THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1874. No. 6.

IN DAYS OF ELD.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY HUBERT H. DUVAR.

I.

IN days of eld they held high times
At gay and festive Christmas tide,
The minstrels strung their votive rhymes,
The dancers' pattering feet replied,
The joyous bells rang merry chimes,
The jolly mummers whooped and cried,
Chattered loud the witty fool,
And the head cook on log of yule
Through the court-yard arch did ride,
In days of eld at Christmas tide.

II.

Then everybody made good cheer
At hearty, jovial Christmas tide,
The steward stinted not the beer,
The scullions basted, stewed and fried,
The huntsmen brought in game and deer,
The pages here and thither hied,
The cook brought in, with rosemary,
The wild boar's head so grim to see,
And all men laughed and no one sighed
In days of eld at Christmas tide.

III.

The sturdy vassals swigged their ale
  At romping, roistering Christmas tide,
Ladies, in hoop and farthingale,
  A deeper red their sweet lips dyed
With claret-cup in silver grail,
  The baron well his dagger plied,
And gallants gay sweet joyance made
'Neath misletoe's delightful shade,
  With maidens fair and Juno-eyed
  In days of eld at Christmas tide.

IV.

Then no man's loss was other's gain
  At kind, fraternal Christmas tide,
Nor hate nor envy made the bane
  Men's better nature to divide,
But kindness flowed through every vein
  And each on other then relied,
For each man's words were free and fair,
His brow was smooth and free from care,
  And no one's look his heart belied
  In days of eld at Christmas tide.

V.

And though no longer days of eld,
  So should we keep our Christmas tide,
Our hands in friendship's grasp be held,
  Not listlessly with groundless pride,
Nor should the wanderer be repelled,
  Nor prayer of misery be denied,
But pattern take from Him was born
Long years ago on Christmas morn,
  And we our heart-gates open wide
  At this, our present Christmas tide.

THE TWO PICTURES.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY CORINNE.

"THERE now, cousin, you had better go up stairs and have a good rest before dinner," said my gentle hostess, Mrs. Beaumont. "I am sure you must be dreadfully tired. The idea of those thoughtless girls dragging you all over the house after your fatiguing journey yesterday."

I was very glad to obey her kindly imperative command, and went slowly up to the pretty dressing room my cousins had fitted up so luxuriously for me. I dressed for dinner according to my custom, before I sat down to rest; having tried all my life, in these little things as well as in great ones, to do my work first and then rest. Ah! well, I thought when at length, newspaper in hand, I sat down in the great crimson velvet chair before the fire, my working day is nearly over, and I hope soon to lie down to sleep with the loved ones who have gone before me. This was my first Christmas Eve in England, after a sojourn of many years in a foreign land, where I had left the remains of my husband and only child. I had expected to find some friends in London, and had taken apartments there in that hope, but of all I had known there, not one was left, and it was most grateful to my lonely heart to receive an invitation from these third or fourth cousins, whom I had known but slightly before I left England, to spend Christmas with them. Ah! what comfort it gave me, a lonely elderly woman, to be received with such a warm welcome, not only by my Cousin Mabel herself, but by her husband and by all the gay, bright sons and daughters of the house, who seemed as if they wanted to out-do each other in kindness to me.

Settling myself cosily back in my chair, I opened the paper, and in glancing over the columns I happened on an account of the execution of some of those awful *petrolieuses* in Paris. It was a horrible thing, and I dropped the paper with a shudder and fixed my eyes dreamily on the large picture that hung over the fire-place. It was a portrait of one that they spoke of as the "French girl." Mabel's second daughter (Madge) had told me who she was. Her name was Amandú L——, and she and Mabel's

mother were step-sisters. She had been considered very beautiful, but I did not like her face; there was something in the expression of it that almost frightened me. She was fair for a French woman, and her tawny brown hair fell in great luxuriance down over her shoulders and far below her waist. She was dressed in white, and around her neck and arms was exquisite lace, veiling the heavy gold necklace and bracelets that adorned them. The features were regular, and her brow remarkably high; and her whole face and style reminded me of the ill-fated Charlotte Corday. Her history, too, was a strange and tragical one. They had been telling me about her down stairs. Her father, Vicompt L——, had made a visit to England, when he was a widower, with his two children, Amandú and her brother, scarcely more than infants. He was a handsome, fascinating man, just in the prime of life, and on visiting with a friend, this very house in which I was now a guest, he had fallen in love with, and won the heart of Eleanor Desborough, the heiress of the noble castle. They were married almost immediately, and remained in England until after the birth of their daughter Mabel. Then they returned to France, and remained there until the revolution drove the Vicompt, with many other faithful subjects of their ill-fated sovereign, exiles from their native land. Then they had taken up their abode here in the old castle, and the Vicompt, dropping his title, had called himself Mr. L——, and tried to amuse himself with the ordinary pleasures and occupations of an English gentleman. But Amandú's patriotic fury was stirred, and she kept her father's mind in a turmoil, continually hatching schemes for the emancipation of his country from the sway of the usurper. Amandú knew all the affairs of her country as well as she knew its language, and all her ambition, and the one object of her life, was to free it. This passion was kept alive by the frequent visits of other refugees, and many a secret conference was held in an underground council-chamber, at all of which Amandú was present, planning, advising, encouraging and stimulating these few patriots to their work.

Madge had taken me down and shown me the room, or, more properly speaking, dungeon, in which they had held their councils —now all in ruins—and had told me how, one Christmas Eve, Mr. L—— had prepared to start on a secret journey to France, and going down to this place to say a last word to his confidential steward, who occupied the room for business purposes, had been

killed and buried by the falling of the inner wall, caused, as some supposed, by an earthquake; and how the steward, who miraculously escaped, had gone in search of Amandú, and finding her in the church, which stood by the castle, only divided from it by the moat, whither she had gone, it was supposed, to pray for success on her father's mission, had appeared before her suddenly, and without a word being spoken, she seemed to read the fatal intelligence in his face, and fell dead on the chancel floor.

"And of course," said Madge, unable to restrain her love of fun even here, "and now her spirit walks about the house and church every Christmas Eve, so look out for her to-night, Cousin Mary."

"Ghosts don't walk before midnight, at any rate," thought I, leaning back in my luxurious chair; but even while the thought was passing through my mind, I found myself on my feet, following a white-robed figure that I knew was no other than the French girl, out of the room and down the grand staircase. I seemed to be going involuntarily, not of my own free will, and my feet scarcely touched the stairs. The drawing-room door was a little open, and I glanced in. A young girl dressed in white sat before the fire gazing into the glowing coals with a dreamy look.

"It is Mabel L——," thought I, and I knew that she had just come in from practising the Christmas anthem in the church.

We went on down the lower stairs, and wherever we passed I saw that the rooms were peopled with beings of a past age. In the warm, bright butler's pantry was an old grey-haired man, who, as my guide flashed past the open door, lifted his hands and eyes, exclaiming, "Mercy defend us! it is Satan transformed to an angel of light!"

And then I heard her sardonic laugh floating up as she too caught the muttered words. Down, down we went, through the intricate passages and down the broken and dangerous stairs that I had toiled up so painfully with Madge a little while before. At last my guide stopped close by the door of that dungeon-chamber, and stooping down, busied herself with moving away the rubbish that lay on the threshold. I saw a packet in her hand while she did so, and when she poured some of its contents into a small hole that she had uncovered, I knew that it was gunpowder, and I tried to fly from the spot, but in vain; which ever way I turned, some insurmountable barrier seemed to rise before me. Presently *she* sprang up, and, clasping her hands together, murmured: "This night one enemy of France will perish!"

A sudden thought darted like lightning through my mind: "It is the old steward; he would gladly see his master give up these plots and intrigues, and give his mind to peace, and she has done this to destroy him!" and oh, how hard I strove to reach the door and warn him, but I might as well have tried to fly up through the stone arches over my head; and the next moment I found myself moving on again, drawn by an irresistible impulse. We traversed a long subterranean passage, far from the habitable part of the castle, and presently we reached the vault of the Desboroughs under the church. We went up the stone steps in the far corner, and lifting the trap-door, apparently with perfect ease, my mysterious guide led me up into the church. Just as we reached it, we heard the heavy tramp of the ringers coming down from the belfry, where they had been looking at the bells in preparation for the midnight chimes. Some of the men had been drinking, and when they saw Amandú, were inclined to be rough with her; but Will Sunderland, the only gentleman among them, interfered. In his admiration for her beauty, but more, perhaps, on account of her being the sister of his "white rose," as he called Mabel—only to himself, though—he had not yet ventured to address her so—felt disposed to fight any number of men who would molest her, and so they quietly dispersed; and I heard the great door shut with a loud bang, and then Amandú threw herself down on the floor and pressed her burning cheek against the cold stones.

I felt a sort of cool surprise at being able to see into her thoughts as she lay prostrated there. She seemed to pass into a trance or dream-state, and she thought there was a great shock that shook the church to the very foundations, and then the door burst open and the crowd that rushed in seized her, and dragging her to the open space in front of the reading-desk, bade her prepare for death. Well, she could die for France, but, how was this? these men who scowled upon her and called her traitress and murderess, were friends of France—men whose faces she had seen again and again in the midnight conferences in the stone cell, and yet she felt that they were ready to tear her to pieces, and she raised her head proudly and defiantly to show them she was ready, and when they fired she saw, as in a mirror, her own awful beauty change to loathsome hideousness with the hatred that she felt for all mankind, as she fell. Then she awoke to consciousness

and knew it was a dream, but the church was shaking as if all the powers of the air had seized it in their grasp, and she sprang up and paced the floor in awful suspense until the door was pushed open, and the man she had attempted to destroy stood before her.

Her enemy, her country's enemy, had escaped then, but who was lost in his stead? The next moment she was lying, slain by a look, dead upon the sacred floor.

"Why cousin, cousin Mary!" sounded Madge's voice in my ears, "how you screamed; were you dreaming?" and I opened my eyes in my warm, snug dressing-room to find Madge and Sophie bending anxiously over me.

"We were just passing your door, on our way down stairs," said Sophie, as I looked, in a scared manner, at them, "and we heard you scream. I was afraid you had set yourself on fire."

"Could it have been a dream?" I murmured, looking up at the picture.

"Oh! it's no wonder you screamed, if you were dreaming about that dreadful, awful picture!" exclaimed Madge, following my glance. "I wonder mamma didn't take it away, and put grandmamma's here; but I suppose she didn't think you would mind it. Most visitors admire it, but those eyes always haunt me. I cannot bear to look at it long."

"Your grandmamma's picture, my dear?" said I wonderingly, forgetting for a moment that they were Mabel's grandchildren.

"Yes, grandmamma Sunderland."

"Oh, yes! she married Will Sunderland after all," I said, and then seeing that they looked at me in surprise, I added: "I don't think I am awake yet, my dears; I feel quite bewildered."

"Do you think you can walk down stairs, cousin?" asked thoughtful Sophie; "it is just dinner time, and if you could come down and drink a glass of wine, I think you would feel better."

I rose at once, and leaning on her young arm, went down to the drawing-room, where all the family and the numerous guests were awaiting the summons to dinner. Charles Beaumont, my handsome, noble-looking host, came to my side to conduct me to the dinner-table, and the next moment the butler threw open the door and we led the way down to the great dining-hall, with its bountiful table spread with English Christmas fare, and its masses of holly, misletoe and ivy forming the loveliest decoration, to my mind, that can possibly be found. There were happy faces and

light hearts round that Christmas table; but not all the gay talk and laughter could efface from my mind the recollection of my vivid, awful dream.

"Cousin Mary," said Mr. Beaumont to me when we were all assembled in the drawing-room again (they all called me "Cousin," or "Cousin Mary," to make me feel that I was not a stranger), "what is the matter with you this evening? You looked all dinner time as if you had seen an apparition."

I glanced round hastily to see if there was any one near, and finding that we were comparatively alone, I told him my dream. He looked at me seriously all the while, and when I had finished, he said, "Strange! very strange!" and then sat looking at the floor for a few minutes in silence.

"Have you ever heard any incidents of her life?" he asked me.

I told him what the girls had been telling and showing me in the day.

"Thoughtless children!" he exclaimed, "to drag you all the way down there; but I meant—anything before you left England—anything that might lead you to suppose she mistrusted Fairfield, the old steward?"

"No," I said; "nothing that I can remember. I knew very little about this branch at that time. I knew that there was French blood in the family, but I always heard them spoken of as 'the Sunderlands,' or 'the family at Desborough,' and the name of L—— was not at all familiar to me. I think I heard the name of 'Fairfield' before, but where, or when, or how, I cannot remember."

"Yes," he said, "and you might have heard more that you do not clearly remember. The reason I ask you so particularly," he added, seeing that I looked at him wonderingly, "is, that there is a subterranean passage from the house to the vault; and another thing is, that I have often thought it strange, that such a beautiful young woman, with such a history, should rouse feelings of horror, instead of pity, in the minds of all who hear the story and see the picture, and yet I must acknowledge that I share the feeling. But tell me, did the children tell you about the passage? Mr. Sunderland had the end of it walled up, and I didn't know that they knew of its existence."

I thought for a minute before I answered that they had not spoken of it, but I had some faint recollection of having heard of

it before. However, I told him that I thought my dream was nothing more than the natural effect of mixing up tragical family histories with French executions and impressions of Charlotte Corday just before I went to sleep.

"Well," he answered, "perhaps so; let us hope so, at any rate. And to help banish the recollection of it from your mind, I can relate to you a much pleasanter incident connected with that passage. But come into the other room, we shall be quieter."

He gave me his arm and led me into the smaller, though by no means *small*, drawing-room adjoining; and after giving me a comfortable chair by the fire, seated himself opposite me, and said: "I brought you in here because this room bears an important connection with my story, as well as for the sake of quiet. My heroine is the youngest sister, my wife's mother, Mabel L——. I believe you saw her portrait in the gallery to-day, so you know how beautiful she was, and she was as beautiful in her life as in her person. While Amandú was engrossed with the wrongs of France, she was interesting herself in the woes of the poor, and making herself beloved by all around her by her simple unaffected piety and lovely unselfishness. After the Vicompt's tragical death, Madame L—— and Mabel, accompanied by some of the old servants, left the castle, and went to live near Bude, in Cornwall, the home of the Sunderlands, and when the first violence of her grief had abated, Will had not much difficulty in winning Mabel for his bride; but in the meanwhile the young Vicompt, whom Mabel and her mother had never seen since they left France, had taken possession of the castle. Madame L—— was too broken-spirited to care much about the matter, but Fairfield, who had her interests and Mabel's very much at heart, wrote to the family lawyer, desiring him to look into the matter. He did so, and after a wearisome quest wrote back to say that, from the absence of certain wills and deeds, there was nothing to establish Madame L——'s claim, and if the estate were wrested from Isidore, it would only pass to a remote branch of the Desborough family; so, not wishing to go to law with her step-son unless she could benefit Mabel, Madame L—— let the matter drop.

"When Mr. Sunderland and his bride were on their wedding tour, they came here to the village, very quietly and privately, to visit the old familiar scenes, and to their great astonishment, the day after their arrival, witnessed the funeral of Isidore, who, like

his father and sister, ended his life in a tragical manner, having been killed by a fall from his horse a few days before. He had taken the precaution of arranging all his affairs in good time, having left the castle, and property around it, for the benefit of certain French refugees. His will had been read before the funeral, and his executor secured all the valuables under lock and key, and after burying him with great pomp in the *Desborough vault*, locked up the castle and went away, intending to return immediately and take possession for the heirs. Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland were in the church and saw the funeral, and while there the clergyman recognized them; and when the people were all gone, came and greeted them heartily, and gave them an account of village matters. Mrs. Sunderland was walking out of the church with him, but her husband drew her back, saying simply, 'Let us stay here a little longer, Mabel.' The clergyman, thinking that they would, perhaps, like to visit the organ and the bells, and would prefer being left alone, took his departure; and as soon as he was gone, Mr. Sunderland took his wife's hand in his, and said: 'Are you afraid to go down into the vault, Mabel?' The fearless girl looked at him, and said: 'I am not afraid to go anywhere with you, Will; but why?'

"'They have locked you out of your home,' he said, 'but we can enter it still if you would like to. There is a way open to us without stooping to ask admittance of any one. The vault is open.' She looked at him for a moment, and then silently placed her hand in his. He left her for a moment to get a hand lamp from the vestry, and then they descended into the vault, and finding the passage, bravely entered it, and reached the house in safety. Mabel's hand trembled, and her cheek blanched when they passed the heap of ruins that had formed her father's sepulchre; but as they left that behind, and ascended to the dear scenes of her happy girlhood, her spirits rose, and she went on joyously. After roaming about for some time they entered this room, and Mabel sat down to rest just where I am sitting now, and fondly recalled some of the scenes of the past. There stood her harp where it still stands, and she thought of how her father used to delight in her music. Closing her eyes she leaned back, and a flood of recollections came over her. One long-forgotten incident of her childhood came back to her. It was evening, and she was sitting by the window. The door opened softly, letting in a flood

of sunset glory from the west window across the hall, and the tall figure of her father wrapped in golden light, entered. He went to the harp, and, taking that curious shell-shaped ornament at the top between his hands, unscrewed it, took it off and then replaced it. Then, as he turned to leave the room he caught sight of Mabel, and crossing to her he laid his hand caressingly on her golden hair, and said softly, 'It is for you little Mabel. It will be safe there.' As it all came back to her mind she sprang to her feet exclaiming, 'Could it have been a dream, or did I see it in reality? If I did, it was done for some purpose,' and she went to the harp and tried to remove the shell. It came off, and in the cavity lay the missing will and deeds. And that was how it happened that Madame L—— recovered her property, and that we are living here now, Cousin Mary. Why the Vicompt hid them there must always remain a mystery, but it is my belief that he did it to make them safe from his eldest daughter and his son whom he seemed to fear more than love, and who were unscrupulous in their patriotic zeal."

It was my turn to ejaculate, "How strange!" and I added, how interesting, too. It is always good to hear of right and justice; but in this case I felt it to be particularly good, for I knew what Mr. Beaumont did not—that the next of kin to Madame L—— had been a wild spendthrift, to whom the property would have done no good, but more probably great harm.

When I went up to bed, long after midnight, I found that Mrs. Beaumont had removed the picture, and in the place of it had put one of her little Charlie, the child she had lost some years before. He had been delicate from his birth, and was one of those lovely spirituelle-looking children that one is apt to say is "too beautiful to live." There was a dreamy look about his blue eyes, but nothing sad or sickly in his face; the perfectly formed mouth was like coral, and the cheeks were tinted like a blush-rose. It was a beautiful picture of child-life, and as I lay down it seemed to give me sweeter thoughts of the One who was a child on this morning, more than eighteen centuries ago.

THE BAPTISM OF THE BELL.

A BALLAD FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.

Bishop Bruno rode from Bruges,
Clad in robes of Flemish cloth,
Sable cope and mantle rouge
Trimmed with ermine white as froth,—
Mounted on an ambling mule,
On a selle of russet brown,—
To baptize a campanule
For the monks of Antwerp town;
As he journeyed, with his train,
Grave and stately, it befel
Through his mind ran this refrain:
"What name shall I give the bell?"

All the female saints and martyrs
Through his thoughts diffusely ran,
From the precepts and the charters
Since the mother church began;—
Cologne's virgins, St. Cecilia,
Lucy, Bridget and St. Bride,
Anastasia, Catherine, Leilia,—
Many lissom saint beside
Through his mind who went and came,
As he rode the ambling mule,
Sought to give the bell her name
For the shrine of St. Gudule.

