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THE GIRL'S CHOICE.*

BY E. M. M.

> There is a Calm the poor in spirit know,
> That softens sorrow and that sweetens woe;
> There is a Peace that dwells within the breast,
> When all without is stormy and distress'd;
> There is a Light that gilds the darkest hour,
> When dangers thicken and when tempests lower.
> That Calm to faith, and hope, and love is given—
> That Peace remains when all beside is riven—
> That Light shines down to man direct from Heaven!
>
> ANON.

AND now the morning of Lady Marley's *déjeûner à la fourchette* arrived. There had been much rain on the previous evening and during the night, but every cloud had disappeared, and the sun shone forth in resplendent brightness, while the trees and flowers sparkled as if adorned with a thousand gems.

Many a young heart fluttered with delight, at the promised pleasure of the day which had occupied every thought for weeks before. As the season was rather advanced the repast was spread in the drawing-room, consisting of every delicacy that could be procured far and near; the windows were all thrown open, and the Band of the Regiment stationed on the lawn. At twelve o'clock the guests began to assemble, and were received at the door by Sir James and Lady Marley, who, as they stood together, formed an unpleasing contrast: he a little shrivelled old man, and her ladyship in all the bloom of health and beauty; a lurking anxiety might be traced occasionally on her brow, but this would pass away as she met the admiring eyes that ever and anon were cast upon her, and listened to the remarks made purposely to feed her vanity and gratify her doting husband.

Mrs. Cobb, in her gold turban, followed by four of her daughters, and accompanied by Mr. Cobb, formed very conspicuous figures amidst the crowd. Captain Warburton was one of the last arrivals—he had come to the party contrary to the advice of his medical attendant—looking rather pale from his recent illness, but, in the estimation of the ladies, handsomer than ever. The countenance of Lady Marley lightened up the instant she beheld him,—pleasure sparkled in her dark eyes, smiles played around her lips, —a few words passed between them, when he left her to talk to others. Mr. Wilkins, dressed in a claret-coloured coat, velvet collar and basket buttons, fluttered about talking nonsense, and boasting that all the arrangements for the day had been made by him; frequently his sister turned an impatient glance upon him, as some vulgar expression would meet her ear, when she wished him in his own surgery at home. Another, also, she regretted having invited—our friend the spinster, who was a kind of Argus watch upon all her movements.

"Why did you not bring your beautiful lady to eclipse all these belles?" asked Miss Sykes, as Captain Warburton was passing her.

"I could not prevail on her to come," he replied; "she has made laws for herself and will not depart from them."

"Others make laws also," rejoined Miss Sykes sarcastically, "but I fear that, to fulfil them, they burthen their consciences."

Captain Warburton coloured, bowed his head to the lady, and walked away.

The guests now took their seats round the table; some placed next to those they wished, others disappointed, and looking very cross upon their unlucky neighbors. Mrs. Cobb appeared perfectly

*Continued from page 454.

satisfied, each of her daughters having secured a beau, the fickle Mr. Sinclair being one. The matron did not altogether approve of him, but his neat coat, and a mysterious little tuft of hair on his chin, rendered him so attractive in the sight of Miss Augusta, that *empty pockets* and empty brains were forgotten; he told her that *"he never saw her looking so well, that he preferred blue eyes to dark ones;"*—what could she wish for more? Mrs. Cobb pursed her mouth and looked grave, when her daughter's loud laugh met her ear, for she was very anxious that her family should be considered genteel; the frown, and "Augusta, my love!" would for the instant check the young lady's mirth, but in the next mamma's caution was forgotten; "Mr. Sinclair was so very funny."

While poor Mrs. Cobb, on one of these occasions, was holding up the *warning finger*, a servant, in removing a dish from the table, unfortunately caught her *gold* turban in the button of his sleeve, and carried it off, wig and all, leaving her to all the horrors of a bald head. Her scream as she rushed after the man, was re-echoed by a roar of laughter from her ungallant husband, and a suppressed titter from the rest, who beheld the disaster. Sir James Marley, pitying her evident distress, immediately rose, and recovering the head-dress, replaced it on her, saying, as he did so,

"I am very sorry for the accident, and the fellow deserves to be punished for his unpardonable carelessness; but, *as it has displayed* the amiable temper of Mrs. Cobb, in taking it so well, I *hope* she will forgive him."

This little speech restored the lady's self-possession, and making Sir James a low courtesy, she *returned* to her seat, unconscious that her turban—poor woman—was turned the wrong side before, to the infinite amusement of Miss Augusta and her incorrigible companion.

The Band now commenced playing several very beautiful airs, amidst the din of tongues and clatter of plates, *while noisy mirth, miserable* attempts at wit, and bursts of laughter, united *in marring the* sweet sounds. A few romantic young ladies, ashamed to be supposed capable of eating, were the only listeners. Amongst these was Miss Arabella Cobb, who refused every thing that was offered to her by the elegant Mr. Wilkins, who, ever since she had sung for him "The heart that loves fondest of any," had been her devoted admirer. Mrs. Cobb, perceiving that her daughter abstained, and fearing it would make her ill, called across *the table*,

"Now do eat something, Bella, love; I have ordered no dinner at *home, remember!*"

"The deuce you hav'nt, Mrs. Cobb," exclaimed *her* husband, "how was that?"

"I knew there was a calf's head in the house, *lovey, which could* be soon dressed if you wished it," she replied.

Mr. Cobb did *not* at *all* like the visibility her speech called forth; he drew himself up—poor little man—and spluttered and tried to look big; but it would not do, for Miss Sykes, maliciously *offering him some crab dressed* in vinegar, increased the laughter so much that he rose from the table, saying "he did not feel very well, and must return home." Mrs. Cobb, aware that to oppose would determine him, sat perfectly still, pretending not to hear him, an example which was *followed by her daughters, who were too* well accustomed to *papa's freaks to heed* them.

Wisdom, seared at all she saw and heard, now spread her wings and *flew* away, while Folly shook her cap and bells, and strutted about in her own court, *delighted* at her freedom. But, alas! where Folly reigns how many evils follow in her *train*, invisible it is true, but felt, and too often deplored.

Sir James Marley had taken a fancy to sit next his lady at breakfast, a fancy that did not *appear to be at all reciprocal*, for her back was half turned towards him, and to all his tender attentions, which he was rather fond of displaying in company, she scarcely deigned a reply. As soon as she could do so with propriety, she proposed that the young people should adjourn to the lawn to dance, *while the elders were to* amuse themselves within; *but here* again she was foiled, for many whom *she* voted old did not *so consider themselves*, and at the risk of colds, sore throats and rheumatism, they frisked and flirted, and paired off to stroll in the beautiful grounds, like so many frolicsome lambs.

Lady Marley was beginning to feel cross; Captain Warburton had been placed at a great distance from her during breakfast, and now when he drew near to claim her hand in the waltz, Sir James Marley, with Mrs. Cobb, (who had righted her turban, on passing a looking-glass, much shocked at her absurd appearance,) approached together to look on.

"I think you are very imprudent, Sir James," said his lady, a little tartly; "the ground is still damp, and you will be sure to *get a fit* of the gout."

"I have got my India rubbers on, my darling," he replied. "You see what care she takes of me?" turning to his companion. "Ah, that waltzing, I don't like that waltzing," he continued as the dance commenced; "they never did such things in my day; too free! too free! the minuet, how far more graceful!" here he was stopped by a violent fit of coughing. "I must

not stay here, though," he said on recovering himself; "shall we go in and have a rubber at whist?" and the old man toddled off, leaving his young wife in the arms of Captain Warburton, to flirt and talk as she pleased.

The waltzing was kept up with great spirit for some time, till a dark cloud, and a few drops of rain falling, alarmed the young ladies, who, for the sake of their smart new bonnets, hurried into the house. A large room, in which Sir James Marley was making a collection of paintings, was then thrown open; here, with the assistance of the music, they found ample amusement.

Lady Marley deputing her brother to act as master of ceremonies, contrived soon after this to steal away, and, accompanied by Captain Warburton, to wander into the most solitary part of the grounds, where an old summer-house, rarely frequented, afforded them shelter from the shower.

"Thank goodness we have escaped at last from those horrid people," was her first exclamation, as her head rested on the shoulder of her companion, and she was pressed fondly and familiarly to his side. "Oh! Neville, how I detest them all! They seemed to watch me so and cast on me such suspicious looks, especially that lynx-eyed Miss Sykes, I thought I never should have eluded her vigilance, but I left her gazing on a group of Cupids; I am surprised she did not scare them all away."

"Poor, dear Charlotte, I really pity you," replied Captain Warburton, smiling; "but why ask people to your house who you so much dislike?"

"Oh! because it would seem so particular to leave any one out who is in the society of the place. Besides Sir James would not allow me; I assure you he interferes constantly in the arrangement of my parties. I know not why, but I fear he suspects us; see how he placed himself next me at breakfast; and then again the charming drives we used to enjoy together, how has he destroyed them, by either coming with us or sending my brother. Only imagine if he were to forbid you the house," and she looked tenderly in his face as she spoke.

"Why we would then meet in secret, love; and stolen joys, you know, are always the sweetest," returned Warburton, pressing his lips to hers.

"Ah! tempt me not, faithless one," rejoined the lady; "since I have heard of your elopement with your present wife I have had little confidence in you."

"My wife! poor Katherine!" ejaculated Captain Warburton, starting and covering his face with his hands.

"Do not talk of her now—moments are precious," said Lady Marley, annoyed by the emotion he displayed, "a cold, puritanical creature, incapable of a powerful attachment."

"If that were the case I should not suffer from the arrows of conscience as I now do," returned Captain Warburton; "there never beat in woman's breast a more loving heart than Katherine's, and this it is which at times distresses me, particularly since she nursed me so tenderly during my illness."

"Then repent and return to her, and lead a respectable domestic life; nurse the child for her, and learn to make candle," rejoined Lady Marley, with a sneer; "why should I interfere with such happiness?"

"You are offended, are you, pretty one?" said Warburton, who was perfectly aware of his own power, and frequently exercised it in trying the feelings of the faithless woman; "do you suppose a man can only love one at a time? My heart is divided amongst many!"

"Is it so, Sir?" replied Lady Marley, with a quivering lip; "then I discard it, '*tout ou rien*,' is my motto," and she rose to go, but he prevented her.

"Poor child! she shall have it all to herself," he said provokingly, as he encircled her with his arm and kissed her repeatedly. "Nay do not pout so, it makes you look so cross; no one shall interfere with your right over me."

"Oh! Neville, you try me too far!" replied Lady Marley, now bursting into tears. "Alas! there is no hope for me on this side the grave; married as you are to another, what can you be to me!"

"Every thing, if you will, beloved one!" he returned. "Shall we fly together, and make a little world between ourselves, forgetting all else besides!"

"Yes, and then be deserted for some fairer object. Neville, Neville, you are not to be trusted—infidelity and fickleness are stamped upon that brow!"

"Towards all but you," rejoined the tempter; "try me, Charlotte, you shall have no cause to repent your sweet confidence, rest assured!"

"Did you not say the same to Miss Atherston," retorted Lady Marley, "and can you imagine that I should be content with the share of your affections which she possesses? Neville, there are times when my brain seems on fire, when I wish from my soul that I had never met you; if I was not happy before as a wife, I was at least contented; but now my bonds are hateful to me!"

"Then burst them at once, and be the dear companion of him who adores you; to the sunny land of Italy we will fly from all persecution!"

"What! forsake friends, home, wealth, and honor! Neville, could you repay a sacrifice so costly?"

"Perhaps not," was the reply made, a little proudly; "better return to your duties, as you advised me just now, and bestow on Sir James *that love which you have no right to give to me.*"

"Love *him!* the repulsive, horrid creature! he an antidote to love. No, if I may not love *you*, will bar my heart against the approaches of a passion so full of misery; never shall another have power to cause me the pain which you seem delighted to inflict;" and Lady Marley wept.

"Charlotte, you do me injustice; I have no wish to inflict pain," replied her lover, tenderly embracing her; "command me as you will, and only tell me how I can contribute to your happiness!"

"Happiness has fled me forever," returned the lady; "*I behold myself in bondage to one I detest*; I see you the husband of another woman; such ties as these are not easily broken!"

"Certainly not, when interest interferes with affection. You prefer your handsome establishment, your carriages, your wealth, to the man you profess to love; and doubtless you are right in so doing."

"Neville, do not drive me mad! if I consented to give up all—what then?"

"I would clasp you to my bosom and call you mine, *mine forever!*" was the passionate reply as she sank upon his bosom.

"Yours then I am," she murmured, while burning blushes suffused her cheek; "now you know the strength of my love!"

"Never shall it be abused. Look up, my Charlotte; tell me when and where we shall meet to arrange our plans, for we must not linger too long together now, or we shall be missed."

Lady Marley trembled violently; the die was cast; she had promised, and she must perform; but her guilty heart quailed at the consequences.

"Shall we meet here? I know not a safer spot," she hoarsely whispered.

"Yes, here, and to-morrow morning," he replied aloud. "Then, then my beloved one shall own that her Neville is not unworthy of the sacrifice she makes for him. But, see, the sun again is shining, the rain is over; let us return to your guests."

"I had forgotten them all," murmured Lady Marley; "Oh, how can I meet sir James!"

A slight rustling in the bushes behind the summer-house alarmed her just as they were quitting it; she looked round in terror, but seeing no one she felt reassured, and linking her arm within Captain Warburton's, they hastened from the spot, reached the house, and joined the party in the picture gallery, congratulating themselves that they had never been missed.

And now what can we say for Lady Marley, since we have raised the veil, and discovered to our readers the extent of her guilt? One of a numerous family, remarkable for her beauty, and in consequence completely spoiled, her disposition was capricious, selfish, and most supremely vain. Persuaded by her friends to accept the proposal of the decrepit Sir James Marley, (decrepit from the dissipated life he had led, rather than from age) raised to affluence and a high station, at first she was amused and pleased as a child, with her new possessions—her house, her furniture, her dress, her jewels, her servants, above all her admirers, uniting to turn her young head. She had never been really in love with any one till she beheld Captain Warburton, who came with others to her house one evening, when his fine and handsome person attracted her attention. She knew not then that he was a married man, and she listened to his winning conversation, and received his flatteries with a delight she had never before experienced. It was not till they had met several times, that she learnt to her sorrow that he belonged to another. Had one spark of right principle shone within her breast, she would from that moment have shunned him. But no! reckless of all consequences, she yielded herself up to *a guilty attachment*, which was apparently returned with fervour by the faithless young man.

Woman is not bad at once; she must be led on step by step, but if the first be taken swift is her downward career. Thus it was with Lady Marley; could she have foreseen that she would prove so ungrateful to her husband, who had acted so generously towards her, and that too for the sake of a married man, doubtless she would have shrank from the horrid imputation. Hitherto she had been preserved from the last guilty step, but alas! even this she had pledged her word to take, and to barter her soul for the deceitful pleasures of sin. As for Captain Warburton, he knew himself to be a ruined man, that he could not extricate himself from his difficulties without selling his commission, a measure he had resolved upon taking, unknown to Katherine. He tried to view her as the first cause of his misfortunes to reconcile himself to his base conduct towards her; but conscience often severely stung him and made him writhe in agony, particularly since his illness. To stifle this and gratify his wild desires, he plunged yet deeper into sin, encouraged his passion for Lady Marley, and endeavored to drag her down with him into the gulf of perdi-

tion. Whether this was permitted, or that Satan was deprived of his victims, remains yet to be recorded.

Confused was the manner of Lady Marley, and flushed her cheek, on again meeting her husband and their guests. She separated at once from her companion, who challenged Mr. Wilkins to a game at billiards, while she attempted to talk and laugh, to disguise her agitation. The person she most dreaded was Miss Sykes, who always looked as though she would pierce through her inmost thoughts, but now she was not to be seen; on inquiring for her she was informed by Miss Augusta Cobb, that while wandering in the grounds she had been caught in the rain, and forced to seek shelter under some trees; that on re-entering the house she pleaded fatigue, and had ordered her carriage and returned home. This account struck terror to the heart of Lady Marley, she scarcely knew why; she tried to rally her courage but could not, and, complaining of a violent headache, she was compelled to apologise to her guests and retire. The party soon afterwards dispersed, pleased or offended according to the attentions they had received, but all agreeing in the opinion that Lady Marley's flirtation with Captain Warburton was becoming far too glaring. And thus ended this long-looked-for day of pleasure at Marley Vale.

Miss Sykes, in the meantime, instead of returning home, had driven with all speed to Woodford Abbey, and was ushered into the drawing-room of that house in a state of such excitement, that exclamations of astonishment were uttered by those present. Indeed her appearance was calculated to surprise quiet persons like our friends—dressed, as she was, in white muslin over pink satin, a pink hat and feathers, pink gloves and pink kid shoes; her face was the colour of crimson, her eyes flashed fire, as she sank into a chair, exclaiming,

"La, my dear, such a discovery! I shall not recover from it for months!"

"What have you discovered? What has happened?" inquired Lady Woodford in the same breath. Clara was not present.

The truth will have struck our readers, that Miss Sykes had overheard the conversation between Captain Warburton and Lady Marley in the summer house. When she had in a measure recovered herself, she narrated it in full to her distressed auditors, and then said,

"Now what ought I to do—acquaint Sir James Marley at once, or write him an anonymous letter?"

The ladies, shocked at the tale, remained a while silent, when the elder replied,

"Miss Sykes, this again requires much reflection; the manner in which you gained your information cannot be very satisfactory to your feelings; it has involved you in a most painful predicament. An anonymous letter I highly disapprove. If you feel it right, and your duty to acquaint Sir James, do so openly; but again I repeat, that much reflection is requisite ere you act in a case so delicate."

"I must say I do not see your way clearly, nor do I know exactly how to advise you," observed the younger Lady Woodford; "if you can prevent crime and misery you will do well to do so."

"This can only be done by betraying the guilty pair," said Miss Sykes, kindling.

"Why not first speak to the unhappy Lady Marley—warn her and counsel her? if she hear you not, then take more decided steps. It seems sad to ruin her in the estimation of her husband and of all her friends, without trying to save her."

"Ah, my dear Lady Woodford, you are always so kind and charitably disposed," returned Miss Sykes; "but the affair has gone so far, no advice of mine could prevent the catastrophe. Surely our first endeavor should be to save our sweet Mrs. Warburton from the affliction into which she would be plunged by the desertion of her husband."

"I agree with you; but if we could effect this, and save the unfortunate lady likewise, greater good would follow, since she might live to repent of her sins."

"La! my dear, there is no time; the parties are to meet again to-morrow morning, and I should consider myself accessary to their crime, did I not expose them. No, no! I have come to the resolution of revealing all I know to Sir James, by letter, this very evening, let the consequences be what they may. Say no more"—as Lady Woodford was about to speak—"my Lady Marley has always given herself uncommon airs towards me, and I overheard a most insulting remark which she made of me to her swain; she shall see," tossing her head, "that I am not one to be affronted with impunity!"

"Oh! Miss Sykes, can pique or revenge be your motive?"

"Not altogether, my dear, others actuate me as well. Good bye! I cannot stay longer to talk to you now, but I will come and tell you the result of my communication another day;" as she said this she hurried towards the door, in her haste tearing her muslin dress in the lock, a circumstance not calculated to soften her rancour against the offending pair.

Be it remembered that Miss Sykes was a Christian in name, but not so, as yet, in heart.

Captain Warburton rose on the following

morning at a much earlier hour than usual, and far from feeling well; he had taken cold the preceding day from exposure to the damp. Katherine was still sleeping when he re-entered her room. Ere he left the house he approached the bedside to gaze upon her. Her long fair hair, escaped from beneath her cap, nearly shaded her face, over which the hectic colour had delicately spread itself, giving to her an almost childlike appearance; one arm supported her head, whilst the other lay on the coverlet of the bed, perfect in its symmetry and beauty. A black ribbon tied round her neck attracting her husband's attention, he ventured to examine it, and found attached to it a lock of golden hair, which he at once recognized as Ernest's; the deep sigh he gave as he replaced it, and pressed his lips on her polished brow, made her move, and she murmured in her sleep. "No, no, no! oh! do not!" He turned away, a sensation rising in his throat almost like suffocation. The child awaking at this instant, sat up and fixed her large blue eyes on her guilty father; strange that he could not, without shrinking, encounter that gaze; it seemed as if an accusing angel were before him. Covering his face, he stole from the silent chamber and hurried into the open air; this revived him, and vaulting on his horse, he dashed off with the utmost speed, imagining that he could outstrip those feelings of remorse, which haunted him like so many demons.

> "Oh! how sharp the pain
> Our vice, ourselves, our habits, to disdain;
> To go where never yet in peace we went,
> To feel our hearts can bleed, yet not repent,
> To sigh, yet not recede—to grieve, yet not relent."

A short time brought him to the entrance of Sir James Marley's estate. Outside the park paling there stood a small cottage embosomed within trees, and seeing a countryman sallying from the door he requested he would take charge of his horse. He then walked some little distance and leaped over the paling, looking eagerly about him to discover the place of yesterday's rendezvous; with some difficulty he found it, after proceeding a considerable way through tangled brushwood. Lady Marley had not yet made her appearance, and he entered the summer house to await her arrival; while doing so his thoughts reverted to Katherine. Strange and unaccountable being that he was, never had he loved her so much as at this moment, when he was about to desert her. What then impelled him on? Infatuation! that blind guide whom Satan employs to lure his victims. He now perceived a female figure stealing down the moss-grown path; eagerly he went forward to meet her, but started back on discovering a stranger; she, however, advanced, and without speaking, placed a note in his hand, and then vanished through the coppice. He tore it open and read the following lines, evidently written in trembling agitation:

"Fly, Neville! fly for your life! We have been betrayed, and our meeting yesterday discovered. Anything to equal the fury of Sir James I never witnessed. I am locked within my chamber, but have contrived to give you this intelligence through my maid. You shall hear from me again, when I hope I shall have planned an escape from my tyrant.

"Yours, and only yours,
"CHARLOTTE."

The first feeling of Captain Warburton on reading this hasty epistle was thankfulness; a weight seemed removed from his mind; but as he reflected on the consequences, and the painful situation to which he had exposed Lady Marley, he became considerably agitated. Unmindful of the advice she had given him, he remained rooted to the spot, until approaching voices roused him; boldly he advanced to meet them. In the next instant he was confronted by Sir James Marley, Mr. Wilkins, and two of the servants.

"Seize the villain! seize the betrayer of confidence!" exclaimed the desperate old man, "and chastise him as he merits!"

Captain Warburton frowned defiance as the men stood irresolute.

"The first who dares lay a finger on me," he said, "shall bitterly rue his temerity."

They immediately fell back.

"Sir James," he added, as the injured husband violently shook his clenched hand in his face, "you are an old man—God forbid that I should touch a hair of your head! Deeply have I sinned against you, but I am willing to make any reparation in my power."

"Reparation! who talks of reparation? can you heal a broken heart?" furiously cried Sir James; "Wretch, that you are! the husband of an angel, and yet to steal like a traitor into my house and rob me of my happiness!"

