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FAUNA; OR, THE RED FLOWER OF LEAFY HOLLOW.*

BY MISS L. A. MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers
And rocks whereby they grew a paradise
Where I did lay me down within the shade
(Of waving trees and dreamed uncounted hours
The visions which arise without a sleep.
THE LAMENT OF TASSO.



AX Von Werfens-
tein was gazing on
the dark outline of
pines which seemed
to meet the blue
horizon from the
window of the closet
in which he had so
long held silent
communion with the
inanimate image of
Helen. It had that
day been prepared by his
own hands for its journey to
London; and he felt as if in
sending it from him he cast
away all hopes of her whom he coveted
more than even that perfection in his art which
till he knew her had been the guiding star of his
being. Full of gloomy forebodings his mind re-
verted to all the scenes of his past life. He
thought of his childish days, and of his brother
Wilhelm, whom he had loved so fondly, and by
whom he had been as fondly loved; he seemed to
see again the old baronial castle on the borders of
the romantic Erzgebirge mountains, in which they
had dwelt; the large old court where they had
played; the sunny garden and orchard so rich
in flowers and fruit and the green fields and
shadowy groves which stretched beyond. He
remembered the awe they had felt of their

mother, and how grave and austere she had al-
ways been, and he forgot not, in spite of her un-
loving demeanor, she had superintended their
studies with the most careful attention, and from
their earliest infancy had herself taught them to
speak the English language, and read the best au-
thors of that land so rich in imagination and intel-
lect. He recalled the joy they had felt when their
father, who doted on them, came home from the
army, though his visits seemed to give no joy to
his wife, for her looks and tones to him as well as
to her children were cold and sad. The Baron
was kind and gentle, but his spirits seemed de-
pressed by the melancholy of their mother, and
Max and Wilhelm had few of those pleasures
common to children who possess a happy home
and affectionate parents. But they had joys of
their own which they prized the more highly
because debarred all others, and the heart of the
young painter swelled as he remembered how he
and his fair young brother used to wander arm in
arm, through the wild and lonely mountain re-
cesses while each spread before the others the bright
pictures his fancy drew, all of which were without
doubt to be realized when they became men and
went forth into the world. He called to mind the
long sunny days when they sat together beside
the glad rivulet that burst from the mountain
King's cave, and went singing on its way to the
valley, as if exulting in its escape from the dark-
some cave in which it had its birth; and he
smiled sadly as he recalled the wild legends in
song and tale which, half believing, half doubting,
they related to each other again and again. He
seemed to behold once more the Riesengrund
where they had strayed, and the wonderful gems
which half fearfully they had gathered there, un-
molested by the mysterious artificers who had

* Continued from page 347.

wrought them; the rocky precipices they had scaled while the mountain winds blew freshly on their brows, and they looked down on the valley beneath with as much pride as Hannibal when he gazed upon the fertile plains of Italy from the conquered Alps. Then a dark shadow came over his day-dream, and he recalled the sudden and melancholy change which had appeared in Wilhelm. He remembered how pale and thin he had grown, and how day by day he became weaker, though he still would smile and assume his old gaiety, when he marked the careful and agitated glance of his brother. It was long before Max could believe that his beloved companion, his playfellow, his second self must die; but so gently, so happily did Wilhelm pass from the earth, that none who witnessed the heavenly peace that illuminated his young death-bed could help imbibing some of that beautiful Faith and Hope which filled the dying child with joy. His last thought was for his brother; his last words, as he clasped the hand of Max feebly in his own, "There is no parting in Heaven!" From that hour Max became grave and melancholy; he passed his days in the wildest mountain glens around his home or in the lonely church-yard where his brother was buried. The servant who had often believed there was something mysterious and unearthly about their lady, now whispered that the same supernatural power which held her in thralldom had wound its chains around her children; some of these whispers reached Max, and in his present sad and gloomy mood had a powerful effect on his imagination; he believed himself predestined to evil and he dwelt on this thought till his mind had almost sunk into hopelessness despondency.

Roused from her apathy by the death of Wilhelm, Madame Von Werfenstein devoted all her energies to win her remaining son back to health and happiness, but the boy's heart had so long learned to fold itself at her approach that it now refused to open when she sought its confidence. But her efforts were not altogether fruitless. Having observed in him extraordinary talents for drawing, and being herself skilled in the art, she sedulously labored to unfold and encourage his opening genius. This it was which had infused new life into the drooping boy; a new hope and aim were born into his soul and fame a noble lofty fame, the shadow and the type of immortality, became the goal to which he aspired. Now all these remembrances passed through the young painter's mind, thoughts of Helen mingling with and gradually overpowering them all, till some one gently touched his arm.

It was his mother with an expression of anxious uneasiness in her features, which he had scarcely ever before seen agitate them. For a moment she regarded him in silence, and then she said—

"You love that English girl well, Max."

"It is true," answered Max "but do not you, mother, who have so long concealed your own sufferings grieve for mine. I have at least enough of your spirit within my heart to bear them without complaining."

"And let them devour your heart in secret.—Yet if you seek to win her hand while the faintest doubt of her love for you exists in your mind you do but seek your own wretchedness, could you tell the misery which a life-long union with one whose heart is not wholly yours must bring, you would deem the bitterest pangs of slighted love light in comparison."

Her words seemed to come from her heart, and sunk chillingly on that of Max. He turned away his head in silence.

"Listen to me," persisted his mother. "You say that you know I have suffered; you know that from me your father found neither sympathy nor love—that to my very children my nature has often seemed stone—I will tell you now what changed my soul, once ardent and aspiring as your own to marble, my heart once as warm and tender, to dust; what rendered your father good and noble as he was a joyless man, and even blighted the glad morning of my children's days."

CHAPTER XXV.

She fashions him she loved of angels' kind;
Such as in holy story were employed
To the first fathers from the eternal mind,
And in short vision only are enjoyed.
Her soul into her breast retires;
With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Herself into possession of desires
And trusts unanchor'd hopes in fleeting streams
DAYNANT.

PLACING herself where her face could not be seen Madame Von Werfenstein began.—"You know that I was born on the banks of the glorious Rhine, and almost the first objects my infant eyes drank in were its vine-clad heights, its castellated ruins, its 'exulting and abounding waters.' What wonder that there sprung up within my soul a deep though secret well of romance and ideality which no one around me suspected, and of which, for long, I did not myself dream. My parents were selfish, worldly minded people; not wantonly unkind, yet always exacting implicit obedience whenever they thought proper to issue a command, without once considering the sacrifice they required or the pangs they inflicted. Perceiving in me an early love of knowledge, an inquiring

and reflecting mind and a distaste for what they conceived the only sphere of woman's duties, all their efforts were directed to eradicate or smother this erratic propensity, which they looked upon in a more heinous light than even crime—of which indeed they considered it the certain precursor. But that rind which has been gifted with a spark of intellectual fire must perish ere that bright ray can be extinguished. It will work out its destiny either for good or for evil, and on their heads who, while it yet may be directed in its course, seek to quench instead of guiding it, be the ills which mis-used mental gifts so often wreak upon the possessors and all within their influence. All books, save a few tiresome and childish lessons on the minor morals of life, were debarred me, pens and paper removed from my reach, and my time incessantly occupied in needle-work, household affairs, and as much music, dancing and flower-drawing as would serve (in my mother's words) to set off my charms and get me a good husband. Sometimes, by way of flattering me into a renunciation of my reason, I was told that I had been born a beauty, but would have marred my charms by setting up for a genius had not they in their wisdom prevented me. Learning and genius in a woman! Oh! acme of iniquity—the horror of one sex, the dread of the other, and the never failing sign of a predestined old maid! But peace be with their memory! In the narrow circle of their views and feelings they knew not of the evil they were doing me. They knew not that to have cultivated and strengthened my understanding, to have guided and directed my imagination, to have controlled and purified my feelings, instead of repressing my faculties, which are the source of all that is good and beautiful in our souls, was the only method of making me a happy and reasonable being. My father filled a high situation in the Commissariat of the confederated army of the Rhine and was much from home. We lived in a very retired situation, and no strangers ever entered our house; thus I had no realities but the tamest and most wearisome to occupy my thoughts, and while my fingers were mechanically employed my mind wandered free and unconstrained over the regions of imagination, and sick unto death of the painful monotony of my life

whose sameness bred
Vexing conceptions of some sudden change,"

I fancied scenes of unreal beauty and romantic interest and lived but in them. But, at last, a change did in reality come; my mother had a rich old aunt with whom my brother had always resided; she became ill and sent for my mother to

nurse her, my father was from home and I was left alone in the castle. My mother had taken care to provide employment for me during her absence, and when I promised that the tasks she had left me should be finished against her return I little thought how soon they would be thrown aside. I watched the vehicle which took her away disappear with a feeling of loneliness unmingled with respect, and turning from the window sat down to my netting with a heavy sigh. For two days after my mother's departure, I was as industrious as even she could have wished, but the third day I could not resist the beauty which streamed in at my chamber window, and tempted me forth. I determined to explore that lovely green recess which I had so often gazed upon from a distance, and which slept so peacefully in the light of the long summer's day; I would climb to that old grey ruin which towered loftily yet protectingly above it, like some time worn old warrior bending over a gentle and beautiful child. I would gather wild lilies from the river's brink, and roses from the copse that fringed it, and wander unbidden and unseen. With these thoughts a glad freshness seemed to rush into my heart and brain, like the pure breath of heaven on the brow of the captive, when his prison door is unbarred. I felt like one who leaves his dungeon behind, and looks up into the clear blue sky, yet at times can scarcely believe in the reality of his freedom, as I wandered through the leafy paths and flowery meadows and up into the wild wood on whose glens I had so often before gazed longingly. It was one of those evenings whose rich and golden beauty fills the soul with an intensity of delight like the fabled Elysium. The play of sunshine among the whispering leaves of the trees, upon the mountain side, on the ancient ruin, and the silver shining rivulet which stole past my feet to mingle with the kingly river below seemed to me like the glad dance of aerial beings; all heaven and earth were steeped in loveliness and bliss, and my soul drank deep draughts of enjoyment from their unsealed fountains. "Oh, beautiful, mysterious Nature!" I exclaimed, "that I could read thy deep love and hold communion with thy wondrous secrets! Oh! that I could this moment unsphere some celestial Intelligence and learn from his lips the mysteries of creation, and of my own soul!"

A gentle voice close at my side answered to my invocation, "And if that were possible you might not be the happier! knowest thou not that the fruit of the tree of knowledge brought evil and death into the world?"

So sweet were the accents of the speaker that,

instead of alarming me, they sunk into the depths of my heart, and melted into the sweet feelings which agitated it like one strain of harmony into its kindred tones. Leaning against a rocky fragment at my side was a young stranger; and as I gazed upon his pure and spiritual countenance, I almost believed that my prayer had been granted; that in very truth some spirit from the skies had come down to satisfy my soul's thirst, which I had never been permitted to quench at earth's springs. But even that thought failed to make me shrink or tremble before him, and I seemed to find my soul grow and spring beneath his clear glance as if it had that moment been purified from the dust which had hitherto choked it. So I answered "I desire not the knowledge of evil, but let me be satisfied with good, for surely good must abound in so fair a world."

The stranger shook his head sadly, "It cannot be thus," he said, "the fruit of good and evil grow together and together must they be tasted."

"And am I not to learn to choose the good and reject the evil?" I asked.

"That is the great lesson of life," he replied, "But you cannot reject the sorrow which must accompany it, as the shadow does light. Know you not the words of the Holy Book: 'He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow!' No mortal alchemy can separate them."

"Then let it be so," I said. "Feed my hungry spirit, and let that sorrow which you say is the shadow of knowledge come also. For the sake of the one, I will welcome the other."

"I take you at your word," he answered, moving a step towards me; "give me the lily you hold in your hand, and take this rose as the sign of the compact between us."

Without a hesitating thought I placed the lily in his hand and received from him the rose.

"Come to this spot to-morrow evening when the shadows fall across the stream as now," he said, and waving his hand in farewell, he disappeared among the trees, leaving me in a state of wild and excited curiosity and wonder which it would be impossible for me to describe.

Often as I slowly descended the hill I would have believed the whole a dream, but for the rose which I held in my hand. When I reached home I shut myself up in my own room, and abandoned myself to the wildest imaginings. I had from infancy drank in with delight the wild tales in which all German peasants believe, and legends of nixies, gnomes, oak-kings, elves, and wood-demons, floated through my mind as I looked forth on the mountain where I had met the stranger, its hollows looking dark and mysterious

beneath the gathering twilight. I asked myself if it were possible that he could be one of those treacherous and malicious beings, or perhaps a demon of still more evil nature. But then I remembered the truth which seemed to dwell in his eyes, the nobleness impressed on his forehead, the persuasive tones of his voice, and I rejected the idea with scorn. Besides had he not repeated the words of the Holy Book, which no evil spirit could do with impunity; a demon, a hobgoblin he could not be. He was then either a holy spirit or a being of earth like myself; if the former, his purpose could only be good, if the latter he must be one of earth's noblest creatures from whom I could fear nothing. My imagination however, rather delighted in supposing him an inhabitant of a purer world whom my passionate invocation in an auspicious hour had drawn down, and who would impart to me truths which would enlighten my dark mind. These were strange fancies, but perhaps not very unnatural in a girl of sixteen, whose imagination and feelings were so vivid and keen, whose intellect had been checked in its efforts after alimant, and who was totally ignorant of human nature and of the world.

I slept none that night, but in the moonlight which streamed in through my window, I seemed to behold the calm figure of the stranger, and those features which so strongly bore the impress of a great soul. The next day I was like one in a dream, till the hour approached, at which I was again to meet him. I found him leaning against the same fragment of rock, while the little stream flowed softly at his feet. His countenance brightened at my approach, and as he sprang eagerly forward to greet me, he said,

"See how safely I have preserved your flower," and he drew the lily from his bosom with its freshness scarcely faded.

"I also have kept your rose," I replied, and I shewed him the faded petals which had fallen from their stem.

He smiled somewhat sadly as he asked.

"How is it that my gift has withered so much sooner than yours?"

"But its fragrance still remains," I said, eagerly.

Now he smiled more brightly than before, and causing me to sit down, he asked,

"Do you still love knowledge and woe rather than ignorance and peace?"

"Yes," I said, "more than life itself."

"And yet is there another maiden, beautiful, rich and happy as thou art, who could make such a choice?"

"Beautiful!" I exclaimed, "I care not for

beauty. I wish I had never possessed it, for then, perhaps, I might have been permitted to seek happiness where I am now forbidden to tread. Rich! There can be no riches where the soul is poor. Happy! I am miserable, for the things which I love, I am commanded to hate, and the things which I hate, I am commanded to love; and therefore there is a continual strife in my mind."

"And what if I should shew you that in the soul of every human being who aspires to true happiness, to immortal life, that strife must in some way or other go on?"

"Teach me then," I said, "for what end that strife was ordained, and if it may ever cease."

Then I told him the history of my life, which was rather the history of my thoughts and feelings, to which he listened with evident interest, and when I ceased, he said a few wise, clear words, which seemed to let a new light into my soul. He shewed me that in the pure spirit of self-sacrifice, in love "wide as ether," in obedience to the voice of God within us, and in the growing wisdom and virtue of our souls, consists the only true nobleness of life; to which all we see, and hear, and feel, and do, and suffer, conduce, if we do but learn our lessons of life rightly. He expatiated on the beauty of that divine nature, in which he so much delighted, and the truths which it taught, till my spirit seemed imbued with a kindred light, a radiance dimly reflected from that which shone so brightly in him.

From that time, I spent an hour every day, and sometimes more, with my unknown instructor, in the lovely mountain glen. He taught me the love of the stars and the flowers, the wisdom of philosophy, the beauty of poetry, and he taught me to love the sea-encircled Albion, her literature, her language and her people, for they were his own; and our only lecture-room was the lonely mountain hollow. There I learned to worship and adore not only the treasures of intellect and genius which he displayed before my wondering view, but him who was to me the personification of all wisdom and virtue. And he did not misunderstand me, for he saw that my heart was pure, and loved me the better for that child-like innocence, which led me to over-step the rules of worldly propriety for his sake. I soon ceased to believe that he was a supernatural being, though I still continued to reverence him as such, but when I asked him his name and abode, he gayly answered, that he dwelt in the forest and the mountain, and that his name must not yet be told. When he thus spoke and I gazed upon his deep eyes, it seemed to me that in them lay a secret

and nameless power of fascination, like that which dwells in all mysterious or fathomless depths, and of which Goethe has sung in his lay of the Fisherman, whom the Mermaid dragged down to the abyss of ocean. For me, at least, those eyes had an irresistible attraction, and I could have followed them through time and eternity. At last I learned his history. He was the son of honorable but poor parents, who had denied themselves almost the necessaries of life that he might receive the highest education England could give. In almost boyhood he had obtained some literary eminence, but he had then left his native land and the honors which were opening to him, to wander for many years in various climes, that he might study the great volumes of creation and humanity before he aspired to a place among the Illustrious Dead. On the rich and lovely Rhine he paused for a while, where the beauty and magnificence of nature were so happily blended with the wild and chivalrous remnants of other days; there he met me. He had never before even hinted at his feelings for me, but now he told me that he loved me—that I was dearer to him than aught on earth, and by the side of the stream we mingled our vows. Oh! even now after the lapse of so many dark years, the bliss of that hour rises up before me!"

Madame Von Werfenstein paused for many moments; a pause which Max did not venture to break.

"He told me," she resumed, "that he would gain my parents' consent to our marriage—that he was able to support me in sufficient competence to satisfy them, and that for my sake he would more ardently than ever strive to gain a name which should make them well-pleased with my destiny; but I answered that poverty and obscurity with him would be to me paradise; and we were happy, but not for long. My mother had been absent six months when she sent for me to join her. Our parting was bitter, in spite of the bright hopes with which Falkland tried to cheer me. We never met again!"

"On my arrival at my aunt's I soon discovered the purpose for which I had been summoned. My father was there, and with him a young Saxon officer, he who was afterwards my husband, and I was desired to receive him as my lover. At last I took courage to confess all. Their anger was at first unbounded, but when they saw that their reproaches only gave me greater firmness in refusing him, they calmed themselves and left me to indulge in something like hope. Several days passed over before the subject was renewed; then my father told me that he had taken measures to

discover the character of my lover, and had found that he was a spy of the English Government. I indignantly denied it, but my father coolly replied that its truth was proved by his arrest and removal to Paris a few days previous. In mercy all sensation left me at these dreadful words, and I sank into a death-like swoon. When I recovered a sudden thought flashed upon my despair; it might be all a fiction of my father's, but how was I to learn the truth. I believed the young Baron, Von Werfenstein, to be good and honorable, and I told him all. He listened with mingled disappointment, grief, and sympathy, and as I painted, with all the force of my passionate love, the noble character of Falkland he seemed to believe as I did, that he must be guiltless of such degrading meanness as my father had attributed to him. He added, however, that the innocence of my lover might not have protected him, and that he might be one of the many victims to that tyranny which then enthralled nearly all Europe; but he promised that all in his power should be done for Falkland, for my sake. He wrote to the Emperor, in whose favor he stood high, to intercede for the English student. He shewed me the answer. It stated that the English spy, Lucian Falkland, had died in the prison of the temple. I could no longer doubt the fatal truth. He was dead, and I too became dead to hope and joy. I cared not what became of me; the soul which Lucian had awakened, once more sank into lethargic slumber, I suffered them to do with me as they chose, and became the wife of your father. He brought me to his castle, far away from the scene of my brief dream of bliss, and his only object in life seemed to be to win my love and give me happiness again. But I desired only solitude and memory. One day I stood alone at the castle gate, when a pale emaciated man came up to the porter and asked permission to enter, alledging that he had tidings of deep interest for the Baroness. I scarcely heeded his words, but I saw that he looked poor and wretched, and I sympathized with all the miserable on earth, so I stepped forward and asked if I could serve him.

The man examined my wasted countenance for a while in apparent surprise.

"And you are the beautiful Wilmina Waldburg," he exclaimed.

"I was," I answered.

Then he told me that he had been a prisoner in the temple with Lucian Falkland, and they had been friends. He spoke of the lofty genius, the uncomplaining patience, the carelessness of self, and deep sympathy for others which he

whom I loved had shewn, till tears fell from my eyes like rain, but the rest of his tale soon dried their spring for ever, and made me feel as if molten lead had been poured upon my brain. My father intimated to the emissaries of Napoleon, that the young student had sought the Rhine for purposes hostile to the French Government. This was enough, Falkland was seized and thrown into prison. Confinement, privations, and anguish of mind contributed to destroy a constitution never very robust—he died, and with his last failing breath he begged his friend, should he ever escape from that living grave, to seek me and bear me the assurance of his deep and unchanged love, and his firm faith in mine, to tell me that my image illumined his dungeon and his death-bed, and that the hopes of an eternal re-union in a brighter and purer sphere should console my sorrow. He sent me the faded leaves of the lily which I had given him the first night we ever met. I have them still. The young German had been released from prison very soon after the death of Falkland, and when he reached his native land, he enquired for me. When he learned my marriage he mourned that so noble a soul, so tender a heart as his friend possessed, should have been wasted on one so utterly worthless as he believed me to be, but when he saw me, indignation was changed into pity. All this I heard, and yet I lived, I did not even lose my consciousness. I felt my whole being hardening to stone. But a serpent, awoke to life in my heart and twined its deadly folds around it. I had been cruelly, vilely deceived by those who ought to have protected me from such treachery, instead of themselves making me its victim, and even my husband whom I had believed so true and generous, he too had joined in the base plot.

"And did my father?" exclaimed Max.

"No! he was in reality all that I had first believed him, and he, as well as I was deceived. My father soon after my marriage, was killed, my mother became ill and died shortly after, but on her death-bed she confessed to me the cruel deceit in which she had participated. It was some consolation to learn that my husband was guiltless of the crime which had consigned to an early grave the genius and virtue of Falkland; the happiness and peace of her who loved him. But I could not give him a heart which was no longer capable of affection; the caresses of my innocent children filled me with anguish; I was dead to the present and the future. I lived only in the past, and often I longed to bury myself and all mankind in one universal tomb. Time, however, and the recollection of the beautiful and wise

philosophy which Lucian endeavored to teach me, has calmed my despair; and though coldness and austerity have become habitual to my manner and looks, my heart is now full of light and charity. You, however, take warning by what I have told you, and if you seek for happiness, make no one your wife, but her who loves you with her single, undivided heart."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her,
I think she doth and that's her cause of sorrow,
Alas! how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture.

SHAKESPEARE.

A FEW days after the funeral of Mr. Rolleston Lord Embsdenburg entered an elegant and tastefully decorated London drawing-room, where a young and lovely woman was arranging flowers in a vase. Her figure was small and slight, but formed with fairy-like grace and symmetry, and her features, though cast in the same petite mould, were exquisitely beautiful. She might have been chosen by some artist as a model for Undine before a soul had been infused into her aerial being. The bright fair curls, the soft rosy hue of the lips and cheeks, the pearly teeth, the lily fairness and waxen transparency of her complexion, the crystalline azure of her eyes, the fragile form and the playful winning capriciousness of her looks and manner were all those of Fouqué's lovely creation, and there was at times a lightness of tone and expression, glimpses of a fitful and wayward temper which seemed to prove that if she were not like the beautiful water-sprite devoid of a soul, that which she possessed had never been awakened. She was dressed in white mullin, and her fair flowing tresses were confined with a band of blue velvet clasped in the front with a sapphire stone. "Oh! you are very good to come," she exclaimed, placing her fairy hand in Lord Embsdenburg's, with a grace which seemed to accompany all her looks and actions, and with a bright flush on her cheek that seemed more like vanity than any softer feeling.

