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JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"THE next day my father appeared more composed, but he was much weaker, and required the aid of my brother's arm to lead him to his chair. He insisted, however, that he was better, and I fondly believed him. He was gentle and kind, and spoke long and earnestly to my brother and me, upon the necessity of a reconciliation. Joshua, who was really much attached to my father, was greatly affected by his words; and, coming up to me, he put his arms about my waist, and said bluntly:

" 'Sister, are we to be friends?'

" 'It rests, Joshua, with you.'

" 'No,' said he, 'the forbearance must be mutual. I am hasty and you are obstinate; when I try to control my temper you must meet me half way. Without this understanding we can never agree.'

" 'I will endeavour to do my part,' returned I, 'but on one condition, that you will never mention the affair of Andrew Miller, or force his company upon me again?'

" 'I will not promise that. Andrew is my friend, and I wish you to be his wife, and shall never omit a good opportunity of putting in a word for him.'

" 'You had better leave it alone; you have said that I am obstinate, and you are right; but you should know enough of human nature to know, that the best method to obtain your wishes with such people is to give them their own way.'

" 'Peace, children,' said my father; 'this argument will end in another quarrel.'

" 'Oh, no! dear father,' I replied cheerfully; 'we are friends—are we not, Joshua?' and I kissed his cheek.

"He returned the salutation with some warmth, and I retired to my domestic duties, which were complicated and manifold. I had so much to do that day, that, in spite of my impatience to see the stranger again, the hour named for our meeting struck before I had quite finished clearing away our evening meal.

"My father was writing at the table when I passed through the room; seeing me take down my hat, he said:

" 'Don't stay out late to-night, Jane; I want you to read to me before I go to bed.'

" 'I had better not go, Sir,' I replied, laying aside my bonnet.

" 'Yes! do go. You look pale; the fresh air will do you good, and I have to finish some important business. Only remember, don't stay very long.'

"I went up to him and kissed him; he looked up so kindly into my face, that for the first time in my life I thought him handsome, and felt convinced that in early life he must have been eminently so. Strange it was, that his stern and cold manner to me, should for years have blinded me to his personal attractions, which must have been great indeed, to have won the girlish affections of my refined and fastidious mother. But what will not prejudice do? It will make angels out of vice and deformity, and convert angels into devils.

"I found the stranger seated near the well. He had thrown off his cap, and his fine shaped head, covered with thick, curling chesnut hair, was shewn to the best advantage. He did not hear me approach, and for some minutes I contemplated him in silence. When he at length

*Continued from page 10.

became conscious of my presence, he sprang eagerly from his seat to meet me.

"'Good God! how beautiful you are!' he cried. 'I thought you very interesting yesterday, but grief had so disfigured you, (and I am no admirer of beauty in tears,) that I could form no idea of your personal attractions. But what made you so late? If you had been as impatient to see me as I was to behold you, I should not have been left to count the minutes for the last half hour.'

"'I could not come—my father was sick, and I have had so much to do.'

"I then recounted to him all that had passed, and expressed my determination to remain with my father as long as he lived, which, I added, 'I feared would not be long.'

"'I am glad of this arrangement,' he replied. 'I know a very respectable widow lady, who resides some twelve miles from here, who, I thought, would be glad to take you under her protection, as her companion. I rode over this morning in order to interest her in your fate; unfortunately she was from home, and will not return for a fortnight.'

"'You are very good; I know not how I shall ever repay you for your kindness,' said I; 'and to whom am I indebted for these generous exertions in my behalf?'

"'So you want to know my name, pretty one, who I am, and all about me! Well, I am not exactly at liberty to inform you, but this much I will tell you. You have reposed such charming confidence in me, that it is but fair to give you something in return. My name is Armyn Redgrave,—a pretty romantic name, is it not?—I am the only son of wealthy parents, but I have been a sad, wild, self-willed creature, and have fallen under the displeasure of my family, particularly of an old rich aunt, at whose death I expect to inherit a large fortune. I lately had the misfortune to wound a gentleman, who insulted me at a public dinner, very severely, in a duel, and I am just now playing at hide and seek with the sheriff's officers, not much relishing the prospect of a jail and a public trial for murder, when the wretch deserved what he got. But you look thoughtful, Jane; are you afraid or ashamed of your friend?'

"'Neither,' returned I. 'I was only thinking of the vast difference in our relative situations, and how impossible it will be for us to remain friends.'

"'Let us merge that cold, formal name, into lovers!' he cried gaily. 'I am really ambitious to rival Andrew Miller.'

"'Name not yourself in the same breath with him.'

"'Why not? He may be a decent, good fellow, who never ventured to play the pranks that I have done. You are really too severe upon your humble admirer.'

"I was vexed at the levity with which he spoke. It seemed like a mockery of my grief. He had tact enough to perceive this, and in a few moments was all sentiment and tenderness; love beaming from his fine blue eyes, and poetry the language which fell from his lips. I seemed under a species of intoxication while listening to him, and before we parted he had drawn me into a confession, that he was not indifferent to me, and I promised to meet him soon again.

"We parted, after many a long and lingering look, and I continued to watch his retreating figure until it was lost among the trees, and I then returned to the house in a tumult of excitement, yet very doubtful as to the prudence of the course I had pursued, anxious, yet dreading to fulfil my appointment with my father.

"As I lifted the latch of the door which led into our little sitting-room, a sudden chill came over me, and it required all the energy I could muster to cross the threshold. I entered the room with the stealthy tread of a guilty person, for after my imprudent confessions to Armyn Redgrave, I dreaded to meet my father's reproving eye.

"He was seated in the same attitude in which I had left him, only his head had sunk from between his supporting hands, and now rested upon the table—and but for the utter lifelessness of the position, and that solemn stillness which invariably gathers about the dead, I could have imagined that he only slept. That eye could no longer reprove, or that voice chide. My father had expired during my absence.

"I will pass over the horrors of that night. My frame was alternately shaken with convulsive bursts of agony, and the fierce chidings of remorse. With terrible fidelity, I reviewed the events of my past life, and recalled with painful exactness, every undutiful word and thought which had emanated from my mind, against that parent whom I would now have given worlds, could I have commanded them, to recall again to life. How I regretted having left him, to keep my appointment with my lover. He had died alone, and disregarded, and I dared not trust myself to imagine what his last words or thoughts might have been—and I determined, if it cost me my life, that I would obey his last solemn injunction, and remain with my brother.

"Joshua was deeply affected by the sudden

death of our father. During the melancholy period which preceded the funeral, he treated me with kindness, almost amounting to affection; and I was too much overwhelmed with grief to remember my promise to Armyn Redgrave. Joshua's heart was softened towards me, and for the first time in our lives our tears were mingled:

"Oh! let us henceforth live in peace," I sobbed, as my head sunk upon his supporting shoulder, as we stood together by the window, on the evening of my father's funeral. "It was his dying request—remember what the holy David saith—How good and pleasant a thing it is, for brethren to dwell in unity."

"The heart of the stern man melted within him. He did not answer, but pressed me silently to his breast. I felt the sacred hush of holy feeling—it sunk like a healing balm into my wounded heart; and I raised my eyes to heaven in silent prayer. The moon was up, and shone in cloudless beauty upon our little garden. A soft mist was rising on the heath, which, encompassed on every side by lofty woods, in whose gloomy recesses the shades of night appeared to sleep, left the wide plain bright and billowy, like an inland lake surrounded by high rocks. It was a night of calm and delicious beauty—a night, when the silence of nature finds a voice, and her inanimate forms speak in unutterable tones to the overburdened heart. My spirit acknowledged its soothing power, and resigned itself to the Inevitable, when my eyes were arrested in their upward glance, by a dark figure that slowly advanced from the centre of the moonlit plain. I drew a shorter breath, and strove to draw my brother from the spot; but the tightness with which his arms closed round me, convinced me that the same object had attracted his attention! That form, once seen, could not easily be forgotten! My color went and came—a thick mist floated before my sight—though my aching eyeballs were intently fixed upon the tall figure as it rapidly advanced. It was Armyn Redgrave.

"He paused beside the well, and raised his eyes to the open window, at which we were standing. My brother stood back in the shade—my death-pale face alone was visible—my lover's high stern features were distinctly revealed by the clear light of the moon. Oh! how I wished that the clouds would rise and veil her—that the earth would open and swallow me! I endeavored to speak, my brother prevented me.

"Be still, upon your life—I will know who this fellow is, who dares to trespass on my premises, to-night!" These words were muttered between his shut teeth, but every half-formed syllable struck like a dagger to my heart.

"At that moment, Armyn raised his hand and beckoned to me. Forgetting that my brother was present, I made a hasty and impatient gesture for him to be gone. An exclamation of rage burst from Joshua—he flung me from him with a dreadful oath—the action was accompanied by a term of reproach too coarse to be repeated; and snatching down a fowling-piece that was suspended over the mantel-shelf, he rushed from the house; and with a cry of horror and despair, I threw myself upon the ground.

"At length, my brother returned. He struck a light, cast himself into a chair by the table, and commanded me to rise and prepare his supper. I felt inclined to resist his imperative mandate—but when my eye glanced on the chair in which he was seated, and I beheld his reclining attitude, and remembered that it was in that very chair my father died, and the identical position in which I had last seen him, I arose with a heavy sigh, and proceeded to obey his commands. I placed food mechanically before him; but he was too much agitated to eat, and pushed the provisions hastily from him.

"Jane," he said; "do you know that man?"

"I have seen him twice before."

"Only twice?"

"Only twice."

"And where did you first meet him?"

"By the well! the night before my father died. The night," I continued, speaking with passionate earnestness, "when your unkind treatment had driven me to despair, and I left this house with the determination never to enter it again."

"He started from his seat, and paced the room with great rapidity; then stopping abruptly before me, he said:

"Did the sight of that man hinder you from carrying your *virtuous* design into execution?"

"No! but shame to you, Joshua!—it was the few words of sympathy and kindness addressed to me by a stranger, that prevented me from perpetrating a deed, which, if you had any feeling, would have robbed your mind of peace forever."

"Pshaw!" he replied, "I know how to interpret such foolish threats. But you were a weak, credulous girl, to repose confidence in a person you knew nothing about. Were you so rash as to give him any encouragement?"

"The color burnt like fire upon my cheek—rage and indignation filled my breast.

"I will not answer these insulting questions. You have no right to treat me thus."

"Your father, who knew well your perverse nature, has given me a right. He has left me your guardian, and I will soon convince you, that

it will be worse than useless to resist my authority.'

"He raised his arm with a threatening gesture. I lifted my streaming eyes to his face:

"My father never contemplated your abusing the power he confided to you. He would have acted very differently, could he have imagined a scene like this.'

"You are right, Jane,' he said, in a solemn tone; 'and I am wrong—but you have given me great provocation by your imprudent conduct. Never meet that man again, as you value my friendship and protection. He is a villain who intends you no good.'

"A torturing question rose to my lips,—a question I could no longer resist, for it seemed as if longer repressed, that it would burst my heart in twain,—and I faltered out:

"Did you speak to him?"

"Joshua answered with a disdainful smile:

"He has received his answer! and let him look well to himself if ever he ventures near these premises again. And now that I have satisfied your idle curiosity, you may remove these things and go to bed.'

"From that hour all confidence between us was at an end. Joshua resumed the same stern authority over me which had first steeled my heart against him, and dried up the fountain of natural affection; and, to add to my many sorrows, my father had not been dead a month before Andrew Miller became a constant visitor at the house. I fled to solitude to find a relief from his hated presence, and to indulge the melancholy feelings which preyed upon my heart. Since the evening of the funeral I had seen and heard nothing of Armynd Redgrave, and I feared he had given up all thoughts of me, and removed to a distant part of the country. One evening I asked a girl who lived with us as servant, in as careless a voice as I could assume, if she ever had seen a gentleman in a shooting dress pass near the house? The girl looked mysteriously at me and shook her head, yet from her manner I felt convinced that she was not ignorant of the person alluded to; yet I felt that it would be imprudent to push the enquiry any further, and I turned to leave the room, when she called out:

"Just stay a bit, Miss Jane; I know that person and all about him—but I won't give my secret for nothing.'

"Nobody wants you,' said I, with an air of indifference. 'I can keep my own secrets, and I don't wish to be entrusted with the secrets of others.'

"But master Joshua does,' replied the pert minx, 'and he is a good paymaster. As to

women, they are all so stingy, they want to get everything out of you for nothing. Had I brought the letter the fine gentleman gave me, to you, instead of to him, all I should have got from you would have been a cold 'thank ye,' while master gave me a new bonnet.'

"And you dared to carry letters directed to me, to my brother?"

"I knew that the fellow had no right to send them, nor you to receive them.'

"I have no doubt,' I cried, 'that this is a vile fabrication, invented to extort money out of me. I know nothing of this man to warrant his sending me letters, and if he offers to employ you in conveying them to me, tell him that I have forbidden you to receive them.'

"I shall hear what master says to that,' said the girl. 'He told me to bring them to him, and I know which to obey,' and off she went, leaving me distracted with the certainty that my secret was known, not only to Joshua, but in all probability, to his friend Andrew Miller; burning with vexation and shame, I put on my bonnet and left the house.

"It is deeply mortifying to a proud mind, to feel that it is in the power of the weak and vulgar; my spirit writhed under the consciousness of this degradation, and I felt indignant that Armynd Redgrave should have chosen such a vile agent to convey intelligence between us. I felt so lonely, so unprotected, so out of love with life, so disgusted with my brother and myself, that wandering away to a lonely part of the moor, I sat down beneath a clump of furze bushes, and wept long and bitterly.

"Other girls,' I thought, 'have friends—companions of their own age, to love them, and feel an interest in their destiny; but I—I have none—I stand alone in the world, with no one to care for me—no one to speak kindly to me, to soothe me in grief and distress, or share the melancholy feelings that prey upon my heart.'

"A strange sensation stole over me, a sensation which I had felt before, and which I have felt but too keenly since—I scarcely knew what to call it; a mental consciousness of the actual presence of some one, with whom my own fate, whatever it might be, was deeply involved. I started and looked up—a crimson flush lighted up my face and burnt there like fire—Armynd Redgrave was standing before me, regarding me with a glance of anxious enquiry. He was thinner and paler than when we last met, and seating himself beside me, he sighed deeply, before he broke the painful silence which bound us in a spell.

"Jane,' he said, 'you cannot imagine how

wretched your silence has made me. Three times I have written to you, to beg you to decide my fate, but you were determined to try my affection for you to the uttermost. Love can stand every trial but neglect.'

"'You have written to me, Armyn, but I learned the fact from another. Yes! I cried, losing my temper in the deep annoyance I felt at his want of prudence. 'You chose such a trustworthy messenger for an important communication, that I was upbraided by the wretch herself, who laughed at her own perfidy, and triumphed in having betrayed our secret to my brother.'

"Armyn turned very pale at this announcement, and his stern brow contracted into a gloomy frown. He passed his hands over his face, and for a few minutes continued in deep thought.

"'Jane,' he said at length, 'this is an unfortunate accident, but as our love for each other is now known to your brother, and he will do all in his power to oppose us, we must dare to act in a decided manner for ourselves. It is out of my power just at the present time to make you my wife; but, if you would confide in my honor, and feel a lively faith in the deep love I bear you. I could convey you to another part of England, and place you under the protection of a middle-aged female, an aunt of my own, with whom I am a great favorite, and who would be a mother to you until such time as I am able to appear again in my own character. The gentleman whom I shot in the duel is still living, but small hopes are entertained for his life. Until his recovery is certain I must retain my incognito. At present I pass for my friend Mr. Onslow's new gamekeeper, and in this assumed character I have eluded the vigilance of those who would rejoice to see me in a prison.'

"'Alas!' said I, 'you must make no sacrifice on my account. I am content to wait your time in patient submission to my brother's tyranny, but without being your wife I dare not leave his protection. All I possess in the world is my good name, and if I part with that I am lost.'

"A haughty smile stole over his features.
 "'You are too cautious, Jane, for a lover. True love will risk all things, yea! life itself, for the sake of the beloved.'

"'Ah!' said I, 'I would to God it were only my worthless life that I was called upon to give up as the test of my affections. Armyn, I could die for you—but I could not consent to live in infamy even for your dear sake.'

"This speech drew from him the most passionate caresses, and vows of eternal fidelity, and we parted after I had solemnly promised to meet him every fine evening in that lonely place.

"Ah! Rose, how little we know ourselves—how weak and vain it is for creatures of clay to trust to their own strength—to bid defiance to the tempter, and by so doing dare their own certain ruin.

"Well had it been for me had I never again consented to meet the seducer; if instead of tampering with his base proposal, I had spurned him from me with contempt. I confided in my sense of rectitude, and I did not think it possible that I ever could be induced to act wrong. Many in my situation have entertained the same opinion, and fallen into the same abyss of ruin.

"But to proceed with my sad tale. Night after night we met in the rugged glen at the bottom of the heath, and night after night the cloudless summer heavens, the pale moon and the burning stars, witnessed our vows of eternal fidelity. Surely, never woman loved as I loved! and never was affection for a time more ardently, more intensely repaid. But even in those moments when my cup of happiness seemed overflowing, there was a wild and gloomy expression in the dark blue eyes, and high features of Armyn Redgrave, that startled and alarmed me; and often have I buried my face in my hands to shut out that baleful gaze. It was but a momentary thing—a dark cloud that briefly floated over the summer heavens: his fine countenance was again lighted up with a smile, and his soothing voice, and the tenderness of his manner, dispelled my boding apprehensions. So delightful were these meetings, so rapturous my anticipations of the future, that they amply repaid me for the cares and labors of the day. But you will ask me how did I escape the watchful vigilance of my brother, or the prying curiosity of his disagreeable friend, Andrew Miller, who had become a constant evening visitor at the house?

"In the country, people retire early to rest, and it was not until our humble household were buried in sleep, that I stole from my chamber, and with noiseless steps traversed the passage, and descended the stairs that led to the lower part of the house. Fearful of awakening my brother by unclosing the front door, I purposely left the dairy window open, which being close to the ground, gave me easy access to the garden, and from thence to the common. My absence was never suspected, as I always took good care to return before the dawn of day.

"The summer passed all too swiftly away, and the leaves of autumn were scattered over the earth, when I discovered with unspeakable horror that I was likely to present to the world a living witness of these stolen interviews with Armyn Redgrave. When the terrible truth flashed upon

my guilty mind, I heaped curses upon my own miserable head, and wept till the fountain of tears was dry—till my heart withered and my brain burned, and I had not a tear to shed! Then came the fierce revilings of conscience—the fiery upbraidings of remorse; and memory, like a mocking fiend, slowly turned over the tear-stained pages of the past, and goaded me to despair, by recalling the feeble efforts I had made, in the hour of trial, to maintain my boasted virtue.

“The wrath of my brother, the contempt of Andrew Miller, and the scorn of the whole village, rose in gloomy perspective before me; and every brook and pool of water tempted me to bury my grief and shame beneath the impenetrable veil of oblivion. But I felt a new feeling stirring in my heart—a light shining through the darkness of the grave! It was love—a mother’s love! pleading for the safety of her unborn infant; and at length I gained sufficient courage to inform Ardyn of my unfortunate situation.

“He was thunderstruck at the information, and threw out dark hints of an effectual means of concealment, which filled me with dismay and horror. Never did those wild, restless eyes, assume an expression so dubious and unnatural as at that fearful moment; I shrank shuddering from their baneful gaze. It was no time to indulge in idle fears. Madness and despair were struggling in my breast, and my grief at last found a voice. I knelt upon the damp sod—I clasped his knees, and bathed his feet with my tears. I humbled my spirit to the dust, as I exclaimed in the bitterness of my soul:

“‘Ardyn Redgrave! the crime, the guilt is yours. I call upon you in the name of Almighty God! to redress this grievous injury. Become the lawful father of my child, or put an end to my miserable existence. Yes! here on this very spot that witnessed my shame, blot it out forever with my heart’s blood.’

“‘Wretched girl!’ he cried, striving to raise me roughly from the ground, ‘I cannot make you my wife.’

“‘You must—you shall!’ I cried, resisting his efforts to lift me from his feet. ‘You cajoled me with this promise to do the thing that was evil, and brought me into this fearful strait; and you alone can extricate me from it. Treat me as a slave—as a vile and degraded wretch, for such I am—but save me from dishonor—save me from my brother—and worse, far worse—save me from myself!—from the desperate crime of lifting my impious hand against my own life, of committing a double murder, and damning both my body and my soul!’

“He regarded me with a fixed and gloomy stare—a look so cold and so unfeeling—that my blood curdled in my veins. A smile wreathed his lips!—there was something dreadful in that smile! I gazed upon him till the mask fell slowly from my eyes, and I beheld in the man I had madly loved, a cruel and designing villain, and I loathed him as the author of my misery and of my wrongs. Yes! I could have raised my hands to heaven and solemnly cursed him, but his voice prevented me. He spoke—but in accents so low and distinct, that every word he uttered vibrated upon my brain like the stroke of a hammer.

“‘You had better die, Jane, than become my wife.’

“‘Were it only *my* life,’ I cried, ‘I would terminate my existence at your feet. But the life of *another*—a *dearer* being, depends upon the words of your lips—the life of *your child*! Cruel and unnatural Ardyn!’

“I buried my face in the long grass, and almost screamed with agony.

“He appeared moved by my frantic distress, and lifting my now passive form from the earth, he whispered in my ear:

“‘Can you forsake friends, home and country, all that is dear to you, and follow me?’

“‘I can—I will!’ I exclaimed, a ray of hope darting into my soul. ‘You are my world—my life—my joy! the only hope I now can cling to—’

“‘Meet me then at the church, at eight o’clock to-morrow morning, and become the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth! And mark me, Jane, take neither purse nor scrip for your journey; my wife will have no need of these things.’

“He turned to leave me, but I held him with a convulsive grasp. The transition from grief to joy, to hope from despair—was so sudden and unexpected, that it affected my reason, and I vented my feelings alternately in laughter and in tears.

“‘Bless you!—God bless you, my husband!—my beloved!’ I exclaimed; ‘you have saved me from eternal misery!’

“I flung my arms about his neck—I pressed him to my bosom, and bathed his face and hands with my tears; but he seemed insensible to all my caresses; and disengaging himself from my wreathing arms, he repeated in a low, deep voice—

“‘To-morrow!’ and plunging into the wood he instantly disappeared, and I returned to the house in a fever of excitement, dreading, yet frantically anticipating the return of light.

CHAPTER II.

There is a grief which sears the brain
 With fierce and feverish glow;
 And nature's last convulsive throes,
 Is rapture to that pain.
 It thrills the nerves and rends the heart,
 And suffers not a tear to start
 To quench that burning woe.
 Alas! it was my lot to bear,
 And writhe beneath its fiery breath;
 To mock at life, and laugh at death,
 And triumph in despair.

