellows, than bailie Nichol Jarvie is to the mind's eye in millions; and these are but two inhabitants of those immortal and unfading regions, which constitute the charmed realms of romance.

"Blessings," says Sancho, "on the man that first invented sleep, it comes round one like a cloak and covers him all over." Blessings, I say on the man that invented fiction; it is a cloak that shuts out many a blast of trouble and annoyance; and when a man wraps it well about him on a winter's night, provided conscience and the household are at peace, he minds the storm as little as jolly Tam O'Shanter. Blessings on all genuine story tellers. Blessings on all singers too. Blessings on old Homer that sang of Troy divine, leaving a beginning, and a model for all who should sing for ever. Blessings on the brave old Scalds who chaunted praises to the storm-gods; who in high impassioned measure, celebrated the warriors of the mountains, and the monarchs of the sea. Blessings on Bard, Minstrel, Troubadour, who gave refinement to courage and grace to might, who in chieftains hall and lady's bower, tempered with humanity the force of manhood, and softened with gentleness the pride of beauty. Blessings on the sweet, bold ballad-singers, prophets of the people's heart, poets of their fancy, lyrists of the wild and free, of Baron and of Boor, of Wood-craft and Knighthood, inmates of hut and palace, comical and sad in every mood of nature. But, once more, I say; Blessings on the story-tellers. Blessings on those of the legend-filled and wonder-trodden East, greater themselves than the magicians whom they celebrated, richer and more potent than the sovereigns of the genii, glorious necromancers, nameless invisible, whose conjurings are an everlasting childhood, in which, humanity has without decay, the choicest, the brightest imaginings of its youth. Blessings on those wild romancers, mighty alike in their fancies and their faith, who gave the tales of Chivalry to men as believing as themselves, who surrounded the names of their heroes with associations of bravery and adventure that were not unfruitful in generous influences on character and life. Blessings manifold upon Cervantes, that he sent out among men throughout all time, under grotesque appearance, two of the most loveable emanations that ever came forth at the call of genius, that ever swelled the heart with admiraion, that ever shook the sides with laughter—the one, the impersonation of wild enthusiasm; the other of happiest comicacy. Long live Don Quixote: long live Sancho: if they have beaten all other knights and squires from the world, it is, because they contain within themselves the best qualities of all other knights and squires put together. Blessings on those in our own literature, who have not only enlarged the domain of the ideal, but introduced to its community some of its worthiest members: who have adorned it with such citizens, as Christian the pilgrim, and Crusoe, the adventurer: with Dr. Primrose, Parson Adams, Uncle Toby, and a multitude besides. Blessings on those in our own day, who call new inhabitants into this empire, with whom it is pleasant as well as profitable to be acquainted, who while they minister to innocent gayety improve the heart.

In conclusion, I mention the name which crowns the whole,—that of Walter Scott! Epic, Scald, minstrel, ballad-singer; he was all in one, and yet, besides, he was the greatest of story-tellers. In the range of his subjects, he seemed bound to no locality, limited to no special time, intimate with the various grades, and conditions, and manners of mankind;—it was as if the soul of the Wandering Jew pardoned, and baptised with genius, had trans-migrated into a new body, commissioned to write stories of the many ages and the climes in which it had ever lived; it was, as if carrying the wisdom of its miraculous experience with its regenerated youth, it threw over the past, the freshness of its new morning, as if it put forth the fire of rekindled blood into its older thoughts, then fainted into heaven, while men were yet spell-bound to these records, in joyful wonder and in passionate delight. This comparison, however, holds good for Scott but in one relation, the range and variety of the world which he painted. In nought but this, was there anything in him of the wizard. Familiar as his genius was, with the core of olden times, no man was more cordially of his own. He was friendly with his age, he was friendly with his neighbours;—we can come near to his private habits, and we delight to know the man in the distinctiveness of his personality, to whom we owe so much. Many, and marvellous, and odd, and joyous, and deep, and beautiful, are the characters with which he has surrounded himself, but he is not lost among them all; and exhilarating as the pleasure is that such a goodly company bestows, we see it in a warmer lustre, when we see it in the beamings of its master's face. Brave, kindly, home-bred and hearty, he does not repel our affections; we take pride in the greatness of one so near to us, and we delight to observe, that one who could so easily call multitudes from the vasty deep of his most plastic mind, loved to be in genial intercourse with flesh and blood companions. And our heart intimacy with Scott, is if possible rendered closer by the single weakness, which he paid for by years of sorrow, and with his life. He built a castle, but he broke his heart. Even family, he has left none. But he has left that which nothing can take from him, except that which sweeps letters from the earth; a fame which lives in all that is loveable, a fame which gathers its applause from the grateful friendship of civilized generations. The consolation that he has ministered to desponding spirits, the cheerfulness with which he has banished care, the mirth with which he has laughed away sadness, the tragic grandeur by which he has drowned individual sorrow, the stirring events by which he has shaken the torpor of indolence, the gentle, the gay, the heroic, the humane emotions with which he has agitated so many souls; these are things which are deathless, and which are priceless. There is no standard of exchange by which the gifts of genius can be balanced with the goods of earth; and though such goods should attend on genius in every variety that men desire, they could never be taken for its wages or its equivalent. No temporal station could have added to Scott's dignity, and all factitious contrivances for posthumous importance, if perfectly successful, would have been nullified by the compass of his true immortality; his name is to us, above the proudest of the Pharaohs, and we would not give the least of his romances for the greatest of the Pyramids.

The casualties of this world come on like waves, one succeeding the other. We may escape the heavy roll of the mighty ocean, and be wrecked in the still smooth waters of the land-locked bay. We dread the storm and the hurricane, and forget how many have perished within sight of shore.

People of mean capacities always despise and ridicule more what is above the reach of their own intellect, than that which is below its standard.

MARGARET DAVIDSON.

The following letter was written by Margaret Davidson, when about ten years old. It has never been published; and as everything relating to this wonderful and gifted child is full of interest, it cannot fail to be read by all who have ever heard of her, (and who has not?) with the truest pleasure.

The subject of the little poetical effusion which accompanies the letter, seems most inappropriate to the simplicity of a child; but in excuse it may be said, that it was suggested to her by a little story she had been reading, and which had taken powerful hold of her sensitive imagination.

The motto on the seal of this letter, was expressive of her soaring hopes and high aims; as she had no impression that suited her, she printed in very small letters around the wafer, "Let my flight be lofty," a good watchword for all, but how remarkable a sentiment for a child of ten years to utter!—

My Dear Friend,—Your affectionate letter was received with the same pleasure that always attends a line from you; the receipt of it inspired me with fresh courage, and I again mounted the back of my restive nag. He carried me steadier than when I last mounted him; and, though I *did not* ascend any higher, I thought that some time or other I *might* approach the summit. I send grandmamma a little sprig I plucked from the base of the mountain. I believe the flowers do not grow in such rich profusion and beauty at the foot, as they do on the brow of Parnassus; but those are above my reach. I do not aspire to them. Tell dear grandmamma I send her the highest I could get.

You do not know with what ecstasy I watch the approach of Spring. The beautiful Saranac is again flowing in bright ripples between its banks. Each succeeding day shows plainer that the approach of the flowery queen is near. If *you* could enjoy it with me, it seems as if my happiness would be complete. But alas! I should not say so when my dear mother is still languishing on the bed of sickness. She often presses me to her bosom, and says: "My dear Margaret, Spring blooms all around me; others are happy; it is bright and beautiful for all but me. Nature has few charms for the frame worn out by pain and debility. Oh! what a blessing is health!"

Will you please to tell me what was the meaning of the motto on your seal? It was an eye and an X, and then beneath it, written in Italic letters, "*Return.*" That you would like to see me again, I can well understand, if you love me as

I do you; but the eye and the X are enigmas to me. And believe me, my dear,

Your affectionate little friend,

MARGARET.

The above letter was written to a young lady, several years her senior, to whom she was exceedingly attached. The poetry which accompanied it, was entitled thus:—

A Floweret for my dear friend, plucked from the banks of Helicon, which flows at the foot of Mount Parnassus.

'Tis evening, and the soft winds blow,
The aspen bends its quivering bough;
Yon stream has broke its icy chain,
And flows in rippling curves again:
Then, as if joyful to be free,
Washes the side of yonder flowery lea.

The silver moon had ris'n above,
And Venus bright, the star of love,
Followed in her brilliant train,
And welcomed evening's queen again;
And as the white clouds rolled away,
Her azure throne displayed as clear as day.

Upon a mossy bank a youth reclined;
His dark brown ringlets floated in the wind;
His drooping forehead rested on the ground,
He seemed unconscious of what passed around.
Sudden he starts! then rose in wild despair,
He beat his burning brow, and tore his dark brown hair,
Then clasped his hands, and raising them above,
Exclaimed, with passioned energy, "Oh! Love!
'Tis here that thou hast planted deep thy dart,
And is it thus that thou dost pierce the heart?
Am I despised by her I loved so well,
By her whose heart I deemed devoid of guile!
I was deceived by that sweet form and heavenly smile.

"To her I was devoted, and my love
Was pure as that of angel souls above,
Oh, gracious heaven! and how am I repaid!
Spurned from the feet of yonder scornful maid;
And like the meanest vassal in her train,
I'm treated with contempt and cold disdain.
If proud Corinna yet has feeling left;
If not of every virtue quite bereft,
When I am sleeping 'neath the silent wave,
She'll mourn o'er him she would not stoop to save.
I'll seek the maid, and bid a last farewell,
And sea-birds then shall ring my funeral knell."

He said, and bounded o'er the plain,
When a sweet melodious strain
Burst upon his ravished ear;
He paused, the melting lay to hear—

SONG.

Thou art my love, and only thou,
Heaven and earth my witness prove;
I am faithful to my vow,
Though Alphonso doubts my love.

He started, wiped his aching brow,—
"Oh Heaven! I am rewarded now;
Bless'd with the love of my Corinna fair,
I ask no greater bliss in this wide world of care!"

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Accept this simple piece; I feel that it has no merit, but I trust that your indulgence will overlook its faults, and consider it only as an effusion from the pen of a very little girl.

My dear mamma is visibly declining; and we fear the effects of the coming Summer, in her present weak state. We had hoped that warm weather would have restored her certainly. Within a week she has been much worse. She sends her best love to you all.

Again, your affectionate little friend,

MARGARET.

We do not present the above as *good* poetry,—but as being, both that and the letter, remarkable productions for a little child of ten years of age. They disclose the germ of that poetical genius, which was but partially developed here; for, as is well known, the subject of these remarks, and also her equally gifted sister, Lucretia, were removed from this life before the years of childhood were fairly past. We believe it was well for them to be so "early crowned and blessed." But had they been permitted to remain here, there is no doubt, from the early manifestations of their extraordinary genius, that they would have been as remarkable in their maturer life, as they were in their sweet infancy and childhood.