Mr. Wilkins now assuming a fine tragedy manner, began to bluster and talk of his sister's wounded honor; and trusting to the number on his side, he ventured to collar Captain Warburton, calling him by some opprobious name. The withering look of contempt which the agitated young man cast upon him as he hurled him from him, and he fell against a tree, rather cooled his courage.

"Dastard that you are! presume to touch me again, and I will dash every tooth down your throat!" he exclaimed; "if you have a spark of courage meet me as a man, face to face, when and where you will; this moment I am ready!"

Mr. Wilkins began now to think that he had got himself on the "horns of a dilemma;" but

seeing a lurking smile on the countenances of the footmen, he summoned sufficient resolution to say,

"If Sir James Marley wishes me to redress his wrongs, I shall be proud to do so, though the odds would be unfairly against me with a rifleman."

"No, no, no! I wish no such thing," replied the injured old man, "enough misery has been *wrought; leave the wretch to the torments of his* own conscience—that will be sufficient punishment."

"If *you* are satisfied, Sir James, I am not," said Captain Warburton most intemperately. "I have been grossly insulted, and demand satisfaction; Mr. Wilkins, if you are not *afraid* to *meet me*, I shall expect you at this hour to-morrow morning, in the grove behind Leonard Cottage."

"Afraid!" blustered Mr. Wilkins; "let me tell you, Sir, I know what a sham fight is, if I never was engaged in a real one. I have touched the bull's eye before now. I accept your challenge, and shall be punctual to the time you have named."

"Agreed, Sir! good morning!" *replied Captain* Warburton, who, raising his hat to Sir James, turned on his heel and regained the road by the way he had entered the Park; he found the peasant holding his horse where he had left him.

"I have lost an hour of my day's work, your honor!" he said as the young man vaulted into the saddle.

A shilling soon repaid this, when off he trudged to his daily labor with a mind full of peace, while Captain Warburton, goaded by the stings of remorse and sorrow, galloped away across the country, caring little whither he went or what became of him, so utterly miserable were his feelings. *He was considered a first rate* horseman, having from an early age been accustomed to hunting, and now in his present excited state, he cleared many a fence and many a gate, that an older and a wiser head would have paused ere he attempted. At length he came to a stiff fence, with a ditch on either side; he tried to urge his horse over it, but the animal reared and resisted, till feeling the sharp *spurs in his* flanks, he made a spring, but unfortunately not clearing it, he came down on the other side with his rider, one of whose legs was crushed beneath him. The horse, in his struggles to rise, repeatedly kicked the devoted young man, who writhed in agony *and utter helplessness.* A farmer and his man, who were ploughing in the field, beheld the accident, and instantly ran to his assistance, raising him from his perilous situation.

"For God's sake carry me to Woodbank Cottage, Captain Warburton's of the —— Regiment; my leg is broken," murmured the sufferer ere he became insensible from pain.

The farmer procured a hurdle, on which he *was placed, when calling two or three* stout fellows from their *work, he desired them to convey* the gentleman to the barracks, as he could not understand the place of his abode. He very kindly mounted his own nag to accompany him, that he might be assured of his orders being strictly attended to. They had to cross several fields ere *they gained the high road,* where they proceeded at a more rapid pace. A *groan now and* then from their charge, indicated returning consciousness.

Most providentially for him, Dr. Graham and Mr. Fitzarthur of the —— Regiment were out that morning shooting, and met the party. On *their stopping* to inquire who was hurt, they were *much shocked to learn it* was an officer, and, on drawing near, to discover in *the distorted features* of the young man, the unfortunate Warburton. All the doctor could do was to suggest an easier mode of carrying him, and to act as guide to his bearers. He thoughtfully went forward as they *drew near* Woodbank Cottage, to prepare poor *Katherine for her new misfortune.* She received the intelligence more *calmly than he expected,* but when she beheld the cavalcade, and her husband lying as if he were dead, she uttered scream after scream, wringing her hands and calling him by name in tones of piercing agony.

"Be composed, Mrs. Warburton, I entreat," said Dr. Graham. "It is only a fractured limb after all—we *shall soon* set that to rights."

The honest farmer, *touched by the distress of* the interesting young creature,—and a husband and father himself,—also tried to comfort her, sending every assistance, and helping to carry the sufferer into the house, and place him on his bed. When he found he could be of no further use, *he departed* with his *people,* while Dr. Graham, *after examining the fractured limb,* proceeded to set it.

"I must bear all that God sees fit to lay upon me, in patience," said poor Katherine, as she paced her little sitting room, in the restlessness of woe, during the operation. "But oh! that I had *more strength for my hard duty.* 'As thy day is so *shall thy strength be;*' '*my strength is made* perfect in weakness,'" were *the beautiful and* consoling texts that came into her *mind, and* truly did she find them fulfilled.

In examining the injuries received by his patient, Dr. Graham discovered several severe contusions on his breast and side, but of these he said *nothing at present* to his unhappy wife, seeing how much she *already suffered.* On leaving

the house, he merely charged her not to allow any person to be admitted into his presence but the nurse who she had sent for, and herself. Most trying was it for Katherine, as she sat in the darkened chamber of her unfortunate husband, to hear his piteous moanings. She little knew that his mind, as well as his body, was tortured and miserable. As she leaned over him to inquire what she could do to relieve him, he murmured:

"*Nothing*; it is *too late!* The day has passed, the night has come, and found me unprepared!"

Understanding from these words that his eternal state engaged his thoughts, she softly replied:

"Is there anything too hard for the Lord? Perhaps this very misfortune has been sent in mercy to your immortal soul, and to save you from the commission of some great evil."

These words appeared to make an impression, for, after gazing on her a few moments, he said:

"My sweet Kate, how have I requited all your love,—wretch that I have been! Oh! that God would again spare me, and raise me from this bed, and give me time for repentance. Surely what I have suffered for my sins would prove a warning for the future; but I fear all is over with me, and nothing but an awful judgment awaits me!"

The tears of Katherine flowed rapidly as her husband thus expressed himself; she stooped to kiss his pale cheek, but at the moment she could make no reply. After a pause he suddenly asked her the day of the month; when she informed him, he sighed, saying:

"Beauchamp will not return for many weeks yet; how much I wish he had been here at this time!"

"I am sure he would come to you, dearest Neville, if he thought his presence could be a comfort to you," replied Katherine. "Shall I write to him?"

Captain Warburton mused a while, and then said;

"I wish you would, I have more confidence in him than in any man."

Pleased with this remark, Katherine hastened to perform his wishes, and in less than a week after she had despatched her letter—a week spent in much mental and bodily suffering by Warburton—his friend arrived, shocked beyond measure to behold him so fearfully altered, yet consoled to discover that a hearty and sincere repentance for his many sins had, through the grace of God, been granted to the prayers of his admirable wife.

After some interesting conversation between them on their first meeting, Captain Warburton confided to Beauchamp all that had occurred, and how far he had wandered from the strait and narrow path, asking him, in faltering accents, if it were possible that he could expect mercy.

"I not only think it possible, my dear Warburton," said Captain Beauchamp, as he sat beside him and held his hand; "but I feel assured of it, since I can trace *only* mercy and goodness in all the Lord's dealings with you. First He prevented you from the full commission of your crime, by permitting your intentions to be discovered; again when you would have presumptuously risked your life in a duel, the outstretched arm of your Heavenly Father withheld your purpose; you might have been killed on the spot, when thrown from your horse; but no, He spared you and granted you a longer day of grace. Your senses have been preserved amidst your severe sufferings, and your heart softened to behold the enormity of your wickedness; all these things display the willingness of God to save you, if you will only fly for refuge to that Saviour whose blood can wash away your sins forever, dark though they be."

"Oh, that this belief were mine!" returned Captain Warburton. "But may not this sorrow for my past life be as insincere as it was before; *then* I determined, if ever I recovered, to change my mode of life and become a reformed character, but no sooner was this granted to my desires than I fell before new temptations."

"You trusted probably in your own strength, and the terrors of approaching death drove you to God; this is not the case now, since we are permitted to indulge the hope of your ultimate recovery, and you have been completely humbled in your own opinion. You are now convinced that you possess no power apart from Him to act uprightly—that every thought of your heart is evil, and nothing but evil; you confess yourself helpless and ignorant, and are willing to be taught. It is to such contrite and humble-minded sinners that the message of mercy is sent."

"But have I, by any one act in my life, merited such mercy? No, Beauchamp, you know me better than most people, and that all my days from boyhood have been spent in open defiance of the commands of God; how then can you bid me hope?"

"Because I believe His word, when I read that he who repents and steadfastly believes in Jesus Christ shall not come under condemnation. If you were to go to Him pleading this or that merit, you would claim a reward, and not a free gift. 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk, without money and without price.'"

"But, surely, Beauchamp, God requires something from us. For example, look at your irreproachable life compared with mine; in you He beholds a man of rectitude and principle—in me, a rebel without one spark of goodness—how far more dear must you be in His sight!"

"Not so, Warburton! since by nature I am the same; grace alone has made us to differ. I have nothing but what I have received from Him, and need His constant help, as much as you do, to keep me right."

"I cannot yet comprehend this; it appears to me so unjust that the good man and the sinner should be put upon an equal footing—of course I mean after his repentance."

"My dear friend, I must answer your objection from Scripture, and read to you the parable of the labourers in the vineyard; then you will see that the man who wrought but one hour received the same wages that those did, who had borne the heat and burden of the day. This is not to encourage us to postpone our repentance until the eleventh hour, but to save the poor penitent believer from despair, when stretched on his bed of sickness and suffering, and to show us how complete is that sacrifice made by Christ for our redemption. Grace, grace, my friend, does all; by this are we saved, and not by works, lest any man should boast."

After reflecting a few moments, Captain Warburton looking earnestly at his friend, said:

"Does it not appear rather an encouragement to sin, that, after a life devoted to the world, such a glorious end may be ours?"

"God forbid! for who knows that he will be spared to repent. Innumerable texts might I bring before you, which exhort us to turn unto the Lord—'to come out from the world'—'to seek Him while He may be found'—'to purify ourselves even as He is pure;' but time will not serve me; I will sum up the whole in the words of an old Divine* who has said: 'All that is needful to be known, experienced, practised and hoped for, is comprised within the compass of *four verses in the second chapter* of Titus; viz.: the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth."

Captain Beauchamp read them aloud, as well as the whole of the third chapter, dwelling particularly on the fourth and fifth verses. After which Captain Warburton appeared thoughtful, and as he spoke no more, his friend thought it best to leave him to himself. Day after day that excellent young man might be seen at the bedside of the penitent, reading and explaining from the blessed Word of God, Warburton listening with intense interest and eagerness. On one occasion, when the latter had been meditating for some time on what he had just heard, he suddenly clasped his hands, exclaiming:

"Beauchamp! if Christ has done so much for me, what love I ought to feel for him—what love I do feel!"

Captain Beauchamp was deeply moved: the announcement was unexpected.

"My dear Warburton, how you rejoice me!" he replied; "this is the very point I so ardently desired to bring you to, since from this love springs that sincere and saving repentance which is the evident sign of a renewed heart. May God be eternally praised! to Him be all the glory!"

The light of truth had indeed burst with splendour into the breast of Warburton, and for ever dispelled the darkness of error and unbelief. From this period the peace he enjoyed was unmingled by a single doubt. The Saviour became all in all to him, the subject of his thoughts, his hopes, his prayers. Oh! how Katherine on her knees returned thanks that at last her fondest desires were accomplished.

"Unfaithful creature that I have been, how could I ever doubt?" she murmured; "this moment repays me for every pang I have experienced. Neville, my beloved, a true Christian—an heir of heaven—what happiness in the idea!"

In the absence of Captain Beauchamp, her husband would request her to read to him. Needless would it be to say the delight she took in the task. She was thus engaged one evening when a note was brought in by the servant. Too well she knew the seal and superscription, and with a flushed cheek she gave it into his hand, watching his countenance as she did so. Slightly he became agitated as he tore it open and read the following:

"How are you, my beloved Neville? I hear such contrary reports about you from the servants; I trust you are really gaining strength; how unfortunate was the accident at such a moment. Alas! is there any hope that you will ever be able to emancipate me from my present most trying situation? Sir James now threatens to send me home for a year, and if I conduct myself properly (he says,) during that time, he will receive me again; how very condescending! is he not? My brother, I rejoice to say, has left us; he could not conceal his satisfaction when he found you were unable to fulfil your engagement, though he talked a great deal of folly that when you recovered, you should see he was not one to be insulted with impunity. Poor fellow! he has cause for complaint, for you knocked down one of his front teeth on that fatal morning, and Miss Arabella Cobb refused him in consequence. Dearest Neville! write to me when you are able; I need something to comfort me. In the meantime, believe me, more than ever,

"Your devoted

"CHARLOTTE."

* Newton.

Captain Warburton tore the note in a thousand fragments, merely saying,

"Unhappy woman, may you live to repent, as I have done? Katherine dearest! go on, if you are not tired."

Without a comment she obeyed him, secretly ejaculating her thanks to her Heavenly Father, that the power of the tempter was destroyed; that his dominion over her beloved was no more.

While the spirit of Captain Warburton underwent this entire renovation, his health did not rally in proportion to the hopes of his friends; he remained very weak, and at times suffered extreme pain; still Doctors Graham and Carter continued to buoy them up with the pleasing expectation of his recovery. He had been enabled to leave his bed, and with the help of crutches to walk into the sitting room; but his emaciated appearance, his hollow cheek, and lustreless eyes, told of agony that he expressed not; indeed one of the most interesting and remarkable changes in his character, was the patience and resignation with which he bore his misfortunes, "so far less," he would say, "than he deserved." His pecuniary difficulties at times cost him considerable anxiety, his request to be permitted to sell his commission having been denied; both Captain Beauchamp and Sir Henry Woodford entreated him to dismiss such cares from his mind, the former reminding him of the offer he had made to advance the money. This appeared to console him, till he became too ill to think of any thing temporal.

The first circumstance that opened the eyes of Katherine to his real state, was a succession of fainting fits after the exertion of rising one morning. In the utmost terror she summoned Doctor Graham, who, when he had administered the proper remedies, proposed that one or two other medical men might be called in to consult with Doctor Carter and himself.

"Then, I fear, you consider him in danger," said Katherine, in a voice of intense misery.

"He is certainly very ill; but pray be composed!" as the unhappy creature sank into a seat, the very image of despair; "you must not give up hope yet; he has youth on his side, but his constitution is terribly shaken."

This in truth was the case; the dissipated life he had led assisting with disease to break down the strong man, and reduce him to the perfect wreck he had become. When Katherine felt sure that his days were numbered, a settled melancholy took possession of her mind; she tried to resign herself to the will of God, but with a heart oppressed and breaking. In the presence of her husband she concealed her feelings as much as possible, yielding to them only when alone, and when pouring out her soul in prayer to Him, who never turns away from the cry of sorrow. Her friends at the Abbey continued to lend every support and assistance to those afflicted ones. Constantly they came to her, especially Sir Henry, who upon more than one occasion, had sat up the whole night with Warburton.

"Grieve not thus, dear Katherine," said this excellent young man to her on one occasion; "far more cause have you for rejoicing when you witness the piety and peace enjoyed by your once reckless husband. You would not keep back that soul which is ripening so fast for glory?—that soul snatched as a brand from the burning, the subject of so many prayers."

"I would not alter the decrees of Providence, I trust," answered the weeping Katherine; "but when hope was so strongly expressed that he would recover, I could not help being sanguine that happy years were yet before us, to repay me for the stormy past. How bitter then must be the disappointment!"

"When time shall be swallowed up in eternity, my child, how will you praise the Lord for that which now causes such grief," said Lady Woodford, who was present. "Your tears are natural, let them flow; Jesus wept at the tomb of his friend; but look up, Katherine, and behold with an eye of faith an endless happiness before you both—scenes unchangeable, without alloy; eye hath not seen, or ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what the Lord hath prepared for them that love Him; your beloved husband is now one of these ransomed ones, safe from all the snares and temptations of the world. Call him not back—wish him not to stay, but press you on after him in that strait and narrow way, until you meet him at the gates of Heaven."

There was something very consoling in these words to Katherine, and as she listened to them, her spirit seemed to soar from earth to those realms of light whither her beloved one was hastening.

When first she knelt by his bedside and beheld him in the calmest, sweetest sleep, "More beautiful than joy or mirth," she softly murmured. "Yes, he is thine, my Father, take thine own; but oh! may I soon follow."

Towards the evening of a day spent in less bodily suffering than usual, Captain Warburton expressed a great wish to see Mr. Atherly.

"He would not now, I think, refuse to administer the Sacrament to me," he said; "it would prove an inexpressible comfort to partake of it *once*."

The stress he laid upon the last word seemed to indicate that he was perfectly aware of his

near approach to death, (it had not been thought necessary to tell him.) Almost blinded by her tears, Katherine penned a few lines to the minister, who arrived, accompanied by his wife, at the cottage, before she supposed he could have received her summons. He had learnt with extreme pleasure from Sir Henry Woodford, the blessed change that had taken place in the mind of the interesting young man since last he had beheld him; but he was scarcely prepared to find him all that he now witnessed, and clasping his hands, he exclaimed:

"When God wills that a work should be performed, how perfectly is it finished. Oh! the riches of his grace—the depth of that love displayed on the cross for us, miserable sinners!"

After conversing with him some time, he prepared to perform the sacred ceremony. Sir Henry Woodford and Captain Beauchamp, who were present, united with Katherine and Mrs. Atherly in receiving it likewise. Most trying was the scene to the young wife; often had she prayed that together they might partake of this spiritual feast; her prayer was now being fulfilled, but, alas! under what painful circumstances. When it was over, Captain Warburton turned to her, most affectionately holding out his arms; she sank into them, completely overpowered.

"Weep not, dearest," he said, tenderly kissing her; "but tell me that you forgive me all my past unkindness, my neglect, my sins against you. Yet I need not this assurance," he added, as her sobs prevented her replying to him. "Most faithful and most loving through all my waywardness and madness have you been, and may every blessing now be yours. Where is Amelia? let me see her."

The child was instantly brought in and held over for her father's embrace. She stroked his face with her little dimpled hand, saying.

"Poor papa! poor papa!"

He gazed on her in silence, too much affected to speak, and then looking from her to Katherine, he said, much agitated:

"Who will protect you, my helpless ones, when I am gone?"

Sir Henry Woodford instantly stepped forward, and warmly pressing his hand, replied:

"Warburton, I came hither this evening purposely to tell you, from my mother, that she will be the protectress of your beloved wife and child till her own father claims that sacred trust; are you satisfied with this arrangement?"

"Most entirely so, and may God reward you all," emphatically said the dying man.

At this moment, a violent ringing was heard at the street door. All started, while Captain Beauchamp glided from the room to inquire the cause, and was much shocked to find two Sheriff's officers standing in the passage, who announced that they had come on the part of Captain Warburton's creditors, to throw an execution into his house, and to arrest himself. Katherine having followed Captain Beauchamp, by desire of her husband, overheard this painful intelligence; she repressed the scream that rose to her lips, and clasping her hands, turned to her friend in indescribable terror. He begged her not to be alarmed; then addressing the men, who were of the blustering bully order, he explained to them, in a few words, the condition of his brother officer, requesting them to depart, and that everything should be settled satisfactorily in due time. It would appear that these functionaries of the law gave little credence to his statement, for they began to raise their voices, demanding to see Captain Warburton.

"At your peril dare to attempt it," replied Captain Beauchamp, in his sternest manner. "Mrs. Warburton, leave me to manage this affair, I entreat of you."

With trembling steps she obeyed him, returning to her husband, who asked the cause of the disturbance. She would have concealed it from him if her countenance had not betrayed her, and forced her to tell the truth. Captain Warburton became alarmingly agitated, but Sir Henry Woodford, imploring him to be tranquil, went out to the men, who, on seeing him, instantly changed their tone, and in answer to his remonstrances, very civilly bowed and immediately retired.

What a night was this for our poor heroine!—a night to be remembered as long as she lived. The following day being Sunday, Mr. Atherly was obliged to return home to prepare for its duties, but his wife remained to comfort and support her through the dreary hours. Captain Beauchamp, in taking leave of his friend, was painfully affected, and seeing distress marked on his pallid countenance, he bent over him, saying in the lowest tone:

"Warburton, suffer no worldly thoughts to disturb your peace, but rest in Christ Jesus. If the idea of your debts gives you uneasiness, dismiss it at once. I promise you faithfully they shall all be paid. The doing so will prove to me the highest gratification. God in Heaven bless you, my dear friend; I trust we may meet to-morrow; if not, may we meet in Heaven."

Captain Warburton tried to answer him, but could not; the pressure of his hand and the affectionate look he cast upon him, alone expressed his feelings. Soon after this, he sank into a doze which continued for some hours. When he awoke again, his mind seemed a little wandering, but

still he knew Katherine, who had never left his side; faintly he smiled upon her, apparently comforted to see her near him. Dr. Carter, who came in towards the morning, administered a cordial to keep up his drooping spirits, while Sir Henry Woodford occasionally entered the chamber to render every assistance. He was standing at the foot of his bed when Captain Warburton suddenly turned his face round and said:

"Pray for me!"

All instantly knelt down, but Sir Henry's was the only voice that could be heard, and affectingly beautiful were the words he uttered for his departing brother. Katherine gazed from her husband to the doctor in wild agony. The saddened countenance of the latter told her all she dreaded, and casting herself on the bed, she could no longer control the bitter sobs that had for some time been almost suffocating her.

"My own darling Kate, bear up," feebly murmured the sufferer, breathing with the utmost difficulty; "there, there!" pointing upwards, "we shall be again united in the presence of our blessed Lord. Oh! precious redemption! wonderful mercy to the chief of sinners!"

These were his last words; another and another fainting fit came on as he lay in the arms of Sir Henry. After a few struggles he heaved one deep sigh, when all became still, darkness overspread his face, his features assumed the solemn expression of death; his soul had winged its flight to the realms of glory, and Warburton, the young—the beautiful—the gay, but penitent Warburton—was gone forever.

> "Oh change! oh wondrous change!
> Burst are the prison bars.
> This moment, there so low
> In mortal pangs, and now
> Beyond the skies."

Whose heart has not been touched by the sight of a military funeral, to us the most melancholy—the most harrowing? The slow and measured tread of the brave men, with arms reversed—the nodding plumes—the solemn music—the deep rolling of the muffled drum—the horse of the deceased bravely caparisoned, and the silent dead carried beneath the sweeping pall; his sword—his cap, all useless now, laid beside him. Often—too often, have we witnessed it, but never without the bursting tear.

Such a mournful cavalcade as we have attempted to describe, was seen passing through the streets of Canterbury a few days after the death of Warburton. All who had known him so full of life and spirits, were painfully struck by his sudden and unexpected end; he who had so lately mixed in scenes of pleasure and gaiety, the admired and courted, he to be cut off, and laid in the dark tomb! Strange it appeared, and how fraught with saddening reflections! Well would it be if such events made a lasting impression on the thoughtless multitude, and taught them the uncertainty of life; but, alas! a companion—a friend is swept away; tears are shed, a shock is experienced, but soon they return to their follies, their pleasures, when all becomes erased from their minds, as if it had never been. The warning voice is hushed—the solemn lesson forgotten, until another sounds as loudly, and stops them for a while in their mad career.

