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FLORENCE; OR, WIT AND WISDOM.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLORENCE'S re-appearance in the saloons of pleasure, after her short eclipse, was warmly welcomed, and her beautiful dress and brilliant beauty, combined with the absence of Colonel Delamere, who was, in general, somewhat dreaded by the ball-room frequenters, rendered her quite the fashion. Solicitations for introductions, for her hand, poured in upon her with a bewildering rapidity, which reminded her strangely of her first balls, and the unusual and almost girlish elasticity of her spirits, the result, probably, of the double eagerness with which she entered again on pleasures, which had been of late totally denied her, strengthened the delusion. Six, seven dances she had gone through without one moment's intermission, and her last partner, who had just conducted her to a seat, was pressing her to grant him her hand for the next, when lady Howard passed them.

"My dear Florence," she exclaimed, as she noted the startling brilliancy of her cheek, "I must be true to my trust, and I positively forbid you leaving your seat for the next halfhour. You will dance yourself into a fever, or a cold, and then, I will get blamed by Miss Murray,—and well scolded by Colonel Delamere," she added in a whisper. "And you, Miss Wrothesly," and she turned to a young and pretty girl who was fanning herself, and conversing languidly with a companion about her own age, "You and lady Emily, seem also to require rest. Come, we will leave this hot room, and have a comfortable chat in the dear little sitting-room next us."

The proposition was willingly accepted, and two or three others joined the party, but lady Howard was scarcely seated, when she was called away to the music room. Her presence was little missed by her young friends, who comfortably reclining on couches or ottomans in front of the door, commanding a full view of the dancers, were soon engaged in the equally delightful occupation of criticising and looking on. Their remarks, however, were still innocent enough, and more mirthful than bitter; but the party soon received an addition in the person of Mrs. Edward Wharton, who, with lady Melton and several others, entered, and commenting on the comfortable coolness of the room, seated themselves. The meeting between Mrs. Wharton and Florence was very cordial, and the new comer, with some pretty speech about old friendship, threw herself down on the couch beside her.

"Well! I declare we are a very cosy little party," she exclaimed, looking round. "All choice spirits, and I a matron to preside. Come, everything is as it should be, and we must enjoy ourselves. Shall we talk sentiment, or laugh? The latter, perhaps, is the wiser part, and as we dare not laugh at each other, we shall expend our mirth on the dancers."

Thus, led by so reckless and commanding a spirit, the tone of the party soon changed from harmless jesting, to merciless satire. Notwithstanding the absence of Colonel Delamere and the greatness of the temptation, Florence did not shine as she might have done, and her comments were universally censured as tame, her satire as too merciful. Suddenly, Mrs. Wharton, who had

* Continued from page 494.—Conclusion.

uttered as many malicious things in ten minutes, as others could have done in as many hours, turned to her, exclaiming:

"Why, my dear Miss Fitz-Hardinge, what is the matter with you? You, who were ever first among the wittiest, seem to have changed places with the most silent and saint-like amongst us all. What has become of your past spirits and gaiety?"

"Pray, do not annoy Miss Fitz-Hardinge, dear Mrs. Wharton," said lady Melton, languidly. "You know, love was never a brightener of people's intellects, or an improvement of their cheerfulness."

"Yes, Miss Fitz-Hardinge is already sobering down, in anticipation, doubtless, of the time when she will have to do so, whether agreeable or not," simpered lady Emily Melton, the sister-in-law of the last speaker.

"Why, Florence, what is all this?" exclaimed Mrs. Wharton, turning to her. "Surely, not entangled in another love affair?"

"Nonsense," rejoined Florence, endeavouring to laugh it off. "These good ladies, tired of exercising their weapons on others, wish to test their efficacy on me."

"No such thing, my dear friend. I half suspected as much, even before lady Melton hinted at it; but who is the fortunate mortal, to whom you have lost your heart?"

"Oh! there is neither losing nor winning in the case, 'tis simply an exchange. Miss Fitz-Hardinge has received Colonel Delamere's heart as an equivalent for her own."

"Colonel Delamere," repeated Mrs. Wharton. "He who distinguished himself so gallantly in India. I have been told he is still a young man, though an experienced soldier, and rigid disciplinarian."

"As to the latter clause, there is no doubt of its truth," said lady Melton, glancing with a meaning smile at Florence.

Mrs. Wharton comprehended the look at once and it made her as conversant with the character and mutual position of Florence and her lover, as if she had been listening to details of their history for weeks.

"Yes," she exclaimed: "those gentlemen, who have been accustomed for years to rule among their black slaves, are sometimes apt to forget when they return to England, that there are no white ones."

"Oh! but Mrs. Wharton, we may be very submissive, very obedient sometimes, even though we are called free, and live in a land of liberty."

"Well! when we are so, we are certainly warring against our own interests," she rejoined.

"I am certain there is not one in the present company who does not coincide with me."

A general smile of assent followed this speech, and lady Emily exclaimed:

"If there is an exception, 'tis Miss Fitz-Hardinge; but we must pardon her. She is peculiarly placed. Colonel Delamere, as you have just said, is so strict a disciplinarian."

"The very reason," said Mrs. Wharton, warmly, "that she should display a double share of energy and independence."

"But, you do not know Colonel Delamere," said lady Melton, with a significant shake of her graceful head, that excessively annoyed Florence.

"We can do much with some men, but nothing with Colonel Delamere."

"Yes, I must say he is rather cold-hearted, as your ladyship has perhaps learned from experience," retorted Florence, putting an interpretation on Lady Melton's speech totally different to its original signification.

"Oh! you mistake her ladyship's meaning entirely, my dear Miss Fitz-Hardinge," interrupted a friend of the last speaker. "She alluded not to his sensibility to beauty, but his invincible determination of character. In three months he could tame the wildest, the most unmanageable amongst us. Witness yourself, for example. Some months ago, who so reckless, so high-spirited as you—to-day, who so grave or good?"

"Nay, Florence," said Mrs. Wharton, pressing her hand affectionately, "I will not listen to any such calumnies against you, for calumnies I feel convinced they are. I know you of old, and no trace of cringing submission, or stupid gentleness ever formed part of your character."

Thankful for this friendly address, so different to her usual stinging remarks, Florence gaily replied:

"I will not attempt to vindicate Colonel Delamere, slandered as he is, but, when you see him you will judge for yourself whether he is the absolute lord, and I the passive slave, we have been kindly represented."

"That is right, Florence, I do not doubt you, but, who is that tall creature like a may-pole, dancing with Miss Clifden. Is he like your future?"

"Not at all. That is Viscount Lawton. Colonel Delamere's manner is very different to the ridiculous flighty one that he assumes."

"Is it not too bad the gallant Colonel is not here to-night? I would almost give my new cashmere to see him, for, you know of old, how restless my curiosity is, when once excited. Do, like a dear girl, give me an idea of what the man is like. Walk, talk, or dance like him?"

"Yes, do, Miss Fitz-Hardinge," exclaimed half a dozen voices; "you are so excellent, so matchless a mimic."

Florence playfully shook her head, but the solicitations continuing, interspersed with a few whispered remarks, such as: "She dare not. She fears Delamere too much for that, and he might hear of it hereafter," her resolution soon began to give way. The certainty that her lover was absent, the vain desire to prove that she neither submitted to, nor feared him; combined with a certain recklessness, the result of her sudden return to life and its gaities, after weeks of weariness, finally overcame her scruples. Springing to her feet she walked across the floor, imitating the slow dignified step and erect carriage of the Colonel with an accuracy that called forth universal applause. Returning to Mrs. Wharton, she bent forward and addressing her as Miss Fitz-Hardinge, "requested the honour of her hand," in the low, measured tones peculiar to him. Her performance was rapturously encoored, but it was nearly brought to an abrupt close by an impertinent remark or two, which she overheard from a couple of young men behind her, concerning "the marvellous cleverness with which she hit off the stately colonel's elegant airs of assumption."

Resolving, however, to repay them in good time, she turned to Mrs. Wharton, who was earnestly entreating her to "favour them with one of the colonel's sermons, as she had been informed he was quite brilliant in that line. Florence, whose head was half turned by this time with the enthusiastic applause showered upon her, was in no mood to stop, and with a fidelity beyond all description, she addressed to Mrs. Wharton, one of Delamere's own exhortations to herself, "on the unkindness, the injustice of the spirit of mockery so prevalent among their circle." Independent of the amusement excited by her matchless mimicry, a mimicry embracing every look, accent or inflexion of the voice, there was something so inexpressibly ludicrous in her thus turning his weapons against himself, in proving so palpably in her own person, how utterly his pains had been thrown away, that none could resist it, and universal laughter and applause attested her triumph. Gradually, however, the acclamations ceased, the smiles faded and gravity at length returned to all. Strange! they had wearied soon of their new amusement. An instinctive feeling caused Florence to quickly, hurriedly turn, and there, his arms folded on his chest, his tall form carelessly leaning against the folding door, stood Colonel Delamere. Neither anger, passion nor reproach, were visible in his countenance; the calm ironical smile that played round his lip,

alone told the horror-stricken girl that he had seen and heard all. One moment she looked at him in speechless terror and then fell without sense or motion to the earth. Oh! doubly ungrateful must her conduct have appeared to the lover who was there that evening in compliance with her own wishes alone. On receiving her note he had not only overlooked her disobedience, but generously resolved to gratify what he supposed would be her chief desire, and seek Lady Ellerslie's at once to meet her there. And thus he was rewarded * * * * *

When Florence fully recovered her consciousness she was lying on a couch in her own apartment wrapped in a loose dressing gown, her dark hair still wreathed with the jasmine flowers she had worn at the *fête*, her feet still sandalled in their delicate satin casings. Fanchette was kneeling beside her with a countenance full of anxiety and terror, chafing her hands, bathing her temples with essences, and muttering piteously to herself in French. At length Florence raised herself and glanced around, whilst her lips convulsively contracted and a look of rigid, voiceless agony overspread her features. The sad event which had stricken her lifeless to the earth was too terribly impressed on her memory for any weakness to obliterate it even for a moment.

"Fanchette," she at length asked, in a tone so hollow, so unlike herself, that the girl started. "Where is aunt Mary? Who brought me home?"

"Lady Howard, *mademoiselle*, in her carriage. She came up to your bed-room herself, and she would have stayed with you, only lord Howard was waiting for her outside. Oh! she seemed so sorry. She cried and kissed you twenty times, and told me to give you this when you were better," and she handed lady Howard's tablets, on which the latter had inscribed a few hurried lines in pencil.

"My poor Florence! What can I say to comfort you? Alas! you know Delamere's character too well to indulge in hope. I contrived to obtain a moment's conversation with him, during which I pleaded for you as eagerly, as warmly, as I would have done for a sister or myself, but he cut me short by harshly exclaiming: 'Enough of this! As Miss Fitz-Hardinge has sowed, so she shall reap.'

My God! how could you have been so rash, so imprudent? Would that I had some consolation to offer you, my poor friend! Alas! I have none. I will be with you to-morrow as early as possible. Till then, yours in sorrow, as well as joy.

"CECILIA."

Florence mastered with a convulsive effort the fresh emotion excited by so sad a confirmation of all her fears, whilst Fanchette went on to say: That lady Howard had severely blamed her imprudence in so soon leaving her sick room, attributing her sudden illness solely to that and to the heat of the saloons, which had brought on a fainting fit. She had also asked to see Miss Murray, but the latter had been taken very ill about two hours after Florence's departure.

"It wanted but this," murmured the latter, her countenance deepening in its expression of anguish.

"Why, did you not send for me then? Yes, girl!" she added with passionate vehemence, as the remembrance struck her, that had she been called away from Mrs. Ellerlie's, the subsequent sad events would never have happened. "Why did you not send for me?"

"*Bon Dieu! Mademoiselle*—Miss Murray would not permit it," said Fanchette deprecatingly, "and oh! *Mademoiselle*, you look so dreadfully ill, do I beg of you, lie down before the doctor comes."

"The Doctor! who sent for him? Do you mean to drive me mad amongst you?" exclaimed Florence passionately. "Quick! send him word Miss Fitz-Hardinge is better, and does not require his aid. Say she is quite well, and, listen to me, girl, at your peril, tell Miss Murray anything of my illness, or my early return. Say that a slight head-ache from over fatigue keeps me in my room, and now leave me instantly, and do not return till I ring for you."

Fanchette, struck speechless by this unusual tyrannical display, left the apartment, inwardly vowing "that it seemed terribly like a change before death, though the death it seemed to foretell, could scarcely be of a very pleasant nature, to judge from appearances."

"Doctor!" murmured Florence, with a smile whose ghastly wildness was even more terrible than her voiceless agony—"What could he—what could any aid, human or divine, do for me now?"

The words were wild and sinful, and yet alas! that storm-tossed heart regretted them not. Lower and lower her head drooped as she gradually yielded to the overwhelming prostration of mind and body stealing over her. But did a momentary respite from the thoughts that maddened and haunted her like avenging furies, come to her relief? Alas! the clenched teeth, the white hands convulsively clasped, till the blood started from beneath the sharp pressure of the nails, was answer enough. Suddenly she sprang from the couch as if an adder had stung her, exclaiming in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion.

"Twice a wife in all but name—twice, held up to public scorn and mockery! Great God! can life, can reason, stand it? And yet, what is the world, its mockery or applause, to me, when I have lost *him*? For his sake, would I not brave its bitterest, its darkest frowns? Alfred! I have loved thee too well! Poor fool, that I have been; I have suffered my love for thee to become a part of my very being, to entwine itself around my heart, and this, this, is my reward. Yet, could I dare to ask, to hope for aught else? Alas! no, my punishment is just as well as irrevocable. You will soon find some other bride, forget me, and I will linger on awhile in grief and loneliness of heart, to find relief, repose, only in the tomb, for, oh! I cannot forget thee, as I did my first love. No, Sydney won but the girl's fancy, you, Alfred, you have gained the woman's love."

With the fretful restlessness of grief, she passed into her dressing room, but the windows were open, and the cheerful songs of the birds, the golden rays of the rising sun, seemed pouring in to mock her misery. Pressing her hands to her eyes, as if to shut out some hateful sight, she moved as quickly as her feeble strength permitted, into the next apartment, which was her own sitting room, where she read, studied, usually passed her mornings—of late, often with Colonel Delamere for her companion. The closed blinds and windows admitted no ray of sunshine, and the gloom and heavy atmosphere seemed to afford her a strange relief. After a few moments of bitter reverie, she approached a small desk on the table, and opening it, drew forth a few letters and a bracelet, containing a lock of Colonel Delamere's hair.

"These, these, are mine," she passionately exclaimed, pressing them to her heart. "He may take his love from me, but he cannot deprive me of these, nor of the remembrance of the many words of tenderness he has poured into my ear. They will be mine, mine, at least, till he shall have pronounced vows that will render it sinful to cherish them, vows that will bind him to another, who will appreciate more truly the worth, the principles, that I, vain fool! in my daring folly, presumed to hold up to ridicule. Oh! when I remember that we are parted forever, or that, if we ever do meet again, it will be only for a few brief moments, to hear my condemnation from his lips? What would I not give to hear him say that he forgave me, to hear his loved voice address me but once again in accents of kindness and confidence! Then, could I bid farewell willingly, joyfully, to a world that is now insupportable to this wretched heart."

In a paroxysm of agony beyond the power of

words to describe, she dashed herself down on a couch, and there she lay silent, motionless, too exhausted to give farther vent to her anguish in words. Thus, many hours passed on; the birds still sang, the sun shone bright as ever, the busy tide of life poured through the heart of the great city, and under the windows of Miss Murray's mansion, but there still lay in hopeless misery the victim of her own reckless folly. Some may wonder at the wild excess of Florence's grief—deem it almost unnatural in one who had already been tried, in so harsh a manner, and who had gone through the petrifying process of half a dozen years of fashionable life; but her nature, though volatile, was energetic, and as she herself had said, "her love for lord St. Albans was but a fancy, in comparison with the deep, unbounded devotion she cherished for Alfred Delamere." In her separation from the earl, the half of her sorrow arose from her fear of the world's mockery, from regret for the loss of the lofty position, the title and honours he had offered, and which had served in some degree, also, to win her affections; but her love for Delamere was of a deeper, purer, nobler nature. Founded on respect for his exalted character, on admiration of his mental as well as personal endowments, combined, it may have been, with that strange, childish sympathy which he had excited in her heart during the days of her early girlhood, her grief for losing him, like her love, was more intense, more unselfish. The world's scorn was but a secondary thought—his loss was first and most powerful. We have said many hours passed over, and yet their lapse brought no ray of relief to her terrible despair, she was still absorbed in it when the door slowly, silently opened. Fanchette had been forbidden to enter into her presence till summoned, it must then be Miss Murray, and now the dreadful moment for explanation had come—now must she again renew her misery by revealing to one whom the tale would overwhelm with sorrow, the sad recital of her folly, her punishment and her shame. In agony of heart, Florence groaned aloud, and buried her head still deeper amid the cushions of the couch, and the glossy wealth of her own dark hair, which, escaped from its bonds, nearly swept the floor around her. Miss Murray silently approached, paused a moment beside her and then going to one of the windows drew back the curtains and opened a blind.

"Florence," she exclaimed. Good Heavens! that voice. It was Delamere himself. She looked wildly up; but the momentary hope that had flashed upon her, vanished in its dawning, for in his pale firm features, she read neither hope nor

mercy, and again her head fell heavily on the couch. After a long pause he exclaimed:

"Florence, look up. I have that to tell you, which I must not leave unsaid."

"Enough, enough," she murmured in a stifled tone. "I know what you would say; but, in mercy spare me the agony of hearing it from your lips. Let it suffice that I know my doom is sealed, that we are parted beyond the power of fate to unite us—that my tears, my repentance, my life cannot efface the past."

"Then, tell me, Florence, as we stand together at this solemn moment, is the sentence just? Have you any reason, any cause to assign, that it should not be fulfilled?"

"Alas! none, none, I ask no mercy, I merit none. And 'tis better as it is, for I am not suited to be your wife. Better be despised by you as an offended lover, than hated by an outraged husband. Even now, I feel, I know you hate me."

"No, Florence, he rejoined in a voice which despite his efforts slightly trembled. "I never hated, never could learn to hate you. Though the trial of love between us has failed, though we are convinced by sad experience that we are not formed by nature to work out our earthly destinies in harmony together, let it never come to hate. We have been too dear to each other for that. But time presses—have you aught else to say to me?"

"Yes, one request to proffer. The last, the wretched Florence will ever make of you."

"Speak it, then," and he turned aside his face to conceal his emotion, which almost equalled her own. "Speak it, and it will be fulfilled, if man can do it."

"Then, 'tis to entreat a promise from you, Alfred, that if ever you think of me hereafter, it will be with gentleness and pity. Will you, can you do it?"

"Yes, freely, and here find that assurance next my heart, my beloved," exclaimed Colonel Delamere as he stooped and pressed her to his bosom. "I have tried you too far, but that trial has only revealed your devotion in all its noble depth. Ah! Florence,—think you I could cast love like yours aside for a first offence?"

Florence bewildered, stupified with joy, half doubting the evidence of her senses, half fearing it was all a dream or a wild phantasm of her own overtaken imagination, could only sob hysterically in reply; but her companion, knowing her violent emotion would soon subside, gently continued:

"You thought me unrelenting, implacable, merciless. I told you I was all that, and so I am;

but, Florence, you had sinned against myself alone and with me rested the free alternative of punishing or pardoning. Can you think I would hesitate which to choose? Had another been the object of your mockery, I cannot say what the result would have been. Certain it is, I would have considered myself bound to double severity. Thank God! however, it was not so, and neither my principles nor my duty interfered with the pardon, I longed to accord you. Yes, dearest, that pardon was already yours, when your eyes met mine at Mrs. Ellerslie's as overcome with terror or surprise, you fell fainting to the earth. You were unconscious of my cares, but it was I who sent for lady Howard, it was I who assisted her to place you in the carriage. All were astonished at my magnanimity. Some said it was prompted by humanity, others insisted that I wished to show my superiority, my indifference, to the ridicule of which I had been made the object, whilst all united in saying it was the last office of kindness or affection I would ever perform for you. Much do I grieve to say it, but all were exulting and satisfied, with the exception of lady Howard, for alas! Florence, your own thoughtlessness, or superiority, I know not which, has left you few friends. Were it otherwise, some friendly glance or word from one of all those assembled round you, would have warned you of my presence last night at once, warned you in time to terminate an exhibition so galling to my affection, to my pride, so far beneath, so unworthy of yourself. Well! I had resolved to pardon, but a lesson was necessary, and I thought it best to give it at once, so to lady Howard's words of earnest intercession I returned but a harsh negative, which I knew would be conveyed to you at once, and came here to-day with a cold stern brow, to finish it. God grant that it may be the last I will be ever called on to give you! And now, Florence, I will breathe no word of counsel or reproof—that would be superfluous, unnecessary. I will but say a simple sentence, which to a heart like yours, will be worth hours of tedious lecturing. Your next birth-day, which was the period appointed for our union, is still nearly three months distant; we will shorten that time, for we have both much need of each other, and I wish to prove to you, to the world, that my confidence and love remain unshaken. This day week, then, Florence, if you will consent, we will be united by a holy irrevocable tie, which will bind us to each other through good and through ill—through shadow as well as sunshine."

