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SKETCHES OF THE ITALIAN POETS.

NO. III.

METASTASIO.

"WILL you go with me to Florence, Gravina?" said the literary Lorenzini to a noble looking man, with whom he was sauntering down one of the most public streets in Rome; 'Apostolo Zeno's Iphiginia' is to be performed at the Florentine Theatre; it is said to be the best drama ever written, and I *must* see it. Zeno himself has come on from Vienna, to arrange its getting up, and it will be an intellectual feast,—will you not go with me?"

"It would hardly repay me for the trouble," replied Gravina. "It is too far to go for merely one evening's amusement; if the play is truly good, I shall enjoy reading it to myself, in my quiet room, more than in hearing it amidst the noise and glare of the Theatre; I have, too, business of importance to attend to, which I cannot leave."

"Ah! Gravina, I would starve before I would be such a drudge to business; you labour at your prosy law books, reading the commentaries and pandects, till your mind loses its relish for the beauties of nature and art. Ah! fie, Gravina."

"You mistake, Lorenzini; my zest for all intellectual pleasures is but increased by my necessary attention to the serious concerns of life; many hours of each day must be devoted, in justice to others, to my legal studies; these strengthen my mind, and prepare it for recreation. I allow, in the study of nature, and in lighter intellectual pursuits, that—"

"Hush!" said Lorenzini, "listen to that sweet music."

The two cavaliers stopped to listen to some exquisite strains sung by a gentle, delicate voice, and looked round to see if they could find whence the melody proceeded; the tones were like those of a woman's voice, but they were in one of the busiest parts of the town, which was filled with coarse and working-day people, and they could see no one from whom such music could be expected. On the opposite side of the street was one of those small booths so common in Rome, filled with oil and wine, and meal, where the humble tradesman who could gain a little sum, turned an honest penny by

selling in minute quantities to those poorer than himself. At the door of this booth stood a beautiful boy about seven years old; he held in his hand a bright plumaged bird, a petted favourite, if one might judge by his caressing manner, and the quietness of the bird, which made no attempt to escape, but ever and anon gave a merry chirp to his young master. The invisible music had ceased, and Lorenzini and Gravina were just proceeding on their walk, despairing of finding out the sweet songster, when the strain broke forth again, in words they could distinctly hear:

I caught thee on the wing,
Thou pretty little thing,
And I'll not let thee fly,
Again to yonder sky.
How soft thy feathers are,
The shade so rich and rare,
Thine eye so bright and blue,
Heaven's own lovely hue;
Vocal little ranger,
Tuneful little stranger,
Crimson throated warbler,
Gay and feathery rover—
I caught thee on the wing,
And now I bid thee sing.

As if in obedience to the child's commands, the bird, which still rested on his hand, poured forth a song of rich melody, filling the air with its glad notes. Astonished at what they heard and saw, Gravina and Lorenzini crossed the street to where the child stood; the bird fluttered at their approach, and the boy, putting it into a small cage which stood by him, turned to enter the booth, but Gravina gently called to him:

"Come here, my boy," said he, "and let me see your pretty bird."

Timidly the child held the cage towards him, and Gravina praised and admired the pretty creature to the child's content, and thus won his heart, so that he looked up to him with all the trusting confidence of childhood.

"Do you often sing as you did just now?" said Gravina.

"Oh yes," said the boy.

"Who taught you the pretty words you sung?"

"Who taught me?—why no one—I was only answering my birdie's song."

"But you were singing poetry."

"What is that?" said the unconscious child.

"Can you tell me your name?" asked Gravina, thinking it in vain to attempt explaining what poetry was, to a child who poured it forth intuitively.

"Pietro Tropossi," was the reply.

"Have you any father and mother?"

"Yes, my father is here," and looking into the booth he called: "Father, father, come here."

A very good looking man, neatly, but coarsely dressed, came to the door of the booth, and seeing two fine looking gentlemen, who he thought could have no business with him, he would have withdrawn, but Gravina stepping forward, said:

"Is this your son?"

"Yes, Signior; he is my youngest, and my best."

"You have others then," said Gravina. "Will you give this boy to me? I will educate him as my own son; he shall have the best instruction the city affords, and I will consider him a gift from Heaven to be carefully nurtured, and attended to; indeed, you must give him to me."

The astonished father knew not what to say. How could he part with his best beloved child! And yet the advantages of the proposition flashed with lightning quickness across his mind; he was poor, his children could have none of the luxuries of life, and few of the advantages of education. Pietro had already discovered wonderful talents, being distinguished in his own loving little circle, as the "Child Improvisatore," and his parents had often lamented that they should not be able to place him with some of the distinguished masters in Rome. Tropossi knew who it was with whom he was conversing, for Gravina was well known, not only as the best lawyer in the city, but for his general benevolence and cultivated taste, which had made him a favourite among all classes of people. Reading in the father's face the struggle between his judgment and his feelings, Gravina urged still more ardently the gift of the child.

"Oh, give me till tomorrow, and I will talk with the boy's mother," said Tropossi. "If my Francesca consents to part with her son, I will not deny him to you, though our own home will be desolate indeed without our singing bird."

Pietro had stood by, listening to the conversation between his father and the stranger. He did not quite understand it, but *felt* that it related to himself; he was attracted to the good lawyer by the kindness of his manner, and already loved him. Gravina now put a piastre into his little hand, a thing which had never before met his gaze, and bade him an affectionate adieu, having told the father he would call the next day for his answer.

"Are you mad?" said Lorenzini, as they turned away from the group. He really thought his friend had lost his senses, so wild a proceeding did it seem to him, thus to adopt a child, about whom he knew nothing, except that he had a sweet voice, and a lovely face.

Gravina's keen perception had been struck by the very intellectual expression of the child's face; having no wife or children, he had long felt a strong desire for something to love; his early days had been passed in devotion to his profession, and now that the snows of life's winter were gathering on his head, his heart yearned, as what human heart does not, for some object of affection to cling to, for some one to soothe and cheer his declining days. He had never yet found one, on whom to lavish his bounty and affection, though he had looked among his own kinsfolk and friends; and now, when he least expected it, in one of the humbler streets, and humblest stations in Rome, he found what he had so long coveted. Perhaps his mind might have been particularly attuned to harmony on that day, for no voice had ever so thrilled him as that of the innocent child, whose sweet song had interrupted his discussion with Lorenzini; and when he found that he was almost an infant, and that the words were the spontaneous impulse of the moment, he seemed to him a being of a higher sphere, sent upon an errand of mercy, to fill the void in his yearning heart.

The Improvisatore seems the very impersonation of Italy,—the genius of the country. It is a beautiful and divine inspiration which clothes the gleaming thought in the harmonious language of poetry, and makes even the every day incidents of life to breathe of romance and the imagination. Italy is the only home of the Improvisatore; no where else does the poetic mind go forth so like a mountain torrent, sweeping away the barriers of prose reality; other countries have produced as great poets, but they have written by line and measure, with the paper and pen before them; and only in moments of partial insanity have they been known to utter themselves, as if spell-bound by the genius of numbers. But in Italy it is a birth-right, a gift of nature, not to the many, but to the few, and those who possess the talent are looked upon with almost sacred awe. Gravina saw at a glance that nature, in denying to Pietro the gift of a noble and wealthy home, had bestowed upon him that which, if rightly cultured, is her greatest boon.

The expression of the boy's face was truly poetic, his voice soft as an angel's whisper, and there was a delicacy and refinement in his whole appearance, which contrasted strangely with his coarse attire. The day and night seemed endless to the impatient lawyer, so anxious was he to know if he could transplant this tender flower to the more genial climate of his own luxurious home.

Early on the next day, Gravina was at the booth.

of the simple meal merchant. Troposi wore a sad face, and to the eager question of Gravina, if he would give him his boy, his only reply was: "You must come with me to my home, and see Francesca." He led the way through many a winding dirty street, to a very small but neat cot in the suburbs of the city; at the door stood Pietro, with a little band of boys, to whom with eager gesture he was chanting some wild stanzas. He held in his hand a toy lute, from which he contrived to draw forth a few notes to accompany his voice. Gravina quietly approached, without the boy's seeing him, and he found him giving in flowing numbers, an account of his meeting with himself the day before. Suddenly he broke off and commenced again a rapid address to his young friends, on the pleasant companionship they had enjoyed together, and closed with an adieu. As Gravina came forward the boy dropped his lute and retired into the house.

Francesca Troposi was a noble looking woman, and it was evident that the genius and refinement of the boy had been inherited from her. Though in the humblest sphere, she was an Italian woman of the highest order; not one of those whom the poet has thus satirically described:

"Methinks the furies with their snakes,
Or Venus with her zone might gird her;
Of fiend or goddess she partakes,
And looks at once both love and murder."

But Francesca was more like the ancient matron; her calm and dignified manner would have well become the noble wife of Brutus, or her whose jewels were the immortal souls committed to her charge. With easy grace she received Gravina, and, placing a seat for him, stood with her hand upon Pietro's head, for she had called him from the nook in which he had hid himself on Gravina's approach. When Gravina saw the mother of the child, he almost regretted the offer he had made, for none, he thought could so well train and lead his young mind, as the one who threw such a charm of refinement about the humble home of the poor meal merchant.

Long and interesting was the conversation between Gravina and Francesca; it needed all his lawyer's eloquence to induce her to part with her child. At first she peremptorily refused to do so, but won by Gravina's gentle manner, and the palpable advantages which, he proved to her, would accrue to her boy, from the superior opportunities of education which he would enjoy, she at last yielded a reluctant consent; while talking, she had kept him closely cradled in her arms, as if fearing he might be wiled away from her; but when her heart had once consented to part with him, she rose, and placing him in Gravina's arms, said with solemn voice:

"He is yours, I resign him to you, and as you fulfil your duty to him, may Heaven requite you. A mother's blessing, or a mother's curse will follow you, as you deal justly and truly by her child."

Gravina arose, and approaching a small image of the Virgin which stood in one corner of the lowly room, knelt before it, and laying his hand upon the head of the trembling Pietro, said:—

"I swear before thee, Mother of our blessed Lord, to be father and mother to this child, to nurture him in wisdom; and I pray thee to give me grace, and the aid of thy holy countenance in leading him in the right way. As I do unto him, may it even so be done unto me."

It was a sad scene that parting between the mother and son; she strained him in a long embrace, as if wishing to link him indissolubly with herself. Again and again did she bless him, and implore him not to forget her, nor his brother, and his sisters, who clustered round, a healthy merry group, but whose buoyant spirits were saddened by their mother's agitation, and the half unconscious perception that something was going to happen which would mar their enjoyment. At last, seeing Pietro pale and exhausted, Gravina, placing in the mother's hand a weighty purse, sufficient to convert the poor booth of her husband into a respectable shop, and to give her many of the comforts if not the luxuries of life, took his young charge, and led him to his new home.

How gorgeous and beautiful did every thing in that mansion appear to the untutored eyes of the young poet; he seemed the victim of enchantment, and almost expected to see the rich draperies which curtained the windows and the wells, the magnificent pictures and luxurious seats, fade away into the rough tiles, narrow apertures, and coarse benches of his father's cot. For a long time his spirit was oppressed by the beauty of all around him, he was like one shut up in a highly perfumed room, where the very breathing is checked by the heavy fragrance, or perhaps more like the bird taken from its wild free forest home, and caged in gilded wires.

Gravina deeming occupation the best cure for the home sick spirit of his young protégé, placed him at one of the best schools in Rome, and the improvement he made was most rapid, particularly in the classics; he seemed to master all their difficulties at a grasp, and in the ardent pursuit of knowledge, his mind recovered its elasticity; his books became his brothers and sisters; and his kind patron, in leading and directing his studies, was more than father and mother to him. The good lawyer became daily more delighted with the child of his adoption; he had the good sense to appreciate his genius, but like the fathers of Petrarch and Tasso, he desired to turn its channel from the muses to the law; being himself an advocate of great note, he wished to see Pietro following in his steps, and reaping the benefits of his experience. The docile child endeavoured to comply with his friend's wishes, but his nature could not be altered, and the genial current of

poetry, which flowed through his whole system, could not be directed into the dry and tortuous channels of the law.

Pietro was a general favourite, and as Gravina did not quite forbid his cultivating his poetical talents, he soon became famed, and his fellow students would cluster about Gravina's house at night-fall, and call upon Metastasio, as he was now named, to exercise his improvisatore talents for their amusement. Gravina had preferred when he adopted him to change his name, and yet not wishing him quite to forget the one which was his birth-right, he had contented himself by altering the Italian name Tropossi into its Greek synonyme Metastasio. Though most anxious that Pietro should become a sound lawyer, Gravina could not deny himself the pride and pleasure of exhibiting the talents of the boy, and he frequently gathered literary parties, for the decision of intellectual subjects, and the astonishment of the visitors was always excited by the extempore versification of the young poet, and the ease with which he joined in the Pindaric conflicts with Lorenzini, the famous Cavalier Perletti, and others of the literati of the age. On one of these occasions, he read to a delighted audience, his first tragedy "Ginstino," of which he thus speaks many years after, in writing to a friend.

"My tragedy of Ginstino was written at the age of fourteen, when the authority of my illustrious master did not permit me to diverge from a religious imitation of the great Greek models, and when my own inexperience prevented me from discerning the gold from the lead, in those mines whose treasures were but just opened to me." The tragedy, written thus in strict imitation, was necessarily cramped and frigid, as it allowed but little play to his fancy; and even the language is wanting in the ease and grace which distinguished Metastasio's after writings.

Years thus passed happily on in the pursuit of his studies, and every passing day deepened the affection between Gravina and his pupil; no son could be more devoted to the fondest parent, and no father could feel a more absorbing interest in his child. Gravina gave up many an old prejudice and strict opinion to gratify the youth, and the latter resisted many a wandering inclination, to testify his love and respect for his adopted father. But most unhappily for Metastasio, when he had but just reached his twentieth year, his protector died, and he was thrown an orphan upon the world, for difference of education prevented his finding sympathy in his childhood's humble home. In his sorrow he took refuge in poetry, and found, in the perfect liberty to follow his own tastes, the best soother of his grief.

Gravina's kindness had continued to the last, and he left the whole of his ample fortune to Pietro. This precluded the necessity of his continuing the

study of the law for support, and, of course, it was immediately abandoned; but, unfortunately his taste and the reputation of wealth drew around him a large circle of flatterers, and as his house was ever open to all who appeared to appreciate his compositions, or could pretend to any literary talent themselves, he was much imposed upon. His expences far exceeded his income, and he at last aroused from two or three years luxury, to find his estate almost gone; fearing lest he should become entirely penniless, he reduced his style of living to the most rigid economy, and endeavoured to obtain some office in the Pontifical Court. But the friends who had clustered about him when he was rich, now neglected him, and finding he could receive no aid from them in obtaining the office he sought, and disgusted with their heartlessness, he sold his little remaining property, and proceeded to Naples, bent upon recommencing the study of the law.

Immediately on his arrival at Naples, he sought out Costognolo, the most eminent lawyer of the city, and earnestly implored to be allowed to study under his direction. He promised to devote himself to the law, and to perform all the duties entrusted to him with care and attention. He gave him an outline of his life, and hinted at his reputation for ability, and his poetical accomplishments. This was, however, almost destructive to his hopes, for Costognolo, a strict lawyer, all his imagination and feeling subject to the one dominant principle of law, was horror struck at the idea of a poetical pupil, of one who might by mistake draw out a deed in rhyme, or write an attachment in blank verse; but being pleased with the appearance and manners of Metastasio, he at last agreed to receive him, on condition of his relinquishing the Muses entirely.—So much had the young poet been terrified by the spectre dependance, which, led by want, had peeped in at his window, and scared him by her hollow eye and heavy tread, that he submitted to this exaction, rigorous as it was, and entered into the usual bonds, with Costognolo. By the sweetness of his temper, his diligence in his studies and careful attention to the wishes of the crabbed lawyer, Pietro soon won his confidence and affection, and Costognolo forgot he had ever rhymed, and learned to regard him with real interest and affection, and to hope he would make a reputable advocate. But *circumstance*, that foe to our best intentions, willed it otherwise, and destroyed the fair promise of converting the enthusiastic poet, into the cold, jejune lawyer

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It was the birth-night of the Empress Elizabeth Christina, and all Naples were busy with the splendid pageant which had been prepared with unusual pomp, to celebrate the joyful occasion. The whole city was illuminated, gay bands of masquers filled the streets, which were profusely decorated with flags,

silken hangings, festoons of flowers, arches wreathed with the united arms and names of Elizabeth and her royal consort Charles. Music was stationed at the corners of the streets, playing the national airs, and inspiring revelry and mirth; but the great point of attraction, whither hundreds were wending their way, was the National Theatre, where it was rumoured a new and unsurpassed dramatic novelty was to be exhibited. The piece had been composed for this grand occasion, and with particular reference to the full display of the wonderful powers of the far famed Cantatrice, Marianni Bulgarelli.

As soon as the doors of the theatre were opened, such a throng pressed in that it was almost impossible for the police officers to preserve a place for the Viceroy and his suite, and it was not till the curtain rose, that silence could be procured in the tumultuous assembly. The brilliancy of the scenery, and the excellence of the music, charmed all, but when to this was added a highly wrought plot, full of deep interest and pathos, a flow of language unequalled, an exquisite arrangement and combination of the whole, so different from the usual puerile displays, to which the Italian world had been accustomed, no wonder the audience were enraptured; all eyes and ears were eager to watch each varying scene, and to catch each word that fell, and "woe," says an old writer, "was it to him who chanced to make any little noise, for the people unwilling to lose even half a line, punished the offender with such a volley of abuse that he was glad to make an immediate escape." Too soon was the refined and gorgeous spectacle over, and the people of Naples sought their homes, with minds and hearts elevated and ennobled by the intellectual enjoyment of the evening.

From this birth-night of the Empress, may be dated the first improvement in the dramatic exhibitions of Italy; heretofore they had only appealed to the senses, they had gratified the eye with magnificent displays, rich and gaudy colouring, and the ear with eloquent music, but the intellectual nature had been uncared for, and the Italians knew not the pleasure they were capable of deriving from the theatre, till a new light dawned upon them in the performance of the "Orti Esperidi."

Nothing was talked of in all the circles, not only of Naples, but in all Italy, but the new drama, and the public mind was excited to discover who was the author? But no one could tell,—whoever it was, he had wrapped himself in a veil of mystery, as impervious as the iron mask; all the poets of Italy were suggested, but none claimed it; curiosity was much increased by this rare instance of an author's baffling the many eyed public. It was at one time intimated that Metastasio had written it, but as he was known to have forsworn poetry, and to be wholly absorbed in his legal pursuits, and besides

stoutly denied having any thing to do with it, the idea was abandoned, and public opinion once more vibrated between one and another, now resting on Zeno, and now on the Chevalier Perletti, and perhaps to this day it might have remained an undiscovered secret, but for the determined perseverance and acuteness of a woman.

The applause which Marianni Bulgarelli had gained by her representation of Venus in the "Orti Esperidi," won her gratitude to its author, and her keen sense of its beauties made her anxious if possible to detect him; for her own sake she wished to know him, that she might induce him to compose more of those delightful dramas, and with a woman's tact, which can scarcely ever be baffled, she followed out all the doublings and turnings of conjecture, till at last, Metastasio stood before her, fully revealed as the long sought author of the most popular drama ever yet produced. No sooner was she really convinced of it, than she hastened to make it known, and never did trembling martyr shrink with more dread from the burning faggot, or the uneasy rack, than did Pietro Metastasio from this public announcement. He knew he should forfeit the confidence of his master; he felt that he had taken the one backward step which it is so hard to retrace, that the struggles of the last year, were lost to him; and not all the flattery which was heaped upon him, could console him. Costognolo's cold looks soon told that he had heard of his pupil's having so far infringed the strict laws of his office, and broken his word, as to give the time which should have been devoted to his studies, to the composition of vain and frivolous poetry. In vain did Metastasio endeavour to explain to him that it was only at the positive command of the Viceroy, he had consented to write, that he had refused to compose anything for the birth-night till compelled by the fear of punishment, and that he had not allowed his writing to interfere with his duties, having written only at night. Nothing could excuse to the stern lawyer this deviation from the rules of his office; all the kindness of his manner to his young student was gone, and Metastasio felt that he was now only tolerated.

This was a great trial to the sensitive nature of the young poet, and it is hardly matter of wonder, that, stung and irritated by Costognolo's treatment, he should yield to the flatteries and seductions which courted him. The world called upon him to give up jurisprudence for poetry, and Bulgarelli, who had become his warm and intimate friend, was constantly representing to him the fame he would acquire, if he would devote himself to the muses. She had a house, and urged his coming to reside with her and her husband; but it was long before she could prevail upon him to consent to such an arrangement; he dreaded to separate himself from Costognolo, and enter again that arena, which in

Rome had been so fatal to his purse and peace of mind. He was too, naturally timid, and shrank from the scene he thought must ensue on his communicating his intentions to his master; but he need not have troubled himself on that score, for no sooner did he, after long preparation of mind, broach the subject, than Costognolo turned his back upon him, and abruptly left the room.

This excited Pietro's indignation; he immediately accepted Marianni's oft-repeated invitation, and took up his abode in her house, where he found ample leisure for the enjoyment and cultivation of his tastes, which were the sweeter to him for the self-denial he had exercised in so long abstaining from them. He soon produced another drama, founded on the loves of Dido and Eneas, which was represented during the carnival, and won him as many golden honours as the "Orti." As the popularity of his writings relieved him from the fear of dependence, the buoyancy of his spirit, and the vividness of his imagination increased,—but his constitutional timidity and indecision marred some of the pleasure of composing; he found the utmost difficulty in fixing upon any subject, and would vacillate from one to another, of such as were presented to him, unable to determine which was best calculated for his powers, or on what particular point to fix. But he found in Marianni a judicious adviser: she was not merely a cantatrice, but a gifted woman, whose fine tact and excellent taste enabled her to direct Metastasio's mind into the right channel.

Marianni had promised to proceed immediately to Rome, after completing her engagement at Naples, and she urged Metastasio to accompany her; he at first refused, for the experience he had of a Roman life, after his protector's death, rendered him averse to try it again. But his ductile nature soon yielded to his friend's solicitations, and they proceeded together to the Eternal City, where they took up their abode at his father's, who, from the fruits of Gravino's liberality, was in quite prosperous circumstances. Here, in rapid succession, the poet produced "Il Catoni," "L'Ezio," "L'Artaserse," "L'Allessandro nello Indie," "Semiramide," and "La Contessa de Numi,"—each one of which added to his fame.

Most happily did Metastasio now pass his time. Few poets have floated on so tranquil a sea; his compositions yielded him more than competence,—Marianni was ever by his side, the good genius that soothed all roughness, cheered and consoled him, and gave the only variety he cared for to his life. Our own age and country would be shocked at the violation of decorum, and the laxity of morals, which permitted Marianni, almost uncensured, to cast aside the ties that bound her to her husband, and devote herself to another. But to the Italians, love is an excuse for almost all moral ob-

liquity, and Metastasio's genius threw such a halo about him, that his attachment, in the eyes of his countrymen, dignified rather than degraded the object of it. Yet Metastasio's innate sense of right was too strong for him to feel quite happy in the connection, although he loved Marianni with all the intensity and warmth of a susceptible and fervent nature. He felt he was indebted to her for the brightness of his fame; for had not her acuteness led to the discovery of the author of the "Orti Espiridi," the great and distinguished poet would have been merged in the cool and calculating lawyer, since he had *willed* to exchange the mantle of poetry which graced his early youth, for the toga of the advocate and sage, and who knows not the power of the indomitable *will*, when once asserted, even over nature, and her sister habit? Do we not see its triumphs every day? not merely in the bubble of the magnetiser, but in the progress of reform, which converts the drunkard's fearful home into the abode of peace and hope, and enables the human mind to surmount the Alps of self-indulgence, which long habit has reared up as a barrier to the fruitful land beyond. But though reproved by his conscience, Metastasio could not summon sufficient power of the will, to separate himself from Marianni; he made a thousand excuses to reconcile himself to the continued connection; and indeed it would have broken her heart to have been cast off by him.