A few only mourned in reality for Warburton. His young widow, and the friends who had watched round his dying bed; the father who had not seen him for years, and a young sister who could just remember her tall handsome brother; the rest of the family had never known him, for they were the children of a step-mother, and in a foreign land.

Lady Woodford and Sir Henry had tried to prevail on Katherine to go at once to the Abbey; but no entreaties could induce her to leave the house, so long as the loved remains were there; in tearless grief she kept vigil beside them, until they were removed from her sight, when in mute despair, she suffered herself to be taken, she cared not whither.

If the utmost tenderness and affection could have availed to assuage her sorrows, abundantly were they bestowed, but on her first arrival at the abbey, she shut herself up in her chamber, closing the shutters to exclude the light, refusing to see any one, even her child. Her friends thought it best to allow her to yield to her feelings, but when they found that she gave way so entirely to them, and that for days and days she mourned as it were hopelessly, they found it necessary to interfere.

One evening, Lady Woodford stepped into her room, and finding her stretched on the floor, her hands clasped and tossed above her head in perfect abandonment of woe, she addressed her in tones so full of sympathy and kindness that Katherine rose and turned towards her. Greatly was the matron shocked to behold her altered appearance as she held the lamp to gaze upon her; struggling to command her own emotion and drawing her to the couch by her side, she began to reason with her on the want of resignation and faith she displayed, blessed as she was in the strong confidence of her beloved husband's happiness in the world of spirits.

"Give me only time, and I will be submissive to my Father's will," sobbed Katherine, as her head rested on the bosom of her Christian friend; "at present a thousand harrowing thoughts tor-

ture me, and my brain seems on fire. Oh! I hope my senses will not leave me."

"Heaven forbid, my child! but you must avail yourself of every soothing means to help you in surmounting this intense grief. Come amongst us—see your sweet child, and suffer the light to enter your chamber; if you continue thus to nourish your sorrows you will sink under them. Let the religion you have professed display its power, now in the day of your calamity, and close not your ears to the abundant consolations it offers you."

In this way did the excellent old lady address and admonish the poor heart-stricken creature, who after a considerable time became more calm, and promised that on the morrow she would summon resolution to quit her solitude. And she did so. But oh! what a pale broken lily she looked, in the full blaze of a sunny day. Few words were spoken as Clara led her into the drawing room attired in her widow's garments, but all hearts wept for her; the little Amelia was placed on her knee, Clara kneeling before her. The child was exceedingly like her father, and as she looked up in her mother's face, saying in a plaintive tone—

"Mamma! poor papa gone away!" Katherine clasped her in her arms, shedding torrents of tears on her.

It was not until many weeks had passed, that the darkness of her feelings began to disperse like May clouds, and the dawn of brighter hopes to shine into her mind. She looked up to heaven and with the eye of faith beheld her beloved one amidst the "white robed multitude," and pressing her hands together, she murmured in the words of David:

"He cannot return to me, but I shall go to him; I am no more disconsolate."

Sir Henry Woodford had considered it right to acquaint Mr. Atherston (who was still abroad) that his daughter was now a widow with one child; Katherine augured little good from this, yet still she longed for his reply. The debts of her lamented Neville gave her considerable uneasiness, and he expressed a great wish to converse with Captain Beauchamp upon the subject; it was very trying to him to come to the Abbey, but of course he could not decline the summons; indeed he desired much to see the interesting young creature, for whom he felt a peculiar regard.

Clara was kept in ignorance of his proposed visit, and to prevent the possibility of a meeting, Lady Woodford took her out in the carriage, to call on an acquaintance living at some distance.

Katherine received her kind friend in the presence of Sir Henry Woodford. No brother could have displayed more feeling or affection than he exhibited on beholding her, as, supported by pillows and reclining on a couch, she held forth both hands to welcome him; he was so associated in her mind with Warburton that she leaned more to him than to any one else.

On expressing her anxiety concerning the affairs of her beloved husband, Captain Beauchamp relieved her at once by stating that he had collected all the accounts, and that they were far less than he had expected; the sale of her little effects, and her mother's trinkets, which she insisted on making over to him, would go a great way towards paying them,

"And for the rest," he added, with a heightened colour, "there are funds to meet them; so pray give yourself no further concern upon the subject."

Katherine gazed earnestly in his face, to divine his meaning, but he turned away from her to address Sir Henry Woodford, who expressed a great wish to become a purchaser of the ornaments.

"When I marry," he said, trying to force a smile, "I must have such baubles to present to my wife, and you would rather I had them than a stranger."

Katherine blushed, and with some agitation consented; she well knew that from consideration to her feelings, he had made the offer, and she deeply felt the delicate attention. One of the most valuable among them (the little locket containing her brother's hair) had been long since recovered from the Jew, to whom the wicked Bridget had sold it—both had since absconded.

Katherine was unable to hold a long conversation, and after a few more questions, to her of great interest, her friends rose to leave her, and retired together to Sir Henry's library, where they continued talking for a considerable time on all that had passed since last they had met there.

Captain Beauchamp's horse was still standing before the door, when Lady Woodford's carriage drove up the avenue. Clara instantly recognised it, and became pale as death; she turned inquiringly to her mother, who said;

"He came, my child, to see Mrs. Warburton upon business. I scarcely thought he would have been detained so long."

"Oh, mamma! may I not see him but for a few moments?" pleaded poor Clara, her soft eyes overflowing with tears.

"Nay, my child, why seek to renew your sorrows? Indeed it would be great unkindness to Captain Beauchamp, under existing circumstances," returned her mother.

"Then I will not ask it, yet how painful to know that he is so near me, and not to see him!"

The carriage now stopped and Clara alighting

rushed up to her own chamber, where from the window, she could see without being seen. There she watched till her friend came out with Sir Henry. How her heart palpitated as she gazed upon his loved form! She beheld him mount his horse and stoop to address her brother; his countenance looked very grave and even sad. Once he looked up, and whether he caught a glimpse of her figure behind the folds of the muslin curtain, she knew not, but his gaze became fixed, and expressive of so much tenderness, that unable to bear it she hastily withdrew and casting herself on her knees before a large arm chair, she hid her face in its cushion and wept and sobbed like a child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUNRISE.

BY WM. FINLAY.

'Tis sweet to watch, from some lone height,
The first faint blush of the morning light,
Before the sun's refulgent rays
Have broke the thin and silvery haze
Which lies upon the distant hills,
And shrouds, as yet, the crystal rills,
That soon in all their glittering sheen
Will on their dark-brown sides be seen.

The rosy blushes of the sky
Assume a bright and brighter dye;
The mist, retiring, brings to view
The dark green valleys gemm'd with dew.
The lonely cot of peace which breathes,
From whence the smoke ascends in wreaths,
And village spire, and streamlet bright,
And hill and dale, are bathed in light.

The sun is up—"the timid hare"
Now starts up from her mossy lair,
And as across the heath she scours,
Brushes the dew-drops from the flowers.
The raven's cry, the lamb's soft bleat,
The plover's wild notes, mingle sweet,
And in a grateful anthem rise
To Him who all their wants supplies.

The sun is up—on every side
Sweet sounds are heard—the rushing tide;
The murmuring stream; the hum of bees;
The whispering of the morning breeze.
The lark is carolling on high,
The woodlands ring with melody,
And whistling as he turns the soil,
The plough-boy cheers his rustic toil.

O where's the heart, in such an hour,
That does not vibrate at its core,
To look upon a scene like this,
So bright, so balmy, full of bliss!
Who has not felt his spirit leap,
As, with devotion pure and deep,
He joins the morning sacrifice,
Which does from Nature's altar rise?

THE WEE FLOWER.

A BONNIE wee flower grew green in the wuds,
Like a twinkling wee star amang the cluds;
And the langer it leevit, the greener it grew,
For 'twas lulled by the winds and fed by the dew.
Oh! fresh was the air where it reared its head,
Wi' the radiance and odours its young leaves shed.

When the morning sun rose frae his eastern ha',
This bonnie wee flower was the earliest of a'
To open its cups sealed up in the dew,
And spread out its leaves o' the yellow and blue.

When the winds were still, and the sun rode high,
And the clear mountain stream ran whomplin' by,
When the wee birds sang, and the wilderness bee
Was floatin' awa', like a clud ower the sea,
This bonnie wee flower was blooming unseen—
The sweet child of summer—in its rockely green.

And when the night clud grew dark on the plain,
When the stars were out, and the moon in the wane,
When the bird and the bee had gane to rest,
And the dews of the night the green earth pressed,
This bonnie wee flower lay smiling asleep,
Like a beautiful pearl in the dark green deep.

And when autumn came, and the summer had passed,
And the wan leaves were strewn on the swirling blast,
This bonnie wee flower grew naked and bare,
And its wee leaves shrank in the frozen air;
Wild darnel and nettle sprang rank from the ground,
But the rose and white lily were drooping around;
And this bonnie wee flower hung down its wee head,
And the bright morning sun flung his beams on its bed,
And the pale stars looked forth—but the wee flower was dead.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

FAR away, far away,
The emigrant ship must sail to-day:
Cruel ship—to look so gay,
Bearing the exiles far away.

Sad and sore, sad and sore,
Many a fond heart bleeds at the core,
Cruel dread—to meet no more,
Bitter sorrow, sad and sore.

Many years, many years,
At best will they battle with perils and fears:
Cruel pilot, for he steers
The exiles away for many years.

Long ago, long ago!
For the days that are gone their tears shall flow:
Cruel hour, to tear them so
From all they cherished long ago.

Fare ye well, fare ye well!
To joy and to hope it sounds as a knell,
Cruel tale it were to tell
How the emigrant sighs farewell!

Far away, far away!
Is there indeed no hope to-day?
Cruel and false it were to say
There are no pleasures far away.

Far away, far away!
Every night and every day
Kind and wise it were to pray,
God be with them far away!

SCENES ABROAD.

No. XI.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

MADEIRA.

> It was a chosen spot of blooming land,
> Amongst wide waves, set like a little nest;
> As if it had by Nature's cunning hand,
> Been choicely picked out from all the rest,
> And laid forth for example of the best.
> No daintie herb or flower that grows on ground,
> No arboureth, with painted blossoms drest,
> *And smelling sweet, but there it might be found,*
> *To bud out faire, and her sweet fragrance shed arounde.*
>
> SPENSER.

The frequent detention in the bay of Gibraltar, of vessels bound westwardly, by strong winds from that quarter, has already been noticed in these sketches. Westerly winds often prevail for weeks, and as a strong current at all times sets into the Mediterranean through the narrow straits, the outward bound are glad to avail themselves of the Bay of Gibraltar, to await the coming of the Levanter, or east wind, that is to waft them to their destined ports.

At such times as those, the capacious Bay is filled with vessels bound to almost all the ports of the world. They come chiefly from Smyrna, *Leghorn, Marseilles and Barcelona*, but every port of the great inland sea furnishes its quota.

As may be supposed, under such circumstances, the first breathing of the Levanter is hailed with delight by merchants and passengers and crews. All is hurry and bustle afloat and ashore. Masters of vessels and their passengers are seen hurrying to the Mole, followed by porters with bag and baggage, and shore-boats and boatmen are in great request; whilst from the Bay are heard the busy notes of preparation, and bustle of departure. The yo-heave-o of the merchant sailor comes mingled with the shrill whistle of the *man-of-war's man*,

> Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
> While through the seaman's hand, the tackle glides;
> Or school-boy midshipman that, standing by,
> Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides.

'Twas on such an occasion as that, I bade adieu to Gibraltar in a fast-sailing vessel, bound to Madeira. Canvas was loosened in all directions over the vast Bay, and soon more than a hundred sail were under weigh, steering straight for Cabrita Point. Among them were several men-of-war, and these performed the usual ceremony of leave-taking to the Rock. Volumes of smoke came from their dark sides, followed by the roar of their cannon, and unto them, the guns of the garrison responded, until the startled echoes of all the hills around made the Bay resound, and the welkin ring again, with martial thunder.

Soon the large fleet was dashing through the straits. Surveyed from the heights of either shore, the swelling canvas must have resembled a flight of sea-gulls:

> *"He that has sail'd upon the dark, blue sea,*
> Has viewed at times, I ween, a full, fair sight;
> When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
> The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
> Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
> The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
> The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight;
> The dullest sailer wearing bravely now
> So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow."

But a few brief hours elapsed, under favour of the friendly breeze, before we were through the straits, with the frowning heights of Africa behind us, and before us the broad Atlantic.

It was night when we saluted the Western Ocean. The moon was shining brilliantly, lighting up the sea with silver, as, taking our departure from Cape Spartel, we steered for our haven. The sudden transition from the multitudinous noises of the commercial mart and military stronghold we had just left, to the stillness and grave-like silence of all, save the elements that bore our keel, or filled the sails, was very impressive, and could not but dispose the meditative mind to thought. Certainly if there be aught

that fills the soul with admiration and with awe, it is *the* ocean,

> "Where the Almighty's form,
> Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
> Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
> Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
> Dark-heaving; boundless, endless and sublime—
> The image of Eternity—the throne
> Of the Invisible!"

Long streams of light expanded o'er the watery waste: the dark precipices of Africa frowned yet more murkily from out the shadows of the night, while on every side swelled upward the bosom of the ocean, with a hollow, rushing sound, like unto a vast monster, striving with Almighty power, and panting, convulsive, in the Titan struggle.

The wind being a *studding* sail breeze, and the vessel a fast sailer, before the third day had closed upon us, after losing sight of *land*, the hummocks of Porto Santo, one of the cluster of islands, known as the Madeiras, were discernible. The three Desertas, Porto Santo, and the chief island, or Madeira, compose the cluster. The aspect of the latter is proud and commanding. Its great altitude causes it to be seen by the navigator, at a distance of many *leagues*—a mountain springing from the deep. Approaching nearer, its precipices are seen to rise *perpendicular from the sea to a vast height, whilst* above and beyond them, hill is piled on hill far as the eye can reach.

The island is forty-five miles in length, varying from eight to fifteen in breadth, that is, about the same as the superficial dimensions of the islands of Montreal and Isle Jesus, together; but as will be observed by the *description just given* of it, very different, indeed, from the dead and uninteresting level that, with one solitary exception, characterizes our river-encircled island.

A popular writer, describing the coast of Madeira, says: "The enormous columns of basalt look like pedestals supporting this beautiful spot of the ocean;" *and a beautiful spot it is* certainly, to have so peculiarly frowning a front in many places; though in some, as for example, where Funchal, the capital, with its white and grove-embosomed edifices, shows itself, its aspect is beauty and majesty combined.

A bluff and craggy headland, called Brazenhead, hid the scene just alluded to from view as we neared the port, until within a few miles of it, when its surpassing beauty opened upon us. The master congratulated himself on the prospect of having his vessel snugly at anchor in the roadstead in an hour or *so*, but envious squalls burst upon us *successively from the land*, and prevented us reaching it. This was the less regretted, however, as sailors on board *who had* already visited the place, assured the ship's officers, the batteries of the Loo Fort would open on any vessel attempting to anchor after sun-down. This *piece of information* was considered apocryphal, at the time, but subsequently we found it to be correct; the guns of that fort being the regulators and supervisors of communication with the town, seaward. The fort derives its name from a remarkable islet, or rock, in the roadstead. It protects the town and gives warning of approach. Owing to its advanced position in the roadstead, vessels are observed much earlier than from the town, and it is customary to *display* a flag to announce an expected arrival to the civilians.

What with baffling gusts and squalls, and fear of the guns of the Loo, we lay off and on all night, much to our discontent at the moment; but, next morning, when a brilliant sun-rise illuminated the prospect, we did not regret the infliction of another night at sea. Grand, and yet *exquisitively* lovely, was that prospect, as we neared the anchorage. To the right, projecting far into the sea, were the cliffs of Brazenhead, shutting out all further view in that direction; to the *left*, the coast was *prolonged*, and the Loo Fort showed its flag and battlements; in front and along and around the bottom of the *capacious roadstead*, ran the populous town, with its walls and buildings of white, contrasting delightfully with the rich green of the gardens and groves around and about them; terrace above terrace, and each clothed in the drapery of the vine, rose behind the town; whilst studding the acclivities, the more conspicuous from the pure white *of their walls*, were the luxurious *quintas* of the merchants of the British Factory, and the humbler dwellings of the natives. Still higher, a *very conspicuous object*, appeared a church with two towers, and yet though so elevated the site, it was but half way up the lofty island before us; above it and beyond, heights were crowned by *heights till lost in the distance*.

The church alluded to, so conspicuous an object in the view, we afterwards ascertained, to be the holiest and most renowned of Madeirian churches:—that of "Our Lady of the Mountain," or, as the natives have it, "Nossa Senhora do Monte."

It was evidently a gala day ashore. From every tower and spire, and from every house, flags were displayed, *but most of all was ornamented* with gay streamers the aforesaid Church of "Our Lady." Sounds of military bands mingled with the clangor of church and convent bell, reached us, accompanied at times by the discharge of muskets and cannon.

Scarcely was the vessel at anchor, than two large and numerously manned boats, having the flag of Portugal at their sterns, pulled towards her from the beach. They proved to be the Pratique and Custom House boats. They came alongside to place a person on board to prevent communication with the shore, and immediately left. An hour or two afterwards, a third official barge approached, and hailing, required all hands to be paraded for inspection by the medical visitor of vessels. The review being satisfactory, no trace of plague or fever visible amongst us, the doctor politely informed the captain, the vessel was admitted to Pratique. Scarce was the bow of the Medico's barge turned towards the shore, than a whole squadron of boats pulled for us fast as oar could ply, and soon there was a motley crowd on board, of sellers of fruit and vegetables, and shore-boatmen offering their services, and washerwomen preferring their credentials and certificates of qualification from officers of men-of-war and Indiamen. One of these, who had addressed us in English, informed us, to my surprise, in reply to an inquiry, that she was neither English, Irish, or Scotch, but Canadian, and from Montreal. She had married a Portuguese follower of the troops that came from Bordeaux to this country in 1814, and accompanied him a few years afterwards to Lisbon, and thence to Madeira. It was an unexpected *rencontre* of a Canadian in a remote island, and awakened all the *home* feeling so powerful in the human heart.

Shortly after the passengers had dispatched their letters ashore, came off notes of invitation from the British merchants to whom they were addressed, to reside, during our insular sojourn, at their respective residences. This was the almost universal practice, formerly, owing to the absence of public accommodation; but of late, it would seem, several hotels and boarding-houses have been established by English people. We lost no time in exchanging the narrow confines of our marine abode, for the terrestrial paradise ashore, and the elegance of the capacious dwellings of our hosts.

A heavy surf breaks on the beach, which is very bold, and the only boats in use to land, are those of the island. They are of a peculiar construction, having great breath of beam. The bow and stern run up into peaks, and the bottom is shod with iron to meet the wear and tear of the shingle-beach. Nearing the surf, the steersman watches for the heaviest wave, and upon it, the boat is borne swimmingly up within reach of the men always waiting in the water to seize and drag her up high and dry. These men are almost *in puris naturalibus*. The *trajet* to the beach thus accomplished, and sundry custom-house formalities gone through, we traversed the wide space intervening between the water side and the parapet wall that protects the town on the sea front, and entered it through an unsentried gate.

The streets that led to the quarters I was to occupy, were clean and pleasant to the eye, and very tolerably paved, though narrow and occasionally steep. The transition from the noise and the clatter and the Babel-like confusion of tongues characteristic of the celebrated stronghold I had just left, to the Sabbath-like stillness and quietude of the streets of Funchal, was very impressive. A busy, bustling crowd, intent on traffic, jostled each other in the thoroughfares of the former, whilst the streets of the latter had the appearance of those of a quiet provincial English town of a Sunday during church hours. Occasionally, however, there is noise and bustle enough, that is, when several vessels are taking in and discharging cargo at the same time. Then, the streets leading from the merchants' wine-depositories, resound with clamorous shouts and barbarian noises. A hundred sleds, (carts are not used in this locality) drawn by double the number of oxen, creak over the pebble pavement, whilst a hundred drivers split the ear with yell and objurgation. Then, too, there is a crowd of passengers ashore; they ramble through the streets, observing the manners, living as they rise, whilst the islanders are equally observant of them; the shop-keepers spread out their goods, and the burriquieros, or horse-drivers, are on the alert to secure a party of visitors to the Church, the Pulheiros, the Coural, or some other spot or scene of note. At such times as these, the usually tranquil streets of Funchal are noisy to the heart's desire.

As just remarked, bullocks are used to drag these wine-conveying sleds, and the stranger will wonder why a small carved horn of bone is hung on their foreheads; he will be told, it is to preserve them from the influence of the evil eye. This superstition of the evil eye, it would seem, afflicts Christian, Mahommedan and Pagan, equally.

The body of English merchants at Funchal, are known under the style of the "British Factory." The same designation was formerly given to the British commercial residents of Lisbon, Oporto, and Leghorn; and may be yet, though, I believe, the term is obsolete as applied to those places. When the price of a vintage is fixed by the merchants, it is called the "Factory price."

Our countrymen at Madeira have almost exclusive command of the commerce of the island; and here, as elsewhere, the character of the British merchant is unrivalled. I use the term mer-

chant in its restricted sense, not as it is in use here, where every shop-keeper and vender of wares of any and every sort, is called a merchant. The British merchant of Madeira is, usually, by education, sentiment and manners, a gentleman, and that explains the high estimation in which the members of the Factory are held by all. He lives in princely style, too, that merchant. His Funchal residence is aristocratic; the apartments spacious and splendid; balconies ornamented with flowers and shrubs, and shady verandahs, invite the guests to leave the chambers; billiard tables there are to amuse, while from the turret, the visitor feasts his eyes on the splendid scenery of the neighbourhood. He has his quinta, upon the face of the hills, likewise, where, surrounded by all the appliances of refined taste and princely wealth, one could almost fancy himself the guest of a Mecænas or a Pliny, and finds it difficult to realize his entertainer merely a preparer and vender of wine.

The high-caste men England sends forth to India as governors-general, or commanders of fleets and armies, or to the Americas, as ambassadors, frequently stop for a few days at Madeira, and become the guests of these merchants of the Factory.

Madeira, though a large island, and mountainous, is but a speck in the ocean that separates it on every side from terra firma. The nearest land is that of Africa, some hundreds of miles distant. As a consequence, after a short residence, a feeling of confinement, a prison-like sensation, creeps over the mind. Arrivals from sea are not of every day occurrence, and in their absence, there is no news of what is passing in the empires and on the continents of the globe. Beautiful as the island is, one would scarcely choose to pass years of one's life there, from the feeling just alluded to. It does all very well for a few weeks, or mayhap, months, but after that period, I should think a residence would be irksome and monotonous. Those who cannot live without a daily newspaper upon their breakfast tables every morning, or who look for the diurnal arrival of mails, would be sadly annoyed by a Madeirian residence, though habit, perhaps, might make it not unpleasant to stay the appetite for news. It is true, that of late years, since the establishment of lines of steamers, this want has, doubtless, been supplied to a considerable extent; but at the time I write about, the Falmouth mail was the chief medium of intelligence of what was doing in the busy world. But in regard to softness of climate and richness of vegetation, and splendour of scenery, there cannot be a more delightful spot. To use the language of an elegant writer,

"Never was a spot more formed to cheer the invalid—to heal the wounded spirit—to re-animate the sinking frame, and pour renewed life and vigour into every thought or action. The dry and balmy air which produces this never-ending spring, soon makes the step buoyant, and raises the hopes of the sufferer, who, a few days before, left the choking fogs, the rains and chilly damps of the Thames or the Medway. Here all is beauty, sunshine and tranquillity; the waving palms and the green bananas, with their beautiful feathery tops, tell him he has bid farewell to Europe, and landed in a tropical clime; the orange trees hold out to him their branches, laden with golden fruit:

> "'Green all the year, and fruits and blossoms blush
> In social sweetness on the selfsame bough.'