"WHEN I entered the sitting-room, after my abrupt and anxious separation from my betrothed husband, the fire was out, and the girl informed me that my brother had returned from market in a very ill-humour, and was gone to bed.

"I think he heard something in the town about you, Miss, said the girl, 'for I heard him swear in an awful manner to Mr. Miller; and he declared that if the reports were true he would murder you.'

"I made no answer, but took the light from her hand, and bidding her good night, ascended the stairs with a cautious tread. This information was too important not to make a deep impression upon me. Some prying eyes might have discovered the fearful truth, and I could not wonder at Joshua's anger.

"'Thank God!' I thought, 'I shall soon be placed beyond the reach of his vengeance.'

"Yet as I passed the door of the chamber where my brother slept, the thought rushed across my mind, that in all probability I should never see him again—that we were about to part forever—that he was the only relative I had in the world, and that in spite of all his harshness I could not help feeling that the tie which bound me to him was one of nature's strongest links, which could not be severed without the violation of her most holy laws. The yearnings of affection were too strong to be resisted, and I determined to look upon his face once more.

"The door was ajar, and slipping off my shoes, and scarcely venturing to draw my breath, with stealthy steps I entered the apartment. How like a thief, a guilty, self-condemned wretch, I approached the bed where my brother slept! He was buried in profound slumber, yet his countenance still exhibited traces of anger and vexation, yet he looked so like my poor father, that my tears unconsciously fell fast upon his handsome face. He started—I drew back—turning impatiently in the bed, he said in accents peculiar to those who talk in their sleep.

"'Is it you, Jane? So you are home at last! If my father had been living you dared not have

acted thus. Thank God! he is dead, and knows not the shame and disgrace you have brought upon us all. Out of my sight, unhappy girl! to bed—and act so foolishly no more.'

"I would have kissed him, but his words overwhelmed me with the most horrible upbraidings. I shrank weeping out of the room, and retired to bed. For hours sleep was a stranger to my pillow; in vain darkness drew around me the curtain of repose; conscience was awake—and I could not close my aching eyes. At length a stupor came over me, and methought I heard a death-bell toll, and a funeral procession passed slowly before me. I started up in the bed and gazed fearfully around. A pale, delicate-looking young female stood at the foot of the bed. Her features were very interesting, but her form was wasted with misery, with that misery which gnaws the heart and preys upon the springs of life. Conscious that an apparition of the dead was before me, a sudden horror thrilled my whole frame—my limbs shook convulsively, and my teeth chattered in my head—my hair stiffened round my brow—my eye-balls swelled as though they would burst from their sockets—I endeavoured to speak, but my voice died away in indistinct murmurs. The figure raised one of its thin, attenuated hands, and said in a voice of warning earnestness:

"'Go not to the church to-morrow! Death is in the path!'

"With a shuddering scream I awoke.

"'Thank God!' I exclaimed, 'it is only a dream!'

"Sleep again overpowered me—again the melancholy form stood before me—again were the solemn words pronounced. I struggled with the horrible vision, but my reason was too weak to overcome the terror which was upon me and which palsied every limb. Three times the awful warning was denounced. I sprang from the bed—the first faint streaks of light were visible in the east—I threw open the window—the fresh breeze passed over my burning brow, and my tears began to flow.

"'Does this look like a bridal?' I said, as with trembling hands I attempted to arrange a few things which I considered necessary for my journey. Then the injunction given by Armin recurred to me, and I concluded that it was his intention to provide me with clothes and money, and I hastily abandoned the task.

"While standing irresolutely at the window, impatiently watching the angry red dawning, I beheld my brother issue from the house. I drew back from the casement, and watched him from behind the curtain. He stopped in front of the

paling, and looked sadly and sternly up to the window. His face was deadly pale, and, gracious God! could it be, that tears were upon his manly cheeks, and that they streamed fast from his eyes? There was not a doubt but that my conduct had given rise to this unusual emotion. He loved me, then, in spite of all his pride and unkindness, and while I cursed myself I blessed him, for that demonstration of grief which he poured forth in secret. I staggered to my dressing table, and taking a sheet of paper from my letter case, I beguiled the weary hours in writing the first and last letter I ever penned to my brother. I told him what I had just witnessed, and how deeply his grief had affected me; and I begged his forgiveness for all the anxiety and sorrow that my conduct had occasioned. I then commenced my history with my first meeting with Armyn, until the last, in which he had promised to marry me; and I concluded with imploring him to think as kindly of me as he could, and not to add to my present misery the weight of his continued displeasure.

"Folding and directing my letter, I left it on the table; and with a mind full of sad forebodings, I cast a last look upon my home, and hurried from the house, taking a lonely and unfrequented path that led to the village church.

"The church stood in a lovely valley, surrounded by high hills, and almost embosomed in trees. The morning was cold and bleak; it was the latter end of October, and the wind scattered at every blast the withering foliage across my path. My steps, rustling among the perishing leaves, sent forth a hollow, melancholy sound. I sat down upon a grave—a newly raised grave, then started up with a cry of horror. It was my *father's* grave! Some one grasped my arm. I turned hastily round—it was my bridegroom.

"His face was deadly pale; he too had been weeping. He kissed my cheek and bade me be of good cheer; but there was a mockery of joy in his tone—a fixed and gloomy look in his eye—which made me tremble.

"'Come, let us sit down,' he cried; 'the priest who has promised to unite our destinies will soon be here. Let us converse philosophically of love, of peace, of the pleasure and happiness to be found in this world, and of the promised joys of the next. What better spot could we find for such mysterious speculations?—what better comment upon them than the graves, and their silent tenants, which surround us?'

"'Ah! let us not think upon the graves,' said I, with an involuntary shudder, as the fearful vision in my dream returned to my memory.

"'We are only talking with our friends and

relations,' said he, with a frightful laugh. 'What they are we shall soon be. Shall we ask your father's consent to our merry bridal? His dwelling is near at hand. But it is in vain to knock at the door from which no answer is ever returned. Could the inhabitants of the grave speak, they would tell us that we were objects of pity and contempt, not them. They have possessed all that life had to bestow—have sullenly resigned its baubles and its nothingness, and are at rest. But what remains, unhappy girl, for you and I?'

"'Oh! talk not in this mocking strain,' I cried, 'at such a time—in such a place; it is sacrilege.'

"'Well, patience, Jane! when the heart is full the mouth will speak. See, here comes the priest to make the sacrilege of a still darker dye, by uniting those whom God never intended to be one.'

"Before I could answer, the clergyman, followed by his clerk and the sexton, entered the church-yard and saluted us. Armyn gave me his hand, and we slowly repaired to the sacred edifice and approached the altar. In a few minutes I stood by his side, a lawful wedded wife, as I thought; but there was no joy in my heart, though united to the man I madly loved.

"After the ceremony was over, and we were about to leave the church, the clergyman, who was the successor of my dear grandfather, and who was personally known to me, shook us both frankly by the hand, making, at the same time, the usual compliments upon such occasions.

"'I would rather have seen your brother give you away, Mrs. Redgrave,' he said. 'Your's is a very private wedding; so private that I presume you have stolen a march upon my friend Joshha. Well, I wish you all the happiness in your present union which you can wish yourself. But, mark me, I hate to see a sexton act as father to a young and beautiful bride. I never had but one sister—she made a stolen match of it; and the sexton gave her away—but it proved a sad affair in the end. Her husband left her, and she died of a broken heart.'

"'A pleasant example for us,' said Armyn.

"'Oh! but I trust you will be more fortunate,' said the good man; 'but to speak the honest truth—I do not like private marriages. They seldom turn out well. The blessings and prayers of our friends always appear to me as if they hallowed the union of the young and loving.'

"We had now reached the gate that led from the church-yard into the lane, and wishing us all prosperity, the clergyman left us to pursue our solitary way.

"My husband now informed me that I must

remain during the day at a lonely cottage, which stood on the edge of the heath, until the evening, when he should bring a travelling carriage to convey me to my distant home. I did not much like this arrangement, but was under the necessity of complying with it. An hour's walk brought us to the place. Armyn entered the rude cabin without knocking, but bade me remain without until he had informed the woman of the house of my arrival. A quarter of an hour at least elapsed before he again appeared, and I had ample leisure to *reconnoître* the abode which I was to occupy for the next six hours at least.

"It was a miserable mud cabin, with a door in the centre, flanked by two small windows of diamond glass. Many of the panes were broken, and their places supplied with scraps of old newspapers, coarsely pasted over the apertures. The roof was old and broken, and black with moss, while patches of groundsell and other rank weeds grew from the damp, rotting thatch. A cat was dozing upon the roof, and a flock of pert sparrows were perched upon the rickety chimney, chattering defiance at the demure mouser as she opened first one then the other of her green eyes, and scanned them with a ferocious glance. A snarling, waspish cur, poked his long, ugly face, from out a ruined shed at the back of the cottage, and barked at me with all his might. I felt cold, wretched, heart-sick, and longed for solitude, and a place where I might weep freely. A thousand gloomy misgivings flitted continually through my mind; and but for shame I would have returned to the home I had abandoned. The door of the cottage at length unclosed, and my husband, attended by a middle aged woman, appeared.

"This is my wife, Mrs. Pack, will you allow her to remain with you until my return?"

"Oh! certainly," she replied, regarding me all the while with an inquisitive stare. "Pray walk in, Miss." I thanked her, and turning to Armyn, said:

"Do not be long away—I shall feel so low spirited during your absence."

"I will be back as soon as possible, Jane. Our wedding was so sudden that I have many things to arrange before our departure. Keep up your heart; this good woman will do her best to entertain you till night—adieu!"

"He sprang away, and, bursting into tears, I entered the cabin. It was a long time before I could control my feelings sufficiently to take notice of what was passing around me, and when at length I dried my tears and raised my head, I found the mistress of the house standing before me with her arms on her sides, regarding me with

a mingled expression of pity and contempt. I felt the color rush into my face, and I asked her in a broken voice for a glass of water.

"'Glass!' quoth she, 'you forget, Miss, that you are in a poor body's house. A crockery cup is the daintiest vessel I can afford. But, dear heart, you look so miserable, that I had better put a taste of brandy into the water—it will help to raise your spirits.'

"I felt so thoroughly wretched, that, unused as I was to touch strong drink of any kind, I did not refuse her offer, though I secretly wondered to find a beverage so costly in so poor a dwelling

"'Ah!' said the woman, as she took from my hand the empty cup. 'I dare say you are surprised at my being able to give you brandy. But there are secrets you know in all houses—we come by it cheap enough. But what is the use of your taking on in this way. If you have made a foolish match of it, you know, Miss, it can't be helped now. It is a pity that he is such a bad, wild fellow; but a good wife may change him—there is no knowing.'

"Do you know anything against my husband's character?" said I, arousing myself at this speech, and looking anxiously in her face.

"I know no good," said she; "but the least said, you know, the soonest mended. He has been lodging here for two months past, but we had no idea, Miss Woodley, that he was arter you. How did your brother approve of the match? I should have thought he was too proud to give his consent to your marrying a wandering vagabond like him."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Pack, by such expressions as these?" said I, rising. "I insist upon knowing, or I shall consider that you speak in this disrespectful manner on purpose to insult me, and force me to quit your house. My husband is a gentleman. He has the appearance of one, and he has received the education of one, and I will not stay here to hear him abused."

"Don't be angry, Miss—I don't wish to offend you; but pray, can you tell us who he is?"

"This question was indeed perplexing. I looked foolishly up at the woman, and she looked sarcastically down upon me.

"He is a handsome man—there's no denying that—and beauty is a very enticing thing, Miss—and he has his wits about him, and is clever enough; but respectable gentlemen don't herd with poachers and smugglers, and the like o' them, for diversion's sake, nor spend their nights in gambling at low ale-houses. Ah! Miss Jane, I lived servant with your poor mother that's dead and gone, for four years, and I never thought

that her daughter would fall into such a snare. She had enough of matrimony too, though she did marry the man she loved, and with the consent of the old man her father. But with all her sorrows, and she had a many, her life was a pleasant one compared with the life which I am sure you will lead. Now take my advice,' she said, drawing nearer, and laying her hand on mine, 'for I really wish you well. Get up and go home to your brother, and leave this fellow while you have it in your power.'

"Oh! no, no! I cannot do it. I dare not do it!" I cried, bursting into a fresh paroxysm of tears. 'I am in his power.'

"Then the Lord have mercy upon you," said the woman. 'But hush—here comes my man. Pluck up your spirits, and don't let on that I told you anything against your husband.'

As she finished speaking, a dark, ill-looking man, with a most forbidding aspect, entered the hovel, and flinging down a sack from his shoulder upon the floor, exclaimed in a gruff voice:

"No luck, Nancy. I believe these pheasants know me, and keep out of the reach of brown Bess. There's one hare and a rabbit; be quick and cook them, for I am *very* hungry.'

The woman glanced significantly at her husband, and then at me.

"Servant, young woman," he said; 'I suppose you have no objection to a bit of game?'

"I am not hungry," I replied mechanically.

"This, George, is Ardyn Redgrave's wife," said the woman; 'he has left her here till night.'

"The devil it is! Well I tell you what, Nancy, she has got a game husband. Don't cry, my dear!"

"And the odious wretch turned towards me with a knowing grin:

"I think he should have married you three months ago.'

If anything was needed to complete my utter wretchedness, this brutal speech would have done it. I rose and tried to reach the door; but in the act of doing so, I staggered and fell to the ground, and remember nothing more until aroused to recollection by the deafening peals of thunder that burst in quick succession over our head, and shook the miserable hut to its foundation.

(To be continued.)

TO MY BEAUTIFUL BOY, DEAD.

BY MRS. L. A. S. WAKEFIELD.

And is it thus?—Can this be death?—
Naught wanting, but the gentlest breath
To warm thee.—In this beauteous face,
So sweet, so placid, I can trace
No sign of Earth's dread king's caress;
Some holy Cherub came to bless
And take thee home.—The lips apart
Seem fresh with warm blood from the heart.
These eyes half open, are so bright,
They cannot want their heavenly light;—
So calmly lying, that it seems,
Thy sleep were haunted by sweet dreams.
Beautiful form of human mould;
But, Oh! so cold! so dreadful cold!—
It must be death: And can it be,
I ne'er again may pray for thee—
My son, my all, my sainted dove,
The object of my heart's best love?—
Oh! how my bursting eye-balls burn,
My writhing, rending heart-strings yearn.—
But no:—thy cheek may ne'er be pressed
Again unto my longing breast:
My aching bosom has no prayer,
Save one, for death and heaven; that where
Thou art, I quick may come—where pain,
And parting, ne'er shall come again.

THE THREE GENII.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

There came a maiden fair and graceful,
Like a rose in summer's prime—
With fawn-like form, and floating tresses,
In that sweet early time,
When life like a fairy vision seems,
And the eye is soft with the light of dreams.
Upon a golden day of summer,
When fervid grew the noon,
Within a dim, delightful arbour,
She sought a sheltering boon;
Where winds that fanned the foliage round her,
In fancy's spells, like music bound her.
And then as slumber's pinions fanned her,
She thought three Genii flew
Beside her down, with voices falling,
Soft as a shower of dew—
"Memory, Hope, and Love are we,
That come, sweet maid, with gifts for thee!"
"Be mine," said Hope, "this silver anchor,
Where safely thou shalt lean,
Amid the storms of life, and sorrows
That cloud its fitful scene,
Its blighted aims, its altering love—
And turn its wearied eyes above."
"And mine," the voice of Memory whispered,
"Shall be this urn of gold,
Where each delightful thing thou'lt treasure—
Sweet thoughts and joys untold,
And early friendship's lingering rays—
To brighten all thy future days."
"And I!" quoth Love; "this boon shall render!"
And he laughed aloud for glee,
And a diamond pointed shaft towards her
He sent unerringly;
But oh! the wound that did befall,
It was the sweetest gift of all!

THE SHARK,

A RECOLLECTION OF THE WEST INDIES.

RY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

"But ah!—a shark bit through his waist,
His heart's blood dyed the main."

BRYAN AND PEREENE.

LORD BYRON has sung so often and so well of the splendours of Italy and Greece, that every village *bas bleu* and library lounge has learnt to prate of "Egean waves" and "Adrian gondoliers," and though, I believe, his descriptions are as creditable as they are delightful, yet I must lament that his lordship had never been in the West Indies, or the beauties of the Occident would at least have shared his eulogium. He had never seen the sun setting on the blue mountains of Jamaica—rising like pyramids of opal, and gleaming with a thousand prismatic hues. He had never beheld its meridian glories sleeping upon the waveless bosom of the Caribbean sea, nor heard the wild choral songs of the turtles and manati-men, converted by the elysian softness of the land winds into the most fairy-like harmony; and though

"I ply but vainly on a broken string,"

I have at least the advantage of him in this respect. I have seen and heard both.

Of the places in the West Indies to which the varied excursions of the coasting trader may lead him, that of the gulf or inlet of Dulce, on the southern extremity of the peninsula of Yucatan, is, in every point of romantic loveliness, perhaps the most delightful. Seldom frequented, but for the purpose of inland smuggling, or log wood cutting, it presents a scene as lonely and silent as in the era of early discovery might have greeted the galleons of Alvarado and Columbus. Sometimes after scudding in a "vein of wind," as the currents are termed that prevail in those latitudes, threading the delicate windings of the inlet, like a bird upon the wing—through sounds so narrow that the cocoa-trees and palmettos that sentinel the shores are hustled and disturbed in the passage—you are bluffed up in a dead calm in the very centre of an amphitheatre of hills, clothed to their summits with luxuriant foliage, and reflected, as in a mirror, by waters as blue and translucent as the skies that hang over them. John Martin might have been *clairvoyant* of such a paradise when he dreamt of his "Naiad's Isle," or the "Temptation," for such a scene

could only have been present to the gloomy painter in his most serene and cloudless mood.

I was overtaken, during one of the last voyages of the *Mayflower*, in such place as I have described, by one of those breathless calms that are common to the last month of the dry season. The sun had declined below the superior heights, but a flood of radiance still lingered like a diadem around them, and poured lavishly through the divisions of the lower hills upon the waveless surface of the waters, affording the most fairy-like contrast of light and shade. The anchorage where we lay was "glassed in light," and the little vessel seemed like a white-winged albatross sleeping in middle air; but the shores had already darkened into a dreamy purple hue, and even the most prominent features were growing shapeless and indistinct. The fireflies were sailing across the gulf with their topaz-coloured lights, like troupes of elves, and here and there were glimpses of gypsy fires to be traced by their white winding smoke, seen flickering through the bush as the evening deepened. I had two Spanish passengers on board—as silent and unsocial as if they had supped with Trophonius—who had purchased largely at Honduras, of Sheffield and Manchester goods, and engaged me to carry them up the gulf, as far as Moodian Landing—the terminus of an Indian byroad, much used for the contraband trade—in order to evade the harbour dues of Omoa. They regarded our delay with every manifestation of impatience and dismay, and besought the aid of every saint that rose to their memory, or could be numbered on their chaplets. Night closed in, however, and the schooner floated like a log; nothing seemed stirring but the tame marmoset that was still sporting in the shrouds, as if invulnerable, either to drowsiness or fatigue, and the senores sulkily resisted every attempt I made to comfort them under their disappointment. One of them took up his guitar and played, thus affording a little music to the blue devils, while the other stretched himself out, as if for sleep, on his bales and packages; and I, after idly pacing the quarter deck,

whistling for a breeze, leant silently down upon the companion in deep and sad meditation. What was I dreaming of in those far foreign lands, in that lonely ship, surrounded by high dark hills? It was of a distant fireside, and of those happy reckless hours, when, with all the sanguine confidence of boyhood, I flung my arms around the neck of my widowed parent, and cried, "Mother, I will be a sailor and make a fortune for you;" and then I remembered the melancholy but truthful foreboding that was ever contained in her reply: "The steed will be gone ere the grass is grown,"—and I laughed in bitterness of heart over all my wild hopes and childish calculations.

I was aroused from my reverie by the approach of Andersen, a Norwegian, the mate of the schooner, and the only white man on board, besides the Spaniards and myself. He had been long in those latitudes, but whether through habits of partiality or indolence, though fully competent in most points of navigation, had never sought to better his condition. He was also high in the confidence of his employers, and I had many reasons to value his integrity and his courage. To see him as he loomed up between me and the dusky sky, his stature appeared gigantic; it was indeed over six feet—a broad bony structure that promised little activity—yet he could ascend the rattlings upon occasion with the speed of a monkey, and beat double time in a fandango with all the nimbleness if not all the grace of a Spaniard. He was a genuine sailor, with all the reckless hardihood and superstition of his kind—a ghost seer in the most ample sense of the word, and a devout believer in Lapland witches—the doom of Vanderdecken—the sea-serpent and the kraken. He had even ventured to hint mysteriously at a *liason* with a mermaid, but it was only with the fresh hands and the darkies that he carried his audacity so far; and he never went to sea without an eelskin round his wrist, and a cawl in his tobacco pouch. His hair, excepting the beard and whiskers, was very scant, and as crisp and bleached-like as Iceland moss, and his face, besides the determined pucker of a tobacco-chewer, was as bronzed and weather-worn as that of Belzoni's mummy, "*et voila mon oncle*." He remained a few moments in an attitude of hesitation, as if he was debating within himself upon a subject which was difficult to introduce; at last he rallied into an effort, and a short dialogue something like the following passed between us:—

"Skipper, d'ye see, I had a d—d ugly dream last night."

"Aye?"

"Aye, and 'twas all about sharks."

"Out with it; I see that's what you want."

"No, I don't, but shiver me if there aint one beating about the bows now. What d'ye think of that?"

And here he smote his brawny thigh as if he had delivered a clincher.

"Nothing; are you afraid 'twill swallow the ship?"

"No, but I believe 'twill swallow some one aboard on her. I tell you, skipper, it's fate to some of us; I never saw it fail. Many a likely lad have I seen take to his hammock, who was as merry and full of fun as one of Mother Carey's chicks before the shark hove up in our dead water; and as often have I seen them turned over into Davy Jones' locker with a twenty pounder at their feet. To be sure, its all one—as well feed sharks as landcrabs—as well lie in a shark's belly as in a doctor's rum-puncheon; but I cannot fancy this crazy hulk being hashed to mince meat by the grinders of those sea-devils; no, I wouldn't like to bring up my log in that fashion. After all my wanderings, I would fain make my last anchorage under some green tree or other, where the sun might sometimes shine upon my grave."