LITERARY VANITY.—There is much knowledge of human nature, as well as keen satire in the tale which Addison tells of the Atheist, who, bewailing on his death-bed the mischief his works would do after he was gone, quickly repented of his repentance, when his spiritual adviser unhappily sought to alleviate his grief by assuring him that his arguments were so weak, and his writings so little known, that he need not be under any apprehensions. The dying man had still so much of the frailty of an author in him, as to be cut to the heart with these consolations; and, without answering the good man, asked his friends where they had picked up such a blockhead, and whether they thought him a proper person to attend one in his condition.

OLYMPIA MORATA; OR, FERRARA IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY T. D. B.

No one can read the history of Italy, since divided into its principalities, it numbered its ducal courts, its grand commercial cities, its kingdoms within kingdoms, without being impressed with the many brilliant eras, the dazzling prestige given by the intellectual wealth and genius, which in a few centuries, was concentrated in her midst. From sloth and darkness, which had shrouded this fair country, till not a spark seemed left with which to enkindle a new fire, a sudden light blazed forth, kindling a beacon flame, which dazzled and astonished the whole world, and to which all other nations and people have gladly gone with their cressets and torches, to borrow the light which was to guide them onward.

First came Cimabue, that link between the ancient and modern painting, the pupil of Greek art, and who first taught his countrymen that the pencil and the chisel could be made as effective in the hand of an Italian as in that of the more classic, but colder Greek; he drew Giotto from his sheep-tending—struck by the ease and grace with which he was copying the groups of his quiet quadrupeds as they were browsing, while he lazily reclined with a piece of slate and stone before him, not even in the wildest flight of his imagination dreaming, that within him was a latent power, which would soon place him before any of the living masters of Art. Thus Cimabue led the procession in which soon followed Perugino, Da Vinci, Titian, Raphael, Collini, and the host of those whose works, even now that their bones have long since crumbled into dust, give a life and interest to Italy, and render her deserted cities the Canaan, to which all who love Art, turn ever their longing eyes. Almost simultaneously with the arousing of the Muse of sculpture and painting, Poesy too started forth, and touching with her spark of ever-living fire, the lips of Dante, kindled an electric flash, which thrilled a whole chain of sympathetic minds, and stirred the people to their heart's core, with prophetic words, songs of patriotism, and holy strains of devotion, which now, after another interval of supineness, and indolent submission to oppression, both foreign and priestly, serve as a watchword to enkindle the former spirit, and inspire anew a Pellico and Manzini,and awaken the desire for freedom in hearts long crushed and subdued.

Of all these brilliant epochs which arrest the attention in glancing over the history of Modern Italy, perhaps none—with the exception of the reign of Lorenzo the magnificent—combined more of grace and elegance than the Court of Ferrara, at the period when Duke Hercules held the reins of government, his coronet shared by the witty, graceful Renée, daughter.of Louis XIII., of France, who possessed all the vivacity of her countrywomen, united with a high tone of moral character, and a noble, generous nature, which rendered her the charm of the court, and drew around her a circle of the choicest spirits of the age. Among these were many ladies, possessing the highest culture, and rivalling even Renée and her lovely daughters, in the graces and accomplishments to which the women of that age aspired—not the mere charm of form and manner, but that of the intellect and taste. It was the aim of all who were admitted into the ducal circle, to render themselves worthy of the honor. One of the most favored of these ladies, was Olympia Morata; she was the daughter of Fulvio Morata, a man highly distinguished for his classical attainments, and one of the professors in the University of Ferrara, which just at this period had so high a reputation, that the English flocked to it in such numbers, as to form among themselves a small community.

Renée had seen and noticed Olympia when very young, and being pleased with the superiority of intellect she even then manifested, she had taken her into the palace, had her educated with her own daughters, and cherished her as such, until, by the evil influence of some who envied Olympia's rare loveliness, and the favor she enjoyed, she became prejudiced against her. When she found she had lost the affection of her beloved mistress, Olympia retired from the court, and soon after married a young German physician, with whom she went to reside in the beautiful city of Heidelberg. She did not long survive her marriage; the arrow had entered her heart, and not even the fond affection of her husband, could compensate her for the loss of Renée's confidence. The description of her death-bed, as given by a contemporary, is so touching, and pays such a beautiful tribute to the elevated loveliness of her character, that it needs no apology for its insertion here.

"Her death was calm and beautiful as a summer's eve.

> "Not weary, worn out winds expire more soft."

A short time before her death, on waking from a tranquil slumber, I observed her," writes her husband, "smiling very sweetly, and I asked her whence that heavenly smile proceeded?"

"I beheld just now," was her reply, "a place filled with the clearest and brightest light." Weakness prevented her saying more. "Come," said I, "be of good cheer, my dearest wife, you are about to dwell in that beautiful light." She again smiled, nodded to me, and in a little while, said, "I am all gladness;" nor did she again speak, till her eyes becoming dim, she said, "I can scarcely see you, but all places appear to me to be full of the fairest flowers." Not long after, as if fallen into a sweet slumber, she expired—Heidelberg, October 25, 1555.

There were many tributes paid to her loveliness by the literary men of the time. Secundo Curio wrote an epitaph expressive of his love and reverence:—

"To mortals known
As one that all her sisterhood outshone,
In genius, learning, and that brighter fame
Pure spotless life, and pure Religion claim;
For this who gave the earth to view,
For a brief space her virtues heavenward drew;
First each pure thought, and then a soul so bright
With Him to dwell, in realms of endless light,
There rest and bliss are her's. Traveller, adieu!
Be thine such paths, such blessings to pursue."

From the Journal kept by this lovely woman, during her residence at the Court of Ferrara, may be extracted much that will give pleasure, and throw light upon the brightest era of that once glorious city, of which nothing now remains to tell what it once was, but the memory of other days; the fame of Ariosto, the sad and blotted record of Tasso's success and suffering, the Segretario of Guarini; and the pictures drawn by the artists of the time, of the beauty of the woman, who lent such lustre to the city in the epoch of her glory.

FERRARA, Feb. 9th., 1541.—"To-day has been a particularly happy one, and I have thought that I should like to chronicle some of the events which are daily passing at this court, so full of grace, beauty, and intellect. It is now three years since the Duchess Renée took me under her protection; she has been more than a mother to me;—how can I repay her? only by constant love and devotion. Methinks neither Leonora or Lucretia can feel for her, deeper affection than fills my heart. How lovely she was to-day, when she received the princely deputation of her father, she looked indeed the Queenly daughter of France; and yet she has no beauty, it is only the charm of intellect and that fascination of manner, which makes all hearts her own—then binds them fast. She is sorely tried sometimes with the Duke's religious prejudices, but how nobly does she bear herself under this annoyance. I cannot feel too grateful that she has nurtured me in the great Protestant principles; their light and freedom seem to me so great by the side of the darkness of Rome. I wish I could have seen Luther; methinks I could have died content, had I but once seen that modern image of the holy Apostles, and heard him discourse of reform, and the noble truths he maintained, but that is a privilege denied me; he has gone to the home of the blessed; yet Calvin lives still, perhaps I may listen to him. I heard the Duchess say today, she had received intelligence that he had left Geneva, and was travelling through Italy. She doubtless hopes he will visit Ferrara, though I doubt much if he will be allowed to remain here; the Duke is such a foe to all the leaders of the Reformation.

11th.—This has been reception day; many foreigners of distinction were introduced, I stood just behind the Duchess, and could see and hear all that passed. The Prince of Condé, with his haughty air, represented France, Adrian Colonna came with credentials from Rome, Foscari from Venice, and linked with them the Duke of Urbino; if I am not mistaken, he has come to woo one of the lovely sisters; which will it be, Anne, Leonora or Lucretia?

After the presentation of these and many other princely foreigners, there appeared a stiff, plain, austere looking man, an Englishman by birth, so it was said, George Heppeville by name. I know not why he comes hither, he looks not like one who cares for Courts or their gaieties, he appeared to have no political mission; and yet behind that grave look, may be hidden deep schemes of ambition The Duke liked him not, I can see, he does not favor any of these Englishmen, because he deems them a nation of heretics; but the Duchess, as if to atone for the Duke's coldness, was kinder to him than to any of the titled guests. She even invited him to join our quiet little circle in her retiring-room in the morning; I hope he will come sometimes, I should like to see him again where I can hear Renée talk to him, and yet I shudder at his austerity; I could not speak to him myself, I should quail before his glance.

To-morrow evening there is to be a grand ball, all the ladies are preparing for it.

13th.—The ball is over. I no longer hesitate as to which the Duke of Urbino will choose; his eye followed Lucretia's every movement, and there is no doubt she will smile upon him. It was a magnificent ball; Renée, the Queen of the evening, for though no longer young, she commands the admiration of every one; she was dressed in purple velvet, sewn with diamonds, a coronet of brilliants flashing from her lofty brow. By her side stood the noble looking Duke, calm and cold as a statue, his face only lighting up, when some of the royal ambassadors approached. Close by the Ducal couple, a few paces behind, were the "Graces," as they may well be termed, each robed in white, the only difference in their costume, being in the gems which each wore according to her own taste, and which they thought the most suitable to their varying style and complexion.

In Lucretia's dark hair were wreathed orient pearls, arranged like a diadem, bespeaking the ambition which fills her mind. Around Anne's throat, and resting almost upon her classic forehead, contrasting beautifully with the pure white of her dress, and her soft blonde hair, was the cerulean turquoise, that stone of fairy power, as some aver. Leonora wore no gems, but a garland of orange flowers, which mingled with the curls floating around her lovely face, rendered her the embodiment of a poet's fancy. These royal ladies were dressed with more simplicity than any of their guests, yet they had a more regal air; and as Lucretia gave her hand to the Duke D'Urbino, and Leonora her's to Clément Marot, the French poet, to lead in the Bolero, a murmur of admiration rose from all the company.

This Bolero is a new-fashioned dance just introduced from Spain, I cannot say I like it as much as the graceful, gliding movement of our Italian dances. It is wild, fanciful, pretty for peasant lads and lasses in the open air, but it is not dignified enough for the air of a Court; yet it has become the mode, and all, young and old, are learning its flings and variations. The music is very inspiring, and perchance that is the reason of its popularity. It is droll to see Clément Marot entering into it with all a Frenchman's spirit; his light, lithe, monkey-like figure, springs about with such vivacity, his keen black eyes flashing with enjoyment. Ah! he is a rare one, the present lion of the Court; his ever sparkling wit bubbling up like his native Champagne, renders him a most desirable companion; his epigrams are full of point, and he is so natural and *naïve,*—like his poems, he is decidedly "Marotique," and it has become the fashion to imitate him in everything; all the youngsters of the Court, who can boast a beard, cut it "*à la Marot;*" and sauce "*à la Marot,*" which by the bye is very piquant, flavors everything; but this popularity is not very lasting, and he must soon expect some new star to eclipse him.