"Plantations of coffee trees fill the spaces between the houses; the splendid coral tree hangs its gorgeous blossoms over his head; and the snowy bells of the graceful tulip mingle with the scarlet plumes of the hibiscus. If he wishes for exercise, he has the most inviting walks, and the most tempting shades to shelter him: while wide-spreading plane trees, and willows of gigantic growth, bend their slender arms over the streams that murmur from the hills. If he leaves the town and begins to ascend, the beauty increases, and the sea-view opens to his sight. The roads, though steep, are well paved. He rides through a perfect vineyard, where, in many places, the vines are carried on trellises over the road, and the large bunches of delicious grapes hang within his reach. Hedges of geraniums and heliotropes border those narrow paths, and shade him from the sun; myriads of insects with golden wings sip the nectar from these delicate flowers, and add the music of their tiny wings to the melody of the surrounding woodlands. The breeze is perfumed with the fragrance of the myrtle, and the high vault above him smiles the azure of undying summer."

The discovery of Madeira is generally attributed to a Portuguese navigator, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, but there is a story in the island, allotting the honor to one of our countrymen, and a painting in the governor's house, on the subject, would indicate that if an idle tale, it is, nevertheless, generally credited. The story is, that—"In the reign of Edward III., when the feudal system held unlimited sway in England, and when the line of demarkation between the grades, even of the nobility, was marked, and maintained with the strongest hand, Robert Machim, a noble of the second degree, became enamoured of the daughter of a noble of superior rank, Anna D'Arfert, who warmly

returned his affection. This was soon made known to the lady's haughty father, whose rage thereon knew no bounds. Upon some slight pretext, he had the unfortunate lover cast into a dungeon for his presumption, and while he remained in captivity, the fair and disconsolate Anna was forcibly married to a noble of her own rank, who resided near Bristol. The union proved, as such have ever done, most unhappy. Machim was released, and soon discovered the situation of his still-loved mistress; and his faithful friend and Squire contrived to have himself hired as groom in the establishment, where he soon found means of informing the Lady Anna that her lover was in the vicinity, and that means were used to get her out of the castle. Their plans succeeded, and she joined him. A vessel was prepared to carry them to France; all was ready; but before the Pilot came on board, a violent storm arose, she broke from her mooring, and was carried westward. After twelve days of suffering, they discovered an island, which proved to be Madeira, and they landed at a village which has ever since borne the name of Machico. They had scarcely landed when the elements again conspired against them, and the storm arose, and tearing the vessel away from the coast drew her across the surging waters, and finally threw her on the coast of Morocco, where she was dashed to pieces. The hapless Anna, seeing all hope fled, fell ill, and in a day or two died in the arms of him who ought to have been her husband. This is the scene presented in the picture. He shortly afterwards followed her to the grave, and a large cedar cross was placed over their remains. The remaining part of the crew took to the long boat, which had been preserved, and were also driven on the coast of Morocco, and sold as slaves. It was in virtue of the information derived from those men, that the island was made known to the Portuguese, who sent out an expedition in search of it in 1419, under the distinguished navigators, Zargo and Vas. The village of Machico is one of the most romantic spots in the island, and its old church is rendered still more interesting by a piece of the cedar cross which is shown, and said to have been that placed over the grave of the unfortunate Lady Anna and her lover."

The population of Madeira is estimated at rising 120,000. When first visited, it was covered with wood, whence the name—Madeira, being the Portuguese for wood. The vine which now gives it celebrity, was not indigenous, but first introduced from Cyprus, and the Morea. The vine superseded the sugar-cane, which was formerly extensively cultivated, though not indigenous either.

The grape is now the great product of the island, and the cause of its wealth. There is, as may be supposed, every variety of it. The Madeira drunk abroad is made from no one species, but from a mixture of all the kinds produced, except the celebrated Malmsey and the Sercial. The former is the most delicious of sweet wines, the latter, the Madeirian Hock. The wine produced on the island is of unequal quality. The south side has greatly the superiority over the north in the excellence of its wine. Thus it is we hear of "fine old south-side Madeira," at English and American tables; and, by the bye, we hear of it at no other, for, though greatly patronized by the Anglo-Saxon, it is but little used where he is not.

The light wines of France and Germany are not to the taste of after-dinner folk. They are more in request now, it is true, than formerly, when the continent was closed to our people, and the only Burgundy, Champagne, or Chateau-Margaux that reached the British islands, came across the channel in a smuggler's boat. In those days, he was the finest fellow who was the best table companion, and he who could sit longest upright, with the largest number of bottles of Port and Madeira under his belt, was that personage. In those days, a man was not called a drunkard, although, mayhap, drunk once in the twenty-four hours, provided he was only so after dinner. Our most distinguished names of the early part of this century, were all owned by hard wine-drinkers. It was the general vice of the most exalted rank. To be drunk as a lord, became a common phrase. Unfortunately, the custom is, even at the present day, very far from having fallen into desuetude or disrepute. Would it were an uncommon sight to see the better classes of Englishmen, blind votaries of Bacchus! Thousands of fine fellows, among our countrymen, the wide world over, have dropped into premature and early graves, in consequence; and, doubtless, thousands more will follow before the time arrives when disgrace and social exclusion shall attach to the vice: when the sot shall be consigned to the same asylum as the lunatic. In connection with this subject, it may excite a smile to learn, that, throughout the island, so soon as the vintage commences, it is found necessary to tie up all the dogs, so fond are they of the grapes. Certes, were the Madeirian practice followed elsewhere in so far as foolish dogs who are fond of the grape are concerned, society generally would be the gainer. Besides the canine race, the Chronicles of Madeira declare that rats, lizards, and wasps, are greatly addicted to the *dissipation* in question.

The process of wine-making is a very simple

one, but not at all adapted to increase the *gout* of him who indulges in old "south-side." The grapes are thrown into large troughs; bare-footed peasants then get in, and tread actively and vigorously until the juice is all expressed. When fresh from the wine-trough, the grape-juice is very dark, and years pass before it is fitted to sparkle on the board. Not merely age is required, but what is termed "doctoring," first, and secondly, long sea-voyages in warm latitudes. It is for this reason so much Madeira is sent to the East Indies. Thousands of pipes of "Old Southside" have doubled the Cape more than once, and crossed the Line so often, they could find their way over it alone. When all this trouble has been taken, and not sooner, is the ruby fluid pronounced worthy the tutored and delicate palate of the recherché wine-drinker.

Churches and Convents and Monasteries abound at Funchal, and in its neighbourhood; and, what is a rare sight, indeed, in any place where the authority of Spain or Portugal is supreme, there is an English Church. Such an edifice as a Protestant place of worship is, I believe, unknown in Spain or Portugal. Perhaps the introduction of liberal political institutions into those countries, may have produced, latterly, a change from such anti-Christian views and practices. Indeed, great progress has been made of late years in intelligence and liberality, as will appear by the following extract from a work before me:

"It is only since the year 1770 that the Portuguese have withdrawn their uncharitable regulations relative to the burial of Protestants. Previous to that period, their dead bodies were thrown into the sea."

The cypress and the willow now wave their branches over numerous green mounds in the cemetery at Funchal that cover the remains of many a son and daughter of Albion.

For the first few days after my arrival, I did little else than saunter through the town. There are few things more delightful to the tourist, than the first ramble through the streets of a foreign city. If the country and people be entirely new to him, curiosity is all the more ardent. The peculiarities in the customs and manners and appearance of the inhabitants leave strong impressions on the mind; they disturb the deep wells of thought, and the mental capacity is at its full tension. Athirst for novelty, the overflowing bowl is presented to the lips. New ideas crowd the brain, and compel the mind's expansion. Hence the difference generally observable between those who change their skies, and *trans mare currunt*, and those who seldom lose sight of their church's spire.

I had been led to suppose Funchal an ill-built, ugly and filthy place, not dissimilar, in the latter respect, to odoriferous Lisbon, but was agreeably surprised to find it the reverse. There was certainly little to admire, architecturally, or in the plan of the town, or the breadth of the streets, or the convenience of the side walks, but there was as little to complain of. One very pretty square has a central walk planted with trees. I preferred Funchal much to the towns I had just left, namely, Gibraltar and Algeziras. The inhabitants are of the swarthy race of Portugal, though in this respect they are not worse than numbers in this Province, of the French blood. They are a lively race, too, seemingly little burthened with care, and very fond of music, if one might judge from the song of the peasants on their way to market with their fruit and vegetables. A rude guitar oft accompanies the song. In costume, they are greatly addicted to the gayest colors, and many a dark-eyed, and mulatto-skinned damsel makes a most showy appearance in her holiday attire.

Few who visit Madeira have any conception of the grandeur of the scenery of the interior. They may be familiar with that of Switzerland—that beaten track of travellers—but they will find in this comparatively small island in the centre of the ocean, a magnificence scarcely surpassed by the Swiss. It is true, the highest peak of Madeira is not one half the altitude of the tallest of the snow-capped giants of the Alps; but, with that exception, within the limits of this gorgeous jewel of the sea, is scenery not unworthy that mountainous region of Europe, where Liberty found a refuge from the mail-clad barons of the feudal age—the country of Wilhelm Tell.

In an early number I propose describing some of this scenery, and to continue the observations of my Madeirian visit.

CONTRADICTION OF PROVERBS.

"The more the merrier." Not so, one hand is enough in a purse.—"Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting." Yes, lack of meat.—"Nothing but what has an end." Not so, a ring has none, for it is round.—"Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.—"The world is a long journey." Not so, the sun goes over it every day.—"It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." No, it is but a stone-cast.—"A friend is best found in adversity." Not so, for then there is none to be found.—"The pride of the rich makes the labour of the poor." Not so, the labour of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

BORDER LEGENDS.

No. VII.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HALLS OF THE NORTH."

THE BLOODY SCAUR.

> *"He can report you more odd tales*
> *Of our out-law Robin Hood,*
> *That revell'd here in Sherewood,*
> *Though he ne'er shot in his bow."*
>
> BEN. JONSON.

CHAPTER I.

> "So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
> Down such a hollow bottom broad and deep,
> Uproarious bed of waters."
>
> *Milton.*

THAT land of wild romance which constituted in ancient times the Border Territory, or the Neutral Ground, between England and Scotland, has been the subject of so many legends, histories and anecdotes, that one could hardly fancy a single nook or corner, a single mountain top, fell-side or dale: a single precipice, or cavern deep beneath it; nor a lake nor cataract—no, not even a narrow sheep track, which had not been touched upon or minutely described in some one or other of those stories, so replete with heart-stirring incident and fearful adventure. And yet, strange to say, there are some very extensive sections, especially of that portion of this Territory, called the Fells, where the soil, as far as such tales are concerned, is still in its virgin state, and from which may yet be gathered a rich and valuable harvest. And although this has been undertaken by an abler pen than mine,* I may be allowed at least to follow his sweeping wain, and gather up a straggling sheaf or two, he may have lost or missed.

In that portion of the Fells, however, to which my simple tale refers, the harvest is all my own; it is indeed, almost without a figure, a wild and an untrodden region, of some twelve or fifteen miles square, extending into the very heart of the Fells.

The main incident in my story, however, occurred near the foot of Haweswater, a small and insignificant lake, but little known; less indeed than it deserves to be, for the bold and magnificent scenery surrounding it is well worth seeing, and certainly much finer than that of some of the more popular lakes. But it is out of the way, and the approach to it difficult, owing to the bad state of the roads.

In a barren and dreary spot near the foot of this lake, there is a deep and dark valley, whose sides are so abrupt and precipitous, that it seems to have been originally formed by some mighty earthquake rending the mountains—the projections in some places on one side, corresponding so nearly with the indentations on the other, as to have led, in more than one instance, the curious explorer of such scenery to believe in the truth of this hypothesis.

I must not, however, pass so slightly over this extraordinary locality, the more especially as it is but little known by many who have resided all their lives within sight of Skiddaw.†

It is so sequestered, and away from the usual route which the lake tourists take, that few, if any, of these searchers after the picturesque, have ever seen it. I know of but one who has mentioned it, and that so casually and slightly as to render it difficult to identify the spot. I myself, indeed, discovered it by the merest accident.

One afternoon in the month of October, 1805—I think that was the year—I am sure of the month, which is more material to my story—when I was at the famous grammar school at B—n, stammering through my lessons in that most crabbed of all school-books, "Terence," I happened to fall upon the words, "Quis me vult," which I translated, "Wha wants me?" This so delighted old R——, the head master, that he left his desk and went to the second form to explain the origin of

* Wilson's "Tales of the Borders" are here alluded to.

† The highest peak in all that range of mountains called the Fells. The highest indeed in England.

the expression, and how pertinently it had been applied to Lord Grenville. While thus engaged, young Lord L——, with three or four strangers, entered the school. The former was personally known to our old master, and on introducing the others, who should be among the number but Lord Grenville himself! After staying a few minutes, they begged a holiday for us the next day, and departed. Old R—— put them off with his usual, "We'll see about it," &c.—(he never gave a holiday at any body's *request*; Lords or Serfs were alike to him.) But they had no sooner left than he astonished the whole school by announcing that the morrow should be a holiday.

"Aye! you may look astonished!" he exclaimed, when he saw that we did so; "but I cannot help it; I am so delighted with this very extraordinary coincidence—it really deserves a holiday."

Upwards of a hundred mischievous boys, many of them of too large a growth to be comprised, in their own opinion at least, within the limits of a category so degrading, were let loose upon that unfortunate village that night, when an uproar ensued that might have woke the dead, and which did certainly terrify the living.

After the first ebullition of uproarious delight, we all separated into little knots or parties, to concoct measures for making the most of it.

The one of which I was a member agreed to breakfast with my cousin, who was another, at his father's house, Thornthwaite Hall, near the foot of Haweswater, about three miles off, in order to have a fishing excursion upon that beautiful little lake.

The next morning the sun rose bright and beautiful; it could not well have done otherwise; who indeed ever heard of a cloudy and drizzling morning on such a joyous occasion! Half his glorious disk had not, however, more than dimly peeped over the tops of the eastern range of mountains through the light mists in the valley ere the huge iron knocker on the courtyard gate of the old hall rung through the inmost recesses of its vaulted chambers; and a few minutes more saw us all seated at a substantial breakfast. This was soon discussed; time—it was seldom we had any of our own, so that when we had, as on the present occasion, it was too precious to be wasted in eating and drinking—flew, notwithstanding, swiftly by; yet every moment was so improved, that a short half hour had not elapsed ere a fly was cast with the nicest precision from our boat on the lake, upon the edge of some curling ripple raised by a gentle zephyr, just sufficient to disturb the glassy surface of the sleeping waters.

We were all enthusiastic disciples of good old Isaak Walton: I therefore need hardly say our tackle was perfect, our fly in season, and our success, I had almost said, beyond our expectations; but that would have been impossible on a glorious holiday like this!

After hooking and gaffing some fine trout, a tremendous fellow came tumbling up with a very lazy and unsportsmanlike motion near about the spot where I was floating my fly in a most scientific manner. I did not think he had caught it, when whirr went my reel, and the top of my rod snapped short off in consequence of my mistake. My cousin and my other comrade were at their oars in a moment, and away we went after him. He certainly led us a pretty dance, and took out about sixty fathoms of line, making many sly attempts to get his tail to it, but in vain. At length, after running us into a narrow creek, far into the deep valley I have mentioned, we managed to land him. He was only about three pounds; but a lively fish that weight, with a broken rod and a single hair! it was a feat well worth recording. While busied in accomplishing it we were surprised and delighted to see our friend, auld Dickey Langhorne, the well known patron and protector, as far as his feeble influence extended, of every B—n scholar, going up the creek, in a little punt before us.

Auld Dicky was quite a character, and deserves a more minute description, as a passing tribute to his memory, from one of *his* lads; we were all *his*, indeed, and right proud of us he was.

He was of a tall, spare figure. He stood six feet two, according to his own account, in his stocking feet, that is, when he was young, before his stalwart frame had been bowed and bent under the weight of years, but of how many no one knew,—no, not even he himself. He was certainly very old, and had been so during several successive ephemeral generations of his lads at the school, without the slightest symptom, as far as we could see, of his getting older. I remember meeting in a distant county with a B—n scholar, who had left school some ten years before me. He had of course a thousand enquiries to make. Among them, auld Dickey was not to be forgotten. He asked if he was still as old as ever.

"Yes," I said, "I suppose he must be, but he does not seem any older."

He was, in short, one of those old men—the reader may have known similar instances—who appeared to them as far back as their memories could reach, to have been just as old. His wife was as old as himself, or perhaps an infirmity, the frequent concomitant of age, made her look older than she really was; she was as deaf

as a post. He lived in a little low thatched cottage close by the school-house. It consisted of but one room and a little closet, constituting their bed-room, I suppose, but I never saw the inside of it; in the outer room was a large old-fashioned Dutch chimney, with a settle on one side, and a rude bench occupying the other. These were quite sufficient to contain all the boys of the first form on a stormy day or a winter's evening, and we permitted no others to participate in the high honour.

Here we used to sit—some learning to smoke, others helping auld Dickey to peel rushes, and the rest doing nothing, while all were eagerly listening to some thrilling legend or other, of which he seemed to possess an exhaustless store.

He was as familiar with the border feuds as the Lord Warden of the Marches himself could have been. He knew every pass into the inmost recesses of the Fells—every spot where a fray had occurred —every green dell where the brave had been buried—every nook and corner where a secret murder had been committed; as well as the dark, beetling precipice, over which the bodies of the victims had been thrown; and could even trace, with the nicest precision, the circumscribed limits within which their troubled spirits were confined in their restless wanderings ever since.

But this was not all. From his occupation, he was the collector and promulgator of all the news in that country-side. He obtained a livelihood by selling the peeled rushes to which I have already alluded. The simple peasantry among the Fells dip these in hot grease, and use them as candles to this day. In hawking these about from house to house, far and near, he picked up all the gossip and tittle tattle in the whole neighbourhood. And it was with no little satisfaction, that he was welcomed within the family circle, by the fire-side of any little farmer's house, wherever he might happen to be benighted. We were, therefore, not unfrequently favoured, besides, with all the news from the Fell-sides.

Kind as the poor old man was to us, and often and often as he screened us from exposure and punishment, by declaring on a night when some mischief had been done to the other villagers, that we were all sitting quietly by his turf-fire the whole time—yet he himself did not always escape being the victim of our reckless folly.

Stuffing his chimney top with a bundle of wet straw, and darkening his solitary window, so that he could not see when it was daylight and time to get up, and trifles of a similar character, were among the most venial of our tricks upon him.

One night, I remember, when we left his hospitable ingle, at a very late hour, we took his door, which opened outwards, off its hinges, and set it up in its place again. We then lighted a bundle of furze and ling before his window, and called out to him that his house was on fire. The old man rushed out, and came tumbling with the door into the fire, and hurt himself so much, that he was confined some few days to his cottage. But nothing could extinguish his affectionate regard for us. When the magnates of the parish tried to elicit from him the names of the perpetrators of this cruel act, in order to punish them, all they could get out of him was, that his lads had had a bit of a frolic the night before, and he was fool enough to fancy himself young again, and had joined them. We were all, of course, very sorry for having hurt the old man, and made him ample amends for the accident.

Poor Auld Dickey Langhorne! it does my heart good even now, at this distance of time and place, in looking back upon those bright and joyous scenes, to call to remembrance the benignant smile that lighted up his sun-burnt and withered features, and that sparkled in his little twinkling eye, when he saw us nearing his punt, laid up at the head of the creek, among a rich and luxuriant growth of rushes. How his quiet smile increased into a still stronger expression of delight when he saw what we were about. But when he caught a glimpse of the fine trout we were playing, he was in perfect ecstasies. I need not say he was a keen fisher himself; he danced and shouted as if he'd lost his senses.

"This way, my lads!" he exclaimed; "pull for your lives!" This was to the rowers; and then to me: "Easy now! mind, you've only a single hair; its the varra tackle I made ye yester-neet, mysel', I know it is. There! he's into t'seeves!* Nay, nay! he isn't! That was weel turned, and with a broken rod, too! Ah! he's off again! Noo than! there we are! Hurra!" and the old man threw up his ragged and rimless hat into the air as we brought our prize ashore.

It was by this time high noon, and the sun so hot that we were glad to get under the "shadow of a great rock" for shelter from his scorching rays, in order the more comfortably to enjoy our luncheon. While thus employed, the old man joined us, although he had just refused to accede to our pressing invitation to do so. He was indeed very busy; the excuse he pleaded; he had come there to gather rushes, "yet he was afeared," he said, "on thinking on't, efter we left him, that we might be angry with him, and so had changed his purpose and come to us."

"Besides," he added, "there's many a rock and cave and scaur on this side o't 'lake that I

* "Seeves," rushes.

o't to tell ye aboot. It's an awful place this, and I's glad ye're here, as I do not like to be in it by mysel, not even in day light. Queer noises are often heard coming out of that cavern beside ye, *wailings* like of little babies in their mortal agony; and still *queerer sights* are seen on the top o' the scaur abune ye."

We naturally turned our eyes upwards towards the spot he was talking about, when he asked, on seeing us do so:

"Do ye see that red stain on the face of yon smooth, bleached rock?"

We answered all at once in the affirmative; we could hardly do otherwise, it was so distinctly marked. There was a broken and scattered streak of a deep red colour.

"That is the fatal spot from whence he was thrown, he replied; "and there," he continued, pointing with his long bony finger at some broken fragments of the rock, which had evidently fallen from the face of the precipice, and lay scattered about at our feet; "there is the place where he fell."

We naturally now turned our eyes eagerly to the stones indicated, and sure enough there was a dark red stain upon them too.

"Aye, ye *may* look astonished! "and we did, for we certainly believed that all the extraordinary tales he told us were as true as the world. "The rains," he continued, "have been almost incessantly beating upon these stains for nearly a hundred years, and cannot wash them out! It's ower lang a story to tell ye noo, but the first wet evening ye'll come to my hut, and then ye shall know a' aboot

'The Bloody Scaur.'"

CHAPTER II.

"I am not solely led
By nice discretion of a maiden's eyes."
Shakspeare.

It was not long, our curiosity was so much excited, ere we found an excuse for calling on our old friend for his promised tale. We preferred a fine evening, however, when all our companions would be otherwise employed, so as to enjoy the luxury alone, and be less liable to interruption.