Florence's only reply was to fall softly on her knees, and pour forth in silent prayer the happiness that was too intense for other utterance.

Colonel Delamere, though a soldier and man of the world, was also a Christian, and he blushed not to join his young betrothed in her earnest petition, "that Heaven would bless their union and give them grace to preserve unshaken, each other's confidence and affection." From that prayer Florence rose happier and more tranquil, but her companion, who perceived each moment more plainly the traces of all she had suffered on her pale countenance, resolved for her sake to terminate their trying interview, and after enjoining her to seek repose at once, tenderly, lingeringly, bade her farewell. But happiness is generally considered a skilful physician, and Florence's case proved no exception to the rule. With a countenance radiant, (notwithstanding its pallour,) with overflowing happiness, she sought Miss Murray, and the latter listened to her tale with tears of joy and gratitude. That day week, Florence became the wife of Colonel Delamere.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WE will pass over the first few months that followed their marriage. All was happiness and affection—and then sorrow came. Miss Murray the tried and fond friend of Florence's youth, was called from earth, and for her death the young bride grieved deeply. Wishing to distract her thoughts, to separate her from all that could recall her loss, Colonel Delamere brought her abroad; and change of scene, travelling, soon restored her mind to its usual tone, whilst it improved, and enriched it. Then, after many months' wanderings in southern lands, Florence began to sigh for home, and the indulgent husband, ever ready to gratify the wishes of one so dear to him, instantly complied. The arrival of the Delameres in London created a great sensation. He, notwithstanding every prophecy, still so kind and devoted, she so beautiful, so improved in look and manner by her continental tour. Florence could scarcely find time to receive all the visitors who called upon her, and a few days after, whilst consulting with her husband as to which of the numerous invitations on the stand before her should be first accepted, she involuntarily clasped her hands, exclaiming:

"Let novelists talk as they like, Alfred. Is not this preferable to the loveliest scenery and brightest skies of foreign lands? Is not a drive through the crowded Park, in our love of a phaeton, worth a dozen tedious ascents to Mount Blanc, or damp moonlight strolls in the Coliseum?"

Colony Delamere smiled at her vehemence, but the smile was not as soft as that which had

beamed upon her in the classical haunts she so slightly spoke of. He remembered that she had been home, society, all in all to him, but, alas! her words proved that he had not been London to her. Still, he was fond of pleasure, he liked to see the wife of whom he was proud as well as fond, admired and happy, and he therefore made no remonstrances with her on her passionate devotion to the amusements of fashionable life. If at times a shadow of discontent would darken his countenance when night after night he saw her attiring herself for the ball and opera, she so winning, so childishly coaxing, ever succeeded in chasing it away. Six months beside the honey-moon had passed over them and she was as fondly attached to her husband as ever. That deep affection was Florence's safe-guard in many a trial and temptation. It acted as a strong check on her passion for satire, her dangerous love of admiration and even curbed in a great degree her thoughtlessness. Here, our readers will exclaim: "Then, Florence is cured at last. The faults of the vain, sarcastic girl are softened down, forgotten in the loving, devoted woman. We will answer you reader in a few words. He, who would begin a new life, who would turn from his olden faults and follies to a better course, must not trust presumptuously to his own frail nature, or he will find, alas! that without Heavenly Grace, his warmest purposes and vows are but as a ripple on the water, a sunset cloud. Florence thought not thus, and how could her reformation be either permanent or sincere? Vows, resolutions did she indeed form, but they were framed in presumptuous confidence of her own strength, dictated too, alas! by her love for the creature not the Creator. She had promised to her own heart that to preserve the affection of the husband she worshipped, she would overcome every folly he hated, but, alas! no thought of the kind Father to whom she owed all blessings, even her husband's love, ever entered her ideas. His care and tenderness had surrounded her from her cradle, and yet was He still slighted and forgotten. Well is it for us frail children of clay, that our God is merciful as well as just. Well is it that in his mercy, he sometimes sees fit to lead our wandering steps back to himself through the dark valley of suffering and sorrow * * * * *

Some weeks after Colonel Delamere was driving with his wife in "the love of a phaeton." Many were the looks of admiration directed at the pretty mistress and the splendid horses, and incredible as it may seem, there were some who were attracted far more by the spirit and elegance of the steeds, than the charms of the former.

Leaning gracefully back, her long plume drooping on her husband's shoulder, the lady reclined enjoying alike the admiration she excited and the society of her companion. Her attention was suddenly attracted by a slight aristocratic looking young man who was leaning against a tree in gracefully negligent position, surveying her meanwhile through his glass with an effrontery and coolness that instantly dyed her cheeks with angry crimson.

"Who is that coxcomb. Alfred?" she indignantly exclaimed. Ere her husband could reply, the stranger dropped his glass with an affected start of surprise, as if he had not seen him till then, and touched his cap with a friendly bow and smile which were both returned by Delamere.

"Do, tell me, Alfred?" she reiterated. "Who is that conceited creature, and why, do you bow to him in so friendly a manner?"

"You must have patience with him," was the laughing reply. "He is a cousin of ours and on account of his large fortune and small intellect, entitled to a double share of our affection and our sympathy."

"Then, 'tis the young Viscount Taunton who brought you that touching letter from his poor old mother imploring you by all the ties of kindred and friendship to watch over his safety, spiritual and temporal."

"Yes, and 'twas well for lady Taunton and myself, he knew nothing of the contents of the letter for no Roman Senator ever prided himself more on his laurels and gray hairs, than my worthy cousin does on his twenty-one years and independence. He is likely to prove a troublesome as well as refractory charge, for his venturesome as well as arrogant spirit is perpetually leading him into scrapes, out of which he can see no means of egress except perilling his life in a duel. 'Tis a pity he is so capital a shot! It makes him rather ready at that sort of work. But, we had better shorten our drive," he smilingly added, "as we are going to-night to the Countess of Greville's and I have learned from experience the fallacy of the proverb, that "pretty brides are easy dressed."

A few days after the preceding conversation, Florence was seated alone in her splendid drawing-room. A bright fire enlivened the apartment for the evening was cold and chilly, and from time to time she fretfully glanced at the marble *pendule* on the mantel-piece. Suddenly she caught up a silver bell beside her and its impatient summons brought one of the domestics to her presence.

"Has Colonel Delamere not returned yet?" she asked.

On the servant replying in the negative, she impatiently exclaimed:

"Singular! He particularly told me he would be home for dinner and 'tis now long past the hour. 'Are you certain he left no message for me?'"

Again, the reply was unsatisfactory and she impatiently dismissed the domestic. Shortly after, the sound of a well-known footstep in the hall brought a smile to her lip, but murmuring; "He deserves to be punished for his negligence," she resolutely repressed it, pursing up her pretty lips with an aggrieved air. The effect it might have produced on Colonel Delamere, if perceived, whether of softening him to repentance or exciting him to rebellion, 'tis impossible to say, for without one word of apology for his delay, without even a glance at his wife, he strode into the dining room. Surprised and offended, Florence followed, though certainly as she covertly glanced at him and remarked that his cheek was flushed, his brow overcast, a feeling of anxiety became uppermost. Once or twice during the course of the repast, she addressed some trifling remark to him, but his replies were brief and cold. Disguising her secret uneasiness, however, she at length calmly exclaimed:

"You have heard, of course, that the St. Albans are in town?"

"Yes. Do you wish me to call upon them?"

"For your own sake I would. The intercourse might prove beneficial to you."

Florence had wished for a comprehensive answer—here was one indeed, but as may be supposed it proved anything but satisfactory and with a curl of her lip, she rejoined:

"Yes, the lady is such a pattern of perfection in all things—she might teach me to model my flounces as well as principles. I suppose you join with all the gentlemen in town in asserting that her husband is a singularly happy individual."

"He is indeed, Mrs. Delamere, for the countess of St. Albans has a gentle heart as well as a gentle tongue."

This put an effectual stop to all farther conversation and the meal was concluded in silence. Relieved from the restraint imposed by the presence of the servants, Florence expected her husband would offer some explanation of the cause of his manifest displeasure and half wishing half fearing it, she seated herself at the pianoforte to soften him previously by the charms of music, but music at that moment seemed but to mock the discord that reigned within his own breast. In vain, Florence sang his favorite songs,

played his favorite airs, he approached not her chair to hang over it as was his wont—to whisper words of playful affection in her ear, but with the same angry cloud on his brow, he stood at a window gazing moodily forth into the darkness of night.

"This will never do," thought his wife, as she rose from the instrument. "Can he have seen that terrible bill from my milliner's? But no, 'tis safe in my secretary. Perhaps he has discovered my correspondence with Mrs. Wharton, yet that is also under key. I must try and solve the mystery. If you are disengaged, Alfred, I would like you to accompany me to the opera to-night," she exclaimed, approaching and carelessly throwing herself on a couch near him.

"Impossible," was the laconic reply. "I have writing to do at home."

"Well, 'tis perhaps better for you to remain, for you look far from well. Are you ill?"

"No, but a solitary walk and embittering reflections are often more unwelcome than mere bodily illness."

"Then come, and sit down here, and I will put to flight all those odious thoughts. Do come," and she made place for him on the sofa beside her.

"'Twould be dangerous for me, Mrs. Delamere," he returned with a look full of bitter meaning. "In such moments of quiet intercourse, the heart thrown off its guard, is prone to confidence and that, I again repeat, would be dangerous for me."

"Alfred, what do you mean?" she inquired in an accent of irritation for the first time perceptible in her tones. "Your words are a mystery to me, as well as your sudden and unaccountable whim of honouring me with a title which, proud as I may be of it, sounds less pleasantly to my ear than simple Florence."

For a moment he paused, his varying colour betokening the struggle between secrecy and frankness going on in his breast, and then with an abruptness that proved he spoke from uncontrollable impulse, rejoined:

"'Tis time for a husband to learn to be guarded, to be watchful in his words, when he finds that his wife, the partner of his home, listens to him, but to betray him."

"I betray you, Alfred! In what? What secret of yours have I revealed?"

"What I allude to, is no secret, for with such I have never entrusted you, but methinks the remarks made in confidence, the jests or opinions uttered in your hearing, with a freedom I would repose in no one else, should not be made a few days after, topics of public conversation.—"

But I forget, my feelings, or your own sense of honour, are but as trifles, when put in the balance with your reputation of a wit, which I have perceived, of late, you are very eager to regain. What! unconscious still? Better ask lord Taunton to explain you the mystery; he will do it in a manner that you will not easily forget."

"Lord Taunton! What of him?" rejoined Florence, reddening. "I only repeated, in confidence, to lady Grenville, some trifling remarks you passed upon him the day we met him in the Park."

"Well, lady Grenville lost no time in transmitting, of course *in confidence*, those same remarks to his lordship, just as she had received them from you, prefaced with the assurance: 'So my husband Colonel Delamere said,' and embellished with some witty and stinging additions, for which, of course, the tale is indebted to yourself."

Really ashamed of herself, Florence attempted no reply, whilst her husband, without another word, turned from her, and approached the door.

"Nay, Alfred, you are not going?" she earnestly exclaimed.

"I have already given you my reason for not wishing to remain."

"But that reason is unkind, and your conduct still more so. 'Tis in remonstrating with me on my conduct, pointing out its folly, that you may hope to amend it, not in leaving me alone a whole evening, to mope by myself."

"You have many resources, Mrs. Delamere, to turn to, resources I have never debarred you from. The Italian Opera is open to-night—you have also a card for Mrs. Dalrymple's *soiree*, or, perhaps, you would prefer a few hours with your *confidante* lady Grenville."

His tones were calm, but that very calmness was full of stinging mockery, and with a heightened colour, she replied:

"Very well, Colonel Delamere, I will act upon your advice," and ringing for the servant, she ordered him in an imperious tone, "to have the carriage instantly prepared, as she was going down to lady Grenville's."

Triumphantly she turned to her husband, but his cold, calm countenance, expressed neither anger nor disapprobation. Influenced, in spite of herself, by the dignified indifference of his manner, she exclaimed:

"I hope you have no objections to my going?"

"If I have, they shall trouble no one. Mrs. Delamere knows perfectly well that she is at all times, undisputed mistress of her own actions," and he calmly walked from the room.

"The provoking creature!" muttered Florence, as she dashed from her eyes the angry tears that

suddenly filled them. "Just to punish him, I will go and spend the evening with that deceitful wretch, lady Grenville, and wait, I will repay her ladyship's tattling propensities in good time."

Her heart throbbing with angry passions, Florence commenced attiring herself, reviling all the while the obstinacy of her husband, the treachery of her friend, and forgetting in her own arrogant self-love that she was the primary cause of all. Meanwhile her husband sought his study, and having locked the door, advanced towards the table on which her secretary stood. Tossing out all the papers it contained, he selected two or three from the heap, but then threw them down again, and turned with a sad-weary air to the window. Whilst he listlessly leaned against it, the carriage drove up to the door, and Florence made her appearance. In a tone purposely elevated she ordered the man "to drive to lady Grenville's." No expression of anger shadowed Delamere's countenance as the vehicle rapidly drove off, and he murmured with a sigh:

"Poor girl! Let her enjoy her day—it may prove a brief one."

After a while, however, darker and angrier thoughts succeeded, and he bitterly exclaimed:

"I feel, I see it, she is utterly irreclaimable. Fool! that I was, not to have thought of that ere I bound myself to her by irrevocable ties. Aye! lord St. Albans, boy that he was, proved himself, I fear, the wiser of the two. What is her beauty to me now? nothing—her wit? I loathe it. Her devotion to myself is the only charm I now see in her, and the influence of that, all powerful as it was at first, is slowly, but surely, passing away. During the lapse of one month, how my confidence, my love for her, have been shaken—what would it be in a few years? We might live to regard each other with cold indifference—perhaps hatred, but, no, that were too terrible! 'twere a living death!"

He hurriedly paced the room, his working features betraying his inward agitation, and at length he murmured:

"And yet, if in the summer of her beauty and fascination, in the dawn of our mutual love, such feelings of estrangement have crept into my breast, what will it be when the charms of youth will have passed away, and its follies alone remain—when she will have naught but the qualities of her heart and mind to endear her to me, and she shall be found wanting in both? Will I love, will I tolerate her then? The question is a fearful one! Perhaps, 'tis well for me I have no prophet's eye to pierce the future."

With a long drawn sigh he seated himself before his secretary, and entered on the wearisome

task before him. Midnight struck, and still unconscious of fatigue or weariness, his pen continued to glide rapidly over the paper, when he was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door. To his impatient demand of "who was there," the sweet voice of his wife replied:

"Tis I, dear Alfred. Will you not let me in?"

"No, I cannot, I have letters of importance to write."

"But, only for one moment. Just to say, 'Good night.'"

"I am sorry to refuse you, but you had better seek your own room at once. The fire is out here, and besides, I must not be interrupted."

No answer was made to his last words, but after a minute's pause, during which, he had resumed his writing, a sound, as of a stifled sob, fell on his ear. His countenance, instantly relaxing, he thrust the letter he had been writing into his desk, and unclosed the door. Florence was leaning beside it, her head bowed in her hands, and weeping bitterly. Colonel Delamere gently drew her in, and without a word, placed her on the couch beside himself.

"Well, Florence," he kindly said. "You have opened the door of the mysterious chamber, has it repaid you for the trouble?"

"Amplly, dear Alfred, for it has afforded me an opportunity of asking your forgiveness for all this week's follies. My thoughtless imprudence regarding lord Taunton, my obstinacy in braving you to-night, by going to lady Grenville's. Oh! I fear you are very, very, angry with me."

And as she spoke, she timidly placed her hand on his arm. Her companion affectionately pressed it in his own, and with a gentleness that filled her with delighted surprise, (for, from the general tenor of his character, she had not expected so much leniency), rejoined.

"No, my anger has passed away. You know, Florence," and he sadly smiled. "As I once before told you, where we love much, we can forgive much."

"True," she said, still sobbing! but the forgiveness is always on your side. I wish from my heart that you would do something very wrong, very provoking, very blameable, that I might have the satisfaction of proving to you, how quickly, I in return, would forgive and forget."

"Well, Florence, have patience, the time will come, perhaps, sooner than you imagine, when you may have the opportunity, though Heaven alone knows, if I will be sensible or not, of your forgiveness, when you do accord it."

Started by the strangeness of his words, Florence turned a quick glance upon him, but the expression of dark melancholy that rested on his

features, vanished instantly before her inquiring gaze, and with a forced smile, he exclaimed:

"Was I not right in refusing you admittance into this cheerful chamber. Already you have caught its gloom, so in kindness to yourself, I will dismiss you."

"No, no, Alfred," was the imploring reply. "I would rather remain here. Sit down to your writing, and I promise not to move, not to breathe a syllable till you have finished."

Unwilling to annoy her, by insisting further, he resumed his former seat, and drew forth his papers. Time sped on, the candles burned more dimly, gloomier and less cheerful became the chamber, and darker and unhappier grew the countenance of the unwearied writer, when recalled by some sudden thought, to remembrance of the presence of his wife, he turned anxiously towards her. Her soft, regular breathing told that she slept, and peaceful was the sleep too, for a half smile played round her lips.

"Poor Florence!" he sighed, "sleep on while you may. Your waking may prove a sad one. May God forgive me for the misery I am about to bring on your head, and yet, my poor wife, you are far from guiltless. Your thoughtlessness, and my unworthy, blind obedience to human respect, will work much sorrow to both. To refuse Taunton the satisfaction he so justly demands, to brave the mockery, the sneers of the world, and have the proud stainless name of Delamere become a bye-word, a reproach—impossible! and yet, my God! to rush unbidden into thy presence with all my sins upon my head, or to send a fellow creature there, and fill with mourning and desolation the heart of the doting mother who entrusted him to my care. But no! that crime, at least, shall not be mine. Taunton shall never fall by my hand, and in sparing his life, I may, perhaps, lessen the guilt I incur by risking my own. Ah! Florence, Florence, thy lessons have been many and bitter, and yet, shall this one exceed them all. For thine own sake, may it prove effective,—for mine, I fear me 'twill be too late," and with a sigh, amounting almost to a groan, he bowed his head on his clasped hands.

It was not the dread of approaching death, although that death seemed almost inevitable, in meeting with so sure and deadly a duellist as Taunton, that rendered that moment so terrible—he had often braved on the battle field with dauntless heart, fate as uncertain, enemies as formidable; nor yet, was it sorrow at leaving for ever, wife and friends and a world that smiled on him. No, Colonel Delamere was a thinking, as well as a brave man, and reflection, innate conviction, told him that in thus risking his life, in obedience to a false maxim

of worldly honour, he was guilty of an act of open and daring rebellion against his God. Educated, however, in this world's false school, taught from boyhood to bow implicitly to its vain code of morality, he had not the noble courage to brave its contempt, in preference to incurring that of his Creator, nor to follow boldly in the steps of the master in whom he professed to believe. Endeavouring to dispel his doubts by skilful sophistry, battling against the stings of his awakened conscience, whose whisperings he strove in vain to stifle, he passed the rest of that long and terrible night. At length, the first ray of that dawn so welcome to him, for it brought action, movement, to banish the thoughts that had tortured him worse than a thousand deaths, streamed in upon his aching brow. At the same moment a slight ring at the hall bell struck on his ear. Softly unclosing the window, he stooped and whispered to some one below :

"I will be with you in a minute, Beauchamp. Remain there, till I come down."

Turning again to his secretary, he carefully locked it, hastily enveloped himself in a large cloak, and then with a light step approached the couch on which Florence lay. Strangely beautiful she looked in that faint cold light, and for a moment he surveyed her with an expression of melancholy pride. Somewhat pale she appeared, but that might have been contrast with the dark masses of hair that fell around her neck and brow, released from the bondage of comb or riband.

"How very beautiful she is!" he at length murmured, "and yet how joyfully would I consent to see that beauty pass away from her, wither like a summer flower, if her mind might gain the gentle loveliness her person would lose. Yes, 'tis perhaps as well that we should part now, part in affection and trust, than live to find life a mutual burden. I can bid thee farewell now, with sorrow; and thou, Florence, wilt remember me with love and regret. Would it be so another year from now? Alas! this shrinking heart too plainly answers; and yet, to think that this may be our last meeting—that we may never look on each other again! Farewell, my poor, poor wife. May that God whose laws I am on the point of outraging, support thee in the hour of thy need, and soften the terrible remorse that will soon crush thy heart."