I hoped last night to see the Englishman George Heppeville, but though there were many of his countrymen among the throng, he came not. I know not why it is, that stern featured man possesses such an interest for me; I have never seen his face light up with a smile save once,—then he was talking to Renée—I drew near, and heard him describe the progress of Reform and Calvin in Geneva; I listened eagerly, hoping I should hear somewhat of the reformer himself but I was disappointed, he talked only of the great movements of the times, he closed with, "Aye, Calvin will yet tread upon the necks of his enemies," and he smiled till his whole face changed its expression; but while I looked and wondered, the brightness was gone.

I ought not to close my comments on the ball, without chronicling the magnificence of the supper. It surpassed anything I have yet seen; the pastry-cooks are carrying their art almost to the perfection of sculpture, indeed it is said—I know not how true the charge may be—that they pay great prices to sculptors to furnish them with designs. In the centre of the table was a noble looking castle, with frowning battlements, guarded parapets, moats and drawbridge, over the entrance of which were the united arms of Urbino and Este, and their flags waved from the arches—a delicate way of intimating to the courtiers the alliance which is soon to take place. A lovely, graceful figure of Pomona, held aloft a basket of the rarest flowers, while Ceres poured from a flowing cornucopia olives, pomegranates, and clusters of grapes. Bacchus was there, holding in each hand bottles of the famous Vesuvian wine; and scattered all along the whole length of the table, were smaller figures and groups of Floras and flower-nymphs, with bouquets so fragrant that they perfumed the whole air. Two or three peacocks, dressed according to the present style, with their heads gilded, and their tails spread, presided over the pastries of rare and delicate birds. Not a foreign luxury had been omitted, and the eye could not weary with gazing upon the delicacy and beauty of the ornaments. But I wish Renée would discountenance the lavish profusion of these feasts—it is a bad example for the poorer *attachés* of the court, but this consideration can hardly be expected from a daughter of Louis the XIII, cradled as she was, in splendor. The sphere she now fills is limited, compared to the expectations formed at her birth; but she was a true woman, and preferred the ducal coronet of

Hercules, whom she loved, to the crowns proffered her by other princes. It does not seems to me, he appreciates her intellectual superiority, but she is always so gentle, that though the life of the circle around her, he is left to believe himself the brightest star; it is well for her, that he takes pride in patronizing genius and men of letters and intellect.

But here comes the duchess' pretty page, in his gay trappings of silver and blue, what can he want? "What message do you bring, Orlando? Does the princess need me?"

"Renée commands the instant presence of the lady Olympia."

"Is she alone, or are the princesses with her?"

"The lady Olympia will soon see for herself, who form the morning circle."

"Ah! malapert, thou art getting too proud; haste thee to the duchess, and say I will be there anon."

I wonder why she summons me in such haste; it may be, Marot reads one of his witty poems, or perhaps George Heppeville is with her, conversing on the high themes which occupy his mind—I hope it is so. It will be indeed refreshing to have my mind awakened and quickened by converse with such a man.

Evening.—It was as I thought and hoped,—this day I shall never forget,—I have enjoyed a holy pleasure which will consecrate it in my remembrance; I have seen and listened to the most marked man of his age. I have heard his views on the most important themes which can fill the mind. 'Tis late now, long past the midnight hour, but I cannot sleep, and I may as well record my impressions.

This morning, when in answer to the message of the duchess, I entered her salon, I found her seated in the centre of the room, with the verd antique table before her, upon which was placed the illuminated edition of the Bible, that was presented to her by the Queen of Navarre, as a bridal *cadeau*, also a copy of the new version of the Psalms by Beza, and Marot, which are now much admired. Madame de Loubise, the beloved governess of Renée, was seated beside her with a French Bible in her hand, and the lovely Anne de Parthenai crouched on a low stool at her feet, while the three princesses were seated at their tapestry by the oriel window. In strong contrast to these graceful figures, stood George Heppeville, his stern form, erect before Renée, shading as it were the table and book. As I entered the room, Renée motioned to Orlando to place a chair near her for the Englishman, and then turning to him, she said in French, which I particularly noticed, for she usually addressed him in English:

"Now, my good sir, I am ready to listen to your explanations. Ah! Olympia," she said, as she noticed me, "you know not yet the pleasure that awaits you; you are such a true Protestant, you will enjoy hearing the views of the Rev. Dr. Calvin from his own lips."

"Yes, noble lady, it would be a rare pleasure indeed, but one I hardly dare expect to enjoy. I have hoped the light of the Genevan Reformation would have been attracted to the court of so well known a favorer of his doctrines, as yourself; but Monsieur Marot assures me that the Rev. gentleman dare not venture here, and he is, I believe, deep in the counsels of the learned divine."

"Monsieur Marot is epigrammatic in his conversation; he speaks with a poet's license, you must learn not to credit all he says—he delights to throw a mist around others. You will perhaps find it hard to believe, after his assertions, that you have already been in Dr. Calvin's presence, and listened to his teachings."

In a moment my eyes were opened; I looked up at the silent Englishman, he was smiling upon me with a benign expression that changed his whole face, and I knew then that the grave, sedate George Heppeville, was the Genevan Master in Divinity. As I met his glance, a sense of lowliness and shame crept over me, and I drew back, but Renée kindly motioned me to seat myself on a cushion at her feet. Then turning to him, she said:

"You will find an apt pupil in this young girl, Dr. Calvin—she is already deeply read in the Scriptures, in their original tongues;—the Greek text is as familiar to her as is her native Tuscan, and the Hebrew she is studying, and now; Good sir, if you will take up the text, and explain to us some of those difficult passages in St. Paul, on election, and kindred subjects which it is so impossible for us to understand, we will listen to you with pleasure."

For a few moments Heppeville, or Calvin, as I should now call him, raised his eyes to heaven, as if in silent prayer, and an awe crept over all who looked upon him,—then lifting the large Bible in his stalwart arm, he first apostrophized it, and then opening the Holy Book, he read in a deep, impressive tone, from St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews. Even his very manner of reading seemed to throw new light upon the words—a glory rested upon the page, by degrees the needles dropped from the hands of the young princesses, their embroidery was thrust aside, and their eyes were rivetted on the reader. Renée was pleased to note the impression made upon them, for she was often pained by their want of sympathy with her in these views.

After he had read to the end of the chapter, he closed the book, and rising, commenced an exhortation upon it, his face lighting up as if communing with the Holy Spirit;—he had, however, just begun his exposition, when a step was heard along the corridor, a tall figure darkened the entrance to the door, and on looking up we were startled to perceive Duke Hercules gazing with a frowning brow on the circle. For a moment even Renée lost her self possession and the color deepened on her cheek, but instantly she rallied, and beckoning gracefully to him, she said:

"This is, indeed, an unlooked for pleasure; we hardly dared to hope you would join our social circle, but come, enter; the room is not so charmed, but your footstep can break into the magic ring."

"I have no wish to intrude myself here, where I should be as much out of place as in a heretical temple," was the short, quick answer of the duke, as turning hastily upon his heel, his step heavier than before, he retreated along the passage.

THE EMIGRANT'S MOTHER.

Oh waken up, my darlin'—my Dermot, it is day—
The day—when from the mother's eyes the real light dies away!
For what will daylight be to me, that never more will see
The fair face of my Dermot, come smiling back to me?
Arise, my son–the morning red is wearing fast away,
And through the gray mist I can see the masts rock in the bay.
Before the sea-fog clears the hill my darlin' must depart.
But oh, the cloud will never lift that wraps the mother's heart!
Sure then I'm old and foolish! what's this I'm saying now?

Will I see my fair son leave me with the shadow on his brow?
Oh no! we'll bear up bravely, and make no stir, nor moan,
There will be time for weepin' when my fair son shall be gone!
I've laid the old coat ready, dear,—my pride this day has been,
That on your poor apparel shall no rent, nor stain be seen.
And let me tie that kerchief, too; it's badly done, I fear,
But, my old hands tremble sadly—*with the hurry*—Dermot, dear!

And are you ready, darlin'? Turn round, and bid farewell
To the roof tree of the cabin that has sheltered us so well:
Leave a blessing on the threshold, and on the old hearth-stone—
'Twill be a comfort to my heart, when I sit there alone.
And often at the twilight hour, when day and work are done,
I'll dream the old times back again, when *you* were there my son.
When you were there—a little thing that prattled at my knee!
Long ere the evil days had come to part my child and me.

The dear arm still around me, the dear hand guides me still!
'Tis but a little step to go—see, now we've gained the hill;
Is that the vessel, Dermot dear?—the *mist* my eyesight dims—
Oh, shame upon me! now—what means this trembling in my limbs?
My child! my child! oh let me weep awhile upon your breast;
Would I were in my grave! for then—my heart would be at rest—
But now, the hour is come—and I must stand upon the shore,
And see the treasure of my soul depart forevermore!

I know, my child! I know it—the folly and the sin!
But oh, I think my heart would burst to keep this anguish in—
To think how in yon sleeping town, such happy mothers be,
Who keep their *many* sons at home? while I—I have but thee!
But I have done, I murmur not—I kiss the chastening rod,
Upon this hill—as Abraham did—I give my child to God!
But not like him, to welcome back the precious thing once given—
I'll see my fair son's face again—but *not on this side heaven!*

THE EMIGRANTS.

BY H. V. C.

"LET not ambition mock their useful toil;
Their homely joys, their destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur, hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

THE eventful summer of 1832, will be long remembered by every one who witnessed its devastation. None can forget the gloomy despondency which brooded over this fated city, when the first half suppressed rumour went abroad, that pestilence had rolled in with the tide of emigration from the mother land. None can forget the shrinking fear which paralyzed the stoutest hearts, when the truth could be no longer concealed, that cholera in its most malignant form, that dreaded and mysterious disease which had long revelled in the luxuriant East, and destroyed its thousands in the fairest portions of the civilized world, had winged its flight to this cold, distant region of the North. Neither age nor sex were exempted from the general calamity; it darkened the chamber of the wealthy, and extinguished the last earthly hopes of the poor and destitute.