I rose and went forward. The sea was like molten lead, and rippled against the hull of the schooner with a stilly trickling sound. Nothing is so soothing, and withal so imposing, as night on the ocean; all the surrounding objects seem to assume a shadowy and spectral character, which impresses the sailor with a sensation of awe that is seldom otherwise excited. I know not whether it was owing to the superstitious prognostications of the Norseman, or my own previous melancholy reflections, but I felt myself on this evening, dark and breathless as it was, feelingly alive to such an influence. I leant over the taffrail, which was already lined by the crew, and there, as Andersen had stated, was the watchful monster winding lazily to and fro in the inky waters, like a long meteor, sometimes rising till his nose disturbed the surface, and a low gurgling sound, like a deep breath, rose through the breaker, at others resting motionless as the ship itself, as if listening to the murmur of our voices and thirsting for our blood. Andersen, who was the idol of the black people, had readily impressed them with his own notions, and they hung over the bulwarks in attitudes of fear, and perplexity; and with voices chilled to a whisper, At last, Prince, a little lively negro—the cook, steward, and cabin boy of the vessel, and the very *prince* of jackals and providers, thrust his woolly head out of the caboose, and dispelled the

silence by a laughing proposal to catch the fish. His suggestion was not very favourably received in the present humour of his shipmates; but as he merrily maintained his ability to conquer the enemy, I offered him the use of the fishing lines and harpoons. Prince grinned and shook his head. "No, no, skippah, you no savez, massa shark 'spect to be treat in de mos pilatess manna. Me, massa Prince, gib massa shark berry nice hot suppa for *nyam* (eat)."

And he forthwith commenced his operations, while the crew gathered curiously but doubtingly around him. They were simply to heat a firebrick in the stove, wrap it up in some greasy cloths, and toss it hastily overboard in the vicinity of the shark; nothing surely could have been more ludicrous or more unpromising; but the effect was triumphant and instantaneous. The shark darted after the hissing prey, with the velocity of wind, and gorged it in a moment. Almost immediately his uneasy movements discovered the success of the experiment. His gleaming body darted hither and thither in his increasing agony, like forked lightning; sometimes lashing the water in his fury so that the spray was carried over the taffrail where we were standing, and sometimes rushing blindly against our hull, as if stupefied with torture. Prince whooped and screamed with extacy, and hurrying up to the surly Spaniards, who stood very low in his good graces, congratulated them with laughing irony, on the prospect of "fresh fish for supper." They had not taken the slightest interest in our proceedings, and this to Prince was the perfection of envy and injustice; it was like disputing his laurels. We had not the satisfaction we desired in the capture of our victim; his violence was soon subdued by the approach of death; gradually turning up his white belly to the surface, we beheld his last throes; and at last he yielded to the current, which was gradually carrying the swollen body unresistingly to the beach. A breeze soon after sprung up; every gloomy foreboding was at once banished by the crew, and the Spaniards restored to good humour by the prospect of speedily attaining the end of their voyage, suffered the whining condolence of Prince upon the loss of the "fresh fish," to pass without resentment, or at least without reply. Andersen was terribly crest-fallen at the result of his prediction, and perceiving him reclining sulkily upon the sparemast, I could not resist the inclination to tease him a little by recurring to the incident.

"Mate, which of the hands do you think the shark had its eye upon?"

He winced a little, but replied in a serious

tone as if resolved not to be jeered out of his belief:

"Belay, belay, skipper. When you have sailed the salt seas as long as I have done, you will know that a shark never scuds in the wake of a ship, but as the messenger of ill-luck. Skipper, I know a story of a shark, a fearful, bloody story, and one that haunts my memory night and day, sleeping and waking. Once when I was off-ship in Vera Cruz, where I had been thrown upon my beam-ends by the vomito prieta, and was lounging about, like another Lazarus, without a picayune to buy me a tortillia, or a blanket to cover me when I slunk away to sleep, like a homeless dog, in the corner of some coraal or other, I made an acquaintance with one of the wharf-rats or leperos of the Moletta, a vagabond as reckless, as desperate, and as miserable as myself. Perhaps it was a similarity of fortune that drew us together. However I fared the better for it, for as he pilfered with the dexterity of a monkey, I was never at a loss for a few reales to stay my hunger. For a half-blood he was generous enough, but he never did a favour, without extorting a dozen in return. He had been a soldier, and had served under Morillo with the old Spanish legion, and could tell long stories of burnings and bush-fighting, and matters that I had never seen nor heard of before. He had also been a pearl-diver, and was noted for the boldness and success of his adventures; but he made free with some of his comrade's sequins, a crime more heinous than murder, and never to be forgiven by that scrupulous fraternity, who care not a maravedi what spoil is made of another's goods so that theirs is inviolable; so my amigo was brutally expelled, and a mark of infamy set upon him. By a little timely sympathy for such injustice, for misery had changed the colour of my heart, and the thought of old Norway was banished like a spectre, I found it easy enough to establish a friendship with this *birbone*, who shared with me his hammock and his puchero. One night, a growling stormy night it was, we were sitting alone in his hut, over the sleepy light of a mangrove fire, when José, that was his name,—but like all Spaniards, he had as many at the back of it, as might serve for the progeny of Methuselah,—when José, looking at me with a serious and stedfast eye, said abruptly:

"Hermano, I am going to put my life into your hands, to tell you a secret worth ten thousand barias of gold; but you are a brave man, I know it, and will not betray me. You do not go to the altar, brother, nor to confession,—your priest, Don Luther, has forbidden it,—I do; but it is not

to pray to the Virgin, brother, but to the devil, to the father of all cheats, to teach me to circumvent those cunning priests, and gain possession of their treasures. Hush! you think I speak wildly. Listen, for a whole moon, I knelt, from dawn till dusk, before the great altar of Nuestra Senora, the very pavement was worn into hollows by my bare knees. The officials extolled my piety, and celebrated my penance; but was such the absolution I sought? No, Hermano, I never knelt before the golden censers, the candlesticks, and the gorgeous trappings of the altar, but I wished to tear them down. Two negroes assisted me, and I did it. Madre de Dios! such commotion as it made in the town; the people seemed to have made a vow to talk of nothing else, and the padres yelled as if it were dooms-day. The poor blacks yelled, too, for they were speedily suspected, and expired under such tortures as could only be devised and executed by such agents of the fiend; but I had sworn them to secrecy by all the rites of Obeah, and they died with clenched teeth, and closed lips,—died and “made no sign!” Ha, ha! I am safe; my punishment is afar off. Hush! the treasure is buried among the rocks of an old fishing station, ten fathoms down. I alone know the spot; assist me in raising it to-night, and we will share it, take the first chance of escaping to New Orleans, and begin a new life.”

“I consented at once, for the devil is ever ready to take advantage of a man’s necessities, and, as I confessed before, skipper, honesty was a compass I had almost forgotten to steer by; perhaps, however, my concurrence appeared somewhat too prompt to be satisfactory, for José grasped my hand firmly, and looked into my face long and earnestly with his dark, gypsy-like eyes, as if he were reading my heart like the leaves of a book. He seemed satisfied, and we continued to discuss the matter in a low tone, till the midnight chimes sounded from the minster of the Remedios, and we could hear the long drawn cadence of the serenades, or night watch, as they commended the sleepers of the city to the Virgin of Guadalupe. José twisted his serape around him, and stealing along in the shadow of the houses we made with hasty strides for the Moletta. It was such a night as might have been chosen for such an expedition, black, clouded and dreary; such a night as precedes and follows the ruthless hurricane. The sea too had an ominous murmur, like the growl of a hungry monster awaking from its sleep. We were not easily daunted, however, and my companion unfastening his doree, we put off fearlessly for the old fishing station. José’s experienced eye was not long in discover-

ing the repository of his treasure, though the night was dark as Erebus, and we could scarcely see a fathom ahead, save by the fitful lightning that at times shewed us the heavy black waves mounting round about us like Leviathans; the spray too was driving furiously since the wind rose. I looked at my companion as he bent forward to lay his paddle beside me. A streamer played over his face; it was as pale as death.

“Tis a wild night, shipmate,” said I.

“So much the better; wear up the doree while I strip.”

He flung his serape over me as he spoke, to shield me from the drift, and again cautioning me to bear up against the current, and keep near the spot, he crossed himself, and dropped heavily but quietly into the water. I thought I heard a cry as he descended, and my anxiety began to take the shape of fear. I feared he had stunned himself against a sunken rock; but in a few moments he rose again, though he seemed to lie inert and helpless on the water, his bare arms heaving idly with the billows. I called to him, but he returned no answer. Pale with fear, I paddled to where the light had shown me his floating body, and seizing it by the shoulder, with a strong effort I dragged it into the boat. As I did so, blood-warm blood spouted over my breast and knees. I uttered a yell of horror, and let my load drop heavily at my feet. It was a headless trunk! The jaws of a shark had anticipated man’s justice—the earthly punishment of the ill-fated and guilty José had only been protracted, not repealed!”

SPRING.

BY MRS. L. A. S. WAKEFIELD.

The gay, the merry, the beautiful spring
Has a gladsome voice in everything:
The bees and the birds, a joyous throng,
With cheery tidings, exult in song.
The opening bud, and the blushing flower,
The fresh’ning green of the leafy bower.
Seem touched by the spell of freedom’s power.
The gay, the merry, the beautiful spring,
It touches the heart, and thrills each string,
Awakening thoughts of days gone by
When hopes were brightest, and loved ones nigh.
Once more wild fancy resumes her reign,
I breathe the air of my native plain,
And sit at my childhood’s hearth again,
Or listen the sounds of noisy mirth,
And bound again o’er the soft green earth;
Then wade the streamlet, then climb the hill,
And bring from the rocks the echo shrill,—
But these days are passed, and in their stead
We’ve an aching heart, and a weary head:—
This of earth’s cares is the final mead.

VASCO DE GAMA.

BY T. D. F.

"With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant laboring round the stormy Cape."

It was a dark and tempestuous night. Clouds were heaped on clouds, the wind howled, the waves rose mountain high, and all was lowering and fearful, when four small ships were seen scudding with bare poles before the tempest,—no land in sight—they the only moving things on the world of waters and of darkness. The watch had been set on board these frail barques, and they moved fearlessly on their destined track, though seemingly all unable to contend with the storm which racked their joints, and whistled threateningly through their spars. In the largest of the four vessels, at whose mast-head floated, even in the night, the small ensign which marked it as the commandant's ship, were collected on this night of storms, a knot of swarthy, weather-beaten men, who, with low voices, almost smothered by the gale, were debating on some subject apparently of deep interest.

"I tell you, Pietro," said one of them, "we shall never see home again, if we go on much further with the captain. Here we have been tossing about in unknown seas, and land we have not seen for many weeks."

"Yes!" interrupted one of the others; "who ever heard of sailing away from land before? The only safe way, all the old commanders say, is to keep close in shore; but we have stretched forth till we have got where there is nothing but tempests, and still the captain cares not, but looks all the time at those maps and charts, as he calls them, which know nothing, and trusts altogether to them and the compass box. He has got us now where there is no bottom to the sea, and if we should chance to go to pieces in the storm, no hope of being saved."

"I for one," said Miguel, the first speaker, "am determined to follow no longer, and if you, Fernando, and Pietro, will stand by me, we will force the captain to return, or put another in his place. All the sailors are dissatisfied, and if we rise will join us."

"But," said Pietro, "our captain is good and kind to us; he is noble and brave, and shares all our danger; besides, he only will know how to get us home. Had we not better trust him a little longer?"

"Peace, fool!" said Miguel, angrily; "you are always for delay. I wish you had never known anything about it; I distrust you. You have not courage enough for a bold attempt."

"I do not fear, Miguel; my comrades know I can face the fire of the enemy without flinching, and you know I can dive into the waters for a friend; but I cannot be treacherous. I am homesick and heart-sick, but I love the captain, and think he has the worst of the trouble. I would rather serve him faithfully a little longer than turn upon him."

"I have given up to you before, Pietro, but I tell you I will not again. Before two days the prow of our vessel shall be turned homeward—by fair means if possible, if not, by force. I swear it! Holy Maria! heard you ever such a tempest? and our captain, kind though you call him, Pietro, sleeps quietly, while we keep watch on this fearful night."

As he spoke a heavy step was heard, and the plotters started back, as a flash of lightning showed them their commander, almost in the midst of them.

"What do you here, my men? There are more than are needed on the watch."

"When the master sleeps it behoves the men to keep double guard," growled Miguel; "and what comfort have we on this shoreless ocean, but to herd together, and talk of those homes we shall never see, and of the watery grave, or the famine death, you seem to destine us for."

"Hold, Miguel! what mean you by these angry words? What do you suffer that I do not share? Have I not left a home as dear to me as yours? Do I take any luxuries or comforts forbidden to you? This is unworthy of you, who have always been so faithful; but I forgive it: this dark night will excuse some complainings, but I trust it will herald a brighter dawn than has yet greeted us. Call now the other watch, the night requires all our care; and instead of thinking of your hardships, remember the glorious reward which will await you when we return to our beloved homes, laden with the treasures of the new kingdom, which will reward our enterprise!"

The men sulkily turned away, unbrightened

by the alluring vision which their captain had held up to them. The splendid hopes had faded, which, in the early part of their voyage, they had conjured up of the glorious lands they hoped to discover—the Christian domains of Prester John, the report of whose magnificence had reached them in their far-off homes, and where they hoped to meet the welcome of brethren, and to establish those commercial relations which should place their country on a level with, if not above, the republics of Italy, which had so long monopolized the trade of the coast. But cold, anxiety, watching and fear, had dimmed the hope which at first burned so steadily in the breasts of these hardy mariners, tossed on an unknown ocean, far out of sight of land, with naught to guide them but the compass, that wonderful instrument, the new-found friend of the mariner, which they had hardly known long enough to trust. They were saddened, and ready to relinquish all hope of future gain, could they only once more return to their home and country. The captain had watched with deep anxiety, from day to day, the increase of this spirit of discontent, which he could but too plainly read in the bent brows, the heavy steps, and sullen replies of his men; but his own indomitable spirit was uncrushed, and each morning dawned with fresh hope upon him, but each night came with disappointment. By the calculations he had made during his voyage, he thought he could not be far from realizing his hopes; and the very storm which he was now encountering, convinced him that he was in that “sea of tempests” which drove back his predecessor, Bartholomew Diaz, ere half his purpose was accomplished.

The few words which the captain had heard on the evening on which our history commences, had alarmed him. Pietro and Miguel, he had trusted in, as the most faithful of his followers; and when he found they too were infected with the feeling of distrust, which had been so long silently expressed by the others, he trembled lest the fruits of his perseverance might be snatched from him, before he had time to pluck them; but he determined to keep a steady watch, and not to be surprised into any change of plan.

The storm continued to rage throughout the night and the following day, and the tossed barque made but little progress; fortunately, her companions kept pace with her, and the weariness was a little softened by the constant exchange of signals. At the close of the second day, the storm ceased, the wind died away, a heavy calm settled upon every thing—but all was still dark and hopeless. The very clouds seemed to brood over the unhappy vessel. The commander paced

the deck till long after midnight, looking in vain for some glimmering of light, some friendly star peeping forth from the night of darkness, to encourage him with its first beams, with the hope of a brighter morrow, but in vain. At last, wearied and exhausted, he retired to his cabin, and all on board the vessel was profound silence. Soon, however, two or three dark forms were seen emerging with stealthy steps from behind the ropes and bulwarks, where they had been ensconced. They met at the helm, held a short, whispered conference, and then proceeded towards the cabin. They opened the door, which was unfastened, and saw their commander sitting at a table, tracing his way upon some charts that lay before him. A pair of the rude pistols of the time, and a cutlass, were by him. As he heard the door open, he sprang up, seized one of the pistols, and cried:

“Stand! Come no nearer, or ye are dead men! What mean you by thus coming upon me at this hour?”

At his threatening words, the men shrank back for a moment, but Miguel was at their head, and he was not easily daunted.

“I tell you boldly, Captain, that we come for your life, or your promise to turn with tomorrow’s sun, to our homes; and we will not leave you without one or the other.”

“Miguel!” said the commander; “why do you stir up this disturbance? I am doing all I can for you; but I tell you I will never be forced to give up the glorious prospect before me, without a longer effort to accomplish it. But I am willing to concede so much,—that if in one week, with fair wind, we do not meet with land, I will alter my direction.”

“You have too long deceived us,” said Miguel; “the cry of ‘land ho!’ has been too often shouted in our night watches, for us again to trust you, and I repeat, unless you will promise us on the dawn of day to retrace your steps, we must and will put some one in your place who will do our bidding.”

“Never!” firmly said the captain.

“You have signed your own death warrant,” said the desperate sailor, and drawing a small knife from his belt, he sprang forward, but ere he could reach the captain, the loaded pistol was discharged with true aim, and he fell upon the floor, the life-blood gushing from his mutinous heart. His few followers looked aghast, and seemed at first to give way, but Fernando, uttering a cry of revenge, leapt over the body of his comrade, and seized the captain, who, snatching up the other pistol, levelled it at his new assailant, and fired. But it was faithless to its trust, and

frail chance had that noble captain, in the hands of the bold desperado; but fortunately for Portugal, and for *Vasco de Gama*—for he indeed it was—the report of the pistol had roused the sailors, and they came rushing up from their sleeping places, to find the cause of the disturbance. Pietro, who, from their fear of his betraying them, had not been trusted by the mutineers with their plans, was foremost, and as he dashed headlong into the cabin, from which his practised ear told him the sounds proceeded, he overturned one or two of the shrinking confederates of Fernando and Miguel, and at one glance saw his commander's danger. The pistol which had wounded Miguel was on the floor; seizing it, with a well aimed blow, he laid Fernando, who was still struggling with the captain, by the side of his dying companion.

All was confusion, till the calm voice of De Gama was heard bidding the sailors remove the bodies of the senseless men, and giving the necessary orders for the confinement of the two or three who had come to sanction this iniquitous attempt by their presence, though they had not the courage to aid their companions.

The ball had passed through Miguel's heart, and short shriving and short funeral service had he; he was borne out from the cabin; a heavy plunge was heard, and the waters received into their unquiet bosom the body of the traitorous sailor.

The morning dawned brightly, and no trace was seen in the vessel of the disturbance of the night. Another filled Miguel's place at the helm and on the yards; Fernando was hand-cuffed below, and all went quietly on in the caravel; but the day passed heavily; the sailors were alarmed and weary, the captain sad at the deferring of his hopes,—his charts told him he ought to have been long ere this at the "Tempest Cape," which Diaz, twenty years before, had discovered; and he began to fear he had trusted too implicitly to his compass, and had taken the wrong direction. He could not wonder at the discontent of his followers, for they were ignorant men, and could not understand the sources of his confidence; they were unused to anything but coasting along shore,—not one of them had ever before passed Cape Bojador, and now they had been many weeks out of sight of land. They knew, too, that their provisions were getting low, and there was no place to turn to for aid.

Long after the night watch was set, did Vasco de Gama walk the deck, trying to arrange his plans, praying with fervent and still hopeful heart, to Saint James, and all the saints in the calendar, for aid and counsel. The wind was favorable, and they were making rapid way

through the waste of waters. He stood leaning over the side of the vessel, now watching the stars in their silent but ceaseless course, which he, alas! could not comprehend,—for the Copernican light was but just dawning upon the world; the mighty master who unravelled the mazes of the planetary system, and confuted the long established Ptolemeian creed, was still a stripling loiterer in his native village of Thorne, all unconscious of the latent power within, which was to call down the curses of his own generation, but was at the same time to raise to him a never crumbling monument, on which each succeeding age should delight to heap its tribute of gratitude. As Vasco thus stood gazing upon the heavenly world, or straining his eyes in eager search of that land which never for one moment left his mind, he thought he saw at a distance the dim twinkling of a light; his heart beat quick, and he almost feared to breathe, lest he should lose it; at times it was gone, and then it would flash forth again, and each moment hope strengthened in his heart; soon he could distinguish what seemed a dark cloud rising up at the edge of the horizon. "What call you that, captain?" said a rough voice at his side.

Roused from his intent gaze, Vasco de Gama turned quickly round, and found his mate standing by his side, watching the dim distance.

"Thank God! it is land; say you not so, Diego?" and he grasped the rough hand of the sailor.

"I do believe this time we are not deceived; but perhaps it were better not to give the signal till morning's light records the truth, for it may be only an illusion, though Holy Mary forbid."

"It cannot, cannot be!" said De Gama; "the good God of Heaven would not so mock me; He has answered my prayers, and I vow to present a couple of golden candlesticks to the church of Santa Maria in Lines, as soon as I return to Portugal, in humble commemoration of this blessed hour, and the *light* which came to cheer my *darkness*."

Till dawn of day the two sailors watched the growing cloud, and with the first red streak of morning, the cheering sound of "land ahead!" uttered by the captain, and echoed by his mate, rang through the ship and summoned the sailors from their night's repose. As they rushed on deck and saw once more land before them, they dropped involuntarily upon their knees, and uttered a brief but heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving. None but those who have been tossed for weary weeks upon the ocean, hopeless and far from home, can estimate the feelings of these mariners.

By his charts Vasco de Gama soon made out

the land to be the southernmost part of Africa, which had never been visited but once before by an European vessel. In 1446, Bartholomew Diaz anchored in its bay, and from encountering a severe storm, which almost wrecked him, he gave it the name of "*Cabo des Tormentos*," or the Cape of Storms; but this ill-omened appellation was exchanged by his master, John the Second, for that of the Cape of Good Hope, as indicating the fair prospect which this fortunate discovery opened to them of finding the rich realms beyond. But Diaz, wearied by his long voyage, did not prosecute it any further; he returned to tell of the new land he had taken possession of in the name of his sovereign, and carried with him, as an incentive to future voyagers, ivory, ostrich feathers, aloes and dried fruits, which he obtained from the natives in exchange for his own commodities. But valuable as these were, they proved no temptation to the Portuguese mariners; so great was their dread of encountering the unknown ocean, of losing sight of the land-marks which had hitherto guided them, and the fear of the belt of heat which they fancied girded the earth below the equator, that even the ardent and enthusiastic Prince Henry had been unable to stimulate them to attempt further discoveries. But the naval college he had established at Sagres, and his patronage of all men wise in nautical knowledge, had begun to dispel the mists of error which had so long enveloped the science; a great improvement had been made in maps and charts,—the astrolabe had been brought into use, and Vasco de Gama was now to reap the fruits of the foresight of the Prince, who, though dead, yet lived in the hearts of his people.

He died in 1473, his last days cheered by the knowledge of the discovery of Diaz, and full of hope that his beloved country would yet revel in the riches of the Indian world. He left a noble legacy of glorious deeds to his successors; and his very device, so different from those usually chosen by the cavaliers of his time, proves the strength and high aim of his character: "The talent to do good." If all princes would consider, as did Prince Henry, that the talent consisted in the *will* to do it, how much brighter would be the page of history!