Yet it is,—e'en holy men
Sometimes cease from saying Ave,
So the bishop, there and then,
As he jogged along the pavé,
Of the time ere he was shaven—
Took a reminiscent look,
Ere his brow with lines was graven
Poring over bell and book,
When a maid, unsainted, taught
Him to love, and, many a time, a
Love pang made his studies naught,—
And her name, *la belle Jemima.*

Through the streets of Antwerp town
  Rode the bishop, humbly grand
On his selle of russet brown,
  And the mighty of the land
Helped him up the marble stair,
  Through the carved and gilded gate
Of that structure light as air
  Yet as strong and fixed as fate;
(For no artist ever traced
  Grander than that Gothic pile,)
And the bishop reverend paced
  Up St. Gudule's columned aisle.

There in every window-pane
  Good St. Michael and St. George
Loomed in many a gorgeous stain,
  Glowing as an armourer's forge;
There the loved disciple, hoary
  As he was in Patmos isle,
There the Virgin with the glory
  And her winsome, clement smile,
And the Holy Paul and Peter
  And All Saints, in glass, looked down
As to say: "What bell will beat her
  When she rings o'er Antwerp town:"

All the martyrs, done in wood,
  And the angels molt in bronze
On the screens around the rood,
  Marthas, Marys, Judes and Johns
In their niches on the walls,
  And the cherubs' flying heads
On the columns' capitals,
  Angel-corbels on the leads,
Monas bright from Italié,
  And Byzantines done in bistre
Seemed to glance approvingly
  At the church-bells' youngest sister.

Stout Sir Godfred on his table,
  With his legs crossed at the knees,

On his shield, (three fessures sable,)
And his wife, dame Dor. Elise,
With her pointed hands aye praying,
Carved in stone, right fair to see,
As in life in death were saying:
"Lord! forgive Godfred and me;"
And all other figures keeping
Ward above each empty shell,
Seemed with stony eyes were peeping
At the figure of the bell.

All in dress of purest white,
Like a lady was the Bell,
Crowned with garlands gay and bright,
And, beneath, five Flemish ell
Flowed a silken farthingale,—
Swelling bust and middle small
Girdled with a cincture pale
Like a damsel stout and tall;
And, in truth, I am avised
She had a coquettish air,
And no one had felt surprised
Had a bright face looked out there.

Bells were rung and mass was sung
And the eunuchs' voice in volumes,
Like a breaking wave, was flung
All along the line of columns,
Where the roof with aisle inarches,
And in flowing deviations
'Mong the cusped and spandrilled arches
To a spray of sweet vibrations,
Like the spray of ocean, split
And in drops of music fell
'Mong the incense, as befit
For the baptism of the bell.

When the rites, the which my tongue
Cannot tell, the church had filled,
Levavi cor been said and sung,
And such other airs were trilled

As might Satan's whisperings drown
And from evil might evite her,
Bishop Bruno in his gown,
Gigot sleeves, and wearing mitre,
Rained a shower of holy water
From the bunch of hyssop broom,
Saying: "I baptize this daughter;
May her voice for ever boom!
And her name is St. Jemima.
Through the ages may she trill on,
Peal, and chime, and join carillon;
May she with the foul fiend grapple,
And her grave tones, many a time, a-
Comfort be towards this chapel."

Thus the bell was baptized truly,
Consecrated, and with unction
Rendered holy, grave, and duly
Set aside for sacred function
And given blessèd work to do;—
Yet at complin and at prime, a
Question ran the abbey through:
"Who the deuce is Saint Jemima?"
But the bishop had departed
On his ambling prick-eared mule,
So the theory was started:
"Some saint of the modern school."

To the campanile they swung her:
"Yo! heave O! on high we swing her,
And when we aloft have hung her
In the sacred chime we'll ring her!"
As she passed the window panes
She was dyed as red as blood,
As she passed the torches, stains
Of amber lit her in a flood,
As she passed the belfry slips
The moonbeams white upon her fell,
And all men praised with lauding lips
Th' apotheosis of the bell!

Then the ringers with their hammers
  Smote on her resonant rim,
And there rung out startling clamors,—
  Mingled roundelay and hymn!
When they struck the bell for prime,
  She rippled out in laughing tones,
And rung snatches of a rhyme
  When the bell was beat for nones;
But the tone she loved the best
  Was a kind of lovesome swell,—
Till men said she was possessed,
  And a fiend was in the bell!

Now, they tell me, but I know not
  If the fact be so or no,
When the bells of Antwerp ought
  To ring out mournfully and slow,
St. Jemima ringeth cheery
  While the others utter dole,
And the ringers, vexed and weary,
  Say she is beyond control;
And the clerks, head-shaking, say:
  "Va' Sathanus! sure some huge
Lapse was made that summer day,
  When Bishop Bruno rode from Bruges."

HUNTER DUVAR.

THOUGHT RAMBLES.

"THE *real* poet is the philosopher, and his words are truth," said my friend, the Professor, at the tea-table one evening. He made no mistake, I think, in the general idea; and yet, I have read some very ornamental lies. It seems to me that poetry ought to be *truth illuminated*. That which is destitute of truth is unworthy our admiration or regard; and if such a thing as poetry can exist without it, we look upon it as a sort of fallen angel, exiled forever from the shining ranks. The first element requisite in a work of art is fidelity to the object that is to be portrayed. Suppose an author to write a *pastoral*, and let all its allusions to

nature betray his ignorance, let it lack fidelity, and its worth as an artistic work is lost, simply because *truth* is not there. It may have elements of beauty, flush with blossoms, and sparkling with tropes; but wherever it is seen, it must exhibit its deformities, and be a monument of defect. You appeal to such agents of the mind as the poet employs. What one thing comprehends the substance of the poetic faculty? Can it be *Fancy?* If so, the tiny child is a perfect poet, for the aurora of fancy plays about its giddy brain like a squirrel in a tree-top. Can it be *Imagination?* Then dream-clouds are magnificent poems. Is it the mere blossoming of words? The dewy glow of a full-blown rose bush is much better. To quote no more classic authority than the hymn-book of Wesley: "A man may . . . . heap together pretty compound epithets, as *pale-eyed*, *meek-eyed*, and the like; but unless he be born a poet, he will never attain the genuine spirit of poetry." It is easy for the vulgar mind, and the vulgar eye, to be dazzled by high coloring, to the exclusion of all sense of artistic imperfection. How many persons will prefer a daub or a caricature to a work of art, as if pleased with its rude inaccuracies and its absence of design. These radiant faculties in the mind of the poet may be as painted windows in a cathedral; and the light, falling round a central truth, may receive its brilliant hues by passing through them; but it is the *Truth* that is shown—the *Truth*, transfigured and illuminated—after all.

In one of Wordsworth's odes you will find it oracularly pronounced that Slaughter is the daughter of God. We will not repeat the audacious criticism of Byron, but can it be that the old philosopher is right? Would we not rather hail some impersonation of *Poesy*, invested by our imagination with eyes of soul, and lips of harmless fire, whose singing should swell or smooth the waves of the spirit at its will, as the favorite child of the Father of Fathers? What a stainless and resplendent being she would be—sweeter, more sacred than vestal virgin—more chaste and more beautiful. She should not be kept far from the altar.

The brightest of the golden threads of poetry have, from the earliest, been interwoven with the various fabrics of religion, and its silvery strains of music have been breathed through all worship. Homer glows at red-heat when he delineates Achilles and Agamemnon; but when he sees Jove "shake his ambrosial locks, and give the nod," he flames with newer fire. And Virgil revels in his

poetic adoration of the fabled deities. Thus Hesiod, Horace and Cleanthes won their laurels while descanting on virtue, and their then imperfect conceptions of morality. Here is a passage from the hymn of Cleanthes to Jupiter. Say not Jupiter, but God:

> "Each atom of this rolling universe
> Obeys Thy guidance, and submits itself
> To Thy control: so vehement, so fiery,
> And so immortal is the thunder Thou
> Holdest subservient in unshaken hands."

It must require some infinite and immortal theme to awaken the grandest strains of which the poet is capable; and who that has wandered amid the fantastic mazes of the Armidan gardens of Tasso, or peered into the mystical darkness among the haggard, lurid forms of Dante's *Purgatorio*, but has felt the magic of other worlds running electrically along their strains of mighty verse. When they walk amid the shapes of earth, they are poets, akin to nature, affluent, and creative; but when they are "tired of all that earth has shown" them, and essay to "dwell with shadows," when they descend into Hell, or ascend to Heaven, they acquire an energy of eloquence, and a dazzle of imagery, that is as new and splendid as the scenes amid which they, in their imaginations, are treading.

But when the babe is born, when the dawning spirit-sun of the morning rises on the rapt eyes of Poesy, her exalted strains are broken with alleluias! Then the amaranths, the immortelles, angel forget-me-nots, and all the fadeless flowers, bud amid her laurels. She walks not amid the far-reaching shadows of the things to be, but at the side of the Radiant and Mighty One himself. Matchless Melody! Happy Minstrel! so prompted to the grandest, gladdest song that ever swept from harpstrings, or fired and melted, by turns, the human heart!

An opinion has very far obtained—not as the result of much inquiry—that the poet is almost necessarily the child of error; that there is a malignant afflatus springing out of his very embodiment; that his quick and eccentric spirit is alien to the calmness and peacefulness of piety. This, to some, may seem to be the case, but we would rather incline to an opposite opinion. We think the *real* poet has an impulsion more than ordinary to that which is right, and true, and noble; and that there is nothing alien to piety either in the constitution of his mind or body.

Burns, in his pitiful lamentation over his fallen self, impugns the beautiful spirit of Poetry, and says:

"The light that led astray
Was light from heaven."

But it is rather darkness than light—the bale-fires of passion and pleasure in the awful midnight of the soul. If a man brings the light of heaven with him into the darkness—if he draggles his beautiful, white, soul-plumage in the black caldron of despair—who is to blame? Yet few of those who have done this, have been silent about religion. They have turned aside to sing sweeter songs of Heaven than they ever sang for the world, amid the uproar of passion and the fascinations of lust. I am moved by the sweet and sorrowful simplicity of the poet's "Highland Mary," and bewitched by the master touches in "Tam O'Shanter," but I confess to the finer influence of such words as these:

"They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name."

Thus it was, that when a zephyr from the spirit land swept for a moment along the hearts of such as Pope, and Byron, and Moore, they sang loftier in the praise of virtue than in the service of vice. To be sure of this, read the "Universal Prayer" and the "Dying Christian to his Soul," of the first; the "Hebrew Melodies," of the second; and the "Sacred Songs," of the third. You may see how harmoniously they might have tuned their lyres to the worthy and the worthful, had they listed. Yea, as the mistaken paths they travel are hard ones, anyway,—the sorrowful songs these lost birds of Paradise sing as they journey,—ah! they seem harder and sadder still! My heart is heavy as I think of them.

But the Nazarine has had his train of sweet and mighty minstrels,—poets, who have served Him in their lives, and celebrated Him in their songs. Behold, the names of those who are for Him are greater than the names of those who are against Him. Let us delight ourselves for a moment in these Princes of song. First, in the solemn, shining train, comes the sightless *Second* John——

"Milton, a name to sound for ages!"

The bard, whose purest and loftiest strains are evangelical. Where do we find the reflex of old Hebraic grandeur, as in him? We say nothing about his *poetical* prëeminence;—that is estab-

lished. We have listened to the love-lays of *Venus to Adonis*, and of *Sappho to Phaon;* listen to that of *Eve to Adam.* Was ever purer, sweeter?

"Sweet is the breath of morn,—her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistening with dew."

Open the book and read the remainder for yourself. And *this*,—a scene so entrancing and Elysian, following such

"Linked sweetness, long drawn out."

The angels bow "toward either throne," and cast down

"Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold;
Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life
Began to bloom."

Who was it that said: "Our friend, John Milton hath written a a tedious book of verse?" a commentary on current criticism. And can anything be more terribly imaginative than the following? Awe-stricken and shudderingly I have witnessed the pictured descent:—

"Headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven; *eternal wrath*
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit."

Has incense like this ever been offered at the shrine of Moloch? But I must hasten; I am unworthy to contemplate his genius. I suppose that Pollock, though far below him, stands next to Milton upon the mount of consecrated song. One passage will give you some idea of his imaginative richness and his descriptive power:—

"It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood.
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver sheen,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its maker. Now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood, and mountain high
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with herself. Vesper looked forth,
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the East, unclouded, rode the moon,
With all her stars."

Dr. Young comes along, sounding, with clarion tones, the pæan of the Resurrection. We used to hear the triumphant words, "He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of death!" swelling on the buoyant old Easter Anthem, on bright sabbath mornings of old. Among modern singers we have only *one*, Mrs. Browning, with a harp tuned to the music of the skies, and a heart throbbing for humanity; and yet, there are a few, not unworthy, who have caught the minor strain. Am I too exuberant in my display of flowers? If not, may I cull a few violets and pansies to court your smile, after these blush roses. You know her, of whom I have just been speaking; and, I am sure you must love the sweet mind of this delightful wife of a poet. A spirit-woman, as Hawthorne describes her. What a wail is this, she is breathing!

"God, God!
With a child's voice, I cry,
Weak, sad, confidingly—
God, God!

* * * * * * * * *

Thou knowest, though Thy universe is broad,
Two little tears suffice to cover all.
Thou knowest, Thou who art so prodigal
Of Beauty, we are oft like stricken deer
Expiring in the wood—that care for none
Of those delightful flowers they die upon."

And when did ever the radiant wings of Poetry flutter so tremulously over the mercy-seat as they do here?

"Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low."

There is a passage in her poem of "*Cowper's Grave*," that reads like something more than *poetic* inspiration. I am always thrilled by it. Let me try its power upon you:—

"Deserted! Who hath drempt that when the cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that one should be deserted?
Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather;
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and Father.
Yea, once Immanuel's orphaned cry His universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, '*My God, I am forsaken!*'
It went up from the Holy's lips, amid His lost creation,
That of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation!"

Poor Cowper! with the shadowed life, the melancholy eyes, and

the manly heart! I could spend a profitable hour musing over his grave. I love his memory,—but not the recollection of that gloomy madness that possessed him; that despair,—not of a sinning soul, but of a disordered mind. He finds that peace in another life which he never had in this.

ARTHUR LOCKHART.

Horton, N. S.

SONNET.

Draw nearer wife,—a little nearer still;
My eyes grow dim, and I would wish to see
Up to the last, the face so dear to me:
Nay, do not weep with such convulsive thrill,
And make me thus a coward to my will.
'Tis hard, ah! hard indeed, to part with thee;
But we should be resigned to Heaven's decree
Tho' it the measure of our anguish fill.
My strength is ebbing swiftly, and I know
That soon the final moment shall appear
When death shall place his seal upon my brow;—
I feel his touch upon me even now!—
Ev'n now he comes to summon me from here;
Kiss me once more, dear wife, before I go.

JAMES YOUNG.

IMILDA; OR THE FATAL FOUNTAIN.

A SICILIAN TALE.

CHAPTER V.

IMILDA'S MARRIAGE—UNWELCOME STRANGER—THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

AT the expiration of two months, as is the custom in Sicily, the Cavalier came to the palace to be betrothed to Imilda, previous to the actual celebration of the marriage ceremony.

The day at length came; the marriage was celebrated in the village chapel, which was thronged to excess by rich and poor, noble and peasant. At the very moment when the enraptured bridegroom placed the emblematic circle on the slender finger of

his lovely bride, a contemptuous and discordant laugh—so loud, so long, and so strange in its expression, that it resembled rather that of a fiend than that of a human being—was heard far above the hum and murmur of the assemblage in the chapel. Such extraordinary rudeness instantly drew the attention of all present; but to their astonishment, although the ominous peal still continued, it was impossible to ascertain the individual from whom it proceeded. When it at length ceased, the ceremony continued, and the gross affront, if it were meant for one, was soon forgotten in the succession of circumstances of a more agreeable nature.

Every room in the superb old mansion—the bridal chamber excepted—was thrown open to the assembled hundreds; neither expense nor labor had been spared, that could in any way add to the luxury and magnificence of the occasion. The tables groaned beneath the innumerable delicacies placed before the noble company, who were entertained in the vast hall of the chateau, and ample supplies gladdened the peasants and dependants of both houses, who were feasted on the lawns and gardens before the palace.

The banqueting at length ceased. The villa and the grounds were alike splendidly illuminated, and soon after nightfall, music, with its "voluptuous swell," quickened the pulses of the young and light-hearted, and—

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,"

was the general cry both within and without the building.

The following day the bride and bridegroom retired to the chateau of the latter. It was encircled by a perfect fairy-land of luxury. Situated without the bounds of Mascali, on the eastern coast of Sicily, some miles distant from the city of Catania, at the foot of one of the most charming of Otnean hills, whose gentle slope is covered with vineyards, corn fields and olive grounds, interspersed with gardens, orange groves and citron trees, which impart a delicious perfume to the air.

A little above the town, and overlooking it, was the residence of the ancient family of the bride's husband, situated in one of the pleasantest spots imaginable, embowered in a wilderness of agrunie, whose never-fading verdure gives the appearance of a perpetual spring to this favored region. The summit of this beautiful eminence commands in front an enchanting view of the distant coast of Italy, the sea studded with craft of every denomination,

and the shore variegated with town and village, winding streams and promontories of lava. To the right lay the superb city and vast plain of Catania, so renowned for the exuberant fertility of its soil. To the left the silver currents of the Aces and the Fiume Freddo are seen paying their tribute to the sea. Behind stretches an extensive wood, remarkable for the size and variety of its trees, and the inexhaustible stock of game with which it is furnished. In the distance, the most prominent and sublimest feature of the scene, the snow-crowned Ætna, elevates its smoking summit to the clouds.

The castle was antique, and called Il Castello della Tita, or the Betrothed, from a daughter of an ancient lord of these possessions, whose father, as the tale runs, arbitrarily promised her hand to one of her suitors, whilst her heart was engaged to another. In spite of tears, prayers and remonstrances, a day was appointed for the celebration of the marriage.

On the evening preceding the morning on which the ceremony was to take place, it was observed that the intended bride had dried her tears, and appeared composed and resigned to her fate. In the morning the guests had arrived, the priest was ready, the bridegroom in attendance, but the bride was wanting. She was not in her apartment. The castle, as may be conjectured, was searched from turret to dungeon, but the young lady was not to be found. At length a pair of slippers was discovered on the ledge of a window; they were almost immediately recognized as those of the bride. On looking out, she was seen lying in her night-dress, a corpse, in the ditch of the castle, into which she had precipitated herself to avoid a detested union.

Imilda had given her hand to Conte Borgia, in obedience to the will of her father; nor had she any cause to regret having given it to him. Sincerely loving his wife, he strove in every way to evince his affection. Her every wish was gratified before expressed. Although she could not return his affection with the same warmth, she fully appreciated the goodness of his intentions, and knowing he was a man worthy and honorable, she esteemed and respected him accordingly.

Ten years rolled round in this placid manner, meantime the surrounding country was kept in continual alarm by the atrocious depredations of a band of brigands, headed by one "Capitano Diavolo." This company of robbers infested the environs of

Catania, committing with impunity every species of depredation. Encouraged by long and continued success, they committed the most daring robberies, often in the face of open day. They even ventured to enter Mascali by night, making an undisturbed retreat in the morning.