Tenderly he adjusted around her the large shawl that had partly fallen from her fair child-like shoulders, and after kissing her fondly again and again, stole noiselessly from the room.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ABOUT an hour after his departure, Florence awoke. Starting up, she looked around with a

chill shiver, and seeing the apartment vacant, at once divined that Colonel Delamere had gone out. He was an habitually early riser, so the circumstance did not surprise her, and inwardly smiling at her simplicity in having chosen so comfortless a place for her night's repose, she sought her own room at once, and her head had scarcely touched the pillows of her own luxurious couch when she fell asleep.

Did she dream, or was it reality that a strange unusual confusion suddenly filled the house—the tread of many footsteps wildly hurrying to and fro—the sound of voices in agitation, surprise, terror. Was it a dream, too, the tall figure resembling that of Dr. Osgood, who glided in and whispered to Fanchette, who was sitting near the foot of the bed, "to allow Mrs. Delamere, on no account, to leave her room till all was over. Doubtless, it must have been all fancy, for when she awoke, the most perfect stillness pervaded the whole house, though, strange coincidence!—Fanchette was sitting in the very same place and position in which her dream had represented her. The girl looked very pale, and the ringlets which usually rivalled those of her mistress in glossiness, were hurriedly thrust back under her cap.

"What o'clock is it, Fanchette?" she at length asked.

Startled at her sudden address, the latter at length stammered forth a reply.

"You are singularly nervous this morning," laughed her mistress. "I trust you do not intend to set up for weak nerves? Bad as the reality is, an affectation of it is a thousand times worse."

A strange expression of reproachful horror, as if shocked at her levity, flitted a moment across the waiting woman's face, but almost immediately it had vanished.

"Madame must excuse me, but I did not sleep well."

"Then you may sleep as much as you like, soon, for I shall rise at once."

This proposition did not seem to meet with Fanchette's approbation, for she made a dozen objections to it."

"Madame looked so very pale and ill, it was better for her to remain in bed. It was very early too, the breakfast would not be ready for hours."

Her eloquence was unavailing, for even whilst she was speaking, her mistress had donned her dressing gown and seated herself in her chair.

"No more talk, now, Fanchette; but to work at once."

The girl made a show of compliance; but never

was waiting-maid more awkward, more dilatory, and according to her own account, more unfortunate. First, the hair-brush was mislaid, then Madame Delamere's combs were nowhere to be seen, and when Florence herself had found them in their usual place in her dressing-case, which Fanchette had refused to search, obstinately insisting that they were not there; the fingers of the latter had grown so awkward that they were obliged to enter ten times anew on the simple task of arranging her lady's braids. Her patience worn out, Florence suddenly snatched the plait from her hands, and turning angrily upon her, bade her send up "a smarter substitute in her place." There was something, however, in the pale agitation of the girl's usually rosy face, that instantly calmed her irritation, and a strange painful recollection of her dream flashed across her. Disguising her uneasy suspicion, she tranquilly resumed:

"Well, as you are so remarkably unskilful this morning, and as I feel rather indolent, never mind my curls. Draw up one of the couches to the fire, and hand me that large shawl there, I will wrap it around me, and lie down for another hour."

With an alacrity very different to her late sluggishness, Fanchette complied, and Mrs. Delamere threw herself on the cushions she placed for her, more convinced than ever that all was not right. For a time she lay dreamily back, her eyes half closed, but at length she asked:

"Is Colonel Delamere at home?"

Fanchette "did not know, but thought he was out riding."

"Go down, then, and ascertain. Pray what are you waiting for? Do you wish me to go myself?"

The reproof was not without effect, and Fanchette instantly obeyed. She was a short while however fumbling at the door, and Florence listening attentively, heard her softly turn the key in the lock. Too much alarmed to feel angry at this singular liberty, she sprang to her feet, and as soon as the girl's retreating footsteps died along the passage, tried the door, and as she had expected, found it firmly locked. Another means of egress, however, still remained, through a small door seldom used, in her dressing-room, and with a rapidity far outvying that of Fanchette, she passed into the latter apartment, and was soon out in the large hall. There she paused. Where was she to go—what was it she dreaded? A moment's reflection instantly decided her. For what, for whom, could she fear, save her husband? and with a beating heart she hurried on to his dressing-room. The door was slightly ajar, no sound issued from it; but was it the restless sha-

dows that fell through the opening on the sunlit hall, or some mysterious instinct, that whispered to her "that her husband was there, and not alone." Softly, stealthily, she approached, for some one might hear her, and coming out, drag her away ere she could calm the doubts that filled her soul with a sudden awful dread, causing a ringing in her ears, and a strange dimness before her sight. Softly, stealthily, she knelt down and gazed through the aperture. Surrounded by two or three physicians, who were crowding round him with anxious faces, sat Colonel Delamere, or his spirit indeed it might have been, so unearthly did he look. Lips, cheek, brow, all wore the livid hue of the grave, whilst the white teeth clenched rigidly together, bespoke the intensity of strong mortal agony.

"Are you ready, my poor Delamere?" at length exclaimed Dr. Y.—, one of the most skilful surgeons of the day. "It must be done at once. Every moment is precious."

"Proceed, then," and as he spoke a smile wreathed his white lips. "Proceed, and let your hand be as sure and steady as *Taunton's* was."

There was a movement among the physicians and some bright weapon flashed and glittered in Dr. Y's hands. Then, a darker deadlier hue came over Colonel Delamere's face, drops of agony started from his corpse-like brow, and a strange seething sound became audible in the terrible silence of that apartment; a sound, undefinable, awful, chilling the blood in the veins of the listener, for it spoke of mortal death-like agony inflicted on quivering flesh and blood. Louder than the rattle of thunder, loud as the voice of an avenging God, did that faint murmur sound in the ears of the conscience-stricken wife, and without a word, without a groan, she fell as if blasted to the earth. A sudden movement in the adjoining room at length proclaimed that the operation was over. Colonel Delamere's arm had been amputated from the shoulder. As the reader will have divined, he and his antagonist had met. Faithful to his intention of the previous night, the colonel had discharged his pistol in the air, whilst lord Taunton's ball had penetrated the upper part of his left arm, shattering it in a dreadful manner, and rendering immediate amputation necessary. The promptitude and skill with which the operation had been performed, afforded a chance for life, which had seemed at first a thing without hope, and when all was over and the exhausted patient had been placed in bed, Dr. Y. pronounced "that with profound quiet and the tenderest and most unceasing care, he might ultimately recover." Here, then, was an opportunity for Florence to atone in some degree for the past, to efface from her husband's heart, if possible, the terrible

recollection that she was the cause of all his misery, but, alas! that consolation was denied her. Strangers tended and watched his couch of pain, and strangers congratulated him when he at length rose from it, a sadder though a wiser man. Where was Florence then? The tenant of a sick-room also, but, oh! even more to be pitied than himself, for with her, mind as well as health, was wrecked. From the moment she was raised rigid and lifeless from the ground to which she had been stricken by the sight of the terrible consequences of her own misdeed, no ray of reason or consciousness had visited her darkened mind, and the admired, the sparkling Florence, so famed for the vivacity, the brilliancy of her wit, was now reduced to helpless idiocy. Terrible example to those who, priding themselves on the little genius or talent they may possess, forget in their arrogant pride that 'tis a possession they owe alone to the pure gratuitous mercy of their Creator, or, crime of far deeper, deadlier die, turn his gifts against Himself, employing them, but to pervert the morality and blaspheme the faith of that very God who gave them. If, as we are told, he who received but one talent was so severely punished for neglecting to profit of it, how terrible an account must that ungrateful servant have to render who has employed his only in the service of the enemy of his Master, tempting and perverting from their allegiance his fellow labourers in the vineyard of this earth. Alas! for them; their hour of reckoning will be an hour of dread. Sadly had Florence misapplied and perverted her talent, and many warnings had she received. They had been sent in vain—secure, exulting, she had pursued her path; and now, at length, her treasure was taken from her, leaving her in sorrow and darkness. Her mental malady was of a singular nature, offering neither the violent characteristics of ordinary madness, nor yet the terrible mirth of idiocy. A deep gloomy melancholy, which no exterior circumstance could even for one moment overcome, and a strange invincible attachment to silence. Every effort had been made to induce her to depart from the latter, but to questions, reproaches or caresses, she made no reply beyond occasionally placing her finger on her lips and shaking her head with a sad melancholy smile. Florence's Heavenly Father, however, had not deserted her, and as He Himself has said: "He will not be angry, nor will He threaten for ever." If He had seen fit in mercy as well as justice, to visit her with the most terrible affliction that can fall to the lot of any child of earth, He had also willed that her probation should not be eternal, and that the glorious light of reason should again

dawn upon her afflicted soul. Contrary to the expectations of her medical attendants, her friends, even of her unhappy husband himself, she was restored at the end of a year to their affection, and, oh! double blessing! restored with a heart which had been purified and humbled by its passage through the fiery furnace of earthly tribulation. True, the light of her beauty had departed from her for ever, the blush of youth had left her cheek never to return, and the once luxuriant hair was mingled with silver; yet, that was little to her now. The world might mock and sneer, but she had learned to value its opinions at their proper price, and with it and its false pleasures she had parted for ever. In the day of her need it had turned from her, it had shunned her as an infected thing, and now, strengthened and enlightened from on High, she was not rash enough to trust to it again. But had her husband, like the world, deserted her? had his love outlived her beauty, and was she still as dear to him with her pale faded face and emaciated form, as she had been when she leant upon his arm in the glow of youthful beauty, the queen and idol of the ball-room? We will see. Together with his wife Colonel Delamere sat one beautiful evening, watching the last rays of sunset fading from the west. Florence was speaking at the time, and her dark eyes were bent, earnestly, searchingly, on her husband, as she murmured:

"Strange, my own Alfred! often as you have assured me of your entire forgiveness, I cannot divest my heart of a certain fear that at times you think of me and my past career with feelings of regret, of angry bitterness. How can it be otherwise? What have I ever brought you but sorrow and suffering, and what am I now? A helpless burden to you and myself—my shattered health a source of constant anxiety and care to both. Alfred, Alfred! you may pity, but it is impossible for you to love me."

If ever affection and truth beamed in human glance, it shone in that which Colonel Delamere turned on his wife, as he rejoined:

"Love you, Florence, aye, far more than in the first days of our wedded life, for then doubt and mistrust mingled with the affection that is now without a cloud. We both stood in need of correction, and Heaven was kind in sending it. It weaned us from a world to which we were too much devoted, and cured in you a folly, whose effects had already cast a dark shadow upon one household hearth, affording terrible presages for the happiness of our future life. Yes, my dear wife, the love I had rowed to you at the altar, was fast giving place to indifference, and from thence, how easy the transition to hatred. God

was merciful, though, and if He tried us sorely, it was the chastening of a loving Father, not of a stern Judge. True, the world and its pleasures no longer exist for us, and many of the golden hopes and dreams that thronged around us at our outset—in life, have vanished, never to return; your beauty too, has left you forever, and I, on my part, have suffered and still suffer much; but, have we not a solace for every trial in our mutual confidence and affection?"

"Yes, dear Alfred, and in the hope of a glorious future beyond the tomb, a future where sorrow and remorse may never penetrate. Ah! little heeded I that Heavenly Home in the days of my worldly prosperity. I thought of it rarely, briefly, and then with a shudder for the valley of death lay between me and it, and this world was every thing to my vain heart; now, it is my brightest, most glorious hope—hope doubly precious, for I feel, I know, that you, my beloved husband, who have tasted with me of the same cup of sorrow, will also share the joys of that kingdom, where the heavy-laden of this earth at length find repose." She wearily rested her head as she spoke, upon his shoulder, whilst the large tears stole slowly from beneath her dark closed lids. Colonel Delamere watched her a moment in silence, with a look of blended love and deep anxiety, then rejoined in a cheerful tone which cost him a considerable effort:

"Such thoughts, dear Florence, are praiseworthy enough, but a little too gloomy. Remember, you have the journey to St. Albans' Castle before you, to-morrow, that journey from which I expect wonders for your health, and you must husband your strength and spirits so as not to disappoint our friends."

"Friends, indeed!" was the earnest reply. "Oh! Alfred! how we should love them! When the world fell off from us, they drew nearer, and but for darling Nina's nursing and tenderness, I might never have lived to atone to you, to my offended Creator, for the past. To the friendship and gentle care with which she surrounded your sick couch, do I also in a great measure owe your safety, and oh! what a boundless, what an inexhaustible claim is that upon my gratitude and love."

Colonel Delamere fondly smiled, and wrapping tenderly around his wife, the large mantle which the extreme delicacy of her health compelled her to wear, even in the hushed breath of that beautiful evening, they entered the house together

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And, now, gentle reader, we will part, but first, if you are not wearied of us, we will give a last glance to one or two other personages whose fate we have recorded in the preceding pages. In

one of those glorious September evenings, more beautiful almost than those of mid-summer, the setting sun was flooding with golden light the noble Park and the towers and casements of St. Albans' Castle. Cheerfully did it stream in through the windows of the morning saloon, brightening the hues of the rich carpet, and lending a still more mellow radiance to the fine old paintings that adorned the walls. When we last beheld that room it was thronged with the gay, the lovely; Miss Westover's light laugh, Florence's satirical repartee, resounded through its recesses; now it contained but one occupant, a lady, who was standing at the large oriel window, surveying the scene before her, watching it may have been for the return of some absent one. Attired in a robe of ruby coloured velvet, fitting close but perfectly to the figure, and falling in ample folds to the feet, its plainness alone relieved by a narrow collar of rich lace; no ornament gemming the simple braids of the glossy, raven hair; there seems something familiar to us in the chaste simplicity of that elegant toilette, in the quiet grace of that slight child-like figure. The lady at length turns and reveals the features of our old friend Nina, but not the pale, spiritless Nina of earlier days. No, happiness and tranquillity are as powerful, in their way, as anxiety and suffering, and in the delicate rose tint that dyed the cheek, the bright, happy expression that played round the small mouth, and the smooth brow of the youthful countess, but few traces remained of the subdued, frigid-looking being that met the Earl of St. Albans' view, when first formally presented to Miss Aleyn. After a few moments, lady St. Albans left the window and approached a small alcove at the end of the apartment. With a careful hand she drew aside the rose coloured curtains draping the entrance, and there on its fairy-like couch of satin and down, wrapped in the soft slumber of infancy, reposed the youthful heir of the St. Albans. Softly the young mother knelt beside the cot, and with an expression of almost idolatrous affection, pressed her lips on the fair brow of its beautiful occupant. The caress, gentle as it was, awoke the little sleeper, and with the singularly fascinating smile that distinguished his father, the boy looked up into the loving eyes that bent so tenderly over him. Whilst Nina was still hanging fondly over the infant, a quick step resounded in the outer apartment, and she raised her head with an expression of eager pleasure. As she had conjectured, it was her husband, and with that bright smile on his lip which ever tells of a happy home, the Earl of St. Albans entered the apartment.

"What, Nina! caressing his little lordship again! Really, I shall soon be growing jealous of him," and he stooped down and fondly kissed the child. "By the bye, his god-father, uncle Redesdale, is coming over to-day to see him. He has just been telling me, before a dozen listeners, that I am the luckiest fellow breathing, possessing as I do, the sweetest little wife and loveliest child in the kingdom."

"His grace is very kind," rejoined Nina, coloring with pleasurable feeling. "Oh! dearly do I love him, the generous, kind-hearted old man. He was my friend, my advocate, from the first."

"So he was, Nina, from the very first time he met you, which was the night you had been so kindly instrumental in bringing about a reconciliation between Florence and myself, when she had so deeply irritated me by her ungenerous mockery of him. The very day he heard of my marriage, he wrote me a long congratulatory letter, expressing his eager wish to become more intimately acquainted with my wife, who, he said, he felt assured, was well worthy of my choice."

"Yes, Sydney, and many a time, after crying half a day over the cold bitter letters you received week after week from the other members of your family, condemning me, reproaching you, for the disgrace you had brought upon them by your shameful *mesalliance*, the re-perusal of that dear precious epistle atoned for all."

"And so it should, for the Duke of Redesdale, from his wealth and lofty position, was beyond dispute the head of our family; and when he openly declared his intention of making the new countess heiress to all his unentailed property, professing, everywhere, his approval of my choice, it had no small influence with some of my affectionate relations. Oh! those Grenvilles, those De Wiltons, and their overbearing clique, how odious, how hateful their very names became to me; but did I not repay their effrontery with interest, dear Nina? Did not every insulting letter of theirs meet with a reply, as prompt and overbearing as it deserved? You know they all maintained for a long time, that my independence was the result of your counsels, my letters dictated by yourself, for they evinced an arrogance which their quiet friend of St. Albans was perfectly incapable of shewing. They soon however learned the truth; really, I cannot help smiling when I recall the first months of our wedded life, the character I came out in was so new, so foreign to myself. From the letter I wrote to my uncle Grenville, telling him to reserve his opinions till the earl of St. Albans asked for them, to the day I ordered his grace of Wilton out of our apartments in Meurice's Hotel,—I seemed to have changed my nature completely. I who from infancy had never a single dispute, even a harsh word, with any member of my family, found myself, in the short space of one month, at open variance with them all; and what is better, able to maintain my position against them. Say, Nina, can you help smiling when you recall it?"

"Yes, now it may amuse me,—but not then. Oh! many a bitter tear it cost me, and many a heart-burning pang of self reproach. There were times that I would have given worlds to have been able to recall the past, and to have made you free and unfettered again. When I saw you estranged from friends and relatives, blamed, upbraided by

those who, from ties of consanguinity, or former kindly associations, had a claim to be ranked among your nearest and dearest friends,—at open enmity with all who bore your name. When I saw all this, and then looked at myself, so worthless, so insignificant, so poor a recompense for all you had forfeited, I felt your family were right, and that I was indeed the heartless, unprincipled *intrigante*, the worthless hypocrite, they had portrayed me, or I would never have clouded your destiny by allowing you to unite it to mine."

"What folly, Nina, dear! when every act of mine evinced to you that your one word or smile was of more weight with me than the united loves or censures of all who ever bore the name of St. Albans; but perhaps those little trials, the only ones that have ever yet embittered our wedded life, were ordained by a wise Providence to chasten a happiness that would otherwise have been too perfect. Their only effect on me, I know, was to render you dearer to my heart than ever. The more my family upbraided and reviled my wife, the closer I drew to her, the more intense became my love. I felt that without me you stood alone, that you had but your husband to fill the post of parent, brother, friend, and it became the chief study of my life to supply to you, amply and entirely, the place of all. Have I succeeded, Nina?"

Her only reply was the grateful tears that gushed to her eyes, and the earl, passing his arm around her, drew her gently towards him, as he smilingly exclaimed:

"You know the whole world says I spoil you; but then again they say it is impossible to do otherwise, for you are the most exemplary wife in the peerage. Even my family, so opposed, so wilfully prejudiced against you, at first, are now loudest in sounding your praises, and Nina St. Albans is everywhere cited as the most unassuming and loveable little countess that ever graced the name. It is wonderful how the opinions of the world change. You, who a few short years ago, could not number three friends or admirers in London, have now crowds of both. The gentlemen are all quite enthusiastic about your fascinating *naïveté*, your child-like grace of manner, and gentle artlessness, whilst the ladies profess to be equally enchanted with the elegant simplicity of your style of dress, and your own unassuming sweetness of character."

"I fear, Sydney, 'tis the brightness of my coronet that has brought all these imaginary perfections to light; but, seriously, I am greatly, wonderfully improved. Tranquil happiness, intercourse with yourself, as well as with society, on an equal footing, and years of foreign travel, have effectually cured me of all those little singularities of dress and manner that marked my early youth. For tastes and habits of such long standing, did I not yield them promptly, when I saw that you disapproved of them?"

"You did, indeed, my dear Nina, and I soon had cause to be proud of my pupil. *Apropos* of that; whilst riding through the park this morning, I overheard some remarks from a couple of young gentlemen who had just seen you drive past in your carriage, which amused me. One of them was the young Earl of Willington, who has just returned from his four years' tour,—the other I did not recognize. 'That is the St. Albans'

carriage, I think,' said the former. 'I know the crest; but who is that in it? What a childish happy face, and what beautiful eyes!' 'Lord St. Albans' sister, perhaps,' was the chance reply. 'No, the present earl has none, and that must be his wife. I remember, now, hearing of his marriage some years ago.' A burst of incredulous laughter was his reply. 'What! that little creature married, and married some years ago! Why, she is a mere child yet. I should rather think she is occupied with studies and masters, than with a husband, and the cares of an establishment.' 'Well!' resumed Willington, 'I shall ask, for notwithstanding her youthful appearance, I am convinced it is the young countess herself. I was in Corfu at the time; but I recollect perfectly hearing of St. Albans' marriage with a young foreigner, a Swiss, I think, without beauty, friends, or fortune. Some said he had deserted his old flame, the witty Florence Fitz-Hardinge,—now Mrs. Delamere, a sickly, faded looking creature,—expressly to follow his new fancy to Switzerland, where they were married in a country inn, the very first day of their meeting. I know it was a most romantic affair throughout, and made an extraordinary sensation at the time; every home letter I received for three mails afterwards being full of it. A friend of mine, lord Dunmore, founded the plot of his last comedy on it, calling it—'Second Thoughts Best, or a Chase for a Wife.' It met with immense success, not so much from the individual merits of the piece, as from the zest imparted to it by the conviction that it had been enacted in real life, previous to its being served up on the stage. St. Albans, after all, was a devilish lucky fellow; his marriage with the little foreigner gained him more *clat* and fame, than if he had married a peeress of the realm.' Amused beyond measure, as you may imagine, I rode past them, and soon after meeting your carriage, I joined you, and sent on my horse with one of the servants. At the same place we met the same persons, and their look of half doubting, half convinced, amazement, the eager curiosity with which they scanned the heroine of 'Second Thoughts,' made me smile in spite of myself. I was on the point of telling you all about it, when lord Grenville came up and asked for a place in our carriage. So, you see, Nina, if you did not bring me wealth, you brought me importance and fame."