Thus tranquilly did Metastasio's life pass till 1729, when he received a letter from Prince Pius of Savoy, inviting him, in the name of the Emperor of Austria, to take up his abode in Vienna, and to become poet laureat in the place of Apostolo Zeno, who had enjoyed that honour for many years, and had composed most of the dramas which had been exhibited for the pleasure of the Imperial Court. But being more fitted for a historian than a poet, he had wearied of his office, and had himself expressed to the Emperor a wish to withdraw from a post which was *no sinecure*, and he named Metastasio, as one best fitted to give pleasure to his Imperial Majesty. Accordingly Metastasio received the invitation; it came to disturb the even tenor of his life, and though the offers of remuneration made to him were most tempting, it was a long time before his vacillating mind could determine what course to pursue.

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Early in the month of May, 1730, a small cavalcade was seen riding out of the gates of Vienna, and wending its way through the suburbs of the imperial city. It was not like most of the cavalcades that issued from those gates, gay and military in its appearance, but seemed composed of staid men, who wore the air and garb of students and sages. As they rode along, their conversation, instead of being of battles or political intrigues, was of the history

written by Zeno, the last opera, the condescension of the Emperor to men of letters, the establishment of the new college, and themes of the like nature.

They had ridden about ten miles, when they halted in a verdant plain to refresh themselves and consult about their further progress. Almost before they had time to throw themselves from their horses, the distant roll of a carriage was heard, and a travelling equipage, with smoking horses, dashed in sight.

"He comes, he comes!" was uttered by all the group, and springing again upon their horses, they spurred them forward, and closing round the carriage, shouted, "Welcome, welcome, Metastasio! We bid you welcome to your Austrian home!"

The door of the carriage was opened, and with his fine face convulsed with delighted agitation, at this unexpected greeting in a strange land, which so instantly removed the load of dread and anxiety which had borne down his sensitive nature ever since he had left his own genial home, Metastasio descended from it, to acknowledge and return the salutation of his welcomers. One, a noble-looking man, stepped forward, and seizing his hand, said:

"As a brother poet, aye as a rival, whom I love and honour, I, Apostolo Zeno, greet you, Signor Pietro Metastasio, and bid you right welcome to a new home, where you will find noble and kindly hearts to sympathize with you, where your genius will be fully appreciated, and you will have a worthy field open for the display of your great talents."

Metastasio gazed on the speaker, as if impressing on his mind each lineament of the intellectual face before him.

"Is it possible," he said, "that I at last see you, whom my heart has so long acknowledged as my brother, whose genius I have venerated, and whose character I have truly honoured; it is too great happiness to be thus welcomed to a strange land; I fear I shall forget the ties which bid me look backward to the home I have left."

All the group crowded around the poet, and Zeno presented them to him; they were the most distinguished men of the Austrian court; those, whom Charles' appreciation and encouragement of literary talent, had gathered about him, a bright nucleus of the genius of the world.

At the earnest request of Metastasio, Zeno gave his horse to one of the servants in attendance, and entered the carriage, which was driven on, escorted by the cavalcade to the gates of the gay city of Vienna. Metastasio had received an earnest invitation from Nicolo Mortitz, one of the literati of Vienna, to make his house his home, during his residence in the Austrian dominions, and he had accepted it, at least for a time, till he could make other arrangements. But from this, his first entrance into the city, he remained till the day of his death an inmate of this hospitable family, whose cultivated

and refined tastes, so much in unison with his own, prevented his feeling himself a stranger.

His reception at Vienna had banished many of the fears and misgivings which Metastasio had indulged, since he determined to accept the offers of the Emperor; but he still dreaded his presentation at the Imperial court; unaccustomed as he was to the manners of a courtier, he feared to offend in some of the minor points, to which so much importance was attached by the Austrians. He has left us an interesting account of his first interview with his Majesty, in a letter to Bulgarelli, dated July 25, 1730. He had dined with Prince Pius of Savoy on the day the audience was granted, and leaving the dinner table at three o'clock, proceeded to the Emperor's apartments.

"The gentleman who introduced me left me at the door of the chamber, where his Majesty was standing near a table with his hat on, looking very grave and thoughtful. I confess that, well prepared as I was for this interview, I could not keep my mind free from agitation. It started into my thoughts that I was in the presence of the greatest man in the world, and that it was in my place to speak first, a circumstance which did not at all contribute to calm my feelings. I, however, made the three prescribed reverences—one on entering the door, another in the middle of the apartment, and the last as I approached his Majesty. I then knelt with one knee on the floor, but he most generously commanded me to rise, repeating the words 'Rise, rise!' I then addressed him in these words, but not in a very firm voice: 'I know not whether my happiness or confusion be greater at thus finding myself at the feet of your Imperial Majesty; from the first days of my life I have desired this event, and now I not only find myself in the presence of the greatest monarch in the world, but in the glorious character of one of his servants; I know what obligation this honour imposes on me. I know the weakness of my ability, and if I could become a Homer by shedding the greatest portion of my blood, I would not hesitate to pay the price; but I shall struggle to supply, in the best manner I am able, the defects in my powers, by not sparing fatigue or attention in the service of your Majesty; I know also, that however great my imperfections may be, they will be always inferior to the infinite clemency of your Majesty, and I hope that, being in the character of imperial poet, will communicate to me that ability I cannot hope for from natural talent.' As I continued to speak I saw the august countenance of my august patron assume a milder aspect, and he at length pleasantly answered: 'I was already persuaded of your ability, but now I am convinced of your good manners, and I have no doubt you will content me in all those things which pertain to the imperial service as much as you oblige me to be contented with you yourself.' He then paused to

learn whether I had any thing further to desire, when, according to the instructions I had received, I begged permission to kiss his hand, on which he extended it towards me with a smile, and shook mine. Consoled by this demonstration of regard, I pressed the imperial hand between both mine, and gave it a kiss so sonorous that his most gracious Majesty might see clearly enough that it came from the heart. I have written all this minutely, because your curiosity on the subject is natural."

How graphically has our poet described this his first interview with the Emperor; he seems then to have made a favourable impression upon his Majesty, for he was ever after distinguished by a high degree of favour. He laboured to produce incessantly, dramas suited to the taste of the Austrian court, and his manner of treating his various subjects was so unique and enchanting, that he won the laurel leaf from the very brow of Apostolo Zeno, who, however, gladly relinquished it, and retired to Venice, where, in conjunction with his brother, he edited a popular journal, called the "Ephemeridea." He wrote also many classical and historical works, and each year produced a sacred drama for the Austrian court, for which he received an annual stipend.

In the year 1733, Metastasio received from Charles the appointment of Treasurer of the province of Casenza, in the kingdom of Naples, a mere sinecure, which did not even require his presence, and which yielded him a yearly income of three hundred and fifty zechins. He was now very happy, for with the easy conformity of his disposition he had become familiarized to the manners of a court; the homage paid his talents was a gratifying excitement to his mind, and his regular income placed him at ease with regard to his pecuniary affairs. The delightful society of the Mortitz family, compensated for the loss of the home circle he had left in Rome, and though the remembrance of Marianni would at times sadden him, and his heart yearned for her society, his innate sense of the impropriety of their residing together, reconciled him to the separation, but not to the news of her death, which occurred in 1734, and which was the first violent shock his tranquil life had ever sustained, and he mourned for her with all the sincerity of devoted affection. True to him, though forgetful of her first and holiest duties, Marianni bequeathed to him her large fortune, but Metastasio's honourable nature forbade him to retain it, and he had it transferred immediately to her husband, who was still living in Rome. His letters, written at this time, are expressive of the deepest feeling, and even his genius seemed to receive an inward impulse from the emotions of his mind, for the two operas he completed at this period—the "Betulia Liberata" and the "Clemengo di Tito," are considered his master pieces, and are full of im-

pressive and melancholy beauty, the exquisite reflections of a high-toned mind, agitated by remorse and bereavement. He felt keenly not only the severing of his dearest affections, by the death of Marianni, but he had relied so much upon her judgment in the choice of his subjects, that after the first fervour of composition, in which his heart found its solace, subsequent to her death, he became depressed and unable to write,—vacillating between different subjects, and completely paralyzed by his own self-distrust, till his secretary won his confidence and love, and he learned to depend upon him for aid and counsel. In 1736 he was called upon to grace the nuptial banquet of the haughty Maria Theresa with a new drama, and conscious how much of his future comfort at the Austrian court must depend upon the favour of the beautiful but imperious lady, he exerted himself to the utmost, and produced the "Achille in Sciro," which so delighted the Empress, that at her request the Emperor offered to confer upon him the title of either baron or cavalier, but Metastasio cared not for such distinction,—the empty honour would only make him an object of envy to his fellow-writers, and would exhaust his resources to support the style attached to the title.

The empress perhaps respected the feeling, and ever after distinguished him by her favour, and by more substantial marks of her bounty. She appreciated his intellect,—and his homage gratified her, for her masculine mind won his respect, her beauty his admiration, and to him she was ever the kind protecting woman. This blinded him to the faults of her stern, selfish, unfeminine nature, and led him to dedicate to her, the efforts of his genius, and to look to her approbation as the highest reward. After the death of the Emperor, when the reins of government were grasped by the Empress, and when faction and misrule were leagued together to annoy her, Metastasio suffered so much from anxiety for her success, as to produce a nervous disorder which for a time shattered his mind, and prevented his composing. But when her reign became more tranquil, and the people learned that the ambition of a woman can change her nature, and fit her to govern, he became restored to health, and resumed his literary pursuits. At her death, the Empress bequeathed him to the care and kind consideration of her successor, Joseph, a wise and amiable prince, who knew well how to estimate men of genius.

Metastasio had grown old in the service of the Imperial family, and his age was crowned with peace. He could boast the rare felicity of having served under three successive monarchs, and prudence and tact more than usually belonging to the race, ye scept men of genius, must have been his, to have suited each of the various dispositions he was called upon to soothe. But well principled as he was, the task must often have been an ungracious

one, which compelled him to pour forth at all times and seasons, the honied words of flattery, the songs of triumph for bloody deeds, epithaliums for the cold mismatched marriages of a courtly circle, and glowing elegies, to heap upon the ashes of those whose royal lineage alone entitled them to such honours. Such is the hard duty of the laureat bard, forced to have ready on his lips and pen, the phrases of courtly and unmeaning flattery, or he loses the favour of his protectors. We can well estimate the noble feeling, which induced the "great Magician" of the North to refuse an honour, which would have trampled out the fire of his genius, broken his wand and destroyed the spell which charms all who come within its magic influence. Perhaps Metastasio would have been more respected as a man, had he, like Dante and Petrarach, refused to bend the knee of genius to the great men of the world, but his temperament, unlike theirs, was pliable, and unfettered by political wrongs, the heart of the patriot slumbered within him.

The unruined course of Metastasio's life made but few inroads on his constitution, and at the age of eighty-four, he was a hale and hearty old man, full of life, rendering his house the resort of the young and gay, and charming all by the freedom of his manners, and his delightful conversational powers; his imagination was still lively, and through he had given up composition, he still read and studied a large portion of his time. His taste for public spectacles had always been extreme, and age, as it had not dimmed his sight, still left his enjoyment in these things unimpaired, and to the indulgence of this inclination, his death may be attributed.

In March, 1782, Pope Pius VI. came to Vienna to pay a visit to the Emperor Joseph; his reception was most magnificent; all Vienna strove to render it as gorgeous as possible, and the nobility, with the Imperial Court, went forth to welcome and pay him homage. Metastasio wished to join the cavalcade, but was forbidden by the Emperor, who thought the exposure would be too much for him; yet he could not be dissuaded from witnessing the grand spectacle from an open window. It was a cold, bleak day, but he felt it not. The whole enthusiasm of his nature was awakened by the gallant show, the venerable Pope, with his Pontifical Court, the attendance of the Emperor, the first monarch of the world, paying willing homage to the Vicegerent of Him from whom he received his earthly power, the magnificent equipages, the plumed cavaliers, the prancing war-horses, the bursts of martial music, mingling with the roar of the welcoming cannon, and the joyous chiming of the city bells, formed a scene irresistible to the poetic mind of Metastasio. He watched it till the gay vision had passed from his sight, and then he felt that the excitement and exposure had been too much for him. He was immediately seized with a violent fever, which his age rendered him

unable to contend with. He soon became delirious; but the phantasmagoria which his fevered imagination conjured up, were all bright and beautiful, mingling the last gay pageant of his existence with the bright scenes of hope and love, which charmed his early life. All that the best medical aid could do was done for him, but in vain; on the 12th April, 1782, he expired in the arms of his constant friend, Martitz. To him and his family he bequeathed, with the exception of a few legacies to his brother and sisters, his large fortune of one hundred and thirty thousand florins.

Metastasio had the honour of raising for a brief time the Italian drama to a state of perfection which it has never since attained; his taste taught him to combine, in just proportions, the splendour of a spectacle, with the most exalted poetry, and the most exquisite music; he was a profound musician, and united in himself all the beautiful arts from which the opera springs, so that he knew well by what combinations to produce the most charming effect. His memory is still idolized by the opera loving Italians, who need now, not only another Metastasio to elevate their drama, but another Dante, and another Petrarach, to arouse them with their trumpet toned eloquence, to a sense of the moral and intellectual degradation, which desolates the fairest country of the universe.

T. D. F.

(ORIGINAL.)

SONNET,

Blame not thy destiny as all unkind,
Cause of the griefs and ills that press thee down!
Know that the source lies deep within thy mind
Whence issues endless woe or Glory's crown:
Man is himself his fate—he sows the seeds
Which yield him curses, or celestial fruit,
From his own heart the motive power proceeds
Which sends his self-formed engine in pursuit;—
And be it bliss or woe to which it leads
Still is his life the sum of his desires,
Himself the product every act requires.

PUNISHMENT.

CRIMES are more effectually prevented by the certainty that the severity of punishment. The certainty of a small punishment will make a stronger impression than the fear of one more severe, if attended with the hopes of escaping; for it is the nature of mankind to be terrified at the approach of the smallest inevitable evil, whilst hope, the best gift of heaven, hath the power of dispelling the apprehension of a greater; especially if supported by examples of impunity, which weakness or avarice too frequently affords. If punishments be very severe, men are naturally led to the perpetration of other crimes, to avoid the punishment due to the first.—*Beccaria.*

(ORIGINAL.)

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND!

BY JAMES HOLMES.

A man of gentlest and warmest sympathies, naturally, but rendered stoic and callous by long intercourse and rough collision with the world and the worldly, thus so-linguized on the deck of a man of war, on leaving England, never to return :—

THE signal flag is flying, and the anchor weigh'd,
The loosen'd sails are filling to the breeze,—
And soon, before the gale, the firm-set earth shall
fade,

Soon shall our prow plough deep the yeasty seas.
My Native Land! Good night! So, bitterly, once
sung

A man of pride: I, too, exclaim—Adieu!
I leave thee, now, forever!—but the while, unwrung
My heart, as thou art fading from my view.

It was not alway thus; I do remember well,
At parting, first, the bitter tears I shed,
When trace of thee was lost! My young boy heart
'did swell

As though 't would burst,—e'en Hope seem'd
stricken dead.

I gaz'd toward thy shores, to catch once more a
trace,
And when I felt 't was vain, my days of joy
Were turn'd into long nights of grief! I hid my face
From all,—I wept in sleep! Poor, foolish boy!

Long, care and passion-laden, years have pass'd
since then,—

And now, I stand upon this lonely deck,
And watch the self-same cliffs and shores, which
ne'er again

Shall meet my glance,—and yet, not more I reckon
Of them, or of the Past—than of the Future!—
Fate—

(To most, a fear,) I scorn it and defy!—
The Future 's as the Past,—dark, drear, and de-
solate,—

The while, my heart 's unimov'd—unwet my eye!

I lov'd thee, England,—yes, once lov'd thee well;
more dear,

Once, was thy fame, than e'en the vital stream
That visits my heart's core: the hot and blis-
sing tear

Would gushing flow, whenever lurid gleam
Of day disastrous, threw, (like lightning of the
cloud,)

On thy historic page, its hated light,—
And oh! what joy, when laurel'd Vict'ry shouted
loud,

Or jewell'd Honor made thy name more bright!

But now,—Cosmopolite and cold, I do but *suder*
At youthful folly, grow'ling sentiment,
That clip the wings of eagle-thought, as if the
sphere

Of gen'rous pride was not the Firmament!
The Universe! not local, as the haunts of beast.
'Tis mark of cabinn'd, cribb'd, contracted mind;
The dog-in-manger-spirit, snarling o'er its feast.
So to restrict, what 'pertains to OUR KIND.

Again;—what art thou to me, England, but the land
Where Hope lies wither'd; trodden to the earth?
Affection there no more shall soothe, with accents
bland,

Nor Pleasure gladden with her notes of mirth.
Death, with unsparing hand, hath sever'd ev'ry tie,
Save those which Hate has smother'd in my heart;
And can I then gaze on thee with a loving eye,
Thou sepulchre of Hope, or sigh to part!

No, no! The heart once sear'd, it never more gives
way

To Passion's glowing dreams!—Attempts in vain
Imagination to resume her brilliant sway:—

The heart once frozen, scorns her golden chain:
It beats; expands no more, with joy re-animate—

But callous; (indurate as Polar ice
Beyond the solar warmth,)—stern, cold and isolate;

Indiff'rence sealeth Feeling's orifice,
Just as the skilful hand of Science fair, doth close;

Hermetical, the tube, of glassy sphere,
To guard a subtle essence, (gas-attar of rose,)
From contact with the wanton Atmosphere.

Indiff'rence! prize richer than a kingdom's wealth!
Cold sneerer at, not scorner of, the world—

(For scorn is far too tropical for mental health;
Indiff'rence flies, whene'er the proud lip's curl'd,)

Indiff'rence! Philosophy's choice gem—most rare!
Bright talisman! like coat of Milan steel:

Protector of the heart from grief, the mind from care,
Hail! teacher of the secret, "Not to feel!"

And I possess it! Yes—a sign—this live cigar—
Whose curling smoke hides from my careless view

The fast-descending outline of the coast afar,
Once dearer to my heart than morn'ing dew

To flow'rs,—or this, the tinkling of my light guitar;
As England fades forever on my sight.

All passionless and calm as you cold twinkling stars,
I yawn, Farewell! My Native Land! Good
Night!

TRUTH.

TRUTH will be uppermost, some time or other,
like cork, though kept down in water.—*Sir W.
Temple.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ORPHAN; OR, THE AFFIANCED.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last.

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller e'er reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.
The world may dance along the flowery plain,
Cheered as they go by many a sprightly strain,
Where nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet they yet securely tread;
Admonished, scorn the caution and the friend—
Bent upon pleasure, heedless of its end.
But, He who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of His love;
That, hard by nature, and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still.
In pity to the sinners he designed
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, 'go spend them in the vale of tears.'”

“And 'midst the scene—oh! more than all—there smiled
My child's fair face, and hers, the mother of my child.”

Mrs. Hemans.

SAD, sad were the feelings of her heart for one moment; it seemed as though all had forsaken her; she sank back upon her chair speechless—overwhelmed—when the words “fear not for I am with thee,” came like a sudden gleam of sunshine over her soul, and she exclaimed:

“Yes, dear Lord, it is in seasons like the present that thou lovest to draw near thy afflicted servants.” When earthly comforts are fled, earthly friends removed, then thou comest to fill the dreary void, and to realise thy gracious promise, that none who trust in thee shall be forgotten! Oh, I was wrong to indulge him, to indulge myself with this inter-view; it has opened all my wounds—recalled all my tenderest feelings. I thought I might have commanded them. Alas! how little do we know ourselves. But such bitter reflections could not continue long in that breast where piety loved to dwell. Emmeline knew that every dispensation of the Almighty was sent in mercy—and had but one aim in view, her eternal happiness; and though nature wept, she never murmured or wished to alter the fate marked out for her by unerring wisdom. Now that her chief reason for wishing to leave Windermere Castle was removed, she ceased to feel that restless desire to depart; there was something very soothing to her present feelings in the monastic gloom of the place, and she would wander for hours alone in its sequestered shades, and dark and lonely woods, where no sounds but those of nature were near to disturb her meditations; she felt too that her

society was a solace to Lady Frances, who mourned unceasingly for the sweet Clyde—but to her urgent solicitations to return with her to Fairy Hall, she would not for a moment listen.

“It pains me to refuse you, dear kind friend,” she would reply; “but if you wish that peace should ever again be mine, do not press me to revisit a spot so full of recollections in which I dare not now indulge. Lady Frances was much disappointed when she found this to be her fixed determination; since many fond hopes she had cherished for her young favourite now all faded away.”

“What then are your plans for the future, my much loved Emmeline?” she inquired, “you know not how anxious Sir John and myself are about you.”

“I have written to Miss Grosvenor, whose answer I am daily expecting,” replied Emmeline; “for a short time I may stay with her and my kind guardian, after which it is my intention to go back to Roseale, my native village.”

“Oh! what to do in that little secluded spot? Why not remain amongst friends so fondly attached to you?” urged Lady Frances.

“Because I dare not—say no more, I cannot bear it,” and Emmeline burst into an agony of tears.

“Ah, cruel brother!” murmured Lady Frances; “with what a heart have you trifled! But the arrow which has pierced hers has gone through your own also, a just and proper punishment for yielding to a

passion you had no right to indulge, circumstanced as you are."

There was a small temple, that stood in the most sequestered part of the castle grounds. A desolate spot it was, where no cheering rays of the sun ever penetrated, so thickly had the trees and the brush-wood grown up round about it. It was fast falling into ruins; and the ivy, that once had twined around its fluted pillars, now was torn away, and left to trail along the dank, cold earth; while the snail pursued its slimy way over the beautifully carved dome in unmolested liberty. Not a flower, not a shrub grew near; even the birds appeared to have deserted it,—so lonely, so forlorn it looked. Yet thither Emmeline loved to resort alone, unseen; the utter gloom and seclusion of the place suited her meditative mind. There was a slight shade of romance in her character, and, in all probability, had she been a Catholic, she would, at this trying period of her life, have sought refuge from her sorrows in a convent; but, happily, a purer religion was hers,—one which taught her that active piety was far more acceptable to a benevolent Creator than the outward forms and ceremonies, and idolatrous worship of the mistaken though amiable nun. At present, however, Emmeline shunned communion with others, and with downcast eyes and arms folded on her breast, might she be seen day after day, seeking the dreary haunt we have endeavoured to describe—her only companion, the blessed Word of God.

There was not an individual amongst the Earl's household but who felt a deep interest for the orphan, whose story they had heard over and over again from Ruth.

"Ah, well-a-day!" would Mrs. Cumpton exclaim, as they conversed together of an evening; "I wish it had been my young Lord's fate to wed such a sweet angel; she might have brought a blessing on this house, which has too long been one of mourning; but I fear evil days are still before us, for his heart will never go with his hand when he leads my Lady Barbara up to the altar. They think I am blind, Mrs. Ruth, because I wear spectacles, but I can see as far as other folks, and that marriage, if it takes place, will be one of sorrow, or I am no true prophet."

"Aye, if it takes place," replied Ruth; "but there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, as you yourself experienced last night when Mr. Jones shook your arm and made you spill your negus."

"I know it, Mrs. Ruth, I know it," returned the sagacious housekeeper; "but if the Earl recovers from this last awful attack, nothing but death can change my young Lord's destiny. He had a frightful paroxysm early this morning, Mr. Gautier said, when he fancied he beheld fiends rising out of the floor and stretching out their arms to seize him. Surely he is the sad witness of a man living with-

out God in the world, a disbeliever in the only hope we have to cling to in our dying hour. Had it not been for the love I bear to Lady Frances and my Lord Avon, never would I have staid here another day after my poor lady's death; but they were such lovely children, I could not find it in my heart to leave them; and now I am grown old, and what should I do among strangers, though perhaps when my Lady Barbara comes to have the rule over us, she may wish to have her own favourites about her. She never spoke a kindly word to me yet,—so different to your sweet young lady, who always has some pretty enquiry to make after my poor head. God bless her and grant her brighter days to come; it makes me quite sorrowful to see her walking about the grounds, looking so melancholy, since my young Lord went away. Never shall I forget his parting words to me, as he shook me by the hand in the hall—'Farewell, good old Cumpton,' he said; 'when I come again I shall bring a bonny bride; I hope you will welcome her.' And he fetched such a sigh that I could not help replying: 'Yes surely, my Lord; yet methinks you look more as if you were going to attend a funeral than a gay wedding.' 'Do I?' he returned; 'that is very ungallant, though who knows but the wedding ring may be exchanged for the one of mourning.' With this he walked hurriedly away, and entered the carriage. Now I thought such a saying very remarkable, Mrs. Ruth."