"Rather say you were very good to send for me," said Embsdenburg, gazing admiringly on her exquisite beauty! "How can I serve you! May I assist you to arrange those flowers?"

"Nay now," she answered, with a musical laugh; "you do think me quite a child. Can you really fancy I would send for you *only* for that! Though I know you have divine taste."

"Then, if you think so, let me help you. Unless there is any thing which I could do which would please you better."

"Oh! I am very easily pleased," cried the lady, shaking her sunny curls from her fair brow and laughing again, for she was not a little gratified by the soft flattery infused into Embsdenburg's look and tone; "but I want you to accompany me to a horrid place directly."

"A horrid place," said Embsdenburg, seating himself and beginning to form a bouquet, "what place could be called horrid which was brightened by Lady Chelmsford's presence?"

"Flattery of course, when Lord Embsdenburg speaks—but it is by my uncle Warrender's commands I go."

"Has he returned then?" asked Embsdenburg. "I thought he was still in Greece."

"No, he is in America now. I dare say he doesn't intend ever to return. Do you know," she added, playing with the petals of a flower, "I fancy he is in love. Is it not strange?"

"Not strange if the lady is young and fair," said Embsdenburg, in a peculiar tone, for then it is impossible to avoid it.

"Ah! but he is so old. It is not possible for him to feel love."

"At what age then do you suppose we become incapable of the passion?"

"Oh! I don't know. Thirty, perhaps. I shall really consider myself quite an old woman when I am thirty."

"Ah! you look at it through a long vista of years, but perhaps you mean that at that age we can no longer inspire the passion."

"Of course not, unless one were like Cleopatra or Ninon de l'Enclos, which no one is nowadays."

"Yet you see as great beauty as theirs could have been, every day at your toilet," exclaimed Embsdenburg.

The lady cast down her long lashes, and still playing with the silken camellia, said—"You jest, Lord Embsdenburg," with an accent which seemed to expect a contradiction. But Embsdenburg, already wearying of the insatiable vanity of the fair coquette, made no answer, till his companion in a pettish tone asked him of what he was thinking.

"I was trying to imagine to what strange place you were going to bring me," he answered.

"Then I suppose you dread the infiction?"

"It is enough for me to know that you will be there," he replied.

This compliment, however indispensable, having smoothed the fair lady's ruffled self-complacency, she resumed with fresh smiles.

"I am going to take you to my uncle's old ugly, dismal house to see some paintings by a transatlantic protege of his, which he declares are equal to the best works of the first modern

artists. He has requested me to bring all my acquaintances who are connoisseurs to see them. For myself I confess I have very little taste in the arts. I love simple, unadorned nature."

"And yet these flowers are all exotics," said Embsdenburg.

"But I do not love them half as well as the wild children of the fields, and would willingly discard them for primroses and cowslips, but unfortunately I cannot gather them in London."

"If you are serious in wishing for them I think I could procure you some even in London."

"Oh! I shall be delighted! How I hate you!" she added, apostrophising the beautiful flowers on the table; "Do ring that bell, and I will have those monstrous exotics sent away."

"Is it possible you can be so cruel? and the poor blossoms already expanding beneath the sunshine of your eyes. Do pray let me and the harmless exotics each have your pardon because we are not Rough Nature's Children. They are only somewhat more refined than the daisies and buttercups which you so much admire, and I than the ploughmen and carters whom perhaps you also think more worthy of admiration than the degenerate sons of polished life."

"How can you talk so? Daisies certainly are lovely little pets, but ploughmen—except of course Burns."

"Then as you cannot have either daisies or Burns now, forget them for a while, and praise this bouquet of mine."

"Indeed it is not so beautiful as mine—Look at this love, of an erica quite hidden," and she raised the delicate waxen-like blossom with her fair hand, Embsdenburg gently detained one slender finger

"Slight, small, white as milk."

and comparing it with the transparent purity of the erica blossom tinted with the palest shade of pink, he said in his softest accents: "This fairy finger might tempt any honey bee to gather its sweets instead of those of the flower its loveliness puts to shame."

Lady Chelmsford laughed, blushed, and, releasing her finger, proposed that they should go and visit the paintings.

On entering the apartment in which the works of Max were placed, Lady Chelmsford and her companion were first attracted by the Curse of Cain, with which the fine taste of Embsdenburg was immediately charmed. "It is strange!" he exclaimed, that an artist, capable of such a work, should not be better known."

"Oh! I suppose he is some horrid Yankee. How can you look so enraptured at that fearful picture? It makes me shudder with terror. But I am glad you

admire it, because you always set the fashion in such matters, and it will save me any further trouble. Now let us look at the other chef-d'œuvre." She accordingly tripped away, leaving Lord Embsdenburg still standing before the picture which had so deeply enchained his attention.

But his meditations were speedily interrupted by Lady Chelmsford's exclamations—"The Muse of Memory!" she cried, "perhaps it is a fancy portrait of the lady who has disturbed the calm tenor of his life; yet it looks far more like some Samia, or White Lady of avenel, or some such unnatural being than a descendant of mother Eve. Pray come here, Lord Embsdenburg, I think I have seen some one this painting is very like."

"Who is the lady to whom Mr. Warrender is going to be married?" asked Embsdenburg, still lingering before the Curse of Cain."

"I don't know. He doesn't mention her name, nor do I know that he really is going to be married, I only imagine it from the style of his letter—By the bye it is dated from some extraordinary out of the way place which no one ever heard of before, on purpose to mystify his friends I suppose. But do come and help me to recollect who this Muse of Memory resembles."

Embsdenburg somewhat reluctantly obeyed her summons, not expecting to see anything half so interesting as the painting he had left. The Muse of Memory! yes the memory of scenes and thoughts and feelings which slept in the secret recesses of his soul awoke at the sight. In all that vividness, with which in a dark night a flash of lightning reveals some object close beside, but concealed by the gloom before, he felt that it was his wronged forsaken, but still loved Helen that he beheld. No other ever united so proudly queen-like an air with such feminine softness and grace, a countenance so full of intellect and soul with such perfect loveliness of outward form. And yet, as he gazed like one in a dream how changed did she appear. With less of their haughtiness of conscious power and beauty than her attitude and look were wont to exhibit, but far more of that pure, spiritual dignity inseparable from mental superiority; the eyes, full of a deep melancholy, seemed to rest on all material objects as if they saw them not, and an indescribable expression of divine resignation and conquered suffering was diffused throughout every line. It smote the heart of Embsdenburg with a full conviction of his cruel treachery; and in a moment tore away the flimsy veil with which he sought to hide from himself his baseness, as before the spear of Ithuriel, the Tempter stood forth in his native deformity.

"Well, what do you think of her?" cried Lady Chelmsford; "have you ever seen any

one like it? Do you like the style of her costume? Is it Grecian? I should think so from the mode in which her hair is arranged." But she might have run on in this manner for ever, without obtaining the slightest attention from Embsdenburg, who was far too deeply absorbed by the portrait, on which his eyes seemed fastened as by the spell of an enchanter, to be even conscious of her presence. Opening her blue eyes to their very widest extent, and biting her pretty lips with vexation as she became aware of a fact so mortifying to her vanity, Lady Chelmsford raised her silvery voice somewhat, and, with very evident pique in her tones, exclaimed.

"What *can* be the matter with you, Lord Embsdenburg! What *can* you see in that picture to make you insensible to every thing else!" Finding this appeal as ineffectual as the last, she panted, colored, frowned, tossed her head, and, turning away in high disdain, became aware of the presence of a third person who had just entered. "Oh! Mr. Tennyson! is it you?" she cried. "I am rejoiced to see you. I really was beginning to feel quite lonely, for Lord Embsdenburg has thought proper to transfer all his attention to a picture. I suppose you also have come to see these wonderful paintings, wonderful they must be from their effect on Lord Embsdenburg. Look at him; perhaps you can tell why that portrait possesses such magic power over him; it has transformed him into a perfect Cymon."

Ernest gazed with emotion on the beautiful resemblance of his cousin, but remained silent. "Can you tell me who this painting recalls to my memory?" resumed Lady Chelmsford. "I have taken it into my head that it is the likeness of a lady who will soon be Mrs. Warrender."

These last words effected what all the previous coquettish efforts of the lady had failed to do. Embsdenburg started, and his lips parted to pronounce the word "never!" but his glance met the calmly contemptuous gaze of Ernest; the word died on his lips and he colored deeply.

"Upon my word!" cried Lady Chelmsford, "is the spell at last broken? Why I really thought your Lordship had been transformed into marble. Explain, explain! what is the witchery which lurks in that picture."

"Simply the witchery of beauty, which your ladyship ought to understand as well as any one on earth."

"No, not simply," said Ernest. "Like the Sibyls of old, Memory speaks volumes to those who will listen."

"Really you are both so mysterious it is impossible to understand you," cried Lady Chelmsford, "and I do not think I shall speak another word to either of you."

"Do not be so cruel, most beautiful Caprice," said Embsdenburg, beseechingly—"Grant me your pardon but this once and I shall never offend again." But a dissatisfied expression still lingered on her features.

"Do you really think that painting is handsome?" she asked, "who can it be it is so like?"

"It is very like my cousin, Helen Blachford, and I believe it is her portrait," said Ernest. Here was a wound to Lady Chelmsford's vanity and self-esteem. He on whom she believed her charms had made an indelible impression was still looking back with regret to his first love, and the sight of her picture had been sufficient to render him insensible to the very presence of the beautiful enchantress at his side.

"Miss Blachford," she exclaimed, "oh! then now the mystery is solved. And can she be the lady who has Mr. Warrender's heart?" she asked, looking maliciously at Embsdenburg.

"I don't think there is the least likelihood of my cousin marrying Mr. Warrender," said Ernest, coolly.

"Poor thing!" cried Lady Chelmsford; "of course she would be only too glad to marry any one who would take her out of that horrid America. Now, Lord Embsdenburg, if you can tear yourself from that fascinating picture to which I see your eyes wandering again, I shall be glad to return home."

Inexpressibly annoyed at having brought her fickle admirer within the sphere of that influence which he seemed unable to withstand, she hastened from the room; and Embsdenburg followed her, determining, however, to visit Ernest that very evening and learn from him Helen's present residence; the sight of her picture, and its saddened though unequalled beauty, having brought back in full tide all the love with which he had regarded her when they first met.

CHAPTER XXVI.

My ladie love! another's bride!
Oh! broken spell!
She hath not given herself to me.
Alas! farewell!

From the German of De la Motte Tonqué.

It was a sultry afternoon; the heavens appeared of the color of burning glass, and the sun's almost vestical rays scorched tree and flower. The notes of the grasshopper and the click of the flying locusts were the only sounds of life that were heard. The zephyrs slept deep in the cool shades with folded wings, and not one came forth to fan the rich aroma which exhaled from the fragrant pine woods. Once or twice a humming-bird,

like some Peri who had wandered from Southern climes, gleaned for an instant in the sunbeams and then vanished. In the Eastern horizon masses of curled clouds, tinted in part of a deep lurid hue rose above the green summits of the trees and rested movelessly there. Max Von Werfenstein was wandering idly through the wood which lay between Hemlock Knoll and Leafy Hollow, starting the blue pigeons from their coverts every now and then, when he came suddenly on a cluster of sugar maples, around which the trees had been partially cleared. Here he saw Brian O'Callaghan, laboring with his harmful hatchet, "On a blasted old oak," and as himself unseen, Max watched the force and vehemence with which the boy brought his blows to bear on the devoted tree, and the determined swing of his sinewy little arm, he could not help smiling at such an apparent waste of time and energy. As Brian chopped, he sung in his own gay insouciant manner.

"It's up the foggy mountain
And down the dewy glen;
For we are the boys that dar ye
We're all United Men!
We are the boys that dar ye
That dar ye, that dar ye
We are the boys that dare ye
For we're all United Men!"

Farther than this verse he seemed unable to get, for at its conclusion he always paused in his song, and after two or three tremendous blows on the dead oak commenced again.

From the day the young painter and Brian had together encountered danger on the ice for the sake of Helen Blachford, Max had felt a strong interest in the frank and gallant young Irish boy, and he now accosted him in a friendly tone.

"What did that old fellow do to you, Brian, that you have brought him to the ground before his time?"

"Oh! is that yerself, Mr. Max? By gorra the ne'er a bit of harum it ever done me, sir, but you see I was jist vent'in' my ill-humor on it, and sarvin' it the way I'd sarve some one else if I could."

"It's well that some one else is out of your way then," Max replied, laughing, "both for you and him. "But who is it that has thus mortally offended you?"

"It's well for him, sir, I'm thinkin' but I dunna whether its well for me or not. At any rate murdherin' that ould oak has done me a power of good. I don't feel so dangerous all out now."

"But you haven't told me what has put you in such a position, Brian."

"Who is it, sir? Oh! faix it's that Yankee

man, Mr. Iron Fist, or whatever you call him. I don't care about his name, but if I had him here I'd thry whether his fist or mine 'uld hould out the longest, as Iron a wan' as it is."

"Why, Brian," cried Max, laughing more than ever, "would such a little fellow as you have the temerity to attack such a giant as Mr. Fisk?"

"I'm little to be sure, sir, but I'm pretty tough, and I know them braggin' Yankees don't know how to use their fingers. Nothing but knives and pistols suit *them*."

"How has Colonel Fisk offended you?" asked Max.

"Troth, sir, just by making a fool of one who ought to know better nor to believe his nonsense. It's more her fault nor his."

"Whose fault? I cannot understand you."

"Lydy's fault, sir. Didn't she tell me not an hour gone that she intended to be Mrs. Fisk. As sure as you're standin' there she did, Mr. Max; and I know myself he's been talkin' baldherdash to her whin he could get hould of her this long time back. Bad luck to him for a dhried eel-skin as he is! whin he seen he had no chance of the mistress he turned to the maid!"

"Do you mean that Colonel Fisk wishes to marry Lydia?" asked Max, somewhat surprised.

"Faix he does, sir, and 'uld marry her to-morrow, if she'd have him for as great a gentleman as he purtends to be. Not but the girl's too good for the likes ov him."

"I suppose," said Max, smiling, "you wish her to become Mrs. O'Callaghan instead of Mrs. Fisk."

"You've hot it, sir," answered Brian, coolly, "that's just it."

"Why, Brian, you can hardly be more than sixteen."

"Bydad, sir, I'm that and two years more. I was eighteen the first of last month, sir. Faix my father was married whin he was a year younger. You think I'm only a boy because I'm little, but I'm ould enough."

"Not very old, Brian, according to your own showing. But how do you intend to support a wife?"

"Sure, sir, ant there plenty of land to knock up a shelther on, and plenty of wood to build it with, and haven't I health and strength to work, thank God! and the will to do it? Oh no fear but I'd be able to support her asy enough wid the help of God. Whin a boy marries for love first, he may get the money afther, but if he waits to get the money, first it's likely the love'll be all gone by the time it has come. However, I'm not all out so unperviden' as you think, sir, I'd wait a year or

maybe two till I'd something saved, if I thought I'd get her thin, and that she wouldn't be throwin' herself away on that long walkin' stick of a man."

"Yet, Brian, there is a great difference between the lady of Colonel Orrin Fisk, Panther Cove House, and the wife of Brian O'Callaghan, owner of a little shanty, to a girl of Lydia's rank."

"Och, there's some differ to be sure, sir, but then it's in more ways nor one—and bydad if that's her way of thinkin' she may be any man's wife for me; I'd never waste a second thought on a girl that 'uld vally goold more nor love. I never would."

"Do you think then that she loves you, Brian?"

"In course I do, sir," answered Brian, stoutly, "I've very good rason to think it. Though, to be sure," he added, less confidently, "there's no comin' up to the women. It's very hard to tell whin they care for a boy, or whin they don't, for sometimes whin they seem the foudest they care the laste and very often whin they seem the couldest they care the most, and that's the way it goes. But I'll never put dependence on them again afther Miss Helen."

"Miss Helen—what of her, what do you mean?" stammered Max.

"Sure, sir, every man, woman and child about the place says she's goin' to be married to Mr. Warrender.—"

"Nonsense—" exclaimed Max, angrily.

"It's no nonsense, sir—Mrs. Grace says it's true, and sure she ought to know. By gorra, sir, it's very hard to understand ladies any more nor poor girls."

Max glared at him for a moment, turned, and was soon hidden from Brian's sight amidst the mazes of the wood.

"I wish I hadn't tould him," said Brian, looking after him. "I'm afeard he'll take it to heart terrible. He's not like other people—maybe he'll do himself a mischief. I wish I had held my tongue, bad seran to me! But sure he must have hard it sometime, and it's as good at first as at last. Howsomer I'll go afther him and see if it's home he's goin,' though maybe if he sees me he'll do me some harum, for he looked as fierce as Neil Dhew. Divil a matther! I'll follow him any way!" and with this manful resolution Brian pursued the path Max had taken.

THE FOES WHO ONCE WERE FRIENDS.

When rival nations, great in arms,
Great in power, in glory great,
Fill the world with war's alarms
And breathe a temporary hate.

The hostile storms but rage awhile
And the tried contest ends;
But ah! how hard to reconcile
The foes who once were friends!

Each hasty word, each look unkind,
Each distant hint that seems to mean
A something lurking in the mind,
Which hardly bears to lurk unseen:
Each shadow of a shade offends
The embittered foes who once were friends.

That Power alone who formed the soul
And bade the springs of passion play,
Can all these jarring chords control,
And make them yield to concord's sway.
'Tis He alone, whose breath of love
Did o'er the world of waters move,
Whose touch the mountains bend;
Whose word from darkness called forth light;
'Tis He alone can re-unite
The foes who once were friends.

WHAT ARE YOU DREAMING?

What are you dreaming, *ma bouchleen bawn!**
What are you dreaming, my sorrow's son?
Is it dreaming you are, of the hills afar,
That are green in the hearts of old Ireland!

Well may her hills be green to view,
Are they not sown with a precious dew?
The tears shed for thee, *och Erin machree!* †
From many a heart in old Ireland.

Sweet be thy dreaming, *acushla machree,* ‡
Would that a smile my poor guest could be—
That my heart could forget, though with tears it
were wet,
The days I have seen in old Ireland.

Days that my eyes shall never see more,
When the least of my titles was *Mary asthore;* §
But sorrow came down upon *Erin aroon,* ¶
And left me alone in old Ireland.

Not a kind face in this world of unrest,
Mavourneen, ¶ but thine, nestled close to my
breast;
*Acushla machree!**** art thou dreaming of me,
Lying low in thy grave in old Ireland!

Smile as thy father did, child of my love!
Live as thy father did, beautiful dove!
Die as he died, with a hope at thy side,
That a good day shall come for old Ireland.

* My fair little boy. † Oh Erin, my heart. ‡ Light
of my heart. § Mary, my treasure. ¶ Ireland dear.
¶ My darling. ** Pulse of my heart.

NOAH COTTON:

A TALE OF CONSCIENCE.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

On the road to S——, a sea-port town, on the east coast of England, there stood, in my young days, an old-fashioned, high-gabled, red brick cottage. The house was divided into two tenements, the doors opening in the centre. A rustic porch shaded the entrance on the left, from the scorching rays of the sun and the clouds of dust that rose from the public road in front. Some person, whose love of flowers had survived amidst the crushing cares of poverty, had twined around the rude trelice work, the deliciously fragrant branches of the briar rose, which, during the spring and summer months, loaded the air with its sweet breath.

The door to the right, although unmarked by sign or checker board, opened into a low, hedge tavern of very ill-repute, well known through the country by the name of the "Brig's Foot," which it derived from its near proximity to the bridge that crossed the river Blythe, or slow moving, muddy stream, whose brackish waters seemed to have fallen asleep upon their bed of fat, black ooze, while creeping onward to the sea.

The "Brig's Foot" was kept by the widow Magub and her son, both persons of notoriously bad character. The old man had been killed in a drunken brawl, and his name was held in such ill-odor that his ghost was reported to haunt the road which lead to R—— church-yard, which formed the receptacle, but it should seem, not the resting-place for the dead.

None but persons of the very lowest description frequented the tavern. Beggars made it their head quarters; smugglers and poachers, their hiding-place; and sailors on shore for a spree, the scene of their drunken revels. The honest laborer shunned the threshold as a moral pest house, and the tired traveller who called there once, seldom repeated the visit. The magistrates, who ought to have put down the place as a public nuisance, winked at it as a necessary evil; the more to be tolerated, as it was half a milé beyond the precincts of the town.

Outwardly, the place had some attractive features, it was kept so scrupulously clean. The so white, the floor so nicely sanded,

and the pewter pots glistened like silver on the polished oak table that served for a bar, while the sleek tabby cat purred so peacefully on the door sill, that it seemed to invite the pedestrian to shelter and repose. Martha Magub, the mistress of the domicile, was a bad woman in the *fullest* sense of the word. Cunning, hard-hearted and avaricious, without pity, without remorse; a creature so hardened in crime, that conscience had long ceased to offer the least resistance to its constant perpetration. Unfeminine in mind and person, you could scarcely persuade yourself that the coarse, harsh features, and bristling hair about her upper lip, belonged to a female, had not the tameless tongue, ever active in abuse and malice, asserted its claims to the weaker sex, and rated and scolded through the long day, as none but the tongue of a bad woman can rate and scold.

An accident in childhood had deprived the hideous crone of the use of one of her legs, which she dragged after her with the help of a crutch; and though she could not move quickly herself in consequence of this lameness, she was an excellent hand at quickening the motions of those who had the misfortune to be under her control.

Her son, Robert, who went by the familiar appellation of Bully Bob, was the counter part of his mother. A lazy, drunken blackguard, who might be seen from morning till night, lounging with his pipe in his mouth, on the well-worn settle at the door, humming some low ribald song to chase away the lagging hours, till night aroused him from his sluggish stupor, to mingle with gamblers and thieves in their low debauch. The expression of this young man's face was so bad, and his manners and language so coarse and obscene, that he was an object of dislike and dread to his low associates, who regarded him as a fit subject for the gallows. In the eyes of the hideous old crone, his mother, Bob was a very fine young man, a desirable mate for any farmer's daughter in the country.

The old Spanish proverb. "Poverty makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows," was never more fully exemplified than in the case of these people, and their next door neighbors.

Dorothy Grimshawe was the widow of a fisherman, whose boat foundered in the dreadful storm of the 10th of October, 1826. Like many others who sailed from the little port, high in health and hope, expecting to reap a fine harvest from the vast shoals of herrings that annually visit that coast, Daniel Grimshawe fell a prey to the spoiler death, that stern fisher of men.

After the gale subsided on the following morning, the beach for miles was strewn with pieces of wreck, and the bodies of forty drowned men were cast on shore. Most of these proved to be natives of the town, and the bodies were carried to the town-hall, and notice was given to the wives of the absent fishermen, to come and claim their dead.