The first Sabbath which succeeded the appearance of the cholera was marked by the greatest number of its victims; many an eye which welcomed the light of that sacred morning with unclouded brightness, before the midnight hour lay closed in its last sleep. The houses of public worship were unopened, for even in the presence of his Maker, man feared the dreaded encounter of the destroying angel. No sound was heard through the desolate streets, save the timid footsteps of the few whom necessity called abroad to procure medical assistance for themselves or their friends, and the heavy tread of those who carried their fellow mortals to a hasty and unhonoured burial. Hearses, often without even a solitary mourner to attend them, constantly passed and repassed the portals of the grave-yard, and the scarcely cold remains of hundreds were hurried away in carts, and thrown into one common receptacle. Night closed in, and twilight lingered in its purple loveliness, upon the mountain and the wave, and the moon looked down in brightness, and the stars sparkled in their nightly course as gloriously as if the city slumbered in serene repose, and no voice of death, no cry of lamentation, arose upon the midnight air. A few solitary individuals still flitted like shadowy forms along the silent streets, the physicians worn out with anxiety and fatigue, exhausting their art to conquer a disease which baffled their utmost skill, and the ministers of religion who were never weary nor their hearts faint in the performance of Christian duties.

Amidst the general desolation there were none, perhaps, who suffered more severely than the Emigrants. Avoided as the source of public calamity, from their privations and exposures peculiarly susceptible to the attacks of disease, the hard earnings which they had saved to bring them to a land they believed a home of freedom and abundance, consumed by harassing delays and unforeseen accidents, and unable to procure employment in a season of universal distress, they were reduced in many instances to extreme and hopeless misery. Happily for them they found among strangers, hearts to pity and hands to relieve their distress. A ripe and pleasant Autumn succeeded that desolating Summer, the city was gradually purified from contagion, and the citizens of every class returned to their customary occupations and amusements. It was only in the bereaved domestic circle, in the bleeding heart which mourned its broken ties and disappointed hopes, that the fell destroyer had left the traces of his short but frightful reign.

Among the humbler ranks who were exposed to the severest physical sufferings, the benevolent found ample scope for the exercise of their humane and charitable exertions. Many a tale of sorrow was poured into the ear which kindly listened to receive it, and those who are conversant even in a slight degree with the variety of suffering to which that class is subject, may feel an interest in the simple story of an obscure and nameless family. It is unmarked by any marvellous event or romantic incident, but it may serve to shew that the passions and emotions of human nature are the same in every condition, that the heart beats with equal truth and sincerity, beneath the tattered grey cloak of the emigrant, as under the richer garments of wealth and fashion. It may teach some to realize, that it is only by placing themselves in contact with those whom they are too apt to view merely with pity or disgust, that they can learn to regard them as their fellow creatures, and to feel that circumstances alone have made them to differ from each other.

It is indeed difficult in the squalid abodes of abject poverty, amidst the filth that disfigures and the vice which too often disgraces it, to recognize the immortal spirit which infinite goodness has implanted in every human form. But that it does exist there, however obscure or imperfect, should be a sufficient incentive to every benevolent mind to use the utmost exertion to rescue it from degradation, and render it worthy its glorious destination. Fallible man too often confounds the outward circumstances with the inward state of the mind, and is too ready to believe that vice is the certain attendant upon poverty, and that the evils of the poor are entailed by their own misconduct. The all seeing eye alone can penetrate the heart and discern the good which is concealed beneath the pressure of external evil.

William Dermot rented a few acres of ground in the north of Ireland, and when he welcomed his fair young bride to his neat but humble cottage, he felt that he had received a blessing which would ensure prosperity and comfort to his earthly lot. With more providence than is generally characteristic of his countrymen, he had deferred his marriage till he could command a little sum to defray the first expenses of housekeeping, and secure himself from the danger of incurring debt. Mary was gentle, modest, prudent, trained by an excellent mother in early habits of piety, industry and self denial; she had also received from her, many lessons of worldly wisdom, and more learning and mental discipline than is usual even among the better class of Irish peasantry. Their simple annals afforded no striking events for many successive years. Industry and economy presided over their little domicile, and if they sometimes found it hard to supply the wants of a rising family, patience and perseverance surmounted every difficulty, and mutual affection sweetened their daily toil. The spirit of emigration to America was at that time prevailing throughout the British dominions, and William began to feel that a new world of hope and enterprise was opened before him. All his exertions became directed to the sole purpose of conveying his family to that land of promise, where he believed the path to riches and independence was short and easily attained. Mary was less sanguine in her feelings. "We are happy and contented here" she said "and why, William, should we leave this pleasant home, to meet, we know not what, of danger and disappointment. If our bread is hardly earned our children are fast growing up to labour with us and relieve us of our burdens." "Yes," returned William; "they too will toil, and their children after them, not to increase their own stock of comfort, but to pour it into the hands of a greedy landlord, who exacts every tithe, and grinds the face of the poor to pamper his own extravagance. There we shall at least be free, and, whatever we earn, shall have no one to account to for it." Mary as usual yielded to her husband's wishes, and it was finally agreed that the coming year should be devoted to the most rigid industry and self denial, hoping they might be enabled to leave the ensuing Spring, with a comfortable outfit and a little stock laid by for the emergencies of their new situation. Sandy, a younger brother of William, had already preceded them, and his letters were cheerful and full of encouragement. He had obtained a situation as gardener in the vicinity of Montreal, and his wages at the end of the year would, he hoped, enable him to stock a small farm which he could purchase on credit, and by prudence and good management in a few years free it from incumbrance.

About the middle of April 1832, William and his family embarked at Dublin and bade a final adieu to their native country. They were accompanied by Catharine, Mary's only sister, who had early received the plighted affection of Sandy, and his promise to marry her, whenever circumstances would permit their union. The ship was crowded with emigrants although the captain had stipulated not to exceed a certain number, and in consequence, it soon became excessively uncomfortable. For a few days the weather was favorable and their progress rapid. With characteristic improvidence, the greater number lavished their small stock of provisions, determined to revel in idleness when not obliged to labour, and utterly indifferent to the representations of the more careful, that delays might impede their progress, and subject them to severe privations. A large proportion were grossly ignorant on every subject connected with their undertaking. They had been blindly urged on by the example of others, by persuasions of the interested, and in many instances, bribed by those who were anxious to relieve themselves of the burden of supporting the inmates of almshouses, and the mendicants of the streets. Numbers were soon reduced to their last morsel, and obliged to subsist on the charity of others, when they could no longer satisfy the exorbitant demands of the captain, for what he chose to furnish them from his own stores. After six tedious weeks, embittered by contention, sickness, and the loss of several lives, they gained the entrance of the noble Gulf of St. Lawrence.

William and his family, who had prudently economized their little stores and kept themselves aloof from the bickerings of their fellow passengers, sat apart on the deck enjoying the tranquillity of the scene around them. Life seemed to revive even in the torpid and inert. The sky was pure and transparent, and the breeze, too light to swell the canvas, came loaded with refreshing sweetness from the distant shore. The morning sun rose gloriously from the crimsoned waves, and at eve went down cradled in gorgeous clouds, throwing a blaze of splendour across the lonely islands, then just tinged with the tender verdure of early June. Birds of various forms and plumage, whirled their rapid flight around the vessel, and immense shoals of porpoises bathed on the surface of the slumbering deep. The unwieldy whales, which frequent these northern waters, displayed their clumsy gambols and spouted their briny columns to the astonishment of all beholders and the fanciful appearance of the Mirage was a source of never tiring wonder. This singular phenomenon, which has puzzled the wisest philosophers, seemed nothing short of enchantment in the eyes of the ignorant and unlettered; cities, battlements and castles, often floated before the vision, in all the distinctness of reality, and then faded away like the "baseless fabric of a dream." The cry of "Quebec, we are near Quebec!" often passed from mouth to mouth, when they were still many scores of leagues distant from it. As they approached the mouth of the river, the mountains on the north assumed a bolder and more lofty aspect, while the southern shore, sprinkled with white cottages, with occasionally a glittering church spire, rising from a circle of fresh budding trees, presented a pleasing picture of rural comfort and repose. There are few who do not feel some sympathy with the beautiful in nature, though they may not view it with a painter's eye or express it in a poets language; and after the dull monotomy of a dull and tedious voyage even the animal spirits exult in the prospect of recovered freedom, and the earth seems to put on a robe of loveliness till then, unseen or unadmired.

On arriving at Grosse Isle, the emigrants were dismayed by intelligence that the cholera had made its appearance, and that a strict quarantine was enforced on every vessel which came into the harbour. There was no evading this regulation; they were restricted to narrow limits, the healthy and robust mingled with the sick, the infected, and the dying, compelled to breathe a tainted atmosphere and subject to severe distress. Many, very many, who landed in perfect health fell victims to this unwise regulation, others found all their little means wasted away, and were compelled to throw themselves upon the charity of strangers;

William and his family, though they had suffered many privations, and much loss both of time and money, proceeded, immediately on their release, to Quebec, and from thence to Montreal. On reaching the latter place they were much disappointed to find, that Sandy had left it the preceding week. Impatient of waiting for their arrival, the Summer fast advancing, and his time unemployed, he had gone to take a survey of the country and select the best position for his future settlement. Every thing in Montreal was unfavorable to their views and wore a gloomy aspect. All business was suspended, the labouring classes found little employment, and fear and want added their countless victims to swell the rank of the destroyer. With much difficulty William found a decent shelter for his family, but his resources were greatly diminished, his hopes of immediate exertion frustrated, and it was indispensable to adopt some means for their present support. He yielded reluctantly to the necessity of leaving his family, even for a short time, under such painful circumstances, but felt obliged to follow his brother, who had left directions where he might be found, with the gentleman who had lately employed him.

Mary, whose expectations had never been so sanguine as her husband's, felt her heart die within her as she received his last embrace, and found herself alone in a world of strangers; for the first time since her marriage deprived of the protection and assistance of her husband, and with sickness and suffering abounding on every side of her. Several of their fellow lodgers fell victims to the cholera, and William's absence was prolonged, week after week, till poor Mary's spirits were almost exhausted by the agony of anxiety and suspense. The children, who had always been accustomed to fresh air and wholesome food, suffered severely from their confinement in a crowded room, in the tainted atmosphere of one of the meanest suburbs, and as their mother's scanty means became every day more precarious she saw, with a pang which a mother only can feel, their healthy looks and cheerful spirits exchanged for the pallid hues and languid motions of incipient disease, and actual want. She was at last obliged to limit their allowance to the merest necessaries of life.

Both Mary and Catherine used every endeavor to procure work of any kind to assist them in this extremity. But strangers as they were, and in a season of general alarm and distress their efforts were unavailing. At length Catherine, through the recommendation of an acquaintance, obtained some plain sewing which she finished so neatly, that she received from the lady who furnished it, the promise of constant employment. The remuneration was small, but it kept them from actual want and was gratefully received. The children sick, petulant, and unhappy, required all their mother's attention through the day, and it was not till their wearied eyes were closed in the balmy sleep that seldom deserts the couch of childhood, that Mary had leisure to sit down and assist Catherine in her labor. Their task was often protracted till past the hour of midnight, and stricken in heart, it was generally pursued in melancholy silence. The absent husband and lover were ever present to their thoughts, but they feared to increase each others misery by dwelling on the apprehensions which constantly weighed on them.