"And so it was," rejoined Ruth. "Well, I used to think that one had but to be rich to be happy; but I see my error, and I would not exchange my father's farm-house and its sweet flowers, and its sunshine, for this lonesome place, grand as it is. The wise book says, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I be full and deny thee, or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.' A contented mind, and a conscience at rest, Mrs. Cumpton, are blessings beyond all price. I thank the Lord that I was early taught where to seek for them, in his own precious Word, open alike to the peer as to the peasant, praise be to his name!"

While Emmeline was thus the subject of conversation and sympathy with all in the Castle, she continued her daily visits to the old ruined temple, which had become to her quite a little sanctuary. Sometimes O'Neil the gardener would disturb her meditations, by coming to clear away the fallen leaves. When he would apologize for his intrusion, she ever spoke to him kindly, talking to him about the beauties of the place, and lamenting that it had been suffered to fall into decay.

"Aye, it is a mortal pity," the old man would reply, "and such a favourite haunt as it used to be of my late dear lady's; but my Lord cannot abide it, and so we have been obliged to plant it out from his view, and the droppings from the trees

have quite destroyed it. There was a fine prospect from it formerly, but it is all gloom now, like the rest of the place," and he sighed.

"How affectionately all speak of the Countess," thought Emmeline; "sweet soul! what a victim she was to the pride and ambition of worldly parents, who never looked beyond the outward man when they wedded her to the Earl."

One day Emmeline was sitting in this her retreat, her book upon her knee, when a message was conveyed to her, that a gentleman had arrived who wished to see her. She started up.

"A gentleman, and come to see me! who can he possibly be?" she exclaimed.

She hurried towards the house,—her heart palpitating, the colour passing rapidly over her cheek. She entered the drawing-room, and was clasped in the venerable arms of Mr. Grosvenor.

"Oh! my dear, dear guardian, how unexpected is this pleasure," she said, bursting into tears; "and how kind in you to take so much trouble,—you, whose time is so valuable."

"But which can never be better employed than when performing Christian acts towards those who need them," replied Mr. Grosvenor. "My poor child, that pale face—those tears—tell a tale of woe! but cheer thee, my Emmeline; they whom the Lord loves he chastens. He is leading you to himself by a thorny way; difficult and painful to pass; but when the prospect changes, and you behold the Heavens opened, and the glories of another world, how will you be repaid for all your toil."

"Oh, how refreshing to my spirit is such language!" replied the weeping Emmeline. "I have pined for it as the gasping thirsty traveller pines for the fountain of cool water."

"You shall pine for it no longer, my child. I am here to carry you back to my home, where you have been sadly missed."

"Ah! dearest sir, I cannot go there!" returned Emmeline, in much distress. "I stated my reasons to Miss Grosvenor in my letter; has she told you ALL?"

"She has, my dear; but excellent as these are, they hold not good at present," replied the Minister. "Lord Traverscourt will not return with his family to the neighbourhood until December. Come, then, and help to cheer the old man as you used to do."

"To cheer you!" repeated poor Emmeline, mournfully; "that I fear will never be in my power again."

"Then I will cheer you; so the obligation will be mutual. Where is Lady Frances? We must prepare her for your departure."

"I will go and tell her that you are here, sir; but indeed I must not leave her too abruptly; she has been most kind to me, and is now herself in

great trouble. I would not appear ungrateful for worlds."

When Lady Frances learned the arrival of Mr. Grosvenor, and its purport, she was sadly grieved; but after holding a long and interesting conversation with him, she felt much comforted to find that Emmeline possessed in him so valuable a friend. At her earnest entreaty, he consented to remain two days at the castle; longer he could not, as he wished to reach home in time to preach in his own church on the Sabbath. His venerable presence in this house of mourning, seemed to act like a charm on all. In the evening the household were collected together, when he read and expounded a portion from the Scriptures, closing with an impressive and beautiful prayer for the Earl, that the Almighty God would be graciously pleased to restore him to the blessing of reason, and bring him out from the regions of darkness into the glorious light of the Gospel. Never had the voice of a Christian Minister been heard within those walls before, and the impression made upon the hearts of the domestics, was displayed by their tears and words of thankfulness, as they rose to leave the room.

The parting between our young heroine and Lady Frances was most touching. Both wept, and uttered broken vows of affection for each other.

"And may I not write to you, or expect to hear from you, dear, sweet Emmeline?" said Lady Frances, as she held her in her arms.

"Yes, yes, beloved friend; I cannot deny myself this one solace," she returned. "I shall long to know all about yourself, and Sir John, and dear Norman, after you return to Fairy Hall; also about Lord Windermere, for whose recovery I shall unceasingly pray. But do not mention any name in your letters that I ought to forget. Another request I have to make, that you will take charge of this little watch for me," placing the one Lord Avon had given her into the hands of his sister. "I could not return it to himself, as I knew it would have pained him so much; but I must not keep it in my possession until I can look upon it as the gift of a brother; then I may call upon you to restore it. This locket I cannot, cannot part with," drawing it from her bosom, and pressing it to her lips. "The associations connected with it are too tender—too sacred: it contains the hair of both my parents, and a lock of darling Clyde's. There will be no danger to me in keeping this."

Again and again was she clasped in the fond embrace of the weeping Lady Frances, as she uttered these words.

On passing through the hall to the carriage, many a blessing followed her from the lips of the aged domestics, who beheld her as an angel departing from amongst them. She cast one look towards

the closely barred windows of the Earl's chamber, breathing a short prayer for him as she did so. Lady Frances stood with Sir John at the door to witness her going away, to the last moment bewailing it. Poor Emmeline was now too much overcome by conflicting feelings to address them.

"My good kind friends," said Mr. Grosvenor, returning the warm pressure of their hands. "Cease, I pray you, these regrets; see how they add to the distress of my child. God in Heaven bless you and send you His peace from above; and oh! may the sorrows of your house be forgotten in the happiness of years still to come. May the sun of righteousness shine over it, and the voice of gladness and of praise be heard within its walls when the dark clouds of misfortune disperse and roll away. Fare you well."

The good man stepped into the carriage on pronouncing this blessing. Poor Emmeline had thrown herself back in an agony of grief—nor did she again look up until the Castle—its woods and dales—were left far behind.

She bore the fatigues of the journey better than Mr. Grosvenor had predicted, for her strength for some time had been gradually declining; but on reaching home this entirely gave way, and she was conveyed to her bed in a high state of fever, Miss Grosvenor and Ruth were both in despair about her as they listened to her delirious ravings for her beloved parents to come and take her away, and beheld her uneasy tossings, her flushed cheek, and glazed and heavy eyes.

"Oh! unlucky day that ever I suffered her to leave me," exclaimed Miss Grosvenor, wringing her hands, "and she so happy as she was with us! How could I be so simple as to suppose it would lead to aught but misery and disappointment? My dear brother warned me of this, but I would not believe him. Never, never will I trust in my own judgment again."

Emmeline remained for weeks in great danger, her death hourly expected; but at the crisis of her disorder, it took a turn for the better; the fever abated, and natural sleep came to refresh her, but to so low and weak a condition was she reduced, that her voice was inaudible, and she herself helpless as an infant; it is needless to say how tenderly she was nursed by the excellent Miss Grosvenor and her affectionate Ruth, the former exercising all her skill in making nourishing broths and jellies for the dear invalid, whose gratitude, when she could express it, was fervent and affecting to hear. Many anxious letters had been received from Lady Frances during her illness, but these were carefully kept from her knowledge until it was considered safe to show them to her. Her recovery was very protracted, owing to the struggle she endured to surmount an affection that had

taken such deep root in her breast. Earnest were the prayers of the Minister, both for her and with her, and the returning serenity on her lovely countenance, after a while, told that these were not in vain.

Winter now drew near, and to the joy of Mr. Grosvenor and his sister, Emmeline once more took her seat by their cheerful fireside, and listened with apparent interest to the improving books she would read aloud in the evening while she assisted Miss Grosvenor in her works of charity. With such godly people it was impossible for her to remain long unhappy; their serene piety, without the slightest tincture of austerity or gloom—their devotion to their duties—and their never failing cheerfulness, all tended to restore her mind to a more healthy state, while the kindness she experienced from the friends of Miss Grosvenor, soothed her and called forth her liveliest gratitude. A few of her aunt's former acquaintance came to see her, and amongst them Mrs. Larkins, who had been much humbled, and consequently softened, since last they had met. She was now a widow, her husband having died of a broken heart, owing to his heavy pecuniary losses; added to this terrible misfortune her daughter Lucy had eloped, with the smart footman, Harry, who deceived her, by stating that he was a young man of rank in disguise. Lucy having read of such things in novels, firmly believed him, nor discovered the fraud until she found herself in one room, and was told she must work for her living, for that her husband could not afford to maintain a fine lady. She would have immediately returned to her mother, but Mrs. Larkins, incensed to the highest degree, refused to see her, or to render her the slightest assistance. She was compelled therefore to eat the bread of carefulness, and drink the water of affliction, in just requital for her undutiful conduct.

Emmeline having heard all this from Miss Grosvenor, received Mrs. Larkins with marked kindness and attention. The unhappy lady, to her, looked twenty years older, from the deep lines of care in her face, and her sombre dress, so changed from her former gay attire—nor could the gentle girl refrain from shedding tears, as she pressed her hand and reflected on the sad, sad cause.

Mr. Grosvenor and his sister had taken great pains to soften the outraged feelings of the mother, but hitherto without any success, so keenly she felt the ingratitude of her daughter, who she vowed she never would forgive while she lived.

"Make no rash vows, my dear madam," the good Minister would reply. "There never lived that mother yet on earth, who, when her child returned a penitent to her door, spurned her away."

The tears shed by Mrs. Larkins, as he uttered this, plainly testified how true was his assertion.

Emmeline ventured to inquire one day for Miss Arabella Billing, when she was informed that a fire having broken out in Paradise-row, all the maiden ladies, their dogs, cats, and parrots, had been scared away—and that Miss Billing had gone to reside, none knew whither.

“And Mr. Thomas Billing,” asked Emmeline falteringly, “have any accounts been received of him?”

“Yes, my love,” replied Miss Grosvenor. “Punishment followed hard upon his iniquity, as your poor aunt predicted. On his voyage to America, a storm rose, and the angel of Retribution was in it, for he was wrecked and cast upon a black and barren shore, while his ill-gotten wealth was engulfed in the deep.”

“Oh! dearest Miss Grosvenor,” returned the shuddering Emmeline, “how awful are the consequences of sin! Could the tempted one behold the dreadful end of his crimes, how would he shrink back appalled from the first step; but, alas! the master he serves, artfully conceals this, well knowing that his victim would be plucked out of his hand, for no one would walk straight into a pit unless his eyes were blinded.”

Three months were passed since the return of Emmeline to the peaceful Parsonage, when Mr. Grosvenor one morning gently announced to her the expected arrival of the family at Traverscourt, and which was to be immediately followed by that of Lord Avon, Sir John, and Lady Frances Lumley, and many other visitors. Poor Emmeline received the announcement with a palpitating heart, and blanched cheek, which too clearly betrayed how slightly the wound was covered that she had thought healed.

“And Lord Windermere, what of him, dear sir?” she faintly asked, as she tottered towards a chair and sank down.

“Sir John Lumley informs me that the Earl’s reason is restored, my child, and that he intends to be present at his son’s—”

Here Mr. Grosvenor paused, afraid to proceed, on perceiving the increased agitation of Emmeline; he sat down by her, taking her cold hand in his.

“You have long expected this event, my dear girl,” he said in his most soothing tone. “Let it not find you unprepared to meet it with Christian firmness.”

“Oh! no, no; but I must leave you, and that adds so very much to the pain,” sobbed the poor Emmeline.

“Only for a time, my child. I trust you will soon be able to see all your friends with composure: but I will send Bessy to talk to you,” he added, pitying the distress that would not be controlled. “Women know far better than we do how to console each other.” His words were true, for after receiving the fullest sympathy from the kindly maiden,

Emmeline became composed enough to converse upon the subject, and to form her little plans consequent upon it. Her determination to return to Rosedale was adhered to, and approved of by her guardian, and the delighted Ruth wrote to her parents, begging they would prepare their best rooms for the reception of her dear young lady, who proposed setting out on the following week. Poor Emmeline! It seemed her destiny that she was never to find rest for the sole of her foot—rugged roads and thorny places were still before her.

“But my Saviour led the way, bearing his cross,” she murmured. “Shall I faithlessly shrink back from following after him? Oh! no, no! God will give me strength for my day.”

Ruth tried, in her mistress’ presence, to hide her delight at the thoughts of their return to their native village, but in secret, she indulged in many a golden vision. Mr. Gardner, the young minister, she was sure, could not be long in the society of Miss Emmeline, without loving her. She would be equally pleased with his pious and amiable manners; they would certainly marry, and Miss Emmeline would again become the mistress of the pretty rectory house; she (Ruth) would no longer refuse her hand to William; and, oh! how happy they would all be. Nicely was all this arranged; often and often it hovered on her lips, and she was on the point of revealing her thoughts to Emmeline, but the saddened countenance of our heroine proved a check, and it was well that it did so.

Mr. Grosvenor and his sister kindly accompanied their interesting charge the first stage of her journey, and then consigned her to the care of a respectable Quaker and his wife, who were fortunately going within a few miles of Rosedale. The melancholy of Emmeline, and the tears she shed on parting with her friends, at once interested the lady, on whose placid brow beamed benevolence and sweetness.

“I would I could comfort thee for the absence of thy friends,” she softly said: “yet in thy sorrow remember that all those whom we are called upon to leave by the way side, as we journey through life, we shall behold again with rejoicing in the Kingdom of God and of His Christ. Let not thine heart faint, but keep thine eye fixed on thy Father’s home in Heaven.”

“It is my only home—my only hope!” cried Emmeline, clasping her hands and bursting into tears: “Oh! that I were already there!”

“Tarry thou the Lord’s time,” rejoined the Quaker. “He may have work for thee yet to do. Thy companion looks cheerful enough: what is thy name, maiden?”

“Ruth, ma’am,” replied the girl. “I am ashamed to look happy when my dear young lady is so sad; but I am going to my parents, and how can I help it?”

"Thy joy is natural," returned the Quaker; "it is right to be thankful for thy blessings, and that tear glistening in thine eye tells me thou canst feel for thy friend."

"I should be ungrateful indeed if I did not," warmly rejoined the affectionate Ruth; "for a true friend has my mistress been to me."

"Thou remindest me of thy namesake in thy fidelity," said the Quaker. "May'st thou meet thy reward as did the filial daughter of Naomi."

The coach now stopped to change horses, in a small town well remembered by Emmeline; in every door she beheld brought a train of recollections to her mind. Two hours more, and the peaceful village of Rosedale would be in sight. She longed for, yet dreaded the moment of her arrival, as she gazed with a melancholy eye on the busy scene before her. One of the fresh leaders now began plunging and kicking violently; it startled and alarmed her.

"Zacheus," said the Quaker, touching her husband, who had fallen asleep, "unclose thine eyes, and put thy head out of the window; I fear they are giving us an unruly animal."

Zacheus obeyed, and then replied: "The horse is young and eager to proceed, Rachael; I do not think he is vicious."

"How I envy the placidity of these worthy people," thought Emmeline. "Would misfortune have power to move them, I wonder?"

Again they proceeded, and little conversation passed till they came to a small white cottage with green Venetian blinds, where Mr. Plover, the name of the Quaker, directed the coachman to draw up.

"It is here we must part," said his wife kindly to Emmeline, "and probably to meet no more on earth; for our intention is only to abide one week with our kinswoman, and take back our little daughter, who has been staying with her. I trust thou art going amongst friends who will repay thee for those thou hast left behind."

Poor Emmeline looked at Ruth, unable to reply from the feeling of desolation that overpowered her.

"My sweet mistress is going where she is dearly loved, and where I pray she may soon be restored to happiness," replied the warm hearted girl, answering for her.

"I am pleased to hear it," said the Quaker, as the coach door opened and the steps were being let down. "Godliness with contentment is great gain, and more to be desired than riches. The traveller on his journey does not encumber himself with too many things, lest they should hinder him by the way. Thus the Christian will be satisfied with the portion allotted to him: if it is little, his heart will be the less devoted to earth. Zacheus, take care, thou hadst nearly put thy foot through the band-box, and spoiled thy best beaver. Farewell, maiden! Mayest thou find thy parents in health, (to Ruth,)

and may the dove return to the bosom of thy young companion."

She warmly pressed the hand of Emmeline as she said this, and then descended the steps. A lady and a little girl came out from the house to welcome her. Emmeline had just time to witness their tender meeting ere the coach once more dashed on. It was becoming quite dark when they drove into Rosedale, for the shortest day was near. Emmeline felt thankful for the gloom, fearing to meet old friends and old scenes, until a night's rest had recruited her wearied and depressed spirit.

The farm house where dwelt the parents of Ruth, stood at the extremity of the village, and within a meadow now covered with snow. As the coach stopped the farmer himself came to the gate.

"Oh, father! my dear, dear father!" exclaimed Ruth, springing into his arms; she instantly recollected herself, and added—"but never mind me; here is my mistress—attend to her."

Another was near to take care of Ruth, who appeared most willing to render her every assistance, as she was to receive it from him, William, the woodman's son.

Emmeline was considerably agitated as she accepted the support of the honest farmer, who led her into the house, where Dame Ashford was ready with many a kindly word to welcome her. Tried as her feelings had been to the uttermost, they now suddenly gave way, and she burst into an agony of grief. All knew the cause, and felt for her orphan state; they said little, considerably leaving her to herself until the paroxysm had passed, when forcing a smile, she accompanied the dame into the sitting-room prepared for her reception. The tea things were ranged on the table with various tempting hot cakes; but the most agreeable sight to Emmeline was the blazing fire on the hearth. She drew towards it, for she was chilled and weary, and throwing off her bonnet, sat down in the high backed oaken chair, grateful to God that a few links still remained of the broken chain—that she was still an object of affection to some few remaining on earth.

The following morning was devoted to arranging her little room according to her own taste; and when her books and favourite pictures were placed as she had been used to see them, she began to feel more at home. The resources she possessed within herself made her look forward with less dislike to the lonely days and evenings she would have to spend in this secluded place, though one companion suited to her would indeed prove a blessing. In the course of this day, Mr. Gardner, the clergyman, called. Perhaps our readers may have pictured to themselves a pale, interesting young man, who the moment he beheld Emmeline, would become desperately enamoured. Not so, however; Mr. Gardner had a remarkably florid complexion, a countenance the most animated and cheerful, and

moreover, to the destruction of all Ruth's air-built castles, he had recently married; for, on his entrance he apologized to Emmeline for Mrs. Gardner, who he said was suffering from cold, and afraid to come out in such bad weather. Emmeline received him with considerable emotion, remembering whose place he supplied in the village, and as she viewed him while speaking to her, she could not forbear drawing a comparison which was certainly not in his favour. He remained some time conversing on indifferent topics, and watching her varying countenance as he did so: at moments she felt disposed to like him, then again some brusque reply would change her opinion. By the time he rose to go, she had determined that he never could become an intimate friend of hers. He appeared to possess no sympathy—no tenderness—no sensibility—his laugh (pleasing though it was) grated on her ears, it seemed so unkind, so misplaced. Soon after his departure, Doctor and Mrs. Videll came to visit her; the doctor we have already described—on his lady we must bestow a few words. She was a large coarse woman, dressed very smartly when abroad, but a slattern at home, where she usually spent her mornings in the kitchen. Several children were hers, from romantic sixteen to bawling six months; all plain like their parents, her favourite occupation in the drawing room was novel-reading, such as “the Delicate Distress,” “the Innocent Adultery,” and “the Cavern of Horrors.” These she called pretty books, and would be to the child who would interrupt her, while deep in their perusal, with any complaint of a torn frock or a ragged elbow; a whipping and a locking up in a dark closet were sure to follow. On seeing Emmeline, she immediately began asking her numerous questions, some of which the poor girl found it painful to answer, while the doctor exclaimed:

“Well, my dear, so you are come back to us, a rolling stone never gathers any moss—you are still without a husband; there were many fine reports here about you, and your great friend Lord Avon, but I thought that would be no go, the papers say he is going to be married to some Lady of rank, I forget her name? Perhaps you can tell me?”

How terrible was all this to Emmeline; she tried to change the subject by inquiring after Mrs. Videll's children, who informed her that Emmy was growing a very fine gal, but that Susan was delicate—Bobby and Jack were sad pickles; and poor little Teddy had got the mumps; baby was teething and suffered much, dear little soul, but she was a beautiful creature, quite the flower of the flock; the image of the doctor.”

Emmeline expressed her pleasure and regret, as suited the case, and never perhaps had she experienced such relief as when Mrs. Videll, after sundry attempts to release herself from the arm chair, succeeded, and holding out her hand, expressed a hope

that Miss Milman would name an early day, and spend it with her and the doctor. Emmeline made some sweet reply, so impossible was it for her to appear unmindful of the slightest act of kindness.

Several days passed away, before she had the courage to walk through the village, and when she did go, accompanied by Ruth, how changed every thing appeared, in her sight; houses that she had once thought large and handsome, now looked poor and mean—yet the place was the same—it was Emmeline who had changed. Kindly was she greeted by many of the old inhabitants as she walked along, but not perhaps with the warmth of feeling she had expected; in the time that had elapsed since she left them, new interests, new friends, had in a measure broken the impression of the old. This was painful to our heroine, but it was human nature; she returned to her humble abode more miserable than ever, while something like a feeling of discontent arose within her mind, how wretched it made her, because she knew it to be so sinful, and to dissipate it, she sat down to write to Miss Grosvenor. While so engaged, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner were announced. The cloud instantly passed from her brow on beholding the latter, who came forward with the warm frankness of an old friend to welcome her to Rosedale; her countenance wore the same cheerful aspect as her husband's, but united to a gentleness which made it very engaging. The few words she uttered went at once to the heart of Emmeline.

“This is the friend I have been longing for,” she mentally said. “Oh, how unfaithful, how wicked I have been to suppose that God had forgotten me.”

Mr. Gardner, during this second visit gained much in her estimation. She no longer thought him brusque, while his intellectual endowments she found were of a very high order. With his gifts as a minister of the Gospel, she was at present unacquainted except from report, but when these were displayed to herself, and she came to know him well, her esteem, her admiration could not be disguised.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner's highest aim appeared to be to serve their divine master in all fidelity, by showing kindness and benevolence to those placed immediately under their care, it was surprising the things they conceived and carried into practice to improve the condition of the poor and to raise them above the mean and injurious alternative of begging. Emmeline was astonished, and in one little week felt as if she had known them for years; in her character they had seen at once, that with her many amiable and charming qualities, a morbid sensibility was taking possession of her, which, if not checked, would deteriorate considerably from her usefulness. This evil, unknown to herself, had been increasing for some time, and Mr. Gardner, who admired her exceedingly, felt determined to rouse her from it by every possible means.

