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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

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THE FIRST AND LAST GRIEF.

"She was not made,
Through years or moons, the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure, 'till they are laid
By age in earth."

There are some persons who seem sent upon earth only to beautify and bless everything that comes within the sphere of their influence,--beings whose hopefulness of spirit and joyousness of temper make an atmosphere of light around them,—whose presence is a sort of moral sunbeam. Such a creature was Amy Ellerslie, and never did cheerfulness and goodness find their dwelling within a lovelier form. With a face as bright as a spring morning, large liquid blue eyes, a profusion of blonde tresses, and the figure of a sylph, it was impossible for the imagination to conceive a more beautiful personification of innocent happiness. Her quick and agile movements, her gleeful voice, nay, the very toss of her pretty head, as she flung back the exuberant curls, evinced the joyousness of her nature. One could not look at her without being unconsciously reminded of all the glad and free things in nature. The flight of the forest bird, the bound of the timid fawn, the leap of the mountain stream, all might have furnished similes for the graceful and merry girl. Yet perhaps the loveliest trait in her character was the maidenly gentleness and tenderness which seemed to pervade her whole nature, softening its brightest effluence of joy, even as the light haze over the face of a summer sky, tempers the splendors of the noonday sun.

Though only a simple village maiden, Amy had grown up in an atmosphere of affection.—The youngest and fairest of a large family, she had been the pet and plaything of all, but the very indulgence which might have rendered a less noble nature selfish, produced quite a contrary effect on Amy. There were so many to study her happiness, that she seemed to feel it quite unnecessary to care anything about herself; and, indeed, there was little motive for selfishness in the heart of one, whose temper could, like the bee, extract sweetness from the most envenomed flowers of life. Her *insouciance* and gayety probably tended to prolong for her the sweet season of childhood and girlishness. Certain it is that at a period when most women have fully learned the sweet instincts of their own nature, Amy still possessed an unawakened heart, and a store of undeveloped affections, whose very existence was unknown to her. Her soul was like a lake lying on some high mountain-top; the blue heaven might colour its pure wave,—the fervid sun might glitter on its surface, and the cold moon silver its placid waters,—the stars might mirror themselves within it, and the wild flowers stoop to kiss their own sweet image on its margin, but its hidden depths had never been stirred by human hand, nor had the shadow of a passion ever darkened its pellucid flow. Though surrounded by admirers, she showed no decided preference for any, but seemed to find something to like in each; as if the voice of kindness and tenderness was but the variation of a well-known melody, which she had listened to so long that it had ceased to excite her special attention. The few that envied her, accused her of latent coquetry, while the many who loved her, knew that she possessed that innate gift of pleasing, which was as natural to her as is the power of song to the bird.

Among the friends of Amy Ellerslie's early youth, were two brothers, the sons of a widow, who resided in the same village. Charles and Wilfred Thornton were as wonderfully alike in personal appearance as they were dissimilar in character, and while, at first sight, it was scarcely possible for even an intimate friend to know which of the two he was addressing, it

needed but the utterance of a single word to distinguish the quiet subdued tone of the one, from the clear trumpet-like voice of the other. Wilfred Thornton, grave, thoughtful and studious, looked forward only to a career of intellectual usefulness while Charles, bold, stalwart and courageous, anticipated a life of stirring deeds, and, if possible, of noble emprize. Both possessed the finest qualities of heart and mind. The nicest sense of honor, the most unsullied purity of feeling, and the masculine virtues of magnanimity and personal courage were gifts possessed in common between them; but the superior mental powers of Wilfred were combined with a degree of tenderness of nature almost amounting to weakness, which showed itself in a vacillating infirmity of purpose; while the bolder and more decided force of character which belonged to Charles, was sometimes rendered too obvious by the exertion of a most untamed and untameable will. Yet despite this difference, perhaps even because of it, the brothers loved each other with the utmost warmth and devotedness.

As they grew up to man's estate, they left their native village, and while in a neighbouring city, Wilfred pursued the studies of a laborious profession, Charles endeavoured to chain his free soul to the chariot-wheels of fortune. But the prison-life of a merchant was ill-suited to one who was only happy when he inhaled the mountain air, or trod the unfettered greensward. He became disgusted with the details of business, and determined to seek a home upon that element which seems ever the most fitting field of enterprize to a daring and restless spirit; nor did it excite any surprise in the minds of those who knew him best, when they learned that Charles Thornton had abandoned the comforts of his home for the excitement and hardships of a sailor's life. But the loss of his brother's presence was most severely felt by Wilfred. Hitherto, in the close-knit intercourse of daily companionship, he had relied so unconsciously upon the firmer character of Charles, that he had never learned his own weakness; but he now found himself suddenly deprived of a prop and support which was absolutely necessary to his success as well as happiness. Dreamy and imaginative, he had given himself up too much to speculative fancies; and it required all the practical good sense of his brother to counterbalance this disposition to abstraction, which, while it elevates a man's character in a moral point of view, perhaps tends, more than any other intellectual indulgence, to limit his usefulness.

Amy Ellerslie had been a mere child when the brothers went out into the world to carve their own way to fortune; but she was in the first bloom of beautiful womanhood, when Wilfred Thornton, disheartened and unhappy, returned to his native village. He had devoted his days to toil and his nights to study, he had laboured with all the energy of his nature, but had been met by difficulties and disappointments on all sides, while he found himself outstripped in the race of life by those who, destitute both of his talents and integrity, crept on through by-paths, where he would have disdained to tread. The spectres conjured up by a morbid imagination, terrified his shrinking spirit; he fancied himself a mark for the arrows of misfortune; and after a few ineffectual struggles with the exigencies of life, he sought his boyhood's home as a refuge, or at least a shelter, where he might repose his weary soul. He was too much beloved not to be warmly welcomed by the friends of his youth, and he met with both sympathy and kindness from the very men who felt most disposed to reprove the weakness that led him so soon to quit a field which is to every one a battle-plain, where many a hope must be slain ere a single victory can be achieved.

But more especially did the melancholy student find solace in the society of Amy Ellerslie. Her presence was to his heart as sunshine to the flower; and he dwelt beneath her smiles until his soul seemed to grow stronger beneath the influence of her consistent and innocent cheerfulness. A passionate admirer of the beautiful in the moral as well as the natural world, Wilfred found his ideal more than realized in the delicate beauty, the transparent truthfulness of character, and the gentle gayety of heart, which formed Amy's great attractions. For him Amy only felt the same kind of preference which was shared by some half a dozen others. She liked his society, and found pleasure in the converse of one whose thoughts were ever among the poetical and lovely things of earth; while the remembrance of his disappointments, and the sight of his habitual sadness, imparted a tenderness to her manner which might easily be mistaken by him, whose wishes were too often allowed to expand into hopes.

Daily did Wilfred feed his passion with the contemplation of her exceeding beauty, and his character which had been enfeebled by morbid fancies, seemed to strengthen beneath the influence of a true and pervading affection, even

as a tender exotic which has withered in an artificial atmosphere, may be sometimes restored to life and health by an accidental exposure to the natural changes of the seasons. There was an intentness and concentration in his love that seemed to have changed his vacillating nature, and given him a firmness of purpose to which he was previously a stranger.—But he was not of those who believe mere words are necessary to the true interpretation of the heart. Forgetting that Amy had grown up amid all gentle and kindly influences, and that therefore the usual evidences of regard were to her so familiar as to be scarcely noticed; forgetting that to her it was so natural to be beloved, that though she might perhaps have noticed the absence of affection in a friend, yet its presence was to her like the common blessings of air and light, essential to her happiness, but enjoyed almost unconsciously;—he flattered himself that Amy perceived and smiled upon his hopes.

What might have been the effect of Wilfred's affection, upon the future life of Amy had no counter influence been exercised, can scarcely be determined, for ere she had discovered the nature of his feelings, the return of Charles Thornton, after an absence of nearly seven years, wrought a change in the destiny of the gentle girl. Charles had been successful beyond his hopes, for his innate energy of mind, together with the advantages of a good education, had enabled him to rise rapidly in his new vocation, and he was now the commander of a noble ship. The years which had shaded with a deeper sadness the countenance of the desponding Wilfred, and touched with so much womanly grace the form of the gentle Amy, had not passed over the manly sailor without leaving some trace of their power.—The furrow, which time so soon chisels on the brow of the man of decision, was deeply traced upon his forehead, while the keen glance of his eagle-eye, the habitual compression of his finely-moulded lips, and his tall, strong, firmly-knit figure, all were characteristic of his true nature. He had found his proper sphere of action, and amid the fury of the elements, he had trod the deck of his frail ship with the proud step of one who ruled a power mightier than himself. Nothing ennobles a man so much as the consciousness of mental or physical force, and when both are combined,—when the intellect is powerful to conceive, and the arm bold to act,—when man can stand high-hearted and strong-handed in the presence of mortal peril, well may he bear the impress of heroism on his firm brow, and its god-like light in his unquailing eye.

Ever since the time of "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor," the power of the wild and wonderful over the heart of woman, has been a subject of reproach to the sex. Yet what can be more natural than that the delicate and frail being, whose mere physical weakness teaches her the need of some strong arm on which to lean, should find her imagination leading captive her affections as she listens to the tale of "perils past," and wonders at the courage which bore the narrator undaunted through the danger which would have crushed a feebler spirit? Amy Ellerslie's life had been one of such quiet enjoyment, that the hardy sailor's lightly-told stories of wonders seen and dangers encountered, came to her with the charm of novelty, and she listened and looked until, if she did not exactly wish "that Heaven had made her such another man," she at least learned that there was within her bosom a store of sweeter feelings than had yet been called forth. To the bold sailor, the bright yet delicate beauty of Amy was perfectly bewitching. The playfulness of the merry girl, and the tenderness of the high-souled woman were so beautifully blended in her sweet character, while her form was so full of expanding grace, and her face so radiant in its joyous loveliness, that Charles Thornton was at once entranced and enthralled.

It was soon evident to the acute village gossips that a match was already kindled between Captain Thornton and gentle Amy Ellerslie. There was an evident change in the light-hearted girl, and those who missed her merry ringing laugh, knew that some deeper feeling had been stirred within her bosom. They who have ever noticed the difference between the gleeful voice of one who bears an unawakened heart, and the richly modulated tones of that sweet voice when the bosom's chords have echoed to affection's touch, will readily understand how Amy's changed emotions were first disclosed. But long ere others had discovered the secret of her heart, it had been read by one who found its interpretation in his own disappointed hopes. Wilfred Thornton was one of those sensitive spirits who feel the chill imparted by the shadow of approaching sorrow, and he was not long in perceiving whence came the cloud which was to darken his future life. The fine poetic spirit of the melancholy visionary might awaken the admiration of Amy, and his sadness call for her sympathy; but she had a true woman's heart, a:

could only *look up* to love. The feeble and timid nature of him who shrunk from the blasts of fortune, and sought to hide himself from the conflicts of life, was ill calculated to excite that reverential feeling which is so necessary to perfect woman's affection. There was too much of feminine softness in his character, and all his fine, intellectual gifts could not make amends for a want of decision and manliness which ever commands the respect of the weaker sex. Like some richly wrought casket, the very delicacy of its workmanship, while it enhanced its value, has diminished its usefulness, and the fine gold, which might have stood the wear of this work-day world, has been chiselled away, until all strength is gone, and there remains only the beauty which fits it to be the ornament of a boudoir.

What Wilfred actually suffered from this last disappointment, was never known, but when it was rumoured that he had determined to join a band of hardy travellers, who were about setting forth to explore the ruins of antiquity in the grey old world, beyond the limits of modern civilization, it was shrewdly conjectured that only some powerful motive could have awakened the spirit of adventure in his bosom. Charles, without the slightest suspicion of the true impulse which had given rise to this strange purpose, on the part of his brother, yet warmly advocated it, as a means of giving vigor and stability to his character.—But Amy, whose perceptions had been quickened by her own awakened passions, knew too well what had banished the heart-sick man from his home; although his lips never breathed the tale of love and sorrow in the ear of her whom he now regarded as the bride of his brother. Yet she was of too joyous a temper to understand the full power of a grief which, to a nature like Wilfred's could only end with life. For her, everything wore the rose-tint which first love ever diffuses, and when the sad brow of her hopeless lover no longer gloomed before her, she felt that there was not a single shadow in her path of life. In less than six weeks after the departure of Wilfred Thornton, a merry wedding enlivened the village, and then the glad face of Amy Ellerslie was seen to wear the troubled joy of her who turns from the pure pleasures of maidenhood, to welcome the high duties and earnest devotion of a woman's lot.

But Amy had now to learn how closely life's brightest happiness is bordered by its sorrow. Hitherto she had trodden a flower-enamelled path, but now she had entered the more rugged plain, where grow the fruits of life, only to be plucked with toil and care. She was now to taste the bitter waters, which ever flow so near the sweet fountain of earthly affection, that the lip which bends to quaff the freshness of the one, is sure to imbibe some drops from the distasteful wave of the other. Never had Amy looked so lovely as she now appeared in the quiet gentleness of her new duties and emotions. Perhaps no expression is so elevating to the human countenance, as that beaming of heartfelt happiness, which is rarely seen, because the feeling which inspires it is so rarely experienced in our unstable life. It is the look which our first parents might have worn in their days of innocence, and which sometimes, even in this dark world, radiates from the hearts of those who find a second Paradise in mutual and satisfied affection.

Amy's first grief rose from the necessity of her husband's absence. Captain Thornton could not resign a career so well suited to his adventurous character, even when tempted by the joys of home and tenderness. A few brief months were given to impassioned happiness, and then the hardy sailor turned from his gentle bride to brave again the perils of the great deep. Amy had never before shed such bitter tears as now dimmed her sweet eyes. It was the earliest, and, as she then believed, the most terrible sorrow which could await her. She was surprised, nay, almost terrified, at the violence of her own emotions, for the unbroken quiet of her happy life had hitherto offered no opportunity for discerning the intensity of her own feelings. Her gayety had heretofore seemed a proof of her thoughtlessness, even as the luxuriant growth of the wind-flower, beautiful as are its blossoms, discloses the shallowness of the soil on which the hand of zephyr has flung the seed. But now she was to learn that the brightest flowers may glow above the deep caverns where are hid the fiercest volcanic fires; and that the cheerfulness, which had been the product of an untilled heart, might be supplanted by those delicate passion-flowers whose fragrance is so delicious to the senses, but whose fruit is so poisonous to the taste.

Immediately after her marriage, Amy had taken up her abode with the aged mother of her husband, and she now devoted herself to the strict performance of every duty which could alone while away the dreary hours of absence. Mrs. Thornton had arrived at that period of life when "the grasshopper is a burden," and to smooth the pillow of declining age, to bear with the irritability of infirmity,

and to shed the light of a loving nature amid the gathering shadows of life's coming night, were now the not unpleasing tasks of the lonely wife. She had passed the genial spring in the sweet dream of happy love, and she knew that not until the summer had blossomed, and given place to autumn's fruits,--not until the hoar frost of winter had melted beneath the soft gales of the "soote season," and the buds were again unfolding on the stripped and naked trees, could she hope to welcome back her sailor to his home. But she had too much elasticity of spirits to yield herself long to grief. After her first wild emotions had been calmed, she resolved to watch over her own weak heart, and check those vain repinings which could only give pain to those who loved her, without alleviating her own. Her cheerfulness and hopefulness returned at her summons, and though yearning in heart for the sight of him who had become as light to her eyes, and life to her heart, she left no duty unfulfilled. She had none of that sickly sensibility which finds cause for self-satisfaction in the indulgence of morbid grief, and makes a merit of suffering.—She felt that her love for her husband was best shown by the close observance of all his wishes; and when she checked the tears which flowed at the remembrance of his past tenderness, she knew she was but acting as he would desire.