Nina replied by a laugh, so clear and silvery, so full of heartfelt happiness, that the Nina Aleyn of former days would have recoiled from it pale and aghast.

"Come, Sydney, this flattery will not do. You know, almost the first night of my appearance in public, at one of Jenny Lind's concerts, I overheard Sir Henry D'Eresby whisper to a friend as we passed them: 'Well, there is a splendid illustration of the proverb—Go farther, and fare worse. St. Albans must go to Switzerland for a wife, and behold the result!'"

Nina's laugh was re-echoed by the earl.

"But you forget, Nina, Sir Henry was one of the family connexions, and thereby a natural foe to the countess who had been wooed and wedded without the family approbation; besides, the baronet had a sister whom I know he half intended should honour me with her hand. Our worthy relative, however, has forgotten both his disappointment and his prejudices, and is now very

anxious to have his sister chaperoned about by your ladyship; and an amusing couple you are to be sure. You, with your childish face and figure, doing the matron to that dark imposing looking Miss D'Eresby, who appears at the very least a dozen years older than yourself."

Again Nina laughed, but gently drawing away from the earl's encircling arm, she exclaimed:

"Take care, Sydney, that you do not turn my head by eternally talking such nonsense to me; but I have loitered away my time shamefully, and I have a thousand things to do. You know, I expect Colonel Delamere and Florence tomorrow."

"Yes, you told me. Have you invited any one to meet them?"

"Oh! no, they have both too invincible a repugnance to society, and they made it one of the chief conditions of their visit that they should be alone with ourselves. Independently of their mutual taste, poor Florence's health would not permit of anything else. How did she look, when you called on her last week?"

"Very ill, indeed—the mere shadow of her former self, still her physicians entertain no fears for her whatever. They say her recovery is certain, though she will always remain feeble and delicate. Poor Delamere, who is very anxious about her, says he hopes every thing from her visit here, from your kind, cheerful society, and affectionate care. We must keep them as long as we can."

"Yes, indeed, dear Sydney," she eagerly rejoined; "and you must contrive to prevent the Grenvilles, or any of our other relatives, from coming down till they leave. I would fain make her visit as long and as pleasant as possible. Poor, poor Florence!" and tears filled the soft eyes of the young countess. "Alas! this world is but a weary home to her now."

"And, yet, my Nina, we must confess she has no right to repine. The sorrow that fell to her lot, she earned for herself. The dawning of her wedded career was as bright as your own. Her own folly alone marred it, and Providence in sparing her the love of the husband who suffered so cruelly through herself, has been merciful still."

"Yes, Sydney; and oh! doubly merciful in opening to her the glorious sanctuary of religion as an asylum for her sorrows. Can that mercy be too dear at any price? Great, wonderful, is the change wrought in our dear, afflicted Florence, and were we to see her heart, to read the heavenly calm that fills it, we would perhaps look on her as an object of holy envy. The world may shun, may forget her, but she has gained instead a friend who will never desert her, and who will guide her at length in safety through that dark passage to Eternity, in which no earthly friendship can avail her aught. Ah! bitter as her trials may have been, they have yet been sent in tender mercy, for they have imparted to her that heavenly wisdom, without which the wit or the talent of this earth is but a useless gift, nay a curse." The earl silently, passionately, strained his young wife to his heart, inwardly acknowledging he had chosen well, and that the Wisdom she spoke of, the Wisdom her own blameless life had so nobly exemplified, was indeed the knowledge beyond all others, the safeguard of the Christian in this uncertain life—its guerdon a glorious and happy Eternity.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

At length, after many painful efforts, he succeeded in reaching the entrance, but his trembling limbs refused to support him, and he sat down on the earth, and reclined against a large tree; and here he resolved to hold his solitary vigil, and await the coming day. Terror had enveloped his faculties, and in vain did reason strive to combat with the foe. He remained through the long hours of that weary night without moving from his position, starting in affright at the slightest sound, and watching with the most intense anxiety for the dawn of day. At length the moon sank down beneath the far off western sky, and the heavens were enveloped in darkness; this added to his misery, for now the waving boughs of the tall trees seemed fraught with spiritual existence; the hollow sighing of the blast, as it swept over the island, seemed as the will of the departing soul, and the roaring of the mighty deep seemed mingled with groans of horror.

But after a space of time which seemed interminable, a faint tinge of ruddy light was perceptible in the eastern sky. It gradually increased, and then came the morning twilight, and then the sun arose in splendour, and all nature seemed to rejoice in his radiant beams. Francis at last summoned resolution to move,—he looked carefully around him, as if on every side he feared to meet a foe, and then with stealthy tread he entered the cavern. There, with the face turned to the earth, lay the lifeless corpse of the young Theora, and Francis trembled with terror until he remembered the events of the past night, and rightly conjectured that the concussion which prostrated him to the earth, might also have effected the change in her position; he approached and bent over her, but a strange wild fear crept over him, that life had indeed for a while revisited her, and he feared that he might discover traces of renewed life, and subsequent death. But when he adjusted the body, and gazed on the rigid features, all was calm and tranquil, and on her lips still beamed the smile, which the freed and happy spirit left when it departed.

Francis pressed his lips to the icy brow, and

tears fell fast on the still beautiful face. They were a tribute justly due to one who had loved him well, to one whose life had been given for his, and he felt that his faith to the lady Isabella was not violated by his sorrow; tears calmed the fever of his soul, and when at last they ceased to flow, he sat down to reflect on the course he must now pursue. The body must be disposed of, and this must be his present care. He determined to seek out a proper place, and prepare a grave, and on the following day bury her from his sight.

He went forth, and sought his morning meal amid the productions of nature's hand, which in this lone place were but scantily yielded; and then having selected a suitable place, with a broad flat stick which he had picked up, he commenced to prepare the humble grave; but often did weariness steal over him, and often did he seek the cavern to assure himself that his fair charge rested in undisturbed peace. And thus passed that long sad day, and when the night closed in, his task was not yet accomplished; he determined to pass the coming night at the entrance of the cave, as he had done the last hours of the preceding; but a violent storm of rain came on as darkness gathered around, and he was obliged to seek shelter within. Calm reflection during the day had allayed his terror in a great degree, and though he shrank in horror from his proximity to the dead, yet he felt not the agony of the preceding night; he had determined to remain awake during the night, but as time wore on, drowsiness crept over him, and he sunk at last into a deep sleep. It was broad day when he awoke; the storm had passed, and he again went forth to his sad task. It was past noon ere it was accomplished, and then he slowly sought the cavern to bear to its last resting place the body of Theora; but when he looked on her, a feeling of weakness came over him, and when he summoned his resolution to his aid, and bent to raise her from the ground, he found himself inadequate to the task, and he determined to defer his painful duty until the morning.

* Continued from page 525 — Conclusion.

Accordingly, after another long sad night, spent in watching over the unconscious object of his solicitude, he sought his scanty repast, and then with a resolution which necessity alone inspired, he raised the stiffened form, so late the abode of active life, from the earth, and slowly bore it to the humble sepulchre. No coffin was prepared to receive the form of her whose rank was so exalted, but the hand of him who alone was there to weep over her, had gathered soft moss from the neighbouring rocks, and carefully strewn it within the grave. Carefully he laid her within the grave, and strewed around her the autumn wild flowers, which he had gathered from the woodlands, and then with the fond affection of a brother, he pressed his lips to her icy cheek and marble brow, and then prepared to fill up the grave. But the weakness of the preceding day came over him, and he felt that he could not shut that still beautiful being forever from his sight, and sitting down he gazed long and anxiously on her; at length he sprang suddenly to his feet, and with desperate resolution proceeded to his task. It was soon accomplished, and then with a feeling of utter desolation and loneliness, he threw himself down beside the humble hillock, and wept long and bitterly. It was not the fate of Theora alone that called forth those burning tears, though much he mourned her untimely death, but all he had suffered for the last few months passed before him in painful review, and the strong man, who quailed not amid the dangers of the battle field, where falling sabres glanced around him on every side, and death was claiming his thousands of victims, wept like a child in deep intense grief. Beside that new made mound he remained until the sun was sinking in the western sky, and then he slowly arose, and wandered for a considerable time around his desolate domain. The shades of night were falling around when he returned to the cavern, and entering it, he threw himself down to seek that rest of which he had been so long deprived. But sleep was a stranger to him, and the terrors of that dreadful night which succeeded the death of Theora, came over him, though far less vivid. In an agony of terror he flew from the cavern, and rushed forth into the air, as if he thought to escape the torture of an over-heated imagination, and hastening to the shore, he continued pacing the sandy beach until the dawn of day, when he returned to the cave and again sought for repose. Nature was exhausted and the wished for guest soon visited his earthy pallet, and for a time his sorrows were all forgotten.

The day was far spent when he awoke, and he determined on the following day to put in opera-

tion some plan which would enable him to leave his present abode: he felt that to remain longer in that dreadful solitude were worse than death, and he determined, even should his life pay the forfeit of his rashness, to attempt to reach the Scottish coast; and with this resolution fully fixed in his mind, he took a slight repast and again composed himself to rest. But not now did he find the bliss he courted, and another darkness night came on, with all its prospective terrors. Francis, unable to sleep, wandered forth, and a strange desire came over him, to visit the grave of Theora; he started in horror from the thought, but the desire still grew stronger, until he was aware of his own purpose, his footsteps were rapidly approaching the sacred spot, he stood beside the grave and at once the superstitious fears which had so haunted his imagination, were dispelled, and he was calm and free from dread as if within his quiet chamber in the castle of Avignon. "Lovely Theora!" he murmured, "had I ever ought to fear from thee?—from thee to whom I owe my life, which though burdened with misery is still dear? No, could thy angel spirit descend for a moment from its glorious abode, could it leave the blissful realm, where all earth's anxious cares and sorrows, are merged in endless bliss, would it not be to comfort the lone heart of him she loved so well, not to add to its misery? Happy girl! Would that, like thee, my woe were over, and my wearied spirit forever at rest! but begone each repining thought, each murmur at the will of heaven! beside the grave of one who is an angel of light in the kingdom of her God, will I teach my heart to bear with meek humility the ills of life, until my soul, like hers, shall be summoned to its place on high!"

He sunk on his knees, and long and fervent was the prayer which went up to the court of heaven, from that lone solitude, and when he ceased, a thrill of subdued joy pervaded the heart, which but an hour before was the seat of bitter anguish. Calm in spirit, he laid his hand on that humble mound, which so late he shrank from in dread, and soon sunk into a peaceful slumber; throughout that night no dark dream disturbed his rest, but happy visions, and bright pictures of future joy, danced around his earthy pillow; he awoke with the early dawn, and having poured forth his soul again in prayer, he left the spot, and prepared to put in execution the resolution of the preceding day.

Having collected together a quantity of pieces of timber which had at times been wafted by the tide to the shores of the island, he set about preparing a raft, by fastening them together with strings of the most elastic shrubs which he could

procure, and after several hours of diligent labor, he succeeded in forming a floating mass, too rude almost to bear a name, which he desired, rather than hoped, might bear him to the coast of Scotland. Having prepared every thing for his uncertain voyage, a holy feeling prompted him to pay a parting visit to the grave of Theora, and he sought the hallowed place where she calmly rested beneath the green-wood turf, and having lingered a few moments ere he quitted the place forever, and dropped the parting tear upon the hillock which shielded her from his sight, he turned away, and hurried to the shore. But who can conceive his feelings when on reaching it he beheld his ark of hope, already at some distance from the shore, drifting farther and farther from him? He had thought that he had felt the keenest pang the heart can know; but this was the climax of all the misery he had endured, and with a desperate resolve to save himself from his hopeless fate, or perish in the attempt, he plunged into the waves; he was but an indifferent swimmer, but he buffeted the angry surges which dashed against him, and though he felt his strength fast wasting, he dashed onward, and just as he felt his strength giving way, his hand grasped the raft on which his all of hope now rested. For a few moments he grasped it ere he could rise from the water, but at length summoning all his remaining strength, he sprang from the ocean, and alighted upon it; he looked around, and, finding he was following the tide of the frith, instead of nearing the coast, he seized the rude stick which he had prepared to serve him for an oar, and slowly turned the direction of his raft toward the land. The day was far advanced, and though the morning had been calm and lovely the wind now blew with considerable violence, and thick clouds had gathered around the horizon. He dreaded the coming on of night ere he gained the land, and forgetful of fatigue he exerted himself to keep his course, which was toward the nearest point of land; he was within half a mile of his destination when his bark struck forcibly against a large rock which lay hidden beneath the water, and the slender fastenings gave way at the concussion, and he was thrown once more, exhausted as he was, upon the mercy of the fiercely rolling billows. For a moment all hope died within him, but then his heart revived again, and slowly and firmly he contended with the raging element until at last, as night set in and all around him the thick darkness gathered, he reached the shore, and entirely overcome by the fatigue of his late exertions, he sank down without sense or motion on the rocky shore.

It was a fearful night, a night of terrific

storms—storms such as our northern climes are but seldom subjected to; the vivid lightning lit up the vault of heaven in fast succeeding flashes, while the constant roar of the thunder shook the earth as if it were about to be precipitated from its firm foundation, and thrown back to that primeval chaos, from which it was raised by the strong arm of Omnipotence; the sea roared in its fury, and dashed in foaming billows on the shore; while the raging winds swept by in frantic violence, while the rain which fell in torrents added to the horror of the scene.

Few heads reclined that night on the soft pillow; few forms sought the couch of rest; few eyes were visited by sleep, and many hearts trembled with dread lest the home so dear to them should be desolated by the raging tempest; but there was one houseless, shelterless being, on whom the elements spent their fury in vain, for so complete was the exhaustion of Francis D'Auvergne that he lay still utterly unconscious on the hard cold earth, though the rain beat upon him, and drenched him with its violence, and through all the horrors of that dreadful night, he lay exposed to the raging fury of the storm, in happy insensibility of the terrors which surrounded him; the mind had been too strongly taxed, it had yielded at length, and even the terrific ire of that combination of horror could not arouse him from his state. When Francis awoke to consciousness he found himself stretched on a hard bed, and surrounded by almost utter darkness; it was long ere he could collect his ideas, but slowly did the memories of the past come over him, until the moment when he sunk down exhausted on the Scottish coast, and then all was a strange blank; he felt that human care had watched over him, and human beings were not far from his humble bed, and the thrill of pleasure nearly overturned the first faint dawn of returning reason. A short time elapsed and then the door of his apartment slowly opened, light steps approached his bed, and amid the gloom he could distinguish the outlines of a slight but graceful form, which bent over him for a moment, and then gently laid her hand upon his brow. Francis grasped that gentle hand, and eagerly inquired respecting his locality, but his words were incomprehensible to his auditor, and disengaging her hand she left the room, and he was again left to solitude and darkness; a heavy footstep broke the silence, and again the door opened, and a tall, well-formed man, approached the bed, and addressed him in tones of kindness; he informed him that he was a humble fisherman, the proprietor of the roof which now sheltered him, that on the morning, which succeeded the

storm, he had found him apparently lifeless on the shore and after much exertion had succeeded in restoring him to life. But ten days had elapsed, and his kind host had begun to fear that reason was utterly unseated, when his daughter brought to him the joyful intelligence that he had spoke to her in the natural tones of a rational being, and not in the wild accents of delirium. From that day Francis slowly recovered his wonted strength, but it was long ere he could leave that darkened chamber, and longer still ere he could wander forth amid the scenes of nature; his desire to reach Glenelvin retarded his recovery, and much it grieved him that he possessed not the means of rewarding the care of his benefactor. The money he possessed, together with some articles of value, had been taken from him by the keeper to whose care he was consigned on his condemnation, and only a ring, which he had drawn from the finger of the dead Theora, remained, and this, as he removed it from her stiffened hand, he had determined to retain till death, as a memorial of her who had died to save him; at last he found himself sufficiently recovered to leave the house of the fisherman, who kindly offered to convey his guest by water to Ayr. The offer was gratefully accepted by Francis, who would then obtain the means to reward him, and at sun-rise on a cold but bright autumnal morning, they bade farewell to the hospitable roof, and entering the little boat glided swiftly over the bright waters of Portland frith and were soon on the bosom of the broad Atlantic. The boatman, who had never ventured so far from home, assured him if their voyage was prosperous, they would reach Ayr on the evening of the second day, but this Francis scarcely dared to hope; it seemed impossible that after all he had endured, he would be so soon restored to those he loved, but striving to dispel each gloomy doubt, he watched the vigorous exertions of the hardy boatman as by the impulses of their vigorous arms the little bark flew swiftly onward over the bosom of the deep, but the bright morn was doomed too soon to be followed by a day of gloom, for scarce had they been two hours at sea, ere thick clouds obscured the horizon, and hollow winds swept heavily over the waters, but still they urged their onward way until having passed Cape Wrath, and being no longer protected by the shelter of the northern coast from the heavy gale which was now blowing, they found it extremely dangerous longer to remain on sea, and making for the shore with all possible speed, they landed on a rugged and desolate coast, where frowning precipices formed of craggy rocks, looked down upon them, and seemed to form a barrier between them and the

world of human life which lay beyond their confines.

Securing their boat as well as they were capable of doing, they sought a place where they might find shelter from the storm, and at length discovered a sort of retreat beneath a projecting cliff; scarcely had they availed themselves of the shelter thus provided by the hand of nature for the houseless wanderer, ere the storm came on with pitiless violence; and throughout the entire day its fury prevented them from moving from their place of refuge.

On the following morning, the rain had ceased to fall, and though the wind still blew strongly they determined to proceed, but having unmoored the boat they feared it had not escaped uninjured, and was now wholly unfit to complete the voyage, and much they feared it would not convey them back to their home. They kindly urged Francis to return with them, but he had already incurred a weight of obligation which he might never be enabled to repay. And after a kind and even tender farewell, he saw them depart, and he was left alone, on a wild and barren coast, to perform a long journey ere he reached the goal of hope, or looked on a face on which his eyes had ever rested; he sat down on the shore and thought long and bitterly of his adverse fate, but at last reflecting that restless repining would not avail him, he started up and hurried onward. He followed the windings of the shore for some time, without meeting a human being, or discovering a human habitation, and weary and exhausted, he was almost tempted to resign all hope of ever arriving at Ayr, which he knew was far, very far away. But still he moved forward, sometimes with impetuous speed, and then with slow and trembling steps. It was past the noontide hour, and still he moved onward, when a new obstacle presented itself, a small but rapid river came dashing onward with impetuous speed in his very path; he paused a moment to reflect what was to be done. To attempt to contend with that raging current in his present state he felt would be madness, and at last he turned his steps up the stream, hoping that he might find a place where he could cross in safety.

He had not proceeded far when a sweet plaintive voice, singing a wild strain of rural melody, broke on his ear, and looking around he saw a young girl, driving some sheep from a neighboring hill, and now conscious that he was not all that remained of the human family, he looked around, and perceived at a small distance a rude dwelling half hidden amid a grove of trees; he approached the house and rapped lightly at the door. It was opened by a tall stern looking man,

who in a harsh voice, and in a dialect which he could with difficulty comprehend, inquired his business, and at the same time murmured at being called from his dinner, by an idle stranger, Francis informed him that he was entirely ignorant of that part of the country, and would wish to be directed to a place where he might cross the stream in safety. The sternness of the man somewhat relaxed as the soft tones of his visitor fell on his ear, and in a somewhat milder voice, he invited him to enter, adding that he looked weary, and he feared he needed rest. Francis, though disheartened at his first reception, accepted the offer, and entered the humble abode. The family were gathered around a rude table where cleanliness compensated for the absence of luxury, and the coarse fare served to satisfy the eager appetites of those who knew nothing of the dainties of life. Francis was invited to share the humble repast, which he gladly did, as it was now many hours since he had tasted food. The man, evidently pleased with the graceful condescension of the guest, whose every action bespoke the gentleman, made many inquiries respecting his presence in that region, many of which Francis managed to evade, as he felt that his safety might still depend on his silence.