After sunset few persons dared travel even the most frequented roads, so great was the apprehension of encountering the terrible "Capitano Diavolo." Noblemen and plebeians of the more wealthy class were often compelled to pay tribute to this resolute bravo, or hazard his resentment. No matter how secret they might keep their intended journeys, Il Diavolo, by some secret means of information, always knew the routes, as he was invariably ready to ease the travellers of any superfluous wealth they might chance to be encumbered with. No matter what precautions they took, "Capitano Diavolo," whenever he thought proper, or when, perhaps, the necessities of the bravoes required it, could enter the villas and palazzos, and abstract the golden treasure.

Even lately, the gonfalconiere of Catania, attended by a numerous retinue of armed men, had been attacked, his guard dispersed or slain, and himself led captive to the fastnesses of the brigands; and had only been released on the payment of a large sum of money. It was even reported that the bold chief, "Il Capitano" himself, had the audacity to go and receive the money and escape detection.

It was remarkable, and the subject of much comment, that the only abode of wealth for miles around that escaped molestation, was the residence of Conte Lambertazzi. Though situated in the very heart of the lawless pillage, the noble owner remained undisturbed. It appeared as though its portals had been touched with a talisman, or an enchanted circle had been drawn around its walls. Not so the neighboring villa, the residence of the Spanish seignior, Don Felix Rubio. In the midst of a grand entertainment, the whole of the guests were thrown into the utmost confusion and consternation by a band of masked men, who entered the building, and unceremoniously deprived them of their most costly jewels.

Notwithstanding the most indefatigable endeavors of the Government to apprehend the terrible "Diavolo," all attempts had hitherto proved fruitless. The sum of five hundred ducats, offered by the Executive for the head of the famous bravo, had failed in

procuring the much coveted prize. Detachments of military were stationed in every corner, but "Il Capitano" skilfully eluded their utmost vigilance.

So accurate appeared his knowledge of all that was passing around, so mysterious his movements, that surmises circulated far and wide that he must have dealings with the Evil One; for, it was pertinaciously averred, that without such supernatural agency, it was absolutely impossible the bold brigand, however fertile in resources, could so long have remained untaken.

The extensive and daring robbery committed in the villa Strozzi, in which the owner, Don Felix Rubio, had been the principal sufferer, strangely appeared to have had no other effect than to give additional splendor to the Spanish seignior's entertainments. Indeed, he boasted, notwithstanding his loss on that fatal night was immense, that it was trifling compared to his wealth. The splendor of his equipage, the magnificence of his fêtes, and the sums he almost nightly lost at the gaming-table, warranted the assertion. His resources appeared endless, but how or where he received them none could tell. Little was known of him, except that he was (according to rumor) a Spanish noble of great possessions in Castile, and that he had quitted his native land in disgust at the Government. His very striking figure, his powerful frame, strong yet aristocratic cast of countenance, proud sarcastic expression, with his richness of costume, seemed to attract the eyes of all with whom he came in contact. And he possessed the power of captivating all who approached him, by the brilliancy of his wit, the fascination of his manners, and his martial and dignified carriage. As a magnet attracts steel, so did his bright, penetrating eyes seem to possess the power of attracting the inmost secrets of all men's hearts to their severe scrutiny.

His splendid property alone would have made him an admirable object to the match-seeking part of society, and numberless were the snares set to entrap him, or to use a more modern technical phrase, to catch him; but his coldness, his apparent insensibility to the charms of the fair sex, or his aversion to form a matrimonial alliance, baffled all their praiseworthy attempts. His horse was the only thing possessing life he evinced any fondness for.

For days, sometimes weeks, he would be absent from the villa, attended only by one or two of his most favored retainers, enjoying, as he affirmed, the agreeable sport of hunting. Some few of

the Sicilian cavaliers had at first accompanied him in his excursions, but had soon repented of their temerity, as few could undergo the fatigue which his iron frame seemed capable of enduring. Hence he was permitted to pursue his favorite pastime alone and undisturbed.

From one of these excursions he was one evening brought home by two of his retainers, who reported that their master had received a severe fall from his horse, and, besides other injuries, had dislocated his shoulder. For six weeks he was confined to his apartment, and no one, it was remarked, was permitted to enter with the exception of the two favored menials who invariably attended him. It was also remarked, that seldom a night passed but a stranger, muffled in a large cloak, and slouched hat, so as to conceal effectually the upper part of his face, gained admittance into the Don's room, and after remaining an hour or two, disappeared in the same mysterious manner as he had entered.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GAMING-TABLE—A VISIT AND A DISCOVERY.

On the recovery of Don Felix Rubio, again the festive halls of his villa were open for the reception of the gay, the brilliant, the wealthy, the privileged portion of society. The first entertainment the noble owner gave, after his restoration to health, exceeded, if possible, all former ones in splendor.

On that evening, the guests mingling together, enjoyed the magnificence which unbounded wealth, guided and directed by most refined taste, could create. Groups of officers in rich uniforms, rich and fashionable ladies, nobles attired in costly costumes, distinguished persons of the city of Catania, together with the stream of light from the candelabras, and the voluptuous music, made the scene at once dazzling and animating.

And no one appeared to enter more into the gaieties and enjoyments of the evening than the noble entertainer. He did the honors of the mansion with the ease and grace of one long accustomed to such scenes. He seemed the centre of happiness; the presiding deity, who diffused joy and felicity into every breast.

Yet there was one of this numerous company, who had no participation in the festivity of the evening—the Contessa Imilda di Lambertazzi.

"She stood
Among them, but not of them—in a shroud,
Of thoughts, that were not their thoughts."

There was visible amid the dignified self-possession, and elegant ease which she maintained during the evening, a coldness, or rather a sternness in her look and manner when addressed by Don Felix.

But the latter did not, or would not, observe the stern, distant, nay, disdainful manner with which his courtesy was received; for quite early in the evening he solicited the honor of her hand for the next dance, but was not only coldly refused, but almost rudely repulsed.

His countenance scarcely ever betrayed his mind; his features had much play, but they were strictly under command, yet encountering so marked a refusal his composure almost forsook him. He bit his nether lip till the blood came; his face became flushed, his brow contracted, and his eyes shot forth a glance of fiery indignation. But so momentary was the expression of resentment, it could have been perceived by no other than the Contessa.

Instantly recovering his bland deportment, he bowed with the most winning politeness, then, with a smile on his handsome countenance, turned upon his heel, and withdrew to the room appropriated exclusively for gambling—the hallucination of the intellect—the scourge of reason—the very leprosy of the soul!

Who, on entering the illuminated portals of the realms of darkness, sin and pain, who, I say, has not thought of Virgil and Dante in the *descensus Averni*, and felt as if he should like to have them for a guide to instruct him in the dread mysteries and secret recesses of sorrow. Unluckily, no guide to the great Cacus's den can show a footprint back again, or teach the redeeming art *revocare gradum;* a more herculean task, when once the victim of play has entered the doors of a gaming room—doors which might appropriately borrow Dante's inscription over the infernal gates. Could one see the hidden furies that preside over the gambling table, the hateful, baleful passions that metamorphose human hearts into so many Adramelechs—a prey to every gust of fortune, he should not call it play, but most serious and hard work; half the energy necessary for which being directed to noble pursuits would raise men to honorable fame and independence.

But to return. Don Felix Rubio seated himself opposite the

Conte Lambertazzi, and soon became deeply engaged at play. Soon the stakes ran high, a few throws of the dice-box went in favor of the Sicilian noble, who looked round him with an air of triumph. The tide turned; the Conte at every throw became less the favorite—bets were speedily made high on the other side to cover the first—stakes are again and again doubled—still in favor of the Spaniard—the charm works deeper and deeper—the hell-broth bubbles up from its lowest dregs, sparkles and heaves till it runs over the infernal caldron.

Such a storm of the passions could not last long, and there are limits even to the most astounding wrath. As the battle between the Spaniard and the Italian grew more and more animated, the expression of the different passions, through the whole scale, from indifference, pride, scorn, to fear, hatred, revenge, horror—the entire scene, as it drew nigher its close, was truly terrific. It then seemed as if all the evils the human mind could anticipate—shame, grief, desperation—were all there painted indelibly upon the features of the but now proud, high-soaring spirit that seemed as if born to look down on his fellow-man.

It is all over—the last piece had been staked—the last hope expired. With trembling limbs, and looks of mingled rage and terror, the Conte rose from his seat, exclaimed in a voice of the most intense agony: "I am ruined!" as passing on, he glided like a spectre from the scene of his loss and dishonor. As he passed, his face convulsed with contending emotions, a sort of horror seemed to seize the by-standers.

"He has lost," said a chatty little man to an elderly officer in a a plain dress, "and mark the power of the horrid vice in deforming the finest features."

"There is more than shame and remorse in his look—his honor is lost too. Were I the winning Spaniard, I should not like Conte Lambertazzi to be my companion for a week at least. I saw an expression that I know full well from long observation; it is even worse than despair, for it augurs danger to the winner. He will not die without a struggle—perhaps a fearful crime."

The chatty little man had occasion to recall these words ere many hours elapsed.

As the Conte withdrew from the scene of his loss, "I am revenged!" cried the Spaniard, and he laughed. But such a laugh! Could Lambertazzi have heard it, it would have rung

through his maddened brain like the mockery of a fiend—so cold, so unnatural the sound; 'twould have fallen upon his crushed spirit like an infernal spell.

The first grey streak of morning light began to tesselate the heavens, the bright watchers of the sky faded one by one from their azure palace, and the bright sunbeams threw a rich glow across the placid sea, as Don Felix paced to and fro, with hurried but unequal step, in what he termed his studio.

A gentle tap at the door arrested him in his walk. Apparently without waiting for an answer to the knock, the door was opened, and the Contessa Lambertazzi entered the room.

Don Felix started with surprise, but momentarily recovering his self-possession, said in the sweetest tone he could command:

"To what happy circumstance may I attribute the honor of this visit. Can Don Felix Rubio be of service to the noble Contessa Lambertazzi?"

"He can!" she answered, in a low but very firm tone, "'twas for that reason I came. Listen to me. For months you have been the evil genius of my husband. Your aim has been to make him a confirmed gambler. Alas! you have succeeded but too well. Last night again you inveigled the Conte into play——"

"Your pardon, Signora," interrupted Don Felix. "The Conte—"

"Do not interrupt me," interposed the Contessa, in a calm but firm voice. "We will not dispute about a word. My husband played, and lost to a considerable amount. You were the winner. That money he received from Government to pay the soldiers under his command. To-day he was to have done so. I need not remind you what will be the fatal consequences of having appropriated to the uses of gaming the money so received."

A sneer, which could at times blight the countenance of Don Felix, hung in withering coldness on his features.

"I am not accountable for the actions of the Conte Lambertazzi," said the Spaniard haughtily.

Again she spoke. The first words were almost inaudible, but as she proceeded, with almost heart-storming vehemence, there was an eloquence on her countenance, an expression in the movement of her head, in the quivering of her lip, in the very faltering of her voice, which had power, not only to rivet his attention, but to find its way, unerringly, to the avenues of his heart.

"Bernardo Vernaldi, cease this masquerading. You well know,

I long since penetrated the disguise you have chosen, to deceive. You also well know I am not to be deceived. Had it not been for you my husband would never have gambled. Previous to your arrival amongst us, no cloud had darkened his brow; he was happy and contented. Since forming your acquaintance, he's worn a gloomy expression; he has been moody and irritable. Those innocent enjoyments, he once so much delighted in, have been forsaken:—the gaming table is now his constant resort. He seeks to hide the cause of his misery, his anguish, from me, but it is in vain. His wretchedness is sapping his existence. Bernardo Vernaldi, I repeat, ere he knew you, he was happy and honored in his estate, surrounded with luxury and wealth, and girt about with friends: you came like a blasting mildew, and withered his joy;—you poured the venomous poison of your revengeful heart into his cup of bliss, and turned it into gall. Last night's transaction completed your triumph:—he is dishonored, and a beggar."

"I can forgive this passion," replied Bernardo, coolly, for he indeed it was. "A woman's words must have their way, and I have long since discovered how idle they are. But let this end it. The Conte, your husband (the word husband was hissed through his teeth) played and lost, I have only acted as he would have done, had fortune favored him."

"But the consequences would not be the same. Had you lost, there would be no one to call you to account. Him it has plunged into the direst distress; his life will be forfeited, and even if it were not so, his reputation, his character will be irretrievably lost, if the sum is not recovered. Bernardo Vernaldi, if there yet remains a spark of that generosity, which *once* warmed your breast; if all noble feelings are not extinct within you, save him from what is worse than death, from infamy! *me* from lasting misery."

Vernaldi answered not. The sardonic smile that played around the corners of his mouth, gave the noble Contessa little reason to hope her words had made any impression on his heart.

"Behold this jewel," she continued, "'tis worth treble the amount you gained of the Conte, and I would cheerfully sacrifice the bauble to save my husband."

As she spoke, she produced from beneath her mantle, a casket which contained a diamond necklace of immense value.

"Nay, if this will not suffice, all, all I possess shall be yours, if you will but return that which, if retained can benefit you but little, though it make him the scoff and scorn of Italy."

Bernardo remained unmoved, though his eyes were riveted upon her with a triumphant smile. One would have thought he seemed to exult in the very evident anguish of her manner; in the dire misery his diabolical schemes had wrought. At length, he spoke in a tone of reproachful tenderness, as memory recalling scenes of long-lost happiness (when hope with bright colors had pictured the future with glowing tints) had for the moment softened his heart, but which gradually deepened into sternness as he proceeded; and if imagination may picture the probable tones of the enemy of the human race, when exulting over a fallen sinner, those of Vernaldi might well resemble them in their fiendish triumph.

"Imilda, from the first hour I could distinguish one feeling from another I loved you; you smiled upon my love; you led me on from hour to hour, from day to day; fostering that love, encouraging its growth, until it had gained so firm a hold upon my heart that it was only to be eradicated by some mightier and deeper feeling. Your young heart was then true to nature, it responded to the voice of truth and affection, though proceeding from the penniless orphan. Your mind was a stranger to pride, vanity and ambition; it was as yet untinctured with the sophistry and selfishness of the world; it had yet to learn the way of blasting the happiness of a fellow-creature; to play the hypocrite, and smile upon broken promises. Oft on those sunny hours of innocence and happiness you promised to be mine, and mine only. Two years was I absent, which instead of weakening, strengthened my love. I returned—you saw the intensity of my passion, yet you trifled with my feelings. Betrothed, you scorned my love—"

"Oh! no, no! I did not scorn, but I could not disobey. I could not brave a father's malediction."

"And married Conte Lambertazzi," continued Bernardo, without noticing the interruption, except by a quick contraction of the brow. "Yes; married the man I most loathe, most hate upon the earth; the man I would sink into the deepest pit of hell!—him you chose, to load with the precious treasure of your affection, and enrich him with your love! He was wealthy, I was poor; he was favored, I condemned; you married him, and scorned me. 'Twas well, at least, you thought so; but you did not dream the blood-hounds of revenge dogged your footsteps! Imilda, from the hour you became the bride of another, I became an altered man: I felt not, I thought not as before."

As he proceeded, the countenance that had thrown off its bland mask became animated by his tempestuous spirit, his eyes shot lightning, his usually soft, musical voice uttered accents of haughty despair and bitter triumph.

"The spirit that should have led me on to honor, happiness and preferment was shaken; it tottered and fell. I was driven to the extremity of human suffering, and obeying the first impulse of nature, turned upon my oppressors. Proportionate to the depth of my love became the intensity of my hate, and deadly the schemes I resolved for evincing it. I swore a fearful oath—I swore to be revenged of Lambertazzi—I swore to humble pride—"

"In mercy, stay! or you will make me scorn you, despise, hate you," interrupted Imilda; but Bernardo caught her arm, and pressing it firmly, said—

"A few more words, and my lips are sealed on this subject forever. I became rich (no matter how), and under the assumed name of Don Felix Rubio, the wealthy Spaniard, returned to Sicily. I was introduced to your husband, and you but assert the truth when you say 'twas I that enticed him to the gaming table. I know that, though possessing a mind not wanting in what is called virtue, he lacked firmness and consistency of character. I touched a chord that vibrated, and played upon it with unhoped success. He could not withstand the influence of persuasion, nor the dread of ridicule. He entered the vortex of vice, and plunged into the whirlpool of dissipation. Could anything have been wanting to fill up the measure of my inextinguishable hate, the contempt with which I regarded his weakness, would have rendered it complete. I saw in the vista of his infatuation, the means of conducting him to an ignominious end. How I have succeeded the morrow will determine. I have disgraced him and humbled your pride. Death, an ignominious death, is still wanting to my oath."

There was a deep pause. The Contessa listened to his terrible words in motionless silence. Her eyes were bent upon the ground, and so still, so immovable was her form, that she more resembled a rare piece of statuary than a living, breathing creature. At length she broke the awful silence:

"Say that you did not, do not mean those dreadful words. Say that you will accept the casket, and receive my life-long gratitude. Oh! for the sake of the Holy Virgin—for the sake of God! I implore—"

"Of whom?" interrupted Bernardo.

"Alas!" she said shudderingly, "you can believe in none, or you could not have acted so cruelly. Oh! what am I saying. For the sake of humanity, as you hope for mercy in your utmost need, take it, I beseech you."

"I do not hope for mercy in my need," he replied with a cruel smile, as though he marked and exulted in her agony, "and it is but wasted breath to urge me."

"Dare you defy Omnipotence! Have you no fear, no feeling? Have you no dread beyond the grave? In that world, beyond its confines, shall not the accusing spirit rise to sink thee to the deepest pit of hell?"

"On him! *on thee!* be the guilt, and on your heads be the punishment. I am no child to tremble before imagination's phantoms. I have no fear, no feeling. I tell you, lady, the hour you drove me from your presence, you banished all sympathy with human suffering from my breast—you turned my gentle nature to horror and ferocity—you drove me to despair—you fired, maddened my brain, until I defied all laws, both human and divine, and blood must quench that fire."

"Bernardo Vernaldi! your triumph is complete," she gasped in bursting emotion. "You have wished to humble and subdue. I am humbled to the very dust. I am kneeling at your feet. Have pity on my anguish, and grant my request."

Even as the words came inarticulately from her lips, she had sunk upon the floor in an attitude between shame and dread. Her hands were clasped upon her knees; she sighed, and looked wildly round the room; her manner grew unnaturally calm; she appeared half-forgetful, and breathed hard, like one exhausted.

"Contessa Lambertazzi, you urge me in vain; my mind is set, his fate is fixed, and you do but waste your words. I tell you once for all, my oath will not be fulfilled till I see my rival in the last tortures of mortal agony—till I see his stiffening limbs writhing in the last convulsions."

CHAPTER VII.

WOMAN'S ENERGY IN DESPAIR—A FEARFUL ANNOUNCEMENT—THE LAST SAD SCENE—THE FATAL FOUNTAIN.

THE words had scarcely left his lips, ere Imilda had risen to her feet. The blood rushed for a moment to her cheeks with a fearful impetuosity, spreading there a deep crimson suffusion. Her clear

dark eye flashed with living fire; her bosom heaved quick and heavily, and the momentary quiver of her lip, showed the violence of her inward struggles. It seemed as though the fierce convulsion would have slain her, but she suddenly assumed an awful calmness, and advancing slowly towards him, with an extended arm, and dark contracted brow, like a Pythoness in the agonies of inspiration:

"That you shall never live to see, cowardly, treacherous man!" she exclaimed, in proud tones of defiance, fixing her determined eye full upon him. "Know that you are in my power. At my bidding the rack awaits you. It is I shall see your stiffening limbs writhing in their last convulsions. Man of guilt, I have but to say the word, and the loathsome dungeon, gyves and manacles will be exchanged for this gorgeous villa."