The fruits of autumn were reaped and garnered, the pleasant fireside had given out its comforts during a tedious winter;—and now the snow had melted from the hill-tops, and the buds of spring began to peep out from their dusky coverts. All the hope and trustfulness of Amy's nature now revived. For more than a month before the time when she could possibly expect Captain Thornton's return, she began to make every thing ready for his reception, and once more her bird-like voice was heard carolling cheerful songs, as she went about her household cares. The bloom returned to her cheek, her sunny locks were released from the simple cap which had confined their luxuriance, and once more allowed to flow in rich curls, as *he* best loved to see them. Amy was almost a child again in her gleeful happiness. But as the day of his coming drew nigh, a restless and impatient yearning took possession of her heart. She had been content to wait during many a weary month of absence, but now,—when an hour might bring him to her embrace, she was full of unquiet and troubled expectation. How often did she traverse the road which led to the entrance of the village! how often did she arrange and re-arrange all the minute appointments of her neat hosehold, to be in readiness for her toil-worn mariner! how often did she fancy that the very beatings of her heart would prevent her from catching the first echo of his footsteps.

But day after day passed on, but still Captain Thornton came not. Weeks elapsed without any tidings to relieve this terrible suspense, and then application was made to the owners of the ship, but they could afford no information: and only added their own apprehensions to the fears of those who already dreaded evil news. Yet Amy's hopes seemed to grow stronger, as those of all others died away.—Even when months had gone by,—when Captain Thornton's employer wrote to the bereaved wife to inform her that all probability of his return was so entirely lost, that the insurance on the missing ship had been promptly paid,--when the aged mother wept and "refused to be comforted," because her son "was not,"—still Amy held fast her faith in his future return. That hopefulness which had been so prominent a trait in her character from childhood, became, as it seemed, a part of her heart's creed; and it was utterly impossible to bring home to her mind the futility of her expectations.

But in other things, how sadly was she changed! her delicate form lost its symmetry, and her face its radiant beauty; the bright tresses which had ever been the pride of her youth, were pushed carelessly away from her hollow temples; and her dress, once so exquisitely tasteful, was now neglected and disordered.—She sought no longer to beguile the lagging hours with the pretty feminine tasks that once occupied her time. Silent, sad and drooping, she would sit for hours in the porch, or at the casement which commanded a view of the village road. At the sight of any approaching traveller, she would spring eagerly forward, watch him earnestly as he wound down the hill, and then, as she beheld him nearer, would sink back, and weep in bitter disappointment. Perhaps no form of grief could have so utterly worn out her elastic and hopeful spirit. From the heavy pressure of some positive and present sorrow, her innate cheerfulness might at length have rebounded: and in the course of time, she might have found comparative peace. But for a weary wasting grief like this, there was no relief. Her very hopes only prolonged her pangs. Any thing would have been better than this dreadful suspense. Had but one tempest-tossed seaman returned to tell the

tale of disaster and death, the imagination of the bereaved wife would not have gone out into such a fearful waste of vagueness in search of him she loved. She would not believe him lost to her for ever, but she pictured him in slavery and in destitution,—suffering all the horrors of want and famine,—the sole denizen of some desert isle,—or the powerless captive of some savage horde,—every thing terrible suggested itself to her affrighted and bewildered fancy,—every thing except that which, to others, seemed most like truth. She could not—she dared not think of him as numbered with the dead. While darkness and mystery rested on his fate, her love went forth into the gloom to seek him, refusing to be turned from its vain search while faith could fling a ray of light upon the trackless wilderness of conjecture. In vain well-meaning friends sought to win her back to the ordinary duties of life.

"I can do nothing 'till I see Charles," she would say; "he will come back; I *know* he will come back. Think you that he would have left me alone upon earth without one kind farewell? I tell you if he were not yet held in the bonds of flesh, he would come to me in spirit, and his voice would answer my anguished prayers. No, he lives,—the waves could not keep him from me, nor the earth hold him in its embrace until he had borne me tidings of his fate if it were not so. He lives, and I shall yet behold him ere I die of this wearing sorrow which consumes my heart."

Such were her replies to those who sought to comfort her, and what could reason oppose to the wild fancies of a vain affection?

Two years had now elapsed since the departure of the hapless Captain Thornton, and a fearful change was wrought in the once beautiful and happy wife. Pale, wasted to a mere shadow, with nerveless hand and trembling frame, her eyes clouded with perpetual weeping, and her soft but bright locks dimmed by the fatal dew which the hand of disease distilled nightly upon her brow, she bore little resemblance to the gleeful creature of other days. Nor was she less changed in mind than in person, for a wild and almost fierce petulance had taken the place of her former gentleness, while the least opposition to her wayward will rendered her almost frantic. It was evident, even to those who loved her best, that life had nothing now to offer her whose heart had been crushed beneath the weight of its first grief, and while they wept over her early doom, they could not wish to avert it.

It was the evening of a day in spring, when the budding foliage and the soft breezes awakened anew the vivid reminiscences of who still hoped against hope. Amy had been unusually restless and unquiet, and the mo mania which had so long possessed her, seemed to be darkening over every faculty of mind. Seated in her accustomed place be the casement, with her feeble frame suppor by pillows, she had been keeping her watch for him whom she was never again behold, until her wearied and excited ner found a short repose in one of those sudd and brief snatches of slumber which were her only means of rest. She had slept but few moments, when a heavy step startled from her repose. Starting forward, with bewildered brain, and wild glance, she beh standing in the doorway, with the golden li of the setting sun falling around him like glorious garment,—the image of her long husband. A shriek of maniac joy burst fr her pale lips. "He is come! He is come she cried, and the next instant she was ly senseless in the bosom of *Wilfred* Thornto

Hardship, privation, and it may be, a se of self-reliance, had given to the face of melancholy student all that it had lacked perfect its wonderful resemblance to the countenance of his brother; and now, the ve mother that bore them, might have doub which of the two stood in life before her.

Alas! it mattered little to the widowed he which had been so long wasting beneath pain of "hope deferred." The shock of s den joy had finished the work which grief gun, and ere the shades of night had clo around the cottage, Amy breathed her l sigh on the bosom which had in vain soug to banish the image of her who had been worshipped. She died in the joyful faith th she had found her long absent husband, a her latest accents breathed tenderness a love in the ear of him who would have gi his life but to restore her to life and happine

The sea kept well its secret. No tidin ever came from its depths to reveal the fate Captain Thornton; and while the form of gentle Amy moulders beneath the greensw in her native village, the bones of the gall sailor are bleaching in the coral caves of ocean.

Wilfred Thornton had returned from his s journ in foreign climes, a wiser and a bett man, but he was not proof against this sudd shock which awaited him. He turned for ev from the world, and burying himself in se sion, sought to cherish rather than subdue

ef. He still lives a lonely, melancholy man, hose hair is whitened by care no less than ne, and who, during years of utter hopeless-ss, has indeed found that—

"Sympathy is half our life,
And fancy makes the rest."

HEALING AT SUNSET.

"At even, when the sun did set, they brought nto Him all that were diseased.—*St. Mark*, *t and 32d.*

DEA's summer day went down,—
When lo! from vale and plain,—
round the Heavenly Healer throng'd,
A sick and sorrowing train.

he pallid brow,—the hectic cheek;
The cripple bent with care,—
nd he, whose soul dark demons lash'd
To foaming rage, was there.

He raised his hand,—the lame man leap'd,—
The blind forgot his woe,—
nd with a startling rapture gaz'd
On Nature's glorious show.

Up from his bed of misery rose,
The paralytic pale,—
And the loath'd leper dar'd once more
His fellow-man to hail.

Mark,—on the arm of pitying love,
The lunatic reclin'd—
While unaccustom'd words of praise,
Relieved his struggling mind.

The mother, to her idiot-boy,
The name of Jesus taught,—
Who thus, with sudden *touch* had fir'd
The chaos of his thought.

For all that sad, imploring train,
He heal'd ere evening fell,—
And speechless joy that night was born,
In many a lowly cell.

Ere evening fell!—Oh! ye who find
The chills of age descend,—
And with the lustre of your locks,
The almond-blossoms blend.

Yet have not o'er an erring life,
With deep repentance griev'd—
But left the safety of the soul
Unstudied,—unachiev'd.

Before the hopeless shades of night,
Distil their baleful dew,—
Haste!—heed the Heavenly Healer's call,
Whose mercy waits for you.

Lines on the Following Incident.

MANY years ago *two* children, daughters of a person residing in this Province, were lost in the woods. What their fate had been none knew; no trace of them could be found, until at length, after a long period of time, one of them was discovered among some Indians by whom they had been taken, and with whom this one had remained since their disappearance. With some difficulty she was brought to meet her *only remaining parent*. The tide *of time swept back from* the mother's mind—and she hastened to meet the child of her memory; but, alas! the change. Her spirit shrunk at the wild form before her, and well it might, for there remained no love or sympathy for her in the bosom of the lost one.—She longed to be again with the Indians; in vain they besought her to remain: the thraldom of their ways was irksome to the dweller of the forest, and after several fruitless efforts to detain her, she escaped from them. One thing alone should cheer them at this second bereavement—she is a member of a christian church, and although the day-star of truth may shine but dimly over the Indian's soul, yet where there is little given, little shall be required, and if all hold faithful on their path, they yet will meet in another and more blessed world.

At early morn a mother stood,
Her hands were raised to heaven,
And she prais'd Almighty God
For the blessings he had given.
But far too deep were they
Encircled in her heart—
Too deep for human weal,
For earth and love must part;
She looked with hope too bright
On the forms that by her bent,
And loved by far too fondly
Those treasures God had sent.
They bound her to the earth
With love's own golden chain,
How were its bright links severed
By the spirit's wildest pain;
She parted the rich tresses,
And kissed each sunny brow,
And where, oh, happy mother,
Was one so blest as thou?
The summer sun was shining,
All cloudless o'er the lea!
And forth her children bounded
In childhood's summer glee.
They strayed among the flowers
That grew in beauty there,

They twined them into garlands,
And wreathed them in their hair.
They danced along the woody banks,
All fringed with sunny green,
Where like a silver serpent
The river ran between.
Their glad young voices rose,
As they thought of flower or bird,
And they sang the joyous fancies
That in each spirit stirred;
"Oh! sister, see that humming bird,
Saw ye ever aught so fair,
With wings of gold and ruby—
He sparkles through the air.
Let us follow where he flies,
Over yonder hazel dell,
For oh, it must be beautiful
Where such a thing can dwell.
Yet to me it seemeth still
That his nest must be on high;
Methinks his plumes are bathed
In the even's crimson sky."
"Nay, sister, let us stay
Where those water lilies float,
So spotless and so pure,
Like a fairy's pearly boat;
Listen to the melody
That cometh soft and low,
As through the twining tendrils
The water glides below;
Perchance 'twas in a spot like this,
And by a stream as mild,
Where the Jewish mother laid
Her gentle Hebrew child."
Then rested they beneath the trees,
And through the leafy shade,
With ever changing radiance
The broken sunlight played,
And spoke in words whose simple truth
Revealed the guileless soul,
'Till softly o'er their senses
A quiet slumber stole.
Lo! now a form comes glancing
Along the waters blue,
And moored among the lilies,
Lay an Indian's dark canoe;
The days of ancient feud were gone—
The axe was buried deep,
And stilled the red man's warfare
In unawaking sleep.
Why stands he thus so silently
Where those fair children lie;
And say, what means the flashing
Of the Indian's eagle eye?
He thinks him of his lonely spouse,
Within her forest glade;
Around her silent dwelling
No children ever played—
No voice arose to greet him
When he at eve would come;
But sadness ever hovered
Around his dreary home.
"Oh! with those lovely rose-buds
Were my lone hearth-stone blest,
My richest food should cheer them—
My softest furs should rest;
Their kindred drive us onward
Where the setting sunbeams shine,
They claim our father's heritage,
Why may not these be mine?"
He raised the sleeping children,
Oh! sad and dreary day,
And o'er the dancing waters
He bore them far away.
He wiled their heart's fond feelings
With words and actions kind,
And soon the past went fading
All dream-like from their mind.
Oh! brightly sped the beaming sun
Along his glorious way,
And feathery clouds of golden light
Around his parting lay;
In beauty came the holy stars,
All gleaming in the blue,
It seemed as o'er the lovely earth
A blessed calm they threw—
But a sound of grief arose
On the dewy evening air,
It bore the bitter anguish
Of a mortal's wild despair.
A wail like that which sounded
Throughout Judea's land—
When Herod's haughty minions
Obeyed his dark command:
The mourning mother wept
Because her babes were not,
Their forms were gone forever
From each familiar spot;
Oh! had they sought the river,
And sunk beneath its wave,
Or had the dark recesses
Of the forest been their grave?
The same deep tinge of sorrow
Each surmise ever bore,
Her gems from her were taken,
Of their fate she knew no more.
Long years of withering woe went on,
Each sadly as the last.
To others ears the theme became
A legend of the past;
But she, oh! bright she kept
Their memory enshrined,
With all a mother's fondness,
And fadeless truth entwined.

And many a hope she cherished,
In sorrow's gloom had burst,
But still her spirit knew
No grieving like the first.

Along her faded forehead
The hand of time had crossed,
And every furrow told
Her mourning for the lost.
With such deep love within her,
What words the truth could give,
Howe'er she heard the tidings,
Thy children yet they live;
But one alone was near,
And with rushing feelings wild—
The aged mother flew
To meet once more her child.
A moment past away—
The lost one slowly came,
And stood before her then
A tall and dark browed dame.
Far from her swarthy forehead
Her raven hair was rolled,
She spoke to those around her—
Her words were stern and cold:—
"Why seek ye here to bind me?
I would again be free,
They say ye are my kindred—
But what is that to me?
My spring of youth was pass'd
With the people of the wild,
And slumber in the greenwood
My husband and my child.
'Tis true I oft have seen ye
In the hours of silent night,
But many a vision comes
From the dreamer's land of light.
If e'er I've been among ye,
Save in the wandering thought,
The memory has pass'd away—
Ye long have been forgot."
And were not these hard words
To that fond mother's heart,
Who through such years of agony
Had kept her loving part?
Her wildest wish was granted,
Her fondest hope was heard,
Yet it but served to show her
How deeply she had erred.
The mysteries of God's high will
May not be understood,
And mortals may not vainly ask
To them what seemeth good;
With spirit wrung to earth,
In grief she bowed her head—
"Oh! better far than meet thus,
To mourn thee with the dead."
But think ye he who comforted
The widowed one of Nain—
Who bade the lonely Hagar
With hope revive again;—
Think ye that mother's trusting love
Should bleed without a balm?
No, o'er the troubled spirit
There came a blessed calm.
Amid the savage relics
Around her daughter flung—
Upon her naked bosom
A crucifix there hung;
And though the simple Indian
False tenets might enthrall,
Yet it was the blessed symbol
Of him who died for all.
And the mother's heart rejoiced,
For the promise seemed to say—
She shall be thine in heaven—
When the world has passed away.
Though now ye meet as strangers,
Yet there ye shall be one,
And live in love forever,
When time and earth are gone.