At length the meal was over, and Francis, though urged to remain until the following day, arose to depart. The man accompanied him across the stream, and pointed out a sort of road, which led in the direction in which he was going, and which, rough as it was, was far better than the rocky winding of the coast. Francis grasped the hand of his host at parting and warmly expressing his thanks for his kindness, assured him 'twas all he had to give. The kind rustic returned the fervent pressure of the hand, invoked a blessing on his head, and turned homeward. And the youth with feelings of renewed confidence in the protecting hand of Providence, moved onward with new hopes inspiring his heart.

The northwestern portion of Scotland is well known as a land of rugged mountains, and wild scenery. The wide-spread fertile plain invites man to erect his home, and where many beings congregate together in vicinity, is rarely met with, and the population of the country are secured by the natural barrier which is presented by nature, to their forming a dense and crowded population. Though inconsiderable villages may be met with, yet no town of any importance is found along the whole northwestern coast, making it, however, romantic and picturesque to the idle rambler amid the sublimities of nature, a solitary realm to the lone wanderer from the scenes to which his anxious footsteps so

eagerly tend. Through this region did Francis pursue his toilsome way; sometimes far wandering from his course and then retracing his weary steps, sometimes sharing the hospitalities of the inhabitants and others when the night came on, and he was far from the abode of man seeking shelter beneath the covert of some projecting rock, or clump of shrubs, although the night was chillingly cold. But still amid all his sufferings he went forward, for every step which brought him nearer to Glenelvin, increased his ardent desire to rescue his Isabella from the power of Gustavus de Lindendorf. Alas! he trembled when the thought came over him that perhaps her rescue would be in vain. Sometimes the hope that she had escaped his power, and was now happy beneath the towers of Glenelvin, would animate him, and then would he haste onward with renewed diligence that he might pour out to her the tale of all his sufferings, and in her sympathy receive the reward, more dear to him than countless stores of wealth; then would the fond hope vanish, and every fancied joy would die away within his heart.

CHAPTER X.

It was a glorious night in early autumn, the sun went down in all its radiant glory, and then came the sober twilight hour; nature was rejoicing, for nought was there to ruffle her repose. The wild bird caroled his melodious notes, and the woodlands were vocal with his songs; plenty had crowned the labors of the husbandman, and the blessing of peace held over him a shield from the scourge of war.

That setting sun threw its mellow lustre over the castle of Lindendorf, as it stood in sober majesty amid the beautiful scenery which environed it. Situated on an eminence which commanded a view of the surrounding country, with its verdant plains and gentle hills, the noble Rhine bounding the domain on one side, it was in truth an imposing object, but to him who entered its spacious courtyard and made the circuit of the immense wall, it was also a fearful place. But few, save the members of the household, had ever done this, for while the front side which overlooked the Rhine was kept with the most studied regard to the magnificence of the owner, access to the eastern side was prevented by a strong iron door, and when the curiosity of a casual visitor led him to ask why his farther progress was stayed by so formidable an appendage, he was told and told in truth that the eastern side of the castle had in former days served as a prison-house, for captives of war, and

this was the space of ground allotted to them. But it was not added that only when the sun of life went down, either by the lingering disease or the violence of the captor, might they enjoy the allotted ground, for there at the foot of the wall yawned a most horrid chasm, which descending more than a hundred feet into the earth, had long been the prisoner's grave; and long might the eye of affection look for him here in vain, for no glance, however ardent, could pierce the gloom of that horrible abyss, whose sides, formed of jutting points of rock, pierced the falling body, and sent it to the bottom, a mangled and distorted mass.

The small windows which gave light and air to the apartments on this side of the castle were strongly barred with rods of iron, and access to it was gained through the strong iron door at the extremity of the courtyard, from which a long dark subterranean passage led far away to the foot of the hill on which the castle was situated, and this being known only to the lords of the castle, it became a matter of no great difficulty, if any unluckily incurred their displeasure, to get possession of his person, as he, unsuspecting that danger was lurking in his path, ventured forth unguarded; and conveying him through the vaulted passage, bore him to that prison from which none had ever returned, while none even of the master's household, save those who, standing high in favor, were trusted to aid him in the enterprise, knew aught of the adventure.

And yet Linderdorf was a pleasant looking edifice, and none who gazed on it, with its glittering turrets towering to the sky; with its extensive grounds, rich in the choicest gifts of the hand of nature; its hardy peasantry, all hastening with the dawn to perform the daily toil, which was their only source of wealth; its lofty trees which surrounding the castle, shielded it from summer's scorching heat, and winter's piercing cold, and which on the eastern side forming a thick grove from the very wall, to the bottom of the hill, shielded that part of the fabric from the observation of the passer-by. Say, who that looked on it would dream that it contained within its bosom a receptacle so dreadful?—who would for a moment conceive the deeds of horror, which had here been perpetrated?—who dream that here, the assassin's steel had lacerated noble hearts, and with the crimson tide, poured forth to satisfy inveterate hate, had sent the trembling spirit to the presence of its God?—who believe that here the hopeless wretch had pined in misery, his heart-rending groans, his cry for food, unheeded and unheard, until at length the

tyrant death, borne on the wings of wasting famine, came to his relief, and bore his long tried soul from its abode of wretchedness? And who would guess, that within the walls, where all seemed hospitality and pleasure, existed a charnel house which had received within its capacious bosom, its many victims whose fate was never more known to the fond hearts which loved them well, and mourned their unknown doom with burning, unavailing tears? None of the many guests who shared its bounties, and rejoiced in the smile of its powerful lord, should for a moment, had the tale been told, have given it credence. The barons of Linderdorf had been from time immemorial famed for their power, their valor, and their hard unfeeling hearts, which never melted at the voice of distress, nor yielded to the supplication of those who sought their mercy. But the present baron was a better specimen of his race, and all who knew him rejoiced that the old spirit, which for ages had reigned triumphant o'er that powerful house, had passed away. By the death of his father who fell on the field of battle, the baron had succeeded to the title and estate at an early age, but little accustomed to the society of his father, his character had been formed by a mother's gentle hand; and under her mild influence, he formed a plan for bettering the unhappy condition of the oppressed and miserable retainers, who bowed in meek submission to the will of the feudal lord, and who rejoicing in what had been heretofore unknown at Linderdorf, a lord who governed by the law of kindness, rose from their abject misery, and were truly happy. 'Tis true he found it sometimes necessary to resort to arbitrary means to sustain his authority, but justice was always seasoned with mercy, and he was well beloved by all around him.

But in the haughty demeanor of the young Gustavus, the dependants already beheld a true scion of the ancestral tree, and much dreaded the time when death should remove from them their beloved lord, and consign them to the power of his son. That son was only respected by them as the descendant of the lord they almost idolized, for he had never sought the respect of the humble tenants of the domain of his father, but the good and gentle Josepha had won all hearts, and whenever she appeared, the blessings of many grateful hearts were showered down upon her.

That glorious eve was one of mingled joy and sorrow to the inhabitants of the castle of Linderdorf, for it was the bridal night of the fair Josepha. Lord Robert McDonald had hastened on the wings of ardent love to claim the promised treasure, although the uncertain fate of an only sister had involved his family in bitter

misery. For once, no adverse circumstance had marred the course of faithful love. The heart of the lovely German maid had responded at once to his, and no paternal authority had interposed to mar their mutual felicity. The magnificent apartments of the castle were brilliantly lighted up, while from the chapel streamed forth a mel- low flood of rays, which revealed the light of the brightest day. There were congregated all the surrounding nobility to grace the bridal scene, and all who looked on them inwardly avowed that they were in truth a noble pair,—he so tall, so dignified, so lordly in his bearing, and yet so handsome, and so condescendingly kind to all, and she so fair, so amiable, and gentle, that silent blessings were poured upon them by the lordly noble, and the humble vassal, who, though they were grieved to lose their sweetest flower, looked pleased and happy.

On one face only, of all that goodly throng, rested a shade of gloom, and that was on the face of Gustavus de Lindendorf. Perhaps 'twas sorrow that the sister, the only sister, who had been the companion of his childhood, was now lost to him. Perhaps some feeling of regret, some remembered unkindness which had given sorrow to her gentle heart, and drawn tears from her bright eyes, now rankled in his bosom, and threw a shade of melancholy over him, or was he contrasting the happiness of his friend just completed by a union with the lady of his fondest love, with his own? The object of his choice won from him by one who had once called himself his friend, or had the tale of the strange disappearance of the lady Isabella, told him by Robert, awakened a painful interest in his heart? But, be it as it might, a moody expression stole over his handsome face, and leaning heavily against a marble column, he gazed listlessly upon the scene. Then, as the friend he loved turned from the sacred altar, and amid the acclamations of the throng, led toward him his lovely bride, and asked his congratulations on the joyous occasion, Gustavus grasped his hand, and pressing it wildly, murmured:

“May the choicest gifts of Heaven be ever thine!”

He turned away, and rushing from the chapel crossed the courtyard with rapid steps, and sought the thickest part of the waving grove beyond the eastern wall of the castle. He threw himself down on the grassy earth, and though the full moon shone in unrivalled splendor, and the starry gems thickly studded the sky, their light penetrated not to his retreat, but all was darkness.

“This, this,” he cried, “better befits my

gloomy soul, than the brilliant scene from which I have fled! How could I look upon the happiness of others, and know that such pure joy can never be my own? for though I have sworn that the hand of Isabella shall be mine, 'twere misery to know that the best, the purest affections of her heart, were all another's; this would turn to bitterness the purest bliss, and poison every joy. Oh! Isabella, how little dost thou know of the fierce flame which burns within my heart for thee! yes, idol of my soul, for thee would I resign my all of earthly goods, my ancient honored name, my wide domains, and well earned lands; all, all, to call thee mine! mine own sweet bride, the angel who shall hereafter shed light and gladness over my destiny! to see thee raise thy azure eyes to mine, with the look of long confiding love, and the smile of ineffable sweetness with which Josepha regards her now happy husband; But it may not be! her heart is to me a sealed fountain, whose rich treasure can never be mine, and shall I not restore her to her friends, her home, her lover, and her happiness; this would win her gratitude, and that were better than her hate. But no, for her own sake I would even do this, and see her lost to me forever; but Francis d'Auvergne, the friend whom I once loved, the rival I now detest, and the foe that most I dread, shall never gain her. I will yet triumph over him, for she shall yield to me the hand he once thought all his own; and yet, will he possess the prize,—for the pure young heart with all its store of rich affection will still be his, for has she not assured me that nought should change her love, even though he should wed another? Ah! why was not that ardent love bestowed on me? then had I never stooped to guilt, for my heart, though it might be wanting in that soft piety, and gentle mercy, which is called the brightest virtue of the human heart, was yet, when first I entered Glenelvin castle, as guiltless as her own. But when I learned to love that angel girl, and oh! heart-rending thought, when I found I loved in vain, then did the demon hatred and envy, the blackest fiend which haunts the human breast, take possession of my soul, and render it capable of perpetrating the darkest deeds. Oh! cursed be the hour in which I gave admission to the fiend which reigned triumphant o'er me! cursed be the hour when I took that fatal vow to mar the bliss of Francis d'Auvergne, by depriving him of the lady of his love, and doubly cursed be the hour when I formed the diabolical plot, which made Isabella McDonald a captive to my power. Ah! Robert, my best, my truest friend! my brother by sacred ties; how little knowest thou the deep fearful wrong

I have done to thee and thine, by tearing away with un pitying hand, the brightest flower of the home, the pride and joy of Glenelvin's lordly halls! How wouldst thou curse me didst thou know the fatal truth—how wouldst thy love be turned to bitter hate, didst thou know that this hand had wrought the evil that thou mournest—didst thou know that she, the idol of every heart in this ancestral home, was borne away, not by the warlike Haquin, or his ruthless warriors, but by the monster whom thou hadst cherished, the wretch who had sat at thy hospitable board, and revelled in thy favors; how little dost thou dream that thy fair sister is so near thee, that a few short hours might bring thee to her side;—and much am I tempted to reveal the fatal secret, and abide the event. But no, I'll pursue my purpose, Isabella will soon weary of the thraldom so irksome to any, and particularly to the young girl! She knows she can obtain her freedom only by becoming my bride; she knows that it were more than vain to hope for rescue, while her friends believe her in the hand of Haquin, and that it were folly to hope to become the bride of her lover; already methinks she haunts me with less of austerity than formerly, even the presence of her captor must be grateful to one so immured as she; yes, she will yield to my solicitations, and I shall yet clasp her to this faithful heart, and joy to call her all my own, and perhaps my devotion may yet win her love! But I must no longer tarry from the bridal scene of my sister—my presence will be needful to add to the mirth, while my absence may excite strange surprise; yes, I will dispel my gloom, and be happy with the gay, perhaps the vain anticipation of joy that awaits me. I will be the gayest of the gay, and in the mirth which reigns around me, forget my own anxiety!"

He arose, and with hasty steps returned to the castle. The board was spread with the sumptuous bridal feast, and all were wondering at his long absence, and waiting his return. They were soon seated, and all was gaiety and mirth. Upon a sort of stage erected at the farther end of the banqueting room, and partially divided from it by rich hangings of crimson velvet, looped up with golden tassels, sat several minstrels, who sang the warlike deeds of the lords of Lindendorf, from the earliest days of German history, and many valiant acts were lauded, which, doubtless, never were performed, and many names extolled, of those, who, perhaps, never existed. The virtues of the present baron, the valor of his son, and beauty of his daughter, were sung, and the theme was changed, and the house of Glenelvin

long inspired the lay. But at length the last reveller quitted the board, and then the merry dance commenced, which ceased not until the beams of the morning sun commingled with the mellow light of the thousand tapers, which illumed the magnificent apartments of the castle.

Then after a short repose, a merry blast startled each reveller from his couch, and partaking hastily of the morning meal, a numerous band in sportman's garb, and armed for the merry chase, descended to the courtyard, and springing lightly to the back of the noble steeds, which were in readiness, they bounded lightly away and were soon lost to the view, in an extensive forest, which commencing in a light and open grove, where no obstruction impeded the progress of the traveller or sportman, it gradually grew more dense; the ground rose from a verdant and level woodland, first into gentle inequalities, then into rugged broken hills, with occasional narrow vales between, until at length it terminated in that extensive, frightful wild, the Black Forest of South-western Germany.

On leaving the castle, Gustavus de Lindendorf, with smiling face, had led onward the merry train, but when they had passed over many miles, and had reached the broken grounds, he fell back, and gradually disengaged himself from the main body of the company. At last by a dexterous movement he found himself alone while a thick clump of trees shielded him from observation, and here he reined up his fiery courser, which with restless impatience sought to follow his companions.

"No, no, my good fellow," he cried, "softer duties than chase of hart or hare await thee; await my bidding, and thou wilt get enough of eager speed! A gentler feeling than a desire to follow to a bloody death, the harmless tenant of nature's wild, inspires my breast, and while others joy in their brutal sports will I seek the idol of my heart's best love—my beautiful, my injured Isabella!" And as the clatter of the last hoof died away in the distance, he turned his horse's head to the southward, and burying the rowels deep in his side, the noble beast bounded forward with a speed which defied the control of the master, and plunging onward with impetuous haste, bore him rapidly in the direction of a precipice which overhang a rapid stream, which taking its rise among those hilly wilds, went raging on to add its scanty tribute to the noble Rhine. Gustavus was well aware of his danger, should his efforts to check his horse prove unavailing, and raising his hunting horn to his mouth, he blew a wild and piercing blast to warn his companions of his danger. But what did their

haste avail? Ere they could reach him, it was too probable he would have paid the penalty of his rashness. And with a desperate effort he turned the furious animal from his course, but little advantage was gained by this manœuvre, for before him lay a deep ravine, little less dangerous than the precipice which he sought to avoid. Terror, which till this moment he had never felt, the dread while on the battle field, amid scenes of deadliest carnage, where death's dark arrows fell thick around him, where mangled bodies, and the distorted visages of the ghastly slain, met his view on every side—came over him, as he beheld a certain, a dreadful, an inglorious death, so near; and at the moment he reached the dreadful abyss, he sprang madly from the back of the raging beast, at the very moment that he leapt over the edge of the river, and was dashed to death against the rocky bottom. The motion of the horse had given to the rider an impetus, which he could not resist, and with a wild cry of despairing anguish, he plunged headlong down the abyss, but the projecting rocks and shrubs broke the violence of his fall, and ere he had descended to its depth, the farther progress of his descent was stayed by his coming in contact with a fallen tree, and bleeding, bruised, and insensible, he lay hidden from the view of those who might have sought him, by the loose earth, which had accompanied his descent, and the shrubs which grew above him.

The blast blown by the despairing Gustavus arrested the onward course of his companions, who in their eager sport had not missed him from among them, and looking around they sought to find who was the wanderer. At last they ascertained that the lost one was no other than the son of their lordly host, and they at once set forward at a rapid pace in the direction in which he had gone. But though they sought eagerly for him they found him not, and in vain did horn after horn send forth its thrilling note, the lone echo of the distant hills was their only answer. What was to be done? and what had been the fate of their lost friend? were questions which every lip proposed, and every heart dictated, while, alas! none could answer. A deep gloom gathered over those so late all merry joy, for they felt assured that some great misfortune had befallen their friend. Dismounting from their horses, which they secured to the neighboring trees, they sought the place where he was last seen, and commenced a diligent and careful search. The foot-marks of his impatient steed, made while concealed behind the trees, were at last discovered, and then his course was traced, as he dashed onward in his mad career, towards

the dreadful verge of the precipice. All hearts shrank stricken with horror as they noted the near approach, when the sudden turning inspired them with new hopes. Then died that hope as the awful ravine yawned before them, and here the foot-marks ceased. Below amid the bushes and broken rocks they thought they could discover a shapeless mass, and with an icy chill at every heart they stood in silence gazing into the dismal pit below. At last a whispered consultation ran through the crowd, and three of the most daring prepared to descend, when the bent shrubs and disordered earth, made by the fall of Gustavus, and which had not before been perceived, attracted their attention, and following this, they were not long in arriving at the place where lay their apparently lifeless friend. In silence they raised him from the ground, and bore him up the steep side of the ravine. They stretched him on the grassy turf while a rude litter could be constructed on which to bear him to the castle.

A slight indisposition had prevented the baron from attending them to the field, and now all looked to lord Robert, the friend and brother of the unfortunate Gustavus, for those directions, which, shocked at the sudden occurrence of an event so unexpected, he knew not how to give. A messenger was at last dispatched to the castle to convey the sad intelligence to its inmates, now happy in the unconsciousness of the evil which had befallen them, and in a few moments after, the litter having been completed, they laid the body upon it and commenced their melancholy return to that hospitable mansion, which they quitted with hearts beating high with pleasure. The injuries of Gustavus were far less serious than his alarmed companions had supposed. Several severe bruises he had received from which the blood had issued freely, and his head coming in contact with a stone, had produced that death-like insensibility which had given them the impression that life was already fled. As it was, a fractured arm, and dislocated ankle, were the only really serious injuries he had sustained, and ere they reached the castle, his scattered senses began to return, and with transports of the deepest joy, his friends beheld him manifest signs of life.

Deep was the anguish of the fond father, the tender devoted mother, and gentle sister of the unhappy Gustavus, when the messenger sent by lord Robert, to break to them the dreadful intelligence, entered, and hastily made known his mission. The mother, overcome by the sudden shock, fell fainting into the arms of the friends around her, and was borne to her chamber, where

she recovered only to relapse into the arms of happy insensibility. The father, restrained by those around him from going forth to meet the melancholy procession, paced the spacious hall with uncertain steps, while groans of thrilling anguish rent his bosom, and tears of grief coursed each other down his manly cheeks. And the lovely Josepha, how soon was her bright day of joy clouded by sorrow's darksome night. But when they learned that life had not indeed fled, that the loved one on whom their fondest hopes all rested, might yet live, the transition from sorrow to joy was almost as great as if the tale which moved their fears had been all unfounded, and with hearts thrilled with subdued joy, they gathered around the sufferer, to soothe each pain by deeds of kindness, and administer to him every comfort which the hand of affection could bestow.

This sad event terminated the bridal festivities, and the guests returned to their homes. A short time, in some measure, restored Gustavus from all danger, from the effects of his late accident, and ere many weeks had passed, he was again enabled to step forth into the world, rejoicing in renewed health.

Robert McDonald, and the happy Josepha, bade farewell to Linderdorf, the home of her happy childhood, her father's home, the home no longer hers, which she had left for a stranger's love; to the parents whose watchful care cherished her tender youth, and guarded her from all, with much of fond regret, and with a promise to visit Linderdorf the following year, they departed for the home of the joyous bridegroom. The dearest wish of Robert was accomplished, the deep affections of his heart, which amid the bustle of the camp, and the din of the field of battle, had lain dormant, had been called into active life by that fair being, and when he found his love returned, that his dearest hope might yet be realized, his cup of joy seemed full to overflowing, and when he left her to seek his home he trembled lest some adverse fate should interpose to mar his bliss, and at the earliest moment he returned to Germany to secure the treasure he so dearly prized.