This awful summons speedily collected a crowd of women and children to the spot, and Dorothy and her three little ones came with the rest.

"Thank God! my man is not there," said a poor woman, coming out with her apron to her face. "The Lord save us! 'tis a fearful sight!"

"He may be food for crabs at the bottom of the sea," said a hoarse voice from the crowd. "You are not going to flatter yourself, Nancy, that you are better off than the rest."

"Oh, oh, oh!" shrieked the poor woman, thus deprived by envy of the anchor of hope to which she clung. "I trusted in the mercy of God! I could not look to the bottom of the salt deep."

"Trust in Providence yet, Nancy, and all will be well," said an old sailor; "it is He who rules the winds and waves, and brings the storm-tossed ship into a safe harbor."

"But what has he done for these poor men?" said Nancy; "were they worse than the rest?"

"It is not for us to make light that which He has left in darkness," returned the old man with a heavy sigh. "He took three fine lads of mine in one night, and left me childless; but it is not for the like o' me to murmur against Him. I always trusted to His providence, and I found that it gave me strength in the hour of danger." "But come, Dorothy," he cried, turning to Mrs. Grimshawe, "it is no use crying and hanging back, it is your turn to go in. May hap' Dan has escaped the storm, and is spreading a white sheet to the fine fresh breeze this morning."

"My heart feels like a stone in my breast, I dare not go forward," said Dorothy, "I know, I feel that he is there."

"Shall I go for you! I have known Dan from a boy!"

"Oh! no, no! I must see with my own eyes," said Dorothy, hurrying forward into the hall, "nothing else will convince me that he is safe."

Trembling with anxiety, the poor woman entered the melancholy place of death. The bodies were arranged in rows along the floor, and covered decently with coarse clean sheets. The mournful and mysterious silence which always broods above the dead, was broken by sighs and sobs, and the voice of passionate weeping; and wives, mothers and little children were collected in heart-rending groups around some uncovered and dearly loved face, whose glassy eyes staring and motionless, were alike unconscious of their presence or their tears.

Mrs. Grimshawe recoiled with a sudden backward step, and the blood forsook her cheeks. "What if he is here?" She pressed her hand tightly upon her breast, the stifled cry of fear and agony that burst from her lips almost choked her. She clutched to the bare walls for support, and panted and gasped for breath. A little hump-backed child, after casting upon her a look of unutterable pity, slowly advanced to the first shrouded figure, and kneeling down and reverentially lifting the sheet, gazed long and sadly upon the object beneath. "Father," murmured the child. No other word escaped her quivering lips, as meekly lying her head upon the breast of the dead seaman, she kissed his cold brow, cheeks and lip, with devoted affection. Then rising from her knees she went to her pale, weeping, distressed mother, and taking her gently by the hand led her up to the object of her search.

The winds and the waves are sad disfigurers, but Mrs. Grimshawe instantly recognized in the distorted features so marred in their conflict with the elements, the husband of her youth, the father of her orphan children, and with one loud appalling shriek, she fell upon the bosom of the dead. Rough, pitiful hands lifted her up, and unclasped the rigid fingers that tightened about his neck, and bore her gently to her desolate home.

Weeks went by, and the fisherman slept in his peaceful grave, and his little children had ceased to weep and ask for their father, before the poor widow awoke to a consciousness of her terrible loss, and altered circumstances. During the period of her mental derangement, her wants had been supplied by some charitable ladies in the neighborhood, but, shortly after her restoration to reason, she became the victim of palsy, and in the meridian of life, and the full use of all her mental faculties, she found her physical strength prostrate, and her body a useless, broken machine, no longer responsive to the guidance, or obedient to the will of the possessor. An *active* soul shut up in a dead body, an imprisoned bird vainly beating itself against the walls of its cage.

Human nature can scarcely present a more melancholy spectacle, speech, sight, and hearing were still hers, but the means of locomotion were lost to her for ever. The full extent of her calamity did not strike her at first. Hope whispered that the loss of the use of her lower limbs was only temporary, brought on by the anguish of her mind, that time and the doctors' medicines would restore her to health and usefulness. Alas, poor Dorothy! how long did you cling to these vain hopes. How reluctantly did you at last admit that your case was hopeless, that death could alone release you from a life of helpless suffering. Then came terrible thoughts of the workhouse, and being parted from your children—and the drop was ever upon your cheek, and the sigh rising to your lips. Be patient, poor afflicted one, God has smitten, but not forsaken you—pity still lives in the human heart, and help is nearer than you think.

In her early life, Dorothy had lived for several years nursery maid in a clergyman's family. One of the children entrusted to her care was very fond of her, and was now a wealthy merchant in the town. Mr. Robinson heard of her distress, and gave her part of the brick cottage, rent free, during her life—sent her two youngest daughters to school, and settled a small annuity upon her which, though inadequate to the wants of one so perfectly dependent, greatly ameliorated the woes of her condition.

Dorothy had resided for several years in the house before the Magubs came to live under the same roof. They soon showed what manner of people they were, and annoyed the poor widow with their rude and riotous mode of life; but complaints were useless.

Mr. Robinson was travelling with his bride on the Continent, and his steward, who had accepted the Magubs for tenants, laughed at Dorothy's complaints, and bluntly told her "that beggars could not be choosers, and that she might be thankful that she had a comfortable, warm roof over her head, without having to work hard for it like her neighbors." She acknowledged the truth of the remark, and endeavored to submit to her fate with a good grace.

Her eldest daughter, Mary, the hunchback, before alluded to, was the greatest comfort to the poor afflicted woman—as she seldom left her bedside, and was ever at hand to administer to her wants.

Mary was a neat, and rapid plain-sewer, and she contributed greatly to her mother's necessities, by the dexterity with which she plied her needle. Besides her deformity, which was ren-

dered doubly conspicuous by her diminutive stature and slight make, Mary was afflicted with such an impediment in her speech, that it was only the members of her own family that could at all understand the meaning of the uncouth sounds in which she tried to communicate her ideas. So sensible was she of this terrible defect, and the ridicule she drew upon herself from thoughtless and unfeeling people, that she seldom spoke to strangers, and was considered by many as both deaf and dumb.

Poor Mary! she was one of the meekest of God's creatures, a most holy martyr to patience and filial love. What a warm heart: what depths of tenderness and affection dwelt in the cramped confines of that little misshapen body. Virtue in her was like a bright star seen steadily shining through the dark clouds of a very stormy night. The traveller, while contemplating its beauty, forgot the blackness and gloom of the heavy surrounding atmosphere.

How plainly I can recal her face, after the long lapse of years. The dark, sallow countenance, deep sunken, and pitiful, pleading eyes—those dark, intelligent, deep-set, iron grey eyes, that served her for a tongue, and were far more eloquent than speech, as they gleamed from beneath her strongly-marked, jet black eyebrows. The thin lips that seldom unclosed to give utterance to what was passing in her mind, and that never smiled, and that yet held such a treasure of pearls within. Nature had so completely separated her from her kind, that mirth would have appeared out of place. She was ugly in form and feature; but the goodness of the soul, enshrined in that humble, misshapen tenement, shed over her natural deformities a spiritual and holy light.

From the time of her father's death, Mary had worked steadily at her needle to support herself and the rest of the family. The constant assiduity with which she plied her task greatly increased the projection of her shoulder, and brought on occasional spitting of blood, and a low, hacking cough. The parish doctor, who attended her mother, and who felt interested in her good, dutiful child, assured her that she must give up her sedentary employments, or death would quickly terminate her labors. But how then could she contribute to the support of her family, while her mother's helpless condition required her constant care? To go into service was impossible—who would hire a domestic who had delicate health, and was deformed and unintelligible? and Mary, for the first time, felt the bitter curse of hopeless poverty, and the sense of her own weakness and deformity fell heavily upon her soul.

In this emergency, Mrs. Magub offered her a trifling weekly stipend to attend during the day at the bar, and to assist her in keeping the house fit for the reception of customers—she knew her to be honest and faithful, and she was too ugly to awaken any interest in the heart of her stolid worthless son.

Mary hesitated a long time before she accepted the offer of her bad neighbor, but her mother's increasing infirmities, and the severe illness of her youngest sister, Charlotte, left her no choice; and day after day, you might see the patient hunchback performing the menial drudgeries of the little inn, silent and self-possessed, an image of painful endurance, in a house of violence and crime. It was to her care that the house owed its neatness and outward appearance of respectability. It was her active industrious nature that arranged and ordered its well-kept household stuff; that made the walls so cheery, the grate so gay with flowers, and the glittering array of pewter so bright. It was her taste that had arranged the branches of the wild rose to twine so gracefully over the rustic porch that shaded her sick mother's dwelling, who, forbidden by the nature of her disease to walk abroad, might yet see from her pillow the fragrant boughs of the briar, bud, and blossom, while she inhaled their sweetness in every breeze that stirred the white, cotton curtains, that shaded her narrow casement.

Mary's native sense of propriety was constantly shocked by unseemly sights, and coarse words; but their impurity served to render vice more disgusting in her eyes, and to strengthen that purity of heart from which she derived all her enjoyments. Night released her from the never-ending toils enforced by her harsh mistress, and brought her back to be a ministering angel at the sick bed of her mother and sister. These sisters I must now introduce to my readers, for with one of them my tale has mostly to do.

Mr. Robinson had paid for the instruction of these girls at the village school, in which they had been taught all sorts of plain work, and had mastered all the difficulties of Mavor's spelling book.

Unlike Mary, they were both pretty, delicate-looking girls, ready of speech, and remarkably pleasing in their person and manners.

Sophy, the second, had worked for some time with a milliner in the town, and had now commenced making dresses in a humble way for the servants in respectable families. She had to work very hard for a small remuneration, and being rather vain of her pretty face, and fond of dress, all her earnings were laid out upon herself.

As her sewing was done chiefly at home, she attended upon her mother, and prepared their frugal meals during the absence of her sister.

What Wordsworth said of Lucy Gray was truly applicable of Charlotte Grimshawe, she was—

"The sweetest flower that ever grew
Beside a cottage door—"

Contented in the midst of poverty, happy in the consciousness of moral improvement, patient under suffering, and pious without cant or affectation, she offered a rare example of Christian resignation to the will of God. While learning at school the gospel as a task, it had pleased God to open her eyes to the glorious inheritance offered through Christ to the children of men, and, like the man who found the pearl of great price, she had given her whole heart and soul to God, that she might obtain it.

The sorrows and trials of her lowly lot were to her but stepping-stones to the heavenly land, on which all her hopes were placed, and she regarded the consumption which wasted her feeble body, and confined her to the same bed with her mother, as the means employed by God to release her from the sufferings of earth, and open for her the gates of heaven.

How earnestly, yet how tenderly, she tried to inspire her mother with the same hopes that animated her heart—she read to her, she prayed with her, and endeavored to explain that mysterious change which had been wrought in her own soul and which now, in the prospect of death, filled her with such inexpressible joy.

This reading of the Scriptures was a great consolation to the poor widow; and one day she remarked, in a tone of deep regret—"who will read the Bible to me, Charlotte, when you are gone? Mary cannot read: and if she could, who could understand her? and Sophy hates every thing that is serious, and would not trouble herself to read to me."

"I have been thinking over that much of late," said the sick girl; "the doctor said yesterday that I might survive for six or seven weeks longer—during that time, dearest mother, could I not teach you to read?"

"At fifty years of age?" and the poor widow laughed at the enthusiasm of her child.

"And why not, Mother?" said Charlotte, calmly. "It would be a great comfort to you, during the long, lonely hours you pass in bed; the thing may appear difficult, but I assure you that it is not impossible."

"I will try to please you, my good child," said Dorothy, "but you will find me so stupid, that you will give it up as a bad job."

"With God all things are possible," said Charlotte, meekly; "with his blessing we will begin to-morrow."*

It was a strange but beautiful sight, to see that dying girl lying in the same bed, instructing her sick mother; a sight which drew tears from other eyes besides mine. And virtue triumphed over obstacles which appeared insurmountable; before death summoned the good daughter to a better state, she had the inexpressible joy of hearing her mother read distinctly to her Christ's sermon on the Mount. As the old woman concluded her delightful task, the grateful girl, folding her hands together in a sort of ecstasy, gently exclaimed, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace"—Her prayer was granted, and a few minutes after this good and faithful servant entered into the joy of her Lord.

This painful separation, though long expected by Dorothy Grimshawe, was felt with keen anguish. The tuneful voice was silent, that for day and night for many weeks had spoken peace to her soul. The warm young heart was still, that had so ardently hoped and prayed for her salvation. But deep as was the mother's grief for her dutiful child, the sorrow of poor Mary for this her beloved sister, who had been the idolized pet of her own joyless childhood, was greater still. Worn down with an incurable disease Mrs. Grimshawe looked forward to a speedy re-union with the departed, but years of toil and suffering might yet be reserved for the patient creature who never was heard to murmur over her painful lot.

The death of the young Charlotte, the peacemaker, the comforter, the monitor, to the rest of the household, was as if her good angel had departed, and the sunshine of heaven had become dim by her absence. "Oh, my sister!" she murmured to her soul, "thou wert dear to all—but, oh, how dear to me! No one on earth loved the poor hunchback, or could read the language of her heart like you. To others always dumb and uncouth, to you my voice was natural, for it spoke to you of feelings and hopes which you alone could understand."

Mrs. Magub grumbled and scolded at Mary, that for weeks after Charlotte's death, she performed her wonted tasks with less alacrity, and wandered to and fro like one in a dream. Sometimes the pent up anguish of her heart found a vent in sad and uncouth sounds. "A gibberish," her mistress said "which was enough to frighten all the customers from the house."

*This touching scene was witnessed by the author.

Mary had other causes of annoyance to grieve and perplex her, independent of the death of her sister. For some weeks past, the rude, uncouth Robert had shewn a decided preference for her sister, Sophy, whom he proclaimed to his bad associates, as the prettiest gal in the neighborhood—The only gal that he cared a bit for, or deemed worth a fellow's thoughts; but then the gal was poor, too poor for him—he wanted some un with cash that would enable him to open a good public house in the town. His mother, the old jade, would tear his eyes out, if she only suspected him of casting an eye at Sophy Grimshawe. This delicate avowal of his selfish liking for her sister filled Mary with a thousand indefinite fears. Sophy, of late, had been able to obtain little work. She was silent and dejected, and murmured constantly against her poverty, and the want of every thing that could render life tolerable. Sometimes she talked of going to service, but against this her mother objected, as she had no one else during the day to wait upon her, or speak to her. But more generally she expected that some rich man would marry her, and place her above want and work. "I care not," she would say, "how old or ugly he might be, if he would but take me out of this, and make a lady of me."

Mary shook her head, and tried, in hoarse ejaculations, to express her disapprobation of her sister's immoral avowal, while she fixed upon her those piercing eyes which seemed to look into her very soul. Those eyes which, gleaming through fast falling tears, made the vain girl shiver and turn away.

"Sophy," said her poor mother, "Mary cannot speak her thoughts; but I can speak them for her—Would you sell your soul for money?"

"Any thing, mother, to get rid of this weary life—all day chained down to my needle, and all night kept awake by the moans of the sick. At eighteen years of age, is it not enough to drive me mad?"

"It is what the Lord has been pleased to appoint; it is a heavy burthen, doubtless, but look at Mary, her lot is still harder than yours, and yet she never repines."

"She is not exposed to the same temptation. Nature has placed her beyond it. Her deformity, and that frightful impediment in her speech, render her an object of disgust. Who could fall in love with Mary, or admire her. Young people call her hideous, but they do not laugh at her for being shabby and poor, as they do at me."

This speech was made under the influence of vehement passion, and was concluded with a burst of tears.

Her words inflicted a deep wound in the heart

of the poor deformed girl. For the first time, she felt degraded in her own eyes; the afflictions under which she labored a disgrace, and she wished that she had been deaf as well as unintelligible. But she forgave her sister for the unmerited reproach, and, wiping the tears from her pale, dark cheek, she smoothed the pillows for her sick mother, and murmured with a sigh:

"Lord, it was thy hand that smote me, let me not rebel against thy will."

The old woman was greatly excited by the conduct of her youngest daughter. She sat up in the bed, gazing alternately from the one to the other.

"Mary, my darling!" she cried, at last, when she saw the deformed striving to conceal the emotion which convulsed her whole frame, "bear with patience the sinful reproaches of this foolish, weak girl. It would be well for her if the image of her God was impressed upon her soul, as it is upon yours, my good, virtuous child. The clay perishes, but that which gives value to the clay shall flourish in eternal beauty when the heavens shall be no more. Then shall the righteous shine forth like the sun. Oh! I have forgotten the text, but you, Mary, know well where to find it. Let it console you, my dear girl, and dry those useless tears. I was pretty like Sophy, once; but look at me now, these wrinkled, care-worn cheeks, these wasted, useless limbs, are they not a lesson to human vanity. I never knew my real character until I knew grief. Sorrow has been blessed to my soul, for had I never tasted affliction, I had never known God. May his peace and blessing unite with a grateful mother's blessing, to wipe these tears from your eyes, my poor lamb."

"Have you no blessing for me, mother?" said Sophy, now heartily ashamed of herself, approaching the bed.

"Mary, I did not mean to vex you, I know that you are better than me, and you should not take so to heart my wild words, I am miserable and unhappy; I do not always know what I say."

The eyes of the sisters met, and Sophy flung her arms about Mary's neck and kissed her.

"You forgive me, Mary?"

The hunchback smiled through her tears. How eloquent was that smile, it was full of love and peace.

"Why are you unhappy, Sophy," said Mrs. Grimshawe.

"Because we are so poor."

"There are many evils which we endure, worse than poverty."

"None, none! that one word comprises them all. To be hungry, shabby, despised, and you wonder that my soul rebels against it?"

"And you think that you would better your condition by marrying for money?"

"Yes."

"Oh! do it not, my child; it is a great sin to enter into a solemn covenant, and to swear at God's altar to love a man, for whom you have neither affection nor respect. No blessing could follow such an union. Nature would assert her rights, and punish you severely for her broken laws."

"Nonsense, mother! the thing is done every day, and I see none of these evil results. Mary Carter married old George for his money, and they live very comfortably, and I will accept, like her, the first good offer that comes in my way."

Mary writhed, and tried for sometime to make her thoughts audible, at last she gasped out something that sounded like,

"Robert Magub—and not him!—not him!"

"Robert Magub!—Bally Bob!—What, does he admire me? Well, the regard is *not* mutual. But what would his old mother say?"

"Let her never have it to say, that her bad son married Daniel Grimshawe's daughter."

"Oh! but I should like to plague that old fiend, she has always something spiteful to say to me. I declare, I will be very sweet to master Bob for the time to come."

Mary caught her arm, and looked imploringly in her face.

"So you are both afraid of my marrying Bob Magub. What foolish women you are. He is not rich enough for me. A drunken spend-thrift. When I sell my soul for money, as mother calls my getting a rich husband, it shall be to one who is better able to pay for it."

And in high spirits, the hitherto discontented grumbler, undressed and retired to bed, leaving Mary to pray for her during the greater part of the night, and to entrust God to forgive her erring sister, and make her sensible of her sin.

THE GHOST.

A short time after this conversation took place by the sick-bed of Mrs. Grimshawe, a report got abroad, that the road between Magub's public house and R— church-yard, was haunted by the ghost of old Magub; that the apparition of that worthy had been seen and spoken to, by several persons who had frequented the house during his life. The progress of the stage-coach had been stopped by the said ghost, the horses frightened, the vehicle overturned, and several of the passengers seriously injured.

Those who retained their senses, boldly affirmed that they all saw the spectre. That it was impossible to mistake it for any other than the ghost of old Magub, a man so remarkable for his ill-looks in life, that even in death they could not be forgotten. These tales, whether true or false, were generally believed among the lower classes, and were the means of bringing a great influx of guests to the "Brig's Foot." All the idlers in the town flocked thither, after night had closed in, to ask questions, and repeat what they had heard about the ghost.

Martha Magub looked sourly at her new customers, and answered all their questions regarding her departed lord, with an abrupt—"what concern is it of yours, what the man was like, he is dead, and I know nothing about him now, nor do I believe one word of all your lies."

One thing struck Mary, as very singular: young Magub was always absent of an evening, and never returned until near morning. The circumstance was unusual, as he was always foremost in all the scenes of riot and mis-rule that were constantly enacted beneath his roof. When he did return, he was generally sober, and repeated all the pranks performed by the ghost of his father, with bursts of indecent laughter, mimicing his looks and actions, to the no small horror of his customers.

"What does the ghost look like, Bob?" said Joshua Palmer, an honest laborer, who had been drinking his pint of ale quietly in the chimney corner. "I never seed a ghost."

"Well, if you are curious on that score, I've no doubt that it will appear to night, as it did last night, at the mouth of the lane. You had better go and see for yourself."

"The lord 'a mercy upon me! Why, man! do you think I'd put myself in the way of a ghost?"

"It would not hurt you."

"Ma! It broke the leg of Dick Simmons when he was overturned in the coach. I want to keep myself in a whole skin. But when you seed it, Bob, was not you mortal skeared."

"Not I."

"And *did* you speak to un?"

"To be sure, I did; do you think I'd run away from my own father. "Old boy," says I, "is that you? How are you getting on below?" He shakes his head and glowers at me with his own eyes, as 'twere a burning coal.

"You'll know one day," says he.

"That's pleasant news," says I; "there's no fear of your not giving me a warm welcome," and with that, he gave a loud screech and vanished,

and left a most infernal stench of brimstone all the way from the cross road, to the bridge."

The laborer drew his chair back to the wall, and regarded the reprobate with horror.

"Why, man, an' my feather had said such words to me, I'd have died with shame and terror."

"The shame should be on his side," said Bob, "I did not make him the bad man he was, although he made me. He was always an ugly fellow, and the scorching he has got down there, (pointing significantly to the ground,) has not added to his good looks; but mother would know him in a minute."

"I never want to see your father again," said Martha Magub, doggedly. "I had enough of his company here—I don't know why he should come to haunt decent folks after his death."

"For the love he bore them while on earth," quoth the dutiful son, with a knowing look. "He is sure of a kind reception from you, mother."

"It was the only happy day I had known for twenty years, the day he was buried," muttered Martha.

"How did he come by his death, mother Magub?" asked a young sailor, Tom Weston, by name. "I have heard that he was killed in a row with the smugglers!"

"Yes, he only got what he deserved; 'tis a pity he did not get it twenty years before. But he is gone to his place, and I will keep mine. A ghost has no legal claim to property, and I am determined that he shall never get possession of the house, living or dead."

"But, suppose he should take it into his head to haunt it, Martha," said Tom, "what could you do then?"

"I think I know a secret or two that would lay the ghost," said Martha; "at any rate, he does not want to see me, or he would have paid me a visit before now," and Martha hobbled across the kitchen on her crutch, and lifting down an old horse pistol, that was suspended to one of the low cross beams, carefully examined the lock, as she wiped the dust from it with her apron. "This would speak my welcome to all such unwelcome intruders. It has released more troubled spirits than one from their clay tenements; and I have no doubt that it would be found equally efficacious in quieting others. That is, if they have the audacity to try," and she glanced disdainfully at her son, from under her bushy lowering brows. "This brown dog is old, but he can still bark and bite."