The old man, after arranging his rushes in such a manner as to employ him a long time without his having to rise for more, and having laid also a goodly heap between us, my cousin and I were only present, so that we might peel too, and help him, which we did, and to some purpose, without stripping a single rush of all its rind, (a small stripe has to be left to keep the pith together,) a trick we were fond of playing him. He thus began—but I must not attempt to give the story in his own words, as I cannot exactly recollect them; I shall, however, not only adhere strictly to his detail of the circumstances which I do remember, but as far as I am able, to his simplicity of style and manner, too.

Wastel Head, a lone and solitary farm-house in the midst of a desolate wilderness of Ling, without a single human habitation within several miles of it, just in the same state in which it now stands, or rather stood some ten years ago, for a rail-road now runs through, or near the few enclosures surrounding it, was occupied, at the time to which my tale refers, by a family of the name of Mounsey. This family consisted of an elderly couple, and their two grown-up children, a son, William, and a daughter called Margery.

The fee simple of the farm, or, in the phraseology of that part of the country, of the estate, with its all but boundless common right on the surrounding Fells, was vested in the elder Mounsey; he having inherited the same from his forefathers as far back as the Heptarchy. The family is even now of some note in the Dales, among these mountains, and the head of one branch of it is still called the King of Patterdale.

Wastel Head Mounsey, as he was called, to distinguish him from others of the same name in that vicinity, was not, what would be considered now-a-days, a rich man, nor was he then, when compared with the land-owners in the more cultivated plains, in the fertile valleys of the Eden and the Lune.

There was, however, in those days, very little intercommunion between the Fell-siders and the dwellers in the plains. The former were the oppressed and persecuted Saxons, while the latter claimed their descent from the proud and imperious Normans. Many generations passed away before the two races became so commingled by intermarriages as to obliterate those feelings of hatred and animosity naturally excited in the breasts of the conquered against their oppressors.

Mr. Mounsey was looked upon, however, among his own people, as a rich man, and the hand of his daughter Margery, who was coheiress with her brother of the wastes of Wastel Head and the appurtenances thereunto belonging, was looked upon as a prize worth winning by the best and bravest of the Border lads, in all that section of the Fells, and considered worth more than all the spoils of the most successful foray ever made into the neighbouring kingdom across the Border. This was merely a mode of expression in vogue long after the circumstances,

in which it had originated, had ceased to exist.

Poor Margery, quite unconscious of the value thus set, not upon her head but her hand, quietly pursued the even tenor of her way, like a good girl as she was, and a beautiful one, too, in the eyes of one at least, to whom she had plighted that hand, together with a warm and feeling heart, without which that little hand would have been but cold and valueless.

Yet she was not a beauty—an admission which proves that my tale is not a fiction of the imagination. But she was kind, warm-hearted and affectionate. She could not boast of a single accomplishment, so essential in the formation of a fine lady of the present day, but she could make her first baby a dress, or her husband a shirt, could darn her own stockings, and superintend the cooking of a family dinner, or the putting down of a churning of butter. And more than all, she could take a gallop over the Fells, if need were, with the best of the Borderers.

She was not ugly—far from it. On the contrary, she was a fine, handsome young woman; her bust and figure unexceptionable, her features, every one of which was the index of intellectuality and womanly affection, and had originally been most regular and beautiful, were marred, although but slightly, by that fell ravager, the small-pox, yet enough to prevent her from now laying claim to the character that might otherwise have been assigned to her.

The young Fell-sider, Edward Arkland, to whom she had plighted her hand and heart, was a young man every way worthy of her, except that he could not boast of so fair a lineage; probably because his genealogy had not been considered of sufficient importance to be handed down from generation to generation. There were unfortunately no parish registers kept in those days, and he, consequently, could not trace his pedigree farther back than to his great-great-grandfather, who had been, still more unfortunately, somebody whom nobody knew. And the family pride of Wastel Head was touched and offended at the idea of a connection so far beneath her, in their estimation at least.

And yet to Edward Arkland the prize was willingly awarded by all the rest of the Fell-siders, with the exception of one solitary individual, generally known by the name of Richard Swindale, from the circumstance of his possessing and occupying a small farm in the dale, of that name. Hogherd,* I believe, was his real name. He was of a character the very reverse of that of his open, frank and manly rival; for he also was an aspirer, but the only one besides Edward Arkland, to the fair prize that all else looked upon as well worth the winning, but far beyond their reach. He was dark, gloomy and unsociable, and yet there never was a merry-making, or a sheep-shearing, for miles round, at which he was not present; but there was something so repulsive about him, whether arising from his inordinate selfishness, or from the sinister expression of low cunning and deceit in every feature of his face, or from his groundless pretensions to be something above his neighbours; groundless, because nearly all the Fell-siders were land-owners as well as he; or whatever else was the cause, he was certainly singled out, in the most marked manner, as the black sheep of the flock, to use a pastoral simile so well understood in that locality, and never enjoyed that friendly and familiar intercourse with his equals, to which his circumstances otherwise so well entitled him.

He was a dark, scheming, intriguing and dangerous man; yet was he looked upon with more of scorn than of fear, and in accordance with this feeling, he was always spoken of under the contemptuous appellation of Dick Hogg.

These preliminary observations concerning some of the most prominent personages connected with my story, however tiresome to the reader, are absolutely necessary for its full developement.

CHAPTER III.

> "Were the doctrine new,
> That the earth moved, this day would make it true;
> For every part to dance and revel goes."
>
> *Donne.*

On a fine sunny morning in June 17—, the fells and dales were all alive and in motion. At a very early hour, horsemen were seen on all the heights behind and around Wastel Head, or descending the hill sides down to that lonely house, the goal to which all were hastening. On a nearer approach they had to slacken their pace in order to thread their way through the thousands of sheep collected round the premises.

Wastel Head was anything but a lonely house that busy morning. The baying of dogs—the shouts of the shepherds—the bleating of the sheep, and anon, as the guests arrived, the neighing of horses, together with the loud voices and the merry laugh of their riders, might be heard commingling with these noises; all denoting that this was the morning of the grand sheep-shearing at Wastel Head.

And now the work began, but still the more distant visitors came pouring in, and the stream

* The famous Hogarth was born in this dale; his name was originally Hogherd.

continued till within a couple of hours of high noon, when it gradually died away.

The tables, consisting of vessels and loose planks, provided and kept for this grand occasion, on its return with each revolving year, were now set in the little lawn in front of the house, and covered with fine linen cloths, as white as snow, some of them of Margery's own spinning. Then came on the noble Baron and the royal Sirloin.—But I must not weary the reader with a minute detail of that grand dinner. I cannot, however, omit to notice one particular dish in the centre of the table, especially as old dame Mounsey was so proud of it as to have been frequently heard to mention it. This was an enormous fat wether roasted whole. It was resting on its haunches, the fore feet extending out in front of the head, which was raised to almost an erect position, and its ears pricked up, altogether as if alive, and in the act of springing for a leap, or about to do so.

It was something more indeed than an ordinary sheep-shearing, as the motto, in legible characters on the garland, formed of flowers and paper curiously cut, around the neck of the fat wether, conspicuously denoted;

"William Mounsey's 21st Birth-day."

And the health of William Mounsey, son and heir of Wastel Head, the hope and dependence of his parents to hand down their name to posterity, and to occupy that loved spot which had been the home of his fathers during so many generations, was drank, with the most enthusiastic cheers, in ale which had been brewed for his christening.

The cheerful repast was soon finished, when to work the shearers went again with renewed vigour and more uproarious mirth. This continued till the last fleece was shorn.

The sun was still high in the heavens; and now the sports began. The elderly men were engaged with quoits, and the boys with the Border game of prison-bars, while the young men formed a ring and had a royal wrestling match.

Appropriate prizes were prepared for the victors in each. A silver-studded belt for the victor wrestler; a pair of steeled quoits for the quoit players, and a bag of marbles, or some such trifle—auld Dickey could not remember what it was, but something that could be divided among about a dozen boys, constituting each, and of course the winning party at the prison-bars. All were awarded by the heir of Wastel Head, who had that day come of age.

Before these games were half over, they were sadly interrupted, at least that of the wrestlers was, by certain new arrivals. Horses with their riders were again observed on the tops and sides of the mountains surrounding this usually lonely spot. Wastel Head, I ought to have said long ago, was situated, (I say was, I know not where it's now, those rail-roads have upset every thing!) in a sort of amphitheatre of a horse-shoe form, with the space only between the heels open to the plains below. These were also approaching this grand rendezvous of fun and frolic; but the riders on this occasion were all, or nearly all females, the sisters or sweethearts of the wrestlers, and hence the interruption to their sport on the arrival of every successive little party.

A stream of visiters of both sexes was also observed to be pouring in from the plains below. The men from thence knew nothing about sheep-shearing, but they could join in the revels that succeeded.

The games were over—the sun had set, and the guests had all arrived; no not all—one was wanting, and sadly missed.

A large barn was fitted up with benches, well lighted and decorated, and beautifully too, with the green ling just bursting into bloom.

Here the merry dance began, and was kept up, with unflagging spirits, until it was broad day light the next morning. It must not, however, be supposed from this, that these simple people kept such unreasonably late hours, as is hereat first sight implied. It must be recollected, to do them justice, that day light, at the season of the year here alluded to, comes on by two o'clock in the morning.

At length that busy day and merry night were done, and all the guests went back to their homes again.

All, alas! on this joyous occasion, were not so happy as they seemed. One sad heart at least was there.

Poor Margery! The moment the guests were gone, she hastened to her chamber to give vent to her pent-up feelings, and to throw off the mask of cheerfulness she had so long and so awkwardly worn. She had never acted the hypocrite before; and any one without being a keen observer of the workings of the human mind, might easily have seen through the thin and flimsy veil which maiden modesty compelled her to assume, that all was not right beneath it.

"What can this mean!" she exclaimed to herself as she closed the door and burst into tears. And oh! what a luxury it was thus to be allowed to weep without restraint. "Poor Edward! He must be ill!" she continued, in broken exclamations. "Or, perhaps, he's lost among the Fells. With his gun he cares not where he wanders, And yet, if such a dreadful thing had happened, some one surely would have noticed it. But no! his name was never mentioned. Yes! once it

was. Now I think of it! I overheard some whispering about him and the Scotch pedler, that they say is missing. And then that hateful Swindale! Let me see! What *did* he say about the only obstacle to our union, save the mark! being now removed.—Oh! my poor head!" and she pressed her aching forehead with her hand. "I fear me, there was more meaning in his folly than I thought."

Utterly bewildered, she threw herself upon her pillow, and, with a prayer on her lips for Edward's safety, and a tear on her cheek, she sunk, in a state of utter exhaustion, into a fitful and disturbed slumber.

The next morning, as she entered the great hall, an apartment taking up half the house, which the family used as an eating room, some earnest conversation, in which her brother and her father were engaged, was abruptly broken off, and an awkward silence succeeded. But she thought she caught, on the instant she opened the door, the name of Edward Arkland. She was not sure of this at first, but when she saw that her presence had interrupted the conversation, her fears were excited, and she felt that she could not have been mistaken. This appearance of mystery so terrified her, that she threw off all restraint, and wildly exclaimed:

"Where is he! what has become of him?" and wouldh ave fallen fainting on the floor, had not her brother caught her in his arms.

This scene, as may well be imagined, surprised Margery's parents a good deal, and produced something approaching to recrimination between them. At first each turned an inquiring look at the other, as much as to say: "How's this? This affair could hardly have proceeded as far as it appears to have gone, without some encouragement from one of us." But they were both mistaken—it had.

We said Margery was a good girl, and so she was. And yet she plighted her hand to a young man, not only without consulting her parents, but against their wishes. Appearances are certainly against my assertion; but we will explain how things came to this pass, and then see.

Edward Arkland's father was the next door neighbour, if I may so speak of a house nearly three miles off, to Wastel Head. His house, at any rate, was nearer to it than any other, and consequently Edward and young Mounsey, lads nearly of the same age, and with similar tastes, habits and pursuits, and not very dissimilar in their circumstances and prospects in life, were generally, if not always together, and thus an intimacy sprung up between them, which warmed into the most affectionate regard as they grew up to manhood.

There was, perhaps, on the part of Edward's parents, a little more encouragement given to it, than by those of William. The former might be considered somewhat benefited even by such a connection with a family that they could hardly help looking up to as rather above them, without the idea of any closer union ever entering their heads. Not but that such a bright vision might have flitted athwart their imaginations, now and then, and I dare say it did. It was very natural to suppose so. But they were very prudent people, and kept their own counsel, and said nothing about it. So that old Wastel Head Mounsey was wrong and very much to blame when he rudely charged Edward's mother with being privy to, and secretly encouraging, what appeared to him a clandestine connexion between the young people.

There were other reasons also, which threw these young people more together than those I have mentioned. Dame Mounsey was, for those times, in such a locality, a well-educated woman. That is to say, besides being acquainted with all the mysteries of housewifery, she could read and write and keep accounts, and there being no schools in the neighbourhood, it was indeed too thinly peopled to have any, (the march of intellect has hardly reached it yet,) she was determined to teach her two children herself, and she did. One more, it was thought, would make very little difference in her little school; nay, it might tend to create and excite emulation in the others, and little Edward Arkland thus became almost one of the family. He was to go there every morning, and return home again at night, and a little pony was provided for him to enable him to do so. But the evenings were frequently wet and cold, or there was a mist upon the Fells, or there was some fun to be carried on at Wastel Head after supper, or there was to be a fishing excursion in the morning too early for him to get there in time for it, or little Margery wanted him to stay, or something else occurred to keep him there all night three or four times a week, so that he spent more of his time at Wastel Head than at home.

Thus Margery and he grew up together, and loved each other like brother and sister. Their affections were allowed their full free natural scope without control or restraint, till they came to years of maturity, when the Mounseys discovered their mistake, and endeavoured, when it was too late, to correct it.

It was indeed too late. Their two young hearts were already united by ties that no power on earth could break. Aye, and their hands were plighted too. Yet not without the proviso that their parents should consent to the union—

a contingency which they, or rather one of them, could not but count upon with the most undoubting certainty.

"Why would they thus have encouraged our intimacy so long," Margery would say, in answer to Edward's fears, and *in order to calm them*, "if there had been the slightest objection to it?"

Edward certainly had his fears, and not without cause. He had overheard a conversation between her parents about Richard Swindale. He was too young and inexperienced to understand its full import; but her name was coupled with his in a way which he did not like, something about seeing her comfortably settled in the world, but not certainly with Edward Arkland.

It was on the occasion of his repeating this conversation to poor Margery, when she was as much distressed at its import as he had been, that she gave him her hand and declared that although she never could be his without her parent's consent, that hand would be laid in the cold grave before it should be given to another.

CHAPTER IV.

"As a poor pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of trifles at his backe,
As bells and babies and glasses in his packe."
Spenser.

A CASUAL allusion has been made in the last chapter to a Scotch pedler. At the period of my story there were few country shops, and these were confined, as they are still, to the little hamlets in the fertile valleys extending across the country between the two great mountain ranges of the north. With these hamlets the Fell-siders held little or no communion. Although generations had passed away since it had been unsafe for them to descend into the plains except in force and armed with "bills and bows," yet they always kept aloof long after the necessity for doing so had ceased. Even to this day, indeed, they appear almost like two separate and distinct races.

To supply the place of shops, then, in the Fells, pedlers on foot with a heavy pack, as it was called, containing as great and general an assortment of such things as the farmers wanted, as they could carry. This consisted chiefly of articles of finery for their wives and daughters, their flocks and fields furnishing them with all else that they wanted.

These pedlers generally, indeed I may say universally, came from the other side of the Border, and but few of them returned to their native country. They were either lost in the thick mists on the mountains, or were way-laid and murdered. The latter was too frequently their melancholy fate.

Being strangers in a strange land, more indeed like an enemy's country, having no settled place of abode, they were seldom missed and never enquired after, so that the perpetrators of the foul crime were hardly ever brought to justice.

One of this fraternity was old Josh M'Wolff. The first name is generally a contraction for Joshua, but in his case it was generally believed to be an abreviation of a longer name, Jehoshaphat; and it was whispered, too, that the Mac was an assumption to which he had no real title; he had, besides, a Jewish cast of countenance, and there was not much difficulty in identifying him as one of that persecuted people.

Poor Josh! he was a harmless quiet old man, and an honest, save that he would sometimes drive rather a hard bargain with some of the simple mountain maidens, making solemn asseverations about the cost price of an article, as far from the truth as are the "poles asunder."

He had travelled those Fells *for many a weary* year. He had furnished the ribands for the rosette in William Mounsey's cap when he was christened, and he had expressed a hope, not ten days before the grand sheep-shearing, that he should have to come provided, on his next trip, with materials for a bridal dress for his sister Margery. Poor fellow! he little thought that his own winding sheet would be wanted first.

On his last visit to Wastel Head, a place he never missed, it was indeed one of his best houses, he tried to persuade Margery to purchase an old gold ring with a little sparkling diamond set in it; it was of curious workmanship, and quite an antique, at least it is so now. It is still in the family, kept as a rare and valuable relic; it might however, have been quite new then.

Margery, convinced either by the old man's eloquence, or by the looks of the little sparkling beauty itself, or by both, that her little hand was not half so pretty without it, set her heart upon buying it; but alas! the price was too high for her purse, and the old people were inexorable, and poor Margery, after trying it on again as if to see that it would *not* fit, in order to have an excuse for giving it up. But no, it fitted the taper finger that adorned it *as* if it had been *made* for it, and she held it up to her mother as a last appeal, but it would not do, and casting a long last lingering look upon it, she gave it up with a faint smile, meant for a tear.

Edward Arkland was a painful witness of the scene, he had money in his pocket too, but what could he do, he could not offer his assistance without being observed, narrowly as he watched for an opportunity to do so.

Old Josh stayed that night at Wastel Head. He had several regular stopping places, and this was one, one of his best. He was indeed a welcome guest any where. He had so many strange tales to tell about what was, to his audience, a far off land. He was precisely, in that day, what our old friend Dickey Langhorne was in ours. With this advantage, his local news was not circumscribed within such narrow limits. While Auld Dickey's gossip was gathered in the dale where he lived, Josh's information extended throughout the whole of the neutral territory, from Rere Cross, on Stainmore, to bonny Carlisle.

There were no provincial newspapers then, but old Josh was as good, and better than the largest mammoth sheet ever printed.

After supper, round the blazing ingle, (a fire is as necessary there in the middle of June, as it is here in the middle of November, after sunset at least,) the old people as well as the young, were beguiled out of half their night's rest by the old man's stories. Edward Arkland was *there that night, he could not go away.* He was there at least until a movement was made for bed. He was not now on the same free and easy footing in the family, as when he was looked upon as a child, which he continued to be till he was more than twenty years old—a mistake that parents are very apt to fall into, and which not unfrequently results, as in the present instance, in very awkward and unpleasant consequences.

On this particular night there was a bright moon—there were no mists on the mountains—there was no scheme of early amusement in the morning; Edward's poney had not even been stabled, but was impatiently standing tied to the little wicket gate leading from the green lawn into Margery's flower-garden in front of the house. Margery's maiden modesty could not now, as of yore, ask him to stay, and the old pedler's pipe was out, and his tales for the night were told. There was a pause—a cold embarrassing pause, when poor Edward's good-night—his last good-night—was said, and he rose to depart.

William Mounsey and his sister rose from their seats at the same time, and went with him to the door. Margery's little hand, but without the wished for ring, was held out to him as he passed the threshold; he pressed it to his lips with a heavy heart, and pursued his way, accompanied by her brother to where his poney stood, remarking as he did so, to his companion:

"I know not how it is, but I feel a fearful and oppressive weight here," laying his hand upon his heart as he said so, "which tells of sorrow and sadness the next time we meet."

His friend laughed at his fears, and somewhat re-assured, he mounted his poney and rode off over the mountains to his widowed mother's house.

Edward was now an orphan, his father had died some months before the time of which we now are speaking. Therefore there was *really* an absolute necessity for his going home that night. He was an only child—"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow"—a lone and disconsolate widow, with nothing but servants and dependents in that solitary house; she naturally was looking anxiously for his return, and it would have been very unfeeling of him to have stayed had he been pressed to do so, but he was not. He reached his home, and was received by his mother with a welcome not the less affectionate, although mingled with some gentle chidings for his late arrival at his maternal roof—it was long after midnight. She blessed her son, and her long and tedious watchings were forgotten.

He went to bed, but could not sleep. That unfortunate ring! It kept more than one awake an hour or two that night. And happy would it have been if that, besides the paltry sum it cost, had been all they had to pay for it. Tears and broken hearts and years of mourning was its real price.

Edward was determined to be up and over the hills to meet, or rather to intercept the old man on his way to Thornthwaite Hall, (he had ascertained the route he meant to take,) and buy the ring. But how to raise the requisite sum with which to do so, was what kept him now awake. His own little store was not enough. He had to ask his mother for aid; but how to do this was the knotty point he could not solve. He had never asked her yet in vain, nor did he fear a failure now. What excuse to make, what reason to assign, he could not tell. This was the first secret he ever had and wished to keep from her. At length he went to sleep, and doubtless dreamt of diamond rings and little taper fingers. This however is but a surmise of my own; the old chronicler did not say a word about it. The reader will here perceive how careful I am to distinguish truth from fiction.

The next morning the sun rose late and reluctantly, or seemed to do so, or perhaps it was only the damp fogs and heavy mists which had gathered on the hills, and hid his face as if to veil it from some deed of darkness to be done that day. On, on, however, he pursued his upward way, as if contending with the heavy clouds and drizzling rain, and dimly peeping through them every now and then. But when, in the highest heavens his downward course began, the clouds thickened, the rain fell in torrents, and the conflict seemed at an end. He triumphed, how-

ever, at last, and shone out before he set in all his wonted brightness. And his last rays were reflected in a thousand sparkles from the little diamond ring on Margery Mounsey's finger; while, hid in shade and gloom, lay the crushed and mangled corse of the poor pedler among the sharp stones at the bottom of the

"Bloody Scaur."*

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently, and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her,
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still for all slips of hers—
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses,
Escap'd from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other.

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed!
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's Providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light,
From window and casement;
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of this world!

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it:—
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smoothe and compose them;
And her eyes close them;
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing,
Fixed on futurity!

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour;
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

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* To be continued.

THE VIOLINIST.*

BY E. L. C.

Guiseppe entered his solitary apartment in a tumult of thought and feeling, which, in his rapid walk from the palace, he had not been able to subdue. He felt too surely that his fate was now sealed, that henceforth the vengeance of the angry countess would pursue him to blight his prospects, and rob him of the favour and patronage of the bishop, from whom he had received so many marks of kindness, and in whose power it was to advance his interest, in whatever course he should decide hereafter to pursue.

Yet even in view of this calamity, he could scarcely bring himself to regret the scene of the morning; nor would he have recalled the brief and passionate avowal, which had escaped his lips in that moment of lonely communion with Ianthé, since the deep emotion she manifested at his words, brought to his heart the sweet assurance of her reciprocated love.