CHAPTER XI.

THE tale told to the Norwegian soldiers by the emissary of Gustavus de Lindendorf, of the capture of the lady Isabella, had been purposely mis-stated. Not on the Isle of Man did he await his prize—a deeper scheme than that which won her, with the tempting addition of a considerable

sum—from the Norwegians, the wily brain of the young German could plan, and what he planned. His eager passion, his hatred of his rival, his resolution, which carried him triumphantly over the greatest difficulties, and his wealth, enabled him to accomplish. To have sent out agents to seize the person of Isabella, to tear her forcibly from her home, and the friends she loved, and bear her from everything her heart held dear, he well knew would be to frustrate his own desire, by exciting hatred, when he hoped to inspire love. When Gustavus so abruptly left Glenelvin, he sent a hasty message to a faithful domestic, one who had followed his fortunes on the plains of Palestine, one whom he knew strongly devoted to his interest, and in whom he could most implicitly confide, and then took up his residence in Carlisle, in the north of England.

Not as the heir to titled honors did he proclaim himself, but while he seemed to seek to live without any intercourse with his fellows, he contrived to draw to his service, three men whom gold can win to any purpose, who shrink not from the grossest deeds, if gold is the reward of iniquity. Otho, the confidante of Gustavus, arrived at once, for his master's summons had found him at the home of his childhood, at Ghent, in the north of Germany, and with the utmost speed he hastened to Carlisle, to learn the commands of his lord. These were soon made known. He, with his three new allies, were to get a boat, and proceed to Ayrshire, to conceal the boat, and lurk in the neighbourhood of Glenelvin, until chance should place the lady Isabella in their power, and then they were to make a hasty retreat with their fair prize. By water were they to convey her to the German shore, and then, once in the native land of Gustavus, they did not fear to be detected in their nefarious enterprize, or thwarted in their purpose. They were to follow the Rhine until they passed the perilous and open countries bordering the upper part of its course, and then going up the Mayne, until they reached a rugged mountainous district in the eastern portion of Darmstadt, forsake the boat, and proceed by land through that lovely region. Traversing the western part of Bavaria with the utmost caution, they might reach the mountain range, which, commencing near its western boundry, extends through Wirtemberg, and terminates in the wilds of the Black Forest. At a place assigned by the infamous employer, who was to follow close in their steps, Isabella was to be alarmed by a pretended intention to murder her, and then Gustavus, in the dress of a hunter, as if he was amusing himself, by hunting in the forest, would rush to her aid, and by res-

cuing her from the threatened danger secure at least her gratitude for the deed.

This scheme was without much difficulty carried into execution. The lady Isabella, accustomed to go forth alone in the peaceful neighbourhood of Glenelvin, wandered out to visit a lowly pensioner on the bounty of the family, and took the path on which the agents of Gustavus were stationed, but ere she reached this rendezvous, the fugitives of Haquin's disordered army crossed her path, and she fell into their hands. The creatures of Gustavus seeing their prize thus passing from their grasp, left their concealment, and finding force would not avail them, they compromised with her captors, and for a considerable sum the daughter of Glenelvin was transferred to the emissaries of Gustavus de Lindendorf. In an agony of heart which few can ever know, the lovely girl, whose life had been one long calm day of unclouded care, was borne away by this ruffian band, who prevented her cries for help by tying a strong bandage over her mouth, and thus was she conveyed to the boat which lay close moored amid some low shrubs near the mouth of the Ayr. Regardless of her tears and struggles, they placed her in the boat, and moved rapidly down the firth of Clyde. With the deepest anguish, Isabella saw the little vessel glide swiftly past Glenelvin, and the home of her fathers faded from her sight. Still were her streaming eyes turned toward it, and the sorrow which she knew her loss would bring to the hearts which loved her but added to her own. She thought of the wild confusion which would reign around when the night closed in and she came not; of the hurrying to and fro of the menials of the household; of the vigilant search, alas, so useless! And the mother doomed to meet alone this bitter care. Her mind reverted to the coming hour when the noble warlike earl should hasten to seek his home, where the fond embrace and warm filial kiss of his lost darling ever greeted him. Oh! how would this bereavement crush the noble heart, the heart of the father who had loved her so fondly. Her brothers too, how did her fancy paint them, bending in the vivid grief of youthful manhood, beneath the prostrating blow, which by tearing from them their dearest treasure, had blasted their home's sweet joys. And then came a feeling deeper, dearer, more painful still than that of home, of parents, or of kindred, could inspire, kindled by the remembrance of Francis d'Auvergne; and yielding to the passionate grief of her overcharged heart, she sank down on the bottom of the boat in a paroxysm of anguish which must have pierced even the heart of Gus-

tavus de Lindendorf had he been there to witness her agony. She had not heard the communication of Otho to the Norwegians, and was utterly unable to form the least conjecture regarding the motives which led to her seizure, and equally innocent was she at whose instigation she had been carried away. Once she thought of Gustavus, but she dismissed the thought as gross injustice to one who was the chosen friend of her brother; one, too, who had enjoyed the hospitalities of her father; and she would not believe him capable of such baseness. Unhappy girl! So ignorant of the black deceit of the human heart, she had yet to learn the bitterest lesson of early youth, the hateful truth that those we trust most firmly may first deceive.

The afternoon had been calm, serene and delightful; scarcely a breeze fanned the foliage of the verdant groves or shadowy forest; no rolling wave burst over the bosom of the deep, an almost imperceptible ripple alone agitated it. But the quiet beauty of nature brought no joy to the heart of Isabella McDonald, as the widening waters gathered rapidly between her and her home. No emotion but deep absorbing grief, filled her heart, and the very calmness of the scene but strengthened her sorrow, for there was nought to divert her mind from her hapless situation. The night at length came on, and as the setting sun sunk from view, a gentle breeze sprang up, which gradually blew stronger and stronger, until it blew with fearful violence. The angry waves, lashed into fury by the raging blast, dashed over the little bark, and threw their foam upon the fair girl, whose life had passed so smoothly that she had never before known one moment of danger or discomfort; but she heeded it not. 'Tis only when the mind is free from misery, that the body is sensitive, and the mind of Isabella was racked by torture greater than aught which could be inspired by the raging of the angry elements.

The night was dark, and gloomy. No kindly moonbeam pierced the gloom which had gathered over it the threatening sky. No twinkling star, like glittering diamond, looked down from on high, to cheer the course of the voyagers, but all was dark as the vile deed they were perpetrating. But still they urged their onward way, while not a word was spoken, save now and then a half uttered oath, or angry ejaculation, mingled with the howling of the blast.

"This will not do," at last cried one of the men, as he ceased the rapid motion of the oar; "our own lives, the life of the lady, require that we should seek the shore; 'tis impossible to remain at sea, in such a gale as this, even in the

light of day; and this stern darkness, which forbids us even the faintest gleam of light, increases the danger tenfold. 'Tis madness to remain on the water longer, when we do so with the pleasant certainty that every life must pay for the folly!"

"We must continue our route!" cried the harsh voice of Otho, "even though the Furies themselves oppose! so nerve thy coward heart, and return to thy duty!"

"Never will I take that oar again! cried the Englishman, "save to seek the shore! This tender girl, unused to every hardship, must no longer be thus fearfully exposed! My friends, what say you?"

"That we will proceed no farther, until the storm subsides!" they cried with one voice, and in a moment the boat was turned toward the land, which, although unseen, was little more than a mile away.

"Cowards, base worthless cowards!" cried Otho; "I command you to proceed!" But the words fell on ears which regarded them not, for still they moved toward the coast. The united resolution of three desperate men thought not of yielding to his voice when their lives were in jeopardy. And with all the nerve of their powerful arms, the boat was impelled toward the land.

"We must be near the land now!" said one of the men; "move carefully for we know not the coast, and our boat may meet destruction in this tremendous sea."

They did proceed with great caution, but just as they thought the last danger over, a powerful swell broke with tremendous violence against the frail vessel, which was thrown with violence against a rock, and in a moment its inmates were precipitated into the raging flood. A strong arm grasped the form of Isabella, and she was borne rapidly through the surf, until gaining at length the sandy beach, they found themselves once more in safety. But here, although free from danger, was little better than on the open sea. The rain was falling in torrents, and the fair daughter of Glenelvin's powerful earl, lay down on the cold earth, with no covering but her own thin garments, dripping wet, and while still shivering with the cold of a stormy night, she fell into a disturbed slumber. When she awoke the following morning, the rain had ceased but the wind still blew strongly, but yet they were evidently making preparations to continue their voyage. Otho approached, and urged her to accept a portion of their humble fare; this she declined, but asked a cup of water, which he brought her from a neighboring spring. She drank it, and ere long

they were again urging their way over the watery flood. The wind was adverse, but they pursued their voyage, and as the night drew on, they sought the coast, and the rugged cliffs of a frowning precipice which rose abruptly from the water, was their protection from the chill air of the night. Isabella, languid and completely exhausted, threw herself down to rest, the rough cold rock her couch, the rock the pillow which supported her aching head, and it was not long ere her harrassed senses were buried in forgetfulness. She awoke at an early hour, with a sensation of strong nervous irritability pervading every faculty, but she strove to calm its sensation, and partially succeeded. Again they set forth, and now the wind having subsided they moved more rapidly. But many long and tedious days and weary anxious nights passed by, and still they pursued their course; sometimes, when the weather was fine, remaining on the water, at others seeking safety on the shore.

Isabella was conscious that they were now stemming the current of a noble river which rolled through a level, fertile, and well-peopled country. She looked with eager eye on the large and handsome towns, and bustling happy villages past which they glided, and sometimes even ventured to ask their names, but no answer was returned, and thus wholly ignorant of her destination, she was borne far from Scotland's happy shore. Great was her regret one morning as they rose from their earthy bed to find that the remainder of the journey to whatever point it might tend, was to be performed by land, and through a rugged mountainous region, very different from the pleasant route through which she had just passed. But she knew there was no alternative, and at their command set forward. For many days having scarcely moved, save to step from the boat to the shore, and return to the boat, she was now wholly unfit to perform the toilsome journey which lay before her. But urged by her impatient guides, she scaled with faltering and weary step, the rugged mountain steep and descended the yawning ravine, but still they moved but slowly, for the tender feet of the lady now pierced by the pointed rock, now bruised and swollen, carried her forward but slowly on her way. How much of suffering did she endure in that hapless pilgrimage, the end of which she feared still more than she shrank from the toils and hardship of the way!

Day by day did she move onward, while her guides, impatient of delay, murmured incessantly, and urged her to increase her speed, and charging her with obstinacy in travelling so slow, until in her suffering she prayed for death to end

her misery. Her robes were torn and soiled, and she might now have been mistaken for the lowliest mendicant of the highway; and in good truth she was but little better. Removed from the affluence to which she had ever been accustomed, thrown out from the aid of friends, and almost from all intercourse with the human race, subsisting on the coarse fare procured by the men from the peasantry, for they studiously avoided the towns and villages; and deprived of that freedom which characterizes the beggar's doom, hers was indeed an adverse fate. But still she pursued her weary way, with no hope to cheer her onward, no blissful anticipation to brighten the dreary future. At last the mountain range of Darmstadt was passed, and for a few days they traversed a level country, where the hand of industry had cheered the scene, and a happy people seemed to enjoy the reward of their toil in peaceful security. But the heart of the long harassed maiden sank within her as she again saw towering above the horizon the blue summits of the heights of Wirtemberg directly in their course, and saw that every step brought them nearer and nearer to the dreaded mountains. They reached their base at length, and entered their stern and gloomy defiles, but near the close of the second day after they commenced their toilsome route, amid this cheerless waste, the strength of Isabella yielded, and she sank on the ground without sense or motion. Here was a dilemma,—should she die ere they reached their destination, the rich reward of their baseness would be lost, and the rage of Gustavus might prove truly fearful. Muttered curses issued from every tongue, and dark frowns sat on every brow, as they stood grouped together over their prostrate victim, scarcely knowing or caring in what manner they should proceed. But something must be done, and that speedily, and while the three Englishmen were forming a rude tent of the bows of trees to screen her from the coming storm, Otho brought water from a neighboring brook, and bathed her bow with the cooling liquid. After some time she began to revive, and with careful hands they raised her from the earth, and bore her to the tent, where a bed of leaves was prepared for her. It was the nearest approach to comfort that she had known since she was torn from the luxuries of Glenelvin, and after swallowing a piece of coarse bread and a glass of wine, given her by Otho, she sank into a gentle sleep.

The shades of night brought with them a fearful tempest, and the earth trembled beneath its violence. The deafening thunder roared in

fearful peals, and the red lightning flashed incessantly athwart the gloom. The winds swept by in fury, and the tall trees of the mountain side, fell before it. Torrents came rushing from every height, and with unheeded course united themselves to form the overwhelming rivulet. The creatures of Gustavus were encamped within a thick grove, and the feeble foothold of the trees on the soil of the mountain but poorly sustained them, and one after another they fell with a fearful crash, threatening momentarily to bring instant destruction on those who had sought their shelter. The rude tent had been formed partly under a high projecting cliff, and lying close beneath the rock, they hoped to escape unhurt, amid the desolating violence which reigned around. Several large trees had fallen over and against the rock beneath which they were sheltered, thus completely enclosing them within that narrow space. And thus passed the night, in momentary expectation of destruction, and when the morning dawned at length, it broke upon a wild and dreary scene. Fallen trees lay piled together, on every side, their upturned roots leaving dreary chasms, now filled with water. Streams formed in one short night went bounding forward, as if to seek a receptacle for their liquid treasure, and all seemed strange, wild and dreary. The terrors of the night had preyed on the sensitive Isabella, and when at the command of Otho, she attempted to rise to pursue her way, she fell back against the rock incapable of the least exertion. In no gentle mood her attendants began to prepare a litter of the branches of the trees on which to convey her onward, and when it was completed they laid her upon it, and set out on their way. The difficulties of the route had been much increased by the effects of the storm, and they found it nearly impossible to proceed, encumbered as they were now with their helpless burden. Thus passed away hours, and still new difficulties arose, and darker frowns still gathered on their brows. At last in sullen silence they set down the litter, and Otho approaching, rudely lifted from it the lady Isabella, saying in no very gentle terms, "Come, my dainty lady, you must now submit to walk; we think your rest has been sufficient to restore you!"

Isabella sank to the ground, but roughly raising her, he commanded her to proceed. "Those fine airs befit not the destined bride of the sovereign of these wilds," he said; "but haste thee onward, that we may rest from our long toil within my mountain castle, which is still far away. There my merry men will greet the lady of their chief, the outlawed sovereign whom

they love, and though our mountain home may want the luxuries of Glenelvin castle, yet hath it much of earthly good, and much of happiness will smile on thee in thy new abode, and"—

A strange thrill of wild dread shot through the heart of Isabella, as his wild words fell on her ear, and seizing his arm she exclaimed in agitated accents: "Who, and what are you, oh! fearful man? and say, oh say! to what unhappy fate am I destined? Tell, oh! tell me, for this horrid suspense is worse than the most fearful reality."

"There is nothing horrid in your fate, my pet damsel: you shall be mine own fair bride, and there are maids as fair, as noble, that sigh for the fate you affect to shrink from in disgust."

"Then why not permit them to fill the envied station? Believe me, I would gladly resign my destined honors, and return to the quiet of my home! Restore me to my parents, and my eternal gratitude shall be thine!

"Fie, silly child! think you I am so weak as to resign so willingly a prize which it has cost me so much to obtain? No, no, my pretty one, you shall be my bride, the mistress of my best affections, until some fairer maid usurps thy honors, and then amid my merry band, I will find for thee, one who will gladly accept from me a gift so precious! So robe that face in smiles in prospect of the bliss which awaits thee!"

"Cease, inhuman monster! base, worthless, degraded wretch," cried Isabella, her eyes flashing with a fire which had never before illumined them, the fire of fierce anger. "Away, begone from my presence, and let me see thy face no more! No farther will I accompany thee, thou vilest of the race thou hast debased, now alone will I find my way to the abode of men, and thy life shall pay the forfeit of thy crimes! My feet shall guide the avenger to thy retreat, and on the scaffold shalt thou know that my hand has brought thee there!"

Otho laughed loudly, as he cried, "And where, fair child, is the retreat to which thou wilt guide my enemy? thou hadst better leave it first thyself! as yet thou possessest but a faint clew to guide them to my strong-hold, and sitting quietly on that stone, and casting fiery glances on thy future lord, will never bring them there!"

It was near the close of the third day after the altercation between Otho and his fair charge, that he approached the litter, and bade the men leave the lady to his charge, and go and seek a place of shelter for the night. The place was

dreary and desolate, a place fit to perpetrate a deed of darkness, and Isabella, whose heart clung to the Englishmen, trembled when she heard the order given. They departed on their mission, and she was left alone with him she had such cause to dread. Closing her eyes she pretended to have suddenly fallen asleep; but Otho regarded not the feeble device, for unbinding her, he lifted her from the litter, and seating her on a rock, placed himself at her feet.

"And does my lady fair retain her anger against her lord?" he said: "And has my apparent estrangement sufficiently punished her haughty insolence? Say, my bright one, didst thou not fear that I would not forgive thee, and that the honour I had intended thee would not be thine?"

"Silence, wretch! and leave me!" she exclaimed vehemently.

"That is unkind for one so seemingly gentle as thou art! but thy sex is known to practise arts to deceive the hearts of those who love them, and whose love they return, and woman's heart is ever at variance with her words. Had'st thou declared thy love, I should have feared that thou meant it to deceive! Nay, look not so haughtily," as he saw the scorn burning in her liquid eyes; "the choice is thine, either be my wife or die!"

"Thy wife!" she shrieked. "Strike, then. The blow is welcome that shuts thee from my sight forever."

The dagger glanced in the rays of the setting sun as it was raised to terminate the woes of Isabella, but its descent was arrested, and a strong arm hurled her persecutor several feet away, and a tall and noble form, clad in a hunter's costume, sprang between them, and holding his hunting spear menacingly in his hand, he cried, "Away, vile coward, that darest to lift thy impious hand against a woman! Fly, or this hand shall finish thy 'black deeds!'"

"She is my wife!" cried Otho, "a wife unworthy of the sacred name, and but in justice was my hand raised against her life!"

"Were she ten times thy wife, thy hand should harm her not; but thou art a coward, and I believe not thy specious tale! Say, gentle lady, art thou in truth his wife?"

That form was familiar to the eye of Isabella, that voice had before fallen on her ear, and as he turned when he addressed her, she sprang forward with a cry of wild delight, and was clasped to the bosom of Gustavus de Lindendorf.

"Good Heavens! Isabella, why do I find thee thus?" he exclaimed; but his words fell on ears

that heard them not, for the tide of joy which rushed to the heart of this fair girl, on beholding one to whom she believed she might look for protection, was too great for a mind long harrassed as hers, and consciousness fled before the bliss of the meeting. And she lay in his arms, as pale and inanimate as if the light of existence had forever fled. A furtive glance was exchanged, between the master and his base minion; the latter moved hastily away, and Gustavus was alone, with the rescued Isabella. He pressed her to his heart, and murmured:

"Would, beloved one, that I might hold thee here forever! that thou wert all my own—how would I cherish thee! Nought of the ills of life which love could avert, should darken o'er thy pathway, but all should be calm delight; and I—I who love thee so truly, have done this! have brought sufferings inconceivable, upon the loved one, sufferings too great for even the endurance of man. And yet, I scrupled not to expose to them this tender flower!" and he pressed his burning lips to her cold brow and pallid cheek.

He bathed her face and temples. A flask of the choicest wine had been his companion through the mountain forest, and a portion of its contents still remained. This he held to her lips. Every means was resorted to within his power to restore her, and at last he had the pleasure of seeing her give signs of life. It was the gloom of fading twilight, and not by the changes of her countenance could he trace the signs of recovery. 'Twas only by the quickened pulsations of a heart whose action had been almost suspended, and a convulsed motion of the limbs, that he knew the transient forgetfulness was passing away, and life and reason were returning. And there alone on that mountain height, no human being to assist, and no shelter to protect them from the chill dews of night, was Gustavus de Lindendorf; the form of her whom he loved to madness, for whose sake he had rushed to the committing of deeds his soul abhorred, resting on his bosom, as cold, as insensible, as if the spirit had already fled.

"She will die!" he exclaimed in a transport of bitter anguish: "Yes she is already dead, and I am her murderer! The hand of Heaven is in this. Her innocence has saved her."

The tide of grief subsided, and reason came back to his despairing heart. He laid his hand upon the heart of Isabella, and with joy perceived that life still fluttered there. Again in an extacy of delight he pressed her cheek, and clasping her still more fondly, he sprang from the earth, and bore her from the place. With

the utmost caution he trod the mazes of the gloomy forest, which crowned the sides of the eminence, as if he feared that one uncertain step would quiet the feeble gleam of life; but amid the darkness he pursued his way with the greatest difficulty, still holding his precious burden closely to his bosom, while with one hand he grasped his spear, which he remembered, even in this hour of trial.