It was a severe trial to Emmeline to go to church for the first time at Rosedale since another had filled her father's pulpit. Her new friends fully sympathised in all her feelings, though they concealed from her that they did so. She had promised to spend the first Sabbath at the Rectory, and accompany Mrs. Gardner to church; but when it came, she almost repented of having done so. With trembling steps and downcast eyes she moved up the aisle, and glided into the well known pew, where she sank on her knees, sobbing violently, for the pealing tones of the organ had so forcibly brought back to her recollection the beloved form of him who now lay mouldering in the tomb. Once she feared she must leave the place, but as the prayers proceeded she became more calm. The text of Mr. Gardner's sermon he had purposely selected; it was from the seventh chapter of Revelations, the fourteenth verse: "And these are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." He explained most beautifully the nature and necessity of God's dealings with his own people,—that he afflicts them not in anger or from caprice, but in love, and to wean them from a world of sin, and raise them to one of perfect happiness. "Nothing more clearly displays an hereafter," he proceeded to say, "than the troubles of a good man and the prosperity of a wicked one. How frequently do we behold wealth and honours in the possession of infidelity, while virtue is doomed to walk in obscurity and sorrow: the first, no sign of his favour; the last, no sign of his wrath. God considers adversity the safest course for a Christian; should he then shrink back from the rugged road which leads to Heaven, and prefer the one which retards and hinders, and may eventually lead him to destruction? Oh! no. Let him cast himself and all his concerns into the hands of his Almighty Guide, and feel that delightful assurance within himself that nothing can possibly happen to him, but that which will prove for his ultimate good and real happiness."

Emmeline listened with devout attention to the discourse, and felt, as she rose up, that she had gathered from it new strength to proceed on her stormy way—she had expressed a wish to Mrs. Gardner to see the monument erected in the Church to her parent's memory. They waited therefore till the congregation had dispersed, when she was led round to the spot; Emmeline stood before it with clasped hands; her feelings (those of intense agony) expressed in the swelling veins of her beautiful temples—her parted lips—her distended eyes. The monument was chastely and elegantly executed; one female figure hung over the urn in an attitude at once graceful and touching; from its youthful appearance none could doubt but that it was intended to represent the orphan. She lingered read-

ing the simple inscription, until her sight became dim; it was all that she could have wished.

"And he whose work this is I must remember no more? Oh! hard, hard trial," she murmured, while a sensation like unto suffocation, rose in her throat; she turned away, and Mrs. Gardner, reading in her countenance the feeling almost of despair, that for the moment had overwhelmed her, drew her arm within hers in silence and led her away.

And now she had passed once more the threshold of her childhood's home, and had entered the little drawing-room—Oh! what a rush of painful thoughts came over her as she looked around her.

"This is all very sad—very trying to you my dear Miss Milman, I can conceive," said Mrs. Gardner, pressing the hands of the distressed girl, but it is better that you should accustom yourself to the sight of old familiar scenes at once; after awhile you will even derive comfort from so doing."

Emmeline made one or two ineffectual attempts to reply, but in vain, and forgetting that Mrs. Gardner was almost a stranger to her, she fell upon her neck and wept bitterly.

"Sweet gentle dove, how long hast thou been wandering in search of rest—nestling first on one tree, then driven off by the storm to seek shelter in another; from bough to bough, hast thou flown, the pitiless blast still following thee! Alas, where is thy refuge! Look up, and behold, in the bosom of thy Saviour, there is thy home."

Such were the thoughts of Mrs. Gardner, as she held her in her arms, and from that moment Emmeline became to her as a sister.

The manner in which Mr. Gardner conducted his little household, was so like what she had been accustomed to see in her father's time, that she seemed transported back to those happy years when, with his family collected around him, he would read, and expound from the blessed Word of God. Mr. Gardner was a much younger man, and, possessing fine health, and spirits, his society was well calculated to prove beneficial to Emmeline; his views of the religion of Christ were sound and evangelical, at once winning her confidence, while his playful manner induced a cheerfulness in others, which he always liked to see.

"For who ought to be so happy as those who have founded their house upon a rock?" he would say. "They can view without dismay, the approaching tempest, assured that it cannot harm them; not so, the man whose treasure is heaped upon the sands, and which one fell blast may sweep away for ever."

Both he and his amiable partner conceived a warm regard for the young orphan, who seemed thrown, as it were, on their protection, and there was scarcely a day after this, that they did not meet Emmeline, in course of time, found a soothing pleasure in wandering over all the old haunts at the

Rectory—the nut walk—the little lake—the elm tree, under whose branches Lord Avon used to recline with his book. She tried hard to forget all he had been to her since they had parted here, and to think of him only as the friend and brother of her childhood; and she thought she had nearly succeeded, until one morning she took up a newspaper from Mr. Gardner's table, and read the following paragraph:

“Marrick, by special licence, at Traverscourt, on Wednesday last, by the very Reverend the Dean of —, Lord Avon, only son of the Earl of Windermere, to Lady Barbara Guise, the accomplished and beautiful daughter of the Earl of Traverscourt. After partaking of the splendid *dejeuner* prepared for the august occasion, and which was graced by all their immediate relations and friends, the happy pair departed for Rockwood Abbey, the seat of Lord Windermere in right of his late Countess.”

A long description of the bride's dress followed, but Emmeline could read no more; the paper fell from her hands; a faint sensation stole over her, and she would have fallen, had not Mrs. Gardner been near to catch her; in much alarm she called her husband, who was in the adjoining room; they placed the unhappy girl on a sofa, and applied eau de cologne to her temples. This revived her, and she once more unclosed her eyes on the anxious friends who hung over her; she strove to raise herself, murmuring in a voice that went to their hearts:

“The measure of my cup is full—oh, Father of Mercies, Thy will, and not mine, be done:

Ignorant as Mrs. Gardner was, of the secret thorn that preyed on the life and happiness of Emmeline, she knew not how to soothe its anguish, until the poor girl, won by her affectionate solicitude, poured into her ear the tale of her young sorrows. It was not listened to with indifference; much indignation did the amiable lady feel towards Lord Avon,—much more than she ventured to express; but she sympathised in the tenderest manner with the gentle being whose happiness he had so cruelly sacrificed, and now that she was acquainted with the cause from whence came all her melancholy, she knew better how to treat it. She quickly perceived that the hold Lord Avon had gained on her affection was linked with her love for the memory of her father; weaken this, and her idol would soon fall to the ground.

“What think you would have been the opinion of your pious parent?” she said to her one morning. “Would he have defended the man who could deliberately steal into your heart, knowing himself to be engaged to another woman,—who could use such deceit towards his beloved child in her friendless state? Oh! Emmeline, would he not, with his pure Christian principles, have shrunk from him in utter disapproval? Where was the great service Lord Avon rendered to your father? Only that which

any other (not quite devoid of feeling) would have rendered. His kindness to yourself has long since been cancelled by his cruel—I had almost said his dishonourable—conduct. Emmeline, that flushed cheek betrays your indignation at my honest opinion—but it is truth. Would it have been to him that Mr. Milman would have given his daughter in confidence? No, I am persuaded not. The injury he has already done, in standing between you and your God, *must convince you that, could your father address you from his present blessed abode, it would be to warn you to dethrone the usurper in your heart, and restore to his rightful place your dear Redeemer; for it is impossible to love a human being, as you have loved Lord Avon, without sin. Every thought, every feeling, has been brought into subjection to him instead of to your Creator. Open your eyes to your danger, my beloved girl, and view in this man the tempter, who would have lured you to your everlasting ruin, if he could. I do not wish to judge him harshly; he may change—he may repent,—but as he is, I consider him deeply erring.*”

This speech made a great impression on Emmeline. It unveiled faults in a character which partiality had made her suppose nearer to perfection than almost any she had ever known, and warned her of her own sin in yielding so entirely to her affection for him; and “what would my father think of me—what would he advise me to do—what would be his wishes?” became after this her daily and hourly inquiry.

Feeling for her lonely situation at the farm-house; Mrs. Gardner now entreated she would leave it; and come and spend the remainder of the winter at the Rectory. The invitation was very tempting, but Emmeline felt great delicacy in accepting it; till Mr. Gardner joined his entreaties to those of his wife, and assured her that it would be conferring a personal favour on himself, as in his repeated absences from home, occasioned by the duties of a very extensive parish, he would then have the comfort to know that Mrs. Gardner was not left quite alone. This won her consent, and leaving Ruth quite contented with her parents, she went to her new, but most kind friends, with whom she found a temporary haven from all her troubles in that dear home where the happiest years of her life had fled like a dream before the morning; and here we must leave her awhile, to return to Lord Avon, who is now to appear before us in the character of a married man.

There was sufficient tenderness in his manner towards Lady Barbara shortly after their union to increase tenfold her passion for him. He felt that she had placed herself completely in his power; that she had surrendered to his keeping her whole heart. How then could he be so ungenerous as to appear ungrateful. Happy he certainly was not; the image of

the lovely Emmeline, from whom he had been torn, would still haunt him day and night in spite of every effort he made to weaken her hold on his affection, for he knew that to indulge in such feelings, now, was sinful, and though he had erred, he feared to be guilty. One consolation was his amidst all his trials; by his marriage with Lady Barbara he had realized the only anxious hope of his father, had poured a few sweet drops into the bitter cup that father was doomed to drink. This was a pleasing reflection, yet not sufficient to repay him for the sacrifice he had made of his own. Earnestly he strove to discover qualities in his lady that might eventually attach him to her, but in vain he looked for these; her love for him was her only redeeming one, and even this she marred by her jealous, suspicious disposition; proud, passionate, and supremely selfish, she could not brook the slightest disappointment, while her thirst for admiration was only in proportion to her vanity.

Lord Avon disliked a London life extremely; he considered it a total waste of time, nor was he ever well while there; but to please Lady Barbara, who cared for no other place, he accompanied her to town on the approach of the gay season. He could not follow her into every scene of dissipation, though he forced himself to do so more frequently than he liked, as his presence served as a protection and a check; often when beholding her as the great star of attraction, in the brilliant throng, would his thoughts wander to the dear and pious Emmeline in painful contrast. The one he might admire, but the other could alone be loved. He made every allowance for the very different educations they had received, but he could make none for the many acts of selfishness he observed in Lady Barbara, her total disregard to the feelings or the comfort of others, so long as she herself was gratified. This particularly struck him on the first day she was to attend the Queen's drawing room, when he was so unwell that his medical adviser desired him on no account to leave the house. She came to him, and perceiving him lying pale and languid on the sofa, said:

"I hope, Avon, you are well enough to accompany me; I have set my heart upon being presented today."

"If you wish it, certainly, but I am in great pain Barbara, I assure you," was his reply.

"Oh! it is half fancy, love; the exertion will do you good, depend upon it."

Lord Avon said no more, but on her entering the room two hours after, attired in her magnificent court dress, she found him waiting to attend her.

"Now there is a dear kind creature," she exclaimed, throwing her arm round his neck. "I knew it would do you good, else I would not have pressed you, you are already looking much better; quite a colour in your cheek."

Lord Avon gently withdrew the caressing arm and taking her hand led her down stairs, his flushed and varying cheek betraying how much the effort cost him; but he acted his part in the pageant, and that was all she required, and she returned home enchanted with the homage she had received, and the envy she had excited in the breast of many a fair lady.

Amongst the numerous admirers who fluttered round Lady Barbara, was Sir Arthur Clifton, who, it may be remembered, was one of the gay and early associates of Lord Avon. Years, and a lengthened absence abroad, had not improved his principles, indeed had rather injured them, for he was now a confirmed libertine, and a gambler. Lord Avon had long since relinquished his society in disgust, and he beheld the advances he made to his lady, with vexation and annoyance forbidding her to give him the slightest encouragement, this she immediately attributed to jealousy, and the idea pleased her so much that she proposed to try his affection by appearing to take an interest in Sir Arthur; consequently, wherever she met him she allowed him to engross her whole attention, eagerly watching the effect her unwise conduct produced on Lord Avon, and delighted at every frown or look of uneasiness he would cast upon her, and her dangerous companion.

The disposition of Lord Avon was naturally gentle, amiable, and most affectionate, though there had been moments when, suffering under great and trying provocations, he had exhibited violent passions. Lady Barbara was aware of this, and seldom ventured to try him too far, fearing to weaken the influence she was trying so eagerly, but so unadvisedly, to obtain. By no word—or look—or single act of his since their marriage had he given her reason to think that his heart still lingered with Emmeline; his attentions to herself were constant, and if not tender, still were kind and indulgent. Lady Barbara therefore felt easy about him, looking confidently forward to the time when she would gain such an ascendancy over him as to mould him to her own wayward and capricious will.

Lady Clifton, (the grand-aunt of Sir Arthur,) was at this time in town, and continued to give her Saturday evening concerts and her *Sunday card parties*. To these, of course, Lord Avon would not go, and much did it distress him that he was unable to prevail on Lady Barbara to relinquish them also. But she could not understand his scruples; all days were alike to her: many others did the same,—why should she be singular, and offend Lady Clifton? These were her arguments.

"You do not then fear to offend God?" asked Lord Avon, very gravely.

"Really, Avon, you are becoming too strict for me," replied Lady Barbara; "it is impossible to

keep pace with you. I am no saint, (with a sneer,) nor do I wish to become one, I assure you."

Lord Avon sighed, for at the moment the beautiful Emmeline seemed to flit before him.

One night, Lady Barbara had returned from a party at Lady Clifton's rather later than usual—her mind filled with the brilliant scene she had quitted, and the increasing devotion of Sir Arthur. She inquired for Lord Avon, and was told that he had not yet quitted his dressing-room.

"What, still up! and he complaining of headache when I left him."

She ascended the staircase, and pausing before his door, gently knocked; but receiving no answer, she opened it, and beheld him sitting in a large arm chair, and fast asleep. His cheek was deadly pale, and as Lady Barbara contemplated the long dark lashes that rested upon it, the finely formed mouth, the high and noble forehead, she was more than ever struck with the intellectual beauty of his face.

"And he is my own," she murmured, stooping to kiss him. "Who can sever the tie that binds us to each other? None on earth."

On the table before him lay his open Bible with several loose papers. He appeared to have been engaged in writing, for the commencement of a letter was amongst them. Lady Barbara drew this away to discover to whom it was addressed; in so doing a small miniature fell to the ground; she hastily seized it, and beheld the likeness of Emmeline. Had a serpent stung her she could not have uttered a more piercing cry of agony. It awoke Lord Avon, who started to his feet. Instantly he detected what had happened; but no change of countenance—no confusion betrayed any consciousness of guilt. He drew himself proudly up, gazing in silent astonishment on her face, distorted as it was by passion.

"Hypocrite! Deceiver! what have you now to say in your defence?" she exclaimed. "You refuse to attend me to an innocent party, because it is Saturday night, and here I find you cherishing a passion sinful in every sense of the word,—aye, even with your Bible open before you."

She dashed the picture on the floor as she said this, stamping her foot furiously upon it; then sinking into a chair, she burst into a flood of tears.

"Barbara," said Lord Avon, in the calmest tone he could command, though his lip quivered, "I forgive your expressions; they were uttered in madness. Why have you stolen thus on my privacy, and put the worst construction upon a doubtful appearance? Is this the way to gain me, think you?"

"Doubtful appearance!" screamed Lady Barbara; "would to God it were doubtful. Why, if you have not been cherishing the remembrance of that hateful girl in your heart, why retain her picture?"

"Barbara, you were aware of my sentiments for Miss Milman when you gave your hand to me at the altar," replied Lord Avon, becoming exceedingly agitated. "God knows how hard the struggle has been within my breast to surmount them, rendered still more so by your conduct. Had you in all things met my wishes—tried to win me by feminine amiable, yielding, qualities, I might have been more successful; as it is, I do not *cherish* an affection for Emmeline. I try to forget her. Her picture I this night took out of my desk with the intention of returning it to my sister, deeming it inconsistent with the principles I now profess to keep it in my possession. Believe me, I would not have deigned to make this explanation but for the sake of consistency, and to assure you that I am perfectly sincere in my search after divine truth."

This honest speech ought to have satisfied Lady Barbara, but it did not, and she goaded him on with her bitter upbraids until she roused him to say that he would most happily part from her if such was her desire. How terrible to her was this announcement, since it convinced her by what a slight tenure she held him. Wildly she shrieked, beating her forehead with her hands, and laughing hysterically. Lord Avon, unaccustomed as he was to witness the effects of passion in a woman, now became alarmed. He pulled his bell, ordering her woman to come to her aid, and assisting himself to loosen her dress. On recovering, and seeing him kneeling before her, she cast herself on his bosom, entreating he would forgive her.

"Truly and from my heart, Barbara," he replied, pitying her distress.

"And you will not repeat those cruel words?"

"Not unless you wring them from me; but I cannot have my peace invaded. Now retire to your own room, and try to compose yourself; this is a sad way to commence the Sabbath, Barbara."

There was reproach in his look and manner as he said this, and Lady Barbara felt how much she had lost in his esteem. The reflection was most painful. She sighed heavily, wishing that she had shown more discretion; but it was too late. Never had she learned to curb her passions; now they had become her masters. The moment she was gone, Lord Avon threw himself into his chair, covering his face with his hands. What his reflections were while he remained so still and silent, were known only to himself and to his God; the miniature had been broken in two pieces.

"It is as well," he murmured, lifting them from the ground. "Thus may I learn to sacrifice all that might prove a hindrance." He threw them into the fire, watching them as they consumed with calm, determined fortitude. When he saw that they were quite destroyed, he retired to his chamber.

It will have been perceived that a great change had taken place in his mind since his marriage.

The very struggles he had endured to subdue his love for Emmeline, forcing him to fly to that only Being who could help him. She had once told him that he could not take pleasure in his Bible, because he had never known sorrow. He felt not the truth of her words at the time, but now experience had been his teacher. So much of the sacred volume is addressed to the afflicted, that a careless, light, and happy heart cannot know its value until trials come, and the promises are needed for consolation and support; then indeed it becomes precious. One or two texts applicable to his own case had arrested his attention, and taught him to search for more. Thus was he led on, till, through God's mercy, he found the Saviour, the friend of sinners, when a complete revulsion took place within him, and he beheld all things in a new aspect. Humbled and abased in his own estimation, he gratefully accepted the means offered for his salvation, now that he perceived that he had no power to obtain it by any acts of his own. His new views he communicated to his sister, (who since the death of poor little Clyde had become very thoughtful,) but still they were in their infancy, and needed constant prayer for divine assistance, much meditation and study. What joy would it have been to Emmeline could she have known that the precepts of her beloved father were at length beginning to unfold themselves in that breast, where so long they had lain dormant. Once this idea crossed Lord Avon himself, and had almost tempted him to write to her; but he instantly repelled it as a suggestion of the enemy,—such an act would have been fraught with danger to them both.

It afforded very little satisfaction to Lady Barbara to witness the increasing desire of her Lord to become a sincere Christian, since it interfered very often with her pleasures. At first she treated it with derision, calling him puritan and saint; but when she found that she could not shake his principles, she desisted, leaving him to follow his own way, while she pursued hers in a constant whirl of heartless rapid dissipations. Lord Avon expostulated, advised, but in vain: Lady Barbara was not one likely to listen to the voice of reason; she ridiculed his scruples, laughed at his advice, telling him that when she became as old as Lady Clifton she might possibly turn Methodist—certainly not before. Such perverse conduct of course served to estrange him more and more from her, though he still continued to offer fervent prayer in her behalf, that God would change her heart. His increasing seriousness of manner—his reserve and silence—occasioned by a mind inquiring into the truth yet still unsettled,—cooled by degrees the ardour of Lady Barbara's passion. They had now one feeling in common—no sympathy with each other: what delighted her vexed her husband, whose con-

duct was a constant reproach to hers. This was insupportable, and rather than spend an evening with him alone, she would have accepted any amusement abroad. One day she received a card from Lady Clifton for the following Sunday. Lord Avon saw it and said:

"Of course, you will refuse this, Barbara?"

"Of course, I will not," was her reply. "You have really made Sunday evening such a bore to me at home, by your preaching, that it will be a relief to me to avoid it."

"Lady Barbara, you will incur my severe displeasure by so doing; for once I must insist upon that obedience which you vowed to pay me."

"What folly, Avon! why Sunday will be nearly over before I go. Lady Clifton never commences playing cards till twelve o'clock, so I can enjoy the benefit of your sublime discourse before I go; will that satisfy you?"

"By no means; it would be sinful mockery in you, and a sad example to our servants. I will not allow one of these or my horses to be so employed on that sacred evening."

"Then I must employ the servants and horses of some one else, for I am resolved to go; opposition always makes me obstinate," returned Lady Barbara.

"Barbara, reflect one moment," expostulated Lord Avon. "Carelessly as your religious education may have been attended to, you never so profaned the Sabbath in your father's house."

"My father still retains a few old fashioned notions, I am aware, but my brother laughs at them; and once, when Lady Clifton was staying with us, we had cards to amuse her on Sunday evening. I am sure you were not so very scrupulous yourself while at Traverscourt; I only wish you were the same now that you were then, for I perceive that we are becoming *two* very rapidly. The fault is not mine; I am no enthusiast, but a rational being, who desires to make the best of what I see, and leave to time and chance the invisible world."

She glided from the room as she said this, while Lord Avon murmured:

"Infatuated, misguided creature! How darkened is your soul! May God have more mercy upon you than you have upon yourself."

Sunday evening came, Lady Barbara would not venture into the drawing room, dressed as she was for the party, but hastened at once into the hall, and stepped into the carriage awaiting her—a few minutes conveyed her to Lady Clifton's, where she found a much larger assembly than she had expected. A great many foreigners of distinction, and several of the public performers from the Opera house, whose characters were forgotten for the sake of the pleasure which their talents afforded. Lady Clifton hastened forward to receive her, saying:

"I scarcely expected you, my dear, your Lord

has become so stiff in his notions of right and wrong."

"Happily he has not yet infected me," replied Lady Barbara, forcing a laugh, for she did not feel quite satisfied with herself.

"Nor ever will, I trust," said Sir Arthur Clifton approaching her. "It would be cruel indeed, to make a recluse of so much loveliness."

He led her to a sofa, where they sat down together, conversing in low tones. Music formed part of the amusement of the evening, and most beautiful it was. Lady Clifton walked about in a perfect extacy of delight, from having so successfully brought together those who many others were dying to have at their parties, but could not. There was Prince Macerata, a plain little insignificant man, whose dress was strongly impregnated with cigars—Don Guzman, a remarkably handsome Spaniard—a Pole—a Greek—all in the different costumes of their country. Happy Lady Clifton! What an object of envy! Alas! poor soul!!

At twelve o'clock another room was opened for cards, Sunday being then considered over.

"Will you play?" asked Sir Arthur Clifton, tenderly pressing the hand of Lady Barbara.

"At écarté with you if you like," was her reply, and they accordingly drew to a table by themselves, where much was said and more implied than we have any wish to repeat; Lady Barbara blushed occasionally at the *empressé* manner of her companion, but she did not discourage him, and when the party broke up and he assisted her to her carriage, she could not be astonished that he used the freedom to raise her hand to his lips, calling her "divine angel."

"You are a very sad person, I fear," she faintly said.

"To all but one, *Addio cara*."

The door of the carriage was closed, and Lady Barbara whirled home. On arriving, she entered the house in a flutter of agitation, inquiring if Lord Avon was still in the drawing room.

"No, my lady," replied Austin. "My lord has been in bed for some hours; he complained of not being well and retired early."

"Not well! why he said nothing about it before I left the house."

"I beg your pardon, my lady; my Lord has been far from well for many days," returned Austin, who was devotedly attached to Lord Avon; "but he seldom complains or thinks of himself."

"I must go and see him, Austin," rejoined Lady Barbara, taking the alarm, "else I could not rest in peace."

"Your ladyship will excuse me, but my Lord gave me strict orders not to allow him to be disturbed, and I dare not disobey him," replied Austin, respectfully.

Lady Barbara on hearing this, would not risk

her dignity by pressing the matter, but retired with her woman to her own room, from which Lord Avon had seceded, owing to the late hours she chose to keep. Her mind was not in a very happy state, from the self-reproach that harassed her, and poor Burford had to sustain all the ill humour and petulance arising from this, without daring to utter a word, though she internally murmured against all your pleasure-hunting ladies, they were so very unreasonable. With an aching head, and a heart oppressed, Lady Barbara laid down on her splendid couch, but no sleep came to refresh her; her eyes wandered over every object in the room, till the sun, piercing its rays through her half closed shutters, announced to her that another day was far advanced, when Burford brought in her breakfast, a note from Lord Avon lay on the salver; she seized it eagerly, and tearing it open, read these few lines:

"I have been summoned to Lady Clifton, who is very ill, keep your mind easy and composed—I shall return as soon as possible."

"When did Lord Avon go out?" asked Lady Barbara, more surprised than shocked by the intelligence.