"And yet," he said, his generous nature triumphing over his selfish joy, "what matters it that I have stirred up the deep fountains of her affections, since she is forbidden to pour them out in their fullness upon me. Why should I rejoice that I have troubled them for nought, or feel one emotion of gladness that I suffer not alone? Let me rise above this weakness, and now, even now, striving to conquer it, I will write to her, and tell her to forget me! Yes, I will bid her bestow her precious love on some more favoured and gifted child of fortune, and pronouncing an eternal farewell to love and to ambition, will turn my steps from Padua, and bury my dreams and aspirations in an obscurity which shall consign the name. I hoped to link through all future time with melody, to deep and endless oblivion."

He caught up his pen as he spoke, and spreading the unsullied sheet before him, began with a resolute hand, but an agitated spirit, to impress upon it, in his first and last letter to Ianthé, the passionate outpourings of his enamoured and despairing heart.

"Scarcely dare I address thee," he commenced, "at whose feet I have ventured to breathe forth the guilty secret of my presumptuous love. But it is as a suppliant that I approach thee, and I know that I shall not plead to thee, who art the very spirit of gentleness, in vain, for pardon. I may not aspire to win thee, but the love I cherish for thee will ever animate my heart, and, while life endures, fill my whole being with joy. Chide me not for the utterance of these words, nor let them give thee pain, for it is enough that I suffer; be thou happy with one more fortunate, yet ever bear in mind, my sweetest Ianthé, that no other can love thee as I do. And though I may never gaze upon thy angel face again, still shall its radiant beauty, like some vision of delight, haunt me in that sad and distant solitude whither I hasten, to nurture the deep heart's-wound, which time may never heal. There, will I live over again those white-winged hours which fled so swiftly in thy presence; there will I repeat with never-wearying hand the strains which we have played together, and dedicating my every thought to thee and heaven, pass on my joyless way, unknowing and unsought, till the dark portal of the tomb at last uncloses, to admit me to its rest.

"My offence is known to the Countess Bertha, and through her, doubtless, to the bishop; let their wrath, I humbly entreat, fall on me alone, though methinks the expiation I am about to make, should purchase their forgiveness, and erase from their minds the remembrance of all, save my sufferings and my exile. I could write on to thee, beautiful Ianthé, till the sun, which this morning for the last time lighted me to thy sweet presence, sinks to his evening rest, and again in his glory arises to fill the world with brightness; but I may not, for the moment hath arrived in which I am constrained to bid thee adieu—shall it be forever? My heart sinks at the thought, for without one ray of hope, however distant and however faint, life itself would become to me an insupportable burden. I go without naught to speak to me of thee, save the bunch of violets which fell from thy girdle on the first day that I met thee; they are withered, but still they breathe of thee, for thy smile once bathed them in sweetness, and so I wear them upon my heart, in whose secret chambers thy image is enshrined.

"Farewell! my first, my only beloved—the one pure light of my starless sky, which though

*Continued from page 469.

it shine afar, shall ever beam unclouded on my mental vision, and with its gentle lustre, irradiate the darkened chambers of my soul! Once more, farewell! Be God thy guide, and angels bright as thyself the guardians of thy life. May thy path be over flowers—may thy cup of happiness be full, and when thy lip quaffs it, I pray only that thou wilt sometimes give one thought to thy exiled, but ever faithful and adoring

"GUISEPPE."

He sealed the letter, and despatched it by a trusty messenger, a friend of Fabian's, into whose hands, with a charge that it be given privately to the Lady Ianthé, he promised to deliver it. Then, wearied in body, and exhausted by the intensity of his emotions, he descended the long flight of stairs leading from his apartments, and walked forth to calm his fevered spirits amid the sweet and silent influences of nature. The soft and balmy air fanned his hot brow with its dewy breath, and seemed to bathe even his scorched and aching heart with freshness, while he pursued his onward way, unheeding whither, yet *instinctively pursuing the path which led to the* ancient abbey, among the ruins of which he soon stood; with the broad landscape stretching in beauty around him, and the over-arching heavens, gorgeous with the radiance of a rich Italian sunset, bending in glory over his head.

"*It was here, yes, on this very spot,* that I first beheld her," he said, as leaning against the sun-dial, he looked up at the turret window, through whose clustering vines her lovely face first appeared to his view, like that of an angel from an opening cloud, and then recalled the moment when, emerging from the low portal, she stood before him a vision of youthful beauty no less touching to his soul, than dazzling in her surpassing loveliness to his senses. Every object on which his eye fell, every sound that stole with whispered melody to his ear, spoke to him of her. The perfume of the flowers, and the silvery murmur of the fountain, as its bright waters ran trickling over the granite lip of the basin upon the emerald turf, were like sweet voices breathing her name into his listening ear.

"And I shall see her no more! no more! no more!" he sadly reiterated, and it seemed to him that the mute things around him suddenly echoed his melancholy accents as he pronounced these touching words.

Softly the purple twilight stole over the dewy landscape; the bee, laden with honied spoils, sought rest within her golden citadel, the butterfly folded her wings and slept in the fragrant bosom of the half shut flower, and the nightingale from her tangled bower of roses hailed the approach of the hour she loved, with a burst of melody that at any other moment would have caused the soul of Guiseppe to thrill with rapture. But now,

"For her he had no ear; the starry vault,
The grove, the fount, but fed one 'whelming thought.
Time, fate, the earth, the glorious heaven above,
Breathed but one mighty dream—that dream was love!"

Silent, absorbed, motionless as the stone against which he leaned, he stood bending down his head upon the old pedestal, half buried as it was in clustering vines and shrubs, when the sound of a footstep falling lightly on the path which wound through the deserted garden, caused him to look up, and then to gasp for breath, as, through the thick foliage, he saw the lovely figure of Ianthé approaching the place he occupied. Her step was slow—her air sad—her cheek pale, and tears glittered on the fringes of her downcast eyes. She came near—she passed by without raising her head, and as he felt the air gently stirred by the flutter of her robe, the blood retreated to his heart, and but for his low and hurried respiration, he might have been mistaken for the "marble genius" of the place.

Eagerly his gaze followed her retreating form, as moving through the shrubs and trees, she approached the tower, and disappeared within its narrow portal. It was the impulse—the act of a *moment to follow her; but rapidly as he did so,* when he stood beneath the arched doorway, she had passed up the steep and winding stairs from sight. He hesitated whether to ascend after her, for, as he placed his foot on the lower stair, an invisible hand seemed to hold him back, and a voice to whisper in his ear:

"Whither goest thou? and by what right dost thou pursue her, whom thou knowest it wrong to seek, and to whom thou hast voluntarily bidden a last farewell?"

But the temptation, all powerful and unexpected as it was, could not be resisted, and springing lightly up the narrow stairs, he stood in an instant, breathless on the landing place above.

A half open door was before him, but wanting courage to pass through it, he paused irresolute, longing, yet trembling, to cross the threshold of the chamber, hallowed by the presence of her he loved. While he yet lingered and listened for some sound to greet him from within, a low sob, mingled with murmured words of prayer, met his ear, and yielding to the emotions which rushed like a flood of fire upon his heart, he hastily entered, and stood in the centre of the small apartment which crowned the summit of the tower. But he saw nought that it contained, —nought save the kneeling figure which, pros-

trate before a painting of the Virgin, poured out in bitter agony her secret soul. The blended hues of twilight fell like a rich mantle around her person, illuminating her upturned face, and radiating like a crown of glory from her brow, investing her with such unearthly radiance, that Guiseppe gazed upon her with tender awe, almost persuaded he beheld in the angelic being before him, a celestial visitant, supplicating for mercy on the sins of frail and erring humanity.

Her brief and earnest petition ended, she rose, and drawing a letter from her bosom, approached the window, and stood in the rosy light to read its contents. That letter was his own—filled with burning words of passion, and blotted as he wrote, with tears of love and of despair. He now saw hers fall fast upon the sheet, he saw her press it in an agony of tender sorrow to her lips, and then, hiding it in her bosom, sink upon a seat, and weep convulsively. It was a sight to unman the stoutest heart, and to one that loved and suffered like Guiseppe's, the firm resolve of prudence was at once forgotten. Love, deep, ardent, grateful, devoted, triumphed over every other thought, and springing from the obscurity in which he stood, he cast himself with passionate words for pardon, at the feet of the weeping girl. With a faint shriek she sprang swiftly to her feet, and overcome by surprise and shame, was turning to fly, when he gently caught her robe, and raising his pleading eyes to her blushing face, murmured in earnest tones:

"Leave me not, sweetest Ianthé, now that my cruel destiny for a moment relents, in granting me yet to behold thee, whom I knew not if I was ever more to see."

He felt her hand tremble violently in his as he spoke, and he could perceive that she still wept, as faintly struggling to depart, she stood in silence, with her averted face bowed down upon her hands.

"Thou desirest to go from me," he said, sadly, "and wherefore, then, should I seek to detain thee—wherefore, since with vain presumption I have misinterpreted the true source of thy emotion?"

He released her hand, and rising, stood erect before her as he said this, but lifting up her face, she cast upon him a look of soft reproach, so full of tenderness and grief, that again he knelt at her feet, and sealed his lips in speechless ecstasy upon her gently yielded hand.

"Thou lovest me, and I am blest," he murmured, after a minute's expressive pause. "Yes," he continued, "though seas and mountains separate us, my exile shall be solaced by the sweet assurance written in thine eyes, that in thy heart I have a place, unshared by any other."

"Ah! wherefore rejoice at this!" she said. "It were sad enough to part as friends, but now, ——" and with a quivering lip she paused, and subdued by tenderness and grief, bright tears chased each other in silence down her cheeks.

"Alas! that it must be so," said Guiseppe; "but is there no alternative? May we not hope? though I had well nigh bidden hope farewell, when with a despairing heart, and tears of deepest agony, I wrote thee my adieu. It should have been my last, last word of parting; and so it would have proved, but for this meeting, unlooked for, and unsought; but ah! I may not add unwelcome! And now, sweet Ianthé, now that thou knowest all my love, and somewhat of my wretchedness, I pray that thou wilt suffer one faint star of hope to linger in my dark horizon, guiding me onward with its cheering ray to achieve a name, which when hereafter I shall aspire to link it with that thou bearest, may not even in the estimation of thy proud relatives, cast upon thee one shade of shame, or of dishonour."

"Ah! were it for me to bid thy star of hope beam undimmed in the heavens, never, oh! never should its rays be shorn of their brightness," said the soft voice of Ianthé with low and trembling utterance, yet breathing in its passionate tones the very soul of tenderness. "But, alas! I cannot hide from thee, nor from myself," she continued, pursuing the same figurative mode of expression, "that dark clouds hover over and threaten to obscure it, and if now we part, before we meet again, its light will be quenched, in a night of hopeless gloom and sorrow."

"Sayest thou so, my beloved? Ah, yes! let my lips utter the language of my soul in thus addressing thee," he said. "But if this doom indeed impends over us, God forbid that we should part. Vainly I believed that I could yield thee up forever—that I could go forth from the place made blessed by thy presence, and live on through weary years of absence, sustained only by the memory of thy beauty and thy love. But now that I gaze on thee again—that I listen to thy gentle voice—that I see thine eyes beaming on me with love and pity, I feel how weak are my resolves—mere ropes of sand which the strong waves of passion scatter into fragments and destroy. Suffer me, then, to remain near thee, and banquet daily on the smiles, whose sweetness is my life's elixir, since, if exiled, without a hope of return, from thy dear presence, I must pine and die, like a plant cut off from the sun's light and warmth, in whose genial influence it grew rejoicingly and bright."

"And it were better even so," said Ianthé, with trembling earnestness; "better for thee, by

far, than to abide here and brave the fearful anger of my uncle. Should he but learn what are thy thoughts towards me, and that I——"—she hesitated, blushing and embarrassed—"that I have listened to thy words, ill would it fare with thee, and ill with me, for then thy only safety would be in flight, while my punishment would be, an enforced marriage with one I love not, or refuge for life within the dark walls of a convent."

"Thou wilt not—must not submit to tyranny like this, sweet Ianthé," said Guiseppe, eagerly. "Art thou dear to this proud uncle of thine, and will he sacrifice thee to his vain ambition? Permit it not, I pray thee, but remember, if indeed thou dost bestow on me the blessing of thy love, remember that we stand as yet on life's first threshold, with golden promises and glad hopes beckoning us gaily onward, and shall we then—it is for thee to say—shall we turn from the sunny path stretching bright and far before us, because a shadowy form, which we, with love's courage may subdue, sits frowning at its entrance? Forbid it, heaven! that such should be our cowardice; be thou but firm, and nought on earth shall daunt my purpose or destroy my hope; I will wait and watch, and labour and achieve, till I have earned a right, which if thou sanction it, none may gainsay, to demand thee of thy guardian for my own."

"Vain and plausible reasoning of love," said Ianthé, with a sad smile; "but if thou deemest it will weigh aught with my aspiring uncle, thy true knowledge of him is, as yet, but limited indeed. Already he hath promised my hand, and looks upon my future fate as sealed. While yet a mere child, he contracted for me an alliance with the son of an early friend, a powerful noble of Venice, and but a few months are now to elapse before the period named for this hated marriage will arrive."

A cold dew stood upon Guiseppe's brow as he heard this horrible announcement, while his blood rushed like a tide of burning lava through his veins, and unable to control his emotion, he almost fiercely exclaimed:

"And thou hast consented to this union! and now thou wilt submit to it, renouncing every dearer hope, rather than provoke the anger, or resist the will of thy unjust and arbitrary relative!"

"The time is not long past when I would have done so," she said, with a flitting blush; "when I heard it spoken of unmoved, and looked forward to its consummation with calm indifference—when in the hidden chambers of my heart the deep fountains of feeling and affection slept as yet untroubled, and all within was peace, the trusting peace of childhood, content with present bliss—fearless of coming ill. But now, oh now! that life hath so changed to me its aspect, think you I would not sooner welcome death, and gladly too, than yield assent to this abhorred and dreaded union!"

Her lovely eyes bathed in tears, and the tender earnestness of her impassioned accents, dispelled the last scruple of prudence that lingered in the mind of the youthful lover, and subdued by her grief, and terrified at the thought of her becoming another's, he exclaimed, with all the impetuosity of anxious and excited feeling:

"Confide in my love, and I will save thee from this threatened fate; for, if thy uncle, deaf to thy entreaties, persist in sacrificing thee to his ambitious schemes, I will, if thou permit, bear thee hence, secretly, if it must be so, rather than leave thee with one, to whom thy true happiness is as nought, when put in competition with the worldly aggrandisement, which his aspiring wishes covet for thee."

"What sayest thou?" exclaimed the startled girl, pale and gasping with emotion. "Dost thou ask me to fly with thee! clandestinely too? And whither, whither could we go, if indeed it comes to this, to find a shelter in our wanderings?"

"To a peaceful and a happy, though a humble home," he answered, soothingly; "to the arms of a tender mother, who will bless me that I bring to her a daughter, for which dear gift her heart hath ever yearned."

"Ah! it would be sweet to know a mother's love!" said Ianthé, tenderly. "But that fair dwelling of thine early days," she asked, with thoughtful look, "is it not far away? Thou hast described it to me so often that it seems familiar to my mind, and sometimes, too, I have visited it in sleep; aye, but the past night only, I dreamed that I sat with thee in that small garden chamber which overlooks the blue Adriatic, and heard the song of the boatman mingle with the sweeter melody of thy instrument, while we looked forth and numbered the golden stars as they came out one by one from the dark depths of the sky."

"It was an omen, sweet, that dream of thine, of what shall ere long be to us a reality," said the delighted Guiseppe. "Ah! for thy sake, I would I could bear thee thee to a palace, and shrine thee amidst such objects of beauty and of luxury as now surround thee, and which only the omnipotence of wealth can purchase. But, alas! I can offer thee only an adoring heart, filled with thy image, and consecrated to thy dear service, and a home of simplest comfort, brightened by content and peace, and hallowed by the virtues

and affections of those kind parents, who have made it to me a paradise of love."

"Ah! it would be happiness to share that home, so quiet and so calm, with them—with thee," she murmured, blushing as she spoke, at the full confession which her words involved. "I love not pomp," she added. "and shrink from the display, the éclat, and the splendour of the life to which my uncle would condemn me; but yet, to sever thus the tie that holds me to his heart, I cannot—dare not so repay his kindness. I were an ingrate if I did, when years have shown the tender love—the fond and ceaseless care—with which, for my dear mother's sake, he nurtured me."

"For her sake, then, if not for thine, he still should seek thy happiness," replied Guiseppe; "and if he doth, there is no cause for flight—nor would I name it to thee, but for the haunting fear, that when our love is known, his anger will enforce our separation, and effect for thee without delay, the hated union which shall render it eternal!"

"Dismiss that fear," she said, "for it is groundless. My hand, no less than my heart, is at my own disposal, and neither, without my own free consent, shall become the property of another. Though in all things else my uncle may control me, in this he never shall; and if unjust power is used to constrain me, thou hast named a way by which I may preserve inviolate the freedom of my choice."

"And thou wilt avail thyself of it?" asked Guiseppe, with trembling anxiety.

"I will, indeed," she answered, firmly, but yet reluctantly, "and not until I find escape from an enforced marriage impossible."

"And to decide this, thou permittest me to name my hopes to thine uncle without delay, and to ask, even now, though faint the prospect of obtaining it, the precious boon of this dear hand," he said, as he clasped it fondly in his own.

"Alas! I know not," she replied, with a troubled air. "It were, in truth, better to learn our fate at once, but yet I dread all that may follow thy avowal, for I fear there is little hope from my uncle's clemency, his purposes are so resolute—his will so firm, and this projected alliance hath so long been viewed by him as an event, of whose ultimate fulfilment no doubt could exist."

"Thy words fill me with terror!" exclaimed Guiseppe, his passionate eyes fixed tenderly upon her, "for they threaten the extinction of that dear hope which this hour hath sprung up in my heart, to bloom there ever, as I fondly thought, in the glad sunshine of thy angel smile. Ah! I cannot see it so cruelly destroyed, and, I pray thee, let me still cherish it in silence, and in secret, still see thee day by day, and breathe to thee, when no ear is by to listen, the deep, undying love with which thou hast inspired me. Patiently will I await the hour when I may dare to claim thee openly, and till then ——."

A low rustling sound from the passage at that moment startled the lovers, and Guiseppe, leaving his sentence unfinished, both sprang in alarm to their feet, while their throbbing hearts seemed suddenly to pause, as they turned in uncertainty to listen. But all was again still without, and then once more the same sound, as of some one cautiously descending the stairs, met their ears. Pale and agitated, Ianthé, with clasped hands, sank trembling on a seat, while Guiseppe, touched by her silent agony, and unable to endure his own suspense, whispered her to await his return without fear, and rushed out to discover, if possible, the intruder.

Though the apartment which he quitted was still illuminated with the golden twilight of that delicious clime, the landing place and the narrow winding stairs, were involved in utter darkness, save where a few rays struggled in through the small loop holes, with which, at intervals, the thick walls of the tower were pierced, for the purpose, doubtless, both of defence from within, and also of lighting the ascent to its summit. But well acquainted with the localities of the place, Guiseppe found his way without difficulty down the rough stairs, descending them with celerity, in order to overtake, if possible, a figure which he was almost certain he saw flying before him as he proceeded. But it seemed to elude his pursuit and like some shadowy form to flit rapidly on as he approached, till, on reaching the bottom of the flight, it vanished altogether, he knew not how or where, from view.

Disappointed, he stood beneath the low brow of the portal, looking anxiously around him upon the glowing world without, as beautiful it lay, bathed in hues of radiance, while the young moon, with her attendant planet, the lovely star of evening, hung in mild splendour among the crimson glories of the west. How peaceful and how calm the scene—how touching and how holy the contrast which it offered to the disturbed, tumultuous world within him! And as he gazed, he felt rebuked by the bland and rosy smile of Nature's face, into quiet trust and resignation to whatever fate the great Disposer of the future might have yet in store for him.

After lingering a few minutes in the vain expectation of discovering the individual, whom he felt convinced had been both an eye and ear witness of his passionate interview with Ianthé, he turned away, and retraced his steps to the apart-

ment in which he had left her, and where he found her in trembling apprehension awaiting his return. Without imparting to her his conviction that their conversation had been overheard, he strove to calm her fears by his tender and soothing words; and when comforted by them she regained her self-possession, he yielded to her wishes and led her with a lover's care down the long flight of stone steps to the garden, though, had he consulted his own, he would gladly have lingered with her in that old lonely chamber, till the moon quenched her soft light in the Brenta.

At the door of the tower she besought him to leave her, lest some watchful eye should be observing them; but he persisted in conducting her to the extreme limits of the tangled garden, and there, in compliance with her entreaties, he left her, but not till they had mutually agreed that their love should remain secret for the present; since in the first intoxicating moment of its acknowledgment to themselves and to each other, neither felt that they had courage to endure all the evil, in which its more open avowal might involve them.

And so they parted and though for a brief interval, as they fondly thought, yet lingering and sweet was that first farewell of the new-made lovers—he leaving her oft, and then as oft returning to fold his treasure to his breast, and thank God in silence for the blessing of her love. And when at last with sweet low words of chiding, she broke from his encircling arms and fled away, he stood watching with delight her airy figure, as with the swiftness of a timid fawn she sped along the path, and it disappeared in the distance from his view. Then with a sigh more rapturous than sad, he slowly turned to retrace his homeward way.

Unobservant of every surrounding object, he passed on through the mazy garden walk, till he arrived right opposite the old sun-dial, when, pausing a moment on this spot, which was ever associated in his mind with the image of Ianthé, he was startled on beholding the figure of a woman, sitting beside the fountain, and gazing listlessly upon the silver-drops that trickled from its basin. One glance sufficed to tell him whose was that brilliant form seated now in quiet sadness on the earth, and in no mood to encounter either the tender or sarcastic sallies of the Countess Bertha, he was gently passing on, hoping to escape unobserved, when he heard his name audibly pronounced, and suddenly springing up, she advanced a few steps, and paused proud and erect before him. Yes, haughty was her air, and scornful the curl of her vermillion lip, while the angry flashing of her eye assured him that in her he beheld the stealthy listener of the tower.

"Thou wouldst fain shun me," she said, abruptly, "and I scarce marvel at thy desire to do so, since few voluntarily seek the presence of those whom they have wantonly wounded by their ingratitude."

"Lady," said Guiseppe, "I deserve not the reproach implied in thy words, conscious as I am that I have never failed to appreciate th kindness of which I humbly confess myself wholly unworthy."

"Ingrate!" ejaculated the countess, with flashing eyes, "how hast thou shown thy appreciation of it?—how, but by displaying towards me a coldness and indifference, which seemed intended to rebuke the foolish interest I have expressed in thy welfare!"

"Lady," he said, "thou hast mistaken deference for coldness, else ——."

"Nay!" she interposed, with passionate emphasis, "I know nought of these nice distinctions; I have stooped to invite thy confidence—thy friendship—and thou hast not only withheld both, but hast used towards me the basest and most unpardonable deceit."