"Gustavus de Lindendorf," she cried, at last recovering from the stupor that oppressed her, "Yes, it is surely the voice of Gustavus, and I am saved. By thy friendship for my brothers, thou wilt protect me from him!"

"By my love for thee, I will protect thee from every danger, although thy affections are given to another!"

"Save me, Gustavus, from the wretch who tore me from my home, and my most fervent gratitude shall be thine! Yea, as a sister will I love thee!"

"Gratitude is but a cold word; and a sister's love is but a feeble flame! but I will serve thee, though thy hatred were my reward!"

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After much toilsome wandering among the mountain steeps, and over fallen trees and broken rocks, after fording rills, and encountering many difficulties, they at last reached a small space of level ground.

"Thank Heaven! here we shall find rest and shelter after the hardships of this weary night!" exclaimed Gustavus, as he pointed to a house which although at some distance might be distinguished through the darkness, and he led her onward still toward the cottage. The fierce barking of a dog which sprung from his kennel to oppose them, alarmed Isabella, but the hand of Gustavus quieted him, and they approached the door, and then for a moment paused ere they demanded admission. All was silent within, and it was evident that the inmates had long since retired to rest.

"It seems unkind to disturb their repose," said Isabella, "but yet I would once more enjoy the shelter of a human habitation! 'tis many, many days since I have done so!"

Gustavus knocked loudly, and then awaited the answer of his summons; but no answer was returned.

"They seem to enjoy their rest," he said; "but nevertheless it must be broken!" and again he knocked more loudly than before.

A voice demanded, in no very pleasant tones, who was at the door, and what might be the business of the intruder, to which Gustavus answered, that a hunter who had been overtaken

by darkness on the mountain, sought shelter for the night. He was admitted.

A frugal, but grateful repast was provided by the good dame, of which the guests willingly partook. And the woman conducted Isabella to a neat small chamber, and pointing to a plain uncurtained bed, advised her at once to retire to rest. Isabella needed not a second bidding, but hastily laying aside her torn and dirty garments, she retired to seek that rest which she so much needed to reanimate her exhausted frame. It was long ere she closed her eyes to sleep, but she lay reflecting on the strange events which had lately occurred in her life. The singularity of her abduction from her home; her weary voyage and painful journey; the conduct of the 'supposed bandit'; and the fortunate appearance of Gustavus, together with the noble generosity of his exertions to conduct her to a place of safety, all conspired to drive sleep from her eyes. Simple, artless, innocent girl! Never once did it occur to her mind, that to that same noble and generous Gustavus she owed her sufferings; and yet, perhaps, she owed to him a debt of gratitude indeed; for what might have been her fate had not his wiles rescued her from the followers of Haquin, who maddened by their discomfiture, might have made her fate far worse than anything she had to dread from Gustavus de Lindendorf.

Though the conduct of Gustavus had been base and unworthy, in the means to which he had resorted to get the lady Isabella into his possession, yet a purer love never warmed the heart of man, than that which glowed within his own. To win her at length to be his bride, to lead back her affections, which had been bestowed on his rival, and place them on himself, and thus secure his own happiness, at the expense of the more fortunate Francis, had been the all pervading motive which urged him to adopt the measures he had taken. He counted largely on the extreme youth and inexperience of Isabella, and though the manly graceful form, the handsome face and gallant bearing of Francis, had pleased the fancy of the fair girl, and gained for him the preference, when the hearts of both were laid at her feet, yet he fondly hoped, that when she could no longer behold him, when no hope of seeing him existed, and when time had weakened the image now reigning in her heart, that he who had rendered her an important service by rescuing her from the supposed robber chief, who had placed her in a place of safety and comparative comfort, who often sought her solitude, and by the most kind attention cheered her drooping spirits, would at last triumph, and her love, her pure unchanging love,

would be given to him alone. Oh! how did his heart glow with ardent exultation, as his thoughts revelled amid the joys which animated him, when Isabella should be all his own, when her richest smile should beam on him, and none should divide with him her heart. Young and ardent, unused to having his desires checked in aught, he would not willingly resign his fondest hopes of happiness, and he determined to await with patience the change in the heart of Isabella, which should consummate his bliss.

In the events of the night he had gleaned much of hope. The manifest joy of Isabella on beholding him, the trustful confidence with which she accepted the protection he offered, her fervent gratitude, "and gratitude" he thought within himself, is oft the twin sister of love. All had raised his hopes and he retired to his humble chamber, with more of joy playing round his heart than he had known, since the charms of Isabella first robbed him of his peace.

To be continued.

THE AUTUMN SONG.

Oh, welcome to the corn-clad slope,
And to the laden tree,
Thou promised Autumn—for the hope
Of nations turn'd to thee.
Through all the hours of splendour past,
With Summer's bright career—
And we see thee on thy throne at last
Crown'd monarch of the year!

Thou comest with the gorgeous flowers
That make the roses dim,
With morning mists and sunny hours,
And wild birds' harvest hymn;
Thou comest with the might of floods,
The glow of moonlit skies,
And the glory flung on fading woods
Of thousand mingled dyes!

But never seem'd thy steps so bright
On Europe's ancient shore,
Since faded from the poet's sight
That golden age of yore;
For early harvest-home hath pour'd
Its gladness on the earth,
And the joy that lights the princely board
Hath reach'd the peasant's hearth.

O Thou, whose silent bounty flows
To bless the sower's art
With gifts that ever claim from us
The harvests of the heart—
If thus Thy goodness crown the year,
What shall the glory be
When all Thy harvest, whitening here,
Is gather'd home to Thee!

CAPTAIN HALE.

BY H. V. C.

AMONG the many monuments which attract a stranger's attention when wandering through the vast aisles of Westminster Abbey, few will be regarded with more painful interest than that erected to the memory of the unfortunate André. The chaste tablet, with its affecting inscription,—and below it a *couchant* lion with upturned face, wearing an expression of almost human sorrow,—as if in that mute symbol of England's glory, was represented her grief for the untimely fate of a most brave and gifted son.

And truly there was no scene enacted in the drama of the American Revolution which excited more universal sympathy than the tragic death of Major André. Throughout the two hostile armies, a feeling of profound sorrow was deeply expressed, and there was not one,—friend or enemy,—who would not have sacrificed much, to have averted the fate of that amiable and gallant officer. History has given a faithful and impartial account of that painful transaction; and while all who have a spark of generous feeling must regret that the stern laws of war demanded so great a sacrifice, the universal voice has long since exonerated Washington from any charge which a brave and humane man might not be proud to accept, and in that, as in every other act of his life, placed him far above the mean attacks of party spirit, or the contemptible cavils of national prejudice.

Major André, in the unfortunate negotiation with a traitor, which led to so fatal a result, undoubtedly acted from a conscientious sense of duty, and a chivalrous desire to serve the interests of his country. But it must be a most subtle casuist who can draw a line of distinction between the act of holding a treasonable correspondence with an officer in the enemy's service, and that of entering in disguise within the enemy's line, to spy his secret proceedings. It is in vain to argue that he was *invited* to communicate with an American officer, high in command, and holding a most important position, and that under his safe escort he went to the appointment;—for he was well aware that *that* officer was planning to betray his trust for a sordid remuneration, and with a malignant baseness which even then received the just contempt of every high-minded

British officer, and which has consigned his name to everlasting infamy.

Major André went disguised into the bounds of the American encampment, and was found with treasonable papers secreted on his person; and from his own confession he felt keenly sensible that his life was perilled by the attempt. We willingly admit that he was a generous martyr to his country's cause; but the justice of his sentence cannot be denied, and there are instances recorded, on the same page of history, where similar conduct was pursued, and with less palliating circumstances, by some in British command.

An impartial and distinguished historian,—Sparks, in his life of Arnold,—narrates a touching story, of that eventful period, and it is so similar, in many respects, to that of Major André, that we are tempted to transcribe it; trusting that, at this distance of time, when party feelings are forgotten in all generous minds, the noble self-sacrifice of a young soldier may find a response in every patriotic heart, of whatever name or country.

“The case of Captain Nathan Hale has been regarded as parallel to that of Major André. This young officer was a graduate of Yale College, and had but recently closed his academic course, when the war of the Revolution commenced. Possessing genius, taste, and ardor, he became distinguished as a scholar; and endowed in an eminent degree with those graces and gifts of nature which add a charm to youthful excellence, he gained universal esteem and confidence. To high moral worth and irreproachable habits, were joined gentleness of manners, an ingenuous disposition, and vigor of understanding. No young man of his years put forth a fairer promise of future usefulness and celebrity; the fortunes of none were fostered more sincerely by the generous good wishes of his associates, or the hopes and encouraging presages of his superiors.

“Being a patriot upon principle, and an enthusiast in a cause which appealed equally to his sense of justice and love of liberty, he was among the first to take up arms in his country's defence. The news of the battle of Lexington

roused his martial spirit, and called him immediately to the field. He obtained a commission in the army, and marched with his company to Cambridge. His promptness, activity, and assiduous attention to discipline, were early observed. He prevailed upon his men to adopt a simple uniform, which improved their appearance, attracted notice, and procured applause. The example was followed by others, and its influence was beneficial. Nor were his hours wholly absorbed by his military duties. A rigid economy of time enabled him to gratify his zeal for study and mental culture.

"At length the theatre of action was changed, and the army was removed to the southward. The battle of Long Island was fought, and the American forces were drawn together in the city of New York. At this moment it was extremely important for Washington to know the situation of the British army on the heights of Brooklyn, its numbers, and the indications as to its future movements. Having confidence in the discretion and judgment of the gallant Col. Knowlton, who commanded a Connecticut regiment of infantry, he explained his wishes to that officer, and requested him to ascertain if any suitable person could be found in his regiment, who would undertake so hazardous and responsible a service. It was essential that he should be a man of capacity, address, and military knowledge.

"Col. Knowlton assembled several of his officers, stated to them the views and desires of the General, and left the subject to their reflection, without proposing the enterprise to any individual. The officers then separated. Captain Hale considered deliberately what had been said, and finding himself by a sense of duty inclined to the undertaking, he called at the quarters of his intimate friend, Captain Hull, and asked his opinion. Hull endeavoured to dissuade him from the service, as not befitting his rank in the army, and as being of a kind for which his openness of character disqualified him; adding that no glory would accrue from success, and a detection would inevitably be followed by an ignominious death.

"Captain Hale replied that all these considerations had been duly weighed; that 'every kind of service necessary to the public good was honorable by being necessary, that he did not accept a commission for fame alone, or personal advancement, that he had been for some time in the army without being able to render any signal aid to the cause of his country, and that he felt impelled by high motives of duty not to shrink from the opportunity now presented.'

"The arguments of his friend were unavailing, and Captain Hale passed over to Long Island in disguise. He had gained the desired information, and was just on the point of stepping into a boat to return to the city of New York, when he was arrested and taken before the British commander. Like André, he had assumed a character which he could not sustain; he was 'too little accustomed to duplicity to succeed.' The proof against him was so conclusive, that he made no effort at self-defence, but frankly confessed his objects; and again like André, without further remarks, 'left the facts to operate with his judges.' He was sentenced to be executed as a spy, and was accordingly hanged the next morning.

"The sentence was conformable to the laws of war, and the prisoner was prepared to meet it with a fortitude becoming his character. But the circumstances of his death aggravated his sufferings, and placed him in a situation widely different from that of André. The facts were narrated to Gen. Hull by an officer of the British commissary department, who was present at the execution, and deeply moved by the conduct and fate of the unfortunate victim, and the treatment he received. The provost martial to whose charge he was consigned, was a refugee, and behaved towards him in the most unfeeling manner; refusing the attendance of a clergyman and the use of a Bible, and destroying the letters he had written to his mother and friends.

"In the midst of these barbarities, Hale was calm, collected, firm; pitying the malice that could insult a fallen foe and dying man, but displaying to the last his native elevation of soul, dignity of deportment, and an undaunted courage. Alone, unfriended, without consolation or sympathy, he closed his mortal career with the declaration "that he only lamented he had but one life to lose for his country." When André stood upon the scaffold, he called on all around him to bear witness, that he died like a brave man. The dying words of Hale embodied a nobler and more sublime sentiment; breathing a spirit of satisfaction, that, although brought to an untimely end, it was his lot to die a martyr in his country's cause. The whole tenor of his conduct, and this declaration itself, were such proofs of his bravery, that it required not to be more audibly proclaimed.

"There was a striking similarity between the character and acts of Hale and André, but in one essential point of difference the former appears to much the greater advantage. Hale was promised no reward, nor did he expect any. It was necessary that the service should be under-

taken from purely virtuous motives, without a hope of gain or of honor; because it was of a nature not to be executed by the common class of spies who are influenced by pecuniary considerations; and promotion could not be offered as an inducement, since that would be a temptation for an officer to hazard his life as a spy, which a commander could not with propriety hold out. Viewed in any light, the act must be allowed to bear unequivocal marks of patriotic disinterestedness and self-devotion. But André had a glorious prize before him; the chance of distinguishing himself in a military enterprise, honors, renown, and every allurement that could flatter hope and stimulate ambition. To say the least, his personal advantages were to be commensurate with the benefit to his country.

“But whatever may have been the parallel between these two individuals while living, it ceased with their death. A monument was raised and consecrated to the memory of André, by the bounty of a grateful sovereign. His ashes have been removed from their obscure resting place, transported across the ocean, and deposited with the remains of the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. Where is the momento of the virtues, the patriotic sacrifice, the early fate of Hale? It is not inscribed in marble, it is hardly recorded in books. Let it be the more deeply cherished in the hearts of his countrymen.”

BONNIE LADY ANN.

A Correspondent, struck with the beauty of the following lines by Allan Cunningham, thinks that even those who have seen them before, will forgive us for treating those to them, who have not.

‘There’s kames o’ hinnie ‘tween my luve’s lips,
And gowd among her hair;
Her breists are lapt in a holy veil;
Nae mortal een keek there.
What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch,
Or what arm o’ love daur span,
The hinnie lips, the creamy lufe,
Or the waist o’ Lady Ann?
She kisses the lips o’ her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi’ the blobs o’ dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip
Maun touch her ladie mou’.
But a broider’d belt, wi’ a buckle o’ gowd
Her jimpy waist maun span:
Oh, she’s an armfu’ fit for heeven—
My bonnie Lady Ann!
Her bower casement is latticed wi’ flowers,
Tied up wi’ siller thread:
And comely sits she in the midst,
Men’s langing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek
Wi’ her milky, milky han’;
And her cheeks seem touch’d wi’ the finger o’ God—
My bonnie Lady Ann.

The mornin’ clud is tasselt wi’ gowd,
Like my luve’s broider’d cap;
And on the mantle that my luve wears
Is mony a gowden drap.
Her bonnie ee-bree’s a holy arch,
Cast by nae earthly han’,
And the breath o’ heaven’s atween the lips
O’ my bonnie Lady Ann.

I wonderin’ gaze on her stately steps,
And I beet a hopeless flame!
To my love, alas! she maunna stoop;
It wud stain her honour’d name.
My een are bauld, they dwell on a place
Where I daurna mint my han’;
But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
O’ my bonnie Lady Ann.

I am but her father’s gardener lad,
And puir, puir is my fa’;
My auld mither gets my wee, wee fee,
Wi’ fatherless bairnies twa.
My lady comes, my lady gaes,
Wi’ a fou and kindly han’;
O’ the blessin’ o’ God maun mix wi’ my luve,
And fa’ on Lady Ann.’

ETERNITY.

It lies before me now, and I can trace
The fearful line that ever separates
That ocean from this pleasing transient home;
Methinks I hear its hollow surging waves
That nearest roll to this frail mundane orb,
This mighty but still perishable mass:
The drifting spray from that vast ocean comes,
And wafted by Almighty power, alights
On this our earth, and to the humbled mind
Bears with resistless force this awful truth
There is a future state, that never ends,
Eternity!—thou dread Eternity—
Let but that brittle thread called life, be snapped,
Whose strands must now methinks be sorely frayed.
And I am launched forever on thy breast—
Thy boundless breast. In thee exist for me
A Heaven or a Hell. To this belong
An endless state of keenest suffering:
Horrors unnumber’d, and those quenchless fires
That feed forever on the guilty soul,
Tortured but unconsumed—while *that* assures
Joys inexhaustible and so sublime,
That man’s weak finite mind in vain attempts
Their comprehension—all conception fails—
Imagination shrinks in deepest awe.
Too great the mighty task for mortal powers:
This state or *that* my portion soon must be,
For time with swift, unwearied wings, flies on
Bearing me onward to the fated bourne.
Ere long the immutable realities
Of the great future on my soul shall burst:—
And am I fitted for the awful change?
Oh! is this trembling soul for death prepared?

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

BY JOHN NEAL.

A BEAUTIFUL child stood near a large open window. The window was completely overshadowed by wild grape and blossoming honeysuckle, and the drooping branches of a prodigious elm—the largest and handsomest you ever saw. The child was leaning forward with half open mouth and thoughtful eyes, looking into the firmament of green leaves for ever at play, that appeared to overhang the whole neighbourhood; and her loose, bright hair, as it broke away in the cheerful morning wind, glittered like stray sunshine among the branches and blossoms. Just underneath her feet, and almost within reach of her little hand, swung a large and prettily covered bird-cage, all open to the sky! The broad plentiful grape leaves lay upon it in heaps—the morning wind blew pleasantly through it, making the very music that birds and children love best—and the delicate branches of the drooping elm swept over it—and the glow of blossoming herbage round about fell with a sort of shadowy lustre upon the basin of bright water, and the floor of glittering sand within the cage.

"Well, *if ever!*" said the child; and then she stooped and pulled away the trailing branches and looked into the cage; and then her lips began to tremble, and her soft eyes filled with tears.

Within the cage was the mother bird, fluttering and whistling—not cheerfully, but mournfully—and beating herself to death against the delicate wires; and three little bits of birds watching her, open-mouth, and trying to follow her from perch to perch, as she opened and shut her golden wings, like sudden flashes of sunshine, and darted hither and thither, as if hunted by some invisible thing—or a cat foraging in the shrubbery.

"There, now! there you go again! you foolish thing, you! Why, what *is* the matter? I should be ashamed of myself! I should so! Haven't we bought the prettiest cage in the world for you? Haven't you had enough to eat, and the best that could be had for love or money—sponge-cake—loaf sugar, and all sorts of seeds? Didn't father put up a nest with his own hands; and haven't I watched over you, you ungrateful little thing, till the eggs they put there had all turned to birds, no bigger than grasshoppers,

and so noisy—ah, you can't think! Just look at the beautiful clear water there—and the clean white sand—where do you think you could find such water as that, or such a pretty glass dish, or such beautiful bright sand, if we were to take you at your word, and let you out, with that little nest full of young ones, to shift for yourselves, *hey?*"

The door opened, and a tall benevolent-looking man stepped up to her side.

"Oh, father, I'm so glad you're come. What do you think is the matter with poor little birdy?"

The father looked down among the grass and shrubbery, and up into the top branches, and then into the cage—the countenance of the poor little girl growing more and more perplexed and more sorrowful every moment.

"Well, father, what is it? does it see anything?"

"No, my love, nothing to frighten her; but where is the father bird?"

"He's in the other cage. He made such a to-do when the birds began to chitter this morning, that I was obliged to let him out; and brother Bobby, he frightened him into the cage and carried him off."

"Was that right, my love?"

"Why not, father? He wouldn't be quiet, you know; and what was I to do?"

"But, Meggy, dear, these little birds may want their father to help to feed them; the poor mother bird may want him to take care of them, or sing to her."

"Or, perhaps, to show them how to fly, father?"

"Yes, dear. And to separate them just now—how would you like to have me carried off, and put into another house, leaving nothing at home but your mother to watch over you and the rest of my little birds?"

The child grew more thoughtful. She looked up into her father's face, and appeared as if more than half disposed to ask a question which might be a little out of place; but she forbore, and after musing a few moments, went back to the original subject.

"But, father, what *can* be the matter with the poor thing? you see how she keeps flying about and the little ones trying to follow her, and

tumbling upon their noses, and toddling about as if they were tipsy, and couldn't see straight."

"I am afraid she is getting discontented."

"*Discontented!* How can that be, father? Hasn't she her little ones about her, and everything on earth she can wish? and then, you know, she never used to be so before."

"When her mate was with her, perhaps."

"Yes, father; and yet, now I think of it, the moment these little witches began to peep-peep, and tumble about so funny, the father and mother began to fly about in the cage, as if they were crazy. What can be the reason? The water, you see, is cold and clear; the sand bright; they are out in the open air, with all the green leaves blowing about them; their cage has been scoured with soap and sand; the fountain filled; and the seed-box—and—and—I declare I cannot think what ails them."

"My love, may it not be the very things you speak of? Things which you think ought to make them happy, are the very cause of all their trouble, you see. The father and mother are *separated*. How can they teach their young to fly in that cage? How teach them to provide for themselves?"