"Why," said Catherine, one evening after an unbroken silence, "why did we ever leave our dear home to come to this wretched place? we were happy there, oh why would not William be contented with his lot?"

Mary burst into a flood of tears, the first she had yet indulged,—a vision of her neat cottage, the home of her childhood, the scene of her maturer joys, rose before her eyes. She saw her children, healthy and happy, sporting before her door, and her husband, with a light heart and cheerful smile, returning from his daily labour to partake her evening meal. The recollection was too vivid, and it was many moments before she had power to reply.

"Do not Catherine," she at last said, "do not speak of past happy days, and above all do not say a word to reproach my poor William; God knows he did all for love of us, and whatever may yet betide us, no word of upbraiding shall ever pass my lips, nor a thought of unkindness find place in my heart towards him."

At that moment a sound of foot-steps ascending the stairs arrested their attention. It was unusual at that late hour, when the wearied inmates of their miserable abode were commonly buried in profound repose. Some one tapped lightly at the door, and Catherine rose to open it with a sickly sensation at her heart, believing she was called upon to assist in the last duties to some suffering fellow mortal. The next instant she was clasped in the arms of Sandy. Mary rose to welcome him, but her eyes were fixed on the still open door, expecting another and still dearer, her husband. He came not, she looked at Sandy, his haggard and altered face alarmed her, she grasped his arm with an imploring look. Her pale lips were rigid, and her tongue refused its office.

Sandy had not courage to reveal the fatal truth, but poor Mary read it in his averted looks, his tearful eyes and unbroken silence. "He is dead, dead," she murmured and sunk senseless on the floor. It was long before the unhappy wife returned to a state of consciousness. One fainting fit followed another, and before morning she became the mother of a helpless child whose feeble cries for kindness and, protection, were long unanswered by a thrill of maternal tenderness. Exhausted by previous suffering and continued anxiety, poor Mary had not strength to sustain this last infliction, she sank into a state of complete despondence from which nothing could arouse her. She then exacted from Sandy repeated and minute accounts of her husband's illness and death, and dwelt constantly and with a melancholy interest on the painful detail. William had written twice to his wife informing her of his proceedings, but she had only received one short letter, saying he had been disappointed in meeting Sandy at the place where he expected to find him, and that he should immediately proceed to Kingston, feeling certain he awaited him there. He was still sanguine and full of hope though the journey had been a more expensive one than he anticipated, and his money was almost exhausted. Sandy, in the mean time, had selected a farm which he could purchase on easy terms and only awaited his brother's sanction to conclude the bargain. He had but twenty-five pounds to pay in ready money, and a long credit for the remainder. That sum, Sandy had saved from his years wages, and placed it in the hands of a friend, who gave him a note on interest, payable on demand. The brothers met at Kingston, and it was agreed that William should proceed to the farm and make the necessary arrangements, while Sandy returned to Montreal to procure his funds, and convey the family to their destination. But on the evening of their separation William was seized with the cholera which in a few hours terminated his existence, and Sandy, after seeing him decently interred, returned alone and disconsolate, the messenger of sad tidings to his afflicted family.

Mary's extreme illness required the most unintermitting attention and careful nursing. Catherine bore her heavy burdens with a fortitude and cheerfulness which few, so young, would have exhibited. Even from her lover she concealed the extreme misery and want to which she was often reduced. She well knew he had little to impart, but he saw enough to feel most painfully his inability to place her immediately in a more comfortable situation. The person to whom he had lent his money had left town during the prevalence of the cholera, and as that disease was now greatly abated, it was supposed he would shortly return, and Sandy received from Catherine a promise to become his wife as soon as Mary's health allowed to her venture on a fatiguing journey. Catherine felt that her sister's life depended on a removal from her present abode, and her heart bled for the poor children, emaciated by confinement and the deprivation of proper food.

"We must all work now Catherine," said Sandy, "but with God's blessing on our labors, I hope a few years will make us comfortable and independent of the world; exercise and fresh air will soon make the little ones robust again, and they will, at least, have clean straw to lie down upon and plenty of food, though it may be of the coarsest kind." These unambitious anticipations of humble and homebred comfort, reciprocated by affectionate and confiding hearts, beguiled many a weary day of toil and self denial. But alas! they were destined never to be realized. Sandy had found occasional employment in the service of a gardener to whom he was well known, and returned home one evening, wet, exhausted and oppressed with indescribable languor which was soon succeeded by more alarming symptoms. Medical assistance was procured, but in vain. Early in the morning Catherine, at his request was summoned to attend him. She arrived only in time to receive his last blessing, and the comfortable assurance that he died at peace with God and in charity with all mankind. He was one of the last victims of the cholera.

This melancholy event aroused Mary from her state of despondence, and necessitated her to renewed exertion. With a fortitude that was natural to her, though for a time paralyzed by sickness, sorrow, and want, she returned cheerfully to the performance of her duties, and again shared the labors which had lately fallen heavily and solely on her sister. Many and bitter were the tears which they shed together as they reviewed the past, and looked forward to the hopeless future. But the truths of the Gospel which had been from childhood their rule and guide, were now their consolation and support, and the blessed assurance, "He will never leave thee nor forsake thee," fell like balm upon their wounded spirits. Winter was fast approaching, the children shivered around the scanty fire, and the long nights were mostly consumed in toiling at the needle, which scarcely defrayed their small expenses and furnished them with a bare subsistence. Every article of comfort which was not indispensable, even many of their clothes, were sold, often at a great sacrifice, to pay their monthly rent, and purchase food. The lady from whom Catherine first procured employment, had been absent during the sickness, but hearing of her return she went to carry home some work which had been left with her to finish. The lady was much struck with the change in Catherine's appearance, and with great kindness enquired the cause, and her sympathy, so soothing to the wounded feelings of the poor girl, elicited a full disclosure of her situation. The next day the lady visited their cheerless abode, and her heart was wrung with compassion at the misery which she witnessed. Mary, worn to a shadow, sat over a few embers nursing her feeble infant, whose premature existence had been with difficulty prolonged, and busily employed in finishing a piece of work on which depended their precarious subsistence for another day. Three elder children were gathered around her, eagerly watching the motions of Catherine who was at that moment engaged in preparing their scanty repast. In spite of their extreme poverty there was an air of cleanliness, almost amounting to comfort, in the small and desolate apartment. The floor, the table, every article of furniture was scrupulously neat;—the children were perfectly clean, and their clothes though coarse and threadbare, were mended with the utmost neatness. Want and penury were certainly there, but without their common and most dreadful attendants, foulness, idleness, and vice. Every thing bespoke an innate purity of character, a remnant of brighter and happier days. The lady gazed upon the little ones, their hungry looks, their pale emaciated countenances, marked with the traces of early care and sorrow, and her heart was deeply touched.

Alas, the children of the poor! it is on them the weight of their parent's misery falls with tenfold force; their gay and buoyant spirits, crushed by nipping penury, early called to bear the yoke of toil, to feel the degradation of beggary, initiated in duplicity, before they can discern good from evil, outcast from society, and associated only with the vicious and profane. What but the fruits of evil can mature from such seed? Thousands of such, now swarm from the suburbs of this city, transported from the hot-beds of European vice, to become the future populace of these rising colonies. Mothers! ye who watch with tenderest solicitude the downy couches in which repose the objects of your fondest love, who fear lest the breeze of Heaven should too roughly wave the silken curtains, which shade their cherub loveliness, who with maternal rapture watch the dawning and expansion of their intellectual powers, and with Christian watchfulness guard the purity of their immortal spirits, turn your thoughts from your own happy fire-side to the contemplation of the unhappy offspring of poverty, of vice and misery, subject to the contagion of bad examples, and destitute of the means and instructions of religion, and let your aid, your influence, your example co-operate with the endeavours of active benevolence to bring these "lost lambs into the fold of Christ," to rescue them from physical suffering, from moral depravity and intellectual blindness.

In the course of a few days the situation of Mary and her family was materially altered. The sympathy of the lady who visited her was followed by marks of substantial kindness. The children were comfortably fed and clothed. Mary's little debts were paid off, and herself and Catherine enjoyed a few days respite from the incessant labour which had almost exhausted their health and spirits, and with a painful experience of her childrens sufferings, she gratefully received the pecuniary aid which was offered her, but she could not consent to remain the pensioner of individual charity. She looked to a long and dreary winter, the wants of her little ones must be provided for, her feeble infant required the most constant care and watchfulness, and her wasted strength no longer admitted of unremitting labour. Catherine's single efforts could not sustain the family, nor was she able to endure the continued fatigue which for the last few weeks had harassed her. In this extremity Mary thought it no degradation to apply for admission to the "Ladies Benevolent Institution," a charitable asylum which had been recently established by a few ladies, whose compassion was excited by the great distress resulting from the cholera, and the utter destitution to which many widows and children were reduced by that awful visitation. There Mary and her children were received among the earliest inmates. Neatness and order prevailed throughout the Institution, and they had "food to eat and raiment to put on," daily instruction for the children, and the privilege of attending on religious worship. Her heart overflowed with gratitude, and health and serenity again beamed from her countenance.

Catherine was retained in the service of the lady who had so kindly assisted them, she had liberal wages, which were carefully reserved for the benefit of her sister's family, as she hoped the return of Spring would open to them some plan which would reunite them, and give them the means of earning an independent living. They had one brother, a very young man, who would gladly have accompanied them to Canada but the master to whom he was bound, till of age, refused to release him from his engagement. James had expressed his determination to follow them as soon as he was at liberty to do so, which would be early in the following Spring. Catherine had written him an account of William and Sandy's death, and she feared those melancholy events, with the general derangement and distress of the preceding season, might discourage him from the undertaking. But she was happily disappointed. He came in one of the earliest vessels which arrived at Quebec, resolved to hazard every thing to secure the comfort of his sisters. The meeting may be more easily imagined than described. Many plans were suggested for their future course of life, but the one most agreeable to the wishes of the sisters was finally adopted as also the most eligible.

James had been bred a farmer, and as the land which Sandy had selected was still untenanted, he took immediate measures to become the purchaser. Sandy had placed his pocket-book in Catherine's hand during their last interview, intimating that she would find in it a sum sufficient to defray his funeral expenses, she had opened it only once to take out the money appropriated to that purpose, and laid it sacredly aside as a memento of the dead, without a thought that it contained any thing else of value. But on relating the circumstance to James, he requested to look at it, and found the note for twenty-five pounds, which Sandy had undoubtedly intended for her use, had he had power to express his wishes. This sum which was readily obtained from the person who borrowed it, according to the original intention, was advanced to pay the first instalment on the farm. The little which James brought with him, together with Catherine's earnings defrayed the expense of removing the family, and furnished the necessary stock, and few implements of husbandry wanted. A year from their arrival in Montreal after so many painful vicissitudes and so much of actual suffering, this little family of emigrants were quietly domesticated in their new abode. It was a lonely and uncultivated spot almost in the primitive wildness of the native forest, but it was to them a shelter from the storms of life, a home where they could unite together in training the little ones to industry and virtue,and where they were secure of the necessaries of life, with a reasonable prospect of future support and independence.