"Thou art severe beyond my deserts, madam," said Guiseppe, "since voluntarily I have been guilty of no deception, for the secret this morning revealed to thee by chance, was scarcely known to my own heart, till the moment of its betrayal to another."

"Thou fearest not to confess to me, then, this guilty passion, which thou art nourishing to be thy ruin!" she exclaimed, with ill-suppressed rage; "thou dost it boldly, too, and without a blush of shame, for having stolen into the affections of a silly child, whose ignorance of the world made her an easy prey to thy endeavours."

The hot blood burned angrily on the cheek of Guiseppe at this taunt, but remembering all he had at stake, he checked the bitter words that rose to his lips, and said gently:

"Thou art unjust in thy resentment, lady, since brief as has been our acquaintance, thou knowest me far too well to believe that I have used art or endeavour to win the love of one, born to shine in a sphere so high above my own. I deny not that my soul felt her power, though my lips never had acknowledged it, till, when alone with her this morning, I was betrayed into expressions, which, in a moment of calmer feeling, would not have escaped me."

"I might not doubt thy words," said the countess, with a smile of irony, "hadst thou not so soon repeated thy offence; but he who errs involuntarily, shows not his penitence by seeking the earliest opportunity to renew his guilt."

"Again, madam, dost thou misjudge me," said Guiseppe, "since I came not hither expect-

ing, or even hoping, to meet the Lady Ianthé, to whom, as feeling I had no right to aspire to her, I had bidden a last farewell. But as a favourite resort, I sought these ruins to linger a while among their lovely shades, and then depart from them forever!"

"But thou hast seen her, and thy purpose is changed," said the Countess, in a hurried accent.

"By accident I met her here," said Guiseppe, evading a direct reply; "and even thou, lady, wouldst blame my lack of courtesy had I fled at her approach."

"It was thy duty to have done so," returned the countess, quickly; "aye, thy duty, and thy safety also, to avoid her now and ever, for love her as thou may, pursue her as thou wilt, she never can be thine."

"Perchance not," said Guiseppe, with as calm a tone as he could assume; "but wherefore must I forever shun her, as though my very presence were a baneful influence?"

"*It would* be wiser so to do, than linger with her as thou hast this eve, in the chamber of yon lonely tower," said the countess. "Yet think not," she added, "that I have watched thy steps; like thee, in my twilight walk, I strolled hither, and trusting to find Ianthé where it is oft our wont to sit together, I climbed the stone stairs to the top of Hugo's turret, but on the landing place I was startled by the murmur of low voices within the chamber, and pausing, I recognized thine—thy passionate accents and her's, soft as the voice of love. The words reached not my ear, but how, uttered in those tones, could I doubt their import? I sought not to hear them—wherefore should I? but turned to fly, when the rustling of my garments caught thy notice, and thou rushed forth to detect the intruder. My foot, however, was fleeter than thine, and I eluded thee, but, concealed amid the thick shrubbery, I awaited thy re-appearance, and soon I saw thee pass by with Ianthé. Knowing thou must return by the fountain, I sat beside it till I heard thy step, and now stand before thee, to warn thee of thy danger—to entreat of thee, as thou regardest thy safety or thy welfare, to think of her no more, or only, as the pupil whom thou art bound to instruct according to the best of thy ability in the science thou dost profess to teach."

"Thy counsel, doubtless, is wise, lady, and given in friendship, and therefore it demands my gratitude and thanks," said Guiseppe.

"And thou wilt let it profit thee?" she asked, anxiously.

"It should do so," he said, with hesitation.

"And must!" she exclaimed, "if thou wouldst avoid peril. Knowest thou not that from her cradle the Lady Ianthé has been the affianced bride of another, and that my brother's honour is involved in the certain fulfilment of the contract? And were it not so, he hath the blood of an ancient race in his veins, and the pride of an exalted station in his heart, both of which will forbid him to bestow his favourite neice upon one destitute of the outward gifts, so all important in his eyes.

"Believe me, should he learn that thou hast dared lavish one tender thought upon the child of his adoption, so implacable is his nature, that he would not rest till he had pursued thee with his vengeance to the grave. Aye! to have this known, would be to ensure thy misery and ruin, and to bring a bitter curse upon that orphan girl, whom thou hast taught to forget her duty, and the obedience due to him who hath been to her a father."

"God forbid that I should cast one shade of sorrow over the brightness of her happy life!" exclaimed Guiseppe, shuddering at the fearful picture drawn by the artful countess, of the evils to result from his presumptuous love. "Ah! may peace and joy dwell ever in her heart, whatever are the sufferings of mine. Singly I can bear them, but to bring misfortune upon her, were worse to me than death."

"Renounce, then, thy hopes of one whom thou art not permitted to seek, and all will be well; yes, after one faint struggle, well for thee, and for her," said the countess, in a softened accent, delighted at the effect her words had produced upon his excited mind. "Sacrifice not," she continued, "the bright promises of the future, to a boyish passion, which, for aught thou knowest, is destined to expire as suddenly as it was kindled. Ianthé is but a child, and withal a fickle one, whose unformed tastes render insecure her girlish choice, since a more extended knowledge of the world may teach her, that the beau ideal of her young imagination, in spite of her early penchant, has not yet been realized."

"In truth, madam, were my self-love prone to be flattered, it would find but slight food for its cravings in thy words," said Guiseppe, slightly piqued by her insinuation. "Yet the Lady Ianthé's wishes shall ——."

"They must have no weight," interrupted the countess, hastily; "she is a child, guided by a child's impulses, and diverted from the purpose of the moment by every novelty that offers. A brief time since, dazzled by the glittering gifts showered upon her by her betrothed, she was gaily looking forward to her nuptial day, as that of her release from nursery restraints, and of introduction to the splendour and delights of a princely establishment, over which she was to

reign in undisputed sovereignty. And now, mark her unstable fancy, a new bauble charms it, and she weeps at the slightest allusion to that noble lover, whose name she hath inwrought in many a tasteful trifle designed for his acceptance."

"But that was ere she knew her heart could be awakened to any deeper emotion than the transient rapture of a childish joy," said Guiseppe: "before ——."

"Aye! thou wouldst say, before she knew thee," again interposed the countess, with a heightened colour; "before thy honied words—thy burning glances—thy untiring homage, surprised her soul, and made her feel how sweet it was to move another thus—to be herself the object of such deep devotion!"

"And with a heart so tender, and a soul so true," replied Guiseppe, "this knowledge gained, will fix her roving thoughts, and bind her young affections in chains that only death can rupture. While still a child, each glittering toy could charm her, but as the opening bud expands, beneath the genial influence of the sun, into the full and perfect flower, so hath the magic power of love, developed in her soul capacities and feelings, that have changed, as in a moment, the fickle, unformed child, into the tender and the conscious woman, on the fulfilment of whose new-born hopes depends her future weal or woe."

"Name only woe with the fulfilment of hopes so fond and foolish," said the countess, bitterly: "for novice as she is in the school of poverty and trial, believest thou her love will brave unshrinkingly, the breath of cold adversity—that she, born to affluence, and from her cradle nurtured in luxury—she, whose future path, strewn with roses, opens smilingly before her, that she is one cheerfully to share the changes of a life thine —to wait and watch with anxious heart, while thou dost carve thy yet uncertain fortunes, and then, perchance, be doomed to weep that thou hast toiled in vain, and reaped only coldness and neglect, where thou shouldst have won reward? Oh, no, no! be not deceived! Thou art trusting thy affections to a frail bark which will perish in the first wintry storm that assails it; choose rather a stately vessel which has breasted angry seas, and yet withstood their fury, in which to freight the precious treasure of thy love, and whether the breeze be prosperous or adverse, it will sail steadily onward, true to the guiding compass which directs its course. I speak to thee in riddles, yet thou canst read them if thou wilt."

And all too plainly could he read them, but with evasive answer, he replied:

"Lady, the frailest bark often rides out the ocean storm in safety, when the gallant vessel, formed to battle with its shocks, is wrecked amid the breakers."

"But thou shalt not try so rash an experiment!" passionately exclaimed the countess, vexed beyond her power of concealment, by the tenacious and unreserved expression of his love for Janthé. No, thou *shalt* not, I repeat; nor canst thou if thou would. Listen, and I will tell thee why. Deemest thou the proud Bishop of Padua will, at thy asking, bestow on thee the fair neice, for whom he covets greatness and splendour? On thee, a nameless stranger—a youth destitute of fortune and of birth! It were preposterous in thee to plead such a suit to the haughty churchman, in whose veins flows no drop of plebian blood, and who, if his ambition wills it, may command the alliance of kings. I warn thee to beware how thou dost provoke his wrath by the mention of a thought so bold. Relinquish it, I charge thee. And so thou hast," she continued, fixing on him, with a searching glance, her keen and piercing eye; "but yet thou hast another purpose, and I read it in thy downcast look. Speak! speak but one word to say if thou wouldst dare, aye, *dare*," she repeated, in tones hoarse with emotion, "*to think of flight!—with her!*"

"Lady, I beseech thee ——," began Guiseppe, entreatingly, but with passionate word and gesture she broke in on his reply.

"Yes, yes, I see it all! and she ——. Oh, God! Aye, she hath wound herself into that heart—that only heart where I desired to dwell." and with frenzied action she sank upon the ground and wept."

Guiseppe stood paralyzed, shocked, grieved, wounded by this wild and passionate confession, yet filled with pity for the sufferings he had caused. But wishing it to appear that he supposed her agitated by the fear only of his intended elopement, he said, bending gently towards her:

"Calm thyself, I pray thee, madam, the Lady Janthé is safe, and if ——."

"Safe!" she reiterated, raising her head from her clasped hands, and looking up with her dark tearful eyes into his face. "Aye, safe in thy heart, Guiseppe! but thinkest thou the childish love of that fond girl can satisfy the deep and passionate cravings of a soul like thine? Oh, no! thou art misled by her innocence and beauty; but she is not formed to make thy happiness, nor canst thou constitute hers. Say then that thou wilt no more pursue her with thy love—that thou wilt not baptize her with misery, by seeking to link her fate with thine."

"God forbid!" said Guiseppe, fervently, "that I should be the source of sorrow to that guileless heart, or stamp the lines of care upon that

open brow. I may not speak of the love she hath kindled in my soul, thou wouldst call it ephemeral and weak—I only, know its depth and power, yet shall it henceforth remain unuttered, if its expression threatens to involve her happiness and peace."

"It doth, undoubtedly," said the countess, with an effort, recovering her self-possession, "therefore, I charge thee, let it rest in silence. Ianthé is the plighted bride of another, who will, ere long, claim her hand. It was promised with a free and willing heart, and but for thy whispered words, no cloud would have dimmed the brightness of her marriage day. The evil which thou hast wrought, must be atoned for by thy absence, and when she sees that thou dost voluntarily forsake, and leave her to fulfil her destiny, she will return to her duty, nor find its performance a hard or cruel task. Then ——;" she paused and hesitated.

"*Then*, madam, what is to be the issue to myself, of the course which thou dost prescribe?" asked Guiseppe, in a tone of calm and measured firmness, that showed him prepared, if need be, to act with stern resolve.

"Then," she said, in a voice whose tender accents grated harshly on his ear; "then shalt thou learn how devotedly thou art loved by one who hath drank at many springs of joy, yet turned from all dissatisfied till now. Guiseppe!" she said, with almost frenzied passion, "thou standest calm and cold before me, while I lay bare the hidden secret of my heart, and own to thee my love—such love as she thou dost prefer, has never known—such as her less impassioned soul can never know or feel. Wealth, rank and power, are mine to give, and these I offer thee—thee, the embodied dream of my whole life! None can oppose my choice, or bar thy freedom of acceptance, and yet thou dost not speak! Oh! answer quick, nor rack me by thy silence. Thy peril and my love have led me to forego the modesty of woman, and I would learn if I have stooped so low for naught—if yet Ianthé reigns, or Bertha is to dwell enthroned in that heart."

She had spoken with the wild and rapid vehemence of desperate passion, and as he listened, contempt and indignation swelled high within him, sweeping, as they rose, all other emotions from his breast; and when she ceased, and gazed with fond and eager expectation in his face, she recoiled in terror and surprise, as with startling emphasis he exclaimed:

"Never! never! shall the image of earthly woman, supplant that of the adored Ianthé in my soul!"

"This, then, is thy final answer?" said the countess, her ready pride rising to her aid in this moment of shame and disappointment.

"It is," he said; "my gratitude is thine, lady, for a preference so ill deserved, but may heaven so aid me, as I remain unshaken in my devotion to her, whom only I have ever loved."

"Persist in this resolve," said the countess, haughtily, "and thy ruin is inevitable. Already it hath commenced, and thou hast yet to learn, if thou knowest it not already, that a woman's revenge is not less sure than it is sweet," and with these menacing words, she gathered her mantle around her and swept away, disappearing quickly in the obscurity which the deepening shades of twilight had shed over the landscape.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CLOUDS OF THE HEART.

BY VALENTINE SLYBOOTS.

Dream on, young hearts! amid the sunny hopes,
The visions gladdening of airy forms,
Of smiles of love, and glances bright with joy,
That fancy feeds upon! for happy he
Who, like an evergreen beneath autumnal skies,
Feels not the blast whose breath can chill the heart,
And turns with laughing eye away from aught!
That wears the garb of care!

Why falls the shroud of gloom on youth's gay thoughts
Hast seen the sun ride gloriously along
A summer sky, and mark'd how suddenly
From out the far horizon spring the dark
Brown clouds, and the full brightness of his strength
Beneath their mantle wrap? Say, canst thou tell
Why or from whence they came? So swiftly rise
The clouds that dim the brightness of the heart,
That tinge with sombre hues the seat of thought,
And blight the bloom of Life!

I've stood within the halls of light and joy
Where Beauty's charms pre-eminently shone,
But of that festive hour the jocund mirth
Was soul-less all to me—and 'mid the throng
The heart was lonelier far than in the depth
Of the still night, when revelling alone
Amidst it own imaginings!

I too have loved; yet in the gladdest hour
When the eye resteth on one form alone,
And the ear hears but one familiar voice,
There falleth often on the heart, a sense
Of gloom unspeakable, foreboding much,
And steeping in the bitter cup of felt
Unworthiness and silent self-distrust,
The flowers of future hope!

"Who to the mind diseased can minister?"
Who lift the veil that clouds the feeling heart?
Who turn to smiles the sighs that chill full oft
The current of the soul?

THE CALUMETTE.

A PASSAGE FROM TOM CLIFDEN'S "OTTAWA SKETCHES."

BY H. J. FRIEL.

> Lake after lake interminably gleam:
> And past the settler's haunts the eye might roam,
> Where earth's unliving silence all would seem,
> Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome.
>
> *Campbell.*

> Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
> Shooting the falls without a dip of oar,
> Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark,
> Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,
> While on its deck a pilot angel stood.
>
> *Moore.*

* * * * * * ROLL on, grand and majestic Ottawa, roll on, till thy still grander brother struggles in thy embrace, and with him bend your onward course towards your ocean home. Although the great St. Lawrence may boast of its awful and sublime Niagara—its Thousand Isles—the beauteous splendour of its inland seas—the great extent of its navigable boundaries, and the thousands that have settled on its banks, to feed their thoughtful fancy in contemplating its varied scenery; yet can the Ottawa boast that next to it alone it bears the regal crown. Its bold and romantic banks rising like the ruined walls of some ancient castle, their summits covered with lofty pines and wide spread oaks—its rich and fertile country fast settling,—and the old monarch's of the forest groan and fall as the cheering echo of the woodman's axe resounds upon the ear. The awful grandeur of its picturesque scenery—its splendid water-falls—the almost chaste natural architecture of its Rideau—the sublimity of its crashing and often described Chaudière, with the noble work of art which spans its midst—its perilous Long Sault, Chatts, Snows, Poquette, Mountain, Sable, Calumette and Allumette rapids, all vieing with each other in the gorgeous and variegated splendour of their scenery. It has, like other monarchs, its many vassals, who ever pour into its midst the watery tribute—the Lever, Blanche, Gatineau, Rideau, Mississippi, Bonchere, Madawaska, Black, Pittawawa, Chalk, and numerous other streams of minor note, tumble and foam o'er rock and shore to meet the embrace of their stern and monstrous guardian. But, a truce to description:—a Lever, a Dickens, or a James might revel, like the gay votaries of Bacchus, when at their wine-cups, in this wide field for imaginative scribbling; but I have o'erstepped my prescribed bounds. My story leads me to a time when, a vacation occurring at the college of ——, a few of the students, myself among the number, determined upon paying a short visit to our different homes, and agreed upon a general rendezvous, for the purpose of spending our short term of leave in the pleasantest and most instructive manner. Our ages varied from eighteen to twenty-three, and our course of studies was fast drawing to a close—the time would soon arrive when each of us was to try his fortune among the sons of men.

Ours was a gay party—eight mirthful and jovial youths, just emerging for a brief period from the tedious monotony of a college life. Our leader on this occasion formed the ninth. He was an old school-fellow, who, disdaining the effeminate life (as he was pleased to call it) of poring over the classic Homer's tragic pages, puzzling your brain with geometrical figures, algebraical problems, or diving through the depths of the erudite Euclid, with all the numerous train of studies to which college students have to cling, till, like some learned professor, they can call them all "their own"—leaped, as he supposed, from the dreadful task, and launched himself upon the busy world in an occupation much more manly, if not so honourable. He engaged in the lumber business, and after some years of difficulty, succeeded in establishing himself as an extensive merchant in the trade. He invited us to accompany him on an excursion up the Ottawa, from which he promised we would derive much gratification. We assented, and in a few days after we began our journey. Our progress upwards was rapid, and the river from Grenville to the future "city" of Bytown having been so often described it would be superfluous to trouble the reader with any detail. On the third day after our departure, we reached Portage du Fort, from which place we were to proceed in canoes to Fort William, the extent of our excursion. We intended to spend a few days in that delightful region, and then return homewards. We left the Portage in two canoes, and soon arrived at the Calumette, at which romantic spot we spent a night. We viewed the rapid by the pale moonlight, when most of Adam's race by Morpheus were ensnared, and as Luna receded from the cover of a cloud, the philosophic M. broke forth in the strain of the modern hero of the Hellespont—

> "Goddess serene, transcending every star!
> Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar."

Our friend informed us that, strange as it may appear, the Ottawa is not without its old traditions of bye-gone days, and this terrific rapid was the scene of the following Legend:

About half a century ago, when the great opposition between the contending fur-trading com-

panies had driven them to such vexatious difficulties, that an open war was the consequence, and the aborigines of the country being occasionally engaged by both parties, many fearful and bloody encounters took place, in which unheard of cruelties were perpetrated on both sides. The Calumette was then considered far in the interior. A party of voyageurs, on their way to assist their friends, arrived at the Portage about mid-day, and departed from it late in the evening. They paddled on, keeping time, like the gay galleys of Cleopatra, to the merry tune, and ever and anon casting careful glances around in search of their savage enemy, from whom, as sad experience taught them, they might expect no quarter. For a few miles all went smoothly as the placid stream on which they rowed, and they began to fancy that something extraordinary had occurred, for the dangerous pass of the Calumette had always been the "look out spot" of the wary savages; and fortunate were the voyageurs that cleared its neighbourhood without "hand to hand conflict" with their treacherous assailants. Our adventurers had just arrived within shelter of a point which stretched out some distance into the river, and the wind blowing in an opposite direction, they kept as close to the shore as possible; not a word above a whisper was spoken, as this was a spot in which their enemies had often lain in ambush. They were about to round the point (now silent as the grave, except the slight splash their paddles made on entering the otherwise noiseless element) when, to their dismay, they beheld two large canoes, filled with their enemies, bearing down upon them. To put to shore was their first impulse, but hardly had they time to land, before the foremost canoe touched the bank some distance from them. To face their foes was "to fight and die;" escape might yet be possible, and they again made for the river, having now to force their way through the savages, who had landed from the first canoe. They succeeded in getting to their canoe, with the exception of one poor fellow who had been wounded, and who lay senseless upon the ground. The savages left four of their number victims to that insatiable thirst for human blood which always characterised the North American Indian. The voyageurs reach their canoe—scarcely do they regain their paddles before the other and larger canoe is close at hand, and their only chance of escape is to make for the rapid. Even there death seems inevitable, for down this dreadful abyss no living mortal had yet dared to pass. But the death which there awaited them would be a blessing in comparison with the excruciating tortures the inflexible savages would inflict upon them. They shape their course for the rapid, and loud shout the demons in pursuit. Our voyageurs are a-head—their frail bark bounding like a hunted stag, at every pull—

"The hearts of those within are quivering."

Onward still they go; the other canoe is manned, and joins in the pursuit—the rapid is almost gained—the first of the pursuing canoes is fast closing upon them, and the other keeps in shore to prevent a landing. Now comes the fatal warning—the shelving swells, formed by the swiftness of the current as it neared the foaming cataract, gave our voyageurs notice that their earthly ties would soon be snapped asunder—that their time was limited; and, as if by general and holy impulse, they fall upon their knees, and with eyes cast up to heaven, make their last orison to the Giver of all good, as an offering for their many misdeeds. The infuriated pursuers, emulating the bold venture of the voyageurs, and trusting to their skill, follow in their wake. They gain fast upon them—now one uplifts his paddle to cleave the steersman's skull—another pull, and it falls harmlessly into the boiling surge. Now came the dreadful plunge; the pursued canoe leaps like a thing of air, from wave to wave—the voyageurs are in a kneeling position, and the bow and stern paddles seem to be still in motion. The pursuers are almost at their side, but lost in anticipation of that death to which they too have doomed themselves, their intended victims are untouched, and, as if in mockery of their original intention, they are, too, in an attitude of prayer. The greatest leap is now at hand—the Indians are engulphed where

"The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss,
The hell of waters, where they howl and hiss!"

The voyageurs clear it with a bound—they behold a supernatural being, arrayed in snowy white, sitting in the bow of the canoe, who leads them o'er the rocks in safety. The danger is now past—they make the shore, and their guide and preserver is no longer visible. They again fall upon their knees, and pour out their heartfelt thanks to the Mighty Ruler of the universe. The bodies of the Indians are cast upon the shore, and are interred by those with whom they were so lately engaged in sanguinary conflict. The voyageurs returned to Montreal—detailed their adventure, and were immediately sent with a reinforcement, on their original expedition. They gained the spot where their wounded comrade had been left without molestation. On a tree they found deciphered an account of his recovery from the blow which he received—it only stunned him—that he had witnessed the descent of the rapid, and had concealed himself in the woods

to avoid meeting with his enemies. They searched in vain for him, and were just embarking, when they observed the poor fellow coming towards them, but so emaciated and worn-out that they had difficulty in recognising him. He seemed hardly able to drag his wearied limbs towards them; and as he neared, to a low and plaintive air, he sang some verses, which detailed all the particulars of the late tragedy. He was immediately offered food, which he would not taste; reason had resigned its empire o'er his soul, and in a few hours after he expired. His remains lie interred on yonder hill, and the spot is visited to this day, by those of his calling who pass this romantic place. The verses he composed, the old voyageurs who have settled about the river still have in full recollection, and may often be heard enacting in song the same scene over again.

Bytown, October, 1845.

LIFE.