"About two hours ago, my lady," returned Burford, whose countenance expressed consternation, and some mystery. Lady Barbara noticed this, and immediately inquired:

"Why look so aghast? There is nothing so very astonishing in the sudden illness of an old person."

"Oh! my lady, it is very, very awful," ejaculated Burford, with difficulty maintaining the secret commanded by her lord.

"What a goose you are! Why, suppose Lady Clifton were to die, the only evil resulting would be a mourning dress, which I detest; and that my ball would have to be postponed. Do pray let me have some coffee, for my throat is quite parched."

Burford poured it out, and while Lady Barbara sipped it, she asked for the novel she had been reading the day before, she was thus engaged, when Lord Avon entered, concern and solemnity depicted on his fine noble countenance.

"Well, Lord Gravity, what news from Berkeley Square—how is Lady Clifton?" inquired Lady Barbara.

"She is free from all pain," was his reply, as he passed his hand rapidly over his face to conceal his emotion.

"I am happy to hear it. I hope you are better; Austin told me you were complaining on my return this morning, and refused to let me go to you."

"I had forgotten my own ill," returned Lord Avon, sitting down. "Poor Lady Clifton," he continued, after a pause; "I fear Barbara you will never see her again."

"Well, my love, I cannot help it, though her death would be rather provoking just now, as I have sent out all my cards for my ball."

Lord Avon was so much shocked by this heartless speech, that he gazed on her a few moments in silence, and then replied :

"I was needlessly fearful of distressing you, I find. Lady Clifton is gone ; she was burnt to death by her dress catching fire while sitting at her toilette table ; her maid had left her only for a few moments, and on her return found her lady in flames ; you may imagine the rest, but a fate so awful while in the very act of breaking one of God's commandments, must strike every heart that is not utterly hardened in sin. Will it make any impression on you—or will you still close your eyes against your danger, and plunge headlong into the gulph of destruction ?"

This was said with extreme agitation, and in raised tones.

"For Heaven's sake, hush ! I am not prepared to answer you ; how very dreadful ! Poor Lady Clifton," and Lady Barbara burst into tears.

"God be praised that all right feeling is not destroyed within you," said Lord Avon more calmly ; "Barbara, these tears give me new hope—may they be the harbingers of better days to come."

Lady Barbara held out her hand to him, as he said this ; he pressed it with kindness, little aware that the kisses of another had so recently profaned it. The remainder of this day she spent in her room, humble, contrite, yet not convinced.

Many duties, unpleasant and distressing to Lord Avon, devolved upon him in consequence of the demise of the unfortunate Countess, duties that brought him into frequent collision with Sir Arthur Clifton, who had always flattered himself that he would have been her Ladyship's heir ; but on her will being opened, to his consternation, he found that instead of this, Lord Avon had succeeded to nearly the whole of her property, including plate and jewels, to an enormous amount. The disappointment almost overwhelmed him, for, depending on her promises, he had contracted heavy debts, besides raising sums at various times from Brokers in the city, for which he had been paying the highest interest for years. He now beheld himself a ruined man, and the hatred he conceived against Lord Avon, as the cause was only equalled by the revenge that lurked behind it ; these, however, he dissembled, determining to work upon the well known generosity of his rival, to whom he confided his situation. Lord Avon heard him in astonishment, being aware that he had inherited from his father, the late Sir Henry Clifton, a very handsome estate.

"What had become of this ?"

"The timber had been cut down, and the lands mortgaged long ago, it yielded him nothing," he said.

"And suppose you were put in possession of Lady Clifton's whole fortune, how long would it

last, do you imagine ?" inquired Lord Avon, with a smile.

"Come, come, my dear fellow, you must really do something for me for old acquaintance sake," rejoined Sir Arthur. "It would be hard indeed to be cut short in my brilliant career at the age of thirty."

"It might prove the most fortunate circumstance in your life, if you were ; yet I will not be the one to make the experiment," returned Lord Avon. "The interest of your aunt's fortune shall be yours, but the principal I will retain in my own hands, lest you should forget that you have sisters. To them I will make over all the plate and jewels, as I consider they have a higher claim than myself."

"Bravo, my boy ! you are of the right sort after all," said Sir Arthur, clapping him on the back. "I was afraid your new religion had spoiled you. I must get out of the power of these sharks in the city as fast as possible, and shall call upon you very early, depend upon it, to assist me in so doing."

Any one would imagine that the disinterested conduct of Lord Avon would have won the esteem and gratitude of Sir Arthur Clifton ; but so far from this, he hated him the more for the superiority he had gained over him, and the obligation he had placed him under ; but well did he know how to conceal his feelings under the mask of assumed regard ; and he succeeded in this so entirely, that Lord Avon, in the hope of weaning him from his love of play, once more held forth the hand of friendship, and invited him to his house. This was just what Sir Arthur expected and desired. How he requited him, we shall presently see.

When Lady Barbara heard the way in which Lord Avon had disposed of Lady Clifton's jewels, her rage and disappointment knew no bounds.

"Those beautiful diamonds upon which I had always set my heart !" she exclaimed. "How could you be so unjust, so unkind to me ? You had no right to give them away without consulting me."

"Why, Barbara, surely you have jewels enough," returned Lord Avon. "What could you possibly do with more ?"

"Old fashioned trumpery of our mother's and our grandmother's !" retorted Lady Barbara, tossing her head. "Now Lady Clifton had hers reset last year, and so exquisitely."

"Cannot you have yours reset after their pattern ?"

"Don't talk such trash ; I tell you they are not half the size. Have you really pledged your word to Sir Arthur Clifton, that his sisters are to have them ?"

"I have—past recall ; and in writing, lest I might be induced to change my mind."

"Then you have been most wanting in affection to me ; but this is nothing new ; I ought by this time to have become accustomed to your total dis-

regard to all my wishes"—and Lady Barbara sobbed with passion.

"Oh, Barbara! how can you be so unwise?" said Lord Avon, exceedingly annoyed and distressed. "I fully hoped you would have admitted the justice of my decision."

"Justice! fine justice indeed! What can those women want with such jewels in the country? Why, one of them has got red hair!"

"It is in vain to expect you will listen to reason in your present humour," returned Lord Avon. "I will, therefore, leave you till you are more calm. Would to God I could see you as anxious to lay up treasure in Heaven as you are to possess the diamonds of that unfortunate sufferer. Your conduct appears to me so unfeeling, I cannot reconcile it; it is so opposed to all I have been accustomed to behold in woman."

"Aye, taunt me with your sweet Miss Milman," cried Lady Barbara, still more exasperated. "I am sure I wish I had never deprived you of such a saint like wife. Ha! ha! ha!"

Lord Avon started as she said this, while his eyes flashed fire. By a wonderful effort he suppressed his indignation so far as not to answer her; but the blood mounted to his temples, and formally bowing his head he left the room with a heart wrung to agony.

The moment he was gone a pang of self-reproach smote Lady Barbara, while a thousand little acts of kindness and consideration on his part towards her recurred to her remembrance. How must her violence, her ingratitude, her selfishness, have lowered her in his opinion, contrasting them as he naturally would do with the gentle Emmeline.

"I cannot help it," she murmured, in great agitation, and pacing the room. "Nature made me a creature of strong passions, and in him I have been disappointed. Had I only known of his attachment before I surrendered to him my heart, all might have been well; but is too late—too late—and I have destroyed his happiness as well as my own."

(To be concluded in our next.)

PHILOSOPHIC TEMPER.

WHAT most of all contributes to give us that calmness of temper which is so necessary in disputes, is the confidence that knowledge inspires. For a mind that comes well provided to engage in the defence of truth, will calmly, and without concern, stand the shock of false opinions, having premeditated all that can be alleged against truth, by instructing himself in the truth itself. What then can disturb a man so well instructed? What can seem to him inextricable, what unanswerable? All the difficulties that can be objected against him, will, if he be truly strong, serve on the contrary only to supply him with ideas that have already triumphed over whatever is false.—*Hierocles.*

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES,

ON SEEING A MOTHER WEEPING OVER HER CHILD.

She parted the soft clustering hair
And gazed upon her face,
As if, of coming years, she there
The image, fain would trace.

But wherefore does the mother sigh?
Her child's sweet radiant brow
Is calm and bright as summer sky—
Naught dims its beauty now.

Clear are those holy, loving eyes,
Unstained their azure hue;
No storms of sorrow yet arise,
Clouding their tearless blue.

And that loved voice, its joyous flow,
Can sure no fears impart:
Unmingled are its tones with woe,
Sweet echo of her heart.

Then wherefore does the matron gaze,
And tears her cheek impair?
Dreams she that sad and darker days
Await her gentle girl?

Does fancy paint that sunny face
O'ershadowed by earth's care,—
That light and bounding form of grace
Bending in deep despair?—

That gladsome heart with its deep springs
Of love, and joy and bliss,
Crushed 'neath the storms that time still flings
O'er earthly happiness?

Fond, Christian mother, bow not so,
Though woman's weary lot
Is oft a thorny path below,
With scarce a flowery spot.

Yet murmur not, presage not ill,
A loftier faith be thine,
A faith that hopeth, trusteth still
In love and power divine.

In power omnipotent to save
In love unchanging, kind,
In Him, who to the tender lamb
Will temper the rough wind.

E. F. D.

ENTHUSIASM.

I HAVE always looked upon alchymy in natural philosophy, to be like enthusiasm in divinity, and to have troubled the world much to the same purpose.—*Sir W. Temple.*

(ORIGINAL.)

CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

'T WAS on the sea—the night was fair—
A social group hung o'er the proud ship's side,
Gazing with wonder at the dazzling sparks,
Which showed the vessel's wake, as if she sped
Through a broad fiery path, unharm'd the while;
The moon shone brightly, and a kindly breeze
Wasted us nobly on!

"Tomorrow will be Christmas," said a girl—
A bright eyed happy creature—"and I hope
Our Saviour's birth-day will be calm and fair."
The sailor at the helm replied, "Young Miss,
I would not make you fear,—but I am old,
And from my youth have toil'd upon the deep:
But ne'er a Christmas have I witnessed here,
That was not mark'd by something untoward—
A storm, or gale, or something of the kind."

In more than usual splendour, morning broke;
In haste we gained the deck, that we might see
The sun begin his course. And what a scene
Of glory burst upon the astonish'd eye!
The sky itself assumed a roseate hue,
And snowy clouds arose from out the sea,
Ascending high, like vast and mighty pillars
Of some old ruined temple. Then the sun,
With rays of living gold, burst from behind
The broken columns, tinged sea and sky
With hues of light, more glorious to behold
Than fancy's eye e'er pictured!
No ripple moved upon the waveless deep,
And in the language of the Holy Book,
We seemed to gaze upon "a sea of glass
Mingled with fire!" Just then a whale
Rose to the surface, and in playful might
Spouted the waters high up into air.
The copious shower quick caught the dazzling rays,
And fell, like myriads of bright shooting stars.
We thought the old man's prophecy had failed,
For eye ne'er saw a fairer morn than this.
"Judge not the day," said he, "till evening
comes!"

The soft, brief twilight of a tropic clime
Had scarcely yielded to the shades of night,
When thick, dark clouds arose, and overspread,
With rapid strides, the face of all the heavens.
'T was calm as death. The empty sails hung loose,
The air waxed hot, and faint; the sailors saw
Bad omens of a fearful night approach.
The sea-gull, with his hoarse, discordant cry,
Above us winged his solitary way.
The stormy petrel flew in clouds around,
Now lighting on the rocking ship; and then,
Large groups of porpoise lash'd the vessel's sides.
All these the sailors dread! And now, at once,

Awoke the slumbering spirit of the storm!
Fierce lightnings flashed on high—loud thunders
roll'd—

"The rushing of the mighty blast," and noise
Of many waters filled the lurid air,
That brake, like liquid mountains, o'er the ship.
Black darkness was above, beneath, and round,
Unbroken, save by streams of living light,
That seemed at once to dart from every point,
And wreathed the masts and rigging in blue flame.
A water-spout broke near us, and 't was thought
The ploughing vessel could no more withstand
The fearful strife!

Greyheaded men were there; and youth, whose
hearts

Were wont to throb with bright and happy hopes:
And woman, too, as mother—daughter—wife—
Composed the stricken group, that gathered close,
To wait the issue of that awful night.

A solemn stillness wrapped the breasts of all!
No voice was heard,—and yet the silent prayer
Arose to Heaven, amid the thunder's roar.
What tongue can tell the mingled thoughts that
rushed

Across the mind, in such an hour as this?
We seemed to view eternity before us,—
Beneath, the ocean yawning to receive,
Whilst eager monsters watched to seize their prey,
In place of kindred dust, and the slow worm.
And then came thoughts of dear ones far away,
To whom would ne'er be told the sad, sad tale.
It only would be said, that "we had gone
Forth from among them, and returned not!"
To feel, and not to shrink, it needed hearts
Cast in some iron mould. And yet 't was strange
To see how feeble woman strove to hide
Her fears from other eyes, that she might not
Add to distress she had not power to aid.
The storm raged long and loud. At length the voice
That rules both winds and waves, said, "Peace,
be still!"

And both were hushed! The vessel glided on,
And safely gained her destined port—and then
We bade a sad farewell to those dear friends,
Not one of whom can surely e'er forget
A Christmas spent at Sea!

SENSIBILITY.

WE are, as it were, plunged into the universe,
tremblingly alive all over, and rendered capable of
receiving impressions, pleasant or unpleasant, from
every object that addresses our senses; from every
thing we perceive, and from every thing of which
we can form an idea. Nothing in this vast universe
can, at all seasons, be totally indifferent to every
person in it; nothing so inert as to be incapable of
exerting some influence in one connexion or other,
and of calling forth a corresponding passion or af-
fection.—*Cogan on the Passions.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MISER AND HIS SON.

A TALE.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GARLAND.

Dear Sir,—You will be surprised at receiving the commencing sheets of a tale, the title of which so closely resembles that just published by your esteemed and talented contributor, E. L. C. For some time past I had been preparing this story for your Magazine, and I thought it better, under the existing circumstances, to send it to you at once, than to delay it until after the entire publication of that lady's story, which would make me appear in the odious light of a plagiarist. I do this the more readily, as, at present, there appears little similarity in the communications, beyond the titles, and so much of the character of my tale depends upon the title; that I cannot well rebaptise it. An abridgement of this story, bearing the same title, was published in the *Lady's Magazine*, in the November number, for 1833. I should not attempt to send you a story which had been published before, were it not under the following circumstances:—My eldest sister was one of the principal conductors of that Magazine, and under her auspices it grew into much celebrity, for a periodical of that cast. I left with her many of my papers, and by accident, an imperfect sketch of this story, which I intended filling up at my leisure, and offering for publication. This I had nearly accomplished, when, to my great mortification, my sister sent me a copy of the Magazine, with the rough draft of the story, forming one of the contributions; and, to console me, she likewise sent me the copies of many reviews, speaking highly in its praise. A few months ago, I read over the large MS. and thought that it might suit your Magazine, and be favourably received by those who had been pleased with "Geoffrey Moncton." I had not proceeded far in my task when I received your last number of the *Garland*. The title of your correspondent's very interesting tale, suggested to me the propriety of sending you the sheets already prepared for the press, and making this rather egotistical statement of the facts:

I trust E. L. C. will not imagine that I am vain enough to attempt to rival her in the estimation of the public, as I consider that much of the success of the *Garland* may be attributed to her beautiful tales and poems. As fellow-labourers in the same flower-garden, it has ever given me the greatest pleasure to bestow upon this lady the wreath of praise, which her fine taste and talents so richly have won. My sole object is to escape the title of a plagiarist.—

S. MOODIE.

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,
Belleville, March 8, 1842.

THE MISER AND HIS SON.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! life, vain life! how many thorny cares,
Lie thickly strewn in all thy crooked paths."

Forty years ago, there were few persons in the extensive parish of Ashton, unacquainted with the eccentric person of Mark Hurdlestone, the owner of Oak Hall, and one of the wealthiest landholders in the county of W—. He was the wonder of the place—the lasting theme of conversation to all the gossips of the village; and to those who were acquainted with his private history and habits, his notoriety was no matter of surprise. Mark, though an old man, had never been a hundred miles beyond the smoke of his own chimney. He was a stranger to the world and its usages; and though his person was as well known as the church or the town pump, there were very few persons in the parish with whom he had exchanged a friendly greeting. One passion absorbed every faculty and affection of his mind, and, like Aaron's serpent, had swallowed all the rest. In the chest which contained his money, all his thoughts centred. There his treasure was deposited, and his heart—if ever he possessed one—was buried with it; waking or sleeping, his spirit for ever hovered round this mysterious spot. Here, rightly he knelt—but not to pray;—prayer was un-

known to the closed up breast of the miser; but, favoured by the solitude and silence of night, he stole thither to count over his money. There, during the day, he sat for hours, gazing upon the enormous mass of useless metal, which he had accumulated through a long worthless life, to wish it more, and to lay fresh schemes for its increase. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith the Preacher," but this—this is the very madness of vanity.

The person of Mark Hurdlestone would have formed an admirable study for a painter, who delighted to pourtray nature in her most extravagant forms. His features in youth had been handsome, but of that peculiar cast which age renders harsh and prominent, while habitual ill-temper added a moroseness to his visage, at all times stern and forbidding. His dress bore indications of the most abject poverty, and in some of his parsimonious fits he had been known to wear the cast off shoes of a beggar: yet, in spite of such acts of absurdity, he maintained a proud and upright carriage, and occasionally could speak and act like a gentleman. It was this strange mixture of pride and meanness, which filled the casual observer, unacquainted with his rank and the peculiar failings of his character, with astonishment. The traveller who encoun-

tered him wandering barefooted on the heath, or along the dusty road, marvelled that a creature so wretched did not attempt to stop him and solicit his charity. Struck with the dignity of his carriage, which rags and dirt could not wholly disguise, he naturally imagined that the squalid being before him had seen better days, and was too proud to beg,—and, influenced by this supposition, had proffered the lord of many manors that relief which his miserable condition seemed to demand. Such was the powerful effect produced by the ruling passion, that the possessor of a million,*—the man who shed tears at paying four thousand a year to the property tax, calmly pocketed the affront.

His history, up to the present period, had been marked by few, but they were striking incidents. The influence produced by this rusty link in the mysterious chain of human circumstances, involving as it did in a remarkable degree the destiny of others, is worthy of attention, and I hope from thence to draw a moral which may produce a good effect upon my readers, at least upon those of them who have made mankind their study. Avarice palsies mental exertion. The tide of generous feeling, the holy sympathy still common to our fallen nature, freezes beneath its unhallowed influence. The heart becomes stone, the senses blinded to all that inspires the soul with admiration for the sublime and beautiful. He who has placed the idol of gold upon the pure altar of nature, debases his own, and sinks into insignificance beside the brute beast, whose actions are guided by a higher instinct.

Mark Hurdlestone's breast had once been the seat of passions less degrading, but more violent in their operations: Love, Hatred, Jealousy, and Revenge, had striven there for mastery, and each in turn prevailed. The seared and blackened trunk of the oak does not point out more clearly where the leven bolt of heaven smote it, than the furrowed brow of the miser shewed the indelible scars which the fierce warfare of contending passions had implanted upon its surface.

To make his character more intelligible, I must revert to the history of his early life.

Situated in a richly wooded district in the county of W——, there stood in 1762 a fine old baronial residence, surrounded by its noble gardens and extensive park. This fair demesne was the property of Mr. Hurdlestone's father, a gentleman of great fortune and very long descent. From the time of the Norman Conquest, his ancestors had been born and brought up on this spot; and as they were not famous for any particular talents or virtues, had passed into dust and oblivion in the vault of the old gothic church, which lifted its time-worn tower

* The description of Mark Hurdlestone, and the circumstances here recorded, are facts. The being from whom this portrait was drawn, has long ago filled his grave, unwept, unpitied, and unhonoured.

above the venerable oaks and yews that were coeval with its existence. In proportion to their valueless pedigree was the pride of the Hurdlestone family. Their wealth gained for them the respect of the world; their ancient name, the respect of those who place an undue importance on such things, and their own vanity and self-importance, maintained the rank and consequence which they derived from these adventitious claims.

Squire Hurdlestone was a shrewd worldly-minded man, whose natural reserve and *hauteur* concealed from common observers the paucity of his intellect. His good qualities were confined to his love for Church and State; and to do him justice in this respect, he was a loyal man and true, the dread of every hapless Jacobite in the country. In his early life he had fought under the banners of the Duke of Cumberland, as a gentleman volunteer, and had received the public thanks of that worthy for the courage he displayed at the memorable battle of Culloden, and for the activity and zeal with which he afterwards assisted in apprehending sundry gentlemen in his own neighbourhood, who were suspected as having secretly befriended the unfortunate cause. At every public meeting the Squire was eloquent in his own praise. "Who can doubt my patriotism—my loyalty?" he would exclaim. "I did not confine my sentiments upon the subject to mere words; I showed by my deeds, gentlemen, what they were; I took an active part, gentlemen, in suppressing the rebellion, and what did I obtain, gentlemen? The thanks, yes, gentlemen, the public thanks of the noble Duke!" He would then resume his seat amidst the plaudits of his time-serving friends, who, judging the rich man by his own standard of excellence, declared, that there was not his equal in the country.

Not contented with an income far beyond his sordid powers of enjoyment, the Squire married, without any particular preference, the daughter of a rich London merchant, whose fortune nearly doubled his own. The fruits of this union were two sons, who happened, in the economy of nature, to be twins. This double blessing rather alarmed the parsimonious Squire; but as this act of maternal extravagance was never again repeated on the part of Mrs. Hurdlestone, he used to rub his hands and tell as a good joke, whenever his heart was warmed by an extra glass of wine, that his wife was the best manager in the world, as the same trouble and expense did for both.

A greater difference did not exist between the celebrated sons of Isaac, than was discernible in these modern twins. Unlike in person, manners, heart, and disposition, it seemed as though they were born to form a striking contrast to each other. Mark, the elder by half an hour, was an exaggeration of his father, inheriting, in a stronger degree, all his narrow notions and chilling parsimony; but,

unlike his progenitor in one respect, he was a young man of excellent natural capacity. He possessed strong passions, perseverance, and industry, linked to a dogged obstinacy of purpose, which rendered him at all times a dangerous and implacable enemy; and from the stern, unyielding nature of his temper, and the habitual selfishness which characterized all his actions, he had no friends.

Mark, in person, was tall and slightly made, and his carriage easy and gentlemanly. Dressed in the homeliest and most unfashionable garb, he never looked vulgar. His face was long; his features sharp and ridgy, with that peculiar compression of the firm, thin lips, which ever denotes a great calculator, while the small, keen, dark eyes, round in form, and deeply seated in his head, glanced from side to side from beneath their long lashes and black straight eyebrows, with a restless, suspicious motion, which awakened, as if by sympathy, the same distrust in others which he felt towards them himself. In spite of these apparent disadvantages, a bright brown complexion and rich masses of dark curling hair, clustering round his high narrow temples, gave him an intellectual and striking appearance, had not the sinister expression of the countenance spoiled all. The sunshine of a smiling heart never illumined the dark depths of those deep-seated, cunning eyes; and those who most wished to entertain a favourable opinion of the young heir of the Hurdlestons, agreed in pronouncing him a very disagreeable, proud young man.

He hated society—was shy and reserved in his manners, and never spoke on any subject without his opinion was solicited. This extraordinary taciturnity in one who possessed no ordinary powers of mind, gave double weight to all that he advanced, till what he said became a law in the family. Even his mother, with whom he was no favourite, listened with profound attention to his shrewd, biting remarks. Mark early imbibed from his father a love of hoarding; the former took much pains to impress upon the boy's mind, that *Poverty* was the most dreadful of all evils,—that if he wished to stand well with the world, riches alone could ensure the love and approbation of his fellow-men. "Wealth," he was wont jocosely so say, "would do all but carry him to Heaven,"—and how the journey thither was to be accomplished, never disturbed the thoughts of the rich man. Courted by persons of rank, and flattered by those beneath him, Mark found his father's precepts borne out by experience; and he quickly adopted his advice, and entered into all his money-getting speculations.