"I have saved nothing from the wreck of my better fortunes" said Mary "but my mother's Bible, but this has been to me of more value than gold and silver, "a pearl of great price," which I shall bequeath to my children as the richest legacy which a parent could bestow. But for the holy precepts, and blessed promises it contains, I should have sunk under the weight of sorrow and poverty, and in my destitute and forlorn state, I might have yielded to despair and become, myself, an outcast from society, and left my children to beggary and its attendant vices."

The industry and good management of James and his sisters have been crowned with signal success. Four years of patient industry converted the fallow ground into fruitful fields, the seed and the harvest were multiplied, the produce of the dairy brought in exchange, all the necessaries which their simple habits required. Neatness and order prevailed in every department within doors and without, and the children repayed the care and anxiety bestowed on them, by their diligence and activity, in the performance of their allotted duties.

Let no one who may read this simple tale suppose it entirely a fiction of the imagination. It has had many a parallel in the humble annals of the Emigrants, particularly during that season of almost unequalled distress. Many have been reduced even from a higher station, and have suffered the same afflictions, want and deprivation. But few perhaps have shown the moral courage and the firm religious principle which actuated Mary and her sister, which urged them to a course of virtuous exertion, and finally raised them to respectability and comfort. As there is no human being so depraved as to be beyond the hope of mercy, so there is probably no situation in life so utterly destitute and forlorn, that it may not be improved by honest labour and persevering industry.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

The sun was high in the heavens, when his rest was broken by the entrance of Otho, who had delayed his coming beyond the usual hour, as he pretended, to aid his master in preparing for his visit to Isabella. He well knew that his frequent allusion to the devotion of Gustavus to Isabella, would excite the desire of Francis to gain his freedom as soon as possible, that he might free her from his power; and although he well knew that Gustavus, to prevent Isabella from suspecting that the castle of Lindendorf was in the vicinity of her residence, visited her but seldom, yet he knew that he might thus best hasten the endeavours of Francis to escape from his bondage, and his sordid mind sighed for the rich reward which awaited him, when Francis d'Auvergne was no more.

He had brought a portion of the promised materials for forming a ladder, and he now remained a short time, to give the necessary directions concerning its construction, and then charging Francis carefully to conceal his work, when not employed in it, he left him again to his solitude. Not now was that solitude dreary; it was divested of its gloom, for the presence of hope was there to cheer him onward, and he applied himself faithfully to his task, never for one moment suspecting that its end would be death. The day was passing fast away, and he had just concealed his work, when he heard the sound of an approaching footstep, and the next moment the door opened, and Gustavus de Lindendorf stood before him.

The eyes of the rivals for some moments were fixed on each other, while neither seemed inclined to break the silence that prevailed through the apartment. Emotion, deep and painful, seemed struggling in the heart of each, as there, in that remote chamber, they stood face to face, alone with each other, and none to witness the interview. A rich glow of the brightest crimson overspread the cheek of Gustavus; that of Francis was deadly pale, for his heart beat with strange emotions, as he stood in the presence of the proud heir of Lindendorf. Gustavus seemed irresolute, as he looked on the man he had so grossly injured; the man for whom he was even now planning a horrid death, and he almost feared that in his burning cheek Francis might read the tale of the guilty deed he meditated. He walked toward the little window, and Francis trembled lest he should trace his exertions of the preceding night, but without apparently noticing it, he turned, and rapidly paced the floor of the little chamber. Several moments passed, ere he found words to address his captive, but at last he succeeded in crushing the strong emotions of his heart. He paused, and stood confronting Francis, as he hurriedly exclaimed: "Francis d'Auvergne, you have been now for some time my prisoner, long enough, methinks, to weary of captivity; and my heart shrinks from holding in bondage him, whom I once loved as a friend. Promise me then that you will accede to what I now propose, and liberty shall yet be yours!"

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*Continued from page 217.

"Speak on!" answered Francis, "and if your proposal please me, I accede, if not, I remain your captive."

The crimson glow deepened on the cheek of Gustavus, as he said: "Pledge me the sacred truth of a soldier of the Cross, that you will leave Germany at once, and forever; that nothing shall ever again tempt you to cross the German border; that you will hereafter forego all intercourse with the family of the Earl of Glenalvin, and resign your every claim to the hand of the Lady Isabella M'Donald; you shall, by an oath the most sacred, bind yourself to this, and address to Isabella a letter, saying that you freely and willingly resign all claim to her affection; pledge yourself to this, and a faithful escort shall attend you to the borders of France; refuse! and you go from this chamber, but to your grave!"

"Away, base monster!" cried Francis, "nor vex me longer, by remaining in my presence! Speak not to me of the truth of a soldier of the Cross, thou traitor to our holy faith; think of the guilt that dyes your soul with darkest hue; of the rights of hospitality grossly violated; of an only, an idolized daughter, torn by your ruthless hand, by a plot which none but the most fiendish mind could form, from those whose all of happiness was centred in her; and look at him you once called your friend, immured in this detested place, the scene of the former barbarisms committed by the ever abhorred Lords of Lindendorf, threatened with eternal imprisonment unless he will become your accomplice in guilt, by aiding you in your villainous exertions to secure the hand of one, whose pure soul would recoil in horror from guilt so dark as thine, but whom you falsely boasted would become your bride! Liar, monster, leave my sight at once, and forever!"

"Nay, man of mighty power, permit me to remain but one moment longer, ere your command is obeyed! I would crave a patient hearing, while I tell you that it was no idle boast that the hand of Isabella will soon be mine! And not her hand alone, her heart have I already won entirely from you! She now laughs at the madness of her former preference for you, and shrinks in disgust from the very thought of a union with him, she once believed she loved! that idle fancy is now passed by, and her all of fond confiding love is given to him she once rejected, not from dislike of me, but to please the wily Malcolm, who, to frustrate my hopes, had poured into her ear strange tales concerning me! A few days more, and she will be my own sweet bride, and this very castle the scene of a joyous bridal, the bridal of its future Lord! And know, vain presumptuous youth, that while all of earthly happiness is mine, while the smiles of Isabella beam brightly on me, and I am blest with her warmest love; that you will be imprisoned within these walls; here will you drag out a wretched life, here will you languish, here will you die, with no kind voice to cheer your hours of gloomy misery; no hand to smooth your passage to the tomb, and from hence will you be carried to an unknown grave, which no tear of affection shall ever water, and your own voice has pronounced your fate; and now, noble Sir! I obey thy bidding, and will leave thee forever, as thou hast said!"

He left the chamber, and Francis was alone. For a long time he stood where Gustavus had left him, lost in fearful thought; the possibility that he had, either by threats or intreaties, persuaded Isabella to yield to him her hand, came over his mind, and pierced, like a dagger, his heart with anguish. And then, more torturing still, arose the fear that it was possible he had indeed won her love; her extreme youthfulness, her mind, as yet unformed and irresolute, now removed from the parental influence that had hitherto been her guide, thrown constantly into the society of Gustavus, and dependant on his society alone, as a relief from the tedium of perpetual solitude; and then the handsome face, the graceful form, and noble bearing of Gustavus were well calculated to please the female heart, and he for some time gave way to the misery that the thought inspired, the misery of believing he had loved and suffered in vain.

"But I will yet be free!" he cried, "I will again see the fair face of my loved Isabella, and from her own lips, will I learn my fate! Perhaps, like me, she is doomed to listen to artful tales of heartless inconstancy, enough to turn her once fond love for me to bitter hate; and yet how can she trust the words of one who has so basely deceived her; one who tore her from her home and friends, and taught her her first lesson of earthly misery. But I will not censure her! it may be false, and she, like me, may be faithful still. But I must hasten my efforts for freedom, that I may tear from Gustavus his cherished treasure!"

Gustavus knew well that his visit to his captive would terminate precisely as it had done; he knew that with the hope of escape before him, Francis would not listen for a moment to any terms he might propose; and he had made proposals which he knew would, under any circumstances, have been rejected with scorn by the proud soul of Francis d'Auvergne; to lull every suspicion which might arise in his mind of the plan laid for his destruction to excite his desire still farther to effect his escape, had this visit been made, and he left the chamber of Francis, well pleased with the success of the interview.

"Our guest will not trouble us long"! he said to Otho, as he rejoined that worthy individual, if we but permit his escape, imprisonment has not tamed him at all, for after enumerating my faults, rather precisely, he bade me leave his presence, nor venture into it again; somewhat insolent, methinks he is, but the host must sometimes bear with the petulance of his guests, so I e'en listned calmly; but mind, my good Otho that nothing be wanting to hasten his departure!"

"Aye! trust to me, my lord, you ever found me faithful and true! A few days more, and his proud head will be low in death, and his insolent tongue will be silent forever! and you, my lord, will be free from the trouble he has heretofore occasioned you!"

"Well speed the work, as best you may"! he said, and master and servant, each went his way rejoicing in the hope, that Francis d'Auvergne would soon trouble them no more.

A few days more had passed, and Francis d'Auvergne threw himself on his bed. The midnight hour had long since tolled, and he had just replaced the last bar of the grating of his window, which he had that night succeeded in removing, and all the preparations for his escape were nearly completed. "To-morrow night at this hour," he exclaimed, "I shall, I trust, be safe beyond these hated walls, and free from the power of my proud rival! Oh! how shall I rejoice to breathe again the pure air of liberty, but I must rest me now, to be in readiness for the toilsome part, before me. He strove to calm his mind to sleep, but it was long ere the courted guest visited his pillow, but at length he fell into an uneasy slumber. But even now the excitement of his mind haunted him, and he dreamed, that the moment had arrived in which he was to leave the place of his imprisonment. All was darkness within his chamber, as he arose from his bed, and getting up the ladder prepared for his descent; he approached the window, to leave his prison, but ere he reached it a faint light gleamed around the room, and the form of the beautiful Theora, surrounded by a glow of unearthly light, stood before the window as if to prevent his too near approach. He tried to advance but with extended arm she waved him back, and then Vanished from his sight.

Francis awoke;—strange thoughts of coming days filled his mind, for the first time, he admitted a doubt of the fidelity of Otho. Was it a plot to lure him to some hidden danger, herhaps death? But if so, why had Gustavus waited on him with the proposal he had made? And Otho not instigated by his master could have no motive for seeking his destruction. "'Tis but a dream," he murmured "and shall I give it even a thought? No! I will not let a vision of the fancy mar the joy which recovered liberty in prospect, now affords me!" "And composing himself to rest he was soon, again, wrapt in the arms of sleep.