Long Creek, 1843. EMILY B——N.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

No. III.

(*From The Montreal Literary Garland.*)

I HAVE just finished Thomas Carlyle's last book, entitled, "Past and Present," and it has so filled my mind, that I must try to give my impressions of it. My admiration of this book is disinterested, for I am not of those who make Carlyle the god of their idolatry; yet, I trust, I am not insensible to the merits of so original a thinker, and so profound a critic. I have read all his productions—many of them with unmingled delight—and none of them, without appreciation of his extraordinary powers. To make allusion only to a few:—His biography of Schiller; his comments on the life and writings of Richter; his analysis of Goethe, are so fraught themselves with inventive genius, as to be creations rather than criticisms, such as almost place the writer on a level with the great authors whom he reviews. With these I need hardly specify his most pathetic and eloquent Essay on Burns—a genuine and manly estimate of a most genuine and most manly poet. A position of Carlyle's own is, that to judge truly of faults, you must have entered fully into the excellence of your author, and this position he has nobly himself exemplified in his estimate of big-hearted Burns, the bard that "walked the mountain side in glory

and in joy." But Carlyle has peculiarities which no admiration can render pleasing to me. If some will call me conventional for such repugnance, I cannot help it. So it is in me, and I only shew my improvement by Carlyle's lessons, by honest expression. It seems to me that Carlyle deifies sheer force, and that he is intolerant, not merely to pretension, but to weakness. His views of man often appear to me exceedingly limited, and so also his ideas of good and evil. With most eloquent eulogies on genuineness, he does not much respect individual independence. The genuineness that he approves is one which makes impression by some strong peculiarity; one which can maintain its right by power. Other than this he does not praise; nay, on humble men, who do the best they can in common ways, he pours out most scalding sarcasm, and most bitter ridicule. Carlyle would have the lower minds not merely *subjects*, but *worshippers*, and heroes should be their gods. To this worship I never can bend: I admire great souls, but I will not forsake my own—in my adoration I would fain aspire directly to the Creator of great souls. From a great many points in Carlyle's philosophy, I sincerely dissent—but, within limits, desire to be a learner from Carlyle's teaching. That he is a man of a vigorous and earnest mind, I believe; that he is a man of a tranquil and catholic one, I doubt.—His later style is not to be praised; enough, if it be borne: and nothing can more evince the value which is set on Carlyle's thoughts than the endurance of his style. It is not English, and I know not what else it is. His terms, singly, to be sure, are Anglo-Saxon; but to what dialect his sentences belong let philosophers determine. But still, let no one turn away from his odd and grotesque expression: let no one, on this account cast aside a book of Carlyle's, or he will throw away a husk which contains a very precious kernal. I have mastered his vocabulary, and find a wisdom in his words which would repay twenty times the labour. These exceptions are made in perfectly cordial temper; and now I will proceed to tell you all I can in a short space about the work I have already mentioned. As a literary composition, it has Carlyle's power and his defects; but its aim is directly practical, and its tone is impressively serious.

It is divided into four books. The first is entitled the "Proem." It is a picture of English society in its present ominous condition, and is the deepest voice of advice and warning, which has come forth from the groaning heart of that sick and struggling country. There [is] a prophet-like depth in its tone of complai[nt] and a prophet-like energy in its indignant [de]nunciation: withal, it has modulations of swe[et]ness and pity.

Book the second, is designated, "The Anc[ient] Monk." It resuscitates a fragment of the m[id]dle ages, with that picturesque vitality in wh[ich] Carlyle has no equal and no rival. This bo[ok] is founded on an old MS., some time since di[s]covered in England by the "Camden Society," containing a memoir of one Samson, abbo[t of] the Monastery of St. Edmundsbury in [the] twelfth century. Edmund was a gen[ial] Saxon Englishman, who, beloved by his pe[o]ple, and murdered by the Danes, became a sa[int.] Three centuries after his death, his shrine w[as] hung with riches, and a monastery exis[ted] under his patronage, with one of the broad[est] estates in the nation. Carlyle, in an eloq[uent] character of St Edmund, draws a beautiful p[ic]ture of a good landlord. A certain indol[ent] abbot, Hugo, not averse to prayer, but ve[ry] much to work, gets the estate of the comm[u]nity into a sad embarrassment; but happ[ily] Abbot Hugo took into his head to make a p[il]grimage to Canterbury—and, more happ[ily,] Abbot Hugo died on the way. A certain st[out]souled monk, Samson, a man after Carly[le's] own heart, is elected abbot; and, fortunat[ely,] a certain minute observer, Jocelin, wrot[e a] chronicle. This Jocelin is also beloved of C[ar]lyle, and, in his endearment he calls him B[os]zy—that is in a small way—for a Boswel[l is] very gracious in the eyes of Carlyle, w[hen] there is a Dr. Johnson behind him. Ab[bot] Samson sets to work like a man; refo[rms] with radical energy—clears the house of dro[nes] —clears the estates of debts, and clears [the] vicinity of Jews. Abbot Samson has man[y] occupations: he is governor, steward, ju[dge,] priest, and legislator: but Abbot Samso[n is] equal to them all. Abbot Samson has trou[ble] with his monks, which he subdues by a [wise] and gentle courage; and that courage does [not] blench even in contest with the daunt[less] Cœur de Lion. The abbot had a wea[lthy] ward, whom the king would marry other[wise] than the abbot deemed to be for her goo[d.] The king, by letter, requests that Abbot S[am]son will give her as he directs. Abbot S[am]son replies, with deep humility, that she [is al]ready given. Now letters from Richard [of] severer tenor, were answered with new h[umi]lities, with gifts and entreaties; with no [pro]mise of obedience. Richard's ire is kind[led;] messengers arrive at St. Edmundsbury,

mphatic messages to obey or tremble. Abbot Samson, wisely silent as to the king's threats, makes answer: "The king may send, if he will, and seize the ward: force and power, he has to do his pleasure, and abolish the whole abbey: I never can be bent to wish this that he seeks, nor shall it by me be ever done; for there is danger lest such things be made a precedent of, to the prejudice of my successors.—*Videat Allessemus.* Let the Most high look on it. Whatsoever things shall befall, I shall patiently endure. Richard swore tornado oaths, worse than our army in Flanders, to be revenged on that proud priest. But, in the end, is discovered that the priest was right, and forgave him, and even loved him." The chronicle breaks off abruptly, and Carlyle closes the book with a fine chapter on the rise and progress of art and literature.

Then comes Book the third, on "The Modern Worker." In this we have the philosophy of modern England—and the philosophy is as grand as the subject. This is *somewhat* different from Jack-a-dandy Lester's, and his bottled pop and small beer declamations on the "Glory and the Shame of England."—Carlyle does not conceal the shame of the age, but denounces it with a thunder voice; its atheism—its *mammonism—its dilettantism*—its pretensions—its quackeries—its cants—its want of high and noble *soul*—its selfishness—its vain and idle aristocracies—its devouring monopolies—its naked and starving toilsmen—its pleasure-seeking and pleasure-loving lords. The topics here *simply indicated* are rung out in Carlyle's huge diction, as if on the booming of St. Paul's great bell. But he gives the glory as well as the shame. He notes the force of principle and of purpose that lies in the silent depths of English character, and the evidence it leaves in the world—not in speech, bu deeds—not in theories, but things. "The English" he says, "are a dumb people. They can do great acts, but not describe them. Like the old Romans, and some few others, *their* epic is written on the earth's surface: England her mark! It is complained that they have no artists; one Shakspeare, indeed; but for Raphael, only a Reynolds; for Mozart, nothing but a Mr. Bishop: not a picture, not a song. And yet they did produce one Shakespeare.—Consider how the element of Shakspearean melody does lie imprisoned in their nature; reduced to unfold itself in mere cotton mills, constitutional government, and such like; all the more interesting when it does become visible, as even in such unexpected shapes it succeeds in doing!" * * * * * *

Again: "Of all nations in the world at present, we English are the stupidest in speech and wisest in action. As good as a dumb nation, *I say, who cannot speak, and have never yet* spoken—spite of the Shakspeares and Miltons, who shew the possibilities that are. O Mr. Bull, I look into that surly face of thine with a mixture of pity and laughter, yet also with wonder and veneration. Thou complainest not, *my illustrious friend, and yet I believe the* heart of thee is full of sorrow, of unspoken sadness, seriousness—profound melancholy, (as some have said,) the basis of thy being. Unconsciously, for thou speakest of nothing, this great universe is great to thee. Not by levity *of floating,* but by stubborn *force of swimming,* shalt thou make thy way. The fates sing of thee that thou shalt many times be thought an ass and a dull ox, and shalt, with a godlike indifference, believe it. My friend, and it is all untrue; nothing falser in point of fact! *Thou art of those great* ones, whose greatness the small passers-by do not discern. Thy very stupidity is wiser than their wisdom. A grand *vis inertiae* is in thee; how many grand qualities unknown to small men. Nature alone knows thee—acknowledges the bulk *and strength of thee:* thy epic, unsung in words, is written in huge characters on the face of this planet—sea modes, cotton trades, rail-ways, fleets and cities, Indian empires, Americas, New Hollands—legible throughout the solar system."

Carlyle enlarges, with soul-stirring exultation, on the glory of labour, on the blessedness of work. "Blessed," he says, "is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it." And here is a grand picture of what work can do: "And again, hast thou valued patience, courage, perseverance, openness to light, readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better the next time? All these, all virtues—in wrestling with the dim brute powers of Fact, in ordering of the fellows in such wrestle, there, and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined stoneheaps—of foolish, unarchitectural bishops—red-tape officials—idle Nell-Gwin Defenders of the Faith—and see whether he will ever raise a St. Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude contradictors, are all things and persons, from mutineus masons, and Irish hodmen, up to idle Nell-Gwin Defenders, to blustering red-tape

officials—foolish, unarchitectural bishops. All these things and persons are there, not for Sir Christopher's sake and his cathedrals; they are there for their own sake mainly!—Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these—if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries on her mathematics and architectories, not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her. Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrains her not! His very money, where is it to come from! The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, 'I am here'—must be spoken to, before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible, like the gods: impediments, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O, brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these, by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's strength, vanquish and compel all these—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's edifice; thy monument for centuries; the stamp 'Great Man' impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there!"

The afflictive evils that cry in England for remedy are again and again referred to in all the chapters of this impressive section of the work, and warning repeated upon warning to apply the remedy, and to apply it directly.

The nature of the remedy in the author's mind is more clearly indicated in the fourth and last book, which he names the "Horoscope." First, the Corn Laws must go.—That is now not a conjecture, but a certainty; not a prophecy, but a fact. Supposing the Corn Laws abolished, and the nation ensured on a course of prosperity, that possibility might continue for twenty years. At the close of that period, if nothing else be done in the mean time, the miseries which now oppress the millions, would be found again with aggravated malignity. To avert this terrible result, what must be done, that the future, not only be safe, but progressive? The whole people must be educated. That is the radical amelioration, the basis of every other improvement. Systematic emigration must be established. This will relieve the labor-market at home, and extend the consuming-market abroad. Labor needs in some way a better organization, and the results of labor, a more equitable distribution. And withal, higher sentiments must govern every class of society—not the Utilitarian—but one of more faith, and more ideality. The wisest must rule; industry must hav[e] dignity; the relations of life must have mor[e] elements of performance; both the landed an[d] the gifted must recognize the sacredness o[f] their trusts and be faithful to them. The[se] things being accomplished, England will b[e] renovated for a new race of glory; if neglecte[d] England's days are numbered. But the a[u]thor is full of hope; he believes that the mor[al] strength of England will come resistlessly t[o] the task, and that his country will vindica[te] her might in this hour of fierce trial. Having a[n] earnest hope in himself, breathes it into other[s] and in this lyric-like strain he closes the work[:] "Unstained by wasteful deformities, by wast[ed] tears and hearts' blood of men, or any defac[e]ment of the pit, noble, fruitful labour, growin[g] ever nobler, will come forth,—the grand s[...] miracle of man; whereby man had risen fro[m] the low places of this earth, very literally in[to] divine heavens. Ploughers, Spinners, Buil[d]ers, Prophets, Poets, Kings, Brindleys an[d] Goethes, Odins and Arkrights, all martyrs an[d] noble men, and gods are of one grand hos[t] immeasurable, marching ever forward sin[ce] the beginning of the world. The enormou[s] all-conquering, flame-crowned host; nob[le] every soldier in it; sacred and alone noble.—Let him who is not of it hide himself; let hi[m] trouble for himself. Stars at every butt[on] cannot make him noble; sheaves of Ba[th] garters, nor bushels of Georges; nor any oth[er] contrivance, but manfully enlisting in it, v[a]liantly taking place and step in it. O Heaven[s] will he not bethink himself? he too is so nee[d]ed in the Host! it were so blessed, thrice ble[s]sed, for himself, and for us all! In hope [of] the last Partridge and some Duke of Weim[ar] among our English Dukes, we will be pati[ent] yet awhile.

> 'The future hides in it
> Good hap and sorrow;
> We press still thorow,
> Naught that abides in it
> Daunting us.—Onward.'"

The several topics of this work, in nam[e] seem very distinct and separate from ea[ch] other, but in spirit they have a vital connectio[n] with each other, and form a complete unity [in] the whole. No period in the life of a nation [is] independent, no period stands by itself a[nd] alone; every period reproduces history—i[t] is modified by influences which history ca[rries] onward. Thus, to understand the pr[esent] complex nature of English society, we mus[t] trace how many elements have entered in[to] its formation—and how these elements hav[e] been combined and developed in th[e] progres[s]

of events. Not the least important elements in the constitution of English civilization—as of European civilization generally—were the feudal and the ecclesiastical. The Baron and the Monk for some centuries gave the law, and shared dominion. Their persons may have disappeared from our modern forms, but the spirit of the Past never entirely dies; nor is that of Baron and of Monk extinct even in an age of cotton mills. To understand, therefore, even an age of cotton mills, in a country where the Baron and the Monk had lived, we must not exclude them from our consideration, or else, we shall have but an imperfect estimate. Carlyle, therefore, with that sagacious insight, which distinguishes his genius, passes in review before us, The Ancient Monk, to prepare us for The Modern Worker. The civilization of chivalry and church had not departed even externally from England, before the civilization of manufactures and commerce had attained no mean degree of power. Now, that *arms* are sinking beneath *tools*, and the *breviary* behind the Ledger-Book, there is yet the result of a social condition in which heterogeneous principles have been at work, that have never coalesced with the disorder and disease, which are the inevitable consequences of such a state. But the crisis is come; and now the problem is to get through it—to avoid a fatal termination and to start anew with increased and recovered health. The difficulty is, to reconcile interests without destroying them: to lose nothing which may be a means of true elevation; to harmonise all the social elements into unity and strength. Two points, however, press with dire necessity, and whatever else be thought of in later speculation, these must be attended to *instanter*. First, the people must be fed; secondly, they must be taught; and these things can brook no delay. Much may be done, if men will think seriously; much may be done by earnest purpose; by friendly combination, by honest compromise; and there is one hope in a tendency which is growing either from increase of principle, or the pressure of the times; and that is, men incline less to faction and more to truth—and hope the clouds will pass and leave all fertility behind them; and if England is never again to be merrie, let her at least be prosperous.

Prejudice is an equivocal term, and may as well mean right opinions taken upon trust, and deeply rooted in the mind, as false and absurd opinions so derived.