"How vicious mother looks," said Bob, laugh-

ing; "it would require a ghost with some pluck to face her."

"What time did the ghost appear last night?" asked Tom Weston, "I should like amazingly to see it."

"That's a bounce," said Bob. "You would soon cut and run; but, if you are in real earnest, you should be at the cross road, a few minutes before eleven, 'tis close upon that now; will you come? I promise to introduce you to my old Dad."

The young man hung back, "not in your company; it would be enough to raise the devil."

"You are welcome to stay; I want to have a few minutes private conversation with the old gentleman, before he appears to the public. Good bye, mother, I will give your best compliments—love, you know, is out of the question, to the unsubstantial old man."

"Away with you, for a blasphemous reprobate!"

"Mammy's own son," and the disgusting wretch burst into a loud laugh, and springing through the open door, vanished into the dark night.

The men looked significantly at each other, and a little tailor rose cautiously and shut the door.

"Why do you do that?" said Tom Weston.

"To keep out bad company," said the tailor, sarcastically.

"It is stifling hot," said Tom, kicking it open with his foot; "I shall die without a whiff of fresh air."

"But the ghost," and the tailor smiled mysterious, "does not belong to us; my relations are all sound sleepers; it is only the wicked who cannot rest in their graves. There is a storm brewing, and no mistake. That thunder cloud will burst over our heads in a few minutes, and master Bob will get a sound drenching."

"It is awful to hear him talk as he does of his father's spirit," said honest Joshua, "it is enough to make one's flesh creep."

"Provided there is any truth in the report," said the tailor, drily; "for my own part, I would be more afraid of meeting Bob alone in the dark lane than this ghost. I don't believe in ghosts: I never saw one, and I never met with any one that could satisfactorily prove to me that he had. When you pushed him home, it always came out that he was not the person you had been told had seen it, but some other who had told it to him, and so on. My father once took a little, velvet-eared, black donkey, that had lost its dam, and followed him home, for a ghost: certain it is, that the ghost remained with us, and its mother never saw her son again."

"Aye, Dan Corbett, but you heard Bob declare that he had seen this ghost; and, man, the boy must know his own father?"

"I don't take all for gospel that I hear Bob say. I don't believe a word of the story—no, not if Bob was to swear to the truth of it upon the Bible."

Just then, a loud peal of thunder, burst so suddenly over their heads, and the room was so vividly lighted up by the electric flash that preceded it, that Mary, who was intently listening to the conversation, rose up with a loud scream.

"By the living jingo! what's that!" cried the laborer, starting to his feet, while the pipe he was smoking fell from his nerveless grasp, and shivered to atoms on the hearth.

"Pshaw," cried Tom Weston, recovering from the nervous tremor that had seized him, "'tis only the poor dummy. I thought the gal was deaf as well as dumb."

The next moment, Sophy Grimshawe sprang into the room, her eyes fixed and staring, her cheeks livid with terror. "The thunder!" she gasped, "the thunder, the dreadful thunder!" she would have fallen to the ground had not Tom, infinitely delighted by the unexpected sight of such a beautiful apparition, caught her in his arms.

The little tailor bustled up to hand her his chair, and in a few minutes, her limbs ceased to tremble, and she had courage to glance around her. The first object that encountered her gaze was the scornful, fiend-like face of Mrs. Magub, scowling hideously upon her.

"So," she said "you make the thunder a pretext for shewing your painted-doll face to the fellows here—your mother would do well to keep you at home."

"Mother was asleep, and when that dreadful flash of lightning came, I dared not stay alone in the house."

"A bad excuse," sneered the witch-like woman, "I have heard, is better than none. It was very kind of you to leave your poor, helpless mother exposed to the danger, from which you ran away like a coward."

"I did not think of that," said Sophy, with unaffected simplicity, rising to go; "but, mother is not afraid of thunder."

The handsome young sailor was at her side with a glass of ale. "Never mind that cross, old beldame; she scolds us all, my dear—drink a little of this, it will bring the roses back to your cheeks—why, you looked so pale, that I took you for the ghost we were all talking about."

"Oh, I am so afraid of thunder," sobbed Sophy,

as another terrific peal rolled through the heavens, "I would rather see twenty ghosts, than hear another peal like that—did not you feel the house shake?"

"Now for the rain," cried the tailor, and a few heavy drops splashed on the door-sill, "by Jove, it comes down in torrents." He sprang up to close the door, just as two men approached the house, bearing a heavy burthen between them, "but what have we here?"

All eyes were turned upon the strangers, as through the howling of the wind, the rushing of the rain, and the uproar of conflicting elements, they bore into the room, and placed upon the brick floor, a man struggling in a fit of epilepsy.

"Well, master, how is it with you?" said one of the men, after having put a spoonful of salt into the sufferer's mouth, and raised his head upon his knees, "dost feel better now?"

The paroxysms of the disorder grew less violent, and, after a few minutes, the sick man groaned heavily, unclosed his large eyes, and gazed vacantly around him; but his teeth still chattered, and his limbs shook and trembled, like one in an ague fit.

"Courage, man, there is nothing that can hurt you here. See the fire burns cheerily; and it is human creatures that are about you."

"I saw it," groaned the prostrate form, "it was no dream."

"What did he see?" cried all the eager voices at once, as every person in the room crowded around the strangers.

"He seed old Magub's spirit on the bridge," said one of the men; "and I seed it, too—an ugosome-looking thing it was, but, howsomever, when he screeched and fell, I forgot all about the ghost, I was so skeared about him. This goodman happened to come along, and he helped me to carry him here. For my part, I thought Noah was dead, and, as he owed me four pounds, for my month's harvesting, and I had no writing to show for it, I thought it would be a bad job for me and my family.

"True, neighbor," said the other bearer, "the sight of a ghost was nothing to a loss like that."

"And did the ghost speak to you?"

"No, no, it only stood up by the centre arch of the bridge, wrapped up in a winding sheet, that flickered all over like moonlight, and it shook its head, and glared upon us with two fiery eyes, and then vanished."

"Oh, it was him," again groaned forth the terror-stricken man, "it was Mr. Carlos, he looked at me just as he did that night—that night we found him murdered."

"Mr. Carlos, Squire Carlos! why, man, he was murdered by Bill Martin twenty years ago," said the little tailor, "I was but a boy then, and I walked all the way to Ipswich to see Martin hung. Did you fancy the ghost looked like him?"

"It was him, or some demon in his shape," said Noah Cotton, (for it was the hero of my tale) "If ever I saw Mr. Carlos in life, he met me on the bridge this night."

"A man should know his own father," mused the little tailor; "and here is Bob Magub, mistakes the same ghost for his own respectable progenitor. There is some strange mystery in all this."

"What the dickens!" cried Joshua Palmer, "should bring the ghost of squire Carlos so far from his own parish. He was shot in his own preserves, by Bill Martin. I remember the circumstance quite well. A good man was squire Carlos, but over particular about his game. If I mistake not, you are measter Noah Cotton, whose mother lived at the porter's lodge."

Noah nodded assent, but he did not seem to relish these questions and reminiscences, while Josh continued:

"You have forgotten me, Measter Noah, I used to work in those days at Farmer Humphrey's, up the wood lane. You have grown an old looking man, since I seed you last. You were young and spry enough then. And I do believe the stories that volks did tell of un, that you war the squire's son. You be as loike him as two peas."

The stranger winced, and turned pale.

"They say, as how you have grown a rich man yoursel, since that time. Is your mother living?"

"She is dead," said Noah, rising and abruptly turning from his interrogator. "Mrs. Magub, I have had a great fright. I would fain lie down in a quiet place and sleep it off. Can you give me a bed?"

"My beds are all engaged," was the curt reply, and the dame regarded him with a sour sinister aspect.

"Mother, he is as rich as a Jew," whispered Josh in her ear. The hint disregarded by Mrs. Magub was not unheeded by Sophy, who, gliding across the room, said in a soft, persuasive voice:

"Mr. Cotton, if you will step over to the next house, I will give you my bed."

"Bold creature!" muttered the Hag.

"Is it far to go?" said Noah, shuddering and glancing into the black night.

"Only a step—just from one door into the other." "If you are afraid," she continued, with

an arch smile, "I will defend you from the ghost."

"That man's haunted with a bad conscience," said Mrs. Magub, as the door closed upon Sophy and her guest.

"Why, mother," said Josh, "he bears an excellent character, and he is as rich as a Jew." This qualification being one of great importance in the poor man's eyes.

"And is a Methodist," said one of the men who had carried him in.

"He's not a bit the better for that. The greater the sinner, the greater the saint. Where, my lads, did you pick him up?"

"Oh, as to that, I have been harvesting with him; and he had been to get change at the town to pay me my wages; and he promised to treat me with a pot of beer at the "Brig's Foot." Some business detained him till late; and, as we were coming over the bridge, he gives a loud shriek, and falls down in a fit, just as I caught sight of the ghost. But it vanished in the twinkling of an eye, and I meets this man, who helps me bring Noah up here."

"He did say somat about having lost his money," said the other man, "and that the ghost laid hold of him, with a hand as cold as ice."

"A cunning ghost, that," said a loud, harsh voice; and Robert Magub entered the room drenched with rain.

"If father robbed Noah Cotton of his canvass bag, that was what no living man could do. Hurrah for the ghost, suz I."

THE PROPOSAL.

We will now step into the widow's cottage, and see how Sophy disposed of her guest.

The lower room was in profound darkness, and Sophy bade her companion stay at the door, until she procured a light.

"Oh, do not leave me in the dark!" he cried, in a voice of childlike terror, clutching at her garments. "I dare not be left alone!"

"I will not be a moment."

"Let me go with you!"

"Perhaps," she said, not a little surprised at his extreme timidity, "the ashes are still alive in the grate. I see a faint glimmer. There is always a light in mother's room; if you will allow me to go for it."

"Oh, no, no, stay where you are."

Sophy knelt down by the hearth, and, raking among the ashes, succeeded in finding a live coal, which she blew into a blaze, and lighting a candle, put it on the table. Noah sank down in a large wooden chair beside it, and rested his head upon his clenched hands. His eyes were shut—there were traces of tears upon his cheeks. He was

very pale, his lips were firmly compressed, and his countenance immoveable and rigid.

Sophy gazed upon him long in silence. He was not a plain man, his features were high and regular, and he had a superior look to the generality of men belonging to his class. His age might exceed forty. His black hair was mingled with grey, his face was thin and sallow, and his brow deeply furrowed, but the lines were not those produced by time, but care. He looked ill and unhappy. His dress was that of a respectable farmer, and his linen, though coarse, was scrupulously clean. He was vastly superior to the men that generally frequented the "Brig's Foot."

"You are ill," she said, in a gentle tone; "Let me get you something to eat. I can give you some new bread, and a bowl of milk."

"Thank you, my kind girl," he said, unclosing his large dark melancholy eyes, and regarding her with fixed attention. "I am not hungry."

"Oh, do take a little." And Sophy placed the simple meal, as she spoke, before him. "It would give me real pleasure to see you eat."

Noah mechanically obeyed; but, after taking a few spoonfull of the milk, he pushed the bowl from him and turned to the fire.

"And did you really see the ghost?" asked Sophy, drawing her stool to his side; "I thought it was all humbug; a trick of that scamp, Bob Magub's playing."

The man started, and shivered; "Don't speak of it now, my pretty maid, let us talk of something else."

"But I feel so curious to know all about it. You said that it was the ghost of Mr. Carlos."

"Who said that?" And Noah grasped her arm till she cried out with pain.

"You told us, when you were coming out of that fit."

"Fool! to betray myself," muttered the man, then recovering himself, he said: "I was one of those who found Mr. Carlos the night he was murdered. I was very young at the time, and the horrid sight made such a powerful impression upon my mind, that it has haunted me ever since—it is my destiny."

"How terrible."

There was a long silence. Sophy poked the fire, at length she ventured to look up at her silent companion. He was looking down at her.

"You seem pretty old," she said, with that bluntness, so common to uneducated people. "Are you married?"

"No, my dear, I am single at your pleasure."

"If you had a wife and children, they would cure you of these strange fancies."

"Do you really think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"I have plenty to keep both wife and children; and I would marry to-morrow, if I thought any good woman would have me."

Sophy smiled, and looked down into her lap. She twisted the strings of her apron round her fingers, then suddenly started from her seat.

"Where are you going?" he cried, in alarm.

"To make you up a bed."

"I would rather remain by the fire all night, if you will promise to stay with me."

"Bless me! how timid you are; I cannot understand this fear in a big man like you."

"I should grow courageous if you were always by my side."

"Perhaps you would soon be as much afraid of me, as of the ghost."

"The ghost again; but tell me, my pretty maid, have you a sweetheart?"

"What girl of eighteen, who is not positively ugly, has not?" returned Sophy, evasively.

"But one you prefer to all others?"

"I have never seen that fortunate individual—there is no one for whom I feel any preference."

"Good," said the stranger, musingly; "Have you a father?"

"He was drowned ten years ago."

"A mother?"

"Yes; but she has been bed-ridden with the palsy ever since father died—grief for his loss brought it on."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"One; the hunchback, you saw in the next house. The rest are all dead. I lost a sister a few weeks ago; we all loved her, she was so good, and made such a happy end."

Noah sighed deeply, and was silent for some minutes.

"Do all good people die happily?"

"I don't know, but Charlotte did, and her last words were: 'Do not weep for me. These last moments of my life are full of joy and peace.'"

Again, Noah sighed, and covered his face with his hands, and remained so long in that attitude, that Sophy thought that he was sleeping; at length he raised his head and said:

"Your father, you say, is dead; your mother bedridden; your sister dumb and deformed; yourself, so young and pretty, with no brothers to protect, and work for you; my dear girl, how do you contrive to get along?"

"Alas! we are very poor, often nearly starved; and if it were not for the goodness of our landlord, who gives us the house rent free, and allows mother, who was his nurse, a small pension, we

must long ago have gone to the work-house. I have to work day and night, and Mary too, who has a cruel mistress, in order to earn our bread, but we are both overtasked, and I am heartily weary of my life."

"Dear girl, if you could love and cherish an old man—old at any rate to you, although barely forty, I could give both you and your mother and sister a comfortable home. I have a pleasant cottage at F——, and fifty acres of good land; a horse and cart, four fine milch cows, and plenty of pigs and poultry. I have been a bachelor all my life, for I had an old mother to keep, and I loved her too well to place a wife over her, who had been so long mistress of my house; she lived to a great age, and is only lately dead. I have often thought that I could love a wife very much. I am sure I could love you; what say you, my girl, is it a match?"

Sophy blushed and hesitated, but she thought of the horse and cart, and the four cows, and the comfortable home. She looked down on her shabby dress, and round upon the scantily furnished room, and thought on the cold, long, dark winter that was coming, and she placed her small hand in his, and said,

"I will try to love you, if you will promise to be kind to mother and Mary."

He promised every thing she asked.

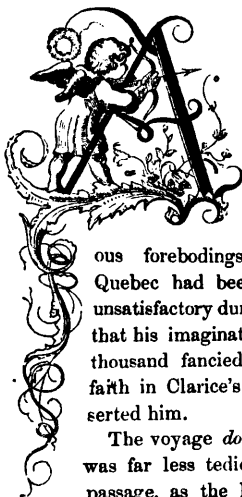
The next morning she introduced her future husband to her mother and sister, and bade them rejoice at her altered prospects. But the mother and sister did not like the match, and they remonstrated vehemently against it. Sophy grew angry and obstinate, and the affair ended in a family rupture. Mrs. Grimshawe refused to live with her daughter if she married Noah Cotton, and Mary refused to leave her mother; but Sophy was determined to secure the rich husband, and have her own way. In a few weeks the marriage took place, and Sophy left S——, to take possession of Noah Cotton's rural homestead in the pretty parish of F——.

(To be continued.)

Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the Judge of all.—*John Wesley.*

THE OLD MANUSCRIPT; A MÉMOIRE OF THE PAST.

BY H. V. C.



DOLPHE Valois had not anticipated all the delays and difficulties of his voyage, when he left Michilimackinac, full of ardent hope, yet not without many anxious forebodings. Intelligence from Quebec had been so interrupted and unsatisfactory during the winter months, that his imagination was busied with a thousand fancied evils, though strong faith in Clarice's constancy, never deserted him.

The voyage down the St. Lawrence was far less tedious than the upward passage, as the light canoes generally shoot the rapids, in descending, thus avoiding the weary portage, which consumes both time and strength. The dexterity with which the wild navigators of those streams steered their barks over a rushing chute, seemed to Valois' inexperience almost miraculous, and the daring feat, very rarely proved disastrous. In his present mood, Adolphe cared little for companionship, and the novelty of his solitary voyage was not displeasing to the fancy. Day after day, the sun rose behind dark forests, and his setting rays shone through boughs of tangled trees, that stretched far away beyond the western shore of lake and river. There were no mountains rising in solemn grandeur; but often their lonely bark floated through scenes wildly beautiful, where the river, in the lapse of ages, had fretted a channel through solid rocks, which rose abruptly on either side, and from their crevices, dark pines sprang up to giant height, almost shutting out the blue sky that looked down so calmly into the restless stream. Herds of deer came often trooping through the forest, and stood on the green bank, or looked down from some dizzy crag, with their large, plaintive eyes, till the voyageurs came close upon them, when they wildly scampered away, struck by that instinctive fear, with which man ever inspires the brute creation.

Sometimes, on the outlet of some small tribu-

tary stream, they stopped to admire the curious habitations of the industrious beaver, that singular community of animals whose marvellous instinct so nearly approaches reason, and whose ingenious labor almost rivals the experienced skill of man. The Coureur could not be persuaded to pass on till he had trapped some of the poor animals, whose valuable furs were so tempting to his cupidity. A party of Indians was occasionally met, returning from their hunting grounds; and on the broad waters of Erie and Ontario, were seen two or three flotillas of bark canoes, filled with Indians, decked in savage finery. But they passed with friendly greeting, and the exchange of a few fish, or some dried corn, for other commodities, for the *Coureur de Bois* were well known to all the roving tribes, and a privileged medium of communication between them and the white people. At night, the voyageurs generally camped on shore, and kindled fires to dress their evening meal, and keep off savage beasts of prey; though often when the sky was cloudless and the channel free, they kept on their course, the Coureur snatching intervals of repose, while Valois slept profoundly, trusting, without fear, to the experience of his guide.

Adolphe often wondered that he could find any relief for his vexed thoughts and impatient longings, or experience pleasure, with so little incident to redeem the monotony of each succeeding day. But there was such affluence of beauty in the fresh unfolding of nature, such melody in the notes of happy birds, returning from long exile to nestle and build in the covert of their native woods; such busy, restless life, in every form of animated creation, that he insensibly realized much of that charm, which the refined and fresh-hearted, ever find in the presence of such scenes, and which has tempted so many to forsake civilization and adopt a nomadic life.

Two or three hundred leagues of that solitary voyage were slowly accomplished, and when they at last approached Cataract, spring smiled cheerily upon the Thousand Isles; the trees were lightly tufted with green, and long catkins hanging from the boughs, gave graceful promise of approaching summer. As they glided on, close to some wooded bank, or grazed the silver sands

that belted many of those lovely isles, little blue-eyed violets looked out from mossy beds, and seemed to smile on the weary voyageurs, and starry blossoms of the wild anemone sprung up, like merry fays, as if to invite their hands to pluck them.

Valois was detained at Catarqui several days, and after leaving that place, every remaining step of the way was counted with a lover's impatience. The conclusion of the voyage was more rapidly accomplished; and without farther incident, the brave little bark, in which they had sailed from Michilimackinac, through stormy lakes and over formidable rapids, at last quietly rested under the frowning heights of Cape Diamond. As Valois stepped on shore, his heart throbbed almost painfully with mingled feelings of doubt, hope and ardent expectation. Summer was casting her first bright smile over the bold and striking landscape, but his thoughts were filled with one sweet image, and all creation beside, was at that moment blank to him. The busy hum of voices was heard along the shore and landing-places; boats were plying on the stream, and sounds of labor came from distant fields, all in strange contrast to the utter solitude of his late singular and phantom-like voyage.

But Valois heeded them not; he hastened to report his return at head-quarters, and finding Mavicourt was absent on duty, he freed himself as soon as possible from the welcome of his brother officers, and, passing the *barrière*, took a retired path that led to the residence of Mons. de Beausejour. How familiar every step of that well remembered pathway! Often had he trod it with buoyant hope—how often, only to look at the shaded window where Clarice was sleeping! There was the stile where Clarice was sitting on that bright morning, when he first whispered his tale of love, and there the green path, along which they wandered with arms fondly intertwined, while the glancing river seemed to murmur in sweet echoes the fervent words they uttered! Their parting words too—how sadly were they spoken! But *these* seemed to melt into the shadows of the past, as Valois entered the avenue, and approached the house, and not till then did his steps falter, and doubts begin to rise respecting his probable reception.

Adolphe remarked with surprise the neglected appearance of the grounds, usually so neatly trimmed,—the fields were also lying fallow, and and over-grown with grass and weeds. He felt a strange depression creep over his spirits, and it was not lessened as he came near the house, and observed the gates, always kept hospitably open,

now shut and barred, while the closed doors and window-shutters gave a deserted appearance to the mansion.

The court-yard was over-grown with grass, spiders had woven their cunning webs in Madame de Beausejour's favorite rose-bushes, and her flower-beds were rank and untrimmed.

No one appeared at the gate, nor was the faithful watch-dog there with his loud bark. Valois leaped a low fence and passed on to the door; his loud knock rang through empty passages and deserted rooms, where no powdered menial waited to usher him in. Adolphe turned away, lost in painful conjecture, and observing a laborer at some little distance, hoeing a patch of indian corn, he hastened to make inquiries of him. The man's answer gave little satisfaction. "The family had all gone away," he said, "early in the spring, some ill-luck had come across them, and the place was kept shut up by the Count la Vasseur's orders, to whom it now belonged."

"And where were the family?" Valois asked, with ill-suppressed agitation.

He knew nothing of them. "Monsieur, he had heard say, was gone, no one could tell where, but of Madame, and la jeune demoiselle, he seemed to have heard no rumor." The stolid yet inquisitive gaze of the *paysan*, recalled Valois' thoughts from their wandering; and throwing him a few small coin, he hastily turned away, and retraced his steps towards the city. At the stile, so often mentioned, he turned and looked back once more on the deserted house; what a strange contrast the solitude and desolation of that house presented to its former gaiety and hospitable display! Where was now its worldly-minded lord, and that proud lady, who would have sacrificed all sweet affections to her unscrupulous ambition? But they claimed only a passing thought—where was *she*, the gentle, yet high-spirited Clarice—could she at last have yielded to her parents' wishes?

Valois was almost maddened by the bare suggestion of his disordered fancy, and he turned back, with rapid steps, determined to wait for Mavicourt at his quarters, and learn from him if any calamity had overtaken the family. He entered one of those narrow streets, that still disfigure the suburbs of Quebec, and which then contained only a few houses of the most ordinary kind, while green banks, partially levelled, and some large trees left standing, with unsightly stumps of those already felled, showed that nature was slowly yielding her domain to man's interest and convenience. Valois paid no atten-

tion to localities, he cared only to measure the shortest distance to the citadel; but, as he passed a cottage, a little dog, sunning himself on a green plot, sprang through the wicket, with a sharp, joyful bark, and began jumping on him with every demonstration of delighted recognition. Adolphe's first impatient impulse was to drive him away, but a second glance changed the current of his thoughts, and sent the blood coursing wildly through his veins.