Again in fancy he prepared for his escape, he had removed the bars of iron from the window, his fragile ladder was fastened, and passing through the window, he was about to commence his descent, when just below him, enshrouded in unearthly light, again the form of Theora appeared, and intercepted his escape. He awoke; and long he lay musing on the singular coincidence of this with his former dream. He strove to think lightly of the whole, but in vain. Not now could he divest his mind of the idea, that some great danger, connected with his intended escape, was impending over him, but what could he do? to refuse to leave the castle, would be to make himself for life a captive to the power of Gustavus, and this were worse than death itself, and to go onward in his hoped for escape, he now believed, was an enterprize most dangerous indeed. But while his mind was tortured with doubts, he again fell asleep. Again he dreamed that the moment of escape had come; he had passed through the window, and was slowly and carefully descending, when, again as in his former visions, the beautiful form of Theora appeared to intercept his way; but although she waved her hand for him to retire, he still advanced regardless of the friendly warning. "Begone"! he cried at length, impatient of any interruption, "would you prevent me from escaping from the power of Gustavus de Lindendorf? would you keep me longer from the presence of my beloved Isabella?"

"My life was given to save thee, then in vain!" she cried as she vanished from his sight, and left him involved in utter darkness. He paused a moment, and then continued his descent, until he reached the end of the ladder; his hold relaxed and he fell, not to the earth but into the depths of a fearful pit. The pointed rocks which formed the sides bruised his limbs, and as he reached the bottom, far, far below the surface of the earth, he found himself amid the bones and decaying skeletons of former victims of the cruelty of the Lords of Lindendorf. He attempted to spring to his feet, but was prevented by the severe injuries he had received in his fall, and his own wild cry of despairing anguish awoke him to the blissful consciousness that it was but a dream.

"There is surely something prophetic in this," he said, after reflecting long on the singular coincidence, "and shall I disregard it? No I will not rush madly to destruction!"

The first faint beams of the rising day were stealing gently into the apartment, and arising cautiously and still, as if he were surrounded by enemies, he approached the window and removed one or two of the bars, He then drew his chair to the window, and standing upon it looked down through the opening he had formed. A thrill of horror ran through his frame, as the yawning mouth of the dark abyss, so closely resembling the scene of his dream, met his view, and he withdrew from the window and replaced the bars, truly grateful for his escape from the snare, so artfully laid for his destruction.

"Ever my guardian angel, beloved Theora," he cried, "again hast thou saved me from a fearful death; how could I for a moment doubt, aught mingled with thy sainted presence? yes thou art ever near to watch over me, and warn me of coming danger! and I will heed the kindly warning"!

But what was he now to do? declare to Otho that he had discovered the plot laid for his destruction, and remain for ever a prisoner or perhaps die by the hand of ruffian violence. Suddenly a happy thought struck him. Armed with one of the stout iron bars which secured his window, he might, were the doors which led to his prison open, defend himself against the power of Otho, but then a host would answer to the call of their comrade and he would be overpowered by numbers. After some time passed in forming different plans of conduct, he at last resolved to make no mention of his discovery to Otho, when he visited him at his usual hour, to pretend still to confide in him, and when the time for his intended flight arrived, to remove the grating of the window and hang out his ladder in token of flight, and then await the coming of his jailor, as he doubted not that either Otho, or Gustavus would visit his chamber on the following day. The hour arrived, and Otho appeared with the breakfast of his charge, and although the heart of Francis burned within him, he greeted him as usual, and again discussed the chances of his escape as calmly as if he knew nothing of the fiendish snare prepared for him. He retired at last, and Francis threw himself on his bed, for nought but inactivity until the hour of night was before him. The hours dragged slowly onward, and he began to think the day would never end, but at last the golden rays of the setting sun, tinged only the mountain tops, and then it sunk from his view.

"Gustavus believes that I have looked my last on the light of the glorious orb of day!" he murmured, "how little does he deem that I know the fearful fate which he prepared for me, and yet am I not still as much as ever in his power? But my guardian angel will not now desert me, and while I know that the sainted spirit of my Theora hovers near, to shield me from coming evil, I will banish every fear from my heart."

Time had been, when the soul of Francis d'Auvergne would have recoiled in horror from such a thought, but now he shrank not. To him each thought of the beautiful girl who had so dearly loved him, was a sacred and holy feeling, the source of a mournful pleasure, and her remembrance was often the companion of his hours of solitude, and even amid the gloom of the midnight hour, when all around was robed in darkness, would he delight to trace in memory each feature of her lovely face, and recall each word her voice had uttered? And although he mourned her early doom, he felt that it was well that she was forever free from the bitter sorrows of life; and he sometimes almost wished for a resting place beside hers, on that lone and dreary isle.

For the last time Otho performed his duty to his charge, and exchanging adieus they parted. Francis sat alone in his dreary chamber until a late hour; he then arose, removed the gratings of the window and suspended his ladder from it; and then seated himself to await the result. It never occurred to him that many days might elapse ere his chamber was again visited, and he might perish for want of food. But there was now no alternative, and as he fully believed that his presence at Lindendorf was known only to Otho, and his young lord, he hoped they would be in haste to remove the ladder from the wall, which would be a proof of some hopeless victim having fallen into their snare.

As the morning dawned, he arose, and grasping firmly one of the bars of iron, he stood in almost breathless suspense beside the door. The time seemed endless in its flight, but yet, as the first ray of the morning sun stole into the apartment, he heard the heavy tread of an approaching footstep. More firmly was his weapon grasped, and and as the bolts flew back his heart seemed bursting with its emotion. The door opened, and Otho stepped within, but as he crossed the threshold a heavy blow from the weapon of Francis laid him senseless on the floor. Every moment was now of vast importance, and hastily snatching from the hand of Otho the keys of the prison-house, he sprang from the room and passed rapidly to the great stair-case. He hastily descended it, but at the bottom he was met by his fearful enemy, Gustavus de Lindendorf. For a moment they stood confronting each other, and then Gustavus drew forth his sabre which hung at his side, but Francis had observed the motion, and ere its point was aimed against his life, Gustavus lay senseless at his feet, struck down by the same trusty weapon which had just before been levelled against the head of Otho.

Francis paused not, but hastened onward with impetuous speed until he reached the outer door leading into the castle; this was closed but not bolted, and he threw it open and stood again in the open air. The mild zephyrs of the early day fanned his burning brow, and calmed the strange commotion which agitated him, but he knew he must linger not, and he sought the iron door of the subterranean passage. It was well secured, but the key was in his possession, and soon he stood within the dark and gloomy aperture; he passed onward, and at length emerged from its gloom into the cheerful light of day. He now paused to consider what course to pursue; should he fly at once to the abode of Isabella, he might find her so securely guarded as to preclude all chance of setting her free, and should he wait until he could summon aid from home, Gustavus might have recovered and she be removed to some other habitation. Irresolute what course to pursue, he still wandered onward, but still in the direction of the mountains, until his ear suddenly caught the sound of a human voice singing a soft and plaintive air: He listened,—it was evidently one of the wandering minstrels of the age, but still that voice came familiarly to the ear of Francis, and he cautiously drew near the spot from whence the sounds proceeded. On a grassy bank beside a little murmuring rill, he sat, his head uncovered, and the morning air playing amid a mass of dark curling locks. The noble and athletic form was familiar to the eye of Francis, and although the face was turned away, not for one moment did he doubt the identity of the person before him; yes, it was Malcolm, his best, his dearest friend, and springing forward with a cry of wild delight, he threw himself at the feet of the astonished Malcolm, who sat still chanting the minstrel's lay.

"How now, brother minstrel!" he cried, springing to his feet, and looking down on the intruder with a glance of mingled pleasure and surprise; "The lack of ceremony in thy greeting has spoiled my song! but yet though great the evil thou hast done me, thou shalt be forgiven, in pledge of which accept my offered hand!" And with a kindly smile, he extended his hand to Francis who had now regained his feet. Francis grasped the offered hand and pressed it fervently, but he attempted to speak in vain. His joy at the meeting was too great, and he stood silent before his friend, struggling with the strong emotion that choked his utterance.

"Well," cried Malcolm, with a provoking smile, "while thou art searching for thy tongue, a member, which I knew not till now thou wert ever at aloss to find. I will inform you that I am fully recovered from all the ill effects of that unlucky fall; have wooed successfully your bright-eyed sister; an affair to which I attended while unequal to sterner duties, and with many foolish speeches of eternal constancy and the like, which you no doubt would think very sentimental, but whose remembrance seem vastly childlike and simple to me, have bidden her farewell for a time and, following your example, have donned the minstrel's garb, and am now, without having met with adventure worth narrating, in the vicinity of that scene of former cruelties and wickedness, the Castle of Lindendorf! And now, good Sir, if thou hast regained the power of speech, wilt thou give me some account of the manner in which thy time has passed?"

Francis was not long in giving a faithful narrative of his adventures, and when he had finished they resolved to seek without delay, the place pointed out by Gustavus as the abode of Isabella.

"Grasp well, thy trusty friend, which heretofore hath done to thee good service," said Malcolm, "and I will seek to arm myself as we pass along, lest the minions of Gustavus who guard our intended prize, should make a bold resistance!"