The old Bachelor.—Aye, the *old* Bachelor. Everybody laughs at the *old* bachelor, but everybody admires the gay *young* bachelor—fond mothers, with blooming daughters—guardians, anxious to make a good "spec" for their ward—uncles, who protect the orphan maid and leave their property to her—widows, gay, lively, beautiful widows; even the widows love the society of the young bachelor! and why should they not? the young bachelor is an agreeable, smiling, happy, independent fellow! He is all attention to the widow as well as the maid—he has no children to divest his attention—no family cares—consequently no family troubles! He sometimes plays an innocent game of cards, drinks a glass of refreshing sherry, and smokes a cigar, but he is welcome at all the evening parties, because he is always *so* lively and *so* agreeable among the ladies, while Mr. Cross-man, with a dozen children, drinks claret in a corner, and says nothing but "yes—marm" and "no—marm," during the whole evening! There is none of the poetry of conversation in his *soul*—none of the golden hues of friendship beaming from his countenance—none of the real agreeableness of the bachelor in any thing that he says or does.—The bachelor, on the contrary, is the *lion* of the *soiree*—the ladies never refuse to open the piano, if he merely hints his wishes. They never hesitate to sing the latest song—they never refuse to walk with the bachelor—they never reject *his* proffered arm in a walk—parents flatter him—widows sigh for him, and maids *love* him. He makes himself as agreeable to four-score as to sixteen—he always adapts his conversation to the person whom he addresses. He can pay a compliment to the former by whispering a single word, and answer the latter by a breath and a motion—his hand on his heart and his eyes cast towards the wall, is the very quintessence of long-treasured words—and thus the bachelor glides delightfully through life, and when he is old—but the bachelor is never *old*—neither is the maid, their vivacity, *esprit*, remains fresh forever—and their name is a treasured family word—it is spoken with respect and remembered with feelings of the strongest regard and love.

VANITY AND PRIDE.

Vanity is one thing—pride is another. We cannot have too little of the one, or too much of the other, provided only it be based on a proper foundation, and exhibited on proper occasions.

A TALE OF WATERLOO.

The sun's last limb had touched the western horizon—his parting beams, for a while, beautified the varied, and splendidly magnificent landscape around Belgium's crowded capital, and the sullen gloom of evening's twilight hovered around. The starry orbs resumed their mystic dance in the heavens. The full *moon beamed forth her heart-cheering rays* with unwonted splendour on a world seemingly asleep beneath her placid influence. All nature seemed hushed into a calm and sullen repose, which nought seemed willing to break, *or capable of breaking*: When lo! on the evening breeze, slow, but clear, there arose the sound of revelry, which waxed clearer and louder over all parts of the town of Brussels. It was the revel preceding that far-famed battle, *which terminated in Europe's liberty*, and Bonaparte's final overthrow. The brave sons of Britain, and her sister isles, had raised the redoubtable flag of their "Island Home," to indicate their proximity to the town of Brussels, where they lay encamped, commanded in person by Erin's brave son, the Duke of Wellington. Pleasant hours sped unconsciously away amid frolic and mirth, while "soft eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again, and all went merry as a marriage bell." Among the group which crowded the ball-room, were two who seemed to take very little notice of the gay scene that was passing around them. One of these was a woman seemingly past the prime of life, on whose clear forehead, and blanched cheeks, there seemed to hang evident traces of recent sorrow and anxiety. The other was the *beau ideal* of a British soldier, who, like his fair companion, seemed to regard the merry scene around him with indifference, if not contempt. Mr. G——, and Miss N——, whom we shall, for brevity's sake, take the liberty to designate by their christian-names, James and Mary, sat whiling away the tedious hours which seemed like so many minutes to Mary on that eventful evening.

"Indeed Miss N——," said James, in reply to his fair companion, "I think as you do, that this war will be fatal to many, who, on this evening, carry a light heart; but as to the manner in which it will terminate, there cannot be the possibility of a doubt. Bonaparte has long ruled these countries with despotism and tyranny: the time seems to have arrived when the chain with which he has bound Europe is to be broken asunder—the allied powers have united under a brave general; the strength and flower of Europe, who are resolved th their countrymen shall no longer be harass their country's peace disturbed; and th churches sacrilegiously robbed and plunde by their daring enemy."

"I hope indeed," said Mary, "that this w be the last war that will for a great number years shake unhappy Europe, which has b the scene of violence and blood too long ready: but when death's relentless hand h snatched away to the cold grave those wh we have once loved, our affections and earth things become cruelly severed; we beco careless of our own lives, and not unnatura long for the grave to cover *us* also, and *th* pondering on our own sorrows, we learn forget the miseries which a relentless woe e tails on multitudes of our fellow creatures."

"Those," sighed James, "whom we o loved and adored, may be snatched away b hand as ruthless, and a heart as hardened those of death."

"Too true, the bonds of affectionate lo may be broken, cruelly broken, and torn as der, by the words and actions of hard-heart yet loving parents."

"It is indeed the case with many, and I a one; since this is the case I welcome this w in the toils and turmoils of which I gladly b myself, *in the desperate hope that ere lo* some well directed ball may set my spirit fr in which case I would hail it as the harbing of peace."

The sound of heavy cannon vibrating on t *ambient air, suddenly alarmed the inhabita* of the town. Nearer, clearer, deadlier, the alarming notes break in once more. All w confusion and dismay. Blushing cheeks n longer retained their roseate hue. The ro *had vanished—the lily usurped its place*. Tears gushing from the heart's hidden fou tain, quivering lips, and tremblings of distre showed but too plainly the intensity of the feelings which that awful sound had awaken Suddenly farewells were exchanged—the be of the drum aroused the soldier to his milita duty, while distant cannon continued to p forth those ominous and alarming sounds which first startled the gay multitude

Time rolled on apace. The evening sun o *the 18th day of June poured forth on a guilt* world his enlivening and gentle rays. Th battle of Waterloo had been fought—the Em peror had fled—the chain with which he ha so long enslaved Europe was riven asunder—had fell to the ground—and Europe was free. Mother earth was covered "thick with othe

y," which her own clay was destined too on, alas! to cover. The battle-field was ewed with the dead and the dying. Noing was heard on any side save misery and be, increased by the rapid flight of frightened rses set loose over the field by the death of eir masters. Those of whom there was a ssibility of recovery, were conveyed to Brusls to be attended by surgeons, provided for e purpose. Among the many who had been atched from the brink of the grave, our forer acquaintance, James G——, was one.—or a long while his recovery seemed very ubtful, but by the vigilant exertions, and ill of his attending surgeon, he recovered as st as could be expected, from his depressed ondition.

The first person whom his eyes encountered, hen returning sensibility began to dawn upon s bewildered mind, and to warn him of his esent situation, was his fair companion of e night previous to the eventful catastrophe, hich had so nearly terminated his earthly reer. His wonder may be better conceived an described. How could this woman, to hom he was a perfect stranger, except the quaintance formed by a few hours in a ballom, in which they had by mere accident been rown into each other's company, take such n interest in his welfare as to induce her to main by his bed-side, to watch his recovery om a dangerous illness? This must, he ought, be the house in which she resided, nd the compassion for suffering humanity inerent in woman, must have induced her to nter his room, to enquire after his health.

While these things were revolving in the ind of the invalid, without being able to bring hem to a satisfactory conclusion, it is necesry that the reader should be made acquainted ith the reason of this woman's strange conuct. Her native home was merry England. Her father had been a rich merchant, in whose yes worth, talent, and integrity, were found anting, when poised in the scales with worldy wealth, and high sounding titles. It was herefore with alarm that he beheld his only aughter, a young woman of eighteen, fix her ffections on a young soldier, whose handsome eatures, genteel carriage, and modest exterior, ad gained the love of the rich young heiress. The merchant at first expostulated, then threatened, and at last when he saw that remonstrances and threats were both alike in vain, and that the obedience which his confiding daughter had ever implicitly yielded to him, was now likely to be transferred to the god cupid, he determined to put a stop to these vile proceedings, by leaving his native country and removing to the continent. The wealthy merchant now took up his abode in the town in which we first found his bereaved daughter, who, when our story commenced, lamented the double privation of a true-hearted lover, and a hard-hearted father; the latter of whom being a very rich man, and having no person to whom to leave his vast riches, except one daughter, who had greatly offended him by defeating the expectation he had formed of being one day related to some *mighty person*, was resolved that in none of the "good things" of this life he would be found lacking, commenced, contrary to his wont, a sumptuous manner of living; and as generally happens in similar cases, was hastened to his long home by the gout, leaving his daughter the sole possessor of his riches, and what was of much more consequence to *one*, at least, if not *two*, the disposal of her own hand. Her father had been dead but a few weeks at the time when she was first introduced to the reader. She had resolved to remove, as soon as possible, to her own country, and search out the object of her early affections. Her lover was a soldier—her companion on the night of the ball was a soldier, who had himself said that he was an example in which the claims of true and affectionate love were rendered nugatory by the hard-heartedness of a *parent*. A thought struck her—she almost started from her seat, and her cheeks became deadly pale. Her companion, however, did not observe her, for the sound of the alarming drum called him to his duty, and recalled her to a sense of her doubly bereaved situation, for the thought of this man being the soldier who had long ago and in another land, commanded her dearest affections, having entered her mind, she found it impossible to expel it therefrom. This was therefore the reason of her having sought the chamber of the invalid, and having watched over him during his illness with the tenderness of a mother over her darling child, or the care of a miser over his treasure, while ever and anon a chill shudder crept over her frame, and a thrill of horror over her mind, at the thoughts of being deceived.

There was an awful pause when he opened his eyes, and both became aware of each others presence. The opposite feelings of hope and fear passing alternately through *her* mind, while astonishment at what he saw, and a sense of his disconsolate situation passed as rapidly through *his*.

"You narrowly escaped the grave," she commenced, "to which many a brave man has been consigned; "you will soon be able to leave this for your own fair country, when friends will greet you, perhaps a lover's arms be opened to receive the object of her dearest affections; while——"

"A friend or relative," said he "will never welcome home the weary wanderer. The tall and seared grass waves to many a blast, over the spot where their earthly remains are deposited. A lover's arms will never be extended to receive me, for a lover I have none, although I once had, and one for whom I could have freely resigned life. I know that our love was reciprocal—for my sake she endured her father's hot displeasure—she was forced to leave me—her native land—peace—contentment—and enjoyment, to follow the fortunes of her father in a foreign land. I know not to what part of the globe she has gone, nor did she at the time. I am afraid she is no more, or she would surely have made me acquainted with the place of her residence."

"Hard-hearted father, thus to drag her away; why was he so averse to your being united?"

"Alas! I was but a poor soldier, while she was the only daughter of a rich merchant."

She drew from her bosom the portrait of a young and beautiful woman, and presenting it to the invalid, asked him with a voice trembling with emotion, if it bore any resemblance to her whose loss he lamented. He took it from her trembling hand—gazed on it a moment—and pressed it to his lips in exstacy—

"It was her image in the days of our bliss: how it has been preserved I know not;—give it to me and I will keep it about my person to my dying day. I will have the image, but alas! I will never behold the blessed reality."

"Look on the reality now," said she, "although I am indeed but an image of the past. Time changes all things except our undying love;" and the two lovers were immediately clasped in each others arms. I need say no more. His wounds were soon healed—their marriage was celebrated—and they removed to their own country where they lived in peace and happiness for many a year.

July, 1843. F. G.

THE MIND.

Our mind may or may not be engaged with our own consent, but our affections are never engaged without it.

THE RUINS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.—The ru[ins] are strowed in chaotic confusion over a san[dy] plain broken into shapeless mounds. N[o] naked Arab children, no squalling bedlam disturb your meditations. A few camels, ab[out] to journey over the desert, may be repos[ing] peacefully in the area of the great quadrang[le]. An Arab boy may be seen stretched on th[e] sand in the ruined sanctuary, sleeping aw[ay] the noontide heats, his meek-eyed ass stand[s] by, as motionless as the statues near him. The mournful cooings of unseen doves a[re] alone heard in the halls that once resoun[ded] with Egyptian revelry; owls have establis[hed] themselves in the obscurities of the ponder[ous] architraves; and, as they sit mute and mot[ion]less, one mistakes them for hieroglyphic fi[g]ures: should they chance to move, the anti[que] sculpture seems suddenly endowed with li[fe]. You may seat yourself on a fallen column, an[d] looking up to one of the great pylons, imag[ine] an ancient procession defiling through its p[or]tal, the singers and the minstrels, the prie[st]esses waving aloft their sistra, the stream[ing] banners, the clang of trumpets, and the acc[la]mations of the Theban multitude; then [let] your eye glance over the silent ruins arou[nd] you, and no eloquence could so impressiv[ely] teach the trite lesson of the transitoriness [of] worldly grandeur." And thus of the stup[en]dous statues on the plains of Thebes, on wh[ose] lips the sounds which Strabo tells us that [he] heard are at last for ever silent. No morn[ing] that comes out of heaven can affect the Me[m]non more. "Elevated on bases or low ped[es]tals, they rise about fifty-three feet above t[he] surface of the ground, which, having been gr[a]dually elevated by the annual deposit from t[he] Nile, is now several feet above its ancient lev[el]. Seen from the Western, or Necropolis, Hil[ls] at sunset, their effect is very remarkable. T[he] eye can clearly define their forms as sitt[ing] figures, and they rise isolated in the midst [of] the plain-like rocks in the expanse of ocean. Companions for thirty-three centuries, wh[at] revolutions of religion and empire have th[ey] witnessed! The 'bleating gods' of Eg[ypt] swept away before the conquering cross, t[he] religion of Jesus, first obscured and adulterat[ed] then almost extinguished before the armies [of] Omar: Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Turks f[ol]lowing and expelling each other, the nati[ves] the docile slaves of all! Moses may have b[e]held these statues, and still they survive, t[he] lonely monarchs of the ancient plain.—*W[il]then's work on the Arts, Antiquities, and Ch[ro]nology of Ancient Egypt.*

THE SPECTRAL HAND.

"You are no believer in vulgar ghosts; nor im I, but I do believe most firmly that we are ver surrounded by ministering spirits, invisi- le to human eyes, but not unfelt by human earts."

The speaker was a pale, thin old man, with face singularly attenuated, and of ashy pale- ess, while his small, jet-black eyes, rolled pasmodically beneath his shaggy brows, as if noved by some galvanic power. Those eyes vere certainly a most remarkable feature.—They seemed, at times, to blaze out, and again o become dim, like the fitful lamp of the fire- ly; and the grey haze which occasionally rept over them, was like the glassiness which eath imparts. No one knew any thing about im. He had accidentally become our travel- ng companion, and, as we gathered round he fire, in the solitary parlor which the way- ide inn afforded, he joined himself to our little roup, so silently as scarcely to be observed. Our host had endeavoured to entertain us, du- ng supper, by the details of a horrid murder, ately perpetrated in the neighbourhood, and ad garnished the tale with some incidents of supernatural character. This led to a dis- ussion among us, respecting ghostly revela- ons, and, while some of our party related alf humourous, half horrifying stories of su- ernatural visitations, others vehemently de- laimed against the indulgence of any such per- icious creeds. It was the *violent tirade of* ne, who looked upon superstition as ranking mong the seven deadly sins, which called orth from the strange old man the remark al- eady quoted. Our pious friend immediately eplied by a most elaborate argument, to which he stranger listened with evident indifference nd impatience.