"Fidèle, Fidèle," he exclaimed, lifting the pretty creature in his arms, and stroking its white, silken hair. There could be no mistake, it was Clarice's pet dog—there were the little silver bells which she hung round its neck, long ago, and they chimed sweetly now, as he sprang from Valois, and ran on before him to the house, as if to apprise his mistress that a dear friend was approaching. Valois followed him impulsively, but he paused on the threshold of the door which stood open, for the inner apartments were so silent, so shaded from the glare of day, that he felt as if a footstep would be intrusive. Nothing could have been more severely plain than the whole appearance of the little domicile. It was built of logs, cemented with lime, and neatly whitewashed, but these rude materials were relieved by such simple adornments as nature offers to the humblest of her votaries. The sweet-briar, that common, but most fragrant summer gift, covered the lowly porch, and clematis hung a rich drapery of its lovely blossoms around the narrow casement. A little plot of grass before the door was shorn smooth as velvet, and a few early flowers were tastefully disposed, and seemed trained with nicest care.

Within, the appearance was equally unpretending, but there were a few articles of comfort, and even luxury, seldom seen in so humble an abode, and wild flowers gathered in vases, and a lute lying on a table gave an air of refinement far more attractive than superfluous but vulgar wealth.

Valois made these observations at a glance—there was such a strange beating at his heart, that his perceptions were by no means logically distinct, and Fidèle set up a sharp, imperious bark, that seemed designed to summon all the inmates at its bidding. "Hush, Fidèle, hush," said a familiar voice, but the tones were low and sad, and Clarice half-opened a door, and stooped to raise her favorite, but he struggled to free himself, and pertinaciously persisted in barking. She wore the dress of a nun of the Hotel Dieu, except there was no fillet on her brow, and her abundant hair flowed free from the incumbrance of a veil.

Months of deep anxiety had robbed her figure of its roundness, and her cheeks of their bloom, but they had left unscathed the calm and lovely expression, which duty nobly performed, and the exercise of generous and gentle affections, imparts even to the plainest features.

Valois stood like one entranced—the power of volition seemed suddenly taken from him, he almost feared to breathe, lest the vision should dissolve. Clarice observed the window darkened by the outline of a figure, and looked up with surprise at the intruder, while Fidèle renewed his bark of recognition. The instant her clear, loving eyes rested on him, a radiant smile lit up her face, chasing every shade of care and sadness from it. She sprang to meet him, and Adolphe received her with outstretched arms, and folded her to his heart with passionate tenderness. In the exquisite happiness of that moment, the lovers felt repaid for the painful incertitude of many weary months. * * * * *

Mademoiselle de Beausejour felt that she had taken a bold step, when she cast herself on the protection of the Count de Frontenac, to elude a marriage that was hateful to her. It was her only resource, for there was no other powerful hand to sustain her against parental authority, and even a religious house could not have retained her against their demand, unless sanctioned by viceregal permission.

She could not have appealed to one more truly generous and more strictly just; and Mavicourt, when he suggested the step, had not vainly counted on those noble qualities, which he believed would plead in her favor, aided by the charm of her attractive loveliness, and the interest of her romantic position. But when the excitement of the morning was past, and in the loneliness of her voluntary seclusion, reflection brought to mind her mother's words, and the vague hints of her father's desperate circumstances, she felt that it was no light thing to cast off a child's obedience, and she almost trembled at her own temerity. Still her conscience—and she questioned it severely—gave an answer of peace, for if she had failed in filial duty, it was in obedience to a higher law, and not from determined opposition, or any selfish impulse. With these feelings, she wrote the letter already mentioned, dutifully entreating forgiveness, and begging to be restored to favor; she would make any sacrifice she felt consistent with the integrity of her own mind, and her sense of justice to another. A few cold lines from Madame de Beausejour were all that was accorded her. She complained bitterly of Clarice's ingratitude and undutifulness, and named her consent to marry the

Count la Vasseur as the only condition of forgiveness. Several weeks passed away, and there was no further attempt at reconciliation. Selfish as her parents' affection had always been, she felt deeply pained by the rupture of those natural ties, and by her lonely and deserted situation. From Valois she had not heard for many weeks, and her suspense and anxiety became almost insupportable. Estelle cheered her with hopeful words, and the sympathy of her warm and loving heart, and in the gloom of those heavy hours, she seemed indeed like an angel of light to her. Clarice had assumed the dress of the convent, which she resolved never to exchange for another till Adolphe returned to claim her, or if any accident befell him, it was her intention to take the veil. As Clarice was walking in the convent garden one morning with Estelle, a lay sister came in haste to inform her that a gentleman waited in the parlor, who desired to speak with her immediately. Too much agitated even to ask a question, and filled with wild hopes and surmises, Clarice followed her in silence, and shortly found herself in the presence of her father. He was pacing the room with hasty steps, pale, haggard and agitated. Clarice, wholly overcome by varied feelings, could only kneel at his feet, and shed tears plentifully on his hands, which she clasped in her own. M. de Beausejour was deeply moved; but how could a man, even then meditating the sacrifice of his child, feel any emotions of real tenderness?

"Clarice," he said, in a hurried, broken voice, "I have but a few moments to spend with you, I come to bring you forgiveness, and to receive my fate from you."

Clarice looked up enquiringly, and for the first time remarked the ashy paleness of his countenance, and its worn and anxious expression. She would have spoken, but the words died on her lips, and the blood retreated to her heart. Her father crossed the room twice with unsteady steps, then returning took both her hands and looked into her face with an earnest gaze, as if he would read her very thoughts.

"Clarice, I am a ruined man," he said, "my fortune, my character, perhaps my life, is at the mercy of another; and there is no earthly being but yourself, who can save me from destruction."

"What can I do, my father," asked Clarice, pale and trembling.

"I have no time to dissemble or to entreat," he answered, hastily, "even now the minions of the law are on my path. If you would not see me dragged to infamy, for the last time I entreat you to give your hand to the Count la Vasseur,

for my sake, for your own sake you cannot—you will not refuse me."

He looked into her face with an expression of such intense anxiety, that she covered her eyes, and turned from him, unable to reply.

"You will not refuse, Clarice!" he continued, almost wildly, seizing her hands, "for my sake, for your own sake! He will give you wealth and honors, all that you can desire on earth!"

"I care not for wealth and honors, my father," she replied, with a trembling voice. "I would not receive them from one who meanly seeks to wring an unwilling consent, by appealing to my father's necessity. Can I, for one so sordid and unworthy, sacrifice a noble and generous heart, and destroy the happiness which another has placed in my keeping?"

"You leave me then, without aid," he said, in a voice of such deep despondence that her inmost heart was touched; "you, on whom alone I can rely, have not one feeling of regret for the calamities that are about to overwhelm me."

"My father, I would give my life to save you," said Clarice, throwing herself into his arms, "but can you ask me to do an act that is unworthy! Is it not better to suffer, and to leave the event to Providence, than to seek to evade His judgments by an act of falsehood and deception?"

She looked up to him with pleading eyes, but before he could answer, there was a light tap at the door, and a lay sister came to say, that his servant wished to speak with him at the gate. He directly followed her out without another word to Clarice, and she waited vainly for his return, till the bell called to service in the chapel.

The service had ended, and priest and nun had retired from the chapel; the notes of the organ, which had just breathed out a "Benedicite," died away, and the doors closed on the deserted sanctuary. But Clarice unnoticed remained—the recent interview with her father pressed like a millstone on her heart—his earnest appeal, his subdued and dejected manner touched her with compassion, and revived the affection which his cold severity had of late estranged. Earnestly she questioned her own heart, fearing that selfishness has assumed the form of duty, and cheated her with the subtle counterfeit. She knelt lowly on the steps of the altar, and asked Him who knows all things to direct and guide her. The door of the sacristy opened, and a priest entered the chapel, and was passing on when her kneeling figure attracted his attention. A religious at her devotions in that place might be constantly observed, but there was a self-abandonment in the attitude of Clarice, and such earnest and deep

sorrow mutely expressed in her tearful countenance, that he instantly paused, and stood regarding her with interest and compassion. When Clarice rose from her knees, she met his calm, gentle eyes, and instantly recognised the Abbé Fenelon, whose active benevolence and ardent piety had caused him to be revered in the colony, even in his short sojourn there.

"Pardon me, daughter," said the Abbé, with respect, "but thy sorrow has touched my heart, and if the consolations of our holy faith can give thee comfort, I would place them before thee, for they are never sought in vain."

"Father," she said, with a confiding smile, "heaven has surely sent you to me in this dark hour, when I most need an earthly guide, for I am bewildered with doubt, and know not where to turn. I would fain choose the right, though it demanded the sacrifice of all most precious to me—but, self-love is subtle, and I fear to trust the suggestions of my own heart. The path of duty is not plainly revealed to me."

"Thy youth, and sacred habit," said the Abbé, speak of happiness and calm content. Alas! that any cloud should rise, and cast its shadow between thee and heaven. Put away *self*, my daughter, and surrender thy whole will to God;—though all the secrets of thy heart were known to me, I could instruct thee in no higher lesson."

"Listen to me, Father," said Clarice, "and if I have gone astray, gladly will I retrace my steps, and surrender all my earthly hopes, at the call of a higher duty." And in a few simple words she related the little history of her heart, her doubts, her filial struggle, and her fear to break the solemn vows, which so closely involved the happiness of another.

The Abbé listened to her with interest, and not unmoved by the trial of her young heart.

"God has seen fit to try your faith, my daughter," he said, "and, if you trust in him, he will safely lead you through. It is not just that the innocent should suffer for the guilty, and a solemn obligation may not be cancelled with impunity. If others, by selfishness and ambition, have marred the integrity of their souls, dear as they may be to you, you can only pity and forgive. Men cannot avert the judgment of heaven, neither should we do evil that good may follow. Go in peace, and perform the vow which you have made, and though your stream of happiness may not be unruddled, the bitterness of self-reproach will not mingle with its waters."

The good Abbé laid his hand on her head, and uttered a silent benediction; and when she looked up with tearful eyes, but a glow of renewed

hope, he had passed out, and gone on another step in his life's mission of charity and comfort to the sorrowing.

Several days passed away, and M. de Beausejour had not sought another interview with his daughter. Clarice daily expected him, and had prepared herself for a severe struggle, but, as time wore on, and brought no new trial, she began to hope that he had yielded to her pleading, or that M. laVasseur had himself withdrawn his suit. She was suddenly startled by intelligence, tardily communicated, that her father had been subject to arrest, and fled to escape the penalty of the law. The servant, who brought a message that so abruptly closed the last interview, had been apprised of the impending calamity, and came to give seasonable warning that he might escape. The Count laVasseur, with the malignity of a sordid spirit, determined to revenge himself for the mortification his vanity had experienced, and incensed that M. de Beausejour had not enforced his parental authority, and compelled Clarice to marry him, laid a complaint before the Council, with too many proofs to be evaded, and the warrant was made out to bring M. de Beausejour to answer publicly for his peculation.

Disguised as an Indian, and trusting to savage guidance, M. de Beausejour quitted his home at midnight, and leaving the abodes of civilization, wandered long from place to place with the roving tribes of the wilderness. All his property was confiscated, and M. la Vasseur, to whom he became largely indebted during the progress of their unholy compact, took possession of his house—the servants were dismissed, and the place left to utter neglect, as M. Valois had so unexpectedly found it. With an ostentatious display of generosity, it is true, the Count offered Madame de Beausejour the use of the house during her pleasure; but she indignantly refused any favor, and with the little that she could still call her own, retired to a smaller residence. She could ill bear a reverse so terrible to her haughty spirit; fortune and fashion, the gods of her idolatry, were taken away, and what had she left to console her? Friends who had come trooping to the sound of revelry, and who smiled blandly in the blaze of lights—little cared they for a sorrow-stricken woman, sitting lonely and neglected in her obscure and solitary rooms! True friends she had never possessed, for her cold and selfish nature repelled sympathy, and her ambitious spirit was attracted only by the pomp of station and the glitter of wealth.

Clarice was overwhelmed when she heard of

this sudden reverse, and truly traced the calamity to her own refusal of the Count. But in the midst of her grief, she thanked God with heart-felt gratitude that he had given her strength to resist a destiny, which, for the poor recompense of outward glitter, must have entailed life's companionship with a man so unprincipled and heartless. Regardless of the cold repulse which had attended all her efforts at reconciliation, she obeyed the first impulse of her heart, and flew to share the changed fortunes of her mother, hoping that sympathy in trial would bring them nearer than prosperity had ever done. But Madame de Beausejour spurned her offered kindness, accusing her as the ungrateful cause of her misfortunes, and forbade her to intrude again into her presence. Clarice submitted without remonstrance, trusting that time and reflection would modify her mother's haughty temper, and teach her the true value of sincere and generous affection.

Madame de Beausejour rarely left her apartment, and when Clarice, in obedience to her mother's express commands, returned to the nunnery, the little ménage was conducted entirely by a faithful servant, who insisted on sharing the altered fortunes of her mistress. But Jeannet, with the best management which her experience could suggest, was able to afford few of the luxuries of their former state, and Madame de Beausejour was constantly repining for those elegancies to which she had always been accustomed. Rapidly her scanty purse became lighter, and no art could replenish it; her diamonds had been long ago exchanged for false brilliants to supply former extravagancies, and the few articles of value left were gradually disappearing. Clarice wrought diligently, and through the kindness of the nuns found a ready sale for many articles of taste and utility, which the remoteness from any mart of fashion rendered highly acceptable to the purchasers. All the avails of her labor went to supply her mother with those comforts which she most enjoyed, and Madame de Beausejour, though rarely satisfied, never asked whence they came, but seemed to consider Jeannet's resources and invention exhaustless. Clarice sometimes came at early morn to inquire after her mother, who still refused to see her, and would not even suffer her name to be mentioned in her presence. It was a bright hour to Jeannet when the young mistress came with her cheerful face and kind words of encouragement, and Madame de Beausejour little dreamed how much she was indebted to her unselfish child for the blessings she still enjoyed.

Sickness at last entered the house, and Ma-

dame de Beausejour, having passed through all the phases of discontent and repining, was prostrated by dangerous illness. Clarice hastened to her, and while she was in the delirium of fever, watched by her with unwearied tenderness, and felt grateful that she could render those offices of affection, which her mother might not have received at her hands had she been in a state of consciousness. But before reason returned, Clarice had become necessary to her mother's comfort, and as she became slowly aware of her daughter's presence, no repugnance was expressed, and, either from change of feeling or innate selfishness, she gladly accepted services which contributed so materially to her comfort.

The expenses of a long illness counted heavily on their slender purse, and Clarice gladly removed to a smaller house which had been built for an humble dependent, and remained in possession of the family—probably, it was too insignificant to be taken from them. Madame de Beausejour was passive to the will of others—her mind sympathised with her physical debility, and in the first breath of spring, she was carefully conveyed to the new residence, where it was hoped the freer air would restore something of her wonted vigor. Estelle de la Salle came to cheer them with her fresh, genial spirit, and her warm, unselfish friendship—artless as a wild bird, she loved all simple pleasures, and Clarice found in her sweet companionship a relief from the burden of many cares. M. Mavicourt was often there with his amusing pleasantries, but, except those two faithful friends in adversity, the cottage was as much deserted by the gay and fortunate world, as if the inmates had never belonged to it. * * * * *

And did not Clarice feel that her trials were all amply rewarded, and her brightest day-dreams more than realised, as she sat smiling through her tears, beside Valois, her hand clasped in his, with the confidence of unchanged and unchangeable affection. She has told him the simple experience of her loving heart, of trials bravely borne, of fidelity unwavering, and hope that never drooped; and he has fondly whispered, that henceforth his heart shall be her resting-place, and his hand shall guide her through all the changes of this shifting life.

A few days before M. Valois' return, the Count la Vasseur had sailed for France, taking advantage of the earliest spring vessel to revisit his native country. It was hinted in high circles, that the Count de Frontenac had intimated to him that his services were no longer required; and, in due time, his official station was filled by another in-

cumbent. The despicable part he had acted towards the family of M. de Beausejour excited general contempt, though his conduct still found apologists among that class, with whom wealth and titles always "cover a multitude of sins." But when the excitement of the transaction had passed away, and it was known that he had won a bride in his own country, and his colonial estates fell into other hands, even the selfish and the scheming no longer thought it politic to defend him, and his character received all the odium it so richly merited.

M. Mavicourt, who had so long boasted that Cupid's quivers were exhausted in vain against his guarded heart, at length fairly yielded to the naive attractions of the charming Estelle de la Salle. We know not whether the coldness that stigmatizes a professed bachelor could have received a genuine glow, if *vanity* had not lent its subtle influence to effect the conquest. Estelle, too artless and impulsive to conceal an emotion of her simple, little heart, became strangely fascinated by his eccentric but agreeable qualities; and, long before she suspected the fact, her feelings were expressed in the blush that welcomed his approach, and various other little demonstrations that involuntarily betray the state of the affections, and which are so readily discerned by the other sex—still oftener *imagined*, where they really do not exist.

Mavicourt had merely regarded her as a lovely and amusing child, whose beauty might one day cause the heart-ache to some unfortunate individuals, far more vulnerable than himself. But when he read in her smiles and blushes the flattering preference his merits had excited, he began to perceive that she really possessed discernment, and that her good taste was equalled only by her judgment. His attentions from that time became more marked and respectful, and the pleasure which this deference excited on her part met a full response in his own gratified self-love. At first, he thought only to amuse a passing hour, as he had often done; but it was dangerous sporting Cupid's archery with one so beautiful and engaging—the weapons were turned back, double-pointed, and his heart surrendered at discretion. The last couplet he uttered, in the struggle for freedom, seems a despairing effort, and sufficiently expresses his entire subjugation.

"I yield to thee, my gentle fair,
Nor ask the reason why,
Content to live, I care not where,
And gaze into thine eye."

Madame de Beausejour's pride was somewhat subdued by misfortune and her long illness; but

a nature so unyielding as hers could not at once change its character, and though modified by adversity, it remained radically the same. But she no longer opposed the marriage of Clarice and Adolphe Valois; if her ambition was not humbled, it had become less grasping, and in the humiliation of a dishonored name, and altered fortunes, she felt thankful to bestow her daughter's hand so worthily.

Days, which the lovers now numbered by golden hours, fled swiftly on, and soon brought the consummation of all romance, real or fictitious. The sun shone brightly on that happy morning, as it ever should on such joyful occasions, and the bells of Notre Dame struck up a merry peal, as Mavicourt and Valois led their blushing brides from the altar, where, in simple array, and with few witnesses to their happiness, they had pledged their mutual and well tried love.

On the same day Madame de Beausejour embarked for France, and it was believed her too-aspiring husband joined her in the vessel, and, disguised in savage garb, left the country without molestation. Neither of them ever returned to the colony of New France.

In the course of a few years, M. Mavicourt was ordered on foreign service, and returned with his young wife to Europe, where the remainder of their days were spent. Adolphe Valois and his Clarice, faithful and loving through life, became the founders of a family, now scattered throughout the colony, which have inherited and kept unsullied the virtues that gave grace and dignity to their early ancestors.

Here ended the "Old Manuscript," and Mr. Elphinstone, having folded it, fell into a fit of musing.

HOME.

"What so sweet,
So beautiful on earth, and ah! so dear
As kindred love and family repose!"

"The busy world
With all the tumult and stir of life
Pursues its wonted course. On pleasure some,
And some on commerce and ambition bent,
And all on happiness. While each one loves
One little spot, on which his heart unfolds
With nature's holiest feelings. One sweet spot
And calls it home! If there's a sorrow there
It runs through many bosoms. And a smile
Lights up in eyes around, a kindred smile!
And if disease intrudes, the sufferer finds
Rest on the breast beloved."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD WOMAN.

THE MANIAC.



IN the summer of 1829 whilst acting in the capacity of House-keeper for an elder sister, — who had left Edinburgh for the benefit of her health, and gone to the sea bathing,—her husband, who was a lawyer, joined her when the long summer recess commenced, leaving me in charge of the house, an old maid, a cat, and a large Newfoundland dog.

I have some idea at the present time that it would have been much the wisest plan to have left the last mentioned animal in charge of the others, as being by far the most sensible and sagacious. Be that as it may, I strutted about the house in all the consequence and authority which a bunch of keys could confer; for alas! if truth must be told, all of value had been removed from under their locks before they were entrusted to my keeping; and it was well they were, for in a few days, when the novelty of the thing wore off, I am afraid the said keys might be found wherever chance, or a wayward humor might throw them.

The house we occupied was situated in Stockbridge, the first house in Upper Dean Terrace, above St. Bernard's Bridge. The terrace is built on the top of a rock, overhanging a small rivulet, I forget its name now, it is a number of years since, and some alterations may have taken place; I describe it as it appeared to me then. From the upper windows could be seen the mineral well of St. Bernard, the path leading to the well was narrow; on the one side was the little river, and on the other was a mill race, so that only two could walk abreast on it, that is to say, comfortably. On the opposite side of the ravine,

which formed the bed of this little stream, stood India place. I have been thus particular in describing the scene, as the following is no fancy sketch, but what really occurred; but whether I can do justice to the picture or not remains to be seen.

I had been very regular in walking out to St. Bernard's well, at early dawn, during the summer, and in my walks had frequently met a very beautiful woman, I thought her little more than a girl; she was always accompanied by a nurse and two children, the one a girl, about seven or eight years of age, and a baby in the nurse's arms. I thought when I first met them that the lady was elder sister to the children, and it was not for some time I became aware she was their mother. I have said she was beautiful, but that gives but a faint idea of her appearance. I never had seen one like her before, nor do I ever expect to do so again. Her hair would have baffled the skill of the most celebrated painter to copy; it was a pale brown, and had an appearance as if streaked with the sun's rays, and I am very sure the most confirmed old bachelor could not have beheld the glance of her beautiful blue eye, without feeling a throb even at his cold heart; her motions were graceful, yet natural; she was always dressed in half mourning, plain but elegant, there was a style about her that spoke of the very best society.

The little girl was a complete miniature of the mother, even to the beautiful hair.