The anchor of the caravel was soon cast in the bay, which Vasco named Saint Blais. It was a treacherous resting place, as it is deficient in every point that constitutes a good harbor; but the sky was clear,—no prospect of a storm. and the commandant felt he incurred no risk; and he was anxious to give his sailors the refreshment of a day on or near the shore. A boat was sent to land, and soon returned with fresh water,

pulse, wild grapes, and salted elephants' flesh. They were accompanied by several of the natives in little boats of palm-tree leaves. Camoëns in his *Luciads*, has thus described their picturesque appearance:

" Their garb, discovered as approaching nigh,
Was cotton, striped with many a gaudy dye;
'Twas one whole piece, beneath one arm confined,
The rest hung loose and fluttered with the wind.
All but one breast above the loins was bare,
And swelling turbans bound their jetty hair.
Their arms were bearded darts and faulchions broad,
And warlike music sounded as they rowed."

One of them only could speak a little Arabic, and from him Fernon Martinho, the interpreter of the fleet, gathered that not far distant was a country to which ships, in form and size like Gama's, frequently resorted.

Encouraged by this report, and determined to lose as little time as possible, but to proceed in search of the marvellous kingdom of the renowned Prester John, which he felt assured was the one designated by the natives, De Gama allowed his sailors only two days to recruit from their fatigues, but he permitted each one to feel the luxury of being on Terra Firma, and even the culprit Fernando received his freedom, as a jubilee celebration of their good fortune. Keeping on his course, he rounded the southern coast, and, standing a little off shore, passed through the channel of Mozambique, leaving the noble island of Madagascar on his right. He once more cast anchor at the town of Mozambique, which is situated on a small island of the same name, two miles from the coast.

Here he landed, and was received in state by Zacocia, the governor, dressed in rich embroidery, who, imagining the Portuguese to be Mahomedans from Morocco, hastened to welcome and congratulate him on his arrival in the East. But when he found his error, and that the strangers were worshippers of the hated Nazarene, and when he foresaw the consequences of the arrival of the Europeans, he determined, if possible, to prevent such formidable rivals from obtaining any settlement on the African coast; therefore, though still wearing the outward mask of kindness and hospitality, he laid a plan for the sudden surprisal of the little fleet. But accident discovered it to the wary admiral, and, indignant at the treachery of the Moors, he with his artillery and bombs, reduced their town,—which was mostly built of wood,—to ashes, and then hoisting sail, pursued his course.

He next dropped anchor at the town of Quiloa, which he had been led by the arts of Zacocia to believe was inhabited by Christians; but he soon found his error. Treachery was in wait for him,

and an abrupt departure alone saved him from a general attack. Wearied by these conflicts, De Gama began to fear he was to have too powerful enemies in that Eastern Ocean to contend with, and he almost determined not to trust himself to land again, till he was sure he had arrived at the great object of his ambition—India. But a few days after he left Quiloa, he captured a vessel, from the captain of which he received such an account of the city of Melinda, that he bent his course to that port, trusting there to meet the true hospitality he so much needed.

The city of Melinda was situated on a verdant plain, surrounded with groves of orange and lemon trees, whose flowers diffused a delicious odour. It was a rich and beautiful town; the lofty palace of the king forming the centre, round which were clustered the houses of his officers;—they were built of stone, and stood in the midst of gardens filled with fruits, vegetables and flowers, and the whole place was marked by a much greater air of refinement than any of the African cities De Gama had yet seen. As soon as he arrived near the city, De Gama sent an embassy to the king, representing himself as the agent of an all-powerful sovereign, who would willingly enter into an alliance and commercial treaty with the King of Melinda. The embassy was most kindly received, and on its return to the ship was accompanied by the Prince, who sometimes governed under the directions of his father. He and the nobles who accompanied him were magnificently dressed, being robed in silk and embroidery, sparkling with gems; they were laden with gifts for De Gama, as a pledge of the friendship the king already felt for him; he came with ample powers to conclude a treaty, and requested that on the return of the fleet to Lisbon, they would carry an ambassador with them to the Court of the King of Portugal.

De Gama remained for a number of days at Melinda, winning by his kindness and courtesy the confidence of the inhabitants, who little thought the strangers they so hospitably entertained, were but the forerunners of conquerors who would claim, by a right they recognised not,—the "*ipse dixit*" of one man, of whose very existence the poor Melindians were ignorant,—the sovereignty of all the lands between their own far-distant country, and the Indian El Dorado they were in search of. Being furnished with an able pilot, who was conversant with those seas, and having received many a warning against trusting to the Moors, who had now the command of trade in the Indian Ocean, De Gama, on the 22d of April, once more weighed anchor. In a few days they crossed the line, and it was with

unbounded ecstasy that the Portuguese beheld once more their native sky, and gazed enraptured on the "unchanging constellation of the north," the Ursa Major, belted Orion, and the mourning Pleiades, which were reflected even as they looked in the waters of their own loved Tagus. It was a dearer sight to them than all the riches of India, and brought, even to those toil-worn sailors, thronging recollections of home, of aged parents, anxious wives, blooming boys, and all the comforts of home,—whom no class of men cherish more fondly than the wandering sailor, who, in all his roivings, is true to that Pole star.

They passed among the rich isles of the Indian Ocean; the "Amirantes," and the Moldivians, where the spicy gales induced them to stop. But De Gama was too impatient to reach his destined port, and he sped onward with crowded sail till he found himself on the coast of Malabar, within two leagues of Calicut, the magnificent capital of the Zamarians, from Goa to Cochin. Seringapatam has now taken the place in importance and wealth which Calicut held at the time of the Portuguese landing; and the modern traveller can form but a slight estimate of the magnificence of this royal city, as it first greeted the eyes of Vasco de Gama, and repaid him by the sight of its rich treasures for his weary voyage. Although in many things it fell short of the splendor he anticipated in the oriental kingdom,—inasmuch as the houses were not built with gold and porphyry, inlaid with precious stones, nor the streets paved with jasper and onyx,—there was sufficient proof everywhere of the abundant wealth of the country. De Gama thought, on his first arrival, he had found the renowned kingdom of Prester John, that Christian monarch who was supposed to rule the Eastern world, whose fame had spread far and wide, and whose shadowy world was fabled to contain all that was magnificent and beautiful; but in vain did Vasco look for the cross which was said to be the insignia of this potentate; instead of it, images of Boodh, with his short and crisped hair, filled the pagoda-like temples, and the devotees of his faith, so much more rational than that of his rival Bramah, were seen paying their homage by the most severe penances in all parts of the town.

The beauty of the country filled the Portuguese with wonder and admiration; they had been but little accustomed to tropical landscapes, the distinguishing feature of which is the multitude of noble trees—the queens of the forest world,—the lofty cocoa, the stately palms of various kinds,—the most beautiful of which, the greater fan palm (*cory plua umbraculifera*)—abounds on the Mala-

bar coast and the mountains of the Carnatic,—the cotton tree, which rises with a thorny trunk eighteen feet in circumference, to the height of fifty feet, and then throws out numerous boughs, adorned in the rainy season with large purple blossoms,—these succeeded by capsules of fine cotton. These were new things for the eyes of the weary mariners, and it was with joyful hearts they landed on this ground, which they already claimed as their own by the gift of the Pope, who had guaranteed to their nation all the countries they should discover beyond the Cape of Good Hope.

As soon as the Zamarin was informed of this strange fleet in his harbor of Calicut, and understood that they came as the envoys of a powerful monarch, he sent his Catual, or prime minister, with a suitable retinue, to bring the commander of the fleet to his palace of Pandaune, which was two miles from Calicut. As an interview with the king was absolutely necessary to complete the purpose of his voyage, De Gama acceded to it, though the treachery he had experienced in the eastern seas, and what he had gathered of the Zamarin, made him feel that he hazarded personal safety. Leaving the strictest orders with his brother, whom he left commandant, to keep the most guarded watch, that he might not be surprised, he chose twelve men as his attendants, to accompany him to the court of India.

As soon as they landed, he and the Catual were carried in great pomp in palanquins on men's shoulders to the chief temple, and thence amidst immense crowds to the royal palace.

The apartment and dress of the Zamarin were such as might be expected from the luxury and wealth of India.

"The tapestried walls with gold were pictured o'er,
And flowery velvet spread the marble floor;
In all the grandeur of the Indian state,
High on a blazing couch the monarch sat;
With starry gems the purple curtains shined,
And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined
Around the silver pillars; high o'erhead
The golden canopy its radiance shed;
Of cloth of gold the sovereign's mantle shone,
And his high turban flamed with precious stone."

The chief Brahmin, a venerable old man, presented De Gama to the Emperor, who welcomed him by a gentle nod, and appointed him to sit on one of the steps of his sofa, and then demanded his embassy.

The admiral then set forth the power of his sovereign Emanuel, and the desire he had to enter into an alliance with so great a prince as the Zamarin,—pointing out the advantages of such a treaty; to all of which the king listened with much apparent interest; and when De Gama had

concluded, he professed his willingness to enter into a friendly alliance with his monarch.

He then ordered the Catual to see that proper apartments were provided for the Portuguese commander in his palace, and having promised him another conference, dismissed him with every appearance of sincerity. The character of this monarch is strongly marked in the history of Portuguese Asia. Avarice was his ruling passion; he was haughty or mean, timid or bold, wavering or resolute, as his interest prompted. He was pleased with the prospect of obtaining the commerce of Europe, but he feared to act, lest he should incur the displeasure of the Moors, from whom he derived the greatest portion of his immense income.

Wishing to ascertain as much as possible of the country, Vasco, accompanied by the Catual, made many excursions into it; visited Ceylon, that happy island, which was supposed by many of the Hindoos and Mahomedans to have been the birth-place of the parents of the generations of the world; and to the surprise of the Portuguese navigator, he found the names given to the different parts of the Island, such as to indicate that tradition had for a long time assigned it as the Garden of Eden, the Paradise of the first man. The natural rocky bridge which connects it to the main land, was called "Adam's Bridge," and it needed but a little exercise of the imaginative power so universally possessed in that semi-enlightened age, to fancy the angel with the flaming sword standing on it, waving off the suffering and unhappy pair, as they turned with lingering glances towards their happy home. The lofty mountain which rises in its midst, and is visible from all parts of the island, bears the name of Adam's Peak; and there is also a large sepulchre hewn in the solid rock, called "Abel's Tomb." Most singular is it, that in a land consecrated to the worship of Boodh, such proof should be found that the true God was once known, and that the history of the first created beings is preserved on the very face of the country! The island is not only rich in these its sacred and historical associations, but it abounds in rare metals and precious stones; the onyx, the bdelium, the ruby, the sapphire and topaz, are found in its capacious bosom; and gold—that commodity for which men sell their souls—sparkles in the sandy bottom of its streams, and is dug out of its mountain ridges.

The Zamarin was very willing to allow De Gama to amuse himself by visiting the coast, for, instigated by the Moors, he was maturing a plan for the destruction not only of the admiral, but of his whole fleet. From day to day he put off the

conference he had promised, and evaded any reply to De Gama's earnest entreaties, sent through the Catal, for an answer to his sovereign's proposal. Some circumstances at last awakened De Gama's suspicions, and they were soon confirmed by the report of a faithful Moor, named Mongaida, who, having acted as his interpreter, had become very much attached to him, and whose fidelity to the foreign admiral was not suspected by his own countrymen. By the aid of this faithful Moor, De Gama contrived to escape from his splendid prison before the dawn, and arriving at the shore, was taken on board his own vessel by one of the boats he had ordered to hover about the coast.

This was but the commencement of difficulties. Enraged by being thus eluded, the Zamarin seized the store ship, in which was a cargo of valuable goods, and put in irons those who had the charge of her. De Gama remonstrated through Mongaida at this treachery, but receiving no promise of compensation, he determined himself to use force. He therefore attacked a vessel in which were six negroes, or noblemen, with their servants, and took them all prisoners. He set ashore part of the servants to relate the tidings, and when there had been time for alarm, he hoisted his sails as if to proceed homeward. The city was in an uproar. The friends of the captives rushed to the palace, uttered loud complaints of the policy of the Moors, and so alarmed the weak prince that he sent a deputation after De Gama, entreating his return, promising to accede to all he should desire, and even requesting that an agent or consul should be left in the city to transact the business of the Portuguese. He sent also the goods he had seized, with some magnificent presents for the admiral and his sovereign. After some show of resistance to his entreaties, De Gama returned once more to his old station, and set the noblemen free, who were received with the utmost rejoicings by their friends.

The treacherous Zamarin was not to be trusted; he had privately sent orders to a fleet he had in the Gulf of Bengal to come and attack the admiral's ships. They were sixty vessels, full of armed men; and, confident in their numbers, they gathered about the Portuguese; but the tremendous fire-arms, with which they were but little acquainted, the bombs, shells, and destructive shot of the cannon, pouring in upon them, sinking and setting fire to their frail boats, so alarmed them that they prepared for flight, when a tempest came on which Gama's strong ships rode out in safety, while not one of the Indian fleet was left to tell the tale of woe.

Many months were thus passed by Vasco de

Gama in vain contentions with the Moors. At last, finding no hope of arriving at anything like a peaceful intercourse with them, and having obtained ample knowledge of the country, and specimens of its produce, he determined to return home with his report, knowing that Emanuel would not hesitate to send out a more powerful armament to obtain the control of Indian commerce. Accordingly, with his vessels freighted with the produce and riches of the country, cassia, tamarinds, gamboge, sandal wood, with diamonds from Golconda and Colore, gold from the Indus, pearls from Ormus, and specimens of the beautiful muslins, which have been so long celebrated, and which are still woven in the same primitive manner as centuries ago—the simple loom being placed under a tree in the morning and carried home in the evening—he set sail in March, 1499, for his far-distant home. On the twenty-sixth of April, he again doubled the Cape, which had indeed been one of *Good Hope* to him, and after experiencing the usual fortunes of mariners—many a favoring gale and many an adverse wind,—he found himself early in July, after an absence of two years, once more casting anchor at the mouth of the Tagus.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm and surprise caused by his arrival, as the word passed from street to street, from mouth to mouth, "Vasco de Gama has arrived!" gladdening many a heart that had long mourned in silence and sorrow for those whom it dared not hope ever to greet again. Eager were the inquiries as to where they had been, and what they had seen; but the commander felt himself bound to make his discoveries first known to his monarch, and he had imposed strict commands of silence upon his sailors. He had prepared despatches, with full charts, and most glowing descriptions of the places he had seen; and these, with the rarest specimens of the produce of the countries he had visited, he sent to King Emanuel, who was then fortunately at his court at Lisbon.

The marriage festivities of the young King and the Infanta of Spain had just been concluded; and though the persecution of the Jews, which the youthful Isabella's bigotry had exacted as the price of her fair hand, from her enamored lover, had cast something of a cloud over their bridal days, yet the sounds of rejoicing had not yet ceased; and now new kingdoms were to be laid at their feet—new lands for Isabella to christianize—vast riches to fill the coffers of Emanuel. This noble Prince had the good of his people and country nearest his heart. He had been very anxious for the success of various discoveries which had been attempted, and he had stimulated,

by every reward, Portuguese enterprize. The wonderful discovery recently made by Columbus, which had given to Spain a new world,—an El Dorado of unknown riches—had both aroused and mortified the Portuguese. They remembered that this same Columbus, a few years before, applied to their King, John the Second, for the little aid he required; and that had it been granted, the new world would have been theirs, instead of swelling as it now did the pride and pomp of their old rival. Profiting by this lesson, Emanuel determined to lose nothing more by refusing aid to those who were ready to seek new realms. The plan of finding a route to the East Indies, which should open to the Portuguese, that rich branch of commerce so long monopolized through the Moors by the Venetians, had been a cherished one ever since it was first suggested by Prince Henry; and now the enterprize of Vasco De Gama had opened to them more than they had dared to hope.

He was received with the greatest kindness by his monarch, and as Emanuel listened to his clear account of the countries he had visited; as he saw placed before him the spices and fruits of a tropical clime, the gems of an Indian world, he felt that he could not honor too much the bold navigator, who had dared unknown seas, and braved all perils to achieve this one great object. But fully repaid was the young commander for all the fatigues of his journey, by the gratitude of his king, who loaded him with favor, and proclaimed to the world "that this was the man he delighted to honor."

Immediate preparations were made for sending out another fleet to complete the conquest of India. Vasco De Gama was appointed to the command, with the title of the Admiral of the Eastern Seas, and an annual salary of three thousand ducats. With his fleet he succeeded in obtaining the control of all the principal ports, Calicut, Goa, Cochin, Dio, Ormuz, &c., and established the most prosperous factories and commercial relations. Albuquerque was appointed viceroy in Portuguese Asia, and his brief, but splendid career, would form a romance but little inferior to that of the glorious Cid; but his government was of short duration, lasting little more than five years. And yet in that time he had not only opened the treasures of the eastern world to the commerce of Portugal, but by the regulations of his humane and exalted policy, and the strictest distribution of justice, he secured its power on a basis which nothing but the discontinuance of his measures could subvert. He died, and one wail of lamentation was heard throughout India; the princes clothed themselves

in mourning as for a father, and for many succeeding years the people would gather about his tomb, to utter their complaints of the tyranny of their Portuguese masters, and to call upon his God to avenge them.

The viceroys who succeeded Albuquerque, with the exception of Stephen De Gama and Nunio, were cruel and treacherous. Caring only for their own aggrandizement, they trampled ruthlessly upon the people, and so alienated them that they were fully prepared to throw off the Portuguese yoke, when they could receive foreign aid to do so. Accident directed the attention of some Hollanders, about 1600, to the east; Hootman, a Dutch merchant, sailed for Asia, and finding the state of the country, planned a settlement there for his countrymen. This gave birth to the Dutch East India Company, an institution of deep commercial wisdom, the very reverse of the despotic anarchy of the Portuguese. The English soon followed the Dutch, and effected their important settlement; and the next century was to the baffled Portuguese a succession of skirmishes, contests with the natives and the new settlers, which ended in the entire destruction of its eastern kingdom; so that the flag which once commanded the entire commerce of Africa and Asia, from the straits of Gibraltar to the eastern side of Japan, now waves its melancholy folds only over the ports of Goa, Dio and Macao.

DON'T UPBRAID.

BY THE STRANGER.

Don't upbraid! don't upbraid,
Or would'st thou too, love, censure me?
Be not afraid, whate'er is said,
My love and hope, my life's in thee!
For this heart, which now thou see'st,
Rich in love and duty,
Could ne'er offend, nor wound the least,
Its own sweet orphan beauty.

Don't upbraid! don't upbraid,
This plaintive heart that breaks for thee;
The die is cast, life could not last,
Thus torn from love's own ecstasy;
But when in death I calm recline,
I ask it as a duty,—
Wilt thou then my wreath entwine,
My own sweet orphan beauty?

IDA BERESFORD; OR, THE CHILD OF FASHION.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER IV.

LUCY and her brother were up with the lark the following day, and after a long, pleasant ramble, were reposing themselves in the sitting room, when Ida sauntered in.

"Good morning!" exclaimed Lucy; "how are you, dear Ida?"

"'Tis to be hoped Miss Beresford's early rising may not injure her health;" interrupted Claude, somewhat mischievously.

Ida, scorning to reply, flung herself in Dr. Vernon's easy chair, with an air of superiority, which, whilst it slightly annoyed, at the same time highly amused him.

"Well, my young friends," observed the Doctor, who entered at the moment in quest of his gloves, "what are you going to do, to-day? The weather is beautiful, and you must commence to enjoy yourselves. You know, Claude's vacations are not very long, and you are all free to do what you like; no tasks or sewing for any one, till they have expired." And kindly patting Ida's smooth tresses, he passed out.

"Well, what are we to do with ourselves?" said Claude, gravely. "'Tis an important question; what do you vote for, Miss Beresford?"

"I vote for nothing," rejoined Ida, who had felt keenly hurt by his jesting disregard of her dignity.

"A most sensible vote, truly! Well, Lucy, what do you say?"

"Wait, wait," she gently replied, wishing to conciliate the higher powers, which she saw were on the verge of a rupture. "Dear Ida! tell us what you would like to do?"

"Yes, Miss Beresford," added Claude, with his natural politeness; "say whether you would rather walk or drive; Lucy and myself will be satisfied with your decision."

"I wish to do neither," was the peevish reply; "I'll remain at home."

"Then so be it," he gaily answered; and springing up, he drew Lucy towards the door, saying:

"Come, sister mine, we will have a pleasant ride together." But ere he left the room, he turned, and bowing with mock reverence to Ida, exclaimed: "Good morning, Miss Beresford! I

sincerely hope you may enjoy yourself doing nothing."

"Impertinence!" muttered Ida between her teeth; "he is a hundred times more unendurable than his silly, tiresome sister. But 'tis a relief to be left alone, if only for a few moments." Though such may have been her first opinion, she found ample leisure to change it; and becoming heartily sick of silence and solitude, she longed eagerly for their return. After a long, interminable hour, she heard the clatter of horses' hoofs; and shortly after, both, flushed with exercise and in the highest spirits, entered the room.

"Ah! dear Ida, what you have missed," warmly exclaimed Lucy; "we have had so much pleasure; I am sure you would have enjoyed yourself more with us, than sitting here alone."

"I think I am the best judge of that myself," was the ungracious reply.

"Oh! by all means," returned Claude, annoyed by her disagreeable manner to his sister, "you are certainly a better judge than Lucy of the pleasures of the *dolce far niente*; 'tis a species of happiness with which she is as yet unacquainted."

Ida's dark eye flashed, but she coldly said: "Thank you, Mr. Vernon; your sarcasm has more wit than good breeding; but you must forgive me if I am as yet sufficiently indiscriminating to prefer a quiet hour by myself, to an unmanageable horse, and a disagreeable companion."

"No apology is necessary, Miss Beresford, I but applaud your discrimination; and advise you by all means to adhere to your opinion, as it will be pleasanter for both parties."

This was unanswerable; and Ida with an angry brow, the true type of her inward thoughts, caught up a book, and soon became apparently absorbed in its contents.

"I must follow the fashion," exclaimed Claude, smiling, as he advanced to the table, to select a volume for perusal. In turning them over, Ida's landscape, which she had completed the evening of his arrival, met his view: "Beautiful! beautiful!" he warmly exclaimed, as he eagerly gazed upon it; "whose is this? Surely, my dear sister, it cannot be yours?"

"No," said Lucy, "'tis Ida's."

"Indeed!" he murmured, with an accent of deep surprise; and, turning to her, he exclaimed: "Forgive my late rude remarks, Miss Beresford; perhaps it is in such nothings as these that you employ the time that my sister and I spend roving through the fields. If so, I must say your choice does you credit."

"I was not occupied so to-day," returned the young lady, propitiated by his manifest admiration of her handiwork; "I completed that one some time since, and have not yet commenced another."

"Remember, my dear Ida, the promise you made, some time since, of making me a pretty sketch," said Lucy entreatingly; "do not think me selfish if I ask you to commence it now."