The genteel income allowed him by the Squire, was never expended in the pursuit of pleasures natural to his rank and age, but carefully invested in the funds, whilst the young miser relied upon the generosity of his sweet-tempered mother to find him in clothes and pocket-money. When Mrs. Hurdle-

stone remonstrated with him on his meanness, his father would laugh and bid her hold her tongue. "Let him alone, Lucy; the lad cannot help it; 'tis born in him. Besides, what does it matter? If he is saving a fortune at my expense, 'tis all in the family. He knows how to take care of it better than we do. There will be more for Algernon, you know." And this thought quieted the fond mother. "Yes, there will be more for Algernon—my handsome, generous Algernon. Let his sordid brother go on saving,—there will be more for Algernon." These words, injudiciously spoken within the hearing of Mark Hurdlestone, converted the small share of brotherly love which in boyhood had existed between the brothers, into bitter hatred; and he secretly settled in his own mind the distribution of his father's property.

And Algernon—the gay, thoughtless favourite of his kind but imprudent mother—was perfectly indifferent to the love or hatred of his elder brother. He did not regard him with affection himself, and he expected nothing from him beyond the passive acquiescence in his welfare, which the ties of consanguinity generally give. If he did not seek in his twin-brother a friend and bosom-counsellor, he never imagined it possible that he could act the part of an enemy. Possessing less talent than Mark, he was generous, frank, and confiding. He loved society, in which he was formed to shine, and become a general favourite. His passion for amusement led him into extravagance and dissipation; and it was apparent to all who knew him, and even to those who loved him, that he was more likely to spend a fortune than acquire one. Algernon had received, with his brother, a good classical education, from an uncle, who had reduced himself to comparative indigence by his imprudence and extravagance. This person had been educated for the church, because there were several good livings in the family; but his habits and inclinations being at war with the holy profession chosen for him, he declined entering into orders, which so enraged his father that he refused to provide for him in any other way. For several years, Alfred Hurdlestone depended upon the generosity of a rich uncle, who left him a handsome property at his death. This the ne'er-do-well soon ran through; and finding himself destitute of funds and friends, he consented, for a trifling salary, to superintend the education of his brother's children. It was impossible for the Squire to have chosen a more injudicious instructor for his sons,—a man who, in not one instance of his life, had ever regulated his actions by the common rules of prudence. He possessed talents without judgment, and was kind hearted without principle; and though a general favourite with all classes, was esteemed by none. Having passed much of his time on the continent of Europe, he had acquired an ease and courtesy of manner,

which rendered him quite an acquisition to the country drawing room; and, in spite of his reduced circumstances, he was welcomed by all mammas in the parish with pleasure. He talked French with the girls, and examined the Latin exercises of the boys, and shewed such a willingness to oblige that he led people to imagine that he was receiving instead of conferring a favour. His cheerful temper, agreeable person, and well cultivated mind, rendered him the life and soul of the hall. Nothing went on well without him. His occupations were various—his tasks never done. He read prayers—instructed the young gentlemen—shot game for the larder—and supplied the cook with fish,—had the charge of the gardens and poultry-yard—and was inspector general of the stables and kennels; he carved at dinner—manufactured puns and jokes, to amuse his saturnine brother,—and lost games at backgammon until his pithy opponent fell asleep. Then he was an admirable cook, and helped his sister-in-law to put up pickles and preserves, and prided himself on catsup and elderberry wine: He had always some useful recipe for the old ladies, and complimentary verses for the young ones, who never purchased a new dress without consulting Mr. Alfred as to the colour which would be the most becoming. Besides all these useful accomplishments, he visited the poor when they were sick, occasionally acting as their medical as well as ghostly adviser, and would take infinite pains in carrying about subscriptions for distressed individuals, whom he was unable to assist out of his own scanty funds. He sang Italian and French songs with great taste and execution, and was a fine performer on the violin. Such was the careless being to whom Mr. Hurdlestone, for the sake of saving a few pounds per annum, entrusted the education of his sons. As far as the mere technicalities of education went, they could not have had a more efficient tutor; but his morality and theology were alike defective; and instead of endeavouring to make them good men, Uncle Alfred's grand aim was to make them fine gentlemen. With Algernon, the youngest, he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations; but Mark proved a most refractory and dogged pupil; and though he certainly owed the fine upright carriage by which he was distinguished to Uncle Alfred's drilling, yet, like Lord Chesterfield's son, he profited very little by his lessons in politeness.

When the time arrived for him to finish his studies, by going to college and travelling abroad, the young heir of the Hurdlestons obstinately refused to avail himself of these advantages. He declared that the money so uselessly bestowed would add nothing to his present stock of knowledge, but only serve to decrease his patrimony. That all the learning that books could convey could be better acquired in the quiet and solitude of home. That

he did not mean to enter the church, and he abhorred the idea of being considered a beau. His uncle had been a member of the one, and had borne the title of the other, and though a clever man, he was dependent in his old age on the charity of his rich relations. For his part, he was contented with home, and had already seen as much of the world as he wished to see, without travelling beyond the precincts of his native village.

Mr. Hurdlestone greatly approved of his son's resolution, which, he declared, displayed a degree of prudence and sagacity beyond his years; but his mother, who still retained a vivid recollection of the pleasures and gaiety of a town life, from which she had long been banished by her avaricious lord, listened to the sordid sentiments expressed by her first-born with contempt, and transferred all her maternal regard to his brother, who she secretly determined should be the gentleman of the family.

In this she was greatly assisted by Uncle Alfred; who loved the handsome, free spirited boy, for his own sake, as well as for a certain degree of resemblance, which, he fancied, existed between them, in mental as well as personal endowments. In this he was not mistaken, for Algernon was but an improvement on his uncle—with less selfishness and more activity of mind. He early imbibed his prejudices, and followed his examples, entering with avidity into his pursuits and pleasures. In spite of the hard usage Alfred had received from the world, he panted to mingle in its busy scenes once more, which he described to his generous nephew in the most glowing colours.

Eager to secure for her darling Algernon, those advantages which Mark had so uncourteously declined, Mrs. Hurdlestone laid close siege to the heart of the old squire. In this she was vigorously assisted by Uncle Alfred, and many were the desperate battles they had to fight, with his love of money and misanthropic disposition, before their object was accomplished, or he would deign to pay the least attention to their proposition. Though defeated a thousand times they returned with unwearied perseverance to the charge; often laughing in secret over their defeat, or exulting in the least advantage they fancied they had gained. Time, which levels mountains, and overthrows man's proudest structures, at length sapped the resolutions of the old man, although they appeared at first to have been written upon his heart in adamant; but the truth is that he was a man of few words, and next to talking himself he hated to be talked to, and still more to be talked at, and finding that Ear-gate would continue to be assaulted by the one eternal theme, until his patience was exhausted, or he went mad altogether, he surrendered at discretion; and for the sake of peace, as he often afterwards declared, consented to the ruin of his son. Algernon was to go to Oxford, and after the com-

pletion of his studies, make the tour of the continent, accompanied by his uncle. This was the extent of Mrs. Hurdlestone's ambition, and many were her private instructions to her gay thoughtless boy, to be merry and wise, and not draw too frequently upon his father's purse. The poor lady might as well have lectured to the winds as preached on prudence to Uncle Alfred's accomplished pupil; for both had determined to fling off all restraint, the moment they left the shade of Oak Hall groves behind them.

Algernon was so elated with his unexpected emancipation from the tyrannical control of his father and brother, that he left the stately old house with as little regret as a prisoner would who had been confined for years in some magnificent castle, which had been converted into a county goal, and, from the force of melancholy associations, had lost all its original beauty in his eyes. The world was now within his grasp, its busy scenes all before him; these he expected to find replete with happiness, and decked with flowers. We will not follow our young tourist on his travels, or pause in our narrative to calculate all the misadventures and mortifications he experienced upon the road. He soon discovered that the world was no paradise—that his uncle was not a wise man, and that human nature, with some trifling variations, which were generally more the result of circumstances and education, than of any peculiar virtue in the individuals, was much the same at home and abroad—that men, in order to conform to the usages of society, were often obliged to appear what they were not; and sacrifice their best feelings to secure the approbation of a world which, in secret, they despised—That he, who would fight the battle of life, and come off victorious, must do it with other weapons than those with which fashion and pleasure supply their champions.

Years of reckless folly fled away, before these wholesome lessons of experience were forced upon his unguarded heart. Fearful of falling into his brother's error, he ran into the contrary extreme, and never suspected himself a dupe until he found himself the victim of some designing character, who had served a longer apprenticeship to the world, and had gained a more perfect knowledge of the fallibility of its children. His father groaned over his extravagant bills, yet not one third of the money remitted to Algernon was expended by him. His uncle was the principal aggressor, for he felt no remorse in introducing his nephew to those scenes which had effected his own ruin. Their immoral tendency, and the sorrow and trouble they were likely to entail upon his favourite, gave him no uneasiness—sufficient to the day was the evil thereof.

Without any strikingly vicious propensities, it was impossible for Algernon to escape from his contaminating example without pollution. He im-

bibed a relish for trifling amusements and extravagant expenditure, which never afterwards deserted him. The sudden death of his misjudging instructor recalled him to a painful sense of past indiscretions. He determined to amend his ways and make choice of some profession, and employ his time in a more honourable manner for the future. These serious impressions scarcely survived the funeral of the thoughtless being, but the many debts the latter had contracted, and the exhausted state of his purse, urged upon him the imperative necessity of returning to England, and the voyage was undertaken accordingly.

CHAPTER II.

Oh, love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild, so warm, so new;
And in all our after years I ween,
That early dream we rue.

ABOUT two years after Algernon Hurdlestone left the hall, with his unfortunate uncle, a widow lady and her daughter came to reside at Ashton, and hired a small cottage prettily situated at the back of the park. Mrs. Wildegrave was the widow of an officer who had been engaged in the rebellion of 1745. His estates in consequence were confiscated, and his own life became the forfeit of his rashness. His widow and child, after many years of sorrow and destitution, and living as dependants upon the charity of poor relatives, were enabled to break through this painful bondage, and procure a home for themselves. An uncle who had himself been more than suspected of favouring the cause of the unhappy prince, died, and settled upon Mrs. Wildegrave, an income of fifty pounds per annum. This was but a scanty pittance, but it was better than the hard earned bread of dependance, and sufficient for the wants of two females. Mrs. Wildegrave, whose health had been for some time very indifferent, thought that the air of her native village would have a beneficial effect upon her shattered constitution; and as years had fled away since the wreck of all her hopes and property, she no longer felt the painful degradation of returning to the place in which she had once held a distinguished situation, and had been considered as its chief ornament and pride. Her people were all gathered to their fathers. The familiar faces that had smiled upon her in youth, would in poverty and disgrace remember her no more; and the mind of the poor forsaken widow had risen superior to the praise or contempt of a world, which she had long valued at the price which it deserved. She longed to look upon the woods and groves where she had rambled in her happy childhood,—to wander by the pleasant streams, and sit under the favourite trees, to see the primrose and violet gemming the mossy banks of the dear hedge-rows—to hear the birds sing among

the hawthorn blossoms, and there surrounded by the old remembered sounds and sights of beauty, to recall the sweet dreams of early life.

Did no warning voice whisper to her that she had made a rash choice—that the bitterness of party hatred outlives all other hate—that the man who had persecuted her husband to the death, was not likely to prove a kind neighbour to his widow. Mrs. Wildegrave forgot all this, and it was not until she had hired the Park Cottage for a term of years that she remembered that Squire Hurdlestone was still living, and still bore the same character.

The arrival of Captain Wildegrave's widow, in their immediate vicinity, greatly enraged the old Squire; but as he possessed no power of indicting women for treason, he was obliged to content himself by pouring forth on every occasion the most ill-natured invectives against his poor unprotected neighbours—wondering at the impudence of the traitor, Wildegrave's wife, daring to lift up her head amongst the loyal community, where her husband's conduct, and his shameful death were so well known! Alas, he knew not how the lonely heart will pine for the old familiar haunts, how the sight of inanimate objects which have been loved in childhood, will freshen into living greenness its desolate wastes. The sordid lover of gold, the eager aspirant for this world's trifling distinctions, feels nothing—knows nothing of this.

Elinor Wildegrave, the only child of these unhappy parents, had just completed her seventeenth year, and might have formed a perfect model of youthful innocence and beauty. Her personal endowments were so remarkable that they soon became the theme of every tongue, and the gossips of the village were not backward in mating the young heiress of sorrow with the richest and noblest in the neighbourhood. Not totally unconscious of her charms, Elinor still shrunk from general admiration; and as their scanty income required the additional labour of her hands in the lighter tasks of sewing and knitting, to make both ends meet, excepting on Sundays, when she accompanied her mother to the parish church, she was rarely seen, and then, the loveliness which attracted such attention was always partially concealed by a large veil.

One of the hall servants happened to meet the young lady one evening, returning home through the park, without this envious appendage, and was so struck with her beauty, that he gave his young master a description of the angel he had met.

"Believe me sir, she is a fit mate for the king. If I were but a gentleman of fortune like you, I should feel proud to lay it at her feet."

Mark heard him with indifference. He had never felt the least tender emotion for the other sex, considering the whole race scarcely superior to the brute creation, formed but to administer to the

wants, and contribute to the pleasures and comforts of man.

"Miss Wildegrave," he said, "might be a fine girl, but he could see no beauty in a woman whose father had died upon a scaffold, and who had no fortune. She and her mother were outcasts, who could no longer be received into genteel society."

The servant, with more taste than his master, shrugged up his shoulders, adding, with a significant sigh:

"Ah, sir! if we could but exchange situations."

A few days after this conversation, Mark Hurdlestone saw, and became deeply enamoured with the lovely orphan.

Although blunt in his speech, and misanthropic in his disposition, at that period, the heir of Oak-Hall was not wholly destitute of the art of pleasing. He was sensible and well read. His figure was commanding, and his carriage good. His stern features were set off by his fine dark hair and brilliant complexion, and the brightness of his lip and eye atoned in some measure for their sarcastic and cruel expression.

Elinor Wildegrave had often remarked to her mother, that if the young Squire had had a better expression, he would have been considered handsome, and she received his passing civilities with the pleasure which a young girl of her age generally feels when regarded with admiration by one so much her superior in rank and fortune. His retired habits, which, at the age of twenty-one, his neighbours attributed more to pride than avarice, (though in truth it was a mixture of both,) flattered the vanity of the artless Elinor into the belief that her charms had touched a heart which had hitherto been reckoned invulnerable. Too romantic to think of uniting herself to a man, whom she could not love, on account of his wealth, Elinor prudently shunned the society of Mark Hurdlestone. She knew that his father had been her father's bitter and implacable enemy—that all intercourse between the families had been strictly prohibited at the hall; and when the heir of that proud demesne made their cottage a resting place, after the fatigues of hunting, requesting a draught of milk from her hands to allay his thirst, or a bunch of flowers from her gay parterres, to adorn his waistcoat, Elinor answered his demands, with secret distrust and terror, although, with the coquetry so natural to her sex, she could not hate him for the amiable weakness of regarding her with admiration.

Alas, poor woman! How often do you sacrifice to this heartless vanity, the peace and integrity of your mind, and, for the sake of winning a smile, unseal forever the fountain of unavailing tears!

Avarice, for a long time, struggled with Mark Hurdlestone's growing passion for Elinor Wildegrave. He could not prevail upon himself to ask the portionless daughter of a felon in marriage.

He was too proud to brave the sneers of the world—too politic, for his own interest, to combat with his father's disappointed hopes and fierce indignation. His fortune, he knew, would be large; but when is avarice satisfied? And he abandoned the first generous impulse he ever felt, with the first sigh he had ever breathed. He contented himself with loitering day after day around the widow's dwelling, in the hope of catching a passing glance at the object of his idolatry, without incurring the danger of committing any act of indiscretion which might place him in the power of his fair enslaver. He waylaid Elinor in her walks, and at church disturbed her devotions by never removing his eyes from her face; but the passion which consumed his heart remained untold, and was scarcely acknowledged even to himself.

This was the only period in Mark's history, when passion raised him above the level of a brute. He contemplated the innocent and friendless Elinor Wildegrave, as in after years he viewed the gold in his coffers, as a secret treasure, hid from the world, and only known to him.

From this dream he was at length aroused by the sudden and unexpected appearance of his brother at the Hall. With quivering lips he congratulated him upon his safe arrival, exchanging with cold and nerveless grasp the warm pressure of Algernon's hand, while he contemplated with envy and alarm the elegant person and manners of the returned prodigal. From a boy he had never loved him—coveting, with unnatural eagerness, the property which would accrue to him, should it please Heaven to provide for this dear brother by taking him to itself. But when that brother stood before him in the pride and glory of manhood, he beheld him in the light of a formidable, and, in all probability, of a successful rival. Hatred took possession of his breast, and while he pronounced with his lips a chilling welcome, his mind, active in malice, had already planned his exile from home. In the first joyous moments of return, and while describing to his delighted mother the lands he had visited, and his adventures in travelling through them, Algernon scarcely noticed his brother's unkind reception. He knew that little sympathy existed between them, but he never suspected that Mark bore him any ill-will, still less that he was likely to act the part of an enemy, or endeavour to supplant him in his father's affections. Before many days had elapsed, the decided hostility of his brother's manner could no longer escape his observation. Candid himself, and expecting Mark to be actuated by the same sentiment, he boldly demanded the reason of his singular conduct. Mark turned upon his heel, and replied with a scornful laugh—"That if the bluntness of his speech displeased him, he knew his remedy, and might quit the Hall. For his part, he had been brought up in the country,

and knew not how to adapt his manners to suit the delicate taste of a fine gentleman." Then muttering something about the monkey who had seen the world, he left the room. During the first burst of honest indignation, Algernon determined to follow him and demand a more satisfactory explanation of his conduct; but his wrath, like summer dew, quickly evaporated, and the only effect which his short lived passion produced, was to increase the urgency with which he entreated his father to allow him to make choice of a profession, which would remove him from the vicinity of one whose whole study was to torment and annoy him.

His father, who wished to make him feel the effects of his extravagance abroad, calmly listened to his proposals, and asked for time for deliberation; and this interval was to be spent by Algernon at the Hall. For his mother's sake, whom he fondly loved, he forbore to complain, and he hailed the approaching shooting season as a relief from the dullness and monotony of home. Used to the lively conversation of foreigners, and passionately fond of the society of the other sex, the seclusion of Oak Hall was not very congenial to his tastes. He soon ceased to take any interest in the domestic arrangements of the family; and the violin and guitar, on which he performed with great taste and skill, were alike discarded, and he imprudently afforded his brother opportunities of working his ruin during his long visits to the houses of the neighbouring gentry.

To his father, Mark affected to commiserate the weakness of his brother's intellect, and the frivolity of his pursuits. He commented without mercy upon his foreign air, his Frenchified manners, and extravagant habits,—invidiously remarking on the money he had already squandered, and the expense which his father must still be at to maintain him genteelly, either in the army or at the bar; always ending all his remarks with the same observation, because he knew it to be the most galling to the old man—"He will be just such a useless fellow as my uncle Alfred, and will be the same burden to me as that accomplished fool was to you."

The Squire only lent too much attention to the base insinuations of his eldest son; and when Algernon returned from the field, he found his father's manners yet more repulsive than his brother's. As Mr. Hurdlestone's affection for his youngest born diminished, Mark's appeared miraculously to increase in warmth towards him. He even condescended to give Algernon various friendly hints to lose no opportunity of re-establishing himself in his father's favour. But such conduct was too specious even to deceive the kind-hearted Algernon. He detected the artifice, and scorned the hypocrite; and instead of absenting himself from the family circle for a few hours, he was now abroad all day,

and sometimes for a whole week, without leaving any clue to discover his favourite haunts.

Mark at length took the alarm; a jealous fear shot across his brain, and he employed spies to dog his path. His suspicions were more than confirmed when he was at length informed by Grenard Pike, the old gardener's son, that Mr. Algernon seldom went beyond the precincts of the park. His hours must be loitered away within some dwelling near at hand. Algernon was not a young man of sentimental habits, and it was very improbable that he would fast all day under the shade of forest boughs, watching, like the melancholy Jacques, the deer come down to the stream to drink. Where were his walks so likely to terminate as at the widow's cottage? What companion could the home-tired child of pleasure find so congenial to his tastes as the young and beautiful Elinor Wildegrave? There was madness in the thought. The passion so carefully concealed in his breast, no longer restrained by the cautious maxims of prudence, like the turbulent overflowing of some mighty stream, bursting asunder every barrier, bore down all before it in its headlong course. Several days he passed in this state of feverish excitement. On the evening of the fourth, his mental agony reached a climax; and unable longer to repress his feelings, he determined to brave the indignation of his father, the sneers of the world, and the upbraids of his own conscience, and introduce himself as a suitor to the lady.

He never for a moment suspected that the portionless Elinor could refuse the magnificent proposal he was about to make, or contemplate with indifference the rank and fortune he had in his power to bestow. Having finally resolved to make her privately his wife, (for, in spite of all the revolting traits in his character, he had never for a moment entertained the idea of possessing her on less honourable terms, rightly concluding that a man's mistress is always a more expensive appendage than his wife,) he snatched up his hat, and walked with rapid strides towards the cottage. He did not slacken his pace, or pause to reflect upon the step he was about to take, until he unclosed the little wicket gate that divided the cottage from the park. Here at length he stopped, and his purpose began to waver. The embarrassment of his situation arose in formidable array against him. He was a man of few words, naturally timid, and easily abashed. Unaccustomed to the society of young women—still more unaccustomed to woo, he knew not in what manner to address the object of his love. The longer he pondered over the subject, the more awkward and irresolute he felt, till, unable to command fortitude enough to enter upon the business, he once more determined to relinquish a project so ridiculous, or postpone it to a more favourable moment.

His hand still rested upon the latch of the gate, when his meditations were dispelled by a soft strain of music, which floated forth upon the balmy air, harmonizing with the quiet beauty of the landscape, which was illuminated by the last bright hues of a gorgeous summer sunset. Then came a pause in the music, and the silence was filled up by the melodious voice of Elinor Wildegrave. She sung, and the tones of that voice had power to soften and subdue the rugged nature of Mark Hurdlestone. His knees trembled, his heart beat faintly, and tears for the first time since his querulous infancy, moistened his eyes. He pushed open the gate, and traversed the little garden with noiseless steps, carefully avoiding the path that led directly to the house. A screen of filberts effectually concealed his tall figure from observation; and, stepping behind the mossy trunk of an excavated oak that fronted the casement, he sent an eager glance towards the spot from whence the sound appeared to issue. The sight that met his anxious gaze called into action all the demoniacal passions which the tones of that sweet voice had lulled to rest.

Seated on a rude oak bench fronting the lawn, he beheld his brother Algernon, and the only being whom his callous heart had ever loved.

The guitar on which her lover had been playing now lay neglected at their feet; the head of the beautiful girl rested fondly on his bosom, and his arm encircled her slender waist. As he bent caressingly over her, to catch the words that fell from her lips, his bright auburn curls mingled with the glossy dark tresses that shaded the transparent brow of his lovely mistress. With such a glance as Milton has represented Satan as regarding the first pair in Paradise, ere sin had destroyed the holy beauty of innocence, Mark Hurdlestone gazed upon the couple before him. He attempted to quit his place of concealment, but his feet were rooted to the spot. Elinor concluded the air she had been singing, and looked timidly up in her lover's face. Algernon seemed perfectly to understand the meaning conveyed by that bashful glance, and instantly replied to it in lively tones:

“Yes, dearest Nell—sing my favourite song.”