"Your reasoning is most conclusive," said e, with a faint smile, "and I doubt not that should entirely agree with you, *if facts*, which ave come within my own knowledge, were ot more convincing than all the fine spun heories in the world."

"Have you ever seen a ghost?" was the atural question.

"No," was his reply, "but I have both seen nd heard enough to convince me of the ex- tence of ministering spirits."

A little persuasion soon induced the old man o give us the results of his experience, and as e drew our chairs more closely around the re, he thus began:

"I believe that we are all sent into the world to perform some definite mission. The mo- ment an infant breathes the vital air, his min- istry of good or evil is begun, and according as he performs his allotted duties, or fails in their fulfilment, will be his future measure of reward. I speak not now of *deeds* only, there are things known only to man and his Maker, which yet form an essential part of that min- istry, though the world knows nothing of them. But there may be those who have gone on humbly seeking to fulfil their mission of duty, until Death has stilled the beating heart, and palsied the ready hand. There may be those whose ministry *is needed after the spir-* it has escaped from the decaying body; and whose *invisible* agency completes the unfin- ished course of duty. Such, I believe, are they who are sometimes allowed to revisit the '*glimpses of the moon.*'

"Look into the scroll where memory has for years been inscribing her speaking pictures of the past, and tell me if you find not there the record of some mysterious impulse, which seemed almost like folly when you yielded to its power, but which now appears to you like a special interposition of Providence. Can you not recall some well-devised scheme of world- ly advancement, from which, by some strange instinct, you recoiled at the very moment when success seemed sure, and which, if then pur- sued, in despite of this secret warning, you now see would have led to certain ruin? Do you not remember evil thoughts which would have ripened into wicked deeds, had it not been for some silent but powerful agency, which you could neither comprehend nor resist. Are there not acts of kindness and virtue which have been performed by you almost unwilling- ly, and as if under the power of some fascina- ting spell? He who can remember things like these,—and who among us cannot?—has *felt the invisible ministry of angels.* Some- times, though rarely, this ministry is permit- ted to become visible; but it is only when the silent influences, which fall upon the spirit, like dew within the flower, are not sufficient for its renovation. The tale I am about to re- late, is directly in point:

"Sir Walter Lisburne, of Drayton, had wed- ded rather late in life, but nothing could ex- ceed the domestic felicity which he enjoyed with his young and beautiful wife. The Lady Lucy was as good and gentle as she was love- ly. Her very presence seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of happiness around, and her sweet face shed a light as genial to the soul as is spring sunshine to the earth. Her picture,

which still adorns the old gallery at Drayton, represents her in the first bloom of maidenhood, and it needs little knowledge of physiognomy to decide that such a creature could bear none other than a noble and gentle heart.—The portrait of Sir Walter, which hangs beside her's, is equally characteristic. Eminently handsome, with the form and bearing of a hero of the olden time, yet his features bear witness to the vacillation of mind, the infirmity of purpose, and the weak credulity of temper which were so conspicuous on the actual man. Possessing the most affectionate feelings, and relying most implicitly on those whom he loved, his want of decision placed him entirely under the influence of others. It was only while his heart was fixed on the good and the pure, that he could depend on his own correctness of thought and action. Lady Lucy revered her husband, as all good wives should, and her humility prevented her from discovering his entire subjection to her guidance. It was only by suggestive hints that she ever attempted to direct his judgment, and when once the idea was placed before him, Sir Walter well knew how to develope it in such a manner as to establish for himself something of a claim to originality. His large fortune enabled him to gratify all her elegant tastes, as well as all her schemes of benevolence; and while he went heart and hand with her in her plans, no one would have suspected that his facile temper made him simply the reflex of the object nearest to him.

But such happiness as was enjoyed by this noble pair, never can endure. Earth would claim too many Heavenward thoughts, if the household fire ever burned thus brightly, and when disunion comes not to dim its light, Death stands ready soon to quench the flame. Just when her prospects were brightest, the Lady Lucy was called to leave all that she most dearly loved. A sharp and sudden illness fell upon her; the powers of her strong mind were broken, and after a few days of intense suffering, she sunk into a torpor, which gradually deepened into death. Not one lucid moment had been afforded her, to utter a fond farewell to her beloved husband, or to impress one parting prayer on the tender heart of her only child. While reason remained true, her duties had been well performed, but she died with the *mother's mission* yet *unfulfilled*.

The grief of Sir Walter was like that of all weak-minded and passionate-hearted men.—He wept, and raved, and forbade all preparations for the funeral, and talked of self-murder, and, in short, acted like a mad-man. It was necessary to place him under positive restraint, in order to prevent some fatal act of rashness, until time should have alleviated his wild sorrow. He shut himself within an apartment hung with black, and from which every ray of light was excluded. From this chamber he never emerged, except at midnight, when he paid a nightly visit to the tomb of his beloved wife. His servants, his friends, even his son,—the image of his sainted Lucy—all were denied access to him. He had taken a solemn vow that while the hatchment which told of Death's victory still remained affixed to Drayton, he would not appear beneath the blessed sunshine. And he kept his word, as all such people keep rash vows; he forgot not the *letter*, though he dispensed with its fulfilment in *spirit*.

In his son, who had then scarcely attaine his twelfth year, were singularly blended th characteristics of both parents. He possesse the gentle temper of his mother, and the facil indecision of his father,—the relying tende ness, which, when properly directed, is so ef ficient a means in the formation of youthf character, together with a lightness and buoy ancy of disposition which rendered it extrem ly difficult to make any permanent impressio upon his feelings. He was one who would re quire 'line upon line, and precept upon pr cept.' His true and really noble characte lay hidden like the statue concealed in th shapeless mass of marble. It is only by th repeated strokes of the chisel and the toilsom study of the artist, that it is at length evolv in its perfect beauty. Yet Sir Walter, yieldin himself up to selfish and morbid grief for th dead, forgot his duties to the living; and th boy was left to the tender mercies of the se vants and retainers, who found their own i terest in pampering the incipient passions the young heir. The result of such society, a period of life when the mind is most impre sible, may be easily foreseen.

Adjoining upon Drayton, and, indeed, divid from it only by a brooklet, which a child mig overleap, lay the rich domain then in poss sion of the Lady Elizabeth F——. This w man was singularly gifted both in mind a person, and had the gentler virtues and grac been also bestowed on her, she would h been one of the loveliest of her sex. She w exceedingly beautiful, with a face almost Mo ish in its dark, rich, colouring, and features the most perfect symmetry. Her form superb, and the idea of queenly magnifice

nvoluntarily associated itself with her noble beauty and stately presence. She had been wedded, in youth, to a man, at least, thrice her age, and who was as destitnte of all loveable qualities as of personal attractions. Infirm in mind and in body, his querulousness had been the torment of all around him; but especially was his mean and tyrannical spirit exercised towards his wife. Her beauty was hidden in the strictest seclusion by his selfish jealousy, her fine mental powers were wasted in vain attempts to soothe or divert the peevish invalid,—her love of magnificence was entirely thwarted by his sordid parsimony,—and, in short, every thing which could lighten the weight of so wearisome an existence, was strictly forbidden her. Even her flower-garden, the last shelter of her hunted spirit, had been ploughed up, and sown with turnip-seed, because the wretched old man fancied that it occupied some portion of her interest and her time. And yet he loved his wife,—he had sacrificed schemes of ambition to blind passion, when he made her the partner of his name and rank,—but his love was like the vile affection with which a miser gloats over his golden store. He was proud to feel that she was his own,—that all this wealth of beauty and brilliancy was buried from the world for his sole gratification. He found pleasure in adorning her with priceless gems, and decking her with all the splendors of Oriental taste, for his eye alone. While his parsimony scarcely allowed him to keep his noble mansion in habitable order, and while his jealousy forbade the intrusion of a single guest within his walls, he yet exacted from his lady the daily compliment of a full-dress dinner, and a superb evening toilette for only himself to gaze upon.

The proud and lofty woman was but as a puppet in the hands of her master. He ruled her as if by some magic spell, and scandal whispered that the talisman might be found in the record of the lady's early life. It was said that Lord F—— had found his bride in a station which she wished not to remember; and that the secret of his absolute power over her, lay hid within a locked and sealed coffer, which ever stood within his chamber, and which was said to contain the tawdry and tinselled trappings of a female rope-dancer.—Whether the tale were true, or only the surmise of envy and malice, certain it is, that nothing but the strong bond of self-interest could have subjected Lady Elizabeth's lofty spirit to such an intolerable weight of bondage. She had sold herself for wealth and station. She felt herself enslaved beyond all present redemption, but she anticipated the moment when Death should enfranchise her; and year after year passed away, while she waited in silent and patient hopefulness for the freedom which only the King of Terrors could bestow.

But Lady F—— had purposes, deep and determined, which were only to be accomplished by the most adroit self-concealment. Her husband's estates were large and unentailed, and she had long since resolved that wealth, with all its powers and its pleasures, should reward her years of servitude. To accomplish this, required the most consummate art, for Lord F—— was suspicious of every one, just in proportion as he ceased to deserve respect. It was necessary for her to feign the most devoted affection for a person whom disease had rendered positively disgusting,—to pretend the utmost deference to the dictates of a mind which in every thing, save its power of will, was almost imbecile,—and, in short, to bend all the energies of her being to the task of cajolement and deception.

Alas! alas! for those who possess an untameable spirit enshrined in a frail and enslaved body! Alas! for those who must work out their own will in secrecy and silence! who, having no weapons of strength, must use the craft and cunning which nature ever bestows on the weaker animals,—who must exercise masculine energies only by the aid of feminine devices. Alas! for such when the principles of virtue are wanting, and the woman's heart becomes the demon's haunt!

All that the Lady Elizabeth might once have possessed of gentleness and goodness, all the womanly charities of her nature, had been long since crushed beneath the chains which she had found so "heavy, though they clanked not." Ambition was now her only passion. For this she lived, and for this she suffered.—"I bide my time," was her device, and never once did she relax her powers of fascination, until the grave closed over the tyrant and the deceived. During her husband's last illness, she was his faithful and unwearied nurse.—She well knew that the will, which made her sole heiress to his vast possessions, had been long since made, and she felt that her thraldom was now drawing to a close. But she was yet to learn that there is a tyranny which seeks to make itself felt, even from the narrow limits of the grave. Almost with his dying breath, Lord F—— summoned her to his bedside, and dictated a solemn oath that bound her to a life of widowhood. With freedom just

in view, and the fetters of slavery still heavy upon her, the proud woman felt little disposition to think of a second marriage. But she spurned the idea of a subjection, which should outlast the stroke of death; and a refusal to utter so false a vow was upon her lips, when the expiring husband, with the last effort of impotent malice, drew from beneath his pillow the long hoarded will, and exhibited, appended to it a codicil, which made the forfeiture of the whole estate the penalty of a second marriage. Calmly, and coldly, Lady F—— uttered the prescribed oath—but—no eye save her's, witnessed his dying agonies, and when the will was drawn from its concealment, with all the forms of law, *no condition* was found annexed to the bequest which made the widow sole heiress of the rich domain. The portentous codicil had disappeared.

And what, you will ask, has the story of the Lady Elizabeth to do with Sir Walter Lisburne? Be not impatient, but let an old man tell his story in his own way. One little year after the burial of the gentle Lady Lucy, Sir Walter emerged from his chamber of darkness. His first care was to order the removal of the funeral hatchments from his gates, and his next to direct that all things should be prepared for his second nuptials with the Lady Elizabeth F——. It was a most mysterious affair, for he had never been seen to cross the threshhold of her abode, though she had been for some years free and unfettered. Indeed, it was universally believed, that, save his nightly visits to his lady's tomb, he had never left his gloomy apartment. But, be that as it may, he came out from his seclusion the betrothed of the haughty widow. She had found society less kindly in its reception of her than she anticipated. Her position was somewhat ambiguous, and her very superiority to most of her sex in personal charms, gave new vigilance to envy. Who was Lady F——? was repeatedly asked. But the world *could not*, and the lady *would not* answer. She felt the insecurity of her situation, and with her, now, to *will* was to *do*. Perhaps too, the noble person of Sir Walter, for he was still distinguished for manly beauty, might not have been without its effect upon the proud and luxurious woman. With her usual artifice, she managed to throw herself in the way of the sorrowing husband, and, ere long, his unprofitable visits to the cold stone, which covered the remains of his dead wife, became only an easy means of concealment for his much more agreeable communings with warm and breathing beauty. As a matter of worldly prudence, Sir Walter could scarcely have made a more advantageous match; for it united two contiguous estates into one of princely splendor; while the lady, as the wife of a man who could trace back his family to the time of the Norman Conquest, assumed a rank which no one cared to dispute.

"There is no tyrant so despotic as a disenthralled slave"—is a maxim proved to its fullest extent in oriental life, and the truth of which may be tested in the personal experience of every one of us. Lady Elizabeth soon discovered the weaknesses of her husband's character, and they were exactly such as suited best with her views. Without sacrificing any thing of her dignity, or her graceful assumption of gentleness, she was able to rule even to her heart's content: while Sir Walter glad to be released from the irksome duty of self-guidance, was both proud and happy in his choice. Matters went on well enough until Lady Elizabeth became a mother. The birth of her son awakened in her new emotions and had such an event occurred in earlier life before she was so completely indurated by ambition, it might have wrought a radical change in her character. Now, however, it only served to bring out in stronger relief her evil nature.

Sir Walter's eldest son—the young Walter was now in his fifteenth year, when this new claimant to family honors appeared. Since his mother's death, the boy had been sadly neglected, and had sought his friends chiefly among the tenantry and domestics of his father's household. His tutor was a man of abstracted and absent turn of mind, whose simplicity of character rendered him an object of ridicule, rather than respect; and the wayward boy, who had his occasional fits of study and his frequent moods of idleness, was most ingenious in mystifying the kind old man. With fine capacities, a most affectionate temper, but a most reckless will, young Walter Lisburne seemed destined to add another to the long list of profligate heirs. Yet, a kind hand might easily have rescued him from the mire of self-indulgence, and womanly gentleness, to which he was ever most susceptible, might even then have allured him to the paths of virtue.

The Lady Elizabeth had other schemes however. Sir Walter's estates were not entailed, and she had resolved, while her child was yet in his cradle, that the rich lands of Drayton should be united with the domains of F—— to form the princely heritage of the son wh

she almost worshipped. Among the retainers of Sir Walter, were several who were devoted o her interests. To them were given such directions as were likely to work out her ends. The incipient vices of the youthful Walter were fostered by every possible means; his virtues were sneered at and mocked; his capacity for lofty attainments ridiculed; while his proficiency, in all that marks the high-blooded profligate, were lauded with the most fulsome flattery. Temptations of the most seducing kind were placed in his way; and more especially was he enticed by that most debasing and insidious of all vices—the love of strong drink. Every opportunity was taken for indulging him in this propensity,—he was led on, step by step, and whenever he was found to be completely under the influence of the degrading taste, rioting with his boon companions, his father was sure to be brought by some singular *chance*, to the scene of his son's folly. Sir Walter's heart was gradually alienated from his child, and he was thus by degrees prepared to enter into the schemes which his wife had long since matured.

I am now coming to that part of my story, which will perhaps cause you to doubt its truth, or else to look on me as a weak visionary; and yet it is true as are the details I have just given you.