The tones of her voice rang high and proud, as she pronounced this bold defiance, and her form seemed to dilate with a supernatural energy of mind.

"Bernardo Vernaldi! I am your friend or foe, your guardian angel or evil spirit, as you choose, as you determine. I came to you as a friend; beware you make me not your enemy! I bear the olive branch; turn it not to the dagger's point. Listen, and mark well my words. I know what you have been, I know what you *are*, and I know what you soon shall be, if you raise my just anger," and her brow darkened yet more as she spoke. "Beware how you decide, for upon your words hang your fate forever. Beware, I repeat, how you act, for it is ill rousing the sleeping lion."

"This passion well becomes the beautiful Contessa Lambertazzi," said Bernardo sarcastically, though he gazed upon her with an awed and anxious look. The scene would have done honor to the pencil of a Rembrandt. Strongly did the bright beams of the morning sun contrast with the dark floor on which it fell, and the sombre appearance of the apartment, as if the glorious ray had lost its way, in wandering through the small window; still more strangely was the contrast marked between the evident agitation of the man, who, playing with the hilt of his sword, vainly endeavored to appear calm and unembarrassed, and the impassive, cold and awful steadiness of the woman, who stood motionless, with the stern expression of resolve written legibly on every lineament of her countenance.

She exhibited no trace of outward agitation, but stood before him with such an air of desperate firmness, that the bold, resolute Vernaldi shrunk from the high resolve graven on her marble features.

"Ha! you tremble," cried the Contessa, with a scornful smile, for to her piercing gaze it was perfectly evident her words had made an impression. "Does the indomitable spirit of Capitano Diavolo quail before a woman! But now," she continued tauntingly, "you said you had no fear, no feeling! Where is your boasted courage? where the spirit that defies both God and man?"

"The noble Contessa raves," said he, striving at composure, "or she could not confound the name of Don Felix Rubio with that of the notorious Diavolo."

"Think not to escape by so miserable a subterfuge, said the Contessa contemptuously. Have I not said I know thee. I had long suspected who the famed brigand was. Over-caution led to the development of your identity, and insured your detection. The singular circumstance of our palazzo remaining unmolested amidst the general robbery of the noble and wealthy, excited my suspicions, and upon amply rewarding your favored menial, I discovered the whole. The—the—esteem I once had for you—the knowledge that I was, perhaps, partly the cause of your unhappy life, prevented my revealing your secret to the proper authorities. Had you granted my request, it would have been buried with me in the grave. But duty to my husband forbids this. Decide, therefore, at once, between returning the sum the Conte lost, or having it proclaimed within the hour that the reputed noble Spaniard, the rich Don Felix Rubio, and the daring robber Diavolo, is one and the same person."

For an instant he stood as though irresolute; if so, however, it was only for an instant. Forcing back emotions which her words had given rise to, a firm undaunted courage superseded the momentary hesitation. Folding his arms across his chest, his teeth closely set, his brows firmly knitted, he said in a decisive tone:

"You say I am in your power—that I am caught at last. So be it then. A few years earlier or later, it is but death at the last, though not in the manner I would have wished. Contessa, if I am doomed, I shall at least have the satisfaction of being accompanied to the scaffold by your noble husband."

"You will not then accept the offered liberty—the power of escaping by restoring—"

"Never!" he exclaimed in a deep, quick tone of voice.

"Flatter not yourself with the hope of escape—with the idea of eluding my vigilance."

As the last words died on the ear, Bernardo looked at her, and was struck with the wild expression of her countenance; the unnatural glare of her eyes contrasted strangely with the sudden paleness of her features, streaked with one bright spot of red—the hectic flush of a frame which had been so long agitated and overwrought.

He felt a choking at his throat—a tingling in his ears: he yearned to the being he had once so fondly loved: he longed to throw his arms round her, to hide his head in her bosom, as if the throbbing of her heart could thaw the iceberg that for years had lain so heavily on his breast.

At that critical moment, she flung herself at his feet, and in trembling accents besought him to have compassion on her—on himself.

Old associations, the memory of happy days, the remembrance of his early love, the wretched state in which he beheld her, the delicate and touching tenderness displayed in her allusion to himself, went home to his heart.

"Imilda," he said, in broken accents, "you know not what you ask."

"I ask, Bernardo, once the chosen of my heart, to let his better nature conquer his evil passions."

"Say no more. At sunset, be at the fountain in your garden. If I meet you there, you have vanquished my rebellious nature. Remember the fountain at sunset!"

The fountain, as Bernardo well knew, was the favorite haunt of Imilda. Through some strange and unaccountable motive, he had selected that retired spot as the place of meeting—the last meeting he intended that he should hold with her.

He was the first there. But scarcely had he arrived within a few yards of the fountain, ere he was suddenly surrounded by armed men, led on by the Conte Lambertazzi. One of the dastard menials, hoping to secure his master's favor, rushed forward to plant his dagger in Bernardo's breast, but was stretched at the same moment a quivering and headless corse at the feet of the undaunted brigand.

The Conte, thirsting for Bernardo's blood, attacked him furiously. But the Conte's insane revenge made him an easy prey to the cool intrepidity of the active and vigorous young swordsman. Lambertazzi's weapon was struck from his hand; that of his antagonist was directed towards his breast, and another moment would have decided the fate of the husband of Imilda, when Bernardo discovered, for the first time, the features of the man whom he had ruined.

He became rooted to the spot—the weapon fell from his nerveless grasp—he lifted up his fallen enemy—when the treacherous villain, suddenly drawing from his cloak a poisoned stiletto, stabbed him in the neck, while almost at the same time, he received another stab from behind. He fell bleeding to the earth. A loud and fiendish laugh was yelled forth at this horrid consummation.

The dying brigand, badly wounded as he was, either to slake the death thirst, or obtain, perhaps, a last sad look of his beloved, contrived to crawl to the margin of the fountain, and there expired—a few minutes before Imilda came to the spot.

When she saw and recognized Bernardo, heedless of discovery, she threw herself on the bleeding body, pressed it in her arms, and filled the air with her piercing screams. The murderers drew near to the spot. When she saw them approach, she sprung up, and endeavored to precipitate herself into the water.

Prevented in this design by the savage humanity of the assassins, she broke from them, and ran wildly through the grounds, frightfully shrieking, leaving behind her a track of Bernardo's blood, which dropped from her dress, saturated with the crimson stream.

When at length overtaken, and re-conveyed to the palazzo, delirium followed delirium, and when they ceased, frenzy succeeded; the dark night of insanity had utterly quenched the light of reason. In her lucid intervals, which were few and far between, she was heard to pray for the return of madness as a relief from sufferings too acute to be endured.

During the short time poor Imilda lived, she returned to her former habit of wandering to the favorite resort, the beautiful reservoir of water, ornamented by the superb fountain already mentioned. She would sit, especially at night, at its margin for hours together, in utter listlessness, or mingling her tears with the pellucid stream. At times she seemed to hold converse with some

invisible being, addressing the visionary creation of the brain with the most endearing epithets, and extending and folding her arms as if embracing a beloved object. Long after her death, the terrified domestics were wont to assert, that they often beheld at night a female form weeping by the brink of

The Fatal Fountain.

H. H.

A DREAM OF MIGHT.

I HAD a dream. 'Twas nothing but a dream,
And yet 'twas passing strange. It came to me
When the first trembling star did pale and flee
Before the van of morning's lances' gleam—
Who through the ranks of night a pathway broke,
And cast their silver shields upon the sea
Beneath the footsteps of the sun's first beam—
'Twas in a restless sleep; and, when I woke,
I wrote my vision down, for it did seem
To point a moral; yet, 'twas but a dream.

Methought the gentle Lord of All was dead,
And grief reigned in the Heavenly bowers
All waste and joyless; with despairing tread
The angels wander'd 'mong the drooping flowers,
Their moans and wailings filling all the air,—
Piercing the hearer's heart like stab of knife;
The stream, whose waters fed the Tree of Life,
Dried at its source, and left the gold sands bare,
Blinding the eyesight with a cruel glare,
Like Mammon joyous o'er the tomb of Love;
The leaves upon the Tree of Life grew sere,
And showeréd from the branches high above
On the dead flowers beneath, like tears on bier
Of its heart's dearest; all gladness was gone
From Eden, and it was a joy no more.

All Nature mourned with signs of sorrow sore;
All day long the sun was draped in clouds,

And went down bathed in a wild mist of tears;
The dews fell chill as is the chill of tombs.
Night came; and round the moon hung frosty shrouds,
With sable streamers and funereal plumes;
The stars paled, languishing for death; the sea
Went mad with grief, striving in agony
To dash its heart out on the rocky shore,
Then crawl to die high on the gleaming sands;
The wild wind told its anguish to the trees,
That, groaning, heard and wrung their myriad hands;
And all was sorrow.

Until One arose—
The Evil One, who, banished for his crimes,
Was chained in prison through a thousand years—
Who broke his bonds, with oft repeated blows,
And entering boldly through the Pearly Gate,
That in the general grief was left unbarred,
Strode up the steps unto the throne, and sate
Upon it; on his brow, all thunder-scarred,
He placed the diadem; then three times
He smote the sceptre on the golden floor,
And called aloud, in voice like trumpet's blast,
So fierce that all who heard it stood aghast:—
"I am the Lord! and I am Good; and all
Who say me nay are evil! Unto me
Is worship due! Back to your places, slaves!"

Then all the angels paused, as pause the waves
Before they spring against some iron cape,
Till seeing him again the sceptre raise,
And his lightning riven forehead shape
Itself into a frown, they struck the keys,
And burst into a joyous song of praise!
The flowers held up their drooping heads and smiled;
The stream flowed, prattling like a happy child;
The Tree of Life bloomed fair and green again;
And Eden was a Paradise once more.
And into Joy was turned all Nature's pain!
The sun rose gladly, with a martial gleam,
Rending the weeds the Universe had worn,

And chasing all gloom for ever far away;
The sea was calm, kissing the golden sands;
The glad winds laughed and played among the trees,
That laughed again, and clapped their hands;
And earth was fair as on its maiden morn.
Then I awoke; and, fair as in my dream,
Shone forth the glory of the new-born day.

T. R. R.

TWO NEW YEAR'S EVES.

A HOLIDAY STORY.

A PARTY of young girls were walking along the principal street of one of the small towns near London, one October afternoon, laughing and chatting gaily, and seeming, from their quick walk and brisk air, to be in pursuit of some object. A light figure emerged from a large building just beyond them—the figure of a girl about their own age—carrying a portfolio of music.

"Oh, there's Ada!" exclaimed the foremost of the party, quickening her steps, "let us ask her to go with us. Ada," she said, breathlessly, when they overtook her, "come with us; we are going to have our fortunes told."

"Oh, are you?" said Ada; "yes, I'll come, only I must run home with my music first. It is all on our way."

The portfolio was got rid of, and then Ada rejoined her companions, and they proceeded to the house of the fortune-teller. She was disengaged on their arrival, and ready to hold a consultation with them at once. It was nearly dark in her chilly, half-underground room, and that, and the hard, forbidding expression of her face, sent a feeling of depression and gloom to the hearts of the merry party, that not all the bright predictions that she served out first could dispel. Ada was the last to consult the oracle, and out of the tedious rigmarole that the woman poured forth, she managed to understand that she was to go to a large city near the end of the year, in consequence of news from across the water, and a tall, dark man would meet her; she would be in a large house, alone, on the last night of the year at midnight, and then she was to beware of the tall, dark man, who was her enemy, and would try to take her life.

The party rose at the conclusion of the brilliant prophecy, paid their fees, and departed, drawing a long breath as they walked away from the place.

"Never mind, Ada," said Mary Jocelyn, the leader of the party, "you know it's all nonsense; we, none of us, believe it, but I can't imagine why she gave us all the good luck, and you all the bad."

Neither could Ada, for it did not occur to her that the woman had a set of so many fortunes, which she served out in succession, with such alterations as occurred to her at the time, and Ada's happened to fall to her as the last of the party.

"Well, it won't be this year, at any rate," she said, with a faint attempt at a laugh, as they parted at her father's door, "for I'm going to spend my Christmas holidays with Cousin Polly, and she lives in the country on a farm."

"Ada Vincent," said Grace Tollie, the mischief of the party, shaking her head solemnly, "don't scoff at the decrees of fate, don't fancy you can evade that tall, dark man. Cousin Polly will take you to London or somewhere to meet him, you may be sure. You see if she doesn't propose something of the sort."

But such a thing never entered Cousin Polly's head, and all through the happy holiday time that she spent in her lovely farm house in the north of England she had little chance to remember her dark fortune. Cousin Polly was an old maid, and in spite of the customary belief to the contrary was one of the happiest beings under the sun. She was rich, having inherited her farm and a snug fortune from her father, and with her lived a widowed younger sister and young nephew, who was growing up in the anticipation of managing her farm when she should be no longer able. Both the sisters were hearty benevolent Christians, and the poor around them always had reason to bless the festive Christmas season when so much bounty was bestowed on them by the two ladies; and Ada had plenty of congenial occupation in helping Mrs. Marsh in her cooking and sewing, sorting and packing, and accompanying Mrs. King in her cottage visiting, besides the preparing for and enjoying the merry-making of the time on her own account. The large low-ceiled farm-house parlor and drawing-room were cheery and bright beyond description with their gay trimmings of holly and misletoe, and a light-hearted company of old and young, all bent on enjoying the blessed season that in most respects is the best of all the year. And Miss Marsh's nearest and most intimate neigh-

bor Mr. Chichester who lived with his only son and five or six servants in the old manor-house, the oldest and grandest house in the neighborhood, was unusually gay this year; and such visiting took place between the two houses that it was little wonder that people began to talk about Paul Chichester's attention to Ada. They had met before more than a year ago; and in spite of their youth had taken more than a friendly interest in one another; and now no party was complete to Ada that did not include Paul, and every day was dull to Paul on which he did not meet Ada. Mr. Chichester looked on approvingly. He had liked Ada at first for the sake of her mother whom he had loved long ago, and afterwards for her own sake, but being fully in his son's confidence, he advised him to wait awhile yet before he entered into any engagement, and at any rate not to speak to Ada about marriage, until he had made himself known to her parents, and could address her under their direct protection.

Well, the last day of the year came, and Paul came down to the farm in the evening to accompany the party to a midnight service in the village church, his father not feeling well enough to venture out into the cold night air so late. Paul and Ada sat side by side in Miss Marsh's pew, and if their thoughts now and then wandered away from the words they heard and took the same direction it was little to be wondered at, and certainly it took away nothing from the solemn feeling of the hour. When they were on their knees in silent prayer as the last moments of the year were dying slowly away, Ada felt Paul's hand steal to hers and take it in a close warm grasp, and it was not withdrawn. It made a little difference in the wording of the simple petitions that were going up from each happy heart, but that was all the difference that it did make then, for Paul was too frank and manly to do otherwise than comply with his father's wishes, and his love remained unspoken, save by the language of the eye, so that little action, and Mr. Chichester's fatherly kiss at parting, were the only outward signs of thoughts that she read so well, that Ada took away with her to dream over when she went home a few days later.

Ada's father was a clerk in a bank, and not very well off nor in good health, and Ada was preparing to be a teacher of music and French, an occupation for which she had no great fancy. It was in the fall of the year that opened so auspiciously that she commenced her duties, cheered on by the thought of the help she could

be to her parents, and by the hopes for the future that were kept alive by a word now and then in one of cousin Polly's letters.

Not many weeks after she begun, as she was returning one day from giving a music lesson, she met her old school-friend, May Jocelyn.

"Why Ada!" she exclaimed joyously, "how long it is since I saw you. I have been away by the seaside with mamma all the summer. Why I have never seen you since the day we had our fortunes told. So you didn't meet the tall dark man after all. Come and see us, do, etc., etc.," and then they parted.

Ada was not very well just then, and there had been no message from Paul or his father, nor even a mention of their names in the last letter from the north, and her pupils were very unsatisfactory, so perhaps all that may account for her attaching so much importance to Mary's thoughtless words, and looking forward with dread to the close of the year.

It was an eventful time as it turned out. One of the directors of the bank died in Italy, and left his house in London with all the valuable furniture and works of art to Mr. Vincent. They had been very friendly, but still it was a most unexpected stroke of good fortune; and, coming as it did just before Christmas, followed too by a most affectionate letter and a tasteful Christmas gift from Mr. Chichester to Ada, it served to turn the scale, and raise her spirits to their utmost limit.

On the day after Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent went to London to take possession of their friend's bequest. Ada would have accompanied them, but she had promised to attend one of her pupils without taking any holiday in the winter, and give her a longer one in the summer season. This promise had been rashly and voluntarily made just after the meeting with May Jocelyn, which had so unfortunately recalled the foolish prediction which she had almost forgotten. So she was left behind to spend a lonely week as the old year closed upon her. Not quite a week, though; for the last day but one of the year brought a hasty summons from her father to join them at once. Her mother was ill from over-exertion; ill in bed and under the doctor's care. Ada received the letter by the afternoon post, and hastened to acquaint the mother of her pupil with its contents. As she was hurrying back to prepare to go up by the first train, she met the old fortune-teller. Now, it happened to be the first time she had

ever seen her in the street, and she took alarm. She fancied the woman looked meaningly at her, but in reality it was only a peculiar way she had of looking at people with one fixed eye and one movable one. Ada rushed home, and while she packed up a few necessaries, she went over all that the woman had foretold. Then it was coming on her thick and fast. The news from across the water; that was the tidings of Mr. Marshall's death in Italy; the going to a large city just before New Year's eve; the large house; it only wanted the tall, dark man; and when she reached London, just before midnight, there he was on the platform, the first person her eyes fell upon. A queer feeling came over her at the sight of him—a cold, sickening dread, though she told herself that she did not believe in it, and that there were plenty of tall, dark men in the world; and his looking at her so earnestly was nothing remarkable either, if she had but known the reason, for he was expecting a niece by that train, and by the dim light, and with her veil down, Ada looked near enough like her to claim his attention, until the right young lady came and touched him on the arm just as Ada was being led away by her father.

"Now Ada, my dear," said Mr. Vincent, when they reached the house, "as soon as you have seen mother, and had some supper, you must go to bed, and then you'll be ready to stay up with her to-morrow night if it is necessary."

"Very well, papa; if you think it best I will, but who stays with her to-night?"

"The housekeeper, Mrs. Lamb. I stayed up last night, but I'm a very clumsy, poor nurse, and I shall be glad for you to take my place to-morrow night, if you can."

A short visit to her mother was all that Ada was permitted then, as Mrs. Vincent seemed inclined to sleep. She was more fortunate in this respect than her daughter, who tossed about in alternate fits of restless wakefulness and fevered dreams, and rose in the morning weary and unrefreshed.

Her thoughts were diverted a little during the day by a tour of inspection through the house. The late owner had been a man of taste, and the house was literally crowded with works of art. Even the staircases were lined with pictures and statuary. Just outside Mrs. Vincent's bedroom door was a noble statue of a shepherd boy with his reed, nearly life size: Ada stopped to admire it as she went to sit with her mother in the afternoon.