Yielding to her entreaties, and partly animated by the desire of shewing her proficiency in an accomplishment in which she most certainly excelled, she took up her pencil, and with Lucy on one side, and Claude on the other, commenced. Harmony was now completely restored, and when Mrs. Vernon entered the room, she found all three amicably conversing—whilst the accuracy and delicacy with which Ida employed her pencil, formed a theme of unceasing admiration to both her companions, but more especially to Claude, who was, himself, an admirer as well as proficient in the art. The next day, and the next, passed on tolerably quiet; but Claude began to grow weary of even the most brilliant talent for sketching, when unaccompanied by any other amiable qualities; whilst Ida, on her part, grew thoroughly tired of playing the agreeable, and controlling her temper, even as little as she had done. It was, therefore, in one of her old moods of ill temper, that she descended the stairs with Lucy, on the third morning after his arrival.

After breakfast, Dr. Vernon and his wife went out, saying "They would soon return;" Claude, who was standing at the window, looking out, exclaimed:

"'Tis a beautiful morning! Come, Lucy and Miss Beresford! we'll take a walk. I have discovered such a beautiful spot, a little distance from here."

"I do not intend profiting by your discoveries, this morning, Mr. Vernon; I shall remain in the house."

Lucy, who had joyfully seized her hat, stopped short at this declaration; but her brother, after a momentary glance of surprise at Ida, excited by this sudden and unprovoked change in her temper, exclaimed:

"Never mind, Lucy, we shall be company for each other, as we have often been before."

"Pleasant company, indeed!" said Ida, with a satirical smile.

"Sufficiently so to render it the only society we covet. Lucy, are you ready?"

"Wait, wait, dear Claude!" she imploringly rejoined! "do not speak so unkindly to Ida—Dear Ida, do come with us."

"No, I will not, Lucy; I have neither spirits nor wish to go, but if I might solicit a favour of you, the first I have ever asked, 'tis that you will remain with me to-day; will you?"

"Lucy, are you coming," said Claude impatiently;—more impatiently than he had ever addressed her in his life.

"Really, I do not know what to do," she replied, looking the picture of distress and embarrassment. "Ida wants me to stay, you wish me to go."

"Then, choose between your brother, and Miss Beresford; I little thought, Lucy, one short week ago, you would thus deliberate when I asked you to accompany me on a simple walk. But I know who to attribute it to."

"Yes!" exclaimed Ida; "and a short time ago, we had peace and happiness; but, 'tis true, we had no master spirit, then, ever endeavouring to bend us to his haughty will. Go, Lucy, you are a little fool to let him control you as he does; but you will regret it when too late."

This stung Claude to the quick, and he started to his feet; while his dark cheek flushed, and his eye shot forth a flashing light, that could vie with even Ida's lighting glances. But his usual politeness and good temper immediately regained the mastery; and struck by the absurdity of the scene, he burst into a hearty laugh. After freely indulging in his merriment, he turned to leave the apartment, saying, in a tone which, it must be confessed, was not quite as cordial and affectionate as usual:

"Good morning, Lucy; as you have chosen to remain with Miss Beresford, abide by your choice; I only regret having annoyed you by my importunities; however, it shall not occur again."

"Ah! Claude," said poor Lucy, bursting into tears, and flinging her arms around him, "do not be so unkind, so cruel!"

Unable to resist the appeal of a sister whom he so tenderly loved, he again seated himself, and drawing her gently towards him, endeavoured to soothe her; after a few seconds, Ida, who felt she was abandoned, condemned by both parties, exclaimed, with a contemptuous smile:

"This is really an affecting scene; 'tis almost too much for my nerves."

"'Tis a scene, Miss Beresford," said young Vernon, now thoroughly roused by the sight of his sister's tears, turning angrily towards her;

"that you have been but too instrumental in creating; but I have only to advise you for your own sake, not to provoke such a one again."

It was now Ida's turn to crimson with passion. A threat, a menace, from one who, in her proud heart, she looked on as immeasurably her inferior, whom she had expected to find the willing slave of her every whim. Measuring Claude with a glance of such concentrated anger and dislike, that he involuntarily shrank from it, she bitterly rejoined:

"Oh! you threaten me now; this alone was wanting to complete the insults you have heaped upon me. But you are right in doing so, else I might forget that I am but a wretched dependant on the bounty of your family. Say, Mr. Vernon, was not your last sentence intended to bring me to a proper sense of my dependance?"

"'Tis false! utterly false! rejoined Claude, his eye flashing fire, "and none but a heart cold and ungenerous as your own, could have entertained so base a supposition."

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Vernon entered. As the sounds of discord struck on her ear, she turned deadly pale, and for a moment stood, as if spell-bound. At length, in tones whose flutering accents betrayed her deep emotion, she murmured:

"My children! my children! what is this? Anger, unkindness, recriminations! Claude, answer! explain this painful scene,—a scene I hoped never to have witnessed in my own family."

For a moment, her son, ashamed and embarrassed, was silent; but he at length replied: "Ask Miss Beresford; she, who called it up, is best capable of explaining it."

Ida's only reply was a smile of bitter disdain; Mrs. Vernon looked from one to another, and pressed her hand to her brow, with an expression of deep pain; but then resumed, in accents of grave displeasure: "I insist, my son, on your answering my question. What has occasioned this unhappy, this disgraceful dispute, between you and one to whom you are bound to shew some slight consideration, as being under the protection of your own roof?"

"Her own pride and selfishness occasioned it," passionately replied Claude, stung by the implied censure contained in his mother's last words. "I know I have acted wrong in retorting as I have done, in outstepping the limits of politeness, of good feeling; but the provocation was too much for human endurance."

"Provocation!" interrupted Ida, speaking for the first time. "Provocation!" and a smile of bitter scorn curved her beautiful lip. "'Twas, indeed, bitter provocation to dare to assert my own

will in the simple choice of my pleasures,—to forget, even for one moment, that I am but a miserable dependant, permitted, through charity, to share the food at his table."

Claude was about to speak, but his mother silenced him by a slight gesture. Ida went on.

"Yes, Mrs. Vernon, I know and feel my many obligations to your family; obligations which the portionless orphan, the outcast, may never hope to repay; but still, pardon me if I say, that binding as these claims may be, they can never induce me to suffer ungrudgingly, insult and contempt."

Claude, unable to bear more, seized his hat and sprang from the apartment, bestowing on Ida, as he passed out, a look of such deep, such unutterable scorn, that it checked the tide of her eloquence, and she became silent. Mrs. Vernon leaned back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands. No sigh or reproach escaped her, but the bright drops, stealing from time to time, through her fair fingers, told that she wept. Lucy, ever her consoler, stole to her mother's side; and with her low, sweet voice and gentle caresses, endeavoured to impart peace and consolation. Ida, ill at ease, feeling her presence was but a restraint, glided quietly from the room and sought her own chamber, where, for hours, she paced the floor with impatient steps, giving vent, by many passionate ejaculations, to the deep anger that filled her heart. Her gloomy reverie was at length interrupted by the servant's entering to tell her the evening meal was ready. For an instant she wavered whether to send an apology, pleading illness; but reflecting that she must, sooner or later, make her appearance, and that her absence might be construed by her adversaries into an acknowledgment of defeat, she resolved to go, though very unwillingly. The truth is she feared to meet the gentle, but reproachful, eye of Mrs. Vernon, and the coldness of Lucy; for loving her brother as she did, how could she forgive the insulting manner in which she had treated him, whilst the very thought of a meeting with Claude was unendurable. Having adjusted her dress, and smoothed, as well as she could, her clouded brow, she slowly entered the dining room. The family were already assembled, and the meal was considerably advanced. Mrs. Vernon's countenance had regained its usual placid expression, but a close scrutiny could have detected a slight shade of sadness, that was unusual to her. Lucy was very quiet, though she did her best to reply, with her usual gaiety, to her father's jesting remarks; who, poor man, knowing nothing of the morning's disagreements, was inwardly surprised at the unusual gravity that reigned around his table. Claude was absolutely silent; and the

determined manner in which he kept his eyes fixed upon his plate shewed he intended remaining so. On Ida's entrance, he never raised his head, but the deepening flush on his cheek told he was conscious of it. She seated herself beside Dr. Vernon, who kindly exclaimed:

"Well, my young friend, how are you to-day? you look unusually pale; 'tis wonderful our pure country air has not restored your bloom; but it will yet. What shall I help you to? Claude, what are you thinking of? I declare you have not even offered Miss Beresford a biscuit, though they are just beside you. Fie! fie! my son," he smilingly continued: "to let an old man like myself surpass you in gallantry."

But no answering smile brightened his son's countenance, who gravely presented the plate to Ida, without even raising his eyes to her face; and then resumed his former position. Dr. Vernon was astounded at the unaccountable taciturnity of his light-hearted son, whose merry laugh and jest were usually the life of the table; but unwilling to press for a confidence which he seemed in no mood to bestow, he refrained from further remarks. It was a relief to all parties, when the servant entered to say "the doctor had just been sent for into the country." He hastily rose, and after a cheerful "good-bye," departed, whilst the remainder of the meal passed in a total silence, which no one, now, made the slightest attempt to break. At length they rose, and returned to the sitting room. Ida seated herself on the sofa, whilst Claude, at the opposite extremity of the room, amused himself by humming some opera air, and assiduously entangling his sister's floss, which lay beside him. Mrs. Vernon, after bestowing a quick but troubled glance on both, turned to Lucy and requested her to read aloud. The tale she selected, whether intentionally or not, was full of deep interest and pathos; beautifully, yet forcibly, inculcating the necessity of gentleness and forbearance towards others; and of rigid self-command. Lucy was deeply moved, and even Claude, who at first had scarcely listened, drew near, and flung himself on the couch beside his sister, whilst the many shades that alternately passed over his fine countenance betokened it deeply moved him. Ida, alone, the cold, impassible Ida, gave no token whatever that she even heard the tale; no shadow, however slight, passed over her fair but haughty brow, and Mrs. Vernon felt, when the book was closed, that she at least, had reaped no benefit whatever from its perusal. After another half hour, Miss Beresford rose; and saying "she had some writing to do," left the room. Mrs. Vernon sent Lucy to take a

walk in the garden, and then closing the door, she had a long conference with her son.

Its import might have been conjectured by the parting words of Claude, as he rose to terminate it.

"No, mother, I never can, or will forget it; to forgive, I readily promise, but in asking me to forget, you ask too much. Think you that feelings insulted, outraged, as mine have been, can so soon be buried in oblivion? No! and now, for the last time, I say never, never, can I regard Ida Beresford, in aught but the light of a passing acquaintance. You know me, dear mother; further conversation on the subject is perfectly useless;" and, with a brow yet flushed with vexation and anger, he bounded through the open window; and a few moments after, was endeavouring to banish all disagreeable remembrances, by a swift ride over the pleasant country. Mrs. Vernon sighed deeply, for, as he had said, she knew him well; never hasty in forming dislikes, once he had contracted them, he rarely, if ever, changed his opinion; and she felt that all hopes of future harmony, between her son and the young girl whom she now considered as one of her family, were at an end.

CHAPTER V.

For some days after, the most frigid coldness subsisted between the disputants. Lucy exhausted herself in efforts and stratagems to restore cordiality, which were met by contempt on the part of Ida, impatience on that of Claude. The latter, apparently resolved to avoid any repetition of the late scenes, was most provokingly polite, but indifferent. Whilst he rode and walked alone, never soliciting her society, he carefully avoided indulging in any jest or pleasantry which might, in the least, ruffle her dignity. His calm indifference exasperated Ida beyond all measure, and she found it more insupportable than the bitterest retorts or recriminations. She had already made several efforts to force him to unbend from his reserve, which had all proved unsuccessful. But though defeated, she was not disheartened; and she resolved never to lose courage till her efforts were crowned with success. Whilst revolving, one morning, in her mind, the best means to accomplish her object, the Doctor entered the sitting room, his face beaming with delight.

"Congratulate me, my dear wife!" he exclaimed, in tones of exultation; "I have just received a superb gift."

"From whom?" she asked.

"From a quarter I did not expect it. My old college chum, Sir James Liston, whom I attended

before he set out for the continent, has just written to me from Rome; and knowing my passionate admiration for every thing antique, has sent me two Etruscan vases, of great antiquity, and of the most exquisite workmanship."

"When will they arrive?"

"They are here already," he returned, rubbing his hands with renewed satisfaction. "Wait one moment, I'll shew them to you." He left the room, and shortly after returned, bearing in his hands the two vases, which fully merited his eulogium. Having deposited them on the table at which Claude was reading, he walked round, pointing out their various beauties, and expatiating on their inestimable value. He was interrupted in his pleasant occupation by his servant's entering with a hasty message, summoning his attendance on a man who had just met with a severe accident. Suppressing the impatient exclamation which rose to his lips, he seized his hat, and hastily enjoining his wife to watch over his treasures, departed. Some time after, Mrs. Vernon, feeling indisposed, retired to her room to seek repose, leaving the young members of the family to themselves; and certainly a more unsocial party never met. Claude, most comfortably and ungallantly independent of his fair companions, sat buried in his book; whilst Lucy, silent and industrious, worked away at her netting, without uttering a single syllable. As to Ida, she was literally devoured with ill temper and *ennui*. The various implements lying around her, betokening pursuits commenced and abandoned, plainly shewed the caprice and inconstancy of the child of fashion. Sewing, embroidery, writing and drawing materials, were scattered on the stand before her; and, at length, throwing down her book, her last resource, she vehemently exclaimed:

"This will never do! Lucy, I entreat of you, cast aside that endless work, and converse a little, or persuade your brother to join us in a walk."

Though Claude could not but have heard her, he gave no signs of comprehension, and continued his reading with the most irritating indifference. In compliance with Ida's desire, Lucy approached him, and gently laying her hand on his arm, said:

"Come, dear Claude, and take a ramble with us. The morning is fresh and beautiful, and Ida wishes you to go."

"Nay, I am sorry," he replied, without raising his eyes, "to be compelled to refuse Miss Beresford's request, still more, to disappoint you, Lucy; but I am much interested in this work, and I wish to finish it."

"Will you refuse if I ask myself?" interro-

gated Ida, who felt her pride was implicated in forcing him to yield.

"I fear I must," he rejoined with cold politeness, "for neither Miss Beresford nor any other, may hope for success where my sister has failed."

This flat denial, of which she had not even dreamed, was too much for his listener's patience; and stamping her small foot on the ground, she impetuously exclaimed:

"But you shall, and you must comply,—I insist upon it!"

"I have yet to learn, by what right Miss Beresford assumes to herself the privilege of commanding my actions," was the reply, uttered in a calm but sarcastic tone.

"I'll shew you," exclaimed Ida, losing all self-control; and springing towards him, she snatched the volume from his grasp. In so doing she overturned the vases, which fell with a loud crash, to the floor. Claude sprang up as if electrified, whilst Lucy clasped her hands in silent horror. Ida herself, the authoress of the sad mischief, gazed steadfastly upon the scattered fragments of rich porcelain, with a cheek pale as marble, but a stern, haughty curve on her beautiful lip, which told she meant to brave it out. Ere they had recovered from their mute consternation, the door opened, and Dr. Vernon entered.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, with a look of horror, as his eye rested on his ruined treasures. "Who has done this?"

Then a look of passionate indignation, most unusual to his benevolent countenance, succeeded, and stamping his foot, he exclaimed in loud angry tones:

"Answer me! Do you hear, sir?" turning to Claude. "Which of you has wrought this ruin?" Claude, unwilling to criminate Ida, remained silent, but the latter replied in low, but firm accents, "It was I."

"And may I ask how, and wherefore?" he sternly interrogated. Without subterfuge or concealment, she instantly related the whole affair.

"'Tis then owing to your unbridled temper, young lady."

"Nay," generously interrupted Claude; "'twas not entirely Miss Beresford's fault. My own obstinacy is as much to blame."

"No! no!" said Ida quickly, the faintest possible flush rising to her cheek. "I can never consent to screen myself behind others. I alone, Dr. Vernon, am culpable, and I alone deserve to be punished."

Somewhat softened by her frank avowal, he replied, as he stooped to pick up the fragments:

"'Tis an evil that cannot be remedied; but let

me hope, it may at least prove beneficial in shewing you the absolute necessity of curbing that impetuous temper, which sooner or later will prove the bane of your happiness."

He then left the room, leaving Ida with confusion, if not sorrow, in her heart. No further allusion was made to the event. An almost imperceptible shade of coldness in the Doctor's manner, and a slight tinge of reproach in Mrs. Vernon's kind smile, alone told it was not forgotten. Lucy was more affectionate than ever, as if to compensate for the coldness of her brother, who was ten times more frigid than before. He could not be blind to the glaring faults of Ida's character; and the striking contrast she presented to his sweet and feminine sister, seemed to have engendered an antipathy, which every fresh caprice, every gust of passion, served but to increase. Nothing could have been more galling, more humiliating to Ida's proud heart, than the course of conduct he pursued towards her. Determined, if possible, to force him to forget, if even only once, his self-command, she insulted and provoked him with a pertinacity, which caused Lucy to tremble at times for her brother's self-control. But Ida's efforts were vain. A contemptuous silence, or a still more contemptuous smile, was his only reply to her most daring attempts. Though so far victorious, these circumstances, as it may be supposed, rendered the home of Claude far from pleasant to him; nearly the whole of his days were spent in riding, shooting, and walking; in which excursions he latterly admitted no companions. To Ida he never spoke, unless when necessity compelled him, whilst Lucy was no longer the sharer of his pleasures—divided between her brother and her new friend, who never failed to bitterly reproach her for even a moment's desertion; the former saw her wavering, and put an end to it by leaving her to devote herself entirely to Ida. Meanwhile his long vacation had nearly drawn to a close, and but one evening now remained ere he should leave his home.

Silent and abstracted, the family were assembled, that evening, in the drawing room. Mrs. Vernon's countenance was sad and anxious, and ever and anon, she glanced at Claude, who, seated near the fire, gazed upon it with a look of deep and gloomy thought. Lucy was beside him, her hand pressed in his; but, absorbed as he was, he noticed not the tender loving glance she so often raised to his face, or the bright tears which, still oftener, stole from beneath her long eyelashes. Dr. Vernon, ashamed to shew the weakness which he really felt, made an effort to appear cheerful; and talked as unconcernedly as he could, about

the weather, college duties, the coming journey, &c.; but the incoherent way in which he rambled from one subject to another, and the long pauses so frequently occurring in his discourse, shewed the good man was far from being as easy and indifferent as he pretended. Ida, alone, contrary to her usual wont, was gay and animated. Her cheek was flushed, and her eyes sparkled with unusual light, whilst nothing but the sad pre-occupation of her companions prevented them from observing a gaiety which she made but little effort to repress. At length Mrs. Vernon exclaimed, in an affectionate tone:

"Dear Claude! what are you thinking of so deeply? Is it a pleasant subject?" Involuntarily her son raised his eyes to Ida's face, and that dark meaning glance spoke volumes. She felt her cheek crimson, and unable, even with all her arrogance, to meet it, she averted her gaze. With his eyes still fixed upon her, he replied:

"No, mother! The subject is anything but pleasant or agreeable; and I cannot do better than dismiss it for ever from my thoughts."

Ida's cheek burned still deeper; and a pang of humiliation shot through her proud heart. She alone comprehended the import of his words; alone knew that she, herself, was the object thus contemptuously abandoned for ever; nor were her conjectures unfounded. He had then been revolving the unhappy change she had wrought in the home that had once been a paradise to him. He had been recalling, in the bitterness of his heart, the intense longing, the eagerness, with which he had looked forward to the very vacation which had now elapsed; and the thousand plans of pleasure and amusement he had pictured to himself; and as he reflected how far the reality had fallen short of his ideal imaginings, he asked himself who was the cause of this? "Who had estranged the sister he so fondly loved, and filled his home with dissensions and recriminations, till it had become almost hateful to him?" The answer was, "Ida Beresford!" and, at the same moment, every insulting expression which had fallen from her lips, every unkind act, rose distinctly before him, till he felt, if ever he had entertained the feeling of hatred for any human being, 'twas for her, and her alone. The remembrance, too, that she was not a temporary, but a perpetual resident under his roof, that she should remain to embitter his home by disunion and unkindness, till he should leave it for ever, added new poignancy to his sad reflections; and it was with a feeling similar to that with which one shakes off some hideous dream, that he roused himself in answer to his mother's appeal, and turned his thoughts to other things.

As he was to set out at an early hour, the family ere long, separated for the night. The following morning rose, drizzling, damp and gloomy. The breakfast, which they scarcely tasted, was barely over, when the heavy sound of the coach was heard approaching the house. Claude sprang up, and hastily embracing his parents, turned to Lucy, who flung herself, in a paroxysm of grief, into his arms. Tenderly did he strain her again and again to his heart, and then, as if fearing to trust himself further, bounded from the room. But did he not speak to Ida? Was she utterly forgotten? No; a cold "Farewell, Miss Beresford!" and a still colder glance, which, for many days,

remained impressed on her memory, was her parting salutation.

"Thank heaven!" she murmured, as the heavy vehicle drove from the door; and she continued to watch its progress with an angry frown, which would have disfigured a countenance even more beautiful than her own.

It was some time ere the little household recovered its former tone of cheerfulness; and Ida's patience was sorely tried by the sad pertinacity with which Lucy wandered from room to room, neglecting her old pleasures and pastimes for the melancholy satisfaction of arranging Claude's books and papers, some of which he had left behind.

(To be continued.)

GLEANINGS AFTER SAAVEDRA!

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR!*

IN THREE PARTS.—PART FIRST.

THE DIVAN.

"AL! AL! the morning cometh—God hath sent us a new day,
The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords! ye faithful, kneel and pray!"
So from Al Hembra's minarets, the muezzin's sudden cry,
Leaps, like the desert whirlwind forth, to wound the tender sky—
While echoing, as of rolling waves, through Gibel-Taric's strait,
Swelleth up the warrior tecbir, "Allah Keirim! God is great!"
'Tis the murmur of a multitude, that gathers as it springs,
For sleep's young angel folded not through night, her blessed wings;
The loud wul-wulleh—and the prophet's deep and direful curse,
Throughout the shuddering towers careered, like vengeance mustering force,
For fall'n is lofty Granada—and loftier in its fate
Is the worship of the faithful, "Allah Keirim! God is great!"
"Allah Keirim!" shouts the Santon from the Vivarambla's shade,
"Allah Keirim!" says the Koran verse, on the Aga's flashing blade,
"Ay-di-me!" sighs the lorn woman in the death bereft Serai,
And the wandering Xenil echoes to the pale one "Ay—Ay!"
For fallen is Granada the proud—but like the forest King,
The eyes are fire—the fangs are spread—the mane is quivering!
High gleamed the lamps—defying morn—through shafts of Parian white,
And trefoil grooves, with jasper and starred porphyry bedight,
Looking away on every side, till centering one by one,
Their rays flashed back on the Lion Hall—bright as the morning sun,
For there hath Omar's Caliphate, shrunk to a star-like span,
And Spain's last Emir in Al-Hembra holds his last divan.
The Omrahs in their golden green, thronged like a palmet bower,
The white robed Mollahs peered between, like the Nile's sweet lotus-flower,
The Santon and the Fakir—priests of dark and bodeful might,—
Like hooded serpents crawled beneath, cursing all sound and light.
While calm and radiant, as through clouds, streams morn's redeeming star,
Boabdil—Spain's last Emir,—laid down crown and scymitar.