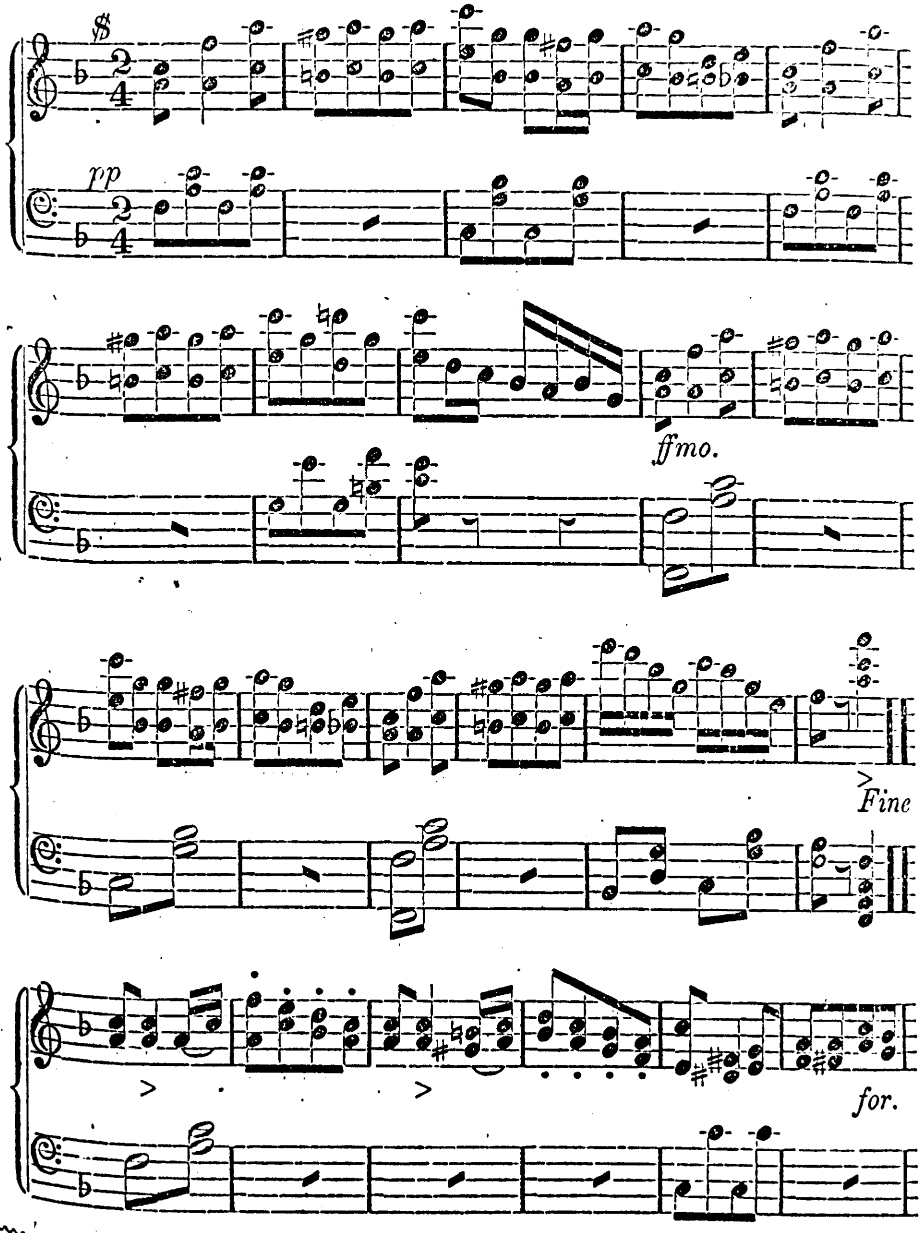
Guided by the distant mountain summit, they passed onward over the broken grounds and through the tangled brushwood; hour after hour they toiled on, not pausing even for one short moment to rest their weary limbs, all else was forgotten in the ardent wish to rescue the Lady Isabella. The possibility that Gustavus had deceived Francis regarding her locality, arose to the mind of Malcolm, but there could be no harm in ascertaining its truth, especially as they knew no other course to pursue. If she were not there, what next to do they knew not, for their own safety would require some consideration in the dangerous vicinity of Lindendorf.

(To be continued.)

RONDO.

par Max Maretzek,

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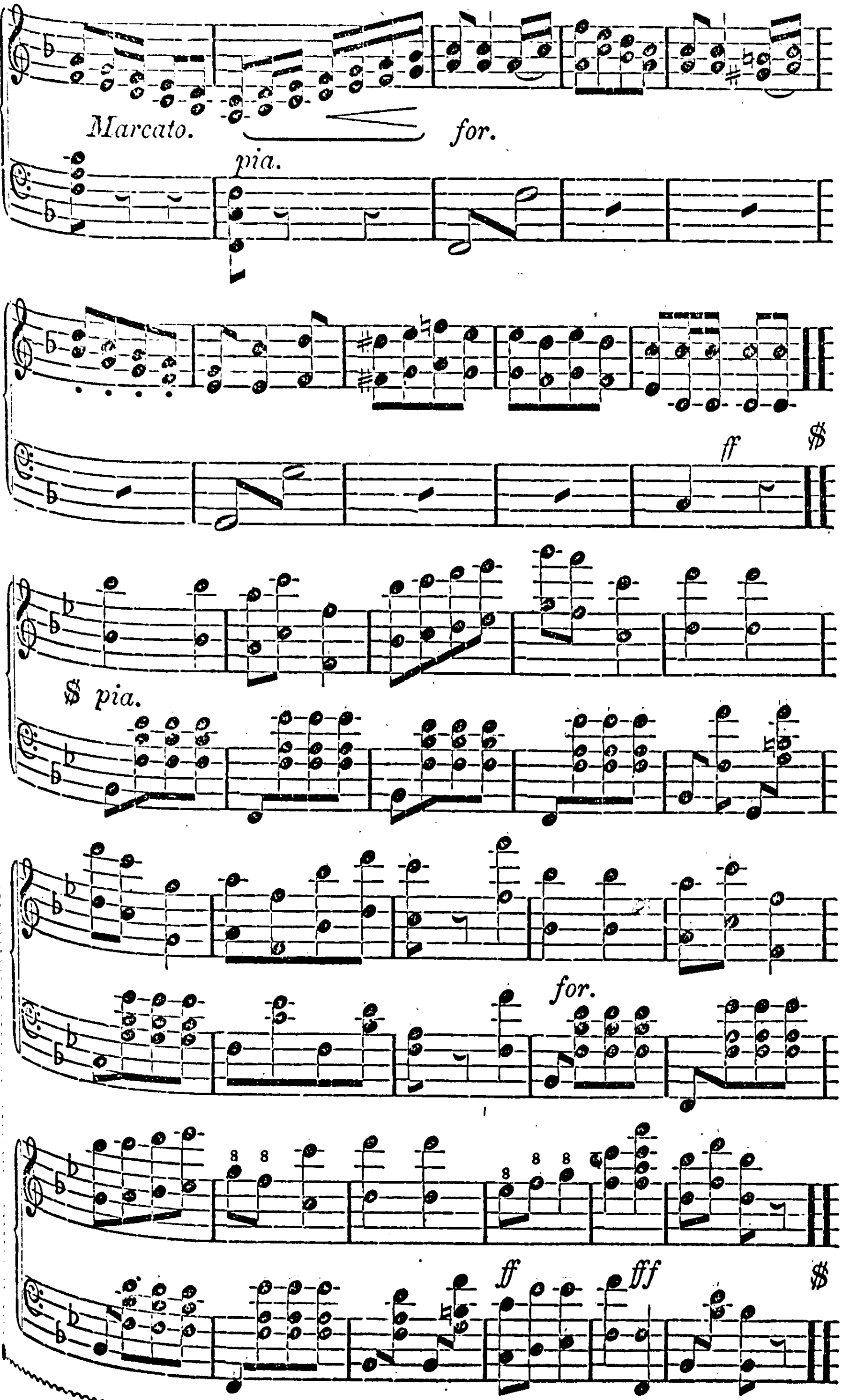
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OUR TABLE.

We found upon our table the other day, "the Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne, an American author, a work of much power and beauty, which gives a thrilling portraiture of the inner man, shewing the resistless force of uncurbed passion, and the might and certainty of the retribution, which follows its indulgence. So strikingly is the great moral developed in the story, that all who read must involuntarily ask themselves if they are living a life of hypocrisy, or if the great and divine law of Truth is the guide and safeguard of their hearts.

The style of the book is quaint but fascinating, sparkling with graphic descriptions of nature, rich in depth and beauty of thought, and with an under current of pure and holy feeling which constantly gushes up to charm and refresh us. So deep an interest hangs over every page, that it is not easy when once commenced to lay it aside, as many can testify who have opened only to satisfy their curiosity, by solving the mystery of its singular title. This is indeed not understood except by those who have some knowledge of the early Puritan settlers of New England, and the severity of their laws and judgments. In order to express their deep detestation of all sin, the unfortunate whose weakness in yielding to any form of temptation became known to them, was compelled to wear the initial letter of his, or her, crime, emblazened on his breast, and thus the reader of Mr. Hawthorne's book, will shortly find the full significance of the "Scarlet Letter," A.

We cannot leave our Table before chronicling, the pleasure we have derived from a series of little books, little in form, diminutive in outward manifestation, but simply and beautifully embodying high and important truths as ever were breathed from the lips of the most eloquent divine. "A Trap to catch a Sunbeam," is in itself a sunbeam, lighting darkened hearts, and teaching the way by which to secure the brightness and beauty of this life.—"Old Joliffe," the best old soul in the world, diffusing happiness and joy wherever his round cheerful face is seen;—and "Only," a small word but pregnant with meaning and instruction;—these are the separate titles of three small tales, which contain the germ of rich treasures, and if read in a right spirit will reveal truer riches than the magic of "Aladdin's Lamp; or the "Wishing Cap of Fortunatus."

They are written by a young and pretty English girl, and this knowledge, may perhaps invest them with an additional charm, at least for our bachelor friends. We believe they may be found, and also, the work above noticed, at the principal bookstores in the city.

We have been reading with much interest, "Midsummer Eve, A Fairy Tale of Love, "by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and would commend it particularly to the attention of our female readers. It abounds in the usual fine tact, and delicate discrimination of character which marks all the productions of that popular authoress, and the story, though simple, is beautifully narrated and replete with genuine pathos, and healthy sentiment. The fairy machinery of the tale is fancifully got up, and hangs round it like a graceful drapery through which we have glimpes of an ideal world, that without startling our credulity seems to blend in perfect harmony with the events of actual life The "little people" who are supposed to sway the destinies of Eva Raymond, the heroine, are resolved into the pure affections and moral principles, which are in fact the good angels of every woman's life, and on the proper cultivation of which, her true happiness entirely depends. Never were these affections and principles more beautifully exemplified than in the heart trials of Eva Raymond, and the charm of a pure, unselfish, loving character, is most exquisitely wrought out, and perfectly sustained.

The trials of the artist and his young wife are touched with a graphic pen; the simple faith, the loving, hopeful heart of Eva, always cheerful, never desponding, sustaining the less buoyant spirit of her husband by her own brightness, which filled their humble apartment with a charm, that almost banished the terrors of want, and subdued the agony of disappointment. Mrs. Hall has also been true to nature in her delineation of Sidney's character. With the heroism of a martyr, the noble principles of an honorable man, and the true affection of a devoted husband, he has not the endurance, the strong faith, the bright hope which shone so clearly in the darkest hours of Eva's trial, and which gave her power to endure and conquer. "Loving and being beloved," was the fairy gift at her birth; it is a gift which every woman receives, and we are sure that all who read this pleasant story must feel that it is the highest glory of her sex, to use it through life generously, for her own happiness and the happiness of others.

We are not writing a critique but merely a simple notice of a book, which seems to us to possess a singular charm in its simplicity and truthfulness to nature. The winding up of the tale would have pleased us better, had the artist life been carried out till genius and perseverance had won their own high reward. But *chacun à son gout;* an elaborate story is of little consequence if a book of fiction can be made interesting despite of it, from the charm of description and the beauty and justness of sentiment it contains.

Several articles received for this number, are necessarily delayed till next tmonh.