Mrs. Vincent was suffering from a feverish attack, and passed the greater part of the time in a half-sleeping state, so that her attendant had little to do for her beyond bringing her nourishment and medicine at proper times, and now and then giving her one of the cooling drinks prepared for her. Ada spent most of the afternoon and evening dozing in an easy-chair before the fire, and only began her real watch when all the household had retired for the night. The first half hour passed very well, as she busied herself in softly moving about the room and arranging everything neatly, and then read to her mother until she fell into a sound, refreshing slumber. Then came the real solitary night watch. Every one who has ever done this duty knows what an excellent opportunity it gives to intrusive, unwelcome thoughts to rush in. Before the clock struck twelve, the house was thronged, to Ada's imagination, with inmates bodily and ghostly. Put herself where she would, there was always something behind her that she was afraid of. *This was the very hour*, and it was a haunted one. Every sound and breath was ominous, and the shadows on wall and ceiling danced and pointed and mocked at her, as if they said, "There she is, and the time is come."

They chased her from the room at last, and softly closing the door after her she went to call Mrs. Lamb, who slept in a room on the floor below, to stay with her the rest of the night. The stairs creaked, as stairs always do at that hour, under her cautious footfalls, and frightened at the sound, she lifted her head quickly to see just at her side, on the white wall, a tall, black shadow of a man with one uplifted arm holding something, and in the same moment the whole quiet household was aroused by the sound of a heavy fall, followed by a succession of piercing shrieks from the sick room.

Mr. Vincent was out of his room in a moment, and found Ada lying senseless, and apparently lifeless at the foot of the stairs, and before he could raise her or ascertain the extent of the harm done, his wife's screams of terror summoned him to her side to find her in a state of agitation fearful to see. After an ineffectual attempt at calming her, he left her in the care of one of the servants, and hastened back to Ada. Lifting her from the floor he carried her to a sofa in one of the parlors, and then went for the doctor, who fortunately lived in the same street.

It would be impossible to describe the misery of that New

Year's day and the days that followed. The first week of the year had nearly run out before Mrs. Vincent recovered from the delirium into which her fright had thrown her, and when she did it was to be told that her only child was a hopeless cripple. An injury to the spine caused by her fall rendered it more than improbable that Ada would ever walk or even stand again. On recovering her consciousness she had been questioned by her father and the doctor as to the cause of the accident, and she gave them the whole history of the night, but could not tell whether her foot had slipped or her head turned dizzy in her fright, which she learned had been caused by the shadow of the shepherd boy. During the long hours of suffering that followed she had time to reflect on the past, and to bitterly repent of the folly that had led to this. "I did not *believe* it," she said, "I knew that no one but God could see into the future, but I couldn't help its making me nervous. Oh, why will girls be so foolish? I wish I could warn them all to let the future alone, and not even *play* at prying into it."

The first word of the accident brought Paul up from the north in hot haste. It was some time before he was permitted to see her, and then only on condition that he would be very calm and quiet. He went softly into the room where she lay on her couch waiting for him, and kneeling down by her, without a word, he put one strong arm over her, and laid his fresh, healthy cheek against her pale one. She raised one weak hand and passed it over his head; sadly returning his first kiss as if she were bidding him farewell for life.

"Oh Paul!" she said earnestly, "I am so sorry for you."

"Why for me, my darling? I suffer with you, but I know I cannot take the suffering from you. But it shall be the business of my life to make you forget it."

"No Paul," she said shaking her head, "that can never be. Your life and mine are separated now, for this world at any rate."

"Ada, don't say so. It would break my heart," said Paul passionately. "Would you have me love you less now than I did before? I love you a thousand times more, and all I want is to have you to care for and make happy. I have no other object in life than to spend it for you, in easing your sufferings, and removing them if it is in mortal skill to do it."

"Oh, Paul, Paul! don't tempt me," she murmured, turning away from him in tears.

But Paul only entreated more earnestly, and when she would not yield, he fetched his father to plead for him, and after a long time she was persuaded to give her helpless life into his keeping. The best skill that wealth could command was obtained for her, and the choicest luxuries of their beautiful home were heaped upon her. The sunniest rooms were fitted up for Ada, and part of the house was given up to her parents, so that they made one home for the greater part of the year. But all that love or wealth could do could not give her back her health, nor cure her mother of the nervous affection that she suffered from ever after that dreadful night. And at best, how different it all was to the future, that Paul and Ada had dreamed of before that fatal shadow fell on their lives.

C. W.

OTHO AND HENRY.

[Translated from the German of H. Von Mühler.]

In Quedlinburg's chapel dome merrily bells were ringing,
The organ's mighty tones blent with the chorus singing;
There sat the Kaiser, girt with a band of mailéd knights,
To pass the holy Christmas Eve in prayer and solemn rites.

O'er all that noble circle his kingly form behold!
His blue eyes keen as lightning flash, his flowing locks of gold;
Otho the lion, men call him, and that not alone in jest,
For heavy on many nations has the lion hand been pressed.

Home now returned is he, and the victor's crown 's his meed,
But triumph is his who his country from foreign foe hath freed,
Not his who with well-loved brother hath striven hard in war,
With a brother who thrice of treason the blood-red banner bore.

From Quedlinburg's chapel dome the midnight chime is rung,
The holy sacrament is brought, the midnight mass is sung;
Humble each knee is bent, the proudest head bows low,
Heavenward at that mystic hour prayer mounts devout and slow.

Open the doors fling wide, enters a man forbidden,
His naked limbs alone by a penitent's garb are hidden;
Prone at the Kaiser's feet sorrow-stricken he kneels,
Kisses the Kaiser's robe and in grief-laden tones appeals;

"Oh brother, my thousand sins have weighed upon me sore,
Here, in dust, at thy feet, pardon I now implore,
From crimes of rapine and blood will me cleanse thy mercy divine,
Forgive, great Kaiser, forgive! Pardon, dear brother mine!"

Stern at the erring brother the Kaiser gazed and swore—
"Thrice hast thou been forgiven, sue not for mercy more!
Now hath the ban been spoken, now for thee, hope is dead,
When thrice the sun sinks in the West, falleth thy guilty head."

Death-pale the warrior princes and the doomed Duke Henry stand,
A silence reigns o'er the stately throng like that of the spirit land;
The rustle of a leaf would have stirred through that lofty hall,
No warrior dare of his prey deprive the lion, feared by all.

Then rises the pious Abbot, full at the Kaiser looks,
Holding aloft in his hand, the eternal book of books;
Forth rings the holy word in tones sonorous, clear,
As the voice of God it sinks in the hearts of all who hear—

"Good Lord, is it not enough," to the Christ the cry is risen,
"That by me my sinning brother is now seven times forgiven?"
"Not seven times forgiven," Christ's words the listeners thrill,
"But seventy times seven. 'Tis our Heavenly Father's will!"

Then vanished the Kaiser's wrath in a blinding flood of tears,
To his breast is the brother clasp'd, gone are the doomed one's fears;
Then a joyful shout of triumph echoed the Christmas chime;
Never was hailed more beautifully the blessèd Christmas time.

THE ARCHIPELAGO OF THE PHILLIPINES.

[Translated from the French by F. A. Bernard, Professor of Modern Languages at St. John, N. B.]

NO. II.

ONE morning I remarked to Perpetuo, that we should soon be at the end of our voyage, and asked him also if he did not think it strange that we had, as yet, seen no signs of the "Moros." He looked at me keenly, and after a moment's hesitation he assured me that we should meet with no pirates before reaching Butuan. And then noticing that his answer seemed to surprise

me, he was not long in letting me know that before we left Manilla he had placed the brig under the protection of the Holy Virgin. He had also caused a "neuvaine" to be said in order to add more force to his prayer; he then went on to say that this act of piety had cost him nine dollars—such a very large sum for him—that he sincerely hoped I would have the generosity to assist him. Owing to my having seen a great deal of the ways of the world, I always made it a rule to tolerate freedom of religious opinion in others, and most certainly I had not the slightest idea of endeavoring to lessen, in this untaught Indian's mind, the faith which—like many other mariners more civilized than himself—he placed in the protection of "Nuestra Senora de la Merced." However, I could not help laughing whilst I told him that if it had not been for the prospect of danger, I should never have embarked with him. Consequently, he should have warned me that we could not expect the pleasure of an encounter with the pirates of his native Archipelago.

Just at this moment the seaman on the look-out on the forecastle sang out the cry so welcome to all those who journey by sea —"Land, ho! on the starboard tack." We made it out to be the Island of Mindanoa. In a few hours we discovered in the distance a blue range of mountains, running, like all those in the Phillipines, from north to south; and as, by degrees, we neared them, the sun, already strong enough to dispel the mists of night, made them visible to the naked eye. The wind was so favorable, and our vessel glided over the waves with such speed, that we were not long in making out some valleys, dotted here and there with rice fields of a dazzling green. Innumerable water fowl came flying towards us: passing over our heads, they seemed to us like joyful messengers, bearing words of welcome. The beautiful white *Egretta* was to be seen disporting along the shore. No pen can describe the graceful flight of these birds, which come down from the mountains, appearing like "flakes of snow," and alight in the marshes. Leaning on the nettings of the brig, my telescope pointed towards the island, all its beauties were unfolded like a panorama; and so anxiously did I seek to discover signs of some dwelling, that my eyes soon became weary of gazing, which was not to be wondered at. The *rancherias*, or villages, in this part of Oceanica are generally hidden from sight in the midst of tufted bamboos, or else enormous mango trees. Consequently, I had the

satisfaction of seeing rivers, and then again meadows, hills and valleys, but without being able to discover a single living being through the country, although signs of culture could plainly be seen. Towards dusk, I thought I could distinguish in the gloom some greyish colored huts, built on piles. Making enquiries concerning them, I received for answer that these were the first outposts of Butuan; consequently, I had every reason to believe that I now saw that part of Mindanao in the same state as it must have appeared to the first Europeans who had landed at Magellan. Just as I was fancying myself about to land in like manner, alone on the desolate shore, the wind, which had been in our favor since daybreak, became all at once dead against us. Instead of nearing our object, we found ourselves dropping astern.

It was by Perpetuo's noisy grief that I first guessed the important change which had now taken place. And no wonder he was vexed, since, if the breeze had held on for another hour, we should easily have been able to find good anchoring ground. Travellers accustomed to the uncertainty of a sailing voyage, know how sudden are the caprices of the wind. At the hour of the *Angelus*, or Evening Prayer, we were able to see the lights of Butuan, and our captain assured me that the town was illuminated to celebrate our arrival, and this was not at all improbable, since we were direct from Manilla, and brought to these poor, lonely beings news from the mother country. "Oh!" exclaimed Perpetuo, in a passion, "if we were only on shore, we should be at the house of my affianced bride, 'Carmencita.' She and her friends, pretty and modest Indian maidens, would be handing to us some nice, thick chocolate paste, that would be all the more agreeable to our palates from the fact that it had been kneaded by their pretty little hands; and it must also be remembered that Mindanoa produces the best 'cocoa' of Oceanica. Instead of this annoying delay, we should have passed the evening smoking delicious *puros*, carelessly seated in our rocking-chairs, listening to native songs, sung by some dark-eyed, laughing daughter of the soil; all this enhanced by the arrival of our brig, bringing letters, and the unusual sight of a European stranger; all this would have thrown more life into the steps of the *Fertulia*, and we should have danced the *Habanera* until morning to the music of guitars and harps." Unfortunately, all these charming scenes, called up by the enthusiastic captain, were soon dissipated, for, as it became darker, the wind increased

in violence. From all quarters of the horizon heavy clouds were rapidly nearing us, and gathering over our heads; the mountains of Mindanao, already wrapped in darkness, became every now and again lit up by awful flashes of lightning. About one in the morning, whilst still at the mercy of the storm, the lights on shore having long since disappeared, Perpetuo, after a most wearisome tack, which had carried us to the furthest extremity of a bay, came and asked my advice about casting anchor until the storm should abate. Being utterly ignorant of our whereabouts, I was on the point of answering him in the affirmative, when a sudden shock under the brig startled us all. The crew became alarmed. Sounding with the lead was tried in all haste, and it was found that we had struck on a sand bank.

Our vessel as if tired with its struggle against the elements, was leaning over to port and resting gently on the soft sand, in which the keel had become embedded a short distance from the shore. "And now," said the unfortunate captain, "you may be certain of having your singular wish gratified, and that before twenty-four hours: if the tide does not take us off this cursed shoal, you will see more pirates upon us than either of us will know what to do with." "Such being the case, my most illustrious Perpetuo," replied I, "let us be prepared to receive them in a proper manner. And tell me from which quarter do you think the danger is the most pressing." "*Por Dios*, from the land. In fact pirates exist in all these parts, these thick woods to all outward appearance deserted, are full of them and their boats ready to put to sea at a minute's notice, and our course has been watched since morning by these Moros. If they notice the change of wind, or should they have the slightest suspicion of our present state of affairs, you may depend upon it we shall soon be attacked. And when that takes place," said he, at the same time turning towards his crew, "may the saints above take pity on us!" I must confess, in praise of Perpetuo, that although my own eagerness for the fray was great, there was not the slightest indication of shewing the white feather either in his manner or speech. He came from too thorough bred a race of people for that. Besides, like all simple minds, who put their trust in saints or charms, he felt convinced that the Moros were powerless against him, on account of his having gone through costly acts of devotion before leaving Manilla. In a few words he informed the crew of our critical

position, and on being asked if they would fight like loyal subjects of the Queen of Spain, they all replied with one accord, "Long live the Queen! Hurrah for Spain."

Amongst us there were some who fancied they heard shouts of defiance in reply from the shore, but Perpetuo having assured us that it was only the echo, this incident which ought to have met with more attention, soon ceased to dwell upon our minds. Full of confidence in men whom the idea of a fight with pirates seemed to rejoice rather than otherwise, our captain caused all the lights on board to be extinguished, the firearms were brought on deck, the priming of the *frabucas* were looked after, and the *culverins* placed on the poop, in such a manner as to sweep the deck in case the enemy should reach it. After which, as we felt almost certain of the next tide floating us off the sand bank, all the sails were hoisted, so that we found ourselves prepared either for fighting or making sail, as soon as there was a chance of so doing. By the time everything was ready it was three o'clock in the morning; the crew, tired out, were pell-mell on the deck, sound asleep. Even Perpetuo, in spite of his responsibilities, and the sweet recollections of his lovely sweetheart on shore, was wrapped in slumber, whilst I alone kept watch on deck.

The storm over our heads had lulled, and once more the stars shone forth, but the brig, surrounded nearly on all sides by high hills covered with trees, remained in the shade. After having listened for some time to the various noises that are peculiar to the night time in the forests of Oceanica, it seemed to me as if I could distinguish guttural sounds quite new to my hearing. It was not exactly like the "belling" of the stag, although more practised ears than mine might have thought so.

By dint of great attention I soon became convinced that what I heard was a human utterance. And these suspicious sounds seemed made in answer to each other at intervals from hill to valley. All these shouts appeared to be coming in one direction, becoming silent on reaching the shore. It was evident to me that our enemies were gathering together on the beach, and only a few cable lengths from us. I administered a good shaking to Perpetuo, for, be it known, that nothing is more difficult than to awaken these Indians.

After listening, he instantly exclaimed "It is they!" at the same time squeezing my arm excitedly. "What you have been listening

to is the rallying cry of these fiends. They are generally scattered amongst the mountains of their islands during night time, and when their chiefs wish to bring them together at daybreak for any *coup de main*, messengers scour the heights, and send forth the cry which you have so luckily noticed."

"Thank God, you have warned me in time, there is not a minute to lose in mustering our crew. *Bata Soulou na.* Come my lads, tumble up, now then look alive."

All this, said to them in their own language, but as it did not seem sufficient to awaken them, I very soon heard some tremendous thwacks from a stout cane falling on their shoulders in order to quicken their movements. Whilst the crew were getting ready, I noticed that daylight was creeping upon us, and it was welcomed by all hands with cries of joy. Some moments afterwards the brig, unmoveable until now, began to sway under our feet. A light piece of wood having been thrown overboard, and being carried by the waves towards shore, we had hopes that in a very short time we should be once more afloat, without other assistance than the rising tide. In latitudes close to the tropics, the transition from night to day and *vice versa* is very sudden; nothing of the European twilight, such fruitful source of inspiration to poets, artists and lovers, is found here. In our case light had suddenly taken the place of darkness, just as one sees the sudden shifting of scenes on the stage of a theatre. Perpetuo, restless and continually on the move kept watching the coast, and requesting me to keep my telescope pointed on a certain part of the shore where some palm trees screened from our observation a part of the Bay. And at this very spot, the first peep of a sunbeam revealed itself on the shimmering light of a sword blade, pointing out to us the precise spot requiring our utmost attention. In a few moments, four *pancos* or canoes of an unusual length glided into the water, just like four tremendous large crocodiles, and as if they had come out of the bowels of the earth, an armed multitude of pirates crowded into them. A similar cry to the one heard at night, and which had first roused my suspicions, was the signal to give way, and the four crafts, each with at least thirty men, started with the rapidity of an arrow.

As he noticed the great disparity in numbers between our foes and the sixteen men composing the crew of the *Nuestra Senora de la Merced*, Perpetuo could not help expressing his delight in

once more feeling his bonny brig bounding over the waves. Every now and then he would jump on the taffrail and address the pirates, insulting and defying them both by voice and gesture, although they were too far off to hear a single word. He believed himself sure of escaping; the breeze was swelling out our sails, and our speed was steadily increasing as we left the shore behind us. In spite of this advantage, the *pancos* kept gaining on us with such rapidity, that, with the exception of our skipper, it was the general opinion that in less than half an hour we should come to close quarters. Nothing but a good stiff breeze could save us, and as yet the weather gave us nothing to hope for in that respect. The *Moros* were not long in finding out how the case really was with us, and after rowing for some time in a straight line towards us, they suddenly steered away at a right angle, as if they intended, like ourselves, to gain the open sea; but this was done evidently with the intention of doubling on us at the last moment. In the execution of this last tack, their canoes were naturally obliged to be broadside on to us, and Perpetuo immediately took advantage of it to point, take sight and fire at them from one of the *culverins*. Now, whether the sight was in fault, or the distance too great, no missile appeared to have hit the mark. *Bestia!* exclaimed the marksman, throwing from him the lighted piece of bamboo with which he had fired the shot. The crew could not help laughing at their skipper's bad luck. But the captain had sufficient command over his temper to not notice it. But he could not help flying into a passion when he heard the pirates reply with a mocking hurrah to the inoffensive discharge of our antiquated artillery; at the same time, out of bravado, they returned our fire with four little bronze swivels, which were placed in the fore part of their canoes. These small cannons, called *laucates* in their language, are cast by the natives of the Island of Mindanoa, and the neighboring islands of Soulon. They have learnt from the Jesuits the art of casting metals. Perpetuo fancied, and not without good reason, that he could still keep them in check, by making them believe that we had several Europeans on board; not that he supposed for a moment that one hundred and fifty robbers would be stopped by the interference of a few Europeans, but the supposition that such were on board would not fail in producing a certain amount of caution on their part, which might, at any rate, keep them off for some minutes. And in our present critical

position, every minute increased our distance, and the slightest puff of wind might save us.