* "A beautiful eminence in the lower range of the Alpuxarras, commanding a romantic glimpse of the city—and a broad view of the magnificent Vega—the river Xenil—and the noble sweep of Algaroba woods—is still remembered and cherished in song and legend, by the name of 'El ultimo suspiro del Moro.'"—E. L. BULWER.

- "Allah, Ackbar! Oh ye faithful!—He hath given and ta'en away,
 For ever blessed be His name—our guardian and our stay!
 He hath called us forth to battle, for our holy native land,
 But our crimes were dark and burning, in the hollow of His hand—
 So marvel not the thunderbolt was hurled against our host,
 That had no harness but its pride, and perished with its boast.
- "Sits Asrafil at the seventh gate, to weep and pine in vain,
 O'er Mammon's yellow gangrene—War's forever darkening stain?
 And must those pure and gleaming tears, be lacking to restore
 The faith that fails not, and the hope, that triumphs ever more—
 No—cast the shadow from your souls—sing to the Cherubim—
 The faithful own no conqueror—no champion save Him!"
- Fiercely the warrior Moors stood forth with sabre raised and shield,
 "God still has left us these to wear on our last battle-field!
 What pale and bloodless Giaour art thou to counsel our disgrace,
 What whining Nazarene usurps our monarch's throned place?
 Go, recreant!—bind to thy base lot, the coward and the slave,
 The Moor can brook no other fate than freedom or the grave!"
- Past, like a press of desert steeds, rushed forth the furious crew,
 While far through every lofty trance, resounded "Allah Hu!—
 Welcome the blast of Azrael, to the Christian's scorn shall be,
 The Houri's fadeless smiles reward, the faithful Osmanli!
 But the traitor's hopes, like Dead Sea fruits, shall burst within his hand,
 His fields of joy be strewed with salt—his triumph writ on sand!"
- Imaum and Shiek stalked slowly by, and spat upon the floor,
 "Perish thy race, and from the earth be blotted evermore!—
 Ruin, efface thine epitaph, as man disdains thy rule,
 And be the watchers of thy bones, the jackal and the ghoul!
 Remorse beset thy fainting feet, and slumber shun thine eye,
 While the gourds above thee perish, and the fountain waneth dry."
- Dark and terrible—as Afrites—with a simultaneous bound,
 The Fakirs, last, with frantic yells, leaped madly from the ground,
 The demon dancers of the Pit, ne'er levelled fiercer darts,
 When 'neath their Master's solemn smile, they torture burning hearts,
 No ghastly riot Eblis knows, could more the brain appal,
 Than that which rent with tempest tones, that white majestic hall.
- "May thy dark mother soothe thee, with the Kobra's boding hiss,
 Thy wife cling to thy lips, with treason's aspics in her kiss,
 Thy children, like fell pelicans, lap from thy tortured breast,
 With mocking cries their hideous meal—yet still, to them, the best!
 Thy foes shout triumph o'er thy fall—thy friends betray thy trust—
 Till life's deep measure of despair shall crush thee to the dust!
- "Then—crowned apostate! swooping fiends shall clutch thy perjured soul,
 And bear it on the dark simoom, to guilt's eternal goal.
 Hark! hark! to the wild welcome—to the frantic demon cry,
 That greets the King Boabdil, to the realms of misery!
 The world is naught, or ere thy reign of infamy expire,
 For Eblis waits to crown thee with a diadem of fire!"
- Alone—alone—the royal Moor still reared his stately head,
 But dark and bitter were the tears his inward sorrow shed,
 Deserted—taunted and disowned,—'midst ruin's darkest frown—
 Had fealty and friendship crashed like baseless idols down;
 And many a crushing memory within his wrung heart crept,
 "He lifted up his hands—the King—within his house, and wept."*

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.*

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE FRONDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ELIE BERTHET.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS.

THE FRONDE was, at this period, in full vigour in France; and Paris was torn by the factions which so distracted the latter years of the minority of Louis XIV. The royal authority was nowhere respected; whoever endeavoured to put into force any legal mandate, was treated as a *Mazarin*: insulted, beaten, and even, in some instances, put to death by the populace. The only mode of securing personal safety was by attaching one's self to a chief of the New or Old Fronde, and adopting his colours and badges.

Anne of Austria remained firm amid the dangers which threatened the monarchy; and sought not to escape, by flight, the factions which continually braved and threatened her, even in the *Palais Royal*. Following the counsels of Cardinal Mazarin—who, from his exile at Breuil, still directed the affairs of state, to the great scandal of the Frondiats, Old and New—she patiently awaited the moment when the rankling jealousy among her adversaries should burst forth, to crush them all at one blow.

Such was the state of Paris when our two travellers reached the *Porte Neuve*, on the east of that city. The sun had set, and the draw-bridge was on the point of being raised, when the Baron de Croissi and his brother hastily crossed it, and entered the archway on the other side. At the noise of their approach some soldiers of the burgher militia appeared at the door of a small guard-house; and a sentinel, advancing, placed his halberd across their path.

"Halt there, my fine gentlemen!" he said, in a jeering tone; "before going further, you must have a little conversation with our captain, whose natural politeness will, doubtless, lead him to enquire who you are, and whence you come. Come! come! folks don't enter Paris in this off-hand style."

The Baron pushed his horse forward.

"Give way, scoundrel!" he cried, imperiously; "I am in the suite of the Prince of Condé, and travelling in his service."

"So far good," returned the guard, rather intimidated; "but I have my orders."

"Let us pass at once," interrupted the haughty Baron; "thinkest thou that I have time to listen to all the fooleries with which any goose of a petty shop-keeper may seek to detain me."

"But, sir, we have received strict injunctions from the Provost."

"Out of the way, hound!" exclaimed the Baron, out of all patience, accompanying the words with a smart stroke of his riding-whip—a very common salute from the gentlemen of these times to the citizen guard.

At the cries of the unlucky sentinel, his comrades rushed out in disorder from the neighbouring guard-house, flourishing their halberds; but, little formidable as this municipal police might be reckoned, the Baron did not think proper to await their onset. He made a sign to his brother, and both spurred hastily on; taking the first cross street, they were soon out of sight of the burghers, who crowded round their injured comrade, uttering ineffectual menaces. Through many narrow and winding streets, they, at length, arrived at the *Pont Neuf*, or New Bridge, which was then more deserving than it now is of the name it still retains.

Fabian was struck with astonishment at the scene which presented itself, so different from the dark and deserted lanes from which they had just emerged. A large, noisy and riotous crowd, encumbered the whole extent of the bridge; the small portable shops, the stalls of the old-clothesmen, and the vendors of orvietan, were overturned and trampled under foot. Some were shouting, some fighting, some laughing and others crying, while amid the commotion the pick-pockets found ample opportunity for exercising their dexterous fingers. Vagabonds in ragged garbs of all colours, burghers soberly clad in black, lawyers' clerks in their red mantles, women with hoods of cloth or velvet, partisans of the various parties in scarfs of red, or blue, or *isabelle*,* mingled in one confused throng; and exclamations the most odd

* A kind of bay-colour—the badge of the Prince of Condé.

and whimsical were echoed through the air, in tones of jeering mirth or of incensed anger.

All this uproar was caused by a heavy dark brown chariot, drawn by four horses, which had paused on the middle of the bridge, and was now so environed by the excited multitude that it could neither advance nor retire. Some sturdy artizans had already seized the horses' heads, to the great embarrassment of an unwieldy coachman, with long moustaches and brilliant livery, who dared not employ force to clear a way through the rabble. Two or three young pages on horseback, who had formed the escort of the chariot, had fled in different directions, pursued with hootings and missiles, and thus left exposed to the fury of the populace, three ladies, covered with the black velvet mask often worn by ladies of quality, and a stout elderly gentleman, who endeavoured in vain to open the door of the chariot. In spite of these acts of violence, they did not seem yet disposed to inflict any personal injury on their captives. Wild and furious, they gazed at them rudely through the windows of the vehicle, cries of invective and abuse met their ears, but no one seemed bold enough to put forth a hand to their hurt; it was as if some invisible and mysterious power protected them from the vigorous arms which waved in the air, on all sides of them.

The cries were so numerous and so confused, that our travellers could distinguish no word which might give them an explanation of the strange scene before them. Fabian looked on in astonishment, but the Baron, accustomed to the scenes of disorder which the street of Paris daily displayed, saw nothing very important in this tumult, and resolved to reach, by another route, the Faubourg Saint-Germain, in which his mansion was situated. But at the moment when he was about to turn his horse's head, another glance at the brown chariot arrested his movements. In that glance he remarked that the fat coachman with the long moustaches wore the livery of the Queen Regent, and this discovery seemed to make a lively impression on his mind. He appeared in extreme perplexity, as if calculating which of two courses he should pursue, and deciding upon their relative advantages and dangers. While he remained silent and motionless on the outskirts of the noisy and tumultuous crowd, his brother, who had carefully kept his horse beside his, said to him in a low tone:

"I know not, Albert, what may be the cause of this tumult, nor by what party it is excited; but there are in that chariot ladies who seem in peril, and I think it our duty to advance to their aid."

"And what would it benefit us to meddle with

this affair?" replied the Baron, with an air of hesitation. "Besides, what could two of us do against so many madmen?"

"We have far less reason to fear these rascals than the burghers of the guard," disdainfully replied the young Croissi, who shared the opinion so generally maintained by the gentlemen of these days, as to their immense superiority over the common people. "And then," he continued, "I see amid the crowd not a few cavaliers, who bear, like ourselves, the colours of the Prince of Condé; we can call them to our assistance."

"No, no!" hastily interrupted Albert, with an air of alarm, as if these words had aroused in his mind considerations which had been for a time forgotten. "No, Fabian! we must not interfere in this matter. I am anxious above everything that the friends of the Prince should not see us together. You know not of what importance it is to me that we should not now attract attention. Let us return, and take especial care, Fabian, that your features be not seen by those around us. My malediction on the chariot and all within it. Follow me—we have been too long on this unlucky spot!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE PONT NEUF.

THE BARON DE CROISSI, uttering the hasty exclamation we have recorded, pulled his broad hat over his brow, and turned round to retrace his steps, a movement which Fabian reluctantly imitated. But it was now too late to recede. During the few minutes that had elapsed since they checked their steeds, a large number of chariots and waggons, following behind them, had also been arrested by the throng, and now formed an impassable barrier in their rear. The travellers were thus obliged again to wheel round, and resuming their former route, they endeavoured to gain the *Rue Dauphine*, through the midst of the multitude.

"Wrap yourself in your mantle—conceal your countenance," cried Albert, impatiently.

Fabian yielded with reluctance to these injunctions, the necessity for which he could not comprehend; however, accustomed to obedience, he held up a fold of his scarf before his face. Albert himself took all possible precautions to avoid recognition; he lowered his head, drew his beaver still further over his eyes, and carefully avoided every group where an Isabelle scarf was to be seen. They thus slowly advanced through the press toward the *Rue Dauphine*, amid the cries and curses of those against whom they thrust

their steeds, till they found themselves at a little distance from the chariot which had caused the tumult, and opposite its open window. Fabian could not help casting, as he passed, a glance of interest and compassion on those who occupied the interior. Their situation was becoming every moment more critical; the furious crowd around grew more and more threatening in their words and gestures, and stones were already resounding against the sides of the vehicle. Tears streamed from underneath the masks of the poor ladies who were thus besieged, and with clasped hands they seemed to implore pity from their persecutors; the cavalier who accompanied them, and who had his full share of the public wrath directed against him, was pale with anger, and appeared fully disposed to cast himself among the people, sword in hand. But the irritation was such at that moment, that the first blow struck, the least attempt at resistance, might have been the signal for tearing in pieces the chariot and all that it contained.

The bold and generous nature of Fabian revolted against the impassibility to which he was condemned, as he remarked the despair of these unhappy women; but such was the power exercised over him by his elder brother, that he was about to pass on, when a cry from the chariot arrested his progress and drew his eyes again towards it. At this moment one of the ladies within showed herself at the window, and, withdrawing her mask, gave to view the features of a young girl, of death-like paleness, but beautiful and touching in their terror.

"Fabian! Monsieur de Croissi!" she cried, stretching out her arms imploringly towards him; "in the name of Heaven, come to our rescue!"

It was the young Countess de Montglat, the companion of Fabian's happy days in Normandy.

Doubtless these entreaties reached not his ears, drowned amid the loud shouts of the intervening rabble, but the suppliant gesture, the terror-stricken expression of these well-known features, were enough for the young De Croissi. He thought not of the danger he ran, he forgot the strict injunctions of his brother, and, burying his spurs in his horse's flanks, he dashed amid the crowd, shouting:

"Help! Baron, help!"

"Stay, stay, Fabian!" cried Albert, in the utmost alarm; "what are you about? You will ruin us all! Stay, I command you!"

But his words were unheeded, even if Fabian caught them amid the redoubled tumult that followed his sudden onset. The young De Croissi, his eyes sparkling with anger and excitement, pushed on his steed, overthrowing and trampling

under foot all in his way, and cutting right and left with his heavy whip. The effect produced by this unexpected charge, among the rioters and idlers who thronged the bridge may be easily conceived. Cries of rage and vengeance rose on every side, but all endeavoured to get beyond reach of that formidable whip, which left its bloody trace on so many visages; and the crowd, so thick and dense a moment before, opened up at once and left him a clear passage to the chariot. Profiting by the first moments of surprise, Fabian, with a few hearty strokes, drove off the ruffians who still held the reins, and eagerly signed to the coachman, who, comprehending his intention, lashed on his horses, and the vehicle rapidly drove off, without the rioters thinking of aught else but to escape the hoofs of the horses and the heavy wheels of the chariot. A few seconds sufficed to accomplish this rescue.

Fabian at once endeavoured to follow those whom he had thus saved. At the moment when the chariot started off, he had seen Elizabeth lean out of the window, and make a signal with her hand. Whether this were a gesture of thanks, or an invitation to follow, he knew not; but a moment's reflection showed him that he had everything to fear from the populace whom he had so imprudently braved. He resolved, then, as we have said, on flight; but flight was no longer possible. The poor horse which he bestrode was completely exhausted by the sudden efforts to which the young man had just urged him, and when Fabian again struck his spurs into his sides, instead of starting off, he neighed wildly, staggered on a few steps, and then horse and man rolled on the ground.

Fabian was unhurt by his fall, but ere he could regain his feet, the crowd, whom his bold bearing had for a moment dismayed, rushed savagely upon him. A hundred rough and sturdy arms seized him at once; he was banded from one to another for a few minutes with the utmost violence; he reeled like a drunken man in the midst of the frantic wretches who had seized him.

"He is a *Mazarin*!" cried a stout butcher, who displayed across his face a bloody welt from the whip of Fabian. "Ah! he tries to lash the good people of Paris into subjection, does he? the gallows bird! Come, lend us a hand! into the river with the *Mazarin*! throw him over the bridge!"

"Yes! into the river—into the Seine with him!" repeated a thousand voices; "a *Mazarin*! a *Mazarin*! Death to the *Mazarin*!"

Fabian, still partly stunned, though unwounded, by his fall, and by the vehement tumult of which he was the object, was easily raised from the

ground and borne towards the parapet of the bridge. He attempted no resistance—he felt that it would be in vain; but, when thus raised above the heads of the crowd, he cast a rapid glance after the chariot, which he saw disappearing in safety into the Rue Dauphine; a second look he threw around in search of his brother, but the Baron de Croissi was nowhere to be seen.

The situation of Fabian was desperate; a prey to the blind rage of the multitude, he resigned himself to his fate, and collected his scattered thoughts to recommend himself humbly to the mercy of God.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COADJUTOR.

THE fortunes of Fabian, however, were not so near a close as he imagined.

“Stay, wretches!” exclaimed a loud clear voice, amidst the crowd. “My displeasure be on the man who inflicts the smallest injury on that gentleman! I declare an enemy of the King and of the Fronde whoever touches a single hair of his head.”

“It is the Coadjutor!” cried a scholar, rushing forward to the rescue of Fabian; “make way for the Coadjutor!”

This name produced a magic effect; the young De Croissi was hastily set on his feet, and each sought to assume an unconcerned countenance, as if he had been nothing more than a spectator of this scene of disorder. At the same moment the throng opened respectfully, and gave way to the important personage who had thus calmed the popular tempest.

This important personage was Paul de Gondi, Coadjutor of the Archbishop of Paris, and so celebrated in after times as the Cardinal de Retz. He was at once recognized; and a thousand voices cried, in varying tone, but with equal enthusiasm:

“The Fronde for ever! Long live the Coadjutor!”

The party leader smiled affably in return, and advanced gently between the two human walls on each side of the lane just formed for him. He saluted one with a nod, addressed to another a friendly word of recognition, and thus approached the place where Fabian leaned against the parapet of the bridge, pale and motionless, although neither timidity nor irresolution might be traced in his features; he was only overwhelmed by the imminence and magnitude of the danger he had escaped. The Coadjutor threw a glance of his eagle eye around, letting it rest for a moment upon him whom he had just saved from otherwise certain

destruction, and, knitting his brows, he exclaimed in mild, but clear and distinct tones:

“It is well, my friends, that I have arrived in time to keep you from committing a very wicked deed. Know you that it is an offence both against God and the King, thus to maltreat a poor young gentleman for a mere trifle?”

“*Monseigneur!*” replied the butcher who had been one of Fabian’s most zealous persecutors, “this youngster, here, chose to fall upon us, whip in hand, because the poor people insisted on making their complaints known to that haughty Spaniard, the Queen Mother; and, besides—”

“In the first place, the Queen was not in that chariot,” interrupted the Coadjutor, more sternly, and loud enough to be heard by the attentive throng; “it contained only some of her ladies of honour, who had been at their devotions in the Church of the Carmelites, in the *Rue de Vaugirard*. And had it been the Queen, Lehoux you and your friends should have respected her as your sovereign mistress.”

An almost imperceptible murmur ran through the crowd.

“Your Eminence has not always been of that opinion,” grumbled the butcher Lehoux, discontentedly.

The Coadjutor coloured slightly, and a shade of uneasiness passed over his countenance; but he instantly resumed his calm, smiling demeanour.

“Come, my friends, disperse,” he said, “and leave to me this poor fellow, whom you have half murdered. I hope you consider me sufficiently trustworthy to leave him to my care; if he should prove guilty in any point, be assured that justice shall be done. Adieu, adieu, my children! I have just returned from a journey undertaken for the good of the state, and am overcome with fatigued. So leave us at once, my friends.”

“Long live the Coadjutor! The Coadjutor for ever!” repeated the crowd, who gradually melted away.

Some, more determined in their curiosity, still remained at a little distance, to see how this scene would end; but Paul de Gondi waved them off with an air of impatience, not much in accordance with the grave and modest demeanour he usually assumed, and at last menaced some of the most obstinate with the handle of his whip. A small troop of gentlemen who had accompanied him, on horseback, and who remained on the outskirts of the throng, now seconded his efforts, and in a few minutes the compact mass of people which blocked up the bridge, had given place to the ordinary stream of wayfarers that continually passed over at all hours of the day.

Whilst the riot terminated thus peaceably, like

so many others more terrible in appearance, the Coadjutor approached more closely to Fabian, who, recovering from the very natural emotion he had experienced, had now resumed all his presence of mind. He warmly expressed his thanks to his rescuer for the signal service he had just rendered him, but the Coadjutor interrupted his address.

"Rash youth!" he said, in a low and cautious tone, "what else could you expect to result from this most foolish and imprudent action of yours? Young man, they who have reckoned on your courage do not seem to have deceived themselves; I trust, however, that they may not find you in all things such as they desire."

Fabian, in the eagerness of his gratitude, paid little attention to the mysterious sense of these words.

"Sir," he resumed, "you have rendered me the greatest service possible. I would not fear an honorable death on the field of battle, and would never shrink from it in the service of a friend; but I will admit that the touch of that infamous rabble froze my blood, and——"

"Peace, young man, peace!" said the Coadjutor, stealing an anxious glance around. "Remember that this rabble is superior to a gentleman, when it is the strongest, and knows that it is so. But come, youngster, let us move off from this. I love not to display myself in public, and nothing but the imminence of your danger could have induced me to appear prominently in such guise—so opposed to my tastes and my sacred profession," he added, with an air of suppressed mockery. "I must return to the cloisters of Notre-Dame. But you, my young friend—whither do you wish to be escorted?—for I suppose you do not care to traverse the streets unaccompanied."

"I am a stranger, sir," said the young De Croissi, with embarrassment, "and have just set foot in Paris for the first time in my life."

"Aye, aye!" replied the Coadjutor, fixing on him his keen eyes; "so you are alone here—you have neither lodging nor letters, nor travelling companion? This is somewhat singular."

"I was not alone at the time we encountered that furious mob, but——"

"But he who accompanied you basely abandoned you in the moment of danger—was it not so?"

"I would not say so, sir!" replied Fabian, blushing, however, at a suspicion that appeared only too well founded.

"And such conduct," pursued his preserver, slowly, and with emphasis, "is so much the more disgraceful as it is that of a brother—am I not right, Monsieur Fabian de Croissi?"

The young man started in extreme surprise at finding his position so intimately known to the eminent personage whom he now saw for the first time. The Coadjutor enjoyed his embarrassment, and approaching more closely, he resumed, with a volubility that strongly contrasted with the measured tone of his last words:

"Listen to me, youngster! Do not torment your mind by guessing at enigmas, which, I suppose, you do not yet understand. All that I now tell you is this—that your brother had good reasons for not showing himself in public in company with you, and in declining to share the danger you provoked with so much rashness. You need be under no alarm on his account; he is not far from this, and will doubtless join you as soon as I leave. I counsel you, for your own interest, to say nothing to him of our conversation; but, if you owe me any gratitude for the service I have just rendered you, forget not the secret advice that has this day been given you."

"A secret advice!" echoed Fabian, in astonishment.

The Coadjutor only placed his finger on his lips with an air of mystery and caution.

"Adieu, my son!" he resumed aloud, in a calm and benevolent tone; "forget not to thank Heaven for your deliverance, and endeavour to merit its bounty. We may perhaps meet soon."

As he finished these words, this singular man saluted Fabian with a farewell gesture, and proceeded to rejoin the group of cavaliers who awaited him at the entrance of the Rue Dauphine.

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CHAPTER VIII.

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THE HOSTELRY.

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THE COADJUTOR had scarcely disappeared when the Baron de Croissi came in sight at the corner of the Quai des Orfèvres. On arriving beside his brother, he dismounted in silence, and assisted Fabian, stiff from the bruises he had sustained, to mount his horse, which had been brought to him by one of the cavaliers of the Coadjutor's suite before departing.