Sir Walter, now advancing in life, and completely under the influence of his haughty wife, (who, when she broke her vow with the dead, could hardly be expected to keep faith with the living,) was persuaded to make a will, which should give to his second son, Godfrey, the broad lands of Drayton, leaving to his eldest child only a small patrimony which he could justly claim in right of the Lady Lucy, his mother. The papers were drawn up by a lawyer, who was at that time much occupied at the ——— assizes, and I, then a youth of twenty, the son of Sir Walter's steward, was employed to engross the document. The affair was kept very secret, and was to be done as expeditiously as possible, because Sir Walter was confined to his bed by a serious illness, which it was feared would terminate fatally. I was accordingly placed in Sir Walter's study, a small room adjoining his library, on the one side and his sleeping apartment on the other. In order to prevent intrusion, I kept both doors securely locked, by the directions of Lady Elizabeth. I had been writing until very late in the night,—the house was perfectly still, and I could distinctly hear the ticking of the night-watch in the sick man's chamber. I had copied all the tedious and minute details which the law requires in such important papers, and after enumerating the various portions of property, I was just in the act of writing "*Godfrey*' as *sole heir*, when suddenly the light was obscured, and a *shadow as of a hand held before the taper*, fell upon the parchment before me. I looked up hastily, but the lights on the table burned clear and bright; and I almost smiled at my own vain fancy, as I dipped my pen in the ink and again bent my head over my task. But scarcely had I touched the paper, when the same sudden gloom appeared, and the *shadow of a hand* was distinctly projected upon the document before me. Again I looked up, with a beating heart, while the cold sweat started upon my brow in heavy bead-drops, but the candles burned with unclouded brilliancy. Summoning all my courage to my aid, and ashamed of being frightened at a mere shadow, I attempted a third time to write the name of *Godfrey.* At this moment the gloom again fell around my pen,—the shadow again lay dark and distinct upon my paper, and as I looked up, I saw held before the taper, *a hand—a woman's hand* fair and delicate, with almond-shaped nails, and long taper fingers, between which the light shone, with a half transparent roseate hue. It was no vision of a heated fancy: I saw, with my bodily eyes, that veined and snow-white hand. I shall never forget its pure, pale waxen tint. While I gazed spell-bound, it slowly melted from my sight, and a halo, such as one may see gather around a candle, if held in a moist, close atmosphere, formed around the lights as that shadow vanished.

Flinging down my pen, I burst into the room where lay Sir Walter Lisburne. Lady Elizabeth, wearied with watchfulness, had retired to seek repose, and no one was beside the sick man, save an old family friend, whose integrity was as undoubted as his heart was warm. Breathless with emotion, but firm and unshaken in my belief, I told my story. The effect produced upon Sir Walter was terrific.—What afterwards occurred respecting it, I know not, but that unjust will was never completed. I kept my own secret, and never revealed the story of my mysterious visitant, until a circumstance which occurred at a later period, induced me to narrate it to the heir of Drayton.

Sir Walter Lisburne never recovered from the illness of which I have just spoken. And the young Walter, about a year after his father's death, attained his majority. His kindness of heart had induced him always to treat

his step-mother with respect, while his young brother had shared his affections; and accordingly, they were first among the invited guests, who were expected to honor Drayton with their presence, during the rejoicings. Lady Elizabeth had retired to her own estates, immediately after the death of her husband, and seemed to have quite forgotten her disappointment, if one might judge by the alacrity with which she obeyed the young baronet's summons. The heir was free-handed even to a fault, and the festivities were upon a scale of unbounded magnificence and liberality. More especially, was the evening banquet remarkable for its tasteful elegance. Lady Elizabeth, still stately and beautiful, though time had touched her brow with his tracery, presided in all the pride of dowager dignity. Her son, a wild and light-headed boy, sat near her, while pre-eminent in sweetness of deportment, noble bearing and beauty of person, notwithstanding the hectic flush with which his early excess had stained his cheek, shone the young Sir Walter.

It was late in the evening, when Lady Elizabeth rose to leave the banquet. Pausing one instant ere she withdrew, she raised to her lips the golden goblet in which she had been served with wine, and, uttering a grateful gratulation to the heir of Drayton, drained the cup. Seizing his capacious glass, Sir Walter held it over his shoulder to be filled, as he rose and courteously reciprocated the lady's compliment. I was seated in the gallery which overlooked the banquet, and I remarked that it was one of Lady Elizabeth's foreign servants who filled the glass for my young lord. Scarcely had the wine risen to the brim of the drinking vessel, when it suddenly mantled as if mingled with some effervescing drug, and the glass was shivered into fragments. It was a venice glass of great price, and I shuddered as I remembered the peculiar value which in former times had been set upon that substance, whose purity could not bear the touch of poison. But as the wild thought passed through my brain, Sir Walter grasped a silver beaker which stood near, and called for wine. The same dark-browed servant stood behind him, and the cup was filled to the brim. Sir Walter raised it, but, ere it touched his lips, a spell seemed to have fallen upon him. He held the cup suspended, while his gaze was fixed fearfully upon vacancy. At length, as if overcome by some frightful vision, he dashed the goblet violently to the ground, and rushed from the apartment.

The wine was poisoned. The dog which had lain at his master's feet and lapped it as it ran along the floor, died the next morning. It was drugged with a slow but deadly poison.

Years afterwards, when I was admitted to the confidence of Sir Walter, (who, by a life of virtue afterwards amply atoned for the errors of his youth,) I heard from his own lips the tale of that strange visitation. Often in his hours of revelry, ere the last intoxicating cup was quaffed, *a hand—a woman's hand soft and delicate, would be laid on his with a* strong and gentle clasp,—holding back the draught from his hot lip. Sometimes the dewy fingers touched his brow and cooled the fevered brain, 'till reason could assert her sway.—The effect had ever been salutary, yet exquisitely painful to the youth. It had stayed the impetuous fury of mad passion, and by degrees the touch of that invisible hand had wooed him from his evil ways. He felt himself watched over by some unseen spirit, and as soon as he fully believed and yielded himself to this gentle intimation of guardianship, the temptations that assailed him lost their baleful power. On the evening when he sought to pledge his step-mother in the poisoned draught, that shadowy hand had grasped his with a burning clasp, that made his blood boil in the shrinking veins. He felt the scorching of the flesh beneath the touch of those slender fingers, and as he told the tale, he bared the wrist, and beheld the impression of three fingers, branded as if by a hot iron into the living flesh.—Until his dying day, Sir Walter bore that seal of a spirit's mission.

"To whom do you suppose that spectral hand belonged?" asked one of the company.

"Did I not say that the Lady Lucy died without pouring forth the strong earthly love which was hoarded within her breast? She had come back to earth in spirit,—she had come to check the impulses of evil in the bosom of her child,—to rescue him from the poverty which would have driven his proud spirit to madness,—and finally, to save him from the deadly malice of her, who, for the guerdon of his wealth, would have sent him to an early grave, with all his sins yet heavy on his heart. It was the *mother's hand*, and it fulfilled the *mother's mission*."

NOTE.—In Aubrey's collection of Hermetic Philosophy, (a very curious old book, notwithstanding *D'Israeli's contemptuous opinion* of it,) may be seen the original narration of this wonderful incident on which the foregoing tale is founded.

Summer Excursions from London.

A Visit to Tintern Abbey.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

THE time appointed for our long promised isit to our friends at Bristol had arrived, and re once more seated ourselves in the train of he Great Western Railroad. Again we com- ented upon the comfort, beauty and solidity f the English railway. Every thing is done r posterity. The deep cuttings are lined ith neat masonry, or sodded and bordered ith flowers—the station houses are of stone, pretty gothic form—while conductors, with ags, are stationed along, and placards hung t to warn the wanderer, or guide the passen- ers. The tunnels on this road are frequent, d have been very expensive to the company. e passed many a quaint village, embosomed trees, their thatched roofs green with moss, eir latticed windows covered with fragrant nes, and the dear little gothic church grey ith time, and festooned with the ivy of ages st. Many a villa and lordly mansion peep- out of verdant groves, and many a soft green ll rose and sunk again gracefully into bright eadows, surrounded by a circling stream.— on a hill at our left, we observed the figure a large white horse, as if painted in white the green turf. The sods had been taken in the form of a horse, and the white chalk low, appearing, made this figure. Reading, ith its ruined castle and many towers and imnies, is seen at a little distance, and we t passengers at its station house,—then Bath, e celebrated watering place appears, the ris- g ground covered with tier above tier of ter- ces, rows and crescents of elegant houses; ile above all rose the towers of the different urches, and the ancient cathedral. Bath s resorted to by the Saxons, who called it *e man cestre*, or the *Aching man's city.*— ere we also exchanged passengers and lug- ge, and then away we whirl past "sweet lds of living green," with the silver Avon nding through them, and cottages with gar- ns glowing with flowers, and palaces, and cient churches, and old grandfather trees, psee of young ones placed in picturesque oups, making a succession of fair cabinet pic- es. This is all past,—the smoke of a large wn is dimming the hills, and Bristol, with its urches and houses, its manufactories, ship- g, and cathedral towers, is seen covering sides of a hill, at the foot of which is the eting of the Frome and Avon Rivers. The station house is a large and elegant building of light-coloured stone, with gothic arches and pinnacles. Crossing this, we find a crowd of cabs and omnibusses. When the cars stopped, a tall, gentlemanly looking man, dressed in a plain surtout, pulled from beneath his seat a carpet bag and basket, carrying, apparently, a nice turbot or salmon, which he quietly gave to the conductor. This was the Duke of Beaufort, who was soon rolled away in his carriage to Badminton, his family seat, whose white towers were rising over the trees a few miles from Bristol. As we drove along, I thought Bristol a gloomy looking place, with narrow streets, and no architectural beauty. Perhaps my having left London only four hours since, may have caused my distaste. However, as we reached the better class of houses on the summit of the hill, and saw the sunny smile of welcome, and felt the warmth of English hospitality, we found a brighter tint was cast around us.

The dawning rays of a brilliant Summer sun, were just struggling through the silent streets of Bristol, as we drove merrily down to the steamboat which was to take us across to Wales. It was a tiny affair, and its little deck was already crowded with tourists and pleasure hunters, like ourselves, and was soon afloat, paddling down the Avon, which still lay in shadow, while the tops of St. Vincent's cliffs above us were glowing in sunlight.

The *Rhenish* character of the scenery here, strikes every one who has seen the noble Rhine. Wild, rocky precipices arose at our right hand, to the height of three hundred feet, on the summit of which were the pretty terraces and villas of Clifton, the celebrated watering-place, while the opposite side was clothed with coppice and wild-flowers, flinging over us their sweet morning fragrance as we passed. Rapidly we wound through the rocky pass, now looking forward to a frowning promontory which seemed too potent a barrier to surmount, now looking back to the towers and spires of Clifton, painted upon the sky at the narrow opening. The passage at last gradually widened, and before us we beheld the lordly Severn, here six miles broad, rolling its mass of waters to the sea—while, from its opposite shore, arose the coast of Wales, dotted with towns and cottages, and backed by a dark rampart of mountains. The heights at our left ended in a bold bluff, called Portishead, crowned by a pretty village, church tower and hotel, while the other side was covered with the parks and stately mansions of

Lord de Clifford, Mr. Harcourt of Blaize Castle, and other wealthy land owners. King's Roads, beneath these cliffs, at the mouth of the Avon, is the anchorage of the Great Western steamship, while she remains at the port of Bristol.

Let not the reader mistake our little river for the Avon of Snakspeare. This is one of the three Avons of England, and takes its rise in Wiltshire, and after rambling through the pretty meadows near Bath, falls into the Severn, dividing the shires of Gloucester and Somerset. Its rise and fall are between forty and fifty feet,—when low it is muddy, but when it has reached its height, in its "shining morning face," it is a fair and lovely stream to look upon. A tiny river indeed when compared with our broad rolling floods, but its bold and varied scenery will well compensate for its diminutive rise.

Gliding out of the Avon, we ascended the Severn several miles, gazing at the beauty of its shores. As we leave the Severn, and enter the Wye, which, winding through the Welsh hills, falls into it here, we pass the lovely islet of Chapel Rock. It is, as its name implies, a mass of rock covered with sea weed, and washed by the billows. Upon its summit is the ruined shrine of Saint Tecla of which now, nothing but one solitary arch remains. Its beacon-light, once warning the storm-tossed mariner, is now quenched by the waves, and its shrine once rich with his grateful offerings, now strewed along the beach.

The rocky shore, and its smooth, green hills gradually closed upon us, narrowing the bed of the Wye as we ascended. Its borders do not assume the dignity of cliffs as upon the Avon, but present the appearance of a wall on each side, as if the rocks had been rent asunder, while masses of foliage and flowers were clustering upon it in gay profusion. Tufts of pink, fox-glove, and brilliant valerian were flaunting and tossing their pretty heads in every breeze.

A wider opening gave us a view of Chepstow, seated upon the hill above us. An old crumbling Roman wall surrounded it, following the elevation of the rising ground, and sinking into the curve of the depressions of the land, its grey line traced distinctly over the green turf. The picturesque ruins of Chepstow Castle crowned the height above, a pretty, five-arched bridge of iron, spanning the river where once stood a Roman bridge. This river, also, like the Avon, has a rise and fall of fifty feet, and wants only width to make a stream worthy of its beautiful shores.

Carriages of all kinds awaited the touris[ts;] selecting a light open, basket-work affair w[e] were soon driven rapidly through the far-fam[ed] scenery of Wales and the Wye. A confus[ed] mass of rocks and trees arose at our left ha[nd,] while far below us, the Wye wound its wa[y] through soft round green hills. The table la[nd] above was covered with fields and copses ar[-] ranged with that view to effect which, rende[rs] the rural scenery of England so beautiful. Th[e] English farmer deems he owes something [to] his neighbor as well as to himself, and in la[y-] ing out his farm consults beauty as well [as] utility. Scarcely a tree is planted witho[ut] studying its effect. Hence, whence our e[ye] ranges over those swelling hills, which cha[-] racterize English scenery, we behold tre[es] gracefully grouped, foliage of different tin[ts] assorted, groves and copses arranged in pre[tty] shapes, and in some places even the tints [of] clover, mustard, pink betch and purple bea[ns] so disposed as to give a pleasing effect at a di[s-] tance.