"But father, dear father!" laying her little hand on the spring of the cage-door, "dear father! *would you?*"

"And why not, my dear child?" and the father's eyes filled with tears, and he stooped down and kissed the bright face upturned to his, and glowing as if illuminated with inward sunshine. "*Why not?*"

"I was only thinking, father, if I should let them out, who will feed them?"

"Who feeds the young ravens, dear? Who feeds the ten thousand little birds that are flying about us now?"

"True, father; but they have never been imprisoned, you know, and have always had to take care of themselves."

The father looked up and smiled. "Worthy of profound consideration, my dear; I admit your plea; but have a care lest you overrate the danger and the difficulty in your unwillingness to part with your beautiful little birds."

"Father!" and the little hand¹ pressed upon the spring, and the door flew open—wide open.

"Stay, my child! What you do must be done thoughtfully, conscientiously, so that you may be satisfied with yourself hereafter, and allow me to hear all your objections."

"I was thinking, father, about the cold rains, and the long winters, and how the poor little birds that have been so long confined would never be able to find a place to sleep in, or water to wash in, or seeds for their little ones."

"In our climate, my love, the winters are very short; and the rainy season itself does not drive the birds away; and then, you know, birds always follow the sun; if our climate is too cold for them, they have only to go farther south. But in a word, my love, you are to do as you would be done by. As you would not like to have me separated from your mother and you—as you would not like to be imprisoned for life, though your cage were crammed with loaf-sugar and sponge-cake—as you."—

"That'll do father! that's enough! Brother Bobby! hither Bobby! bring the little cage with you; there's a dear!"

Brother Bobby sang out in reply; and after a moment or two of anxious inquiry, appeared at the window with a little cage. The prison doors were opened: the father bird escaped; the mother bird immediately followed with a cry of joy; and then came back and called her little ones forth among the bright green leaves. The children clapped their hands and kissed them; and the mother, who sat by, sobbed over them both for a whole hour, as if her heart would break; and told her neighbours with tears in her eyes.

* * * * *

"The ungrateful hussy! What! after all that we have done for her; giving her the best room that we could spare; feeding her from our own table; clothing her from our own wardrobe; giving her the handsomest and shrewdest fellow for a husband within twenty miles of us; allowing them to live together till a child is born; and now, because we have thought proper to send him away for a while, where he may earn his keep—now, forsooth, we are to find 'my lady discontented with her situation!'"

"Dear father!"

"Hush, child! Ay, discontented—that's the word—actually dissatisfied with her condition, the jade! with the best of everything to make her happy—comforts and luxuries she could never dream of obtaining if she were free to-morrow—and always contented; never presuming to be discontented till now."

"And what does she complain of, father?"

"Why, my dear child, the unreasonable thing complains just because we have sent her husband away to the other plantation for a few months; he was idle here, and might have grown discontented, too, if we had not packed him off. And then, instead of being happier, and more thankful—more thankful to her heavenly Father, for the gift of a man child, Martha tells me that she found her crying over it, calling it a little *slave*, and wished the Lord would take it away from

her—the ungrateful wench! when the death of that child would be two hundred dollars out of my pocket—every cent of it!”

“After all we have done for her too!” sighed the mother.

“I declare I have no patience with the jade!” continued the father.

“Father—dear father!”

“Be quiet, Moggy! don’t tease me now.”

“But, father!” and, as she spoke, the child ran up to her father and drew him to the window, and threw back her sunshiny tresses, and looked up into his eyes with the face of an angel, and pointed to the cage as it still hung at the window, with the door wide open.

The father understood her, and coloured to the eyes; and then, as if half ashamed of the weakness, bent over and kissed her forehead—smoothed down her silky hair—and told her she was a child now, and must not talk about such matters till she had grown older.

“Why not, father?”

“Why not? Why, bless your little heart! suppose I were silly enough to open my doors and turn her adrift, with her child at her breast, what would become of her? Who would take care of her? who feed her?”

“Who feeds the ravens, father? Who takes care of all the white mothers, and all the white babes we see?”

“Yes, child—but then—I know what you are thinking of; but then—there’s a mighty difference, let me tell you, between a slave mother and a white mother—between a slave child and a white child.”

“Yes, father.”

“Don’t interrupt me. You drive everything out of my head. What was I going to say? Oh! ah! that in our long winters and cold rains, these poor things who have been brought up in our houses, and who know nothing about the anxieties of life, and have never learned to take care of themselves—and—a”

“Yes, father; but *couldn’t they follow the sun, too? or go farther south?*”

“And why not be happy here?”

“But, father—dear father! *How can they teach their little ones to fly in a cage?*”

“Child, you are getting troublesome!”

“And how teach their young to provide for themselves, father?”

“Put the little imp to bed, directly; do you hear?”

“Good night, father! Good night, mother!
DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.”

WHY DID I LEAVE MY NATIVE LAND?

BY W. C. S.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?”

Scott.

Why did I leave my native land,
When youth’s bright days were pass’d,
And seek, on far and foreign strand,
My manhood’s lot to cast?

Was it because thy heath-clad hills
Look’d all too bleak and wild,
Or that thy clear and murmuring rills
Had ceased to charm thy child?

Was it because thy rock-girt shore
Drove back the surging wave,
And made its foaming waters roar
Through many a darksome cave?

Was it because each vale and glen
Was clad in gowany green,
And every nook and mossy den
Was part of some loved scene?

Was it because the lark’s sweet song
Rose heavenward high at morn,
Or that a panting humbler throng
Pour’d joy from tree and thorn?

Was it because a father’s heart
Was filled with love’s regard,
Or that a mother’s mortal part
Made sacred yon churchyard?

Was it because a maiden’s heart
Affection, changeless bore,
And aye when grief and care oppress’d,
She loved and loved the more?

Was it because the right was might,
And plenty smiled on all?
Oh rulers! may the needed light
Upon your darkness fall!

Yet hopes within this bosom burn,
That ere life’s day shall close,
My wandering steps to thee shall turn,
And there my dust repose.

MYRA IN HER RIDING-HABIT.

WHEN Myra in her sex’s garb we see,
The Queen of beauty then she seems to be;
Now, Fair Adonis, in this male disguise,
Or Cupid, killing with his mother’s eyes:
No style of empire’s changed by this remove,
Who seem’d the Goddess, seems the God of Love.

WONDERS OF THE AGE.

THE Edinburgh Review has an admirable paper on the Electric Telegraph, in which the wonders of the age are glanced at with a rapid and comprehensive eye. We have not room to publish the article—nor are we quite sure that we would, even if we had—but the following quotation is so good, that we think our readers will be glad of an opportunity of perusing it:—

The general faith in science as a wonder-worker is at present unlimited; and along with this there is cherished the conviction that every discovery and invention admits of a practical application to the welfare of man. Is a new vegetable produce brought to this country from abroad, or a new chemical compound discovered, or a novel physical phenomenon recorded. The question is immediately asked *cui bono*? What is it good for? Is food or drink to be got out of it? Will it make hats, or shoes, or cover umbrellas? Will it kill or heal? Will it drive a steam-engine, or make a mill go? And truly this *cui bono* question has of late been so often satisfactorily answered, that we cannot wonder that the public should persist in putting it somewhat eagerly to every discoverer and inventor, and should believe that if a substance has one valuable application, it will prove, if further investigated, to have a thousand. Gutta percha has not been known in this country ten years; and already it would be more difficult to say what purposes it has not been applied to, than to enumerate those to which it has been applied. Gun Cotton had scarcely proved in the saddest way its power to kill, before certain ingenious Americans shewed that it has a remarkable power of healing, and forms the best sticking plaster for wounds. Surgeons have not employed ether and chloroform as anæsthetics for three years; and already an ether steam-engine is at work at Lyons and a chloroform engine in London. Polarisation of light, as a branch of science, is the enigma of enigmas to the public. What it is, is a small matter; but what work it can perform is a great one. It must be turned to some use. The singularly ingenious Wheat-stone, accordingly, has already partly satisfied the public by making polarised light act as a time-keeper, and has supplied us with a sky polariscope; a substitute for a sun-dial, but greatly superior to it in usefulness and accuracy.

Of other sciences we need scarcely speak. Chemistry has long come down from her atomic altitudes and elective affinities; and now scours and dyes, brews, bakes, cooks, and compounds drugs and manures, with contented composure. Electricity leaves her thunderbolt in the sky, and like Mercury dismissed from Olympus, acts as letter-carrier and message-boy. Even the mysterious magnetism—which once seemed like a living principle to quiver in the compass-needle, is unclothed of mystery, and set to drive turning lathes. The public perceives all this, and has unlimited faith in man's power to conquer nature. The credulity which formerly fed upon unicorns, phoenixes, mermaids, vampires, krakens, pestilential comets, fairies, ghosts, witches, spectres, charms, curses, universal remedies, pactions with Satan, and the like, now tampers with chemistry, electricity, and magnetism, as it once did with the invisible world. Shoes of swiftness, seven league boots, and Fortunatus' wishing caps, are banished even from the nursery; but an electro-magnetic steam fire-balloon, which will cleave the air like a thunderbolt, and go straight to its destination as the crow flies, is an invention which we may hope to see realized before railways are quite worn to pieces. We may soon expect, too, it seems, to shoot our natural enemies with sawdust fired from guns of the long range pointed at the proper angle, as settled by the astronomer-royal; which will enable the Woolwich artillerymen [who will hereafter be recruited from the blind asylums] to bombard Canton, or wherever else the national enemy is, and save the necessity of sending troops to the colonies. A snuff-box full of the new manure, about to be patented, will fertilize a field; and the same amount of the new explosive will dismantle the fortifications of Paris. By means of the fish-tail propeller, to be shortly laid before the Admiralty, the Atlantic will be crossed in three days!

The following extract, treating of things as likely to occur, which the world has always held to be impossible, will furnish food for thought. If the assertions are found to be true, will any one be hardy enough to say that "More wonderful things have happened?"—

The last allusion leads us directly to the Marine Telegraph. It requires, however, no detailed description—as it differs from the Land Tele-

graph only in having the space between the buried plates occupied by water instead of by earth. Broad estuaries or channels do not permit the insulated wire to be carried across by bridges. The wire therefore proceeding from the copper end of the battery is embedded in gutta percha, or any other water proof insulator, and sunk in the waters to a depth sufficient to secure it against fishing-nets, ships, anchors, or large sea animals.

In this way it is conveyed from one shore to the other, and bending backwards after being connected with the index needles, terminates in a broad plate of metal sunk in the waves, close to the further shore. A second uninsulated wire proceeds from the zinc end of the battery to a metal plate sunk below low-water mark, at the side from which the insulated wire set off. Between the immersed plates on the opposite shores, the mass of water, though ever changing, acts in relation to electricity as if it were an undisturbed gigantic metallic wire. Theoretically, there is no limit to the ocean spaces which electricity may traverse in this way: Already, accordingly, schemes for telegraphing across the Atlantic and Pacific have been triumphantly expounded to the wonder-loving public.

One of these, whether hopeless or not for immense distances, is so very ingenious, and so likely to succeed across limited spaces, that we cannot pass it unnoticed. It dispenses, except to a very trifling extent, with wires, and carries the current *both ways*, through moist earth and water. It is desirable, for example, to telegraph from the right to the left bank of a broad river. From the copper end of a battery on the right bank, a wire is carried to the shore (on the same side) and soldered to a plate buried in the river below low-water mark. A wire is also led from the zinc end to a long coil of wire which ends in a metallic plate. This likewise is buried in the river below low-water mark on the same right bank—but at a distance from the battery *considerably greater* than the breadth of the river across which signals are to be sent. On the left bank two plates are immersed opposite those on the right bank, and connected by a wire. The electricity on leaving the battery has therefore the choice of two paths. It may either keep entirely on the right bank, passing from one buried plate on that side to the other, and so back to the battery by the long coiled wire. Or it may cross to the left bank through the water, traverse the wire on that side, return across the water to the right bank, and regain the battery by the shorter coiled wire. The Thames, as we learn, has been actually crossed by electric cur-

rents in this way; the resistance to their passage by the water between the banks being less than that between the ends of the wires on the right and left bank respectively. A wire stretched from Land's End to John O'Groat's House, would indeed measure but a small portion of the breadth of the Atlantic,—but by twisting the wire into coils, we might include in a short space an enormous length.

TIT FOR TAT.

Two or three weeks ago considerable scandal was caused behind the scenes of the *Théâtre Français*, by a quarrel between B—, the Bolingbroke of “Le Verre d'Eau,” and R—, the younger brother of a celebrated tragic actress. A version of the affair found its way into one or two of the newspapers; but many of the particulars given were either partially incorrect, or altogether apocryphal. The real facts are as follows:—

After a wordy war of some minutes, B— so far forgot himself as to give his youthful opponent a most unmistakable box on the ear; as a necessary consequence, the preliminary arrangements for a meeting on the following day were made forthwith, and seconds chosen. Night, however, brings reflection; and B—, possibly thinking he had gone too far, sent one of his friends to his adversary early next morning with a letter of apology. R—, after carefully perusing the missive, observed that B— would find him in the Bois de Boulogne at the appointed hour, and declined giving any further answer.

Both parties were punctually at the *rendezvous*; and on the appearance of his antagonist, R—, stepping forward hat in hand, thus addressed him:—

“I have received your letter, monsieur, and am perfectly disposed to accept the apology you offer me, neither wishing to kill you nor be killed by you; but I have first a question to ask you. Were you in my place, would you, after a similar affront, consider yourself satisfied with a similar excuse, or not?”

“By all means,” answered B—.

“You are quite certain.”

“Quite.”

“I'm delighted to hear it,” replied R—, at the same time administering to Bolingbroke a vigorous slap in the face with one hand, and with the other presenting him with a copy of his own letter. B—, furious at this unexpected attack, insisted on an immediate appeal to arms; the seconds, however, refused to allow the matter to proceed further, and little R— marched away with flying colours.

THE MAGIC RING.

A BALLAD.

BY R. E. M.

With whispered words a young Knight sought to soothe
his well loved one,
With whom he had to part, alas ! ere dawned another sun,
And, he softly said, " My best beloved, oh ! dry thy
precious tears ;
A gift I bring that a spell will prove, 'gainst thy sorrows
and thy fears.
I know thou fear'st this ardent heart will false to its
lady prove,
And in the smile of some beauteous one, forget its first,
best love,
Whilst thou, in a distant land afar, will sadly, deeply
mourn,
The traitor false, who ne'er again, to thee, or thy home
will turn
But, take this ring of rosy hue, when thou his faith
wouldst prove ;
If thus it warmly glows, oh ! then, he's worthy of thy
love !
But should it pale, and shadows chace its hue so bright
and free,
Then, turn from him with loveless heart, as he has turn-
ed from thee.
He placed the gem on her small white hand, that hand
as cold as stone,
A kiss on her brow—a murmured vow—and the youth-
ful knight was gone
'T were weary to tell of the many days that slowly passed
away,
Marked but by bitter sighs and tears, from the lover's
parting day ;
But, still in her grief the gentle girl had found a po-
tent spell,
In the ring whose bright or waning hue, her lover's truth
could tell ;
And oft when wearied of her watch beside the lonely
tower,
Weary of earth, of all the charms of bird or song or
flower,
A gleam from the gem upon her hand, with joy her
heart would thrill
" Oh ! what is sickness, grief to me ? he's faithful,
faithful still !"
But the maiden's watch was near its close, and joyful
tidings came,

Of the knight's return unto his home, crowned with
wealth and fame,
And one eve whilst for his safe return, she prayed on
bended knee,
A loved voice softly whispered near, " Beloved, I am
true to thee,"
She sprang with a cry of wild delight to the stanger tall
and fair,
Her lover still, though nobler far, in stately mien and air ;
But sudden, she draws with anxious gaze from that
first glad embrace,
What reads she in the darkening traits of her lover's
varying face ?
Alas ! no ardour lies concealed in his deep and speaking
eyes,
Whilst his smile of love has given place to a glance of
cold surprise
He sees the rose from her cheek has fled, from the lips
their coral hue,
Whilst years of watching have robbed her eyes of their
bright and starry blue :
She looks on her ring, oh ! faithful still, its hue was cold
and wan,
Like the love of him who watched her there, as cold as
morning dawn :
He had loved her afar, with changeless truth, and laugh-
ed at beauty's art,
For the sake of the young and lovely one who'd fettered
first his heart,
But, though he was true through change of clime,
through many a long long day,
He could not love her when beauty's light, from her
brow had passed away
The maiden read it in lines of dread in his cold averted
air,
In his icy glance, and it filled her soul with deep and
dark despair.
Oh ! 'twas too much for her loving heart, that strange and
fearful stroke,
It could not bend to its bitter doom, but woman-like,
it broke.

HORSE ARTILLERY POLKA.

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

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each consisting of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system begins with a double bar line, a key signature change to B-flat, and a time signature change to 2/4, followed by a section symbol (§). The notation includes various rhythmic patterns such as eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as chords and rests. The fifth system concludes with the instruction "D. C." (Da Capo) and a section symbol (§).

HORSE ARTILLERY POLKA.

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The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, and is labeled "Bugle." It contains a bass line with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the musical notation with two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff provides a bass line with chords and single notes, mirroring the harmonic structure of the first system.

The third system consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff has a bass line with chords and single notes, continuing the piece's rhythmic and harmonic pattern.

The fourth system consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with the marking "8va" above the first few notes, indicating an octave shift. The melodic line continues with eighth notes. The lower staff continues with a bass line of chords and single notes.

The fifth and final system on the page consists of two staves. The upper staff concludes the melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff concludes the bass line with chords and single notes, ending with the marking "D.C. \$" (Da Capo with a repeat sign).

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THE GARLAND has now completed its eleventh year, and, as has been usual with us on similar occasions, we have to say something of our own concerns; but we do it on this occasion more reluctantly than usual, because we are about to say what will be regarded by many as an indication that, in Canada, literature and art are not so prosperous as they should be—and this knowledge we should very willingly have spared them. But there is no help for it—the confession must be made, that the Garland cannot afford the expensive ornament of plates, and as they afford no encouragement to Canadian art—are very difficult to obtain—and are not always of the very highest order—we think it advisable to discontinue them. We do so with great reluctance, knowing that there are many among the friends of the Garland who attach importance to them, and indeed they are some addition to its attractions. But new arrangements, which we hope to make in the literary department, will, we believe, far more than counterbalance this apparently retrograde movement, and should our well founded expectation be realized, we expect for our Magazine a higher place in public esteem than it has ever yet occupied.

This is now the eleventh time we have had to chronicle the close of our year, and we have always looked back with pleasure, and forward with hope; we do so now. The pages of the Garland give good evidence of the literary talent of the country, and of the zeal of its authors—many of whom have continued their labors since the first number was issued, and their names are now familiar as household words in all parts of British America. They will yet continue their pleasant labors, and we trust these labors will continue to be appreciated as they heretofore have been.

The present has been a year of depression—commercially, it began with something almost approaching prostration; but Providence has blest us with an abundant harvest, and other causes have combined to restore the prosperity with which the people of this Province had become so familiar that even a temporary reverse was borne without so much of patience as a people

more schooled to misfortune might have learned to do. The gloom is disappearing, and we enter upon the next year with higher hopes than we began that which is now verging into the past.

Politically, too, we have had an unwonted storm, resulting in calamities of a serious character. The peace, which was so unhappily broken, is however, now returning, and men, grown wiser, and with cooler brain, are prepared to believe that we may live together without incurring the danger of civil war.

Altogether, we close the year with hope that the next year will witness the return of commercial prosperity and political peace, and that our people will have again returned to the calm feeling which alone can sustain the progress of literature, and the amenities of society.

We commenced our career at a time when armed war raged in the land—war to which even our late trouble was a comparatively trivial evil. Even in that fierce time our yet young enterprise went calmly on, and in the long peace which succeeded, it pursued its way over an unclouded sea. Trusting in the generous patronage of a public, who, for so long a time have seemed to give the favor of their patronage to our humble endeavour to please, we continue our way fearlessly; and in the belief that the Garland will be found in future far more worthy of their kindness, we close the volume without regret, and promise to begin the next with the vigor and energy of a renewed and earnest youth.

WE regret the necessity of apologizing for the non-completion of the "The Chieftain's Daughter," the concluding portion of the MS. of which has not reached us. As the only remedy in our power, the numbers containing what remain will be sent to any present Subscriber, who may discontinue, without charge, should such be their desire. It has been our study to conclude every story within the year in which it was commenced, and we have been hitherto successful—the fault, if there be one, is in our not having acquainted the fair author with the rule we had laid down.

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UNDER THE CARE OF

THE REV. J. A. DEVINE, A. M.,

Alum. and Grad., King's Coll. University, Aberdeen.

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Montreal, June, 1849.

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Reference kindly permitted to the Rev. Dr. BETHUNE, Rev. Mr. LEACH, Rev. Mr. ADAMSON.
November, 1848.