Leaving the Pont Neuf, instead of continuing their original route towards the Faubourg Saint-Germain, they struck along by the Quai des Orfèvres, and from thence entered the dark and miry streets of the Quartier Saint-Jacques. Both remained silent, the Baron from a sentiment of anxiety and displeasure, Fabian, perhaps, from some little shame at having placed himself, contrary to his brother's advice, in a position at once dangerous and ridiculous. As they entered a

remote and deserted street of this old quarter, the Baron urged his steed nearer to his brother, and said in a dry and uncourteous tone:

"Sir, you cannot, for some time to come, inhabit the Hotel de Croissi, and you must in the meantime lodge in some retired hostelry. Should you be recognised as an actor in the late tumult, you might have a strict account to render to justice, or would at least become the jest of the town; you must be concealed for your own safety. With inconceivable folly you have disobeyed my most solemn injunctions, and must now take the consequences."

"At least I exposed myself *alone* to the dangers of that folly," replied the young man, with some bitterness. "Ought I, sir, to have let them insult, and perhaps assassinate before my very eyes, the noble lady whom I take pride in loving more than my life?"

"I forgot," returned the Baron, with an air of indulgence, "that you know not yet the part you have to play, and the motives which prevented me from assisting you in an act of generosity, praiseworthy enough, it may be, in itself. You know me well enough, Fabian, to believe that my conduct was not caused by cowardice, and I must inform you that your rashness has imperilled the important project, towards which I required your assistance, and which would have secured your fortune and my own."

At the same time he heaved a deep sigh, and the unexpected mildness and forbearance of his brother much affected Fabian.

"I am ready, Baron," he said, with deference, "to do whatever may be necessary to atone for my fault, if I have indeed been culpable in your eyes."

"We shall see what may be done," replied Albert; "and to begin, listen to what I have resolved on. You will take up your abode in some inn, where you will pass for the son of some provincial family, sent to Paris to consult the physicians. Leave me to arrange a tale; take care only not to contradict me. You will not leave your chamber for some days, and if you prudently take all the precautions I may suggest, all may not yet be irrecoverably lost."

"I consent to everything, Albert," said Fabian, humbly; "and I trust my ready submission will prove how annoyed I am at having incurred your displeasure."

"It is well," said the Baron, with a smile of satisfaction; "I see with pleasure, Fabian, that you are as prompt to acknowledge your faults as to commit them; but," he continued, with an assumed air of indifference, "I have one question to ask. The Coadjutor—that person who came to

your rescue and afterwards conversed with you—did he know your name?"

"I did not mention it," replied the young De Croissi, with a slight blush, for he recollected the pressing recommendations of his preserver. "He learned nothing from my lips either as to you or myself."

"Come now, things look better than I expected," murmured the Baron, joyfully; "continue to have confidence in your brother, Fabian, and you shall never repent it."

As he said this, they drew up before an old smoke-begrimmed house in the *Rue de la Huchette*. A large sign placed over the door was adorned with three white birds of inimitable design; and that the passer-by might not be deceived as to the species of bird thus exposed to his gaze, underneath was written: "THE THREE PIGEONS—GOOD ENTERTAINMENT." All was in the most primitive style.

The arrival of this small cavalcade produced a great sensation in this retired quarter; but our travellers hastened to dismount and enter the hostelry. A quarter of an hour afterwards the Baron issued alone, and proceeded towards the more aristocratic district where his mansion was situated, leaving his brother in the care of the landlord of "The Three Pigeons," with whom he had conversed for some minutes in a low tone.

On the following morning, at an hour when most of the inhabitants of Paris were still wrapt in slumber, Fabian de Croissi, adhering to his country habits, and quite recovered from the fatigues of the previous day, was seated in a small chamber of the inn, and occupied in writing to the young Countess de Montgat. Often, during the sleepless night which he had just passed, had he regretted not having made further enquiry regarding the Countess, of his brother; and as soon as daylight permitted, he had set himself to write to the friend of his youth, the beloved of his heart. This letter, by the aid of his scanty purse, he had induced the landlord, with some difficulty, to transmit to the Palais Royal; he then re-seated himself at the table, where his busy memory soon called up many a happy recollection of Montgat and its owners. While thus engaged, rapid and hasty steps resounded on the stair, and Fabian in a few moments found himself in the presence of his brother.

The Baron de Croissi was clad with unaccustomed simplicity; his dress was dark and plain, and he wore neither scarf nor plume. Eager joy glanced over his features in spite of his efforts to repress it. He remarked not the pre-occupation of Fabian, but said abruptly to the landlord, who stood, bowing profoundly, beside him:

"Have my orders been observed, Michel? No one has been admitted?"

"No one, sir," replied Michel, with embarrassment; "but, Baron——"

"It is well, leave us!"—interrupted the Baron, without listening further.

As soon as they were alone, Albert threw himself into a chair, and without any enquiry as to Fabian's health, after so much fatigue and danger, addressed him with animation.

"All goes as we could wish it, my dear Fabian! Your yesterday's adventure has made great noise in Paris, but no one knows the name of him who was the hero of it, and my friends and myself think we may proceed with our plans in safety."

The young De Croissi awaited in silence the explanation of these enigmatical words.

"You do not understand me, Fabian!" resumed the Baron, gravely and solemnly; "but the moment has arrived when I shall no longer have any mystery with you. All shall now be explained."

He rose, as he said this, and examined the room, with a caution and minuteness that showed the extreme importance he attached to keeping secret what he was now about to reveal.

(To be continued.)

WORDS AND DEEDS.

BY DELTA.

Words—vague words!—what are they but a coin
For flattery's use, and honest hearts' deceiving;—
A coin, that those who are the richest in
Are ever found the poorest in their feeling.

Give me the eloquence of working hands,
The honeyed acts that comfort bring the sinner;—
What words could speak the force, of giving shoes
To naked feet—to starving mouths, a dinner.

Away, away, with honeyed accents, mild,
To those who sit in wealth and plenty beaming;—
Give me the voice can soothe the orphan child,
The tears around a widow's coffin streaming.

Away with tears in silk, and broad-clothed cant,
Luxurious pity on soft couches sighing;
Hast thou a loaf to share with those who want?
Hast thou a shelter for the needy—dying?

And out—oh! out on those who wend their way
To church, to ask God's pity on their brother—
But pass the door, with scorn, in going to pray,
Where hungry children cling around a mother.

Oh! wealth and power, has God not said you should
Succour the poor, and pity all their blindness!
Thy great, high aim on earth, is doing good,
Thy road to heaven is paved with acts of kindness.

Hamilton, December, 1847.

LIFE'S CONSOLATIONS.

BY DELTA.

There is no ill of life but hath its balm,
If we can brave the storm and bide our time;
The soul but sickens in the deadly calm,
In struggling nobly, there is bliss sublime.

The world oft wrongs us—there are fearful times,
When love, and hope, and friends, alike seem gone!
When, as a temple in deserted climes,
We feel in ruin—desolate—and lone!

Yet we're not so—if we look back, we'll find,
That kindness always reached our lowliest lot;
It might have been but one true, steadfast mind,
Yet precious then—we were not all forgot!

Nor is it in the multitude of those,
Who're called our friends, that we are safe from ill;
More precious than the lake, through valleys that flows,
Is, on life's desert waste, one little rill.

And though fond hearts oft make the blast most chill,
And wing the storm that leaves our path-way drear;
Do they not often live to heal the ill,
And wash its traces out with kindness' tear?

It may be, too, when pain'd's the generous breast—
At seeing wrongs too incident to earth—
The high—the bright—the great in soul oppress—
The foot of baseness on the neck of worth.

Yet e'en in this doth nature's law console,
For wrongs of noblest efforts are the springs!
Oppression lends but majesty to soul—
Injustice gives to genius mightier wings!

There is no ill of life but hath its balm,
If we can brave the storm, and bide our time;
The soul but sickens in the deadly calm,
In struggling nobly, there is bliss sublime.
Hamilton, January, 1848.

WHEN THE PULSE.

AIR—*Coulin*.

BY THE STRANGER.

When the pulse of the minstrel, now waken'd by thee,
And his heart as the cold grave, in stillness shall be;
Then, alone on thy lyre, let the echo prolong,
Of the deep passion'd sadness revealed in his song.

Through the gloom of the future, no hope has he more,
As a vista to bliss through the tempests which lower;
And to seek in ambition, for peace to the mind,
Were cheerless as light to the orb of the blind.

No! the love of the bard, all chaste as the ray,
Which round the bright brows of the seraphim play,—
Is tuneful and deep as the cygnet's despair,
And burns through all ages a halo to care.

PRESENTIMENT.*

BY M. A. S.

THE last beam of day shed its faint brilliancy on the softly swelling knolls and bright green meadows through which their path lay, as Arthur and Eleanor pursued their homeward course. The scene was one of even gorgeous beauty, for the ever lovely features of the landscape were tintured with the crimson hue of the western sky, and as the rich soft light fell on tree, and shrub, and flower, one could have easily imagined that such might have appeared to our first parents the earliest evenings of the infant world. As Arthur gazed around on the long familiar scene, he suddenly exclaimed: "How is it, Eleanor! that though I have lived for years amid these scenes, they have never seemed so lovely in my eyes as they now do?—Can you explain the mystery?" And, as he spoke, he turned suddenly and peered into the face of his wife, as though anxious to discover what was passing in her mind. Why was it so?—he had asked a simple question, and one to which he could have attached but little importance—why, then, his anxiety to read the expression of Eleanor's face?—Whatever might have been his motives for the examination, the result was anything but satisfactory, for a dark shade rested on her usually placid brow, and a paleness all unwonted left the soft cheek colourless as that of a marble statue. Observing his look of surprise, Eleanor endeavored to shake off the gripe of the strong feeling which had laid hold of her inmost soul, for she would not that he should discover what she justly termed her weakness. A smile, faint as the sunbeam at that moment fading from the earth, flitted athwart her features.

"In your own heart, dear Arthur, you will find the solution of the enigma. 'Tis true, the evening is such as we seldom see in our humid climate, and the rare purity of the atmosphere imparts to every object viewed through its medium a clear and delicate loveliness, while the reflected hue of yonder sky flushes up the scene like the rosy face of a young beauty; yet, believe me, the effulgence of which you speak is reflected from within—did but the shadow of a cloud rest upon your mind, a corresponding gloom would fall on the face of nature." As Eleanor spoke, she raised her eyes heavily, and cast a languid glance over the fair prospect, while an involuntary sigh escaped her as she recalled the brilliant visions

of by-gone days, and the exquisite pleasure she had been wont to enjoy while contemplating scenes far less beautiful than those on which she now looked without one pleasurable feeling. Arthur was silent—there was something in Eleanor's look which he had never before remarked, and the tones of her voice were full of deep sadness. Nothing of this escaped him, and yet he permitted it to pass unnoticed—he feared to probe the wound which already began to rankle and fester, and though he would have given worlds, were they his, to have spoken peace to Eleanor's heart, yet he found himself unable to summon courage for the effort required. Poor Hannah! little did she know of the cankering distrust—the heart-wearing apprehensions to which her words had given birth—little did she imagine that her partial revelations had obscured the one bright star of Eleanor's hope, and brought harrowing doubt where all had hitherto been security and peace!

Each being absorbed in reflection, a long silence followed the concluding remark of Eleanor, and though both felt the awkwardness of the pause, yet could neither venture to terminate it. All at once there was heard a hoarse voice calling out:

"Arthur!—I say, Arthur!" Both started from their *rêverie*, and looked round for the cause of the interruption; their search was for some time unattended with success, until a loud laugh from amidst the overhanging branches of a large beech tree drew their attention in that direction; and there sat enthroned one of the strangest specimens of nature's handiwork that could well be imagined. A sort of nondescript animal this personage appeared, for the dress, with the exception of a tattered high crowned hat, was that of a female, while the large, coarse features, and the stalwart proportions of the figure, as it descended from its elevated position, seemed to Eleanor as belonging to the masculine gender. Arthur, who evidently hailed the interruption with much satisfaction, rubbed his hands together in high glee, anticipating Eleanor's surprise. "Holla, there! Michady!" he called out, accosting the descending figure, "what brought you there?—Have you been visiting the crows in the old beech, eh?"

"Jist wait, Arthur, avick! till I get down out o' this, an' I'll tell you what I'm about,"

croaked the interesting occupant of the beech, as he leisurely swung himself from branch to branch. In the mean time Eleanor turned on her husband a look of amazement.

"Why, then, in the name of every thing ludicrous, Arthur! who is this that addresses you so familiarly, or under what genus is the creature to be classed?—you called it Michady, which is, if I mistake not, a corruption of Michael—am I then to infer that this animal in petticoats is really one of the 'lords of creation?'"

"Even so, Eleanor," returned Arthur, with a gay laugh,—“this individual is none other than the famous Michady Rooney—one of my oldest friends; but see—he has reached *terra firma*, so let him e'en speak for himself. "Well, Michady," he went on, as the latter approached with a slow and waddling gait, "what are you about to-day?"

"Troth, Arthur, a *hagur*," returned the person thus addressed; "I was jist up there with the crows—you were right enough honey!—I was waitin' for you to come back again, an' I thought I'd go up an' see the crathers, an' have a while's talk with them."

Eleanor looked more earnestly upon the strange being who talked such nonsense, and no further explanation was wanting—the dull grey eye was lustreless and void of expression, for there the light of reason had never shone; and as she gazed on that blank, unmeaning countenance, she internally bowed down before the majesty of human intellect, and acknowledged its power.

"What did the crows tell you, Michady?" inquired Arthur, coaxingly, for he well knew with whom he had to deal, and wished to draw the idiot out, in order to amuse Eleanor.

"Hah! what did they tell me?" repeated Michady, sullenly; "Arrah! then, d'ye think I'm a-goin' to tell every gossoon I meet what they say to me when I go up to see them, jist to look for knowledge?—If you want to know, Arthur Newburk, you may go up yourself an' ax them, for I'm not goin' to tell you—d'ye hear that now?"

"What! will you not tell me for this?" And he held up a bright silver coin, well knowing what would follow. Michady eyed the bright lure contemptuously—"No—I tell you no!—jist keep that yourself!"

"Well! for this, then, Michady?" and he held forth a copper penny; the effect was instantaneous, the poor fellow eagerly snatching the offered reward:

"Oh yes! to be sure, Arthur dear! I'll tell you now!"

"Yes! but what will you do with the penny?" inquired Arthur.

"Do with it! och then, but it's gettin' worse you are, an' a bigger fool every day you rise out of your bed. What would I do with the purty penny but buy tobaccy for the ould mother o' me at home?"

Arthur turned to Eleanor, and said in a low voice—"Such as you now see it, Eleanor! is the invariable demeanor of this poor innocent—the only wish he ever expresses is that of procurin' tobacco for his mother. He has a brother, too, who is no whit wiser than himself, but in both—thanks to the beautiful instinct of nature—this strong filial love is developed—neither possesses more than one idea—that of ministering to the comfort of their only parent." Eleanor involuntarily regarded the poor idiot with increased interest, as Arthur again addressed him. "Well! what did your friends, the crows tell you, Michady?"

"Oh! fine news, fine news, intirely, Arthur!—that we're goin' to have a grand wake up at the house, an' there's to be lots o'fun, surely!"

Though fully aware that this was the mere raving of idiocy, yet it struck a hidden chord in Eleanor's heart, and she grasped the hand of her husband with convulsive force, while an ashy paleness covered her face.

"Come away, Arthur!" she cried in a tremulous voice—"come away! I am sick at heart!" Arthur laughed outright.

"Sick! Eleanor—sick at heart, did you say! why, surely, he has not touched upon your tender point, that silly presentiment?"

"In mercy, Arthur!" she exclaimed imploringly, "do not laugh so!—your laughter rings strangely in my ear!—let us go home!"

"I shall only ask you to wait, dear Eleanor! till we have heard the sum total of Michady's prophecy, since he is now in the vein, which I can assure you does not often occur, for he is generally silent and sullen. Come, now, Michady!" he continued, turning to the idiot, "tell us something more of what your friends the crows said—there is to be a wake, you say?"

"Yes, an' a funeral—a very grand one, too. An', Arthur!" he added, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper—"do you know that there's somebody to be *berried*, soon, under the big stone, beyant there. Sure the crows tould myself that same—och! but them's the cratures that 'ud tell me any thing."

"But what stone do you mean, Michady?" inquired Arthur, while Eleanor once more caught hold of his arm, as if to support her failing strength.

"What stone is it?" returned Michady, contemptuously—"arrah! what stone would it be

but jist the big stone that's over the ould curnel? —ah! ah! there's to be a great berril entirely—that'll be the fun, sure enough!" And as he spoke he seemed so full of the anticipated sport that he leaped at least a foot from the ground, and then trotted off as fast as his unwieldy proportions would admit, shouting ever as he went—"Whoo! that'll be the grand berril, an' it's ourselves 'ill have the fun. Och! but the ould woman 'ill get lots an' leavins' o' tobaccy at the wake!"

Arthur was about to make some playful remark on the scene they had just witnessed, when he felt Eleanor's head fall heavily against his shoulder, and on looking into her face, he was shocked to see her eyes closed, and her lips livid as those of a corpse.

"Eleanor!—Eleanor!" he wildly exclaimed, as he clasped her inanimate form to his bosom;—"Eleanor! my own Eleanor! what can this mean?—what fatal spell has been cast on my beloved?—Speak! oh, speak, Eleanor! that I may know you yet live!"—In vain—in vain, his tender entreaties;—deaf the ear to which his voice had ever been sweetest music, and mute the tongue which had been wont to utter his name with thrilling tenderness. At once the startling thought crossed his mind that she was dead; and in the anguish of the moment he had scarcely strength enough to place her on an adjacent bank. What was he to do?—the night was already closing in—he well knew that no human habitation was near—how then was he to procure aid?—and yet even one moment's delay might be fatal—that is, if life was not yet extinct. Oh, God! the unutterable agony of that moment, when he wildly raised her in his arms, unknowing whether she still lived, or if his arms embraced the lifeless remains of his Eleanor—his hope—his all!—Happily his fears outstripped the truth, for a few moments only had elapsed when he felt a slight shudder creep through her frame, and heaving a deep sigh, she opened her eyes and faintly articulated his name. "I am here, Eleanor!—life of my soul—I am here!" and he strained her to his heart with passionate fondness—"Heaven be praised that I again hear your voice!" A faint pressure of his hand was Eleanor's reply, for she still found herself unable to speak. A short time, however, so far restored her strength that they were enabled to resume their walk so strangely interrupted, though, from Eleanor's continued weakness, their progress was necessarily slow. "Good God, Eleanor!" cried Arthur, after a short pause,—“to what cause must I attribute your swoon?—surely you could have attached no importance to Michady's silly chattering? Heaven knows I merely encouraged him to ramble on,

with the hope of diverting you from the gloomy thoughts which seemed to occupy your mind. Oh, no! I cannot believe you so weak, not to say superstitious, as to take note of his wild unmeaning discourse?"

"Wild and unmeaning, if you will, Arthur! and unworthy of a moment's consideration; but what will you say when I tell you that last night I had a dream of the same import?—Now explain to me this strange coincidence, for I must confess that at present it appears to me a warning from on high—tell me how we can account for it?"

"As to Michady's prophecy, received, as he says, from the venerable seers of the beech-tree, you will, I think, acknowledge it to be a mere fantasy of his own unreasoning mind—as such it is only fit to excite a laugh; and as for your vision of last night, I take it to be purely the effect of those childish fancies which have, even from the very period of our marriage, haunted your mind." Eleanor shook her head with the air of one far from being convinced, and Arthur went on gaily—"Well, then, what would you have me to say?—shall I interpret your dream?"

"I shall take your doing so as a favor, most wise Joseph," returned Eleanor, with an attempt to shake off the fearful load of apprehension which weighed down her inmost heart—"pray let me hear your interpretation."

"Yes! but in order that I may unriddle your dream, Eleanor, you must first relate it to me—you know that even the patriarch, inspired as he was, could not expound the dreams of the butler and baker until he had heard them."

"True! but I had forgotten that I had not told you—it seemed to me, then, that I was walking with you, and that, having bent our steps towards the church-yard, I suddenly expressed a wish to visit the church in order to examine it at leisure, as I had never been there except during divine service. The doors, as we approached, appeared to be closed, but on a sudden they were laid open and disclosed a large concourse of people, who occupied the centre aisle. I heard a voice, as of one preaching, and looking towards the pulpit, I saw the rector himself, in the act of addressing the people in what appeared a funeral oration. As I listened, I distinctly heard him say—"the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth away, and man is cut off in the pride of his strength, and goeth down to the dark grave, while the world he leaves behind, seems most abundant in charms. Happy is it for those who by a lingering illness are prepared for this awful change—but, my brethren, he whom we all mourn has been snatched away without a moment's warning." I waited to hear no more, Arthur, for we just then turned away.

My dream, however, did not end here—it seemed as if we continued our walk around the church-yard, and that you suddenly paused and said, as you pointed to your father's tomb—'Look there, Eleanor!' I approached for the purpose of reading the inscription, when, what was my astonishment, to see 'Arthur Newburk, aged twenty-nine years!' 'Why, Arthur,' I said, 'surely your father was older than that at the time of his death.' Receiving no answer, I turned to look for you, but you were gone, and as I looked around in every direction, a voice seemed to issue from the tomb, saying, 'Eleanor! come! I am waiting for you!'

"A sudden terror took possession of me, and I awoke to return thanks to heaven that it was but a dream. I have been endeavoring all the day to overcome the sadness to which it gave rise, when on hearing from the mouth of that witless creature, a shadowy intimation of the same nature, I could bear up no longer, and sight and sense gave way together. Now, expound my dream!"

Arthur had listened with a sort of mock gravity, and when Eleanor had concluded, he exclaimed:

"Well! really, I could laugh outright, did not your seriousness prevent me, lest I might hurt your sensibility. But do you know what I think your dream portends?"

"No! but I hope to hear your opinion, whether in jest or earnest."

"Well!" resumed Arthur, with sly emphasis; "you know 'dreams go by contraries,' as the proverb has it—so I thus interpret yours. The funeral service which you saw performed by good Mr. Cottingdon, will eventually prove to be a baptism, and the name on the stone shall be that given to a certain stranger who is in due time expected to arrive—is not that a very probable solution?"

"What a lucid explanation!" exclaimed Eleanor, with a blush; "now it strikes me, with all due reverence for your superior wisdom, that your interpretation cannot be quite correct, for I have frequently heard it said by persons learned in the science of reading dreams, that to dream of a funeral portends a wedding, and *vice versa*; but I never did hear that it denoted a christening. How will you get over that difficulty?"