The means employed by our captain were not without some originality. He caused some of the crew to clothe themselves quickly in the white jacket and trousers that all foreigners wear in these countries, and with which my trunks were amply supplied, and then he placed them in full view on the small poop of the brig. No sooner there, than the pretended Europeans began to gesticulate in the most absurd manner, snapping their fingers at the pirates, and trying, in the most ridiculous manner, to make them believe that they were getting ready for a most murderous onslaught. As all the talking was in the *Tagale* language, I asked one of them to explain the reason why they all at once appeared as if they were mad, or were subject to St. Vitus' dance. He answered me in Spanish, that it was to better resemble the European style. As this was intended for a compliment, I accepted it as such, but could not help noticing that our worthy skipper had forgotten the most important part of this acting, namely: to whiten the faces of his Indians, and owing to this, most probably, our trick was soon found out. It was just at this moment, when our enemies, believing themselves in safety, kept on quietly rowing, that Perpetuo, seizing my revolver-rifle, said to me, as he aimed at the pirates: "Look!" and with a skill that no one would have expected, he shot down, at a distance of about one thousand mètres, one of the Malays acting as pilot in front of the *pancos* nearest to us. The pirates, as if struck motionless with wonder, ceased rowing, and we saw them pick up the wounded man out of the water and gather round him in great consternation. I suppose that, taking into consideration the long range of my rifle, they began to feel uneasy at the probable presence of foreigners on board the brig. Their excitement made us hope that the attack would be delayed. Perpetuo, already triumphing, no longer measured his insults, and I know not to what extremes he would have gone had it not been for a new movement on the part of our enemies. The canoes made straight for us, and those who steered them, uttering savage yells as they neared us, seemed seized with a determination to board us at any risk. Perpetuo endeavored to retard their approach by firing the remaining shots of my rifle, but it was of no use at such a juncture. I hastened to reload it, resolved to make good use of it when they should board us.

This would soon be the case, for I could, without looking through my glass, distinguish their cutlasses thrown in a heap at the bottom of the canoes. One single chief, called "Dato," appeared to command the three canoes. Standing up in the bows of a *panco*, he was easily known by his dress, which was as peculiar as uncomfortable. Upon his head was an ancient looking helmet, made with plates, or scales of buffalo horn, artistically carved; a kind of doublet, made of some stuff spangled with gold; a breastplate, likewise of buffalo horn, plates linked with rings of shining copper, and fastened on the chest by two silver buckles of superior workmanship. Nothing caused me more surprise than the appearance in these latitudes of such a rude imitation of the helmet and corselet of our ancient paladins. I here give you my idea of its origin. A very truthful tradition, handed down by the monks who accompanied the expedition of Magellan, relates that the latter, when he landed at Butuan, in order to take possession of Mindanoa, had put on the armor and helmet of a knight errant, which, at that period, were still in use.

This dazzling costume must have struck the imagination of the Indians, and from that time, no doubt, dates the rough imitation which we now beheld. Just as this explanation was flashing through my mind, a singular sight caused us all to start. A cloud of black smoke was visible behind the sandy shore, whose gentle declivity formed one of the points of the bay. "A steamer," exclaimed I to the crew. And sure enough, at that moment a steamer doubling or coming round the point, unfurled the showy colors of the Spanish flag. Almost immediately afterwards a flash was seen in a rolling cloud of smoke, and a loud report awoke the echoes of the bay. The captain of the war steamer *Constancia*, had instantly guessed our position, and by the firing of this shot gave us to understand that assistence was close at hand. Within the space of a quarter of an hour from the appearance of our deliverers, we were the beholders of a most appalling scene. In every direction were to be seen the greater part of the pirates swimming for their lives, and trying to reach the shore.

The commander of the *Constancia*, who had been for some time stationed here to watch the coasts, had convinced himself by cruel experience that these wretches never give or accept quarter, and consequently he made it a general rule, every time he caught any *pancos* in open piracy, to run them down with his vessel. Our

foes, terrified at the idea of an encounter which could have no other result than their destruction, with all haste left their canoes, but, although swimming with great strength and rapidity, they soon found themselves struggling helplessly in the swell caused by the approaching steamer. It was heart-rending to behold the terror depicted in their countenances, the despairing looks, which were felt rather than actually seen, by the spectators of this terrible tragedy, as they gradually sunk to rise no more. Some became entangled in the paddle wheels of the steamer, and after being whirled round and round and frightfully mangled fell back into the water a mass of fearful wounds. Whether it were terror or despair I know not, but not a single pirate in this fearful position begged for quarter. The *panco* commanded by the "Dato" whose knightly costume I have described, alone had not capsized. At the first appearance of the *Constancia* he had come nearer to us in order to be sheltered from the steamer's approach.

It was impossible to sink him without being ourselves run down. Perpetuo could, with the greatest ease, have riddled the whole lot of them through and through, but such a victory would have been too easy, and a more glorious triumph was necessary for the worthy skipper. He turned round to me, and said: "As you seem anxious to examine more closely the armor of that pirate chief, I will go and bring it to you. If I succeed in capturing it, keep it in remembrance of me. If, unfortunately, I should be killed, I beg of you to do your best to prevent my body from becoming, like those of the *Moros*, a prey to the sharks."

I endeavored to dissuade the brave *Tagale* from his dangerous enterprise, but as well might I have tried to take from a lion the prey which it has captured. The brig's boat was lowered in a minute, and taking with him but eight men, Perpetuo rowed towards the pirates, who were astonished at his boldness. Standing in the forepart of the boat, with nothing in his hand but his large Indian knife, he bravely offered his naked chest to the spear which the chief of the war-canoe pointed towards him. A few more strokes, and the weapon of the *dato* would touch or penetrate the breast of the *Tagale*, but just as each one trembled for his safety, and the voices of all who witnessed this unfair duel begged him to step back, Perpetuo with a tremendous spring jumped from his boat to the canoe, and before his antagonist could cover himself with his shield, the large knife of the Indian was plunged in his throat up to the very hilt.

A cry of agony was heard, and the two men fell together into the water. The canoe of the pirates was too slight of build, and too heavily loaded to withstand this sudden shock, and it capsized. The waves were covered with the unfortunate pirates whom the seamen in the boat knocked on the head as they appeared on the surface. Our plucky captain dripping with blood and water had reappeared holding up with a strong hand the dead body of the chief with which he swam towards us, all the time calling it by the vilest of names. The helmet, etc., were given to me, and as I helped him to climb on deck, a single word from me, caused him to order his men to save the remaining few around us. Seven of these poor devils were rescued from a watery grave, just as they were on the point of giving up the ghost.

We had them sent on board the *Constancia*, where they received proper care and were brought back to life.

Perhaps it would have been more merciful to have let them drown with their companions, for a month later they were all condemned to be shot as pirates.

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGAN TO FALL.

Our hearts were sad and weary, without one ray of light,
As we watched her slowly sinking, and trembled for the night;
While her face lit up with gladness,—"tinged with sadness for us all,"
And her spirit passed to heaven when the leaves began to fall.

And now among the angels, that stand around the throne,
There are familiar voices so sweetly like her own;
I seem to hear her singing, "We will crown Him Lord of all,"
Tho' we laid her 'neath the roses when the leaves began to fall.

O. P. P.

"WAS-HAEL!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHAT WAS HER FATE."

CHAPTER I.

"And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
A Saga of the days of old.
'There is,' said he, 'a wondrous book
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue.'"

FOR an American artist, Fred Sherbrooke had made a point. There had been a time when he thought himself a heaven-born genius, commissioned at once to startle and spiritualize this cynical, unbelieving, modern world with the extreme agonies of martyrs and the divinest ecstasies of saints; and that this transcendent genius might neither be contracted by common place surroundings nor curbed by drudgery, he had lived a wild, reckless, delightful life with a set of young magnificents, who held themselves in an equally exalted estimation, who ignored labor and care, who drank deep to inspiration, and bowed low at the shrine of pleasure. As painters, every one of these worshippers of the Divine Breath failed, and Fred Sherbrooke failed more wretchedly, more ignominiously than any. Perhaps it was this oft-reported failure that dispelled his delusion, for, from the dream of his genius, the dreamer woke to a sense of his folly, to a burning self-contempt, to a resolve to paint pictures which should be the result of toil and thought, not the outgrowth of undisciplined fancy and desultory imaginings.

About three years after Sherbrooke's new departure, a large picture hung in a rather celebrated art gallery, and its number corresponded to that on the catalogue opposite the words, "Was-hael, by Sherbrooke."

The newspaper critics found no fault; some men, who knew a picture when they saw one, praised it warmly; the great world of fashion grew furious; the world flocked to look at it; the world adored it, and with arms extended took to its bosom the painter, Sherbrooke. There came to the gallery aristocratic old ladies and gentlemen for the express purpose of levelling their high-toned eye-glasses at "Was-hael," not that half of them cared or thought about it in the least, but then it was the correct thing to stare, so

very properly they stared, and thus helped to make it, if possible, still more the correct thing. And close about these venerable idolaters pressed erudite old maids and solemn-faced school girls, with Bishop Berkeley and Plato nestling close together under their arms, whilst a fair proportion of fast, stylish young ladies and gentlemen was conspicuous in the throng. And on the countenances of all these different types of humanity sat the one air of preternatural wisdom. Over all brooded a mournful silence, broken only by a low, mysterious whisper, suggesting that looking at a beautiful picture was one of the most melancholy duties which falls to fashionable humanity in this sad, sad world.

And one December day, when the picture was at the height of popular favor, far behind the regular habitués, in a corner from which the painting could be easily viewed, a woman sat studying it. She was leaning forward, her hands folded on a small table before her. She was taller and more fully developed than most of the women in the room; she had dark skin and hair and eyes, and there were certain proud curves about her mouth and head, which she held up almost defiantly whilst she looked at the picture, as though in it she found something of personal slight or offence, something arousing her haughty defiance.

It was a large picture, occupying some six square feet, representing a dining-hall in the days when warriors worshipped at Odin's stone. There were the low roof, with its smoky rafters, the rush-strewn floor, the raised dais, with the table, for the master and his most honored guests, and the longer, lower board round which clustered soldiers and scalds. All the men were standing, the nobler among them holding curiously wrought goblets of silver, and the inferiors grasping rough drinking-horns, and they were all looking towards the head of the table where stood a young knight and his bride. Although the minor details and figures were worked in with the utmost care and skill, in these two figures were concentrated all the strength and beauty and passion of the picture. The woman was as "daughter of the Gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair;" she was dressed in a long, loose flowing robe of white, embroidered with gold, and her pure golden hair rippled almost to the floor. The young knight's arm was round her, and she looked up at him with such trustful, innocent love in her clear-cut face, that any woman might pardon any man for falling down and worshipping even a tress of her

wonderful hair. And while most of the men about the table were true yellow-haired, blue-eyed Saxons, the painter had given his knight a swarthy skin, brown beard and flashing black eyes; standing erect in a dark furred tunic, he formed a bold contrast to the fair woman whom he held to him with one arm, while in the disengaged hand he held aloft a goblet ready to drink to her. And in his eyes, gleaming down on her, there was not the mere love of a strong man for a beautiful woman—there was the adoration of a mortal for a goddess—there was a story told of some noble heroism on the woman's part, winning devotion which beauty and tenderness could never gain, which had made the bond between these two inseparable as long as he had power to clasp her or she the strength to cling to him. In the strong, passionate, dark face, the artist had told the story, and the woman in the corner read it as easily as if it had been written in so many words. She had taken off her gloves, and her white hands were clenched:

"It is he, but there is no trace of me, not any."

The words were intensely bitter, wrung from the fulness of passion, expressed by the clenched hands and proud, defiant face.

About the centre of the gallery were grouped together some five or six men, who indulged in pointed moustaches and Vandyke tufts on the chin, who carried their shabby attire with true artistic grace. They had for some time being discussing "Was-hael," or rather listening to the criticism of one of their number, who seemed to take quite a savage pleasure in calmly disclaiming any merit in the painting, giving it barely fair consideration. No one had a better right to tear it to pieces than he, for it was the work of his own brain and hand. And if there had been any modesty or humility in this underrating of himself, it might have looked like an admirable feature in the fair, handsome artist; but he noticed and pointed out his faults in a scornful, superior way, and made very apparent the fact that he considered even the blemishes of his picture near approaches to perfection in modern art. At last a bright little fellow broke out: "Mon Dieu, Shairbrooke, there is genius! You did not make your genius; you can not improve your genius."

"Nothing of the sort," said Sherbrooke, "the fire of my genius went out with the last spark of that celebrated bonfire of saints and martyrs, which you must remember. *That* is hard work,

undoubtedly I will improve upon it;" and with a wave of the hand, at once dismissing dispute and bidding farewell, he turned from his friends towards the door. He looked round at the people, acknowledging their gracious salutes superbly, embracing in his casual, indifferent glance every one, even the dark, defiant woman in the corner. He turned back immediately, making his way through the crowd; he stood beside her, and touched her shoulder lightly with his hand, as he said:

"What are you thinking of, Clare?"

The young lady was Miss Holmes, but as Sherbrooke was her lover there could be no objection to his calling her Clare. She had not known he was in the room, but she evinced no surprise at the unexpected low-spoken words; she looked up at Sherbrooke and answered:

"I was thinking that the man who painted that picture must at some time have felt all for a woman which he has expressed in the knight's face."

Considering that the artist was her lover, and that under the circumstances she alone of all women should know what his feelings were or had been, it was a strange answer to his question. But Clare Holmes knew that Sherbrooke had never looked down at her in the way that he had made his imaginary knight look at his imaginary lady. In the swarthy warrior she detected a subtle likeness to her fair artist-lover, and in the pale golden-haired woman there was no trace of resemblance to her; and she had been wondering bitterly if in his past life, before she saw him, he had given a woman all that adoration, thinking, with an aching pain at her heart, that it must have been. So she answered his question truthfully, not caring how it might sound to him.

And just then he might have made a pretty, lover-like speech, which he could have done so well; but it never occurred to Sherbrooke that anything of superficial word-sentiment would be acceptable to Clare Holmes. In the old, riotous, inspired days he had lavished love-making and pretty babbling with indiscriminate profusion; but that was a part of the ideal, dreamy life, quite out of place and absurd in the practical working world wherein he had chosen to take a place. He had met Clare Holmes in Europe, and idled a whole summer through with her among the Swiss mountains. Although he would not have married a woman with no money, he would hardly have married simply for money; he was

attracted by Clare Holmes' easy, unemotional manner; he calculated coolly the exact social position which he and she together would be able to fill; he was, on the whole, well pleased when she accepted him—better pleased than if he had been accepted by any other woman in the world. So he treated her with the most magnificent consideration, filling gracefully every duty which exacting society requires of a man in the trying position of an accepted lover; and, if he ever felt inclined to show her anything more, he restrained the inclination, supposing that she did not care for demonstration. So when she told him candidly what she had been thinking, he shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"Le Févre over there has just been accusing me of genius, and now you're burdening me with excess of feeling. There is no more necessity for the one than for the other; an artist does not need to have felt what he portrays on canvas any more than an emotional novel writer needs to have experienced the varied sensations and passions which he attributes to his characters."

"But," she said, persistently, "the true novel writer, if he does not describe what he actually has felt, I think only pictures what he might feel under precisely the same conditions as his characters. Isn't it so with a painter, or are this and many other beautiful pictures mere works of the imagination?"

There was nothing eager or anxious in her questioning, as before her manner was utterly devoid of all personal interest, and as he chose to ignore the first part of her question, he chose to answer:

"This can hardly be called a purely imaginary work, for it is founded on an old Norse legend. Haven't I told it to you?"

"No. You have told me nothing. You have not even asked me to come and see it; but to-day I had finished my shopping, and had an hour to spare, so I came."

"You have seen so many better pictures, Clare, that I hardly dared willingly expose it to the test of your criticism. If you care to hear the legend, I'll tell it to you."

There had been a faint undertone of reproach in her words and voice, entirely too delicate for masculine density to detect; there was a very fine sarcasm in his answer, which she understood perfectly, which she almost dared to hope was pique at her seeming indifference; but she took no notice of it, answering only:

"I should very much like to hear it."

He drew a chair to the table and sat down beside her: "It is

nothing very startling, or different from other Norse legends. There was an old Ritter of Ruhensberg who had a beautiful daughter, and she, with the innate perversity of a beautiful daughter, refused to make a marriage of convenience; and, indeed, she swore that if she could not choose for herself matrimonially, she would become priestess to Frega and Thor. The old Ritter knew she would keep her vow; he did not care to give his only child to the gods, so he told her she should have her will, and bade her prepare for her betrothal to her own love, the Ritter of Eberstein, which should be celebrated at the great Yule-tide feast.

"The night of the betrothal came. There was riot in Ruhensberg dining-hall, and, in her chamber, her maids were arraying their Lady Alswitha. All dressed and awaiting the summons to her lover stood the Lady Alswitha, when into the room came nurse Hilda, bent, and withered, and grey, crying that she had discovered a will of her lady's father. For it had been arranged that young Eberstein, while on his way to Alswitha, was to be attacked by the rival, one Count Roland, who, with a great host of followers, would hew to pieces Eberstein and his small retinue; and, after this fearful slaughter, Alswitha, in the sacred gloom of Odin's grove, was, by fraud, to be betrothed to her father's ally.

"The Lady Alswitha was quick of wit. But a few moments before her maidens had cried in jest that she wanted but the golden mantle and starry crown to be the great Troll Queen, who walked about at Yule-tide, and had the power of blighting all men who looked into her eyes. Now the lady bethought her of their cry. In a moment she had donned the golden mantle and starry crown, which a Troll Queen had given her mother, bidding her treasure them till they should be needed. In a moment she had bidden farewell to her maidens, and sworn to save her lover or perish.

"She was no coward, this Lady Alswitha. She did not slip out of the house by a back door, but went boldly through the dining-hall where the treacherous Ritter and his men were drinking hard. They saw her gliding past them; they cried in fright, 'the Troll Queen!' they hid their faces lest she should look upon them; and it was not till she had mounted a horse and was flying fast towards her lover's castle of Eberstein, that the Ritter, her father, recovered his senses, surmised who it was, and ordered his men to mount and follow. The lady rode fiercely through the hosts of

Roland lying in wait for Eberstein. She was singing a wild, witch song, her golden hair and mantle floated behind her, the full moon shone down on her, and these bold worshippers of war-gods cried aloud, 'the wicked Troll Queen,' and turned and fled in terror towards Ruhensberg. Five minutes later and Eberstein, now riding swiftly towards Alswitha, would have fallen into the hands of the enemy. And when his small band saw the woman on the white horse flying through the night, they of course supposed it was the dreaded Troll Queen, but, equally of course, the young Ritter recognized her and cried: 'It is the Lady Alswitha, my love!' She met him; she told him he was betrayed; they all turned and rode swiftly back towards Eberstein.

"But in the meantime the lady's father and his men having started in pursuit, encountered the terror-stricken hosts of their ally, calmed his fears, and together rode on in hot chase. The lovers, pressed closely by their enemies, gained the woods of Eberstein, cleared the chasm which surrounded the castle, and the last man passed the gate in safety.

"Then that wily old Ritter of Ruhensberg and the disappointed Count Roland swore by all the gods that there should be eternal feud between them and Eberstein, and rode back to Ruhensberg to devise a scheme for vengeance. Little recked the triumphant young Ritter of Eberstein. That night he wedded the Lady Alswitha, and in the hall he and his men drank wassail to the fair woman who by her wit and courage had saved them all from death.

"That is the story, with innumerable flaws in it I grant, but pretty for all that. I chose the last scene for my picture because I felt I could tell the whole story in the Ritter's face. I think a man might look and feel that passion for a woman like the Lady Alswitha. Yes, we painters are like the novelists, our life is in the Might Be, not the Is."