Six miles of this ever-varying scenery wa[s] passed, when a turn in the road brought b[e-] fore us a fair green valley surrounded with ve[r-] dant hills. Upon a gentle eminence in t[he] centre, circled by the Wye, stood the ruin[ed] Abbey of Tintern. How mournfully beaut[iful] it looked! Its crumbling walls grey with a[ge] —its faultless arches riven by the temp[est,] presented so vivid a contrast with the bloo[m-] ing landscape around it. So touching wa[s it] in its sad decaying beauty, that our merry co[n-] verse was hushed and we rode on in silen[ce.] We alighted at the gate of the guide's cotta[ge,] and followed the old man through the gr[eat] door into the building and stood motionle[ss,] gazing upon the beauty and solemnity of t[he] lonely place. The Abbey stands nearly en[tire,] with the exception of the roof, which Cro[m-] well, a more ruthless destroyer than time, c[au-] sed to be blown off for the sake of the lead w[ith] which it was covered! Its clustering colu[mns] rise in solemn grandeur to the blue roof abo[ve,] while through the high arches whose car[ved] tracery has given place to twining ivy, t[he] mid-day sun was streaming, throwing the d[ark] shadow of its pillars upon the grassy floor [be-] neath. In front of us, at the eastern en[d of] the church, was a large oriel window,—wh[ich] once was adorned with stained glass, pou[ring] a flood of rainbow light upon the tessel[ated] and marble monuments around. Now, f[or] this, as well as the rest of the building, se[e]

ture, and painting, and gilding, have all been destroyed by the wind and the rain, and its only ornament is the pitying ivy, which clusters the wall in large green masses, hangs down in long festoons, twines the columns, and clasps the mouldering mullions with its graceful tendrils, as if to cherish, and solace, and save. A fine back ground of fair green hills seen through the broken window, shone like a bright future upon the desolations of earth. Silently we walked over the "pave of grass," musing upon chance and change, and mourning that such an exquisite specimen of ecclesiastical architecture should thus perish and be lost. Still we could not wish the return of that age, in which such establishments flourished, nor of the race who reared them. They who here once sang their midnight orisons have had their day, and the age of monastic seclusion has passed from these shores. While war was devastating the country,—when Saxon, and Dane, and Norman, were sweeping all trace of religion and literature away,—in these abbeys, and among the monks they remained in hallowed safety, until peace was once more restored to the land. The monks have passed away—and let us be grateful at least, for all which they have preserved for us, and admire that taste, which created such buildings as the one before us.

This Abbey was founded in 1131, by Walter de Clare, Lord of Chepstow, "for the good of his soul and that of his kinsmen." He lies buried at Tintern with his brother Gilbert, who, also, as well as the celebrated Richard Strongbow, enriched its walls. The great family of the powerful Hugh Bigod, also devoted part of their wealth to the purpose of adorning this proud edifice, which enriched with the wealth of nobles, carved, chiselled, gilded embellished with all the elaborate ornament of the style then fast taking place of the simple Norman, stood a superb specimen of the decorated anglo-gothic. Alas, how stands it now! The large tree which waves its arms from the ruined arch above, the turf which covers the tessilated pavement, tells of the summers which have passed since it was left to moulder to decay. The tombs of its proud founders have all disappeared, save where a remnant of a crosier speaks of the resting place of some lofty Abbot, who here trod in his brief authority. Of the Abbey itself, nothing but piles of stones remain, which, some learned antiquary will point out, as once bounding the grand hall, the refectory, or the monk's kitchen.

"These are the things which tame the soul of man,
The spectral writing on the wall of time."

As we left the church, I plucked an ivy branch as a relic of our visit. The guide, learning that I was from America, with that attention to a stranger's wish, which I had met wherever I had been in England, selected a pretty sprig and collected some seeds, which he hoped I would plant in my distant land, as a remembrance of Tintern. He was proud of his old Abbey,—and viewed me with especial approbation when he saw the deep interest with which I regarded it. As a further mark of his favor, he bestowed upon me a curl of an exquisitely carved wreath, which was lying in fragments around. He also shewed us a spot, where he had removed the grass, and displayed the floor which was paved with Norman tiles, red, figured with yellow.

We wandered long in the vicinity of the Abbey, and looked upon the Wye and the hills, once echoing with the midnight choral chaunt of Tintern. The cistercean monks who inhabited this abbey, were celebrated for their taste and learning. Their buildings were always pre-eminent for the elegance of their architecture, and were placed among the most beautiful scenery of the land. Their taste was also shewn in their dress, which, unlike the other orders of their brethren, was a flowing robe of white.

"Mount, and away!" was the word, and, bidding our old guide adieu, and looking a tender and sorrowful parting to the ruined fane, we were rapidly driven back towards Chepstow. The Wind-Cliff, was our next object. This was the highest summit of that grand ledge of rocky precipices, which had been towering over our heads upon one side, as we drove to Tintern, while at the other, the Wye was flowing in its deep green glen below. Tourists sometimes, ride nearly to the top on the other side, and from thence descend. We preferred to clamber up the Wind-Cliff, and accordingly alighted at its foot, and gazed up at the magnificent mass of rock and foliage which arose above us—

> "Shade above shade, a woody theatre
> Of stateliest view."

Slowly we ascended the devious path, winding through many a maze of glorious beech and oak; reposing now in some coal grot, or upon rustic seats placed for the convenience of tourists in pretty openings, by the Duke of Beaufort, the tasteful owner of this rich and beautiful land.

Well, we are upon the summit—and seated upon benches of twisted roots, are gazing out upon one of the finest views in England, and, while the summer breeze is fanning our brows, are gathering all its points, and seeking how to convey to you in words, a picture of so extensive and lovely a landscape. A more varied prospect can be seldom seen—for here we have river and sea, and vale and plain, mountain and hill, city and village, cottage and castle. The valley of the Wye lay beneath us, and the curious windings of its lovely river can be distinctly traced. In one spot it nearly forms a circle around an eminence covered with the varied fields of Lancant farm. In another, the course of the stream is three miles around the height crowned with the picturesque towers of Goodrich castle, while the path across is but half a mile. Gently undulating land leads down to the Severn, beyond whose bright waters, dotted with vessels, arise the cultivated shores, and wooded hills of Gloucester, and Somersetshire. We were pointed to a spot in the dim distance of the former, where rise the gloomy groves of Berkely Castle, the death scene of the unhappy Edward Second. Among these Welsh hills, with that scene before us, we could scarcely fail of re-calling the fearful prophecy of Gray's ancient bard of Wales—

"Mark the year and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright,
The shrieks of death, through Berkely's roof that ring."

Upon an eminence at our right, overlooking the mouth of the Wye, was seated the town of Chepstow with its ancient castle. Around and behind us, arose wild rocks and towering ridges, ending in the far summit of many a 'cloud-like hill.' As we descended the Wind-Cliff, we came down from our mist of sentiment, and condescended to partake of the lunch which was spread in the moss cottage. This hut is constructed with branches of trees, lined throughout with moss, by the direction of the noble lord above named. It possesses numerous apartments. Our meal was spread upon a rustic table of black walnut, while a chandalier of moss hung over our heads. Under a spreading tree before the door, sat a blind Welsh harper, who entertained us with native airs upon his instrument, while we refreshed ourselves within. Being true hunters of the picturesque, we scarcely allowed ourselves time to rest, when we again mounted our light phaton and continued our course to Chepstow. One of the old gate-ways of this city still remains, and spans across High street near one of the principal Inns. It is an interesting object telling of ages and nations long passed away. Chepstow has been a town since the days of the ancient Briton. So goodly a spot, commanding the Severn and the Wye, with a lookout over a vast extent of country, would be immediately selected as the encampment of an invading army; and accordingly, Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman troops have here been entrenched. It is a small town, its only interest to a stranger being its ruins. Of these, are the walls, which I have already mentioned; the church, which was a chapel of a benedictine monastery, and yet retains a beautiful crenelated Norman door and Chepstow Castle. Leaving our carriage at the Inn, we passed through the ancient gate-way, and walked down the street towards the river. Upon an eminence overlooking the Wye, stands the ruined Castle. Its circular walls and some of its towers are still standing; but time and war have effaced its grandeur, and crushed its power, leaving it beautiful indeed, but desolate. We ascended the pleasant green slope in front and entered the gate-way once defended by two heavy iron-bound gates and by portcullis, and a machicolation above. We started with surprise as we entered; so different was the interior from any thing we could have imagined of a fortress—even of a ruined one. The walls presented one mass of living green. The ivy vine, like pity following justice, was clinging and twining everywhere,—swinging from the turret tops, covering the battered stones giving "beauty for ashes," and flinging a grace over decay. The pavement of the court was concealed by grass and from the centre, sprung an enormous walnut-tree, beneath the shade of whose wide-spreading branches was placed a rustic table and seats. Upon a pile of stones which had fallen from the turret above, sat a blind Welsh harper, drawing a sad dirge from the harp before him, as if mourning over the woes and defeat of his ancient race.

Another court opened from this, now covered with the gay parterre of our guide's garden through which we were led into the grand hall of the castle. Here some vestiges of the ancient architecture are still remaining. In some of the arches are several carved quoin's—sculptured corbel here and there remains, which the arches they once supported have long since fallen. And here, also, we saw the only relics of the once Saxon fortress of Cheap-Stone, in a horse-shoe arch, over what was

once a window. Wandering onwards, musing upon nations and days that have passed, we crossed another court leading to the ditch and portcullis of the western gate, near which rises the castle keep, now called Martin's Tower.—A pointed gothic arch-way leads to a staircase, which gives access to a room above, once the prison of Henry Marten, the regicide.

What a sad casting down of high imaginings was the steamboat bell, which called us from our Saxon and Norman reminiscences! Ere we obeyed its summons, we took another long look, out of the mullioned window, upon the peaceful Wye beneath, and the graceful hills beyond—then plucking, as a remembrance, a branch of gay valerien, which was flaunting from the broken arch; we left Chepstow and the Wye, and at sundown were again gliding upon the Avon.

FLATTERERS BIT.—Many anecdotes were current at Smyrna respecting Hussein Bey, the Governor, who had the character of being the most notorious and repacious money-maker in the empire. Some of his expedients are worth recording as instances of Turkish manners. He possesses a large house and garden, near Bournoubat, which produces excellent fruit, and in which two years ago he had a most abundant crop of cherries. Anxious to sell them to advantage, he sent for the principal fruiterers to value them; who were all equally desirous of propitiating the Governor by praising his fruit. They vied with each other in estimating the quantity with the quality, and ended by con ratulating Hussein Bay on his good fortune and success. But they did not know whom they had to deal with; for no sooner had he got them to declare unanimously that his cherries were worth some highly preposterous sum, than he nailed them to their bargain, and declared they should not leave his house until they had bought his fruit at the price they had named. Remonstrance was useless, and they were compelled to pay the penalty of their flattery.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THOUGH every old man has been young, and every young one hopes to be old, there seems to be a most unnatural misunderstanding between those two stages of life. This unhappy want of commerce arises from the insolent arrogance or exultation in youth, and the irrational despondence or self-pity in age.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF DRIVING THINGS OFF.

MR. SAMUEL SAUNTER was such an unpunctual person about keeping his appointments that he came, at length, to be called by his acquaintance the *late* Mr. Saunter. "By and by," "All in good time," "Slow and sure," "More haste worse speed," &c. &c., were his favourite quotations; and his wife, good lady! who was one of your bustling, fussing, fidgeting, never-easy sort of personages, born and educated for the express purpose of tormenting lazy husbands, was daily and hourly put off with one or other of these phrases.

One summer, several years ago, they went out of town to spend the hottest part of the season among the gardens, farms and orchards in a pleasant town in the interior of Pennsylvania, about one hundred and fifty miles from Philadelphia, and a very pleasant sojourn they made of it. Their children, a little girl of eight and a boy of six years old, enjoyed their residence in the country greatly, and were much improved in their health and vigour by their diet of home made bread, fresh milk and eggs and ripe fruit. Exercise and fresh air did much also for the parents, and made Mr. Saunter himself *almost* an active man. All that was wanting was the *will*—or, as the metaphysicians call it, the moral ability to bestir himself when the occasion called for exertion. But, truth to tell, the quiet retired farm-house in which they were quartered, was to him a perfect Castle of Indolence. When dragged out upon an excursion by his active lady, he went, indeed; but he contrived so to arrange matters that while the rest of the family were gathering berries, or weaving garlands of flowers, he was reposing under some shady tree; or quietly angling in the river, which intersected the farm. Whole days did he spend reclining on the heaps of fragrant new-mown grass, watching the labours of the hay-makers. His habit of procrastination, however, was indulged even in reference to these excursions into the fields. He was always the last of the party to be ready for a start, and he often put off his return to the house till the rising thunder-clouds poured forth their watery contents upon his head, and made him regret his not having heeded the warnings of his faithful helpmate.

When the mowers descended from the higher ground to the "intervale" as it was called, by the river bank, Mr. Saunter followed; and reclining under a clump of willows, he would

listen hour after hour, to the pleasant ringing sound of the scythes as they cut through the tall, heavy grass. By his patient study of the *theory* of mowing, he found the practice would be altogether too laborious for his taste.—In this agreeable occupation, however, he was not entirely without company. The mosquitoes abounded in the "intervale," and as Mr. Saunter was a light-complexioned, thin-skinned gentleman, they conceived a particular affection for him; so that by the time he had pulled off his coat and thrown himself comfortably, at full length, upon the grass, beneath his favourite willows, they began to settle upon his hands, face and arms, and pay him a great many personal attentions—more, in fact, than were quite agreeable. Too much attention, at certain times, is quite overpowering. Mr. Saunter however was a very benevolent and tolerant person; and seldom disturbed them till they had taken their fill. He had, he said, a good deal of blood to spare, and this mode of venesection was attended with much less form and ceremony than sending for the doctor and submitting to the operation of the lancet. Besides, he had his own peculiar notions about the rights of men and mosquitoes; and he would frequently address himself to some thirsty citizen of the insect commonwealth, who was quietly enjoying himself upon his hand or arm, in such terms as these:—

"That's a good fellow, now, suck away and enjoy yourself. I dare say this is the first good drink that you have enjoyed for a long time. Swig away, my good fellow, and be thankful that you live in a liberty country, where every man and mosquito may enjoy himself in his own way. Some people would consider themselves as perfectly justified in taking your life for a personal assault of this kind. But for my part I don't believe in the lawfulness of capital punishments; and I think that the fit of indigestion you will have after this carouse, will be quite punishment enough for so light an offence. There, you are full now! You are as round as a pea and as red as Bardolph's nose. Good morning! Take care of yourself!"

But all human enjoyments have their term; and the time at length drew nigh when the family party were to leave their pleasant abode in the country.

The first of September was the day appointed for returning to town. Mrs. Saunter got every thing ready in her department. The requisite parting calls were made, her own and her children's travelling clothes were put in order; the apartments were made ready to be abandoned; the housekeeper in town was written to and ordered to prepare a late dinner in anticipation of their arrival. But, alas! when the long looked for morning came, Mr. Saunter was found to have procrastinated every thing which it was his province to have dispatched. Their bill was not settled; nor the money received from his agent in town.—Indeed, upon a severe cross-examination conducted by his amiable better half, it came out in evidence, that he had not even written to his agent to have the money sent—nor had he written to have certain papering and painting about the house done which were considered by Madame to be indispensably necessary to their comfort on resuming their residence in town. Neither had Mr. Ewing been written to, to mend *that spout*, which had formed the subject of a very exciting discussion between Mr. and Mrs. Saunter at the breakfast table every morning for a month before they left town; nor had Mr. Picot been written to, to reserve a place in his school for Rosalie, nor had any arrangement been made about Tommy's schooling. In short, the list of Mr. Saunter's omissions was perfectly appalling. His excellent lady lost all patience with him and incontinently determined to postpone the journey a fortnight longer, in order that all arrearages might be brought up—a fortnight—a whole fortnight!—Mr. Saunter assented very placidly to this arrangement. A fortnight seemed a whole age in perspective; and he would have time enough to set every thing to rights. So by way of showing his decision of character, he *resolved* to write to his agent in a week; and to the other people before the fortnight was up. At the end of the stated time he was still unprepared, and another day was fixed; and another disappointment followed, and so on, till the month of October was pretty well advanced and the mornings and evenings were getting quite cold.

At last, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of Mrs. Saunter, all was prepared. The trunks were all packed; the bills were all paid; the people in town were all instructed in their several duties and had returned satisfactory answers. It was evening. They were to go the next morning bright and early; and the children were sent off to bed betimes, so that they might be waked early without depriving them of their accustomed quantity of sleep.