We had met often, but never spoke, we generally both stepped aside on our narrow path to let each other pass, a bow, and sometimes a smile, passed between us at such times; at length, one morning, she stopped when at the distance of three or four yards from me, she fixed her large, blue, expressive eye upon me with such a wild glare, that I shall never forget it; she bent herself (apparently in mock humility) almost to the ground, and burst into a yell of laughter; but, as quick as thought, she drew herself up, and passed me with a haughty bow; almost involuntarily I turned to look after her, she had done the same. She instantly caught hold of the little

girl by the shoulder, and wound a broad blue ribbon (by which she led a large grey-hound) round her other arm, and swung both round her with the greatest velocity. Oh, it was terrifying to look at her, a deep and rugged chasm on the one side, a rapid, running stream on the other, a narrow path, and only the strength of a delicate, female hand—when the head must soon get giddy by quick rotation—to prevent instant destruction perhaps to both, mother and child, it was dreadful, it made me almost cease to breathe. The nurse seemed ready to faint. "Oh, miss," she exclaimed, "will you hold the baby?" The moment the lady saw her give me the child, she darted off at full speed, dragging the little girl and dog along with her; she did not run far, when she came to a sudden stop, she let go her hold of the child, unwound the ribbon from her arm, and commenced walking toward us with perfect decorum. When she came up to us, she said to the nurse, "Jane, Jane, I am astonished at you for troubling the young lady! Excuse her, if you please," she continued, addressing me, "she acted very foolishly in getting alarmed at my romping a little with my sweet Emily, and dear Fidèle; I feel so sorry for troubling you with Henry, although he is a sweet child, is he not?" All this was said with perfect composure, but I cannot describe the expression of those beautiful eyes. She bowed, and wished me good morning. I did not dare to look behind me again for some time, and when I did so, she was out of sight. I did not meet her again for some days—I knew nothing of where she lived, or who or what she was. I sat one evening at the window, thinking of her, and admiring the beautiful prospect, when I saw her leave a house in India place, she was accompanied by her usual companions; I watched until I saw them return, I was then sure that that was her home. Next morning, I again met her at the well; she was just lifting a tumbler of water to her lips as I entered, she withdrew it for a moment, and made me a low bow, I observed a change in her, but what it was I could not tell, it seemed all in her eyes, those beautiful but terrible eyes, the nurse watched her, as if afraid to be seen doing so; little Emily, as she had called her, followed her every motion with her eyes so like her own, yet without that terribly wild expression.

We walked from the well to St. Bernard's Bridge together, she spoke of the weather, of our frequent meetings at the well, and expressed a desire to become better acquainted. I felt flattered to be taken notice of by one so beautiful, accomplished, and high-born, as I was sure she must be.

All the cold calculations of after life never entered my mind then; she asked my name, and I gave it, without daring to ask hers in return. A few days again intervened without my seeing her, when the nurse brought me a card of invitation to dine with Mrs. Webber, at five o'clock that evening. I eagerly accepted the invitation, although strongly urged by Margaret, the old-maid, already mentioned, not to go, on the score of prudence, she said she was sure my sister would not approve of my making acquaintances in her absence; but I cared very little for Margaret or prudence either, and, like many other girls who imagine themselves much wiser than their superiors both in years and experience, go I would, and go I did. I had now got hold of the lady's name, and, as Margaret was cross, and would not hear me speak of her, I told the dog and cat all about her, and promised to relate everything to them when I returned, which promise the dog received very gravely with a wag of his tail, and pussy with a mew. But had my dumb favorites been very much interested in my promise, they would most assuredly have been disappointed, for, before my return, every thought and feeling of my heart was changed, from a wild thoughtless girl, I had become a thinking woman. But I will not anticipate, but continue my story.

When I arrived, I was ushered in by a boy in plain livery, who conducted me to the door of Mrs. Webber's dressing-room; she received me very kindly, and seemed highly pleased with my ready acceptance of her invitation; she assisted me to lay aside my things herself, and then conducted me to the drawing room; it was elegantly and fashionably furnished, and what would be termed by the elite, a perfect bijou. In her dressing room, I had observed everything that money and a refined taste could procure, there was an entire want of any appearance of superiority in her manner, which convinced me she had been born in a far higher grade of society than the station she now occupied. How often have the risible faculties of many who will read this short reminiscence of former years been called into full play at witnessing the vain attempts of the mushroom aristocrats of our adopted country, to ape the manners of society which they consider more refined, but, alas! the attempt only served to render them ridiculous, and caused sensible people to withhold that modicum of respect which would be cheerfully tendered to deserving merit, without any supercilious demands. But, if I go on at this rate, I shall never get to the end of my story. I feel, indeed, a great inclination to linger on it, as the end is anything but pleasant.

The dinner was soon announced, when we were waited on by the same little boy I had before seen. Everything was served in beautiful order, and had a style about it which was quite new to me. Dinner over, we again adjourned to the drawing-room, during all this time, I had observed nothing in Mrs. Webber but perfect repose; the wild expression in her eye, formerly so painful, had entirely vanished. She rung the bell, when the children were brought in by the nurse. The same wild expression again flitted for a moment across her countenance as she received the baby in her arms, but again it vanished, and she set the child on the floor. After caressing little Emelia she walked towards a harp and commenced playing. She appeared to me as something belonging to another world, as she bent over the instrument, so gracefully and beautifully did she draw sweet strains from its strings. There are few play the harp well, and still fewer look well while playing; but Mrs. Webber excelled in both. After continuing at the instrument for some time, she commenced to accompany it with her voice; she sung sweetly and commandingly. At length she sung "Beauty's Queen." As she sung the words, "Even Royalty itself did gaze admiringly on Beauty's Queen." she dashed the instrument from her, and walked hurriedly towards a large mirror. She gazed in it for a moment, and then raised a stool and dashed it in a thousand pieces. With one bound she was at the other side of the room. She caught me by the shoulder, and shrieked out, "Say there is no God—say there is no God." I was paralyzed; I could not speak—I could scarcely breathe. The children screamed; the hound, which had been lying quietly on the hearth rug, sprung up, and caught her by the dress and attempted to hold her; the servants rushed into the room; but almost as quickly as the paroxysm had come did calmness again follow.

"What fools you are," she said to the servants, "Leave the room; nurse, take the children with you." I felt very timid as the door closed behind them. "How very foolish I have been," she said, as she seated herself on the couch by my side. "Oh! will you listen to me for a few moments; I am sure it will do me good to tell you all. Oh! how my poor head throbs; it is all here, it is all here," she continued, tapping her forehead with her fingers, "do listen to me, will you?" "I will willingly do so, if you will promise not to say anything that will excite yourself." She promised, and continued as follows:

It is no matter to what family I belong, it is enough to say it is one of the noblest in England.

My father I remember nothing of; he died when I was a child. I was the youngest of the family, which consisted of two boys and three girls. My sisters were no beauties, and my mother in her wisdom thought it necessary to conceal me from the eyes of the world until she had procured matches for them. They were both considerably older than me, so that long before I was out of the nurse's leading strings, they had both been presented at court, and obtained what was considered suitable matches for girls who were not very prepossessing, either in their appearance or manners. From the age of twelve, I was caressed and pampered in every possible way, and taught to consider nothing less than a ducal coronet worthy of my acceptance. For that purpose was I educated—for that did I dress, eat and sleep—for that was every motion of my body, and every word I spoke regulated, until I became as artificial as any lady mother would have me to be. I went to church and repeated the responses in a proper tone of voice and in a proper position—I knew exactly how to manage my prayer book and fan, for both were represented to me as of equal importance as appendages to my personal appearance. During this time I was receiving instruction from the best of masters, besides having a highly accomplished governess.

At the age of fifteen a flirtation sprung up between me and one of my teachers named Webber. About the same time my governess got married, and as no other was procured for me, I was left pretty much without any control, so that the correspondence, at first commenced in mere sport, soon ripened into a warmer sentiment. All the ambition which had been instilled into my mind with so much care, and apparently with such success, vanished before a stronger passion, and I clandestinely became the wife of Henry Webber. For a time I forgot everything but my love for my husband, my whole being was bound up in him, I was almost frantic with joy. It was his voice I first heard read the Bible as the Word of God—it was his lips I first heard pronounce the reality of Christianity. Oh! how hollow my former existence appeared to me then, when kneeling by his side, he poured out his soul in prayer to God for a blessing on our union, and forgiveness for the sin we had committed in contracting that union without the knowledge of my natural guardian. But while we were still undecided what course we ought to pursue, our union was discovered, by whom or in what way I still remain in ignorance.

My mother rushed into my room late one even-

ing, and taxed me with it. I fell on my knees before her and confessed all, begging forgiveness; she spurned me from her, and bade me prepare for banishment from her sight for ever. I continued on my knees, sobbing and crying, for a long time; at length I arose comforted. I imagined the banishment my mother spoke of would be perfect freedom to me, for I should then enjoy the society of my dear husband without any restraint. But I shall leave you, if you can, to imagine my feelings when at midnight my mother, accompanied by my youngest brother and a strange woman, again entered the room, and ordered me to prepare for a journey. I refused; she threatened. I begged, I entreated of her to let me go to my husband. It was of no avail; she commanded me not to name the villain. My brother, a lad of seventeen, stood sobbing and regarding me with a look of tenderness and compassion I shall never forget. At length I suppose I must have fainted, for when I next became conscious, I was in a carriage, travelling I knew not whither, and supported in the arms of my brother. I inquired where we were going. He told me to an estate belonging to the family in a remote part of the country, where I was to be kept until I became sensible of my undutiful conduct. I need not dwell on this part of my most unhappy life; for months I was unconscious of everything around me. At length my dear Emily was born. Oh! could I describe to you the new life that was infused into my soul when I first caressed my babe, my own. As I recovered I was closely watched by the servants who surrounded me; whether they suspected my intention of eloping if I could, I know not, but I was never left alone a moment, night nor day. When my baby was nearly a year old, I was visited by my mother and eldest brother, the Earl of Earnstown. They came for the purpose of persuading me to deny my marriage, and enter the vortex of fashionable life, as Lady Emily Earnstown. I in return pleaded for permission to go to my husband. It was to no purpose. My mother declared she would rather see me in my grave than living as the wife of such a mean fellow. I on the other hand was just as determined not to enter society under any other character. My brother, who had hitherto said but little, here interfered. "Emily," he said, "I had hoped to spare your feelings, but since I see you will not listen to reason, I wish you to read that." As he spoke, he handed me a sheet of paper. I opened it; but, Oh! Heaven, spare me the remembrance of that night; it was a bond in which my husband denied me as his wife, and agreed,

on condition of receiving a certain sum of money, never more to seek my society. He then handed me another paper, which was a receipt for the sum mentioned in the bond. The papers were written in a strange hand, but the signatures were my husband's. I knew the writing too well to be mistaken.

I again lost months in insensibility, but as I recovered, I entered society, and—would you believe it?—I became one of the gayest creatures that ever trod the fashionable walks of life; my absence from the family for so long a period had been accounted for by saying, that I had been sent into retirement for the purpose of prosecuting my studies without distraction. For two years I reigned as belle of the gay world, when all my mother's fond and ambitious schemes were about to be realised; I was about to have my brow encircled with the diadem of a Duchess. We had gone to spend a few weeks at Bath, when we were sitting in the drawing-room one evening, surrounded by only a small party, the conversation turned on the eloquence of different public speakers. One gentleman remarked, that the most eloquent speaker he ever heard was a young man who preached in a dissenting chapel in Bath a few evenings ago. He was laughed almost to silence. "Very well," said he, "go and hear the fellow, as you call him, before laughing too much; he is preaching this evening in the same place." The gentlemen, considering it good sport, agreed to go, and even my high-born lover condescended to accompany them. After they were gone, I retired to my dressing-room, where, impelled, I suppose, by destiny, I disguised myself, took my maid with me, and followed. The congregation were singing as we entered. As the last notes died on the ear, the preacher rose; I instantly recognized my own husband, Henry Webber. All my old affection returned at the first sight of him. I cannot tell what he said, or what I did; but when again restored to consciousness, I was in a small room adjoining the chapel, attended only by my husband and my maid. We quickly came to an understanding, when we both found we had been deceived—the same deceit had been practised towards him as had been towards me. We persuaded my maid to go for little Emily before it became known I was gone; she had passed for an orphan niece of my mother. I then wrote to the noble duke whose wife I was to have become, and acknowledged myself as the wife of Henry Webber, thereby precluding the possibility of my return to my family. Little Emily was brought to me before midnight. Oh! the happiness we experienced for some weeks. At length we heard

that my mother had broken up her establishment in London, and gone to the continent. About the same time we received notice through a lawyer that my clothes and jewellery would be forwarded to me upon sending my address to him, and the fortune I was entitled to by my father's will would be paid over to me upon proper application. Thus I became an outcast from my family, but the loss was more than made up to me by the devotion and attention of my kind husband.

My happiness, alas! was of short duration. My dear Henry was brought home to me a mangled corpse. He was killed by the overturning of a stage, in which he was returning after a few days' absence. Oh! that I had died then; but no, my destiny was not fulfilled, my cup of sorrow was not yet full. Again my mind became obscured by the veil of insensibility. I know not how the people where we lodged found out who I was, but when I first became conscious my mother's form met my gaze. I was at the family residence in London; Emily was by my side. My mind gradually became restored, and I forgot my trials—forgot even the lessons I had received—forgot, and even wished there was no God. True, I could talk in a certain strain about religion, a strain familiar to the circle in which I moved; but I do not believe that one in a hundred regarded religion as good for any other purpose than to restrain and keep the lower orders of society in their own proper place. At times indeed conscience would sting and plead hard for a hearing; but no, I would rush with headlong impetuosity into the vortex of society, and there try to drown every better principle within me amid pleasure and frivolity. It was then royalty first bowed the knee at the shrine of my beauty. I was received as Lady Emily Earnstown; my marriage seemed to be forgotten; I was courted and flattered as before. True, some prudent mammas kept their daughters from becoming familiar; I had shown them a bad example; but attentions from the gentlemen were lavished in double quantities, so that some allowed their daughters to be constantly in my society, in hopes that some stray ray of the splendor that surrounded me might light on them.

"But I cannot proceed," she cried, with a shriek, "unless you say there is no God." She again seized hold of me, but this time I shrieked too, and the servants were soon in the room. She again became calm, and that night there was no further allusion to her personal history.

On my return home I was not inclined to keep my word with my canine and feline friends. New feelings were busy in my mind. Brought up re-

mote from the city, in a family where religion was considered the first business of life—taught to believe that everything must give way to my duty to God—my mind had received a shock which can be felt but once, when called upon to deny the existence of the Almighty. To me every blade of grass, every little flower, every twinkling star, even every breath of air which fanned my cheek, was proof positive of the existence of a Supreme Power, and to hear a desire expressed by female lips that that being was a void made my pulse almost cease to beat.

I did not again visit Mrs. Webber for a week, and when I did so the change in her appearance startled me. She had acquired the peculiar gait common to insane people; her voice was slightly changed; and she looked fatigued and harassed, but calm and collected. I remained the evening with her. She asked me many questions about my own family, and advised me never to be led astray by the vanities of fashion or the false glare of a higher sphere of society. There was a fascination about her manner which I could not resist. She urged me to come often to see her, and I did so.

One evening after I had got so familiar that I generally walked into the drawing-room without being announced, I heard her as I entered exclaim, vehemently, "No, Francis, no, I have suffered too much already; I will not accompany you but as your wife."

"Nonsense, Emily, nonsense; you know there are circumstances which preclude the possibility of that, until the death of his majesty," was answered in a deep, manly tone of voice. At this moment, Mrs. Webber observing me came towards me, and whispered hurriedly in my ear, "You have saved me," adding immediately, "This is a very dear friend of mine, Francis." The gentleman thus addressed rose from a low ottoman, where he had been reclining at Mrs. Webber's feet and shook me cordially by the hand. He appeared to be a man about thirty, tall and commanding in his figure, and very handsome. The resemblance of his countenance to that of Mrs. Webber's boy struck me at once. He was polite and affable in his manner. He very soon proposed going, but asked to see the children first. She said they were in bed. "I will see you again, Emily," he said, as he took his leave.

"No, Francis, you need not trouble yourself to come back, you have already received your answer."

"We will see about that to-morrow, Emily; in the meantime adieu."

The moment he was fairly outside the house.

she laid her head upon my shoulder, and wept bitterly. At length she raised her head, sobbing out: "Cursed beauty! cursed beauty! would to God I had been born a monster. Do not leave me, I beseech you; stay with me and save me."

"Save you, Mrs. Webber, from what? I cannot save you," I said.

"Take Henry with you, then. I would not for the wealth of the world that that villain should see him."

"Villain, Mrs. Webber. He does not look like that. Your Henry resembles him very much. Is he not a relation?"

"The effect produced by that simple question was electrical. She howled in the most terrific manner imaginable, screaming out, "My God! my God!" and fell fainting on the floor. She was no more conscious that night; and next day when I called she was feeble and exhausted.

From this time she seldom spoke many minutes at once coherently. The nurse told me the gentleman I had seen there called next day, and left her in the same state I had seen her in. About a fortnight passed over without my seeing her. My sister had returned, and objected to my visiting her. At length I persuaded her to let me go, just for once. When I called, the carriage of the late celebrated Dr. L—— was at the door. He gave permission for me to see her. Oh! what a wreck!—the once beautiful and accomplished was now a miserable, moping maniac. The beautiful dressing-room was shorn of its elegancies. A man sat in the recess of one of the windows, watching Mrs. Webber as she paced the room in a hurried, impatient manner, talking to herself incessantly. Her body was incased in a straight jacket. Her splendid head of hair was shaved off.

For a moment she knew me, and called me by name; but it was but for a moment. She was off again on her constant pace, and talking of all the high-sounding names in England. I thought could her mother have seen her then, how would all her ambitious projects appear? The walls were water-colored, and all over them she had licked the paint off in patches, giving to each patch a name. I turned away with a shudder; I could not bear to remain longer beside her; I thought of her poor children, and went in search of them; I found them in the nursery; Emily's eyes were red with weeping. The nurse told me she cried most of the time, and that Mrs. Webber had several times attempted to take the lives of the children before she was put under restraint by the doctor; and that when first she took the responsibility upon herself of calling in a medical man, he had in concert

with a man of business taken an inventory of every thing. They had found the address of her brother among her papers, and had written to him, but any thing more she did not know; she had been hired by Mrs. Webber after she came to Edinburgh and was an entire stranger to her former history.

"But, oh! Miss," she continued, "she was a perfect lady, and I am afraid she has had much sorrow."

In another week Mrs. Webber was incarcerated in the lunatic asylum at Morning-side, and it was only six weeks, when she died raving mad and muzzled like a dog, to prevent her tearing the flesh from her own bones. The children were taken to see her corpse, the baby kissed her when he was told, but instantly turned away and clung to his nurse. Emily refused, saying, "That is not my beautiful mamma." Thus died one who might have been an ornament to society, the victim (I have no doubt) of a mother's ambition.

A few weeks more the nurse remained with the children, when she was sent for to bring them to Dr. L——'s; she did so. She was shown into a room where there was an old lady, and a gentleman apparently between thirty and forty; they both caressed the children, and when the old lady drew Emily towards her, the tears coursed each other down her withered cheeks. The gentleman spoke but once, and that was to remark that "Emily was the image of her wretched mother, may her fate be different, I shall take care that her education is so." The old lady made no remark but soon after coaxed the children out of the room, and the gentleman followed. After the nurse had waited nearly an hour, Dr. L—— entered, and told her she might now go home and prepare for leaving to-morrow as her services were no longer required.

"Are the children not coming with me, sir?" she said.

"The children are gone, my good girl," said the doctor.

"Gone! gone, sir!" exclaimed the girl, "without permitting me to take leave of them. Will you tell me then, sir, where they are gone to?"

"I am not at liberty to say more than that they are gone under the care of their mother's nearest relatives."

The girl was dismissed next day, receiving a handsome present. A few days more and Mrs. Webber's effects were sold by auction, even her wearing apparel and jewellery were all knocked down by the hammer of the public auctioneer.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

It is remarkable that many of the best books of all sorts have been written by persons, who, at the time of writing them, had no intention of becoming authors. Indeed, with a slight inclination to systematize and exaggerate, one might be almost tempted to maintain the position—however paradoxical it may at first blush appear,—that no good book can be written in any other way;—that the only literature of any value, is that which grows indirectly out of the real action of society, intended directly to effect some other purpose; and that when a man sits down doggedly in his study, and says to himself, “I mean to write a good book,” it is certain, from the necessity of the case, that the result will be a bad one.

To illustrate this by a few examples: Shakspeare, the Greek Dramatists, Lope and Calderon, Corneille, Racine, and Molière,—in short, all the dramatic poets of much celebrity, prepared their works for actual representation, at times when the drama was the favorite amusement. Their plays, when collected, make excellent books. At a later period, when the drama had in a great measure gone out of fashion, Lord Byron, a man not inferior, perhaps, in poetical genius to any of the persons just mentioned, undertakes,—without any view to the stage,—to write a book of the same kind. What is the result? Something which, as Ninon de l'Enclos said of the young Marquis de Sévigné, has very much the character of *fricaseed snow*. Homer, again, or the Homerites,—a troop of wandering minstrels,—composed probably without putting them to paper, certain songs and ballads, which they sung at the tables of the warriors and princes of their time. Some centuries afterwards, Pisistratus made them up into a book, which became the bible of Greece. Voltaire, whose genius was perhaps equal to that of any of the Homerites, attempted in cold blood to make just such a book; and here again, the product,—called the *Henriade*,—is no book, but another lump of *fricaseed snow*. What are all your pretended histories! Fables, jest books, satires, apologies, anything but what they profess to be. Bring together the correspondence of a distinguished public character,—a Washington, a Wellington,—and then, for the first time, you

have a real history. Even in so small a matter as a common letter to a friend, if you write one for the sake of writing it, in order to produce a good letter as such, you will probably fail. Whoever read one of Pliny's precious specimens of affectation and formality, without wishing that he had perished in the same eruption of Vesuvius that destroyed his uncle? On the contrary, let one who has anything to say to another at a distance, in the way of either business or friendship, commit his thoughts to paper merely for the purpose of communicating them, and he will not only effect his immediate object, but, however humble may be his literary pretensions, will commonly write something that may be read with pleasure by an indifferent third person. In short, experience seems to show that every book, prepared with a view to mere book-making, is necessarily a sort of counterfeit, bearing the same relation to a real book, which the juggling of the Egyptian magicians did to the miracles of Moses.

But not to push these ideas to extravagance, it may be sufficient for the present purpose to say that Madame de Sévigné, without intending to become an author, has, in fact, produced one of the most agreeable and really valuable books that have ever been written. Her letters are not sermons, or essays in disguise, but were composed, without any view to publication, for the purpose of talking on paper to a beloved daughter, with whom the writer had in a manner identified her existence. They are, therefore, a genuine thing of their kind, and besides answering the purpose for which they were originally written, may be expected, as was just now remarked, to possess an accidental value for the public, which will be greater or less according to the character of the writer. In the present case, this accidental value is very high, in consequence of the extraordinary merit and talent of Madame de Sévigné, and the elevated sphere in which she moved. It has been justly observed by Madame de Staël, that the private life of almost every individual, properly treated, would furnish materials for an interesting romance. It is easy to imagine, therefore, that a collection of letters, covering a period of half a century in the domestic history of one of the most distinguished and accomplished fami-

lies in France,—written throughout in a manner which is admitted by all to be the perfection of the epistolary style,—must have the charm of a first-rate novel. But, in addition to this, they have another value, of a perfectly distinct, if not much higher kind, as a picture by a master-hand of one of the most brilliant periods in the history of civilization. Madame de Sévigné was placed by birth and marriage in the highest circles of the Court of Louis XIV., and maintained a constant personal intercourse, more or less intimate with all the prominent political men from the King downwards. Her superior intellect and literary tastes and habits also gave her an interest in the current literature. The popular authors and their books are among her regular topics. These new books, of which she notices the publication and first effect, are no other than the acknowledged master-pieces of modern art; their authors are Corneille, Racine, Molière and La Fontaine, De Retz and La Rochefoucault, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fléchier and Massillon.