He was stroking his moustache and looking a little wistfully towards his picture—he had spoken his last words rather to it than to Clare Holmes.

She had risen and was drawing on her gloves:

"Then a woman who has not been the heroine of a wild adventure can not hope for adoration. It is hard. How we should long for a chance to risk our life for a man's love, that is so well worth any daring."

She laughed a little hysterically, and, if Sherbrooke had been

dreaming, that unusual nervous outburst recalled his senses. He was astonished at Clare's vehemence, but did not take the trouble to analyze it, not guessing at the inference any woman would draw from his words.

"We have been civilized out of extremes; we practical, comfortable people need neither adoration nor romantic heroism; both would be decidedly inconvenient in our prosaic existence. Take care, Clare; you are tearing your glove."

She did not speak again immediately, but drew on her other glove more carefully; and then, as if she had forgotten what they had spoken of, forgotten that there had been anything verging on the unpleasant between them, she said: "I am ready to go, Fred. I will catch the noon train. Are you coming out with me?"

He put her hand on his arm, and they went out of the gallery, down the stairs. He had not told her whether or not he would go with her, but, on the pavement, he opened the door of one of the coaches in waiting and said: "I have an engagement this morning; you will excuse my going to the depôt. Tell Abbie I will be on hand to-night for her frolic. I will drive out in the evening and stay over to-morrow. You are not disappointed, Clare?"

She was sitting in the coach, and he still held her hand: "We have been civilized out of extremes, you say, Fred; so any disappointment I might feel is hardly worth noticing."

He laughed: "You take me literally, Clare." He bent his head till his yellow moustache swept the tips of her kid gloves, paying this homage as naturally as he had lifted his hat to her, and she acknowledged it, gracefully as ever. But when he had gone, the bold, defiant light came back to Clare Holmes' eyes, and she said, half aloud, as women will when they feel intensely: "It is a lie. He loves another woman. I shall not stand in the way of what might be."

CHAPTER II.

CLARE HOLMES was out of place in the family of which she was the eldest daughter. Her own mother had died when Clare was a baby, and then her mother's sister took her. Clare's father married again, but she continued to live with her aunt till she was about twenty, when her aunt died and left her a fortune. Then Clare returned to her father's house, her own mistress, free to go and come as she pleased.

They all liked Clare well enough, and as the next daughter, Abbie, said, "got along first rate with her;" still their hearts were not exactly aglow with joy when Clare announced her intention of staying with them for three or four months, nor were they cast down with sorrow when Clare unexpectedly had a trunk packed, and went off for an indefinite period, to visit friends of whom they neither knew nor cared to know anything. For they were a noisy, demonstrative, extremely natural family, and not at all at home with the cool, indifferent Clare. When she first came among them she decidedly blighted them. Abbie, who inclined to the opinion that she put on airs, gave her to understand pretty clearly that they didn't care a cent for her money, and hadn't a particle of reverence for her vastly superior position; and if Clare came unexpectedly into the sitting-room where Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, with their two children, Abbie and Tom, were talking away a spare half-hour, Tom was accustomed to shiver and say it was very cold, and immediately freeze into severe silence. But when they began to find out Clare's obliging disposition and unobtrusive thoughtfulness for others, they were too honest among themselves to cherish any ill-feeling founded on first impressions; so they rose superior to the withering effect of her grand manner, they charitably concluded it was only her way, they tacitly agreed to make the best of her.

With Clare's lover, Fred Sherbrooke, the family was a unit of ecstasy. He had learned the difficult lesson of adapting himself to circumstances, and could adopt the Holmes style as easily as if he had been born to it, and lived in it, and really liked it. He could flirt most wickedly with Abbie; could recount rollicking college experiences to Tom, who had all those golden days still before him; he could arrange a little difficulty ever cropping out between Mrs. Holmes, whose religious tendencies were ritualistic, and aunt Ruth Holmes, an uncompromising puritan; he could discuss politics with Mr. Holmes, and all the time keep a watchful eye on Clare, ever ready to pay her some graceful attention. Therefore, the Holmes family, whose experience was not literally world-wide, thought him simply perfect, and were disposed to be indignant at Clare for not displaying more effusion towards him.

Miss Abbie, an irrepressible of seventeen, with an incalculable capacity for enjoyment, availed herself of every opportunity for fun, so it was not to be expected that she would allow Christmas

to pass unnoticed. For a whole month she studied up Christmas customs, determining to carry out every one, wickedly fighting each step with orthodox aunt Ruth, who loudly protested against this flagrant violation of New England precedent. Indeed, so active was aunt Ruth's opposition, that she dipped into history, and hurled at Abbie many blood-curdling facts connected with the Roman Saturnalia and the Norse Yule-tide rites, in the vain delusion that Abbie would see her depravity and cease from an attempt to revive heathen festivals. At each attack Abbie's hilarity rose, and she was positively riotous when aunt Ruth, as a last resort, made an agonized appeal to her to desist from what, in the dear, bigoted old lady's mind, was a viler iniquity than any bowing down to heathen gods, the celebrating of the holiest feast in that honor of her orthodoxy, the Roman Catholic church.

Aunt Ruth was beaten, but she had the satisfaction of having protested, and could even look cheerfully at Abbie's dearest friends and Tom's nearest chums, when they appeared on Christmas Eve with intent of remaining over Christmas Day.

For Christmas Eve the kitchen was given up to the youngsters. They were to have a Yule log, on which each one was to stand and sing a song before it was cast into the fire-place; they were to have a wassail bowl, whereof the drinkable matter was claret-punch; they were to have whatever else their young brains might devise for their amusement.

Clare had refused to join the party in the kitchen. Abbie had come to Clare's own parlor and asked her specially, and pleaded, "At least you'll come when Mr. Sherbrooke arrives, Clare?" and Clare, looking absently into the fire, had said: "Yes, oh yes! He will come right up here, and we will go down together;" then she had thrown an arm round Abbie's neck and kissed her. This startled Abbie so that she went quietly away with a vague foreboding of trouble in her merry little brain, wavering between a doubt that Clare might have had a misunderstanding with Mr. Sherbrooke—only a misunderstanding, for the magnificent Clare would never quarrel—and a fear lest Clare was going to have a fever. How could the girl, with all her life still before her, guess that Clare had resolved to make that hardest sacrifice for a woman, to give up the man she loved, and that her unusual tenderness was the one visible sign of the struggle?

Till that day Clare had never suspected that Sherbrooke had

ever loved another woman. She knew he had no enthusiasm for her; she was conscious of the combination of influences which had induced him to choose her for his wife; she had thrown all her strong, self-contained nature into her love for him, and was content that he should not know it, thinking that the knowing would rather displease than please him. But the passion concentrated in that dark Ritter's face had been the beginning of a new revelation to her of Sherbrooke's character, a revelation completed by his dreamy words: "Yes, we painters are like the novelists; our life is in the Might Be, not the Is." Surely the conviction was born in her of the possibilities of a greater passion than that for his art, of which alone she had believed Sherbrooke capable, of her utter inability to arouse that latent force. And supposing she, blinded to chances, were to marry him, and afterwards some woman with a magical fascination, were to come into his life, what would be the result to her? She could not foresee the precise issue, but dim, shadowy and inevitable, she felt that in such an emergency she would be equal to any stratagem, any crime that would thwart him. And rather than assume the weight of such a possibility, she had chosen to put the temptation from her—she had nerved herself to go apart from him.

All through the early evening she expected him, but now it was ten o'clock and he had not come. Every few moments she heard the echo of merry laughter from below, and occasionally a snatch of song sung in fresh young voices. Her maid sat in the room sewing constantly. She was a middle-aged woman, who had been a young girl in the service of the first Mrs. Holmes when Clare was born, and who had been with Clare ever since. As a servant she was invaluable; she could adapt herself to Clare's moods with placid equanimity, and to-night she knew that Miss Clare would not be spoken to, so she sewed and held her peace.

The little jewelled clock rang out twelve chimes, and Miss Clare, who for some time had been staring at the fire, looked up, saying: "You had better go to bed, Rachel; I shall not want you to-night." Then Clare went to the window and looked out, and a restless longing to see Sherbrooke came over her, for, after all, she had counted on this one evening with him before they went apart forever, and he had disappointed her even of that.

Rachel had quietly folded her work, and was leaving the room: "It is just twenty-four years since you were born, Miss Clare," she said.

"Is it? Yes, I had quite forgotten," said Clare.

"Yes, Miss Clare, I can remember my mother saying that you were born a little before twelve on Christmas Eve, and she was an Englishwoman, Miss Clare, and always said you would be able to see spirits because you were born on Christmas Eve; but I don't think you've seen any yet, and I hope you never may. Good night, Miss Clare."

"Good night," said Clare, quite curtly. She had hardly heard what the woman said; she had been thinking that Sherbrooke might yet come; she knew by the cessation of noise that they had all gone to bed; and she felt that if he did come she would like to be dressed to receive him. She wrapped a heavy shawl about her and threw herself on a lounge, lying there for some time quite still and apparently asleep.

The silver chime rang out one, then the stillness seemed intensified by this momentary fulness of sound.

Suddenly Clare started up, crying in terror, "Fred! Fred! what has happened?"

She ran quickly across the room to the door, with the bewildered, frightened air and movement of one roused from a sound sleep. There was no answer to her cry, not even an echo. She was deathly pale, and she could feel her hands cold and clammy as she pressed them together. She opened the door, and leaning against it in a listening attitude, turned her eyes to the clock. Only five minutes past one. She was certain now that she had not been asleep, for five minutes before she had heard the clock strike, and that musical throb was the last sensation of which she was conscious. She could recall nothing between that and a fleeting, frightful vision, or rather rapid realization that she was not in her own room, but standing out on the white, moonlit road, that right before her her lover was lying in the snow, and then there was a low, agonized moan, "Clare! Clare!" In answer to him she had darted towards him, crying out to know what had befallen him.

The stillness, and the light falling on her opened eyes, dispelled the delusion. For a moment she thought she had been asleep, but the tell-tale clock put that supposition aside, and anyway, it was hard to believe that mournful cry, "Clare! Clare!" to be part of a frightful dream fancy.

Unquestioningly she made up her mind that Sherbrooke had met with an accident, and had called on her to save him. With

recovered self-possession her brain worked rapidly; she would alarm no one in the house to whose practical satisfaction she would be required to prove that she had not been dreaming; she would awaken only those with whom her commands were law, who would not presume to question her.

She went swiftly to her maid's room and roused her from sleep: "Rachel, Mr. Sherbrooke has met with some accident on his way out here. I was lying on the lounge, when I saw him distinctly in the snow, and heard him call me. I am going to him."

The woman got up mechanically, staring in dumb astonishment at her young mistress telling such an incredible story in a calm, earnest voice. While Clare gave a few necessary directions, Rachel was putting on a dressing-gown and awaking to a perception of the situation, and when Clare moved back towards her own room, Rachel, all pale and trembling, with much sorrow in her face, caught Clare's arm, crying: "Oh, Miss Clare, it has come at last. Mr. Sherbrooke is dead. It was his spirit you saw, his spirit that called you. You were born on Christmas Eve."

Clare shook off roughly the restraining hand; Clare, who was never harsh or angry, answered fiercely: "No! He is not dead; it was his living voice that called me. Now, hurry."

In an incredibly short time, Clare Holmes was driving her horses over the snow, on towards the city, and her groom, who had quickly obeyed the imperative order brought to him by Rachel, was, with grave doubts of his mistress's sanity, preparing to follow her. And Clare's quick wit and rapidity of action were only the somewhat extraordinary result of the training of a nature, cool and intrepid in itself, to a degree of self-possession, which prepared it for any emergency, trifling or urgent; and this very concentration of thought, and collected working out of the thought, are all the more startling when contrasted with the visionary absurdity upon which they were based. Only she did not hold her vision an absurdity; it was to her a terrible reality. She believed she had seen her lover; she believed she had heard his voice; she did not weigh the probability, or even possibility, but only knew that it was so. Not knowing what she was to do, not caring, she answered his call, determined to rescue him, still steadily contemplating her own life lived apart from him, nevertheless taking a mad pleasure in saving him for that life.

For the first mile her horses flew over the road. It was broad,

and the snow was smoothly packed. On one side stretched wide, white fields, the intersecting walls and fences almost buried, and the brown ugliness of the occasional clumps of trees tenderly screened by the soft snow. On the other side wound the frozen river, dead and still and ghostly, whilst beyond rose abruptly bare black cliffs, standing out in boldest contrast to the ghastly whiteness. The night was still, with the wonderful stillness of winter; the stars were bright with transcendent winter brilliancy, and the round, solemn moon shone down weird and cold. After the first mile the road narrowed, and was bordered by a low growth of alder; beyond the alders was a short cleared space, and then a double row of tall dark pines came in view, between which wound the road. When nearing the trees, Clare quieted down her horses, and walked them slowly for about a hundred yards, peering watchfully on each side.

As suddenly and quickly as she had sprung from the sofa, she stopped her horses, slid from the sleigh, and knelt down in the snow—down beside Fred Sherbrooke, lying there with his feet tied together and his hands bound behind him.

She had not been mistaken; she had not dreamed it; he had fallen into great peril, and had called her. For a moment her heart beat with fierce exultation, for in the direst extremity he had called to her, but then there followed a moment of sickening fear that Rachel had been right, and that the legend of her birth-night privilege was the sole explanation of her mysterious warning.

For the first time she trembled, scarcely daring to put her hand to his heart to find if there was still life. His face was so still and fair and cold that hope died within her. But the heart did beat, faintly but undoubtedly. She cut the cords that bound his hands and feet; with more than a woman's strength she lifted him into the sleigh close beside her; she wrapped the fur robes tight about him, and forced brandy between his teeth. Now his heart beat more quickly; she could feel his breath on her cheek; she fancied the eyelids moved. There was nothing more to do; she turned her horses towards home, knowing that he would live, knowing that she had saved him.

Whether by virtue of supernatural visitation, or of a strange coincidence of dream and fact, Clare Holmes had saved Sherbrooke from probable death. And on Christmas Day, when the events of the preceding night became known, she was the heroine of heroines.

Rachel held to her belief that Miss Clare had seen a spirit, and refused to listen to any other explanation. Aunt Ruth, who in spite of her primitive religious views had imbibed an odd admixture of advanced ideas, triumphantly hailed the occurrence as throwing additional light on the mysterious magnetic influence and spiritual affinity which annihilates time and space. She grew brilliant on the electric action of minds filled with the same thoughts, and poured out quite an invective against such incredulous people as Mr. Holmes, who looked upon these inexplicable occurrences as mere coincidences or chances.

And the young people, ever eager for the wonderful, were divided in their adherence to Rachel's simple belief and aunt Ruth's theories; and that day, Dumas, Reichenbach, and all other revellers in apparitions and presentiments, received more attention than in all the years of their quiet life in the Holmes' library.

But Clare, having told her mysterious vision, shrank from farther investigation, and even to herself she did not strive to reconcile it with her reason, choosing to leave it among the many unfathomable secrets of nature. All that glorious Christmas day she was living over again the struggle of the day before; so much keener now that he was bound to her by a deed of as matchless daring as that of his Lady Alswitha, with no hope of the Lady Alswitha's reward.

When Clare left Sherbrooke in the doctor's hands the night before, he had regained consciousness, but not sufficiently to tell how he had fallen among thieves, or to be told of his rescue. But in the morning he had sent for Clare, begging her to come to him, and she could not go so soon; she knew she could not bear an interview just then, and had sent him word that she was not well enough to come. And he had not sent again, as she felt certain he would not, for it was not in the haughty nature of him to ask twice as a favor what he had demanded as a right.

But when the evening was closing in, and the house was aglow with light, and everybody was dressing for the great event of the day, the Christmas dinner, Clare left her room and swept swiftly through the hall to Sherbrooke's apartments. She was a magnificent woman magnificently dressed; woman-like, she would look her best, and when her heart was broken no one should suspect that sorrow or trouble had ever touched her.

Sherbrooke's door stood open, and to Clare's surprise he was

lying dressed in evening costume on a sofa just opposite. She went in softly and stood beside him for a moment looking down. Certainly, he was fair to see, and she "loved his beauty passing well," but after all that was the least part of her love for him. It made her task no easier to stand silently looking at him; she said: "Fred, I am so glad you are able to be up."

He opened his eyes and looked up at her. "I supposed you fancied me quite well enough to come to you, from your evident objection to coming to me."

His studied coldness, the touch of scorn in his voice, and slight curl of his upper lip, utterly stupefied Clare, who had vaguely imagined that common gratitude might move him to a display of tenderness, which would make her sacrifice all the harder. She sank into an arm-chair, saying, more to gain time to think than from any curiosity: "How did it happen, Fred? I have waited for you to tell me."

Her question was commonplace, showing no interest; his answer was as concise as possible, almost statistical: "I left town about ten o'clock to drive out here, not being able to get off sooner. At the narrowest part of the road, in the shadow of the pine trees, three men sprang out, two of them seizing the horses, and the third attempting to take the reins. I tried to urge the horses on, but they held them back, and when I put out my hand for the whip the man beside me threw his arm round my neck and dragged me down. I knew there was no hope, but I fought hard. However, they had stopped the horses; they pulled me to the ground, and robbed me of my watch, my pocket-book, and everything valuable about me; they bound me hand and foot; they threw me among the snow-drifts; they left me there to die like a dog; they got into the sleigh and drove back to town; and, if there's law in America, they'll suffer for it yet. I don't know how long I lay there; I could not move; I would not spend my strength in crying out, knowing that the great distance from any house rendered that useless. At last a heavy, drowsy numbness crept over me, and by degrees I lost all realization of my condition. I lived all my child life, all my mad, artist life over again. I only remember that I moaned out 'Clare! Clare!' and then, after what seems an age of inanition, I awoke in this room. They have told me that you heard me call you, Clare; they have told me how, with what seems to me incredible nerve and courage for

a woman, you rescued me from death, but no one can ever tell me how to thank you for your noble devotion. You are my real Lady Alswitha. Clare, what is the matter? Have you nothing to say to me?"

All through his story she had avoided looking at him, and even now she was only desperately intent on saying what she had to say, bitterly confident that his comparison was but an appropriate and almost unavoidable politeness. For a few seconds she did not answer him, and then she stood up and faced him who was also standing. Her face was flushed, and her voice unsteady and low; instead of the chilling sentences with which she had meant to give him up, there rushed out a fierce torrent of impetuous words:

"I can never be the Lady Alswitha to you, and you know it. I might have married you, dreaming that you loved me in your grand, patronizing way, as well as you could ever love any woman, and I would have been content, if only to be near you. I saw your picture. I saw my mistake. If you have not loved already it is in the future. I know the bitterness of what Is, and I cannot face what Might Be. You are free to find the real Lady Alswitha."

All trembling with excitement she walked from the room, and a golden hoop with glistening diamonds, which had been on her finger, rolled on the floor to Sherbrooke's feet.

He had not interrupted her; he had not made a movement to prevent her leaving the room; he stooped down and picked up the ring. For the first time he understood Clare Holmes, and knew that she loved him as women loved in the sublime heroic ages; for the first time he acknowledged that he had given her that which paled all the delirious play-love of the old Bohemian days.

That very morning he had sent for her, eager to see her, to take her in his arms, to tell her all his love for her, but she had not come, and the hours passed and she had not come, so the hard, cynical second nature regained the ascendancy, and he said: "It is better she should not know. She is only brave and proud and well-mannered; she has no passion, no tenderness; she would not understand."