Elinor blushed and smiled; and though her voice faltered with emotion, as if it would treacherously reveal by its tremulous tones the fluttering of her heart, she immediately complied with the request. Mark was no lover of music; but that song thrilled to his soul, and the words never afterwards departed from his memory. Dreadful were the passions that convulsed his breast, when he beheld the confirmation of all his fears, the annihilation of his fondest hopes. He rushed from the garden, and sought the loneliest spot in the park, to give utterance to his despair. With a heavy groan he dashed himself to the earth, tearing up the grass with his hands, and defacing the flowers and shrubs which

grew near him, in his strong agony. The heavens darkened above him—the landscape swam round and round him in endless circles; and the evening breeze that gently swept through the foliage, seemed in hollow and discordant sounds to mock his mental sufferings. He clenched his teeth, the big drops of perspiration gathered thick and fast upon his brow, and tossing his hands frantically aloft, he cursed his brother, and swore to pursue him with his vengeance to the grave. Yes, that twin brother, who had been fed at the same breast, had been rocked in the same cradle, and had shared in the same childish sports,—it was on his thoughtless but affectionate heart, he bade the dark shadow of his spirit fall,—and he left the spot on which he had sacrificed the only tender emotion that had ever softened his iron nature, with the calmness of determined wickedness.

To be continued.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

AN awful vision floats before my sight,
Black as the storm and fearful as the night :
Thy fall, oh Babylon !—the awful doom
Pronounced by Heaven to hurl thee to the tomb,
Peals in prophetic thunder in mine ear—
The voice of God foretelling ruin near !

Hark ! what strange murmurs from the hills arise,
Like rushing torrents from the bursting skies !
Loud as the billows of the restless tide,
In strange confusion flowing far and wide,
Ring the deep tones of horror and dismay,
The shriek—the shout—the battle's stern array—
The gathering cry of nations from afar—
the tramp of steeds—the tumult of the war—
Burst on mine ear, and o'er thy fated towers
Hovers despair, and fierce destruction lowers ;
Within the fire—without the vengeful sword ;
Who leads those hosts against thee but the Lord ?

Proud queen of nations ! where is now thy trust ?
Thy crown is ashes and thy throne the dust.
The crowds who fill thy gates shall pass away,
As night's dim shadows flee the eye of day.
No patriot voice thy glory shall recall,
No eye shall weep, no tongue lament thy fall.

The day of vengeance comes—the awful hour—
Fraught with the terrors of Almighty power ;
The arm of God is raised against thy walls ;
Destruction hovers o'er thy princely halls,
Flings her red banner to the rising wind,
While death's stern war-cry echoes far behind.
When the full horrors of that hour are felt,
The warrior's heart shall as the infant's melt ;
Counsel shall flee the learned and the old,
And fears unfeared before shall tame the bold.

Woe for thee, Babylon !—thy men of might
Shall fall unhonoured in the sanguine fight.
Like the chased roe thy hosts disordered fly,
And those who turn to strive but turn to die,
Thy young men tremble and thy maids grow pale,
And swell with frantic grief thy funeral wail ;
They kneel for mercy, but they sue in vain ;
Their beauty withers on the gore-dyed plain ;
With fathers, lovers, brothers, meet their doom,
And 'mid thy blackened ruins find a tomb.
Of fear unconscious, in soft slumbers blest,
The infant dies upon its mother's breast,
Unpitied 'e'en by her—the hand that gave
The blow, has sent the parent to the grave.

Queen of the East ! all desolate and lone,
No more shall nations bow before thy throne.
Low in the dust thy boasted beauty lies ;
Loud through thy princely domes the bittern cries,
And the night wind in mournful cadence sighs.
The step of man and childhood's joyous voice
Are heard no more, and never shall rejoice
Thy lonely echoes ; savage beasts shall come
And find among thy palaces a home.
The dragon there shall rear her scaly brood,
And satyrs dance where once thy temples stood ;
The lion, roaming on his angry way,
Shall on thy sacred altars rend his prey ;
The distant *izles* at midnight gloom shall hear
Their frightful clamours, and, in secret, fear.

No more their snowy flocks shall shepherds lead
By Babel's silver stream and fertile mead ;
Or peasant girls at summer's eve repair,
To wreath with wilding flowers their flowing hair,
Or pour their plaintive ditties to the wave,
That rolls its sullen murmurs o'er the grave.
The wandering Arab there no rest shall find,
But, starting, listen to the hollow wind
That howls, prophetic, through thy ruined halls,
And flee in haste from thy accursed walls.
Oh ! Babylon, with wrath encompassed round,
For thee no hope, no mercy, shall be found :
Thy doom is sealed—'e'en to thy ruin clings
The awful sentence of the King of Kings !

COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe ; we should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment. But we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.—*Dr. Blair.*

(ORIGINAL.)

EMMA DARWIN; OR, THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE HEATH," "JUVENILE TRAVELLER," &c. &c.

Continued from our last.

To this small but very delightful abode, Emma and her mother repaired. Their wishes were as moderate as their means; therefore, if splendour graced not their board, contentment reigned within, and if ever they sighed for increase of wealth, it was when their restricted income forbade the performance of some benevolent act, such as relieving the necessities of their fellow creatures, or providing for the destitute widow and orphan, to effect which, however, Emma's generous heart prompted her to great exertion.

She drew and painted with correct judgment, and exquisite taste, and frequently would dispose of her productions for charitable purposes,—her old piano also told to the account, for she received three or four daily pupils for music, in which accomplishment she was considered to excel; such combined efforts greatly enabled her to exercise the benevolent dictates of her heart, and many were the tears and sighs suppressed by means of her indefatigable industry and good arrangement.

Scarcely, however, had a year elapsed since their retirement from the Rectory, when poor Emma had an additional cause of grief; her mother, whose health had been for some months declining, now became alarmingly ill; and, requiring the sole attention of her daughter, prohibited the possibility of her attending to any avocation beyond that of her duty to her parent; and never did daughter perform such duties more conscientiously and affectionately than did Emma Darwin,—and perhaps no mother ever felt greater consolation from the endearing solace of a beloved daughter, who, not contented in administering all that could alleviate the pangs of bodily suffering, sought most anxiously to cheer the parting soul, and calm the agony of separation. Having attentively listened to the wishes of her dying parent, she would no longer allow her mind to revert to the things of this life; but, suppressing her own agonizing feelings, she thought only of her parent's future happiness, and every moment that could be spared from the necessary attentions to the sick bed, was devoted to reading to the dear invalid such portions of Scripture as were consolatory to the dying Christian, whose spirits were perfectly composed on her own account; for she relied on the promises of that Saviour whom she had endeavoured to serve faithfully; yet, as the hour of death approached, she found it impossible to divest herself of anxiety on account of her beloved Emma. To be parted forever in this life, from her child, was a bitter thought, but still more agonizing was the reflection that she would be left without a friend or protector, to guide

her through the labyrinth of difficulties, and the intricacies of the world, to which her young heart was a perfect stranger.

Emma full well knew the source from which such contending emotions in her parent arose, and anxiously sought to dispel it; entreating her to look up to that God who has said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; let thy widows trust in me." "Recollect, for your comfort, dearest mother, that the righteous are never forsaken, you have therefore no cause thus to afflict your mind; surrender your child to that Father who has promised that 'the children of his servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before him?' Are not such promises salutary and comforting to the heart? Thankful, indeed, should we be, that we are in the hand of a beneficent Creator, who is both wise and gracious, and who will never forsake us while we remain faithful to our duty. We ought then to be always prepared to meet the various events of this life with resignation, and, at the same time, with constancy, and a firm reliance on Him, in whom we live and have our being.

The spirit of Mrs. Darwin was departing rapidly; having listened to the exhortation of Emma, her eyes rested upon her, though it appeared their light had passed away, and pressing the hand of her child, she indistinctly said:

"It is good for me to draw near to God. I thank Thee, O Heavenly Father, that thou hast allowed me to look up to thy promises in the holy Scripture, and to hear the words of eternal life uttered by my great Redeemer; with gratitude, faith, and hope, I commit my soul to Thee, imploring Thee to protect my child in innocence and truth: Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

The last word faltered on her lip, and, in peacefulness and confidence, she sank into the slumber of death!

In the dreary hour of night Emma knelt by the coffin; decay had been merciful; the lifeless features upon which she had so fondly loved to gaze, were but slightly changed. But, O God! how truly did the weeping girl feel in that melancholy hour, that her lips rested on naught but cold and senseless clay. The spirit was indeed departed, yet she fondly clung to the dwelling it had so sweetly inhabited.

After witnessing the last mournful ceremonies of interment, Emma began to feel most poignantly her own forlorn situation; not that she previously had been insensible to her friendless condition, but her

mind had been so deeply engaged in the sacred performance of filial duties, and so overpowered with grief, that she had not been able to think of herself. Most bitterly did she lament the loss she had sustained, and which no earthly being could supply. Yet, she was not wanting in the confident assurance that those she mourned were now reaping the promised reward of a virtuous and religious life. Consolatory as were such reflections, she could but remember that the joyful and endearing intercourse between parent and child, were for ever severed—that the affectionate mother, to whom her heart was attached by the sweetest and tenderest ties, was now stretched within the silent grave! In the agony and wildness of intense grief, she exclaimed:

“This indeed is bitterness of heart, which it is not in the power of any external circumstance to relieve. It is only a firm reliance on the promises of a blessed Saviour that can bring consolation; 'tis the sweet soothing of religion only that can assuage this bitterness of sorrow. ‘As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, for he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are but dust.’”

Animated by such reflections, and trusting in the supreme power for guidance and support through the dangerous path of unprotected youth, Emma Darwin began seriously to reflect upon the plan most advisable to adopt for her future support. The eye that never sleepeth nor slumbereth, was witnessing her severe struggle, and preparing a ministering angel to be in readiness to fly to her succour! Relations she had none, except an uncle, the only brother of her mother, who for many years had resided in India, and whose real existence she almost doubted, for there had been a complete cessation to their correspondence for a lengthened period.

All who were acquainted with the virtues and amiable qualities of Emma, could not fail to love and esteem her; but she had been accustomed to live in such perfect retirement as to be little known beyond her father's parish, where the inhabitants were principally farmers, or persons in more indigent circumstances; the most opulent was the Squire, who was a great fox-hunter, devoted to dissipation, and what he falsely called pleasure. His neighbour was a lawyer, with a vulgar disagreeable wife, who, being the possessor of a pretty face, he had, in open violation of all parental authority, selected from his father's kitchen. By these parties Emma was little known. But the most important person in the parish was one of a very different character, Sir Lionel G——, a Baronet, of great wealth, who, with his family, passed only a few months in the year at his seat at W——. Both Sir Lionel and Lady G—— were highly esteemed for their many amiable qualities: they were staunch supporters of every charitable institution,—their

benevolence was almost proverbial. During their occasional residence at W—— they had formed a very just estimate of Emma's character; and when they heard that death had robbed her of her last parent, they felt the deepest commiseration for her forlorn condition, and Lady G—— immediately wrote a letter of condolence to Emma, offering proofs of friendship in any way that might be useful. This kindness was acknowledged in a manner which convinced her friend how worthy she was of protection. She stated that she had weighed in her own mind the impropriety of continuing to reside alone, although her industrious efforts might support her in respectability. She therefore sought her Ladyship's advice and assistance in procuring her a situation as governess in a family, confessing her conviction of the important trust of such an engagement; but she humbly hoped, that the principles instilled, by example and precept, under the guidance of her excellent parents, had left an impression on her mind too deeply engrafted ever to be erased, and she confidently trusted that, through the blessing of the Almighty, she would be enabled faithfully to discharge the important duties which, in such a situation, must devolve upon her.

Her Ladyship was so perfectly satisfied with every sentiment, as well as the delicacy of style in which Emma's letter was written, that she immediately wrote to her, stating that she would be happy to receive her into her own establishment, to assist in the education of her two little girls, and that she considered herself peculiarly fortunate in meeting with a young lady so perfectly qualified in every respect for the charge with which she would be invested. Her Ladyship concluded by repeated assurances of friendship, and her determination to render Emma perfectly at her ease, and she hoped happy, in her new station. She then stated the time she intended returning to W——, when she trusted her young friend would be prepared to accompany her to London.

Emma felt that this event was the interposition of a protecting Providence; and, retiring to her chamber, she poured forth the pious feelings of her heart in fervent prayer and thanksgiving to the Father of all good, intreating a continuance of his blessing and guidance in her anxious endeavours to fulfil her duty. Then, after answering Lady G's letter, she commenced the necessary preparations for her departure; but this could not be done without opening afresh the wounds which had so deeply lacerated her young heart. The chamber which she had shared with her beloved parent was still her nightly abode: there, in fervency and ardour, they had mingled their prayers and their tears,—here, they had held sweet consultation,—and here stood the bed upon which her dearest mother had borne her sufferings with religious fortitude, waiting with calm resignation the summons of her Saviour,—

here she had breathed her last pious ejaculation, imploring God's protection over her child,—and here, in the arms of that child, her precious soul had flown its earthly habitation. These were sad realities, too lately verified to have lost any of their sting! Poor Emma stood gazing on the apartment, and all that had passed away lived afresh in her recollection: her eyes filled with tears—her heart palpitated with agony, and unable to stem the tide of feeling, she threw herself upon a couch and wept bitterly. Surrounded by relics sacredly dear, as having belonged to those whom she now so deeply mourned, she could not separate herself from them without suffering unutterable anguish; yet she yielded but for a short time to the indulgence of such exquisite feeling. Summoning a fortitude which in its nature might be called gigantic, she wiped the burning tear from her pale cheek, and commenced the painful task of arranging part of her furniture for sale. The most precious articles endeared to her, because they had belonged to her happier and earlier days, were consigned to the care of an old faithful domestic, who had formerly been Emma's nurse, and who had never quitted her service, meriting the loved title of friend rather than of servant. This worthy individual was to continue the inmate of the cottage. To alleviate the pangs of separation, her young mistress had promised that, whenever she could be spared from the duties of her situation, she would feel no pleasure equal to that of visiting this peaceful abode, and her dear Margaret, who had never ceased weeping from the moment she heard of her young lady's new arrangements.

The eventful day of Emma's departure at length arrived. The morning was bright and balmy. Scarcely had the sun risen when she was seen in her garden, which it had been her delight under different feelings to cultivate. The flowers of early spring disseminated their fragrance over every little weed and plant, till they were all impregnated with the sweetest odour. It was a tranquil hour; not a blade of grass or leaf trembled,—Emma's heart alone was ruffled and uneasy. In unutterable anguish she gazed upon the scene around—the scene

—“Of buried hopes
And prospects faded.”

She looked towards the church: her eye rested on the tomb of her beloved parents; she hastened to the hallowed spot, and, in pious fervour, poured forth the sorrows of an aching heart to that Being who she believed only could afford her consolation. She prayed—fervently prayed—that no temptation might ever induce her to swerve from the path of rectitude and duty, and that she might in all things obey the commands of God, whose heavenly protection she now so much needed.

Having performed a duty so grateful to her heart she summoned composure, and returned to solace the wounded spirit of Margaret, who could not think of a separation from her child, as she styled Emma, without the deepest sorrow, and most fully did poor Emma participate in the grief of parting, for she had long considered this attached dependant almost as a second parent, and as such revered and respected her; it was now a source of much gratification to her that she found herself able to leave her, surrounded by the comforts to which she had been accustomed, and it was her intention to supply her annually with half of the proceeds of her own industry.

“Be comforted, dear Margaret,” she said, “your tears distress me; our separation, I trust, will be only temporary, and our intercourse will be constant; I promise to write very often, and you must be a faithful correspondent. All your wants and wishes must be made known to me. I leave you in this Holy Bible, which I beg you to accept as a parting memento of my friendship and esteem, consolation under every trial incident to our nature, and condition in life; my dearest father has already instructed you in the value of this sacred volume, which, I am convinced, you duly appreciate. It will teach you to look up with reverence and love to the great Disposer of events, and under any trial or disappointment with which he is pleased to visit you, to utter no voice but this: ‘Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?’ Remember you are only partaking of that mixed cup which Providence has prepared for us all,—the path of the Christian is never one of unmixed happiness, and He who himself put on the crown of thorns, never intended that his followers should wear a crown of flowers. He who has told you to take up your cross and follow him, well knew that you would not be able to follow him without having daily crosses to take up. Trust in his Almighty goodness, which will enable you, through all trials and vicissitudes to preserve that equanimity of mind which is suited to the Christian character, and under all circumstances to say ‘It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good in his sight.’”

While Emma was thus religiously administering advice and consolation to Margaret, the sound of carriage wheels roused her attention, and with no ordinary emotion she saw Sir Lionel and his lady enter the wicket gate, and take the path leading to the cottage. She received them with genuine politeness; the exceeding simplicity of her character, the frankness and sincerity of her nature, were such, that as she had no thoughts that needed disguise, so there were none that were not as free to the world's view as to her own. Knowing the purport of her guests' visit, her eyes glanced towards Margaret, whose face wore the hue of death, and notwithstanding the

exhortation she had just received, burst into a loud lamentation, while the big round tears rolled spontaneously down her withered cheek.

"Is it quite convenient to you to accompany us today, my dear Miss Darwin?" said Lady G., who herself was unable to suppress the tear of sympathy as she beheld the deep-felt sorrow of the faithful servant, and the stifled emotion with which poor Emma was contending.

"Yes, my lady," was the answer; "I am quite prepared. And after giving orders for her luggage to be forwarded. "Adieu, dear Margaret," she said: "Remember my injunctions; and may the great God bless and protect you." She encircled with her snowy arms the neck of her attached dependant, who, unable to utter a sentence, sobbed with convulsive agony. "Again may God bless and comfort you, repeated Emma, and with an effort almost supernatural, she tore herself from the arms of Margaret, and followed Sir Lionel and his lady to the carriage. The faithful old creature remained for some hours in a paroxysm of unsubsided grief, nor was Emma less afflicted, although more resigned. As the carriage ascended an eminence that overlooked the valleys in which stood her own peaceful dwelling, her eyes reverted to the spot, and the images she had there loved rose in imagination before her view; again she could not suppress the unbidden tears—her companions saw and respected her feelings, upon which they were too delicate to intrude by any unnecessary remarks. Thus left to her own reflections, Emma soon regained her natural firmness, and apologized for what she feared her friends might attribute to weakness of character. In answer to this observation she received an assurance that her friends participated in her sorrows, but they cherished the hope that time, and their combined efforts, would be able to ameliorate, if not entirely banish, grief from her heart. Emma was truly grateful for the kind expressions, and in her gratitude felt confidence and comfort:

"For sympathy, blest instinct of our kind,
Is purest opium to the tortur'd mind."

(To be continued.)

Kingston, April, 1842.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less in proportion accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders them creatures incapable of receiving any recompense in another life for their ill treatment in this.—Pope.

MY MOTHER'S SENTIMENTS.

BY THE REV. LESINGHAM SMITH.

A little stream that 's never dry
When summer suns are glowing;
That when the wintry storm sweeps by,
Is never overflowing:
Such is the wealth that I implore,
And God has given me such and more.

Daughters more excellent than fair;
A son not great, but good;
Servants with whom I've learn'd to bear,
Whatever be their mood:
In peace with these, in love with those,
I calmly live, and have no foes.

A house for comfort not too small,
Not large enough for pride;
A garden, and a garden-wall,
A little lake beside;
In these I find so sweet a home,
That not a wish have I to roam.

A little land to graze my cow,
Whose milk supplies my table;
A warm sty for my good old sow,
And for my nags a stable:
All have their space for food and play,
And all are glad, both I and they.

I feed the poor man in his cot,
The beggar at my gate:
And, thankful for my quiet lot,
I envy not the great;
But rather praise my God on high,
Happy to live, prepared to die.

EARLY TRAINING.

Do we not all see daily that some men, or whole families, independently of wealth and station, are distinguished from others by a general nobility of mind, which characterises their whole life, which intimately unites with all their actions, thoughts, and feelings? And, are not others, in the possession of all outward gentility, in vain endeavouring to acquire the humane refinement and noble ease which are at once so winning and commanding in the former? For the cause of these phenomena we look into the homes of men, the homes in which they have received their existence and their early training. There, with rare exceptions, the child is ranged into his caste, whether noble or mean; there the seeds of his whole life are sown. Schools may develop his powers, and instruct his mind; they may put "sharps" and "flats" before his abilities; but the general tone of his daily life will more or less remain true to his first nursery and the nature of his home.—*North of England Magazine.*

(ORIGINAL.)

ROSE MURRAY; OR, THE RIVAL FREEBOOTERS.

BY RUSSELL.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT it is time to return and enquire into the fortunes of Squire Harry and his companions, whom we left after his successful escape from his pursuers by clearing the devil's leap, on his way to one of the places of safety which they had discovered, and to which they could retire in case of need. Their successful and daring escape, together with the severe wound of the leader, and the death of one of the pursuers, had excited a burst of indignation throughout the surrounding country, and active measures were in progress, and double rewards offered for the apprehension of any of the band. Excited by the promised rewards, numerous parties were scouring the forests, and had blocked up most of the roads around. At the time we again introduce them to our readers, they were sitting with several others round a fire, in what was apparently a cave of considerable magnitude. The manner in which they were applying themselves to a large piece of beef in the centre, betokened either ignorance or disregard of the dangers surrounding them.

"Bring me a flaggon of that wine in the corner, my prince of cooks," said Squire Harry, to our friend Cato, who was standing behind him. "My jaws ache worse than the teeth of a saw mill," continued he,—attempting the dissection of a large piece of villainous sirloin. "But necessity makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, friend Jim. Thank you, boy; thank you," addressing Cato, as he handed him the wine. "Now shall I apply the *medicamentum dolorum*, as we used to say at Harvard," and taking the flaggon from his lips, he added with a long deep sigh, "*Interiora nota Falernia*, which signifies, Master Cato, though your beef is bad, your wine is capital stuff on a pinch."

"Massa no like de beef," said Cato, in reply; "him neber no like de wine."

"Here," said Squire Harry, at the shout of laughter which arose at his expense, "take this beef you seem to like so much, and stuff that bottomless pit of darkness of yours until your very tongue cannot wag. Your late *res gesta præclaræ* shall save your wool that oderiferous jest forced a little too near the fire."

"Me no know who Regesty Clary be; but who-soever him be, me sure he call dis beef good," answered Cato, applying himself in a such way as gave proof of his sincerity.

"*Res gesta præclaræ*, you black fool!" said Squire Harry; "that means your redoubtable feats as knight of the trencher. Now, my friends,"

said Squire Harry, (who seemed to act as commander-in-chief,) as he took the flaggon again from his mouth, after a most loving and long continued embrace, "having so generously provided for our inward man, it becomes us to take care how we shall provide for the outward. We have already passed one day penned up in this place. The hotness of the pursuit must be over, and it is time we were up and away. What say you, my good friends?" continued Squire Harry to the two men who formerly brought them word of the intended pursuit. "Do you think it practicable to proceed to our destined market?"

Both seemed to agree it would be attended with the utmost danger, and advised leaving the horses under the care of their friends till the storm had blown over in the neighbourhood.

Squire Harry, though unwilling to do this, was at a loss how to manage, when both stoutly refused to risk their necks in assisting him, and Big Jim declared that the state of his wounds disabled him from proceeding further. Their deliberations, which seemed far from bringing them to any unanimous conclusion, were suddenly arrested by the confused noise of voices without.

"They are on us!" exclaimed Squire Harry, in deep low tones. "Silence, as you value your lives, every one of you! Cover up the fire without noise! They have been drawn here by its light, through the carelessness of that black rascal, in leaving the door unshut."

Removing a large stone, which, to a casual observer, would have appeared but a piece of the jagged rock, there appeared an opening large enough to admit a man's body, through which he crept stealthily and silently. In a few minutes he returned and reported that they were beset by about double their number, whom he could hear consulting what was to be done. They are not agreed whether they have fallen on us or not; so there is yet a chance we may escape by concealment. Carry Big Jim into the Castle, and return." Two men taking up the object of regard, carried him to the centre of the cave, and immediately beneath where the fire had been, a kind of a door was opened, into which one of them descending, took hold of his feet, while the other lowered him down. Without was heard the confused voices of their enemies and the trampling of their feet, as they seemed going round and round the cave. Squire Harry alone of the company seemed collected and careless how it turned out. Silently pointing out his station to

each, who already had his arms of different kinds near him, he reserved for himself the station opposite the door. After all arrangements were made, according to Squire Harry's direction, a dead and anxious silence of some minutes ensued within and without.

"A minute more will decide," whispered Squire Harry, to the one next him. "By God, they begin to remove the stones! Now, my men, stand to your arms! Victory or —! You know," continued he, passing his finger round his neck, "you all know the alternative, and let the first man who retreats without orders, remember this," pulling a large horse pistol from his belt.