Again; her fascinating manners and splendid conversational powers,—for she seems to have excelled as much in conversation as in writing,—rendered her a universal favorite, and the life of every circle in which she appeared. She is constantly surrounded,—abroad and at home, in town or in the country,—by the most interesting portion of the refined and cultivated classes. Thus, the varied and brilliant panorama, exhibited at the Court of Versailles during the reign of Louis XIV., is reflected in her letters with a perfect truth to nature, and a magical grace, vivacity and elegance of style. Finally, these remarkable letters derive their last and highest charm from the excellent moral tone that pervades the whole collection. Living in a society where licentiousness had ceased to be regarded as criminal, and was countenanced by the almost universal practice of the Court, Madame de Sévigné, though continually wrought upon by influences of the most seductive kind, maintained the purity of her personal character unsullied by blemish or suspicion. At a time when there was, generally speaking, no medium, in the circles in which she moved, between the avowed voluptuary and the ascetic, she avoided both extremes; and following with firmness, or rather without any apparent effort, the impulse of a naturally sound judgment and affectionate heart, united a sincere interest in religion and a scrupulously correct course of practical conduct with a cheerful and genuine enjoyment of life. She habitually read, thought and conversed on religious subjects, and often makes them the topic of her letters. She hangs

with rapture upon the lips of the great pulpit orators, Bossuet, Fléchier, and particularly Bourdaloue, who seems to be her especial favorite. She has even at times a slight leaning towards a severe system of morals, from her strong attachment to *Messieurs de Port-Royal*, whose works she regularly devours as they come out; and she now and then pleasantly laments that she cannot be a *dévot*, that is, that she cannot make up her mind to retire into a convent and give herself up to religious exercises, meditation and solitude. In these regrets, however, as may well be supposed, she is not more than half in earnest. Her good sense and cheerful temper prevent her from yielding to these momentary impulses, sustain her steadily in a uniform line of conduct through a life of threescore and ten years, diversified by many painful scenes, and shed a sunny glow over her whole correspondence. Her pictures of life have none of the false coloring, sometimes called *romantic*, and yet we know no book that leaves upon the mind a more agreeable impression of the character of the author and of human nature in general. We see that here are real men and women, fashioned, in all respects, as we are, and provided with an ample allowance of faults and weaknesses, but of whom the better portion sincerely love one another, and cheerfully make sacrifices for each other's welfare: this is the true, and, for that reason, the most improving and edifying as well as the most attractive view of human life.

Carlyle, in his review of Boswell's *Johnson*, represents that work as the best that was published in England during the last century. Madame de Sévigné is a sort of French Boswell; and without going, in regard to her, to the full length of Carlyle's rather extravagant eulogy upon the *Johnsoniad*, as he calls it, we can say with truth that we hardly know any French literary work of the last century for which we would exchange her letters. In reality, however, the letters, though published during the last century, belong to the preceding one by character, as well as date; and display the vigor of thought, and the pure taste in style, which characterized the period of Louis XIV., and of which we find so few traces even in the best French productions of subsequent times. It is amusing to remark the complete contrast, in other respects, between two works of which the general scope and object coincide so nearly as those of Boswell and Madame de Sévigné. The stolid, blundering, drunken self-sufficiency of poor *Bozzy*, united ridiculously enough with a most grovelling subserviency to the literary leviathan whom

he had made his idol, sets off in high relief the airy though finished elegance of the *bellissima Madre*, and the graceful ease with which she handles every subject and character that comes in her way. The narrative form adopted by Bosswell, and the entire sacrifice of all the other characters to the redoubtable Doctor, increase the unity and with it the interest of the work; but, for the same reason, they make it, what it indeed professes to be, a biographical rather than a historical one. In the letters of Madame de Sévigné, the characters all appear in their just proportions; the vast canvass is not the portrait of an individual, but the panorama of an age.

These letters are so perfect in their kind that the good-natured generation of critics have been rather at a loss to know how to find fault with them. The only objection that has ever been made to the style, is, that the writer uses, perhaps half a dozen times in her twelve volumes, two or three words, which, though considered polite in her time, are now obsolete. As regards the substance, there is no unfavorable judgment of much authority, excepting that of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who pronounces the letters to be mere *tittle-tattle*, and the author something between a fine lady and an *old nurse*. When will rival wits and belles learn to do each other justice! Without disparagement to her Ladyship's taste and judgment, we incline to the opinion that the *tittle-tattle* of circles in which Condé and Corneille conversed with Louis XIV., Turenne Bossuet, Pascal, Fenelon and Sévigné, will be thought, hereafter, at least as interesting as descriptions of Turkish manners and scenery, agreeable as these, from the elegant pen of Lady Mary, undoubtedly are.

Madame de Sévigné belonged to the noble family of Rabutin-Chautal, and was born in 1626. Her grandmother, the Baroness of Chautal, was a person of extraordinary piety. She instituted the order of *Sisters of the Visitation*, of which she established eighty-four convents in France. In the year 1767, she was canonized by Pope Clement XIV., as one of the saints of the Catholic church. Her son, and Madame de Sévigné's father, Baron Chautal, though essentially, as it appears, a good-natured person, seems to have practised a singular frankness in his epistolary style, at least if we may judge from a specimen which is preserved in the letters of his daughter. On the elevation of Mr. de Schomberg to the dignity of Marshal of France, Chautal addressed him the following laconic letter:

"*Monsieur,*

Qualité: Barbe noire: familiarité.

CHAUTAL.

In this rather enigmatical despatch, the Baron is understood to have intended to reproach his correspondent with being indebted for his promotion to his high birth, his beard, which was black like that of Louis XIII., and his personal acquaintance with the King. Baron Chautal commanded the French forces, which were stationed at the Isle of Rhé to repulse the attack of the English under the Duke of Buckingham, in 1627. On this occasion he sustained himself heroically for six hours in succession, had three horses killed under him, and received twenty-seven wounds,—the last, as is said, from the hand of Oliver Cromwell, which proved fatal. His widow died in 1632, leaving their only daughter, afterwards Madame de Sévigné, an orphan six years old. She owed her education chiefly to her uncle, the Abbé de Livry, of the Coulanges family, who took a paternal care of her through life, and left her his property. He lived to an advanced age, and figures constantly in the letters under the title of *le bien bon*.

Mademoiselle de Chautal was presented at the Court of Louis XIII., at the age of about seventeen. At this time she is described as having been remarkably handsome. She was of middling stature, with a good person, a profusion of light colored hair, an uncommonly fresh and brilliant complexion, indicating luxuriant health, a musical voice, a lively and agreeable manner, and a more than ordinary skill in the elegant accomplishments that belong to a finished education. Her cousin, the notorious Count de Bussy-Rabutin, in a sort of satirical portrait of her, written in a fit of ill-humor, amused himself at the expense of her square nose and parti-colored eyelashes, to which she occasionally alludes herself in her letters. Bussy, however, in his better moods, does justice to her appearance, as well as character, and repeatedly pronounces her, in his letters, the handsomest woman in France. Her beauty, which seems to have depended on good health and a happy temperament, rather than mere regularity of features, improved with age, and she retained to a very late period of life the titles of *bellissima Madre*, and the *Mother Beauty*, (*mère beauté*), which were conferred upon her by her cousin Coulanges, and confirmed by the general voice of the society in which she lived. The year following her appearance at Court she married the Marquis de Sévigné, who was killed in a duel six years later, leaving her a wealthy and attractive widow of about four-and-twenty, at a Court where, as has been already remarked, licentiousness was nearly universal, and where the women of fashion passed, almost

without exception, through the two periods of gallantry in early life, and ascetic devotion after the age of pleasure was over. It is no slight merit in Madame de Sévigné, considering the circumstances, that she steered clear of both these opposite excesses, and stood by general acknowledgment above suspicion. This is fairly admitted even by her enemies, or rather enemy, for her cousin Bussy was the only person who ever openly found fault with her. In order to have some apology for refusing her the credit she deserves, he ascribes her correct conduct to coldness of temperament, as if every line of her correspondence did not prove that her heart was overflowing with kindness, and that she was habitually under the influence of impulse, quite as much as of calculation. No better proof of this will be wanted at least by the ultra prudent generation of New-England parents, than that she sacrificed a great part of her large fortune in establishing her son and daughter, and found herself, in her later years, reduced to comparatively quite narrow circumstances. It was her felicity, or rather her merit, that her affections, strong as they were, flowed in healthy and natural channels, instead of wasting themselves on forbidden objects. The evident ill-humor with which Lady M. W. Montague speaks of her and her writings, was probably owing, in part, to a consciousness of the great superiority in this respect of the character of Madame de Sévigné to her own.

Madame de Sévigné not only kept herself aloof from the almost universal licentiousness of her time, but steadily refused all offers of marriage, and devoted herself with exemplary assiduity to the education of her two children, a son and daughter. The latter is the person to whom the greater part of the letters are addressed. The same authorities which represent the mother as the handsomest woman in France, describe the daughter as the handsomest young lady, (*la plus jolie fille.*) She was married at eighteen to the Count de Grignan, a nobleman of high consideration and apparently excellent character, who was called on soon after to act as governor of Provence. His lady naturally accompanied him, and the separation that took place in consequence between the mother and daughter, was the immediate cause of the correspondence, which has given them both, and particularly the former, so extensive a celebrity. After a few detached letters of an earlier date, the principal series commences with the departure of Madame de Grignan for Provence, and is kept up at very short intervals,—excepting when the parties were occasionally together, sometimes for years in succes-

sion,—through the whole life of Madame de Sévigné; who, at the age of seventy, died at her daughter's residence, of small pox, brought on by excessive care and fatigue in attending upon this beloved child through a severe and protracted illness of several months:—thus, finally sacrificing her life to the strong maternal love, to which she had already sacrificed her fortune, and which had been the absorbing passion and principal source of happiness of all her riper years. This deeply affecting catastrophe crowns, with a sort of poetical consistency, the beautiful and touching romance of real life, which it brings to a close.

The letters, considered merely as a sketch of the private adventures of the parties, revolve round the circle of incidents, which made up, at that time, the history of every family of the same class. The son's achievements in the wars,—the marriage of the daughter,—her health and the birth of her children,—her husband's affairs, which became embarrassed from the necessity of keeping up an immense household as governor of Provence, without any adequate allowance from the King to cover the expense;—the establishment of her daughter's children,—together with the adventures of other more remote branches of the family, compose the outline of the plot, which is of course simple enough. The characters of the corresponding parties, and their immediate connections, are also, with the exception of Madame de Sévigné herself, rather common place. The son, who was placed at great expense to his mother in the army, seems to have made little or no figure, and retired early to a life of inactivity. The daughter Madame de Grignan, in the few of her letters which are preserved, says nothing to justify the unbounded admiration with which she is constantly spoken of by her mother, and the whole family circle. Count de Bussy is an original, but of an unpleasant kind; and is never entertaining, excepting when he makes himself ridiculous, which happens rather often. The Coulanges are mere votaries of fashion, and so of the rest. But the test of genius, as need hardly be said, is, *proprie communia dicere*,—to produce great effects with common materials,—to tell the story of life, as it really passes, in a lively, original and entertaining way. The brilliant imagination and magical pen of Madame de Sévigné threw an air of novelty over all these every-day characters and incidents, and we follow the development of their fortunes with an interest that never flags through the whole twelve volumes.

At the present day, however, these letters, though highly agreeable as a picture of domestic life in France at the period when they were writ-

ten, are, from the extraordinary importance of that period, still more valuable, as a record of contemporary events and characters. It may be amusing to the reader to cast a glance,—of course exceedingly rapid and cursory,—over some of the scenes that are successively brought before the eye in traversing this long and well-stored gallery.

The collection opens with two or three letters to Ménage, a sort of pedant, who then enjoyed the reputation of a wit. He had some share in the education of Madame de Sévigné, and seems to have availed himself of the occasion to fall in love with her. He is quietly taught to keep his distance, and, taking the hint, soon retires into silence and we hear no more of him.

The next personage that occupies the stage is the eccentric cousin, Bussy-Rabutin, now in the full flow of youthful impertinence and self-sufficiency, sowing his wild oats with a profuse hand in all quarters. The great Turenne, who combined with transcendent military talents, an almost childish simplicity of character, could, nevertheless, at times say a good thing, and one day informed the King that Bussy was the best officer in the army—*at a song*. The King pretty soon had occasion to know by experience the extent of Bussy's talent in this way, the latter having, in one of his ballads, introduced the following highly complimentary epigram upon Louis XIV. and Madame de la Valliere,—who, it appears, had a rather wide mouth :

“ Que Deodatus * est heureux
De baiser ce bec amoureux,
Que d'une oreille à l'autre va
Halleluia !”

“ What a fortunate man is our gracious sovereign in being permitted to salute a mouth that stretches so invitingly from ear to ear !” The epigram, which is, after all, none of the best, cost poor Bussy pretty dear. Louis, though not very intolerant in similar cases, thought this a little *too bad*, or was, perhaps, set on by the lady, who was probably not much gratified by seeing the longitude of her mouth so nicely calculated, and sent Bussy to the Bastille. After doing penance there for a few months, he was permitted to retire to his estates, where he remained an exile from the Court for the rest of his life. He appears, from time to time, through the whole course of the letters, affecting much philosophy and resignation, but always engaged in some new effort to recover the King's favor. It is not very easy, however, for a singed moth to get back his wings. All

* Deodatus, (Dieu-donné,) was one of the names of Louis XIV.

these efforts successively failed, and Bussy died at an advanced age, as he had lived, in exile. Madame de Sévigné never entirely forgave him for his wanton and malignant attack upon her in the portrait. She receives his apologies, though conceived in the most fulsome strain of flattery and devotion, for a time with bitterness ; and though at length apparently softened, maintains a constrained and formal tone in her correspondence with him to the last.

The personage next in order is one of higher political importance, the celebrated Superintendent Fouquet, the Wolsey of France. His history is well known. The immense fortune, which he had amassed in the exercise of his office, and the ostentatious display which he made of it, were the real causes of his ruin. He had assumed for his arms a squirrel, pursued by a snake, which was the device of Colbert, with the motto, *Quò non ascendam?* This was emblazoned in every form upon the walls and furniture of his splendid residence at Vauxle-Vicomte. The picture was prophetic of his fortune. The wily enemy was too successful in the pursuit of his indiscreet prey. Colbert, a statesman much superior in conduct to Fouquet, and the Secretary of State, Le Tellier, afterwards Marquis de Louvois, roused the jealousy of the King by representations of the inordinate wealth of the Superintendent. Shortly after an entertainment which he had given to the King and Court at Vaux, and which had exceeded in magnificence anything of the kind ever known in France, he was arrested, and his papers were seized. Among these was unfortunately found the draft of some plot against Cardinal Mazarin, formed many years before during the ministry of Louis XIV., when the different members of the royal family were at war with each other, and when it was rather difficult for any one to say what the government was, or who was in possession of it. This project, which had never been acted on, had lain forgotten among the papers of Fouquet, and was now made the pretext of his ruin. After having been kept in confinement three years, he was tried for his life by a special commission, as the author of the paper alluded to. The Court made the strongest efforts to procure a sentence of death, but could only obtain one of perpetual banishment, which the King commuted into the severer one of imprisonment for life. The fate of Fouquet, who seems to have been a vain, ambitious and corrupt man, now excites little sympathy ; but the means employed to bring it about were not very creditable to the character of Louis. The Superintendent had made himself a general

favorite by his profuse liberality, and his patronage of the arts, in consequence of which, and of the manifest injustice of the proceedings against him, his case called forth at the time much commiseration among the better part of society. Turenne, in particular, took a strong interest in his favor. One day, when some one was commending in his presence the moderation of Le Tellier, and blaming the violence of Colbert: "Why, yes," replied Turenne, "Colbert is rather more eager to get him hung than Le Tellier, but Le Tellier is much more afraid that he will escape than Colbert."

Madame de Sévigné had been on friendly terms with Fouquet, and had written him some letters during his prosperity. They were found among his papers, and without throwing any imputation upon her character, made known to the Court, for the first time, the graces of her epistolary style. She was present at the trial of Fouquet, and gives in several letters a minute and highly interesting account of the proceedings. Fouquet passed a number of years in close confinement in the fortress of Pignerol; was finally released on account of the bad state of his health, and died a few months after his liberation.

The death of Turenne furnishes Madame de Sévigné with a subject for several of her finest letters. This great commander was killed nearly in the same way with General Moreau. He was at the head of the French army in the campaign of 1675; and was proceeding, one day after dinner, to examine from an eminence the position of the enemy, who were retreating before him. He had with him a large suite, including his nephew, the Count d'Elbeuf, Count Hamilton, and M. de St. Hilaire. As he approached the eminence, he said to M. d'Elbeuf, "You are too near me, nephew. You will make me known to the enemy." Immediately after, Count Hamilton said to him, "Come this way, sir, they are firing on the point where you are." To which Turenne replied, "You are right. I should not like to be killed to-day, when matters are going on so well." He had scarcely turned his horse when St. Hilaire came up to him, hat in hand, and begged him to take a look at a battery which he had just been constructing, a little in the other direction. Turenne returned, and at the same moment a ball, which also carried away the arm of St. Hilaire, struck him in the body. His horse started at the shock, and conveyed the rider back to the place where he had left his nephew. The hero had not yet fallen, but was bowed down upon his horse's neck, and when the animal stopped, sunk into the arms of the attendants, convulsively opened his

eyes and mouth two or three times, and then expired. The ball had carried away a portion of his heart.

Funeral orations were delivered in honor of Turenne by the great pulpit orators, Mascaron and Fléchier, upon both of which we have commentaries from Madame de Sévigné. The former seems to have attracted rather more of her attention than the latter; and this preference has been considered as a proof of bad taste, but was probably owing to the circumstance, that she did not hear the oration of Fléchier, having been at the time ill in the country. In general, as we said before, she speaks frequently of the pulpit orators, particularly Bourdaloue. The effect of his eloquence upon his audiences seems to have been very great. One day, while he was delivering a sermon, the Marshal de Grammont was so much struck with the truth of a particular passage, that he expressed his approbation aloud, on the spot, in the not very edifying ejaculation, *Mon Dieu, il a raison!* The princesses, who were present, burst into a loud fit of laughter, and it was some time before order could be restored.

Madame de Sévigné does full justice on various occasions to Bossuet. The magnificent funeral oration which he delivered upon the great Condé, beginning with the well-known *Dieu seul est grand*, contains a parallel between Condé and Turenne, which did not, at the time, give entire satisfaction to the Court. As Condé was a prince of the blood royal, it was thought rather indecorous that any mere nobleman, however elevated in rank, (and Turenne was himself a prince,) should be brought into competition with him. Count de Grammont, a nephew of the Marshal, said to the King after hearing Bossuet, that he had been listening to the funeral oration of M. de Turenne! and Madame de Sévigné herself remarks that M. de Meaux, in comparing *without necessity* these two great captains, gave credit to Condé for talent and good fortune, but allowed to Turenne the higher praise of prudence and good conduct. This brilliant aristocracy little thought, at the time, how soon a Corsican adventurer, with very doubtful pretensions to nobility of any kind, was to seat himself in triumph on the throne of St. Louis.

Louis XIV. figures frequently in the letters, and, to do him justice, makes a good figure wherever he appears. Like his contemporary and pensioner, Charles II., he possessed the *apropos* in discourse, and a remarkable happiness in repartee. Thus, when he was taking leave of the unfortunate James II., at his departure for Ireland on the expedition for the recovery of his crown, he said to him, "I shall always be proud and

happy to receive your Majesty in my kingdom, but the greatest compliment that I can pay you at parting is to wish that I may never see you again." When the Marquis of Uxelles, who after a gallant defence had been compelled by want of powder and provisions to surrender the fortress of Mentz, returned to Paris, he was hissed, on his first appearance in the theatre. The King, by way of compensation, received him at Court with great favor, and said to him, "Sir, you defended your post like a man of spirit, and surrendered like a man of sense." One day at the King's Levée, the conversation turning upon the loss of a recent battle by the Marshal de Créquy, some one of the courtiers enquired of his majesty why the Marshal fought this battle? "Your question," said the King, in reply, "reminds me of a similar one, which was addressed to the famous Duke of Saxe-Weimar, during the thirty years' war, by a veteran officer in a blue riband named Parabère: 'You ask me why I fought the battle,' said Weimar, in reply, 'why, sir, I fought it because I thought I should win it;' and then turning to one of his aids, 'Pray,' said he, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the circle, 'who is this old fool in the blue riband?'" Bourdaloue in his sermons lashed the licentiousness of the Court at times with a good deal of freedom. On one of these occasions the courtiers made some complaint to the King, "Gentlemen," said he, in answer, "Bourdaloue has done his duty; it remains for us to do ours, and I wish we may succeed as well." At another time, Massillon had been preaching upon the conflict between the flesh and the spirit, described by St. Paul, which he represented figuratively as an internal struggle between two persons contending for the mastery. The King went forward to meet him as he descended from the pulpit, and, taking him by the hand, said to him, "*Ah, mon père! que je connais bien ces deux-hommes là!*"—Ah, my good father! I, for one, am but too well acquainted with the two gentlemen you have been speaking of!"

In the satirical portrait of Madame de Sévigné by her cousin, Count de Bussy, which has been alluded to, he charges her with being too much dazzled by the pageantry of the Court, and too much elated by any little personal attention from the King or Queen. "One evening," says he, "after the King had been dancing a minuet with her, on resuming her seat, which was by my side, she remarked, "Well, cousin, it must be owned that the King has great qualities; I think he will eclipse the glory of all his predecessors.' I could not," says Bussy, "help laughing in her face at the singularity of the *apropos*, and replied, 'After the

proof of heroism which he has just given in dancing with you, my fair cousin, there can be no doubt about it.' She was on the point," adds Bussy, "of crying out, *Vive le Roi*, before the whole company."

There would be no great harm in all this, if it were literally true; but as Bussy afterwards disavowed and retracted the whole portrait, it is, of course, unnecessary to attach any importance to this passage. There is no appearance in the letters of excessive admiration of the King. The tone, whenever he is mentioned, is evidently guarded, probably from an apprehension that all letters passing through the post-office were subject to inspection; but the language, though commonly laudatory, does not exceed the bounds of moderation and justice, for Louis XIV. did, in fact, possess great qualities, combined with some great weaknesses, and did eclipse the glory of most of his predecessors. Madame de Sévigné repeatedly gives her opinion, in pretty plain terms, upon the insane passion for war, which was the prominent vice in his character; and when she praises him, generally does it with discrimination. She commends, particularly, on several occasions, his felicity in reply, and the correctness of taste with which he kept up the decorum of his station, or, as the Empress Catherine would have said, enacted the part of king.