"My dear," said Mrs. Saunter, "did you call this morning at the stage office and put down your name so as to make sure that the

[st]age coach will stop for us as it passes?"

"No, my dear," he replied, "I thought I [w]ould put it off till this afternoon; and when [th]e afternoon came I forgot all about it."

"Well, I declare, Mr. Saunter, that is too [ba]d. We shall be left behind after all; and it [w]ill be three days before there will be another [o]pportunity to go. And here we are all ready, [pa]cked up and waiting to start. How uncom[fo]rtable these three days will be."

"Oh! never mind, my dear, I will be up [ea]rly in the morning, and send Mr. Jones' [hi]red man, Nathan, down to the place in the [ro]ad where the coach passes, to stop it, when [it] will come along——"

"Well, we shall be left behind, I know we [sh]all. I thought something would happen to [di]sappoint me. I declare, if I once get back to [P]hiladelphia, I never will go into the country [a]gain," &c. &c. &c. This was merely the [te]xt. The lecture lasted three quarters of an [h]our, without greatly disturbing the equanimi[ty] of Mr. Saunter. Custom will reconcile a [m]an to any thing—even to curtain lectures.

The next morning, all was bustle and ac[ti]vity. The lady and children were up betimes [a]nd dressed for the journey; Mr. Saunter re[lu]ctantly obeying the fifth and last call, at [le]ngth rose and made himself ready. A hasty [b]reakfast was dispatched, and Nathan was [du]ly sent off to his post, to stop the coach.

It happened, however, that after he had stood [se]ntinel a full half hour, an unruly cow from [th]e highway broke through the fence and [ju]mped into one of his master's enclosures, [w]hereupon Nathan, considering his duty in [th]at quarter paramount, deserted his station [a]nd ran off to turn the animal out and repair [th]e breach. While he was thus employed, one [o]f the farmer's children, playing in the field, [sa]w the coach approaching, and ran to the [h]ouse with the intelligence. Instantly the [p]arty obeyed the summons. The farmer's [e]ldest boy took the travelling trunk on his [s]houlder, Mr. Saunter seized his portmanteau [a]nd umbrella, and Mrs. Saunter her basket, [a]nd the children following *non passibus aequis*, [o]ff they set, upon the run, towards the high[w]ay. They saw the coach coming rapidly [a]long. The children shouted, the lady waved [h]er handkerchief, and the gentleman uplifted [h]is voice and his umbrella at the same time.—[B]ut it was all in vain. They were not seen [n]or heard; and the coach whirled past long be[fo]re they could reach the desired point. The [o]nly consolation they had was that of seeing that the vehicle was packed full, with four passengers outside, besides the driver.

"I told you so, Mr. Saunter," said the lady. "I knew it would be so. We never shall get home again. I give up all expectation of it now. We are here for life."

"Never mind, my dear," said Mr. Saunter, "it is no great loss any how; you see the coach is full, and ten to one they could not have taken us in. We shall have better luck next time."

"I don't believe," said Mrs. Saunter, "they were so full that we could not have been stowed away somewhere. It is the old story. It always was so and always will be so. This all comes, Mr. Saunter, of your way of driving things off."

"I beg your pardon, my dear," replied the gentleman with great suavity of manner, "I beg your pardon; but it does seem to me that in the present case our disappointment is owing to Nathan's *driving things off;* for if he had not gone to drive the cow out of the field, we should not have missed the coach."

Thus pleasantly and affectionately chatting, the worthy couple returned to the farm-house.

The lady now took the matter seriously in hand herself, and the next time the stage coach passed a passage was secured and the party were safely landed at their residence in town. Among the many letters and papers awaiting Mr. Saunter's return to his home, was a notice from the Fire Insurance Company, that the term of his policy had expired. This was instantly seized by Mrs. Saunter.

"Now, my dear, run right down to the Insurance Office, and have this policy renewed. I shan't sleep a wink to-night if it is not done."

"But, my dear, you do not consider how much I am fatigued. I will attend to it to-morrow. The house has stood very safely here for a whole month without insurance, and I think it may stand one day longer without much risk. At least let me have my dinner first."

This point was conceded, but the whole dinner hour was occupied with a discussion on the importance of insurance in general and insurance on dwelling-houses in particular.

Mr. Saunter went out after dinner, and did not return until a late hour in the evening. The first salutation from his lady when they met was,

"Have you insured the house?"

"Indeed, my dear ——"

"There. I knew you had not attended to it. You are always driving things off."

"The fact is, my dear, that I fell in with so many old acquaintances, and had so much to say and to hear, that I forgot all about it. But I will certainly attend to it, the first thing in the morning."

This scene was enacted over, twice every day, for a fortnight, at the end of which time the house took fire and was burnt to the ground without a dollar of insurance. A part of the furniture, however, was saved—a smaller house was hired, and the vacant lot sold.

Mr. Saunter had lost a few thousands by "driving off" the operation of insuring his property, but he had still a handsome fortune left, which was all invested in bank stock. When this description of property, in consequence of certain events which have recently transpired in our country, began rapidly to decline in value, he prudently *resolved* to sell out and invest in real estate; but here his besetting sin of procrastination prevailed again. He put off action from day to day, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his wife; and he is now comparatively a poor man. Such are "*the consequences of driving things off.*"

STANZAS, INSCRIBED TO MRS. ——

The summer is dawning bright,
And Hope now lights anew her altar-flame;
Fair visions throng to meet th' enraptur'd sight,
From Fancy's realm they came.

And deck'd in sweetest smiles,
The future lures us to her flow'ry way;—
Oh! many a pang that syren voice beguiles,
And many a weary day.

Yet oft doth boding Fear
Approach, with white and trembling lips to tell
That soon, for all we love most fondly here,
Will sound the mournfu. knell.

Then shall we faint and fall,
Beneath the weary weight of pain and care?
No! we will trust the ever-present, All,
Whatever be our share.

Perchance for us may wave
The golden harvest of sweet peace and joy,
Love's flowing fountain all our pathway lave,
And bless each day's employ.

Such be thy lot, my friend!
But e'en tho' clouds arise, thou wilt not fear,
For while thy spirit to thy *Father* tends,
Sweet Peace will crown the year.

THE GERANIUM PLANT.

Flowers have a magic power, to retou[ch] the associations of other days. Though o[ur] path may have led over the steep and thorn[y] places of the world, for many years, yet th[e] unexpected sight of the pale grass flowers, and yellow kingcups, we gathered in childhood brings back the cool fragrance of life's early morning. If the wearied traveller chance to find in foreign climes such plants as he culle[d] by the singing brook of his native glen, th[e] broad-leaved iris, or the bright crimson lobe[-] lia, straitway he is a boy again, and shre[ds] them fondly into his mother's lap. The hoar[y] woman, unto whom there remaineth litt[le] save the arm-chair in the chimney corner, an[d] the oft repeated counsel to her shouting grand[-] children,—if she see, among its lustrous gre[en] leaves, the pure white Carmella, rememb[ers] the thrill with which its cool petals droop[ed] over her forehead at her bridal, and is lo[st] amid the wanderings of fairy land.

The smile, or the breath of our f[ami]li[ar] home-flowers, restore to us in after life, th[e] careless innocence of those days, when ha[lf] in ignorance, and half in faith, we planted th[e] rootless stem of some rich blossom, that ha[d] been given us,—and heaped the fresh soil te[n-] derly around it, and watered it every mome[nt] —and visited it with hope, until it was [as] brown and dead as the mould by which it wa[s] encompassed. They recall the reckless cu[-] riosity with which we dug up the bulb of o[ur] tulip, or tube-rose, and found them busy [in] their work of germination, which our impa[-] tience interrupted,—perhaps destroyed.

Distant places, and absent friends, a[re] brought near, by the touch of the same tali[s-] man. The odor of a pressed flower, betwe[en] the leaves of a long closed book, restores th[e] voice, the form, of the loved one, who plac[ed] it there whose home may now be in the tom[b.] I had sought the sweet trailing arbutus amo[ng] the wilds of my native place, when life wa[s] new, and a box of it recently performed [a] journey of many miles to visit me. The mo[-] ment it was opened, while its fragrance almo[st] overpowered every sense, every breathing blo[s-] som spoke of the rocks which we used [to] climb in pursuit of it,—and of the rough, [fal-] ling waters that filled every pause in our me[r-] ry voices, and then suddenly my playmat[es] stood beside me, their baskets overflowi[ng] with the gifts of early spring, themselves st[ill] young and spring-like, though on the heads [of] some, I knew that the frosts had settled, an[d] that over others, rested the green sod.

Still more eloquent was a slender plant of the rose geranium, which accompanied me, somewhat more than two years since, on my way to an Older World. It was taken from her quiet bed, in her garden, by my little daughter, as the parting time drew near, with the remark, that "something green might look pleasant to me on the sea." And so it did. But I imagined not then the depth of the communion it would call forth. For the home-spirit was in its heart, and it became to me as a friend. Sometimes when evening closed in over the deep, with those heavy sighs of the wind which often betoken a coming storm, and the ship leaped and plunged amid the billows, as if seeking for a place to escape, or a depth to hide in, I have drawn closer to that weak plant, as if its love might comfort me. Or at waking in the morning, and raising my head from the coffin-like berth where the dark hours had passed in such broken slumbers, as the hoarse lullaby of the surge induces, I have fixed my eyes first upon that solitary plant, and spoken softly to it as to a child. Yet it was evidently in an uncongenial atmosphere, and the delicate branches grew sad, and faded. I numbered its leaves, but almost every day some of them grew sickly and fell, until, at last, only a few were left clustering round a single, graceful stalk.

We had been thirteen days and nights upon the great deep,—and accomplished nearly two thousand miles of our watery journey, when I woke at the grey hour of dawn. I remembered that,—the first anniversary of the death of my beloved father, and beckoned the solemn imagery to meet me amid the waves. At once every circumstance of that scene gleamed forth as in a picture. His venerable head, resting upon its white pillow, the brightness of his beautiful hair, on which fourscore and seven winters had scattered no snows, his heavy breathing mingling with the slow dropping of the summer shower upon the vine-leaves at his casement, and the steady ticking of the clock through that lonely night, while bending over him, I hoped against hope, that the sudden illness might not be mortal, and that the form, which but the day before, had moved with so vigorous a step, would yet rise up, and lean upon its staff, and come forth to bless me. The rain ceased, a circle of faint brightness foretold the rising of the sun,—those precious lips uttered again the sound of kind words,—the opening eyes told their message of saintly love,—the lids fluttered and closed. There was no more breath.

A wail!—Another,—piercing and protracted,—deeper even than that with which an only child mourns the last parent. It must be the wail of a mother. No other sorrow hath such a voice. Yet, so abruptly it burst forth, amid surrounding silence, that for a moment memory was bewildered, and the things that had been, mingled their confused tissue with things that are.

Among our passengers was a dignified and accomplished lady returning with her husband, an officer, from a residence of several years in Canada, to England, their native land. They had with them three little daughters, and in the course of those conversations, which beguile the tedium of sea-life, she had sometimes spoken of the anxiety with which her aged mother waited to welcome these descendants born in a foreign clime, whom, of course, she had never seen, and so exquisite was their beauty, that it would not have been surprising, had a thrill of pride, heightened the pleasure, with which she painted the joy of such a meeting. The youngest was a babe of less than a year, and we, who often shared its playful wile, fancied that it had grown languid, as if from some inherent disease. Yet, its large black eyes still beamed with strange lustre, so that neither the parents or nurse, would allow that aught affected it, save what arose from the change of habits, incidental to the confinement of the ship. Yet, that night, the mother more uneasy than she was willing to confess in words, decided not to leave its cradle. In the saloon, adjoining our state-room, she took her place, and when we retired, the fair infant lay in troubled sleep. Yet even then, the spoiler was nearer to it than that watchful mother; and ere the morning, he smote it in her arms. We found her clasping it closely to her bosom, as if fain to revivify it with her breath. Masses of glossy black hair, escaping from their confinement, fell over her shoulders, and drooped as a curtain over the marble features of the dead. Mingled with gasps of grief that shook her like a reed, were exclamations of hope, that hope, which clings and cleaves to the wounded heart,—striking its fibre, wherever the blood-drop oozes, and striving like a pitying angel, to staunch, where it may not heal. "Constance! Constance! look at me. Oh, my dear husband, she *will* live again. She has been sicker than this, once, when you were away. Yes, yes—she will breath again." Long she continued thus assuaging her bitter sorrow, with this vanity of trust, and then we tenderly strove to loosen

her convulsive grasp from the lifeless idol. After we had prevailed, and it was borne from her sight, we still heard, in the pauses of the soothing voice with which her husband sought to console her, the wild cry, " She will breathe again! John! John! I saw her sweet lips move when they took her from me. My baby will live again."

It was laid out on our sofa, in the lady's cabin, in a pure white robe, its brow surpassingly beautiful, and the deeply fringed lids but imperfectly closed over the large, lustrous eyes. The black lace veil of the mother shaded its form and features, and through it was clearly visible, the last green slip of my rose geranium. It was my gift to the dead, and pressed into that little pale hand, not without a tear. This was the last office of that cherished plant, which had left its own home, in the quiet gardens of New-England, to do this service to faded innocence, and itself to die. Happy shall we be, if in the closing of our own frail life, we like this trembling voyager, leave behind a gleam of light and consolation, as the olive-leaf above the flood, or the dove, whose last act was peace, ere it entered rejoicing into the Ark, to be a wanderer no more. —*Mrs. Sigourney.*

THE DUST ON THE LILY.

Pure as cheek of youthful maiden,
  When she kneels in morning prayer,
With sweet dewy fragrance laden,
  Spread the Lily's blossom fair—
Type it seemed of truth and feeling,
  Where the heart its faith might trust,
Save that wooing winds, in stealing
  O'er, had left a trace of *dust*.

One who long, as life's sole treasure,
  Perfect love and truth had sought,
On the Lily gazed with pleasure—
  'Twas the transcript of his thought;
Joy's bright visions o'er him hovered,
  Nature's promise bade him hope,
Till the *dust* his eye discovered,
  With his curious microscope!

Then, with doubt and sadness burdened,
  On his way that lone one goes,
Heeding not that life is guerdoned
  By enjoyments for its woes—
That the *good* from *evil* wrested,
  Is the triumph of the soul,
As the proud ship's strength is tested
  When the storm-heaved billows roll.

Gentle wife, thy bridal over,
  In thine own sweet home at rest,
Dost thou dream of sighing lover?
  Of gay crowds to make thee blest?
No, thy soul a blessing dearer
  In thy life-pledged friend hath found,
And thine angel-guides seem nearer
  As heart-hallowed cares abound.

Mother, as the Lily's beauty
  Shines above the water's strife,
Thy sweet, placid smile of duty
  Charms the restless waves of life,
And thy humble faith may borrow
  Happiness amid thy pain,
For thy lot of care and sorrow
  God hath promised to sustain.

Thus, in nature's garden planted,
  Blooms some flower for every hand,
And the light divine is granted
  All who seek the spirit land;
Never let earth's darkest hour
  Quench thy star of heavenly hope;
Never scan thy chosen flower
  With *dust seeking* microscope.

Flattery is the ladder by which ambiti men climb to power. In a royal governm they fawn around the prince, and flatter his whims and foibles; in a democratic rep lican government, they bestow the same some flattery upon the people.

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