"Them be stopped," said Cato, in a whisper.

"No," answered Squire Harry, "they but let fresh men take hold. Hear! they begin again! the day-light begins to come through. Leave me to deal with the first one who appears," continued he, when portions of earth began to fall; "they have yet to get through the stable."

On finding the horses, as they now were sure of their prey, a shout arose from the assailants, which was answered loudly by Squire Harry and his men. Again there was a pause as of deliberation whether to proceed or procure reinforcements. It was but of short continuance; for they now began to batter the strong door between that part of the cave where the horses were situated and that where Squire Harry and his companions awaited the attack. It was already tottering under the repeated shocks of some heavy instrument. A moment more the discharge of a pistol was followed by a shriek of pain, which told it had taken effect.

"Now give it them, my boys!" shouted Squire Harry—"again before they rally! Now for your swords!" as he closed with the foremost and most daring of the assailants.

Still weak with the loss of blood, occasioned by the wound he had received in the arm, and almost incapable of using it, he nevertheless kept his assailant at bay, and the blood which started from his adversary told that he had found his match. As the smoke cleared away it was seen that though still fighting against fearful odds, they had hitherto the advantage. Encouraging his men by his voice and by example, Squire Harry, taking advantage of a lunge his adversary had made unsuccessfully struck him with his whole power, and the sword descending on his head, felled him to the earth. The sword turning in the descent, broke in pieces; but snatching up that of the fallen man, he rushed to the assistance of Cato, who, forced to the farthest extremity of the cave, was engaged with more than his match. Cato had fought stoutly, but his power of endurance was unequal to that of his white adversary. For some time he had contented himself with warding off the blows of his antagonist, who was at last fortunate enough, by a happy stroke, to disarm him of

his weapon, and again the sword was in the act of descending on Cato's defenceless head, when a blow from Squire Harry falling on the sword arm of his adversary, the mangled limb fell useless by his side. Squire Harry, for the first time, had leisure to look around the cave, now covered with blood, and echoing with the stifled groans of the wounded. He and Cato, whose life he had just saved, alone had escaped without wounds. His enemies, far from expecting so fierce a resistance, had retired, bearing with them their wounded companions into the outer apartment. Momentarily expecting a renewal of the attack, which seemed for the present mutually suspended from very weariness, Squire Harry ordered Cato to assist him in placing their wounded companions in the safety of the above-mentioned castle. Scarcely had they accomplished it when a shout from the assailants arose, and was answered by a reinforcement of men, called together by the firing in the beginning of the struggle. It was now getting dark without, and in the inside of the cave it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Wearied by the unusual contest they had maintained, and momentarily expecting a renewal of the attack, Squire Harry and Cato retired within the castle as their last hope of success. Their position favoured them greatly, as well as the darkness and their knowledge of the ground; but to attempt long to hold out against such fearful odds of fresh assailants, was utterly hopeless.

"Time passes," said Squire Harry. "These sounds tell that they are about renewing the attack." And as the reddish glare of light bursting through the chinks of the rocks, penetrated through the gloom of the cavern, and showed, where it fell, the slime and dampness which covered the floor and clung to the walls, "By Heaven!" exclaimed he, "They have lights!"

Big Jim, whom we mentioned as placed there before the beginning of the fight, now that the danger had become pressing, in spite of his wound started up and counselled instant flight, and was joined by his companions.

"Well Cato, what say you?" asked Squire Harry.

"Me," answered Cato; "stick by massa Harry! me rather die here."

"Bravo," cried Squire Harry, with a look of disdain at his white companions; and, addressing Big Jim, whose inability he now strongly suspected was feigned in order to avoid danger, he said, "as it is impossible for you to flee on account of your wounds, while there is the least chance of holding good the castle, I will not desert my wounded companions."

Big Jim assured him he was able to flee.

"Go then, and take our wounded companions along with you! I, and Cato, will hold them in play for a quarter of an hour, by which time a right use of the darkness and your acquaintance with the

country will place you out of danger, at least until morning."

Big Jim was immediately ready, but shame at leaving their commander, had forced the others to a determination to stay and share their fate. Squire Harry opposed his commands, ordering them to watch over their wounded companion, adding—"there are too few successfully to resist, and already enough to die. Have two horses ready at the cross roads, where we formerly met, by an hour before day, and if we are not there at that time, leave us to our fate."

By another opening into the passage through which Squire Harry had at first been able to gain a knowledge of the character and force of their assailants, they departed, and, escaping observation, were soon hid in the darkness and the forest. On being left alone, Squire Harry and Cato busied themselves in strengthening their position, by piling large stones opposite the entrance to the castle, on a kind of large wooden frame, to which was attached an iron chain, which was fastened to the rock that covered the door.

The assailants had been endeavouring to force an entrance, but found their efforts unavailing to penetrate the solid rock, or even to force open or break the stone which covered the door. More than once they had gained entrance at the side of the rock to the levers and beams with which they were working, but the hopelessness of removing it, and the danger arising from the use the assailed took of this partial opening, to discharge their arms on the workmen, caused them to desist from this method of attack.

While within, Squire Harry and Cato were beginning to indulge hopes of safety, let us attend to what was passing without. In the midst of a number of men, engaged in loud and rather unintelligible conversation, were two men in the act of fastening to a tree a third, by a rope passing around his waist under the arms, which were also bound fast together at the wrists. In answer to their questions, he was protesting utter ignorance of the information they wished for, mingled with passionate entreaties for life, both of which seemed to be disbelieved or disregarded by his interrogators. Promises of reward, in case of giving the desired information, and threats of death on a continued refusal, had at length brought the unfortunate prisoner to listen to the propositions. The prisoner was no other than Big Jim, who, immediately on escaping into the forest by the secret passage, as we have seen, left his companions to take care of their wounded comrade, and fled in an opposite direction. Falling into the hands of those from whom he sought to escape, he was brought back, and on declining to discover the way in which he escaped, was placed in the situation in which we have just found him. Dread of their threatenings, and the desire of escape, had led him

to promise to reveal the secret passage to the cave, on condition of being allowed to live. Being unbound, though strictly guarded, he led them to the opposite side of the cave and showed them the passage through which he and his companions had escaped, but neither promises nor threats could induce him to enter and conduct them within. Several had entered, but returned, failing in their attempts to find their way through a passage barely sufficient to admit a man's dragging himself forward, while lying at full length on his breast, and which had been purposely made still more difficult, except to those familiar with its turnings. By dint of his descriptions and repeated trials, they had advanced far enough to hear the voices of those within, and several therefore were about entering to make sure of their prey on the first surprise.

Squire Harry and Cato, from the silence prevailing since the last attack, were congratulating themselves on their escape, when the flash of a pistol, and immediately after, the glance of torches showed them the impossibility of escaping. Retaining his self-possession, and resolved to sell his life as dearly as he could, Squire Harry retreated behind a projection of the cave, and awaited the first advance of the enemy. To the offer of life on surrender, he answered: "Come and take me!"

It was evident to his enemies that in his present situation, he who should first advance must fall a sacrifice to the fire of so desperate a foe. Their hesitation, and the absolute refusal of some, to be the probable victim of his fire, drew forth the taunts and laughter of Squire Harry, who, fearing treachery, had abandoned all hope of escape, and being determined never to be taken alive, was studying only revenge. His enemies still increasing, by entering through the secret passage, their courage grew proportionately to their numbers, and while they were meditating a rush to take him by a *coup de main*, they were terror struck by the voice of Squire Harry warning them, that the first movement of any to take them would be the signal for his setting fire to the store-room of powder by which he stood.

Several of the assailants nearest the passage immediately began to withdraw, and one after another of the party, destitute of any regular and acknowledged leader, unwilling to be the victim, re-entered the passage, till Squire Harry and Cato were again left alone. Again the assailants called a council of war, and it was resolved to build a fire at the mouth of the passage to reduce the enemy to terms. The smoke within soon became dense, and as a last resort Squire Harry was urging Cato to escape through another passage below the magazine too narrow to admit of his own body getting through. Again the attempt was made to squeeze his body into the smallest possible compass, but in vain. Though gaining admittance, the ragged corners

of the rocks denied removal or egress. The smoke had become stifling, and the pain from the bruises and lacerations of the rocks well nigh intolerable. In answer to Squire Harry's repeated commands and entreaties to save himself, Cato answered :

"Nebber massa, me stay with you! me die here."

By the devotion of the faithful black, Squire Harry was moved to tears, and rather, at Cato's entreaties, than with any hopes of success, he determined on a last effort to escape. Casting aside the remaining parts of his clothing, he directed Cato to precede him in a backward direction, in the hope that by his assistance he might be dragged through the narrowest parts of the passage. By their joint efforts of despair, some of the projecting rocks were removed, and, though dreadfully lacerated, a passage was effected. Crawling along cautiously on their faces, to escape the glare of the torches, by which their enemies were still collecting materials to pile at the mouth of the cave, and keeping in the shadow of the mound, they soon reached some distance from the scene of danger. Torches were again moving in their direction. Lying close on the ground, and directing Cato to suppress his very breathing, Squire Harry stifled the groans which his wounds almost forced from him, and with the greatest difficulty restrained Cato from making a discovery, by rushing forward to the wood at all hazards. A noise as of thunder, accompanied with a fierce glare of light, together with the falling of rocks around, told Squire Harry that the train he had lighted had not failed. Taking advantage of the confusion, he darted into the wood, followed by Cato, and, though observed, was in a moment out of the reach of the enemy.

The shout of anger and disappointment, mingled with the groans of the dying, told how terrible and dreadful the vengeance of Squire Harry had been. Gazing fearfully down on the wreck of the cave, the baffled pursuers beheld the mangled bodies of more than one of their ill-fated companions, smouldering among the smoking ruins, and heard the groans of those whose wounds reserved them for a still more terrible death. In their frenzy of passion, seizing on Big Jim, whom they now looked upon as a double traitor, heedless of the prayers of agony he poured forth for life, his protestations of ignorance of the way of escape, and the promises made for his safety, they had bound a rope round his neck and were suspending him to the limb of an oak immediately overhanging the ruins of the cave. Unbinding his hands and permitting his toes barely to touch the ground, they seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in feasting on the death struggles of their victim, to sustain himself by his hands, and his attempts to stretch his limbs to gain a resting place on the ground.

The dreadful curses were drowned, and the dying moments of the struggling wretch were tortured, by

the mockings and laughter of those for whom he had betrayed his companions. As the cramps of death unbound the sinews, struggling to grasp the fatal cord, with the convulsive efforts of dying agony, the hand, which had before been lowered, grasped the cord, and as the body once more was raised in the death grapple, from between the parted and blackened lips was heard a muttered curse, and the clasped hands relaxing, the corse swung heavily to the stretch of the cord.

Squire Harry and Cato, who, by the light of the smoking cave, had seen the punishment of their companion, shuddered at the fat: they had so narrowly escaped. In spite of their wounds they hurried forward, and by the time appointed arrived at the cross roads, where they found their companions already waiting them with the horses.

To be continued.

WHAT IS DEATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLEY.

WHAT is death? 'tis to be free!

No more to love, or hope, or fear;

To join the dread equality;

All, all alike are humble there!

The mighty wave

Wraps lord and slave!

Nor pride, nor poverty dares come

Within that refuge house—the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,

And the ever weeping eye,

Thou of all earth's kings, art king!

Empires at thy footstool lie!

Beneath thee strew'd

Their multitude,

Sink like waves upon the shore!

Storms shall never rouse them more.

What's the grandeur of the earth,

To the grandeur round thy throne!

Riches, glory, beauty, birth,

To thy kingdoms all have gone!

Before thee stand

The wondrous band,

Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,

Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show

Many a million, for her one!

Through thy gates the mortal flow

Has for countless years roll'd on.

Back from the tomb

No step has come;

There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound,

Shall bid thy pris'ners be unbound!

ARIETTE SICILIENNE.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The music begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The first measure of the treble staff contains a quarter note D5, followed by eighth notes E5, F#5, and G5. The bass staff begins with a half note D4. The instruction *P. dol.* is written below the first measure of the bass staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the D major key and common time. The treble staff contains a series of eighth and quarter notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and chords. The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the D major key and common time. The treble staff includes a trill (tr) over a note. The bass staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the D major key and common time. The treble staff ends with a final cadence. The bass staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.



ON A WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

BY SIR ROBERT AYTON.

[THE author of the following verses, which for harmony and elegance of fancy, have rarely been surpassed, was Private Secretary to the Queen of Denmark, wife of James VI. He wrote several beautiful Latin poems, which may be found in the *Deliciae Poetarum Scotorum*. It is to be regretted that but few of his English poems have been preserved.]

I LOVED thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame ;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same.
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain.
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown
If thou had still continued mine ;
Yea, if thou hadst remained my own,
I might, perchance, have yet been thine ;
But thou thy freedom did recal,
That it thou might elsewhere enthal,
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain ?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And changed the objects of thy will
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still ;
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as much to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice ;
Thy choice of thy good fortune boast,
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost ;
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee—
To love thee still but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.

SLEEP ON.

BY JOHN O. SARGENT.

SLEEP ON—sleep happily on
Untroubled by the cares of day,
While thy free spirit wings its way
Then to me !

Dream on—but dream of me !
As all my dreams of dear delight,
Through the sweet slumbers of the night,
Are of thee !

OUR TABLE.

THE SLAVE STATES OF AMERICA—BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

THE Oriental Traveller, as Mr. Buckingham is called, is well known, by reputation, to the greater number of our readers. He is a man who fills some space in the eyes of men, as well from his writings as from his visits to many portions of the world, in which, for the time, he claimed the lion's share of public attention. He is a fluent speaker, and an agreeable writer, though he is not distinguished by depth or originality of thought, or by any of those striking qualities which make a permanent impression upon the mind and judgment. He is, nevertheless, ever warmly welcomed, whether he appear in person or by his works, and, having been an able and willing labourer in the honourable cause of that great moral reformation which has impressed its character upon the age, he has won for himself "golden opinions from all sorts of men." Whether we view him, then, as a philanthropist or as an author, we must accord to Mr. Buckingham the meed of a very high respect.

The new field which he has entered upon has hitherto been much less trodden than that presented by the more northern States, to which tourists and manufacturers of books of travels have generally confined themselves. If he has been less successful than we could have hoped and wished, he has still succeeded in producing a book which may be read with pleasure and instruction. He has touched with a gentle hand upon the peculiar institution of the South, repugnant as it must have been to his generous feelings to see the degraded and degrading condition in which so many of his fellow-men are held. It may be that he has done so from a knowledge of the Southern character. The blood of those climes is hot, and the men in whose veins it flows are proud, haughty, and overbearing, though when their prejudices are left untouched, they are generous and high-spirited, and of free and graceful manners. To rail against them only more firmly fixes them in their purpose, to do as seems to themselves befitting their fancied dignity. Of this the Traveller has taken note; and, in the structure of his remarks, he may have been guided by it, since it is easy to see that his feelings are deeply enlisted in favour of the unfortunate race upon whom the curse of slavery has fallen.

Mr. Buckingham, in the narrative portion of his work, gives his impressions with openness and candour, "nothing extenuating," nor "setting down aught in malice." It may be said, indeed, that he has occupied too much space with paragraphs from local papers, giving the particulars of crimes which are of daily and almost of hourly occurrence, and of which the world is already sufficiently aware. He has attributed the frequency of those crimes to the existence of slavery—whether justly or not is not quite clear, as in some of the States where slavery does not exist the morality of the people is not much better, while in the older States, where slavery has been established from a period long antecedent to the revolution, there are comparatively few evidences of this terrible tendency to bloodshed. There is one thing clear, however. Slavery is a moral pestilence—it covers with a blight and mildew all tendency to moral improvement. And, independently of its immoral influence, it is a bar to national prosperity and to the advancement of national or individual wealth. The States where it exists cannot attempt to vie with those where it is held in utter abhorrence. This, were it not known before, would be clearly shewn by Mr. Buckingham's book, in which comparisons are drawn of the progress made and making in some of the free and slave-holding States; from which it is evident that the latter are far in rear of their more liberal neighbours, and this without reference either to soil or climate. States, the first settlements in which were founded at dates comparatively ancient, are still, to all appearance, scarcely in a better condition than those in which the axe of the pioneer was first heard a century later. Immense tracts are still unsettled, or have settlements merely opened, while the roads are in a state of the utmost rudeness, and at least an age behind those which may be seen in other portions of the Union, where scarcely a quarter of a century ago, the forests still stood in all their primeval grandeur. No greater foe to wealth or greatness exists within the confines of the Continent, than this "peculiar institution," which the Southern freemen hug to their hearts with such suicidal fondness.

Mr. Buckingham's tour was a very extensive one. Having some intention of making it a source of profit, as well as a means for learning the character of the country and the people, he visited wherever he deemed it probable that his lectures on Egypt or Palestine would bring an audience together. Making Charleston his starting point, he went, by an irregular and circuitous route, to New Orleans, and thence proceeded to the celebrated town of Natchez, on the Mississippi. This was the limit of his researches in that direction, prudential considerations and the counsel of his friends having deterred him from going farther and perhaps faring worse. He returned by the Upland Districts of the Alleghany Range of Mountains, to the Northern States, having made the tour of Georgia and Virginia, and visited the most important places, as well as the spas and springs to which the votaries of fashion resort in the pursuit of health and pleasure.

While lodging at an inn at Augusta, in "Georgia State," the even tenor of his life was broken in upon by the destruction of the hotel, which was consumed by fire. He lost by the conflagration a sum of money amounting to something like "a thousand dollars," and what he felt to be a greater misfortune still, a large assortment of curiosities picked up on his way, and some herbs and drawings which could not be replaced by money. The hotel was the property of a Judge named Hale, and was set on fire by the slaves attached to it, who took that method of being revenged for the ungentle treatment to which they were subjected by the overseers, the Judge himself, a kind and excellent man, not being resident among them. It appears from Mr. Buckingham's remarks that this is the usual mode adopted by the slaves for the purpose of avenging themselves upon masters who are unusually severe. The motive to do so is not, however, all revenge. They anticipate, and frequently their anticipations prove correct, the breaking up of the establishment, and the sale of the remaining *chattels*, themselves included—by which the chances are that they obtain more indulgent masters; particularly, as the injured owner dare not make it known that his slaves are vicious lest he should not then be able to find any one to purchase them. The same cause operates upon the owners to prevent them from punishing petty crimes severely. Stealing is consequently very unpleasantly common, and yet the thieves, who are almost always slaves, are seldom punished as they would be were they not the personal property of the master, and often his sole dependence. No one will buy a slave who is known to be addicted to thievery, and consequently these propensities when they do appear, are rather connived at and concealed than exposed and punished.

Taking the whole system into consideration—the power of the slaves to destroy their masters' wealth by fire—the propensity to stealing—the expense of keeping them, and the high price at which slaves are valued—the chances of death or sickness, and the insurance of their lives, Mr. Buckingham is not quite clear whether the masters or the slaves have the better bargain. Some of the owners themselves are doubtful upon the point; or, at least, it would seem so from the following, which is taken from Mr. Buckingham's book:—

In the course of the protracted conversation to which these topics led, a gentleman from Kentucky, engaged in the growing of corn and grazing of cattle, himself a slaveholder to a considerable extent, and joining in all the denunciations of the Abolitionists, undertook to show, that after all, slavery was a much greater curse to the owners than it was to the slaves, as it absorbed their capital, ate up their profits, and proved a perpetual obstacle to their progressive prosperity. He said he had not only made the calculation, but actually tried the experiment of comparing the labour of the free White man and the Negro slave; and he found the latter always the dearest of the two. It took, for instance, 2,000 dollars to purchase a good male slave. The interest of money in Kentucky being ten per cent, here was 200 dollars a year of actual cost; but to insure his life it would require at least five per cent more, which would make 300 dollars a year. Add to this the necessary expenses of maintenance while healthy, and medical attendance while sick, with wages of White overseers to every gang of men to see that they do their duty, and other incidental charges, and he did not think that a slave could cost less, in interest, insurance, subsistence, and watching, than 500 dollars, or 100*l.* sterling a year: yet, after all, he would not do more than half the work of a White man, who could be hired at the same sum, without the outlay of any capital or the incumbrance of maintenance while sick, and was therefore by far the cheapest labourer of the two.

The same gentleman told us of two instances that had happened on his own estate, of ingenious evasions of labour. One man took medicine which he stole from the dispensary, purposely to make himself sick to avoid work; and when examined by the doctor, he was detected in having spread powdered mustard on his tongue to give it a foul appearance. A female slave to avoid working for her master, produced such swellings in her arms as to excite the compassion of those who thought it to be some dreadful disease; but the same person, who lay a-bed groaning with agony all day, being detected in the act of

washing clothes at night for some persons in the neighbourhood, for which she was to be paid, (and to effect which in secrecy she was found standing nearly up to her middle in a pond concealed under the trees.) afterwards confessed, in order to avoid a flogging, that she had produced the swelling in her arms by thrusting them into a beehive, and keeping them there till they were thoroughly bitten and stung; and when the swelling began to subside, she repeated the same operation to revive them."

I inquired, "Why, if this were the state of things, they did not cure it by giving freedom to their slaves?" and the answer was this—"That up to a very recent period the feeling was almost universal in Kentucky, that it would be better to do so, especially as the neighbouring state of Ohio, *without slaves*, was making so much more rapid strides in prosperity than Kentucky *with them*; and that probably in a few years their emancipation would have been agreed upon, but that the Abolitionists of the North wounded their pride; and they determined that they would not submit to interference or dictation in the regulation of their 'domestic institution.'" To this feeling was added another, that of "standing by" the other Slave States of the South, and making common cause with them in a determination not to do any thing by coercion or by threat, but to abide their own time, and act independently of all fear or intimidation.

Mr. Buckingham pays a high compliment to the state of society in the south, which, he says, is characterised by great elegance. "The men are perfect gentlemen in their manners, and the women are accomplished ladies. A high sense of honour, and a freedom from all the little meannesses and tricks of trade, seem to prevail universally among the gentlemen, who are liberal, frank and hospitable, without ostentation, or much pretence; while the ladies are not only well educated, but elegant in their manners, and mingle with the pleasures of the social circle much of grace and dignity, blended with the greatest kindness and suavity."

The book is full of short descriptive paragraphs which we should delight to quote, did the limits of "Our Table" permit us to indulge our readers and ourselves. We must, however, be content for the present with recommending, to all who have a desire to scan the leading features of the southern character, to read the book at the earliest opportunity which presents itself.

THE JACQUERIE—BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

THE name of the author of "The Jacquerie" is a passport to the favour of those who delight in the "Romance of History." The perusal of it will not disappoint the highest expectations to which it must necessarily give rise, for it is well worthy of its paternity, and will add another laurel to the crown its author has already won. The scene of the story is laid in France—the time, the middle of the fourteenth century; and the stirring incidents which impart to it its character for "thrilling interest" are partly founded upon the forays of the "free companions" who, after the battle of Poitiers, spread themselves over France, waging war on their own account, and as a more dignified method of plundering those whom the fate of war had spared. The greater part of the second volume, however, has its origin in the struggle of the "Villeins," or serfs of the soil, to throw off the fetters with which their masters bound them, and the terrible excesses which marked the outburst of the popular torrent are sketched with the pencil of a master. As a historical romance, or merely a pleasant fiction, the book cannot fail to attract attention, and to afford an agreeable excitement to those who read it; but as a picture of men and manners at the period of which it treats, and of the danger of ruling even the meanest men with rods of iron, it will be highly valuable. We predict for the book a large share of public approbation, and to its author no inconsiderable accession to his fame.

TREATISE ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE, BY JEAN B. MEILLEUR, ESQ. M. D.

WE have before spoken in terms of well deserved commendation of this small but comprehensive treatise. It contains, within the limits of little more than a hundred pages, a complete exposition of the whole theory of the pronunciation of the French tongue, a knowledge of which in this country, is not only desirable but necessary. The author has taken the question at its root, and followed it through with a skill and industry which is as honourable to himself as it must be useful to those who will avail themselves of the result of his labours. The work might be introduced into general use in schools, with a certainty of advantage to the pupils.