"Oh! as to that," returned Arthur, who readily lent himself to Eleanor's evident attempt at overcoming her strange melancholy; "as to that, I have long since lost all faith in the old system of interpretation, and I propose establishing a new one at my leisure hours. Thus you see, I have put forth my new theory in the case of your most lugubrious vision. But here we are at

home—so let us postpone the subject till another opportunity."

"And let me beg that you will not mention my swoon to your sister, nor, indeed any portion of the scene with your friend Michady—promise me that you will not, Arthur!" she whispered, as they just then ascended the steps of the hall-door.

"I do promise!" Arthur replied in the same tone, and as he spoke, he opened the door of the front parlor, where Mary was quietly seated at work near the fire. She raised her eyes for a moment, but without being at all disturbed by the interruption.

"Well! really, Arthur! I am at a loss to account for your recently acquired propensity to evening rambles. I would that you might sit quietly at home by the fire, and amuse yourself by reading, (if it were possible,) rather than roaming about the fields just when the dew is falling. I suppose, however, that you and Mrs. Newburk have obtained leases of your lives, as otherwise I cannot understand your inveterate habit of walking in the twilight."

"For shame, Mary!" exclaimed Arthur, with a smile, "why will you speak in such terms of that hour 'which poets vie to praise!' Are you, then, so utterly insensible to the charms of 'the soft twilight'—'the hour for lovers,'—in short, the very pink of hours? Why, if you go on so, I must really begin to class you with the sisterhood, who have already crossed the threshold of youth."

"And yet," returned Mary, raising her eyes to her brother's face, with a thoughtful look, "and yet, Arthur! I have heard you condemn evening rambles in days past—and it must be confessed that few young men would have declined the companionship then offered. Poor dear Margaret! would that I had never seen you, since fate willed not that we should dwell together."

Lost in painful remembrance, Mary Newburk seemed to forget the present—her work fell from her hand, and she sat motionless, with her eyes fixed on vacancy. Eleanor, who had thrown herself on a sofa near the door, was, it may well be believed, a deeply-interested listener. With breathless eagerness, she looked from sister to brother in the hope that either would continue a subject, which had become so intensely interesting to her. She was disappointed, however, for Arthur, visibly alarmed by the turn which his sister had, (it appeared unintentionally,) given to the conversation, hastily exclaimed:

"Nonsense, Mary! do leave off these doleful recollections of yours, and let us have tea—here is Eleanor, who must, I am sure, feel fatigued from her long walk."

Mary started from her meditations, and without deigning to cast even a look on Eleanor, swept out of the room. For a moment, Arthur stood irresolute, while the heightened color on his cheek bespoke his indignation. The pause was but momentary. Ashamed of his sister's glaring unkindness, and perhaps afraid of being questioned on the meaning of her last exclamation, he feared to meet Eleanor's look. On the spur of the moment, too, he proposed to follow Mary, in order to pour out his resentment for her double offence. He had already reached the door, when he was arrested by Eleanor's voice.

"Arthur!" she said, and her tones were faint and tremulous. "Come here, Arthur!"

In a moment, he was bending over her where she lay pale, and almost insensible, on the sofa.

"Eleanor!" he exclaimed; "dear, dear Eleanor! what is the matter? you look as though you were about to have another fit. Shall I call some one to assist you?" he dared not mention his sister's name, after what had passed.

"No—no—no, Arthur! I shall be well again in a few minutes. I am merely fatigued!"

And as she spoke, a convulsive sigh burst from her very heart. Arthur regarded her with tender pity—Alas! in that sorrow-stricken face—those heavy eyes sunk far into their sockets, he could too plainly read a tale of secret suffering.

"Fatigued!" he repeated, with mournful emphasis. "Oh, Eleanor! my poor Eleanor!"

So altered was his voice, that Eleanor suddenly raised her head, and fixed an inquiring look on his face—what was it that had wrought such a wondrous change there within the last half-hour? The clear, open brow, was heavily shaded, and there was that in the dark, brilliant eye which spoke of much mental pain. Yet did his look express so much tenderness, that Eleanor threw herself into his arms—

"Arthur! Arthur! do but love me, and I can bear all—aye! a thousand times as much. It is only the fear of a former attachment being revived in your mind, and thus robbing me of that love which forms my sole happiness, that clouds the sunshine of my heart—all but that, I can endure without a murmur. Oh! in mercy, say that you love me!" and she clasped her hands imploringly.

"Eleanor! my own—my only love! how can you doubt my affection? Have I ever given you even the slightest reason to suppose that my love is grown colder? What can have excited these suspicions in your mind?"

"Before I dismiss them forever, Arthur, tell me who is this Margaret to whom your sister alluded—the Miss Morton of whom Hannah spoke,—for I am convinced that they both re-

ferred to the same individual? Tell me, then, who is this heroine of the boat-house scene?"

She had scarcely spoken when Arthur started to his feet, exclaiming:

"Eleanor! Eleanor! if you love me, harass me not by questions on this subject. Enough for you to know that never husband loved wife more fondly than I love you—seek not, I again entreat you, to dive into my past life!—Excuse me for a few minutes."

And so saying he quitted the room with hasty steps, leaving Eleanor more than ever bewildered. Sinking back on the sofa she gave free scope to her tears, and by so doing obtained a sort of relief from the anguish which had torn her heart, so that when Mary soon after entered, she was enabled to repress her feelings. What was her surprise when Mary approached and took her seat on the sofa where she sat—a circumstance by no means usual.

"I hope you feel strong enough to join us at tea, Mrs. Newburk?"

These were her words, and the tone in which she spoke was much softer than usual. Eleanor looked at her before she answered—could it be possible that it was Mary Newburk who spoke? It was—there was no mistake—her sister-in-law had really and indeed expressed a hope that she might be able to join them in the drawing-room.

"Oh, yes! dear Miss Newburk! I am quite well now—I thank you very much!"

And she rose as she spoke, when lo! Mary also stood up and offered her arm, which Eleanor at once accepted. All this seemed so strange to the latter, that she could scarcely persuade herself it was not a dream, and as she proceeded with Mary to the drawing-room, so great was her surprise that she could scarcely articulate a word.

Arthur was not in the drawing-room when the ladies entered, and Miss Newburk said:

"Let us not wait for Arthur—you must stand in need of some refreshment, you look pale and exhausted."

"Oh! I am quite, quite well now!" returned Eleanor, with a smile; "and would rather wait for Arthur, if you have no objection?" Miss Newburk assented, and during the few minutes that elapsed before Arthur made his appearance, Eleanor had an excellent opportunity of contemplating the changed countenance of her sister-in-law, as the latter sat, with her eyes fixed on the flickering blaze of the coal fire in the grate, apparently absorbed in sad reflection. Mary Newburk, though she had long lost the bloom of youth, and looked yet older than she really was, still retained sufficient attractions to arrest the

eye of a *connoisseur* in female beauty. Her figure was tall and finely proportioned, and though her air and bearing were somewhat too stately, yet were they in such perfect keeping with her fine and even noble features, that the *tout ensemble* could not fail to excite admiration. Her nose was rather of the aquiline—her forehead broad and intellectual, and her eyes, of a dark hazel colour, were full of intelligence; yet, at times, their expression was soft and mild. On Eleanor, however, they had never, hitherto, looked kindly—to her they had been cold as the sun which shines on the snows of the pole, and her heart throbbed with delight when on this memorable occasion, she found the eyes of Mary fixed upon herself with a look of tender interest. Though each was, it would seem, brimful of emotion, yet no word was exchanged until Arthur entered and quietly took his seat at the table. He was much paler than Eleanor had ever seen him, and to her anxious and scrutinizing gaze he appeared restless and unhappy.

"Alas!" thought Eleanor, "he has been all this time gloating over those memories which are as a sealed book to me, and which have, whatever their nature may be, the power of exciting almost to frenzy his usually placid mind!—Happy Margaret!—happy in having been his first love!" and Eleanor involuntarily sighed as this thought took possession of her mind.

She was aroused from her meditations by the voice of Mary.

"Do try to shake off that gloom, Eleanor, which has so long shrouded your heart." Arthur suddenly raised his eyes and fixed them on the face of his sister, with a look of astonishment that made her smile. "How now, Arthur! why do you look so surprised?—have I said anything so very strange? But I see how it is," she added, more seriously—"a word of kindness from me to our Eleanor is matter of surprise, and I take shame to myself that it should be so,—come here, Eleanor!" She had scarcely spoken when Eleanor was in her arms, and sobbing like a child on her bosom. When Arthur had a little recovered from his amazement he noiselessly approached, and throwing his arms around both as they sat, pressed them to his heart in a long embrace.

"Blessings on you both!" he fervently exclaimed—"Oh! Mary, my sister, now you are again my own kind Mary!—I ask not what has caused this blessed change,—I only pray that it may be permanent."

"What a compliment you pay me, Arthur!" exclaimed Mary with a laugh; "but I forgive

you, for I know I deserve the most severe reproaches, instead of compliments. I trust, however, that Eleanor will forgive me, and to her I shall readily guarantee the permanency of my present feelings towards her." A silent embrace was Eleanor's reply, for her heart was all too full for words. Amid all her happiness she felt the strongest curiosity to know what had effected a change as sudden as marvellous, yet she ventured not to inquire, lest her questions should have the effect of disturbing the present calm.

The night was far advanced before our little party thought of separating. At length Arthur looked up at the time-piece—"Why, Mary!" he exclaimed, looking archly at his sister, "I thought you were opposed to late hours—see what an hour it is!—most assuredly, I would never have expected to find you, of all people, engaged in a fireside chat at this ghostly hour—lo!" he continued, with mock solemnity, as the house-clock was heard to strike, "'lo! the iron tongue of midnight *doth* toll twelve.'—Eleanor! you should be in the world of dreams by this time. You, whose slumbers are visited by such pleasing dreams, should lose no time in courting their return." An admonitory glance from Eleanor recalled him to a sense of his indiscretion, but all too late, for Mary suddenly asked:

"May I inquire into the nature of your dreams, Eleanor?—if they have been such as Arthur mentions, do let me hear them by all means!—Oh!" she added, after a momentary pause, as she observed Eleanor's countenance suddenly change—"oh! I see you are still afraid of *Miss Mary*; but dismiss your fears and learn to confide in me. Arthur will tell you that I have not always been so repellent as you have seen me, and that the time has been when sister Mary was his chosen friend and *confidante*."

"Most cordially do I bear witness to the fact, dear Mary!—Never was there truer or warmer heart than yours, and so well am I convinced of it that even when your strange coldness fell with an icy chill on all within your circle, yet my affection for you never lost its early tenderness—you never ceased to be to me the best and dearest of sisters. After all, Mary," he added, "your late metamorphosis was to me altogether unaccountable."

"I am glad of it, Arthur," returned Mary, with a smile, "and so it must remain. I am one of those who love better to discourse on the faults and failings of others rather than my own; and I seldom make even my errors, whether past or present, the theme of discourse. But we have digressed from the subject in hand, Eleanor. Are

you now satisfied that you may confide in me, and that I am not naturally the cold, rigid censor you have known me?"

"Oh! yes," replied Eleanor, as she pressed Mary's hand—"I am all too willing to be convinced to be very fastidious about proof. I will take the future on trust, dear Miss Newburk!" She paused a moment, as if to collect her scattered thoughts, or probably to summon courage for a recital which she evidently dreaded. "As I have never related but one dream to Arthur so I cannot mistake the particular one to which he alludes, but whether it deserves the name of *pleasing*, I shall leave you to judge." She then proceeded to narrate the dream of the churchyard. Mary listened throughout with much apparent interest, but when Eleanor came to repeat the inscription which she had seen upon the tomb, a shade of anxiety was seen to settle on her features.

"Why, Arthur!" she suddenly interrupted, "that is exactly your age!—had you ever mentioned it to Eleanor?"

"Never, that I recollect; and the coincidence struck me as singular!"

"Good heavens! Eleanor! what is the matter?" exclaimed Mary, as Eleanor sank back in her chair, pale as death. In an instant she was supported in her husband's arms, while Mary, surprised and alarmed, ran to seek restoratives. When she returned, she found Eleanor almost recovered, though still pale and faint.

"Oh! Mary," cried Arthur, as his sister tenderly embraced Eleanor, "I cannot forgive myself for having spoken seriously of that unfortunate dream—see what an effect our observation with respect to my age has had on this dear girl."

Mary expressed her concern for having unwittingly given so much pain, observing at the same time that she could not have believed it possible that any one could be so moved by a mere dream.

"Yes; but you will cease to wonder at its effect upon Eleanor, Mary," replied Arthur, laughing, "when I tell you that the *warning* thus mysteriously given has been repeated through the wise lips of no less a personage than Michady Rooney! You will, therefore, confess that Eleanor has cause for apprehension. What arguments could you oppose to such grave authority?" And again he laughed, while even Mary could not refrain from smiling.

"Arthur! dear Arthur!" cried Eleanor, beseechingly, "do not, in pity, treat the matter thus lightly—we all know that warnings have been frequently given beforehand of events yet hidden in the womb of futurity; let us not then despise those which have been vouchsafed to us."

"Oh! I had forgotten your old presentiment, Eleanor!" returned Arthur, still laughing. "Now, Mary, that you have heard so much, I may as well tell you all. Know, then, that Eleanor has been favored for several months past with a sort of half-peep into the future, and thereby discovered that some terrible calamity or calamities awaited her. Truly, I shall begin to doubt the truth of her prophecy, since its fulfilment is so long delayed. I would that it might come, in what shape soever it appears." Eleanor sat looking at him in speechless astonishment. A cold shivering crept over her, for it seemed to her that Arthur talked and looked wildly—there was in his eyes a bright light, and in his voice a ringing sound that made her shudder. It might be fancy, but if so, it had power to make her wretched. At length she retired for the night, and as she bade Mary "good night," the latter pressed her hand with much warmth.

"Good night, dear Eleanor! I hope to-morrow will find you in better health and spirits."

Having gained her own chamber, Eleanor sat down to think quietly and seriously over the events of the evening. How much had occurred—what fearful changes had her mind undergone since but a few hours before she set out with Arthur for Hannah's cottage. First there was Hannah's half-told story of Miss Morton—Mary's allusions to the same individual (that it was one and the same, she had not the slightest doubt,) and the strange emotion which her name had on both occasions excited in Arthur—and yet he had solemnly assured her of his affection, nor had she ever had the faintest cause to accuse him of insincerity. Why then did he appear so agitated when she had begged for an explanation?—why had he so earnestly entreated her to forbear all inquiries on the subject? And finally, to what was owing the unparalleled change in Mary's sentiments towards herself? In vain were all her reflections—all her surmises on these subjects—in vain did she revolve them in her mind, aye, even till thought became intensely painful—she had no clue to aid in unravelling the mystery; and, at length, wearied and exhausted, she endeavoured to dismiss the subject from her thoughts, trusting to time, the great revealer of secrets, to enlighten her on these questions.

(To be continued.)

THE WANDERER.

DEDICATED TO M***.

'Twas 'mid the tempest on the wave,
A youthful wand'rer, void of care,
First paused him as he homeward gave
A thought to those who mourn'd him there.
And fondly then, though downward foam'd
Congenial ocean, vast and steep,
Amid the storm, as west he roam'd,
He flung this sigh along the deep,—

"Farewell, my friends! thy last embrace,
"And lone adieu here round me throw
"Such grief,—for oh! therein I trace,
"The presage of some coming woe!
"And yet, why should I grieve to think
"That aught of pain can e'er be mine?
"I love thee still, and will that link,
"Not hold me bless'd 'mid every clime.

The tempest shriek'd, and round his bark
All wildly dash'd phosphoric brine;
Still there, amid that awful dark,
Thy love, sweet home, recurr'd, divine.
And then the wand'rer did recall
Whate'er his boyhood deified,
And as he mus'd beneath the pall,
Of convuls'd night, again he sigh'd,—

"Alas! this pang, this riving pain,
"I fear me is what exiles feel,
"When on the bounding troubled main,
"The thoughts of home first o'er them steal,
"As through the deep his good ship dashes,
"Bearing him far from all that's dear,
"For then the soul emits some flashes—
"Such flashes as the bosom sear;—

But morning came, the tempest pass'd,
And then, once more, aloft he flew,
To cradle 'neath the topmost mast,
And catch the tints Aurora threw
Along the azur'd, tranquil breast,
Of wearied ocean, as the beam,
Which pour'd from burning Phœbus' crest,
Refracted far on Atlant's stream;—
As when from uncreated sleep,
First blushed to life the Eternal tide,
When, smiling o'er the dreary deep,
The infant-God was seen to glide.
And while his bark right gallant cast
Her graceful wide extended wing—
In challenge to the morning blast,
Our wand'rer 'mid the shrouds did sing:—

"The morning o'er the sea,
"Comes pouring, bless'd and bright,
"Our bark, thro' the silvery spray,
"Flies bounding fast and light,
"And here 'mid the shrouds I'll catch,
"The smiles of rosy morn,
"As o'er the seas I watch
"Sad night retiring lorn."

That long, lone day howe'er was spent,
In converse, or in music's balm;
Sweet night came on, and then were lent
Her glories to the ocean calm;

The ship's crew soon retire below,
And stillness bids the Pilot sleep!
But now, in sooth, aloft must go
Our wand'rer, vigil there to keep;
And as he view'd the lumin'd skies,
His ecstasy began to fire,
Till all at once in rapture rise,
These midnight verses from his lyre.

"Now, silence reigns on board,
"The noisy tar's asleep;
"While Jo'va dread, is here adored,
"In the music of the deep.
"Our ship's the centre of the spheres,
"Or seems she to the eye;
"As ether-like the waters look,
"Mid circumambient sky!
"The stars their mirror'd distance hold,
"While spangling the bright round,
"And seem as sparks of flaming gold,
"On the blue ethereal ground.
"Oh! 'tis sweet to gaze on night sublime,
"When the pilgrim waters sleep,
"To feel alone on the ocean brine,
"While the stars their vigils keep."

And now, while lingering o'er the west,
Where the blue sky dip'd lovely in,
Or glass'd its glories in the breast
Of ocean, 'long the horizon's rim;
A streak of darkness caught his eye,
For a moment seem'd to spread,
Just as the merry sailor's cry,
Proclaim'd it cheerily—"Land a-head."

And land it was, there standing out,
Confronting the ascendant spheres,
The same Seneca writ about,
The Cathay of still later years;
Land of the west! thou future clime
Of sceptred-freedom, who can trace
The glories of that fame divine,
Which, oh! awaits thy new-born race!

The stranger's soul throbs proudly free,
And feels no more oppression's smart,
As rushing gladly from the sea—
Thy sacred touch sublimates his heart.
Back from the gulph, the wild woods rear
Their sullen grandeur far and wide,
And northward, heaven seem to dare
Along the proud Cartarqui's tide.

But white cots line the southern bank,
The young and mild before them play,—
The kindly offspring of the Frank,
Who sought this clime in early day.
The bark still onward held her track
To where 'embugues the Saguenay—
Where sits the widow'd Tadousac
Mingling her tears among the spray;
Now here our wand'rer takes his leave,
His after fate again may tell
Far other scenes than on the wave,—
Till then, dear reader,—Fare-thee-well.

LA POULE,

BY G. JEFFERY.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some beamed eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a bass line with chords and eighth notes.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, ending with a measure marked "8va." indicating an octave shift. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords and eighth notes.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, and the lower staff continues the bass line with chords and eighth notes.

LA POULE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a repeat sign. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The lower staff includes a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) and concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Coda.

The Coda system consists of two staves. The upper staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The final system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

OUR TABLE

THE OLD COMMODORE—BY E. HOWARD, AUTHOR OF RATTLIN THE REEFER.

THIS is a capital story, and would have been better had the author not mixed up with it quite so many addresses to his readers, about such trivial matters, for instance, as the substitution of one word for another, or his reasons for not having done so.

There is also another error, which he frequently falls into, arising from the same cause, "egotism," viz: that of quoting passages from his own history, and interweaving them with the text, instead of appending them as notes. But while we object to the mode of introducing them, it must not be inferred that we are quarrelling with the passages themselves. On the contrary, they constitute some of the most interesting episodes in the whole book, and are always most pertinently illustrative of the matter that has elicited them.

We had selected a quotation which we intended not only as an illustration of the truth of the last remark, but as a specimen of the author's style and manner; but our stubborn matter-of-fact printer, on laying his graduated rule upon it, tells us he has not room for it. "What a pity!" we exclaimed. "And the best ghost story we have ever read!" We will try and find room for it in our next.

THE CONVICT—BY G. P. R. JAMES.

WE need not say more of a work from the prolific pen of this versatile and talented writer, than that it more than sustains the high reputation he had already acquired. It is, we hesitate not to say, if not the best, one of the best of his tales.

It is for sale, as well as the Old Commodore, and the work noticed below, at R. & C. Chalmers', Great St. James Street.

BRIAN O'LINN; OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING—BY MAXWELL.

THIS work we have not had time to read, and therefore can only speak of it from hearsay. If, upon better acquaintance with it, we find it worthy of the encomiums it has received, we shall probably advert to it again. But we fear that the field he has chosen for his labours has, of late, been rather over-cropped. One certainly may have too much of a good thing—of Irish stories for example, as well as of "Tales of the Sea." The rage for both, we think, is waning fast.

KITTY'S RELATIONS.

THIS is a very amusing story, and would have been a much more interesting one had the characters of the would-be-ladies been cast in a mould a degree or two less vulgar. Here, by the way, is a capital hint for some of our literary readers, if they would but take it. What a glorious tale of "truth stranger than fiction," might be told. The little world around is teeming full of rich materials for it.

Tacked to the tale of "Kitty's Relations," are some trifling "bread and butter" stories, to make up, we suppose, the "quarter's" worth of reading.

BODY THE ROVER—BY CARLETON.

WE have been so crowded with contributions, and so urgently pressed to admit them, that we have hardly standing room left for Our Table, much less for any wide display of the works upon it.

Suffice it, therefore, to say that the work before us is well worth reading, and that indeed is saying more than can be said of many now-a-days.

This and Kitty's Relations are to be had of Mr. McCoy, Great St. James Street.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of the January number of the Victoria Magazine. Its first article, "The Lost Boy," is a perfect gem. It is written in a chastely correct style; the incidents are graphically described. It is a tale truly of thrilling interest and surpassing beauty, and we pity the man that "marries the maid" that reads the tale without a tear.

THE WAYSIDE CROSS; OR, THE RAID OF GOMEZ—A TALE OF THE CARLIST WAR.

THE author is a Captain of the 33rd Regiment.

The tale is well told, and highly interesting, inasmuch as it is so graphically descriptive of the manners, habits and customs of the Spaniards, not only during the late civil wars, when the peculiar national traits in the character of that romantic people were strikingly exhibited, but during the whole of their eventful history since the expulsion of the Moors.

OUR Table is loaded with other works, a notice of which we must reserve for our next issue.