The chapter of the King's mistresses is treated in the letters with great discretion; a fact which alone is sufficient to refute Lady M. W. Montague's charge of tittle-tattle, since a lover of mere gossip would have made this topic the principal one throughout the whole correspondence. It is touched upon by Madame de Sévigné very sparingly, and always in the most proper manner. She seems to have had no personal acquaintance with any of the King's successive favorites, excepting Madame de Maintenon, to whom he was privately married. With her Madame de Sévigné had been somewhat intimate in earlier life, and sometimes visited her after her marriage to the King. Madame de Montespan is occasionally mentioned, and also Mademoiselle de Fontanges, who was much more remarkable for beauty than wit. "The Fontanges," said MADAME, "though her hair is rather red, is beautiful from head to foot; it is impossible to see anything prettier, and she is, withal, the best creature in the world; but she has no more wit than a kitten." The Abbé de Choisy said of her that she was as "handsome as an angel, and as silly as a basket."—(*belle comme un ange, et sotte comme un panier.*) The latter similitude is new to us; we have sometimes heard a smiling face compared to a basket of chips.

Among the ladies of the Court out of her own family, Madame de la Fayette seems to have been the most intimate companion of Madame de Sévigné. She was one of the ancestors of the distinguished friend of America, and was celebrated in her day as the author of several very popular novels. She was one of the first modern writers of fiction who had the good taste to rely for effect on the use of natural incidents and characters. Her Princess of Cleves forms the transition from the romance of chivalry to the modern novel, which is intended as a picture of real life. Madame de Cornuel is often mentioned as the wit of the circle. Several of her *bons mots* are quoted, which, however, in general are not very marvellous; one of the best, and that is merely a play on words, was occasioned by a negotiation between the King and the Pope, which was expected to terminate in the publication of certain papal bulls. While the matter was in progress, the Abbé de Polignac arrived at Paris from Rome, bearing despatches which it was generally thought must be the wished-for documents, but which proved to be merely preliminary articles. "*Ces ne sont pas des bulles qu'il apporte,*" said Madame de Cornuel, "*mais des préambules.*"

The men of wit and letters constituted the favorite society of Madame de Sévigné, and of these she was particularly intimate with the Duke de la Rochefoucault, Cardinal de Retz, and the Abbé Arnauld. Among the poets her passion was for Corneille, whom she praises throughout the letters in the most exalted terms, and quotes upon all occasions. She preferred him to Racine, and is reported to have said,—though the remark does not appear in her letters,—that the taste for Racine was a mere whim, which would pass away, like the taste for coffee. Both have now stood the test of nearly two centuries, and seem to be gaining rather than losing ground in the public favor. Madame de Sévigné herself, at a later period, became more just to the merit of Racine, and, after witnessing the representation of his *Esther* at Court, speaks of it in terms that must satisfy his warmest admirers. Her account of this affair is, perhaps, as agreeable a specimen as can be given of her letters:

"We went to St. Cyr on Saturday,—Madame de Coulanges, Madame de Bagnols, the Abbé Tita, and myself. On arriving we found that places had been kept for us. An attendant told Madame de Coulanges, that Madame de Maintenon had ordered a seat to be reserved for her next to herself. Think what an honor! "As for you, Madame, said he to me, "take your choice." I placed myself with Madame de Bag-

nols on the second bench behind the duchesses. Marshal Bellefonte came and took a seat by my side. We listened to the piece with an attention that was remarked, and occasionally threw in, in a low tone, some complimentary expressions, which could not perhaps have been hatched under the *fontanges** of all the ladies present. I can give you no idea of the extreme beauty of the piece. It is something which cannot be described, and can never be imitated. It is a combination of music, poetry, song and character, so complete and perfect, that it leaves nothing to be wished. The young ladies, who act the kings and great men, seem to have been made on purpose for their parts. The attention is fixed, and no other regret is felt than that so charming a piece should ever come to an end. It is throughout at once simple, innocent, touching and sublime. The plot agrees entirely with the Scripture narrative; the chorusses, of which the words are borrowed from the Psalms and the Wisdom of Solomon, are so exquisitely beautiful, that they cannot be heard without tears. I was perfectly charmed, and so was the Marshal, who, leaving his place, went and told the King how much he was delighted, and that he had been sitting by the side of just such a lady as ought to be present at a representation of *Esther*. The King then came up to me and said, "I understand, Madame, that you have been pleased." I replied without confusion, "Sire, I have been charmed. I cannot tell you how much I have been delighted." "Racine," replied the King, "has certainly a great deal of talent." "That he has, Sire," said I; "and these young ladies have certainly a great deal, too. They play their parts as if they had never done anything else." "It is true enough," replied the King. His Majesty then retired, leaving me an object of general envy. As I was almost the only person who had not been present at any preceding representation, the King was probably pleased with my sincere though quiet expressions of satisfaction. The Prince and Princess came to say a word to me; Madame de Maintenon gave me a look as she retired with the King. I was ready with answers to every one, for I was in good luck. We retired in the evening by torch-light, and supped with Madame de Coulanges, to whom the King had also spoken with great familiarity and kindness. I saw the Chevalier, and gave him an account of my little success, for I see no necessity for making a mystery

*Madame de Fontanges had given her name to a particular head-dress.

of these things, as some persons do. He was highly gratified. So there you have the whole story. Mr. de Meaux (Bossuet) talked to me a great deal about you, and so did the Prince, (Condé.) I regret that you were not present, but we cannot be in two places at the same time."

This is certainly very pleasant *tittle-tattle*. On fit occasions Madame de Sévigné can discourse in a higher and more serious mood. Her letters to M. de Coulanges on the death of the Minister Louvois is an example :

"I am so much shocked by the sudden death of Mr. de Louvois, that I hardly know what to say of it. He is dead, then!—the great Minister,—the powerful man,—who held so high a place,—whose *moi*, as M. Nicole says, was so widely expanded,—who was the centre of so many interests. How much business has he not left unsettled! How many plans and projects but half executed! How many webs of secret intrigue to be unravelled! How many wars just begun to be brought to a close? How many moves still to be made upon the great political chess-board! In vain he begs for a short respite: "Oh, my God! allow me a little more time; let me only say *check* to the Duke of Savoy, and *mate* to the Prince of Orange." "No, no, you shall not have a moment,—not a single moment." Is it possible to talk on such matters? Alas, no! we must reflect upon them in the silence of the closet. This is the second Minister that has died since you went to Rome, both bound by a hundred million ties to the world: how unlike their characters! and yet how similar their fates!

"As to your faith in religion, which you say is shaken by what you see going on around you at Rome, permit me to tell you, my dear cousin, that you are altogether wrong. I have heard a person of the best judgment draw a directly opposite conclusion from what passes in that city at the election of a Pope. He was satisfied that the Christian religion must be of divine origin to be able to sustain itself in the midst of so many disorders. This, my dear cousin, is the proper view of the subject. Recollect how often this very city has been bathed in the blood of the martyrs;—that in the earlier ages of the Church, the intrigues of the Conclave always terminated in electing from among the priests the one who appeared to have the greatest share of fortitude and zeal in the cause;—that thirty-seven Popes, undismayed by the certainty of martyrdom, and that in the most cruel form, accepted the place, and were conducted successively to the stake. If you will only read the history of the Church,

you must be satisfied that a religion which was established and continues to subsist by a perpetual miracle, cannot be a mere imagination of men.—Men do not imagine in this way. Read St. Augustine's *Truth of Religion*; read Abbadie—inferior, it is true, to the great saint, but not unworthy to be brought into comparison with him. Ask the Abbé de Polignac, by the by, how he likes Abbadie. But, my dear cousin, let me beg of you to collect your ideas on this great subject, and not to permit yourself to be led away so lightly into false conclusions."

We call this pretty good sermonising for a lady. There is a great deal more to the same effect in different parts of the letters. It will be remarked that there is here nothing of the bigotry to particular forms and phrases, which constitutes the religion of so many persons. Madame de Sévigné sees and acknowledges the corruptions existing, not merely in other forms of religion, but in that to which she was herself by birth and education attached. Her correspondent Coulanges, who, like his cousin Bussy, was one of the best heads in France—at a *song*,—witnessed the same corruptions, and concluded from them that religion must be a mere fable. This was also the conclusion drawn by the French philosophers of the following century, who thought that because St. Denys did not really carry his head under his arm from Paris to his own Abbey, this universal frame must be without a mind,—as if there were the most remote connection between the two propositions. Madame de Sévigné reasons differently. She sees, through the clouds of error and corruption, that disfigure its external forms, creeds and ceremonies, the beauty of religion itself, and feels that a faith which *subsists* and triumphs in the midst of all these corruptions must have the essential characteristics of divinity. Having fortified herself in this conviction, she does not permit it to carry her out of the world into convents and penitentiaries; nor does she leave it at home, when she goes into the world, and disgrace her principles by joining in the fashionable vices of the day. She takes her religion with her into society, where it enables her to hold up to a licentious and frivolous Court the edifying example of a moral purity, which even foes could not venture to impeach, and a cheerful, consistent, intelligent piety, graced and made attractive by a union with the highest accomplishments and most exquisite refinements of civilized life.

We do not quite sympathize with Madame de Sévigné in her admiration of Nicole, the Arnauds, and the other "gentlemen of Port-Royal."

This establishment, which was a sort of monastery, acquired a high reputation from having served for a time as a retreat and residence of the great Pascal. His name threw a kind of celebrity over the whole community, which does not seem to be sustained by any of their published works. The Arnauds kept up the controversy, which he had commenced in his famous *Provincials* between the Molinists and the Jansenists,—the loose and strict moralists of the Catholic Church; but being no longer vivified by his genius, it degenerated into a *caput mortuum* of bitter and angry pamphlets, which were never much read, and are now forgotten. From her great partiality for the Arnauds, and personal intimacy with them, Madame de Sévigné has sometimes been called a Jansenist; and it is not improbable that the worldly fortunes of her family, which were not very brilliant, were injured by this connection; for the Jesuits were all-powerful at Court during the whole period of Louis XIV. But even on this subject she exhibits her usual good sense and good taste, and, with all her admiration of the Arnauds and of Port-Royal, never meddles in her letters with the Jansenist controversy, but, on the contrary, speaks of it, whenever she alludes to it, in a tone of pleasantry as a matter in which she felt no interest.

We must now take leave of Madame de Sévigné, having, we trust, said enough to recommend her to the attention of such of our fair readers as were not before particularly acquainted with her merits. We cannot but notice in conclusion,—if we may venture to tack a trite moral to a tedious tale,—the strong impression that remains upon the mind after a glance at the period of Louis XIV., of the prodigious superiority of literary talent over every other exercise of intellect, as a means of conferring permanent distinction on its possessors and all with whom they are connected. The age of Louis XIV. is universally considered as one of the brightest periods in the history of civilization. What gave it this splendid preeminence? Louis XIV. himself, although as Madame de Sévigné justly remarks, he possessed great qualities and eclipsed the glory of most of his predecessors, now comes in for a very moderate share of the attention we bestow on the time in which he lived. His generals, Condé, Turenne, Luxemburg, and the rest,—unquestionably men of distinguished talent,—were yet in no way superior to the thunderbolts of war that have wasted mankind from age to age and are now forgotten. His ministers, Fouquet, Colbert, Louvois, have left

no marked traces in history. The celebrated beauties that charmed all eyes at the Court festivals, have long since mouldered into dust. Yet we still cling with the deepest interest to the memory of the age of Louis XIV. because it was the age of Pascal and Corneille, of Racine, Molière and La Fontaine, of Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Massillon, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucault, and Madame de Sévigné. The time will probably come, in the progress of civilization, when the military and civic glories of this period will be still more lightly, because more correctly estimated, than they are now. When the King, who could make war upon Holland, because he was offended by the device of a burgomaster's seal, and the general who burnt the Palatinate in cold blood, will be looked upon,—with all their refinement and merit of a certain kind,—as belonging essentially to the same class of semi-barbarians with the Tamerlanes and Attilas, the Rolands and the Red Jackets:—when the Fouquets and Colberts will be considered as possessing a moral value very little higher than that of the squirrels and snakes which they not inappropriately assumed as their emblems. But the maxims of La Rochefoucault will never lose their point, nor the poetry of Racine its charm. The graceful eloquence of Fenelon will flow forever through the pages of Telemachus, and the latest posterity will listen with as much, or even greater pleasure than their contemporaries, to the discourses of Bossuet and Massillon. The masterly productions of these great men, and their illustrious contemporaries, will perpetuate to “the last syllable of recorded time” the celebrity which they originally conferred upon the period when they lived, and crown with a light of perennial and unfading glory the age of Louis XIV.

WOULD I COULD LEAVE!

Would I could leave, but whither shall I fly?
To roam this earth is not to fly from life!
Since then, there's no escape, dismiss the sigh,
And oh! my soul, arm bravely for the strife.
Fight against Hope, if need be, only strive
Gainst every odds with faith and heavenly trust;
God bids the bold heart live and nobly thrive,
While coward-breasts are crushed down.

“EVERY thing in life has two sides. There is nothing at what a fool may not find fault, and fall into despair, or the wise man feel satisfaction and enjoyment.”

THE SCATTERED HOUSEHOLD.

BY JANE E. LOCKE.

MOTHER, thou wast happier early,
When thy little ones were near—
When they gath'rd to thy bosom,
With a heavenly trust and fear.

Thou did'st think then that the future
Would a glorious presence bring;
And thou longed'st for the summer
Of that brightly opening spring;

Ay, thou longed'st for the manhood,
Of the infants at thy knee;
In thy soul how sweetly dreaming
Full-eared harvest it should be.

But, alas! a cheating vision,
Never wast thou blest as then;
Children are the mother's treasures,
And the world's when they are men.

Now how often look'st thou tearful,
To thy empty cradle-bed,
Yearning there again to pillow
In sweet sleep each wanderer's head.

Sighing, weeping, almost praying,
That e'en backward yet may turn
The dark shade upon the dial,
And their infancy return.

Never had thy soul such sorrow,
Never loneliness as now,
With thy heart's fond one beside thee,
And his kiss upon thy brow.

For a mighty void is round thee,
That not e'en his heart can fill;
Lost to thee the tender nurselings,
Whose soft pulse to thine did thrill.

Souls of thy soul, dearer to thee,
Than all earth could give beside;
And thy heart looks yearning for them,
Over sea and kingdom wide.

Far off, o'er the shining gold dust
On the Sacramento plains,
One is stooping, half forgetting
Thee, amid the glittering grains.

And another on the billows
Of the ocean deep and dark,
Linketh to that life his heart-chords—
Dearest *home*, the sheeted bark.

Others, from the south isles, scattered,
To the Kremlin's ashes far—
In the pride of earnest manhood,
Worshipping some brighter star,

And around thy hearthstone never
Shall the truants group again;
In one circle as in childhood,
Tho' thy tear-drops fall like rain.

But remember, thou art selfish,
Thus to hold them to thy breast;
All abroad God's world doth need them,
Laboring to make it blest.

And I tell thee trust in Heaven,
Its bright *home* is near at hand;
There thou yet may'st gather round thee,
Thy loved wanderers in one band.

AUTUMNAL MORNING.

The rill afar sings out its song,
There is no motion in the air,
But busily it winds along,
And stirs the clattering mill-wheel there.

Down in the pool the forest lies,
Scarce wrinkled sleeps the tremulous floor,
Round the smooth brim the swallow flies
And stirs it as he flutters o'er.

The cricket singing in the grass,
Time's drowsy hum that fills the ear,
Mark the calm moments as they pass—
Like the white clouds serene and clear.

Upon the green bank sitting here,
Loving, like nature calm and still,
Drinking the warm, pure atmosphere,
And making music of the rill.

Spend we our hours in peace together,
In the cool, moist autumnal morn,
Letting each thought a wimpling feather
Along the stream of life be borne.

The busy miller now and then
Comes out into the sunshine clear,
Unconscious he of cloud or glen,
Or we two idly dreaming here.

And round and round the mill-wheel goes,
The drops drip down in silver rain,
Smoothly the stream beneath it flows,
Then rising, foams along again.

THE SETTLER'S SABBATH MORNING.

The honest settler in the lonely wild,
 Far from his early home and friends exiled,
 How sweet to him when weekly labors cease,
 The holy Sabbath's sacred rest and peace.
 Up with the morning star or rising sun,
 His cattle fed, and all that's needful done;
 His healthy blooming children young and fair,
 Like olive plants around his table there.
 The snow-white breakfast table neatly spread,
 The household coffee, and the home-baked bread;
 The maple sugar which his trees supply,
 The eggs, the butter, and the pumpkin pie.
 With streams of milk and honey for their use,
 As good as ancient Canada could produce;
 With grateful hearts for all the gifts bestowed,
 They own and bless the bounteous hand of God.
 Their early breakfast o'er, the family now
 With meekness round the household altar bow,
 From the new dwelling in the forest there
 The voice of Psalms breaks on the silent air.
 The prayer of faith soars to the mount above,
 Breathed with the fervor of a parent's love,
 While round him kneel the treasures of his life,
 His darling children and his faithful wife,
 Whose all-enduring love and constant smile
 Beams on his soul and lighten all his toil.
 Tho' youth's bright roses may have died away,
 She owns a beauty cannot meet decay.
 The happy group, bound by the dearest ties,
 Present to heaven their grateful sacrifice—
 This sacred duty over, they prepare
 For public worship and the house of prayer.
 In cloth of home-spun grey or modest blue,
 The settler looks genteel and comely too;
 His thrifty wife, the linsey-woolsey wears,
 And neat and tidy in that dress appears.
 In homely sleigh of plain, unpainted boards,
 The best as yet their forest home affords;
 They take their seat, and look as happy there
 As if they rode in state a royal pair.
 Their hardy poney of Canadian breed,
 Trots smartly on with unabated speed,
 Swift o'er the winter roads for many a mile,
 They glide along in smooth and easy style.
 Through ancient forests solemn and sublime,
 Whose trees have waved before Columbus' time—
 The stately oak, whose reverend form has stood
 A thousand years the patriarch of the wood.
 The honest maple, honored for his worth;
 The portly birch, a dozen feet in girth,
 The graceful elm with branches widely spread;
 The aged ash with bare and hoary head;
 Like naked giants at the winter frown

Whose storms have shook their leafy honors down
 While all the family of the firs are seen
 Doting the peerless white with cheerful green,
 From the young tender sapling slim and straight,
 To the tall pine, an hundred feet in height,
 Planted o'er countless leagues by nature's hand,
 In one eternal grove sublime and grand.
 The river frozen like a sheet of glass,
 Presents a road o'er which our travellers pass,
 So smooth and level that their pretty steed,
 With equal ease obtains a double speed,
 On either bank far to the left or right
 A partial clearance sometimes meets the sight;
 By the blue curling smoke you there may trace
 The only dwelling in the lonely place.
 The modest log-house, white-washed, neat and
 clean

Upon the margin of a brook is seen,
 Whose sparkling waters and unfrozen stream
 Add to the beauty of this land of dream.
 Some elms and maples near the simple cot
 Remain to shelter and to grace the spot;
 And when in a certain times those lands are clear
 This handsome forest grove shall flourish here.
 Now frequent openings, and the new cleared land
 Reveal improvements thick on every hand,
 Until emerging from the forest drear,
 The smiling homes are scattered far and near;
 The miles and minutes pass in rapid flight,
 And soon the village church appears in sight,
 Whose sacred courts they enter with delight.

PUPIL AND TUTOR.

Was aber ist deine Pflicht—die Forderung des Tages.—
 GOETHE.

- P.* What shall I do, lest life in silence pass?
T. And if it do.
 And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
 What need'st thou rue?
 Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute,
 The shallows roar.
 Worth is the ocean; fame is but the bruit
 Along the shore.
- P.* What shall I do to be forever known?
T. Thy duty ever.
- P.* This did full many who yet sleep unknown.
T. Oh! never, never.
- Think'st thou perchance that they remain un-
 known
 Whom thou know'st not?
 By angel trumpets in heaven their praise is
 blown.
 Divine their lot!
- P.* What shall I do to have eternal life?
T. Discharge right
 The simple dues with which the day is rife,
 Yea, with thy night.
 Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
 Will life be fled;
 While he who ever acts as Conscience cries,
 Shall live though dead.

OUR TABLE.

“STUART OF DUNLEATH, A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME,” BY THE HON. CAROLINE NORTON, NEW-YORK. HARPER & BROTHERS.

THIS is one of the most fascinating novels we ever read. There are few of those which are constantly being issued from the teeming presses of the old and new world, which can compare with it in chasteness of style, and in brilliant and truthful delineation of character. Many of the personages introduced, are sketched with consummate skill, and all are marked by perfect individuality, showing, in the author, an acute observation of society in its various aspects and phases, and a deep knowledge of the workings of the human heart. The plot of the story without being involved, is intricate enough to excite strong interest and to keep it vividly awake, and it is sustained without diminution to the end of the book.

The incidents which succeed each other in the course of the story, are the most perfectly simple and natural in the world, there is no attempt at mystery or effect, but as we turn over leaf after leaf of this absorbing tale, we forget its fictitious character, and seem to be perusing a narrative of events which occurred to persons, and among scenes familiar to our previous knowledge, so vividly has the genius of the author impressed the stamp of reality upon her work. She has copied from nature, and been true alike to the outer life, and to the inner world of the human heart.

Eleanor Raymond, the heroine of the tale, is a most lovely creature. We first see her in her tender childhood :

“Pale, tranquil, with slight limbs, and bright, spiritual eyes, full of that peculiar expression, at once wild, shy and gentle, which the French denominate *faux*, with a general air of feebleness and languor, redeemed by a look of thought and intellect in the strait, fine forehead, and a certain degree of pride in the small melancholy mouth; a little taller than children of her age usually are; her hair a little longer, so than is common, and plaited by the skillful fingers of the Ayah in countless slender braids: such was Eleanor Raymond.”

And as she advances step by step to womanhood, her character gaining firmness without losing its gentleness—her manner blending the shyness and simplicity of the child with the dignity and grace of the woman, her affections deepening to intensity, without losing aught of their purity; not striking by the brilliancy of her appearance, but fascinating by its perfect nymph-like harmony till—

“You felt, when all was said, that there stood the type of the old ideal loveliness, worshipped in the groves and temples of olden times; when the heathen heart, unenlightened and unable to reclaim even its divine aspirations from the trammels of sensuality, adored the creator in form instead of spirit and knelt to beauty as the nearest idea of God! Lone as a statue in a garden, she stood in that busy, murmuring world, and recalled to you other statues; fountains and fair columns; the dim aisles of foreign churches; the shadows of cypresses on warm Italian terraces; all the eye could conceive or remember of classic perfection. She was the beau-ideal of an artist's dream—the frontispiece to a poet's thought.”

The remaining characters of the book are equally well portrayed and sustained. The weak, but gentle mother, the stern, unpitying, self-satisfied brother, the captivating lady Margaret, whose only fault was, that “she was a little vain of being so very charming,” the coarse fox-hunting, Sir Stephen, his arrogant and vulgar sister, the wily, toad-eating “Tib,” the common-place, Emma, the sylph duchess and her noble lord, and last but not least, the hero himself, Stuart of Dunleath, in whom there is much to love and admire, but who would never have done for the model hero of an old romance, though his faults and imperfections are so true to nature, that we can sympathize in most of them, and forgive all, except his blindness to the love of his little ward, and his cowardly attempt at suicide when he found the trust which he had betrayed must expose him to disgrace.

We commend the book to the perusal of all who have leisure and taste for such reading. It will well repay a perusal, and minister to the gratification both of the heart and the intellect.