A fleeting, changing world is this of ours,
Its path now strewed with thorns, anon with flow'rs;
One moment clouds and darkness most profound,
The next 'tis light and sunshine all around.
Now Hope, the bright-eyed seraph! cheers us on,
But quick she flies—her last faint ray is gone;
Despair with frowning brow usurps her place,
His sable wing effacing every trace
Of those bright visions she had raised so fair,
Till all is doubt, and fear, and trembling care.
Full oft the merry laugh of careless glee,
The gay outpouring of hearts light and free
Is chang'd even in its birth for grief's loud wail,
The face so flush'd with joy, turns ashy pale,
The sparkling eye suffused with sudden tears,
Oft, too, a moment does the work of years:
Wielding the weapon of some mighty grief,
It crushes all the heart, (oh! work how brief!)
Or with some long-desired blessing brings
A balm for rankling sorrows on its wings.
What is this world, then, but a feverish dream,
Where joy and grief alternate reign supreme;
Each for its own brief moment. Where the soul
Is longing ever for some distant goal
Still unattainable—till Death at last
Comes when least looked for, and the dream is past!

M. A. M.

Montreal, October 20, 1845.

EPIGRAM, FROM THE FRENCH.

By thee, on the sand of this shore,
Our ciphers in union were traced;
But the fugitive billows roll'd o'er,
And the writing was quickly effaced.

Yet this emblem of love, though so frail
That the water soon swept it away;
Not so soon, O thou false one! did fail
As the passion 'twas meant to display.

THE MOON.

The moon looks down from high,
And shines on the slumb'ring earth:
Oh! who can tell how many an eye,
Of sorrow or of mirth,
Looks up to the silent moon at night,
When on she moves in her silvery light.

But aye the moon rolls on,
And little knoweth she
How the sad spirit pours its moan,
When none but she may see—
How many an eye is sadly bent
On her lone path in the firmament.

O say, doth the cold moon know
How oft I have gazed on her,
And when storm-winds o'er my spirit blow,
How she its depths can stir?—
How she can speak to my inmost heart,
And joy and woe she can impart?

Say, doth the cold moon know,
How, on a wintry night,
The scene that best I love below,
I looked on by her light?
And, while a cloud upon me fell,
I sighed my long and last farewell.

And hath the moon forgot,
How, on the dark-blue sea,
I looked on her face, and mourn'd the lot
That parted my home and me?
And how, when fated far *to roam*,
I loved her for shining upon my home.

I see the moon to-night,
But other thoughts are mine,
Than when first the fair and glorious light
I watched of the calm moonshine:
The freshness of feeling for aye is fled;
Already I guess how feel the dead.

Well!—and upon my grave
The moon's faint beams will be;
And its rays will tinge the boughs that wave
Of the grim old church-yard tree;
Yet changeless and sweet, in the distant sky,
She will float in her serenity.

I love not, then, the moon,
For she doth not care for me;
She would smile alike on the spot as soon
Where my last long home will be.
Forgetting thee, as I am forgot,
Passionless moon, I love thee not!

INVITATION TO CYNTHIA.

Come, Cynthia, to thy shepherd's vale,
Though tyrant winter shade the scene;
The leafless grove has felt his gale,
And every warbler mourns his reign.

Yet what to me the howling wind?
Thy voice the linnet's song supplies:
Or what the cloud to me, who find
Eternal sunshine in thine eyes?

BURNS AND BYRON.

The commemoration of the Poet Burns at Ayr—a festival unprecedented in Scotland—has not made his name better known, or more celebrated than it was before; his fame was independent of any such public recognition. But we cannot help regarding it in a very important light, considering the many different opinions which have been expressed of his character. The festival was a formal national acknowledgement, both of his poetical genius and social worth: not only unopposed by any one having a right to be heard on the subject, but ratified by the eager consent of many illustrious, many enlightened, and many honest, moral, and respectable inhabitants of the country. There was no effort required to make this acknowledgement. The proposal, of course, came at first from one individual, but the feeling of its justice and its propriety was universal; and we are glad that cant and hypocrisy were disregarded, and that so many Scotchmen had the moral courage to recognize, honestly and openly, claims which no other Scottish poet ever put forth so strongly to the admiration and affection of his countrymen. We mean not to say that there are not other names of which Scotland has good cause to be proud—names which are justly honoured both in that country and throughout the empire; but no Scottish writer has presented so vividly the sturdy independence of his countrymen as Robert Burns. It was his own strong characteristic; and the sympathy with it is deep and national. It is more of his character, as developed in his poetry, than of the poetry itself, that we wish to say a few words; and to contrast it with that of another man of genius, between whose works and those of Burns, however, either as regards fancy or creative power—the two great elements of poetical genius—we do not intend for one instant to institute any comparison. It is simply with the character of the two men of genius, as shown in their respective works, that we intend to deal, and we know of no more striking contrast than that which these characters, so exhibited, present. Though we had never read one word of the private history of either, we are inclined to think that our remarks would have been the same.

Burns and Byron—The Peasant and the Peer! Save the alliteration, there is little parallelism between them. In station, studies, aims and objects, no two men were more widely different; in tone, expression, sentiment and manner, no two poets ever presented a stronger contrast. They were both reared in Scotland: they died at nearly the same age: both were determined enemies of cant, in all its shapes and disguises: but we know few other elements of thought or character in which they resembled one another.

Burns was the robust poet of health, Byron the fevered prophet of disease; and their works are as different as the glow of the one and the fire of the other. The song of the one was the charm by which he escaped from the pressure of worldly calamity; that of the other was the passion by which he immortalised his affliction, and rendered mental agony doubly poignant. Burns dipped his pen in oil, to smoothe with verse "the carking cares" of life; Byron plunged his in gall, to poison himself and mankind. The one looked at the best view of an indifferent prospect, and he brightened it with the sanguine hues of his own fancy; the other would see nothing but darkness in his splendid career, and his whole life and genius were devoted to deepen the shades. The poetry of the one resembles a *pastorale* of Haydn; that of the other is like a *sinfonia funebre* of Beethoven.

Burns was conscious of his own natural ability—knew well that his talents were far higher than his birth; and felt at the same time, that, as a man, he had nothing to regret. While he made a true estimate of his own genius, asserted it, and gloried in it, he had no repinings at his humble station—no heart-burnings for higher. He was there, and he was there for good. He felt no petty enmity at those of a higher grade; his was none of the vulgar democracy which sneers at all above it. Where rank was united with worth, no one admired it more: where the union was embellished with wit, and learning, and genius, he was ready to worship. There was much honest admiration in him; there was little envy. He would not have exchanged his bardship for a coronet. The "holly round his head," bound by the Scottish Muse, was a diadem which he esteemed higher than the "round and type of sovereignty." And as his crown was from Nature's hand, his treasures were drawn from her choicest stores:—

> "No vulgar metals fused from common ores,
> But gold to matchless purity refined,
> And stamped with all the Godhead of the mind."

His subjects had the worship of his heart, and the allegiance of his genius—honesty, valour, love, friendship, truth, independence. Manliness in all its forms, whether in the field, the senate, the shieling, or the grove, was his favourite theme; and if for a moment his verse was tinged with misanthropy, the blot was speedily effaced by the healthy reasoning which a moment's reflection suggested. There is little of the effeminacy of poetry about Burns; and, much as has been said about it, there is little licentiousness,

properly so called. It is true he is often coarse, indelicate, unscrupulous in his phrases; but he is so, purely for the sake of the humour or the satire--not for the sake of indelicacy. There is no gloating over vice as in Juvenal--no painting of it for its own sake. "Holy Willie's prayer" and "The Jolly Beggars" may be too strong for refined tastes; but the one is a richly deserved castigation of a class too numerous in his country, and the other is life, real life, though it be the dregs of it. But his highest efforts are his purest, and they show the natural bent of his mind, which was virtuous and honourable. "The Cottar's Saturday Night" is a picture of piety, benevolence, love, affection, and contentment, which, we believe, could only come from a pious and benevolent mind. No radically vicious man could have so ardently delighted in the description. It came fresh from an honest unsophisticated heart.

His "thoughtless follies" have been rather too often harped upon. With his festive soul—his adoring companions—it is wonderful they were so few. But he has himself immortalised them by his touching confession. There was at least no hypocrisy in his character. He would have pleaded guilty at once at any bar of morality. He would have given judge and counsel no trouble in searching for evidence. They and the world were welcome both to the full knowledge of his sins, and his manly repentance of them. His works have toned and improved the feelings of his class.

Byron's weakness was to be thought strong. *This desire shines through the most of his poetry.* He wished to appear above prejudices, and opinions, and rules. He was too high to be guided by them. He despised the vulgar elements of human composition, and looked upon himself as "half dirt, half deity." Byron was a weak man, *and the weakness of his nature was the strength of his poetry.* His works were the diction of his passions. He was their intellectual bondsman. It was his slavery to their mandates—his entire devotion to their gratification—his intimacy with their operations—his intense concentrated experience in their indulgence and contemplation—his long obedience to their slightest impulse—that enabled him to paint and shadow and compare and contrast them so vividly. He was a poetical gladiator, exhibiting for fame and gold the nakedness of "a mind diseased." His feelings were passions, and his passions crimes. Under their command the voyage of his life was made with a false compass, and a false chart. He read history and used it, not for healthful instruction in the ways of man—not for great, or correct, or useful views of legislation—not for philosophical analysis—not for the sake of tracing to its source any art, or any science, or any profession: he read it to illustrate his own passions—pride, revenge, love, fear, hatred, jealousy. Often he lauds highly and enthusiastically the wise, the brave, the virtuous, the patriot of a past era, but it is to gratify his scorn of the fool, the coward, the libertine, the traitor, of a later time. He draws an angel of light; but it is to contrast the angel with a demon. He looks into the grave of the father for a scourge wherewith to lash the son. He raises the dead to mock the living. He holds up

> ——"the name of Washington,
> To make man blush there was but one."

The most glorious productions of the globe are used by him to make men look more hideous. He places his heroes in the gardens of the earth where they spread pestilence and death. How he looked at the beauties of nature!

> "Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
> Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
> Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
> Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?

FLOWERS.

Yes, I do love them! The lowliest, unsought weed,
That decorates the lone neglected wild,
As the most treasured gem, whose hues exceed
Th' exotic, cultured by gay lux'ry's child.

Not that because I in life's earliest days
Gathered from hedge or stream their precious store,
And girlhood sang their charms in music's lays,
When even my dreams could their bright forms restore.

Not that their frail and perishing beauties are
Types of the hopes and idols of the heart
That make this scene of pilgrimage too fair,
And some "imaginings of heaven" imparts.

Though holy were these thoughts—my spirit still
Imbibes a rapture words cannot define,
For thus they whisper, as the heart they fill,
"The hand that made us is Supreme, Divine!"

The pow'r mysterious, that through nature glides
From "light ineffable," speaks to the soul,
In the aroma that in flowers resides,
Or the sweet grace, that can proud man control.

'Tis all His influence! fount of holiest love!
That the poor weary wanderer can raise
By faith aspiring to delights above,
And fills creation with its Maker's praise.

Then deem not that Religion's gentle voice
Forbids the pleasure that sweet flowers yield;
Remember Him, whose hallowed, sacred choice
A moral gleaned from "Lilies of the field."

Christieville.

NOTES ON HISTORY.

NOTE THE FIFTH.

THE INDIANS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY CLARENCE ORMOND.

As the object of this Note is to elucidate such points of history as are doubtful or little known to the mass, it is our purpose in this Note, and several that may succeed it at intervals, to give some account of the original inhabitants of this vast continent. We shall take but a portion of country for each Note, assuming for our first the history of the New England tribes.

The Indians who inhabited the vast territory called New England, containing about six hundred thousand square miles, seem never to have been known by any common appellation, as were their brethren, the *Tartars*, in Asia, but always to have been called by names derived from incidental circumstances, such as the names of rivers, or mountains. The oldest tribes, and those which have been called the most eminent in council, resided at one time in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, and in the neighbouring region of New York, and of late years at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. They were called, by the late Dr. Edwards, President of Union College at Schenectady, who spoke their language familiarly, Mahekaneews, and by one of their own educated writers, Muhheakunnuk, or more commonly, Mohicans, or Mohegans. The other tribes of note which were settled in New England, were the Pequods, in Connecticut, the Narragansetts in Rhode Island, the Wampanoags, Massachusetts, Nipnets, or Nipmucks, Nashuas, and Stockbridge Indians in Massachusetts; the Pigwacket and Coos Indians in New Hampshire, and the Tarratees, or Abenaquais, in the District of Maine.

Of all these tribes, the most powerful was the Pequods, whose chief seat was near New London, Connecticut. Although this tribe could muster but a thousand warriors, they always maintained a superiority over neighbouring tribes that could muster four or five thousand warriors. This nation was so powerful that the Anglo-Saxon settlers were forced, for their own safety, to crush it in 1637, a few years after the settlement of New England, and consequently little is known of it. As the Pequods would hold no communication with the whites, no portion of their traditionary history could be recovered, and there were only two chiefs known to the settlers, Pekoath and Sassacus. In 1631, a sachem of a tribe tributary to the Pequods, came to Boston, and having given a glowing description of Connecticut to the governor, and tried to induce him to settle there, he also gave them an account of Pekoath, the chief of the Pequods, and their conquests over the surrounding tribes. His story was not believed; but he met with better success at Plymouth. When the party who were sent to explore Connecticut arrived there, Pekoath was dead, and Sassacus, the last chief, ruled over the tribe. Connecticut was soon settled, and the Pequods were involved in a quarrel which was the cause of their ultimate destruction.*

The Narragansetts, which was the only other tribe of any importance, had their stronghold in Rhode Island. They remained apparently friendly to the English for many years. But their strength was impaired by the ferocious wars which they waged with the Pequods and the Pokanokets, a nation whose territory bounded on that of the Narragansetts. Although these wars were ended soon after the arrival of the English, yet the evils which the Europeans introduced into their country, proved equally destructive.

At length, in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, (1676,) the celebrated Indian chief, Philip of Pokanoket, induced most of the leading tribes of New England to join him in his war of extermination against the whites. His schemes having proved abortive, and himself at length slain, Philip's confederates were punished for their perfidy. After his death, the English were determined to extirpate all those tribes who had taken part with him, and accordingly turned their eyes to the Narragansetts, as being the most powerful and the nearest to the English settlements. By the greatest care and skill they reached the country of the Narragansetts, attacked and carried their fort, slew nearly all their warriors, and destroyed their stores of provisions, so that the scanty remnant of the tribe had nothing to rely on for their sustenance. The colonists next turned their attention to the northern Indians; and having slain great numbers, drove the rest into the trackless wilderness of the northern part of their territory and Canada. Most of the inferior tribes of Indians shared the fate of their brethren, and in a few years there remained in New England but a few Mohicans, a tribe which had always been friendly to the English.

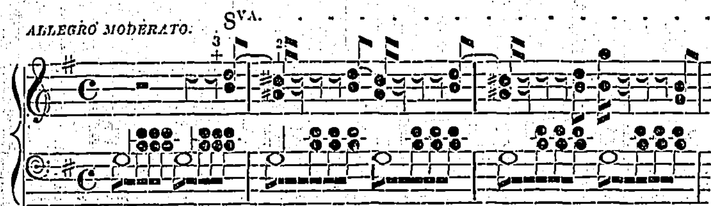
The tribes of New England differed in some respects from the Indians of other states. Their customs and method of government were different, and hardly so well calculated for the patriarchal government, as those of some more powerful tribes, living to the westward of them. Those who desire a full historical account of the Indians—their great men, and their customs, will find it in "Drake's Book of the Indians"—"Thatcher's Indian Biography," and "Church's History of King Philip's war."

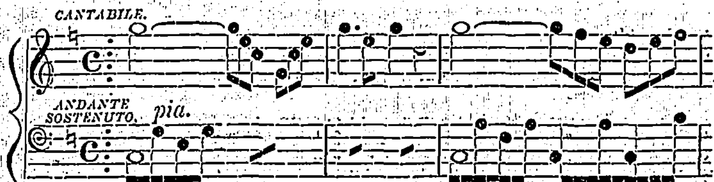
* Winthrop, vol. I.

FANTASIA, SUR BEATRICE DI TENDA,

PAR BURGMULLER.

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





OUR TABLE.

WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM UNDER THE SHADOW OF MONT BLANC; BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D.

THIS, though a Traveller's Book, is no *mere* book of travels. It gives, as the title imports, a record of the Reverend Author's pilgrimages to the various scenes of interest in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc; but these are detailed in a style so easy and unconstrained, and, moreover, are so lighted up with the fire of poetic genius that evidently burns within the writer's breast, as to do away with all the tedium that too often attends the perusal of a Traveller's Note Book.

Dr. Cheever's vivid fancy is often discovering an intellectual, or more frequently still, a moral parallel to the scenes of physical grandeur or loveliness, amid which his footsteps strayed. Of these the reader may judge by the following specimens, extracted almost at random.

He is speaking of the *Mer de Glace*, near Chamouny:

"From the bosom of this tumbling sea of ice, enormous granite needles shoot into the sky, objects of singular sublimity. * * No snow can cling to the summits of these jagged spires; the lightning does not splinter them; the tempests rave around them, and at their base, those eternal drifting ranges of snow are formed, that sweep down into the frozen sea, and feed the perpetual, immeasurable masses of the glacier. Meanwhile, the laughing verdure, sprinkled with flowers, plays upon the edges of the enormous masses of ice--so near, that you may almost touch the ice with one hand, and with the other pluck the violet. So, oftentimes, the ice and the verdure are mingled in our earthly pilgrimage; so, sometimes, in one and the same family, you may see the exquisite refinements and *the crabbed repugnancies* of human nature. So, in the same house of God, on the same bench, may sit an angel and a murderer; a villain, like a glacier, and a man with a heart like a sweet running brook in the sunshine."

Again, of the *Cascade des Pelerines*:

"A torrent issues from the Glacier des Pelerines high up the mountain, above the Glacier du Bosson, and *descends by a succession of leaps*, in a deep gorge, from precipice to precipice, *almost in one continual cataract*. But it is all the while merely gathering force, and preparing for

its last magnificent deep plunge and recoil of beauty. Springing in one round condensed column out of the gorge, over a perpendicular cliff, it strikes at its fall, with its whole body of water, into a sort of vertical rock basin, which one would suppose its prodigious velocity and weight would split into a thousand pieces; but the whole cataract, thus arrested at once, suddenly rebounds in a parabolic arch, at least sixty feet into the air, and then, having made this splendid airy curvature, falls with great noise and beauty into the natural channel below. It is beyond measure beautiful. It is like the fall of divine grace into chosen hearts, that send it forth again for the world's refreshment, in somewhat such a shower and spray of loveliness, to go winding its life-giving course afterwards, as 'still waters in green pastures.'"

Or again, of Mont Blanc, as seen from the upper Val d'Aoste:

"What combinations! Forests of the richest, deepest green, vast masses of foliage below you, as fresh and glittering in the sun-light, as if just washed in a June shower, mountain crags towering above, the river Doire thundering far beneath you, down black, jagged, savage ravines; behind you, at one end of the valley, a range of snow-crowned mountains; before you, the same vast and magnificent perspective which arrested your admiration at first, with its enfolding and retreating ranges of verdure and sun-light, and at the close, Mont Blanc flashing as lightning, as it were a mountain of pure alabaster.** It was of such amazing effulgence at this hour, that no language can give any just idea of it. Gazing stedfastly and long upon it, I began to comprehend what Coleridge meant, when he said that he almost lost the sense of his own being in that of the mountain, so that it seemed to be a part of him, and he of it. Gazing thus, your sense almost becomes dizzy in the tremulous effulgence. And then the sunset! the rich hues of sunset upon such a scene! The golden light upon the verdure—the warm crimson tints upon the snow—the crags glowing like jasper—the masses of shade cast from summit to summit—the shafts of light shooting past them into the sky, and all this flood of rich magnificence succeeded so rapidly by the cold grey of the snow, and gone entirely when the stars are visible above the mountains, and it is night!** The feelings are various in viewing such a scene. It lifts the soul to God—it seems a symbol of His invisible glory—you are almost entranced with its splendour! Wonderful! that out of materials of earth, air, rock and mist, with the simple robe of light, such a fit type of the splendours of eternity can be constructed.** But if such be the material, what is the immaterial?—if such be the earthly, what is the spiritual?—if such be the hem, as it were, of God's robe of creation, what is GOD? And if He can present to the weak sense of men in bodies of clay, such ecstasy of material glory, what must be the scenes of spiritual glory presented to the incorporeal sense of those that love him?"

Dr. Cheever may never have written a single line of verse, but we maintain withal that he is a poet, and one, too, of the right stamp. His richness of imagination, indeed, degenerates at times into a fault. In his description, for instance, of the before-named *Cascade des Pelerines*, he compares the rainbows playing about the fall, to

"the glancing of supernatural wings, as if angels were taking a shower bath."

The same cause renders almost unintelligible his remarks on the wild scenery of the *Allée Blanche*:

"Here you may see the distorted resemblances of a thousand prodigious things, crouching, deformed, unutterable, of earth, and ice, and subterranean, tortured floods, freezing or fiery. Phlegethon, Styx, Acheron, with all the abhorred brood of Night and Chaos; remnants of a world, where the thick air may have upborne upon its crude consistence winged lizards a league long, now petrified and fixed upright in mummy cases under coats of ice, as the bas-reliefs, and grinning iceberg Caryatides of the mountains."

The Reverend Doctor's notices of the state of religion, in Geneva and the neighbourhood, are very interesting, although he is, perhaps, over-fond of obtruding his own peculiar tenets of ecclesiastical polity.

This volume is one of Wiley & Putnam's "Library of American Books," which we hail as an attempt to give to American writers the same circulation, which has been afforded so extensively to English Authors, in their cheap, pirated editions. Works have already been published in this series, from the pens of Gilmore Simms, Cornelius Mathews, Hawthorne, Headley, and Mrs. Kirkland, better known as "Mrs. Mary Clavers;" and amongst those in preparation we are glad to notice a work by the same author as that now before us, entitled "Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of the Jungfrau."

THE FOOL OF THE 19TH CENTURY, AND OTHER TALES; FROM THE GERMAN OF J. H. D. ZSCHOKKE.

This volume contains four of Zschokke's Tales, "The Fugitive of the Jura," "Marble and Conrad," "The Fool of the Nineteenth Century," and "Hortensia, or Asleep and Awake," all worthy of the Author of "The Goldmaker's Village," and "The Journal of a Poor Vicar."

This Author's writings are all characterised by plain good sense, even those that seem at first sight to wear the character of an Extravaganza, such as that which gives the principal title to this collection. The "Journal of a Poor Vicar," mentioned above, was at first announced as a translation *from an English Manuscript*, and is so natural and life like, that its authenticity was at once admitted by many of the German critics, and ranked by them as superior to the "Vicar of Wakefield," some even surmising that Goldsmith must have obtained the idea of his immortal work, from a surreptitious perusal of the aforesaid manuscript. This conjecture was set at rest by Zschokke's avowal of his sole right to the authorship; but the very mistake involves no slight praise of the writer's powers of description.