So his first words were cruel, and she had been too preoccupied to notice the subtle change in his voice when he spoke of what she had done for him, and besides, she had not looked up and met his eyes. And when angered and impatient at her statuesque indifference, he had been sorely tempted to tell her they had better

bury the past between them, she had spoken, spoken burning words of mingled passion and love.

For about a quarter of an hour he sat idly turning the ring in his hand, and then a smile flashed across his face, an easy, confident smile, telling that the man was going to settle this difficulty with the woman now and forever, as he himself pleased.

He left his room and walked along the hall to the stairway, where he stood and listened to the voices below. He thought he distinguished Clare's voice in the babble of the drawing-room, so he went down the stairs and waited again in the hall, looking into the drawing-room. Clare stood just under the chandelier, with her back to him, and many young people were grouped about the room, but none very near her. She was saying, evidently in answer to some one: "It is quite safe to stand under the misletoe now, for all the berries are gone, and with them the delightful privilege. By the way, the lady who gets the last berry is to be married first, you know. Who is the envied fair?"

Then Abbie blushed very red, and cried out: "That is a disputed point."

If Sherbrooke had felt any hesitation, that remark of Abbie's was most fortunate. He walked quickly into the drawing-room and half across it; he put one arm round Clare, stretched up the other, and plucked the last misletoe berry nestling close under one of the glass pendants; he bent his head and kissed the astonished Clare; he said, "The dispute is settled."

Then a shout of acquiescent laughter rang through the room, and under cover of that Clare protested: "You have no right."

But he was looking down at her, he had not taken his arm from about her; she forgot what she had said, she forgot her doubt of him, her fear for the future, she knew that she, Clare Holmes, had won what the Lady Alswitha won from the Ritter of Eberstein.

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

THE "silver lining of the cloud," the close connexion between joy and sorrow, the tendency in the thoughtful mind to tinge with melancholy even the most agreeable objects, and to derive enjoyment from the remembrance of vanished happiness—

all these only serve as the sentimental explanation of the proposition, that

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

And this sentimental view of the subject is probably the only one which suggested itself to the poet. He knew by experience the Ossianic "joy of grief," and was aware that

> "In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
> Bring sad thoughts to the mind,"

it is only the more delightful features of the subject which present themselves, shaded and softened by time, and perhaps hallowed and spiritualized by death. He therefore declared, and with the air of a discoverer, what had already been enunciated in all ages and in all languages—that it is better to have lost for ever a cherished enjoyment than never to have enjoyed at all.

But it seems to us that there is another and a larger view of the question, in which severe truth comes to the aid of sentiment.

Human life, as poetry tells us, is "a mingled yarn;" and therefore it must take its character from the predominant color. Yet we pity the man who has spent his fortune generously, and has been reduced to poverty in his old age; considering his lot as far harder than that of him who had never any fortune to lose. Why so? The latter has been in the gripe of poverty for threescore-years-and-ten—only exchanging it then for the gripe of death; while the former, after some sixty years of enjoyment, is suffered to escape with ten of misery. Surely in this instance our pity is on the wrong side. We may allege, in defence, that the fall would be the more distressing on account of the height; that the contrast between fulness and deprivation would add torture to the change: but this has already been shown to be an error. The fall would *at first* be severely felt, the individual would be stunned in proportion to the height from which he was precipitated; when, by and by, the consolatory principle we have alluded to would come into play: like Dogberry, he would begin to pride himself on his losses; and as time reconciled him to his new position, or at least made him more and more insensible to its hardships, the memory of his vanished greatness, like the mellowed illumination of the heavens after the sun has set, would throw an evening softness over his fortunes.

But although the general balance of life is in favor of this indi-

vidual—although the golden threads predominate in his "mingled yarn"—let us not suppose that the other is without his compensations. Existence is not wholly made up of action and suffering, but likewise of the emotions by which these are originated or attended. We say of an acquaintance, "He is a very domestic man; he lives in his family, and his whole mind and actions are open to them like a book." Yet this man, in point of fact, is almost a stranger even in his home circle. His brain is busy with speculations, and his heart with dreams, which neither wife nor child knows anything about; and in pacing through his room, filled with familiar faces and affectionate voices, he is more frequently than otherwise far away in the past or in the future, and holding communion with the distant or the dead. In like manner, in a course of poverty and hardship, we see only external circumstances, ignorant of that inner life which gives the tone and color to the history. But the very act of struggling is in itself a species of enjoyment; and every hope that crosses the mind, every high resolve, every generous sentiment, every lofty aspiration—nay, every brave despair—is a gleam of happiness that flings its illumination upon the darkest destiny. All these are as essentially a portion of human life as the palpable events that serve as landmarks of the history; and all these would have to be computed before we could fairly judge of the prevailing character of the career.

An enjoyment may terminate, but it cannot be said, philosophically, to be lost; for it is already securely garnered in the past, and has impressed itself, in lines that can never be obliterated, on a certain portion of life. The grief we feel at its termination is another and wholly distinct incident, which cannot be fairly estimated otherwise than by a comparison with the former in point of depth, entireness and duration. Thus the proposition in question —that it is better to have enjoyed and been bereft of the happiness than never to have enjoyed at all—is as true in philosophy as it is beautiful in sentiment.

A nobler and grander turn is given to the subject by some poets, who extend the sphere under observation from this little world to a limitless futurity, where those who have sown in tears will reap in joy. These poets are the passers-by whom we meet in our wild and tangled path, and who salute us with the words, *What, stepping westward?* as they point, with a strange, deep, loving, yearning

smile to the luminous part of the heavens. Of these friendly saluters Southey comes nearest to the suggestion we would have extracted—had we dared adventure upon such a theme—from the supplemental speculation we have added to the poetical one; and with his lines we shall conclude:

——"Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! All things, then,
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be healed and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel
God always, everywhere, and all in all."

Scrapiana.

COMING.

BY MARY BARRY.

Oh, the wind how it whistles,
The wild North wind!
From sea-green mountains of ice,
From bergs that toss in a tossing bay,
From limitless glaciers seen afar,
White in the light of the Polar star,
With their frozen fringes of spray;
They are coming, coming I know,
The frost, and the drifts of snow;
Are they of Junes and of flowers the price?
Are they the price of our yesterday?
O the wind, how it whistles,
The wild North wind!

What of the wind? Let it blow,
Let it sweep from the height,
Where the thunders grow;
Let it bring the sleet and the snow;
Let it wail through the lonesome, pitiless night;
Let it sob, let it whisper low:
I am not a child,
Let the wind be wild,
I am not a child, to be frightened so!

I will but heap up the fire,
It shall burst to a glow,
I will pile the fagots higher,
They shall melt the snow;
They shall warm my hands and my heart,
And shall light my eye;
And the Winter will pass away,
And the Spring will come one day;
And the leaves from the buds will start,
By and bye!

Oh, the wind how it whistles,
The wild North wind!
And the winter of life will come—
The winter chilly and cold,
The brooks and the birds will be dumb;
The frosts will whiten my hair,
And the boughs of my life be bare,
And I shall be old!

What then? I will warm my life at a purer flame,
I will wrap me round in a mantle of love that clings,
I will let the old loves go, that were loves in name,
And will nestle close to the Heart of Infinite things!
And the soul that kindles the fires of star and sun,
Shall warm my soul with the rays of a light Divine,
And after the Winter, the Winter of Life is done,
There's an endless, beautiful, glorious Spring to be mine!

Saint John, N. B.

EARLY HISTORY OF STEAMBOATING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Robert Fulton, the American steamboat inventor, writes, on the 22nd August, 1807, his account of the first trip of the first steamboat on the Hudson river. The distance from New York to Albany—one hundred and fifty miles—was made in thirty-two hours, and the downward passage in thirty, or five miles per hour. At that time but few persons believed in the commercial success of steamboat navigation. The few, however, who had eyes saw clearly that a great revolution was about to take place in the navigation of rivers, bays, streams, and, it might be said, oceans.

We believe that Montreal was the first place outside of the United States to take advantage of Fulton's invention. In the year 1809 the first steamboat was launched on the St. Lawrence. The *Quebec Mercury*, in a transport of joy, thus heralds her arrival: "On Saturday morning, at eight o'clock, arrived here

from Montreal, being her first trip, the steamboat *Accommodation* with ten passengers. This is the first vessel of the kind that ever appeared in this harbor. She left Montreal on Wednesday, at two o'clock, so that her passage was sixty-six hours, thirty of which she was at anchor. She arrived at Three Rivers in twenty-four hours. She has at present berths for twenty passengers, which, next year, will be considerably augmented. No wind or tide can stop her. She has seventy-five feet keel and eighty-five feet on deck. The price of passage up is nine dollars, and eight down, the vessel supplying provisions. . . . . The steamboat receives an impulse from an open double-spoked, perpendicular wheel on each side, without any circular band or rim. To the end of each double spoke is fixed a square board, which enters the water, and by the rotary motion of the wheel acts like a paddle. The wheels are put and kept in motion by steam, operating within the vessel. A mast is to be fixed in her for the purpose of using a sail when the wind is favorable, which will occasionally accelerate her headway." Montreal's second steamboat was launched in 1813.

It was not till the year 1812 that Bell introduced steam navigation on the Clyde at Glasgow, and, in two or three years after, steamboats were common on British rivers and on the sea around the coasts.

We find in the New Brunswick Statutes of 1812, "An Act to encourage the erection of a passage boat, to be worked by steam, for facilitating the communication between the City of St. John and Fredericton." The gentlemen, whose names we give afterward as proprietors of the *General Smith*, are by this Act incorporated, and monopoly of steamboating on the River for ten years granted, on bonds being given that a steamer should be built within two years capable of accommodating sixty passengers, on penalty of £500. The rates of passage and freight were to be published in the *Royal Gazette* two months previously to the running of the boat. Stipulation is further made that in case the vessel be unfit for the conveyance of passengers, the privileges under the Act shall cease and determine.

In the year 1813, we find another Act, in which Act of 1812 is cited, and stating that the required bond had been given to build and sail steamer, but that the Company prayed to be liberated from the penalty, as in consequence of the declaration of war by the Government of the United States against Great Britain, it

was found impossible for them to comply with the condition of their bond, and praying relief in the premises. Act of previous year was consequently altered, two years being allowed the Company to complete their steamboat after the conclusion of the war.

And in the year 1819, the proprietors of the steamboat *General Smith* come before the Legislature, stating that their profit had been small so far, and that the residue of the ten years would not be sufficient to remunerate them, and praying an extension of the term to ten years from that date. This petition was granted, and a monopoly of steamboat travel and traffic was granted the owners for the ten subseqnent years.

It was not till April, 1816, about nine years after the first voyage of R. Fulton's steamboat, there was launched from the shipyard of John Lawton (father of William, James, Charles and Benjamin Lawton) the *General Smith*, which was owned by Hugh Johnston, John Ward, Peter Fraser (Fredericton), Lauchlan Donaldson, Robert Smith (Fredericton), and J. C. F. Bremner. On May 10th, the *General* made a trial trip round Partridge Island, and on the 20th of May took first trip to Fredericton. Afterward the times of sailing were—from Indiantown on Mondays, and Fredericton on Fridays, seven o'clock, a. m. The *General* was commanded by Capt. James Segee, and engineered by Peter Stewart. The passage cost for cabin 22/6, and forward 17/6, including two meals, with liquor and tea. Children under twelve years were charged 15/, and dogs 5/—no other four-footed animal being allowed on board. Each passenger was allowed 50lbs. baggage. The *General* never made more than one round passage during the week, and continued his regular visits to the Celestial City till the close of the navigation in 1824. The original cost of the vessel was $20,000, and it is believed that the *General Smith*, like many other generals, was of little profit to the owners.

The *General*, worn out by his weekly labors, gave place to the *Saint George*, which was launched in April, 1825, made a trial trip May 16th, and for one year, like his predecessor, one trip per week, when, quickening his pace, he made two. Captain Segee commanded the *Saint George*, as he had formerly the *General*. The *Saint George*, two hundred and four tons, was built by Owens and Wm. Lawton, Mr. Robert Foulis put in the machinery, and the owners of the new craft were John Ward & Sons, Hugh Johnston & Co., J. M. Wilmot and others.

The old *General Smith*, though he had given up the ghost, performed a transmigration, as to his "living powers" (the name by which Bishop Butler designates the soul). The steamer *St. John* received the *General's* machinery. *St. John* was not, one would think, a very powerful craft, being only twenty horse-power, yet, with a very daring soul, he boldly and proudly stemmed the turbulent waves of the Bay of Fundy. This *St. John* made voyages each week alternately to Eastport and Digby and Annapolis, under the command of Capt. Appleby, and the engineering direction of Mr. John Lawrence. *St. John* was not so quick in his motions as the *Empress* or *Scud*, as we find that the usual time occupied by him in crossing "the Bay" was from ten to twelve hours. He *(St. John)* had to be up in the morning to do this. Six o'clock, a. m., saw him depart, and it might be six, p. m., ere Annapolis loiterers met their dear friends and acquaintances from St. John.

The proprietors of the *St. John* disposed of him (we really cannot designate St. John, the General, and other masculines "she") to Mr. James Whitney, in 1827. He was again sold in the Fall of 1831 to Engineer William Ross and others, and was placed on the river, where he continued his labors for a number of years.

The *John Ward* was the next boat built after the *St. George.* He was launched in 1831, and plied on the river.

We may return to the *St. George*, who had for several years, up, we believe, till 1834, plied the river, but, at length worn out, as to the poor battered hull, gave up the ghost—that is, gave up those "living powers" which enabled him to stem the waves and bid defiance to the currents and winds. In 1834 the machinery and copper boiler of the *St. George* were, by the Messrs. Ward, transferred to their new boat, the *Fredericton*, of which John M. Wilmot was part owner. Up till 1831, the only steamers belonging to New Brunswick were the *St. George* and the *St. John. General Smith* may be looked upon as living in the *St. John.*

In 1824, the first American steamer, called the *Tom Thumb*, arrived at St. John from Eastport with passengers. The little giant-killer had not relished the voyage to, or the people of St. John, as he came no more to our good town. *Tom* afterward took his exercise on the St. Croix, visiting St. Andrews, St. Stephen and Calais.

Next year, a steamer called the *New York*, of two hundred and eighty tons, left Eastport every ten days for Portland and Boston. To form connection with this boat, the American boat *Eagle*, commanded by Capt. Pierce, ran from St. John to Eastport.

In connection with steam navigation, we may mention that the first vessel towed to sea from our harbor was the brig *Gambia*, by the steamer *Henrietta*, Captain Wiley, 28th April, 1832. The steamer belonged to Mr. Whitney, who was the owner of quite a large number of steamboats at different times. Among others, the *Henrietta*, *Maid of the Mist*, *Gazelle*, *Water Witch*, *Novelty*, *Woodstock*, *etc.*

The *Gazelle* was lost on the Quaco Ledges, on her way to Windsor, May 30th, 1838, while under the command of Captain John Leavitt.

The first steamer to Woodstock was the *Novelty*, which commenced running April 30th, 1837.

One other steamer plying on the Bay before 1840 was the *Nova Scotian*, a craft of sixty horse-power, owned in Annapolis and St. John, her managing owners being the Messrs. Barlow.

The first steamer belonging to St. John that plied between this port, Portland and Boston, was the *Royal Tar*, Captain Thomas Reed, whose principal owners were John Hammond and D. J. McLaughlin. She was burnt in Penobscot Bay, 25th October, 1836, on her way to Boston, with a caravan of wild animals, among others an elephant. Thirty-two passengers, principally belonging to the caravan, were lost.

The early captains of our steamers were Segee, Appleby, Lancaster, Wiley, T. Reed, T. M. Smith, John Leavitt, Akerley and Morey. The engineers on the various boats, prior to 1830, were Peter Stewart, who came out to put up the machinery of the *General Smith*. He was the pioneer engineer of New Brunswick. John Lawrence, who was engineer of the Otty mills at the Straight Shore, was the engineer of the first Bay steamer—the *St. John*. He fell from the paddle-box in November, 1829, between the Island and the Beacon, in attempting, along with the captain, to clear some driftwood which had got into the wheel, and was lost. Robert Foulis, who was a man of great scientific ability, and William Ross were for many years connected with the river steamers. These gentlemen, to whom the steam traffic owes so much, were all natives of Scotland.

We have referred to Montreal as the first to profit by Fulton's successful invention. About the same time that the people of St. John began to bestir themselves in the matter, England turned her attention to the new mode of navigation: the first steamer plying on the Thames having been built for that river in Scotland, and having commenced her work in 1815. Ireland was five years later, having become possessed of her first steamboat in 1820. Nova Scotia was rather late for such a maritime country in starting in the new mode of locomotion. In 1830 her first steamer, the *Sir Charles Ogle*, commenced to run between Halifax and Dartmouth. Previous to this, in 1819, the *Savannah*, three hundred and fifty tons, sailed from New York to Liverpool, making the passage in twenty-six days. This was the only voyage performed across the Atlantic till the sailing of the *Great Eastern* in 1838. In 1825, Captain Johnston, in the *Enterprise*, obtained a purse of £10,000 for performing a journey to India.

We beg to state that the information embodied in this article is wholly due to Mr. Jos. W. Lawrence, the writer merely putting into form the interesting memoranda furnished by him. In a subsequent number we shall endeavor to give the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY some account of the further progress of steam navigation in our province. It is of great importance that such facts regarding the rise and progress of our commerce should be put in some permanent form. Long hence, the short article of which we have been the chronicler will be referred to and quoted by those whose studies or tastes lead them to review the growth and development of the commerce and steam marine of New Brunswick. We believe in the correctness of all the statements which we have given, but it may be that omissions or errors have been made, and if so, the editor of the MARITIME MONTHLY will be glad to receive such information as may lead to correction in a future number.

J. B.

SONNET.

The forest stream is choked with yellow leaves,
  The birds are silent on the naked bough,
The flowers are dead, like some lorn spirit grieves
  The wandering wind o'er wastes all barren now.
Where is the promise of the early year?
  'Twas writ on sand and by the hours effaced
Ere to the eager eye the hand was clear
  By which the title to our throne was traced.

On, on from dawn to twilight—on with haste,
Seeking, but never finding—dreaming dreams,
Pursuing phantoms through a trackless waste,
Deluded oft by phosphorescent gleams,
Till silence gathers round us like a pall,
The lights expire and darkness covers all.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

RUNAWAY HORSES.

A few weeks ago our citizens were shocked to learn that one of their number, a young lady, in the bright bloom of her youth, had been run over on one of our public streets by a runaway horse, and suddenly hurried into eternity. The sad event cast a gloom over the community even beyond the large circle of the young lady's acquaintance, and left disconsolate and bleeding the heart of a widowed mother. We deem the occasion a fitting one to make a few remarks relative to the prevailing and guilty practice of leaving teams unsecured upon our public streets. Pedestrians have the undoubted right of way to sidewalks and street crossings. This undoubted right throws upon drivers and owners of teams the *onus* of showing clearly, in case of accident, that they had used every precaution to prevent such accident. A pedestrian should have no need to pick his way over a street crossing, suiting his movements to the whims and modes of locomotion of a passing team. His right of way should be assured to him, and if he received injury from a passing team, the owner should pay heavy damages. How do we manage these matters in this city? Teams are allowed to stand unsecured in all directions, and since the laying of the "pavement" on one of our most public thoroughfares, it has apparently been converted into a "race track" to test the speed of trotting horses. We frame laws and organize courts of justice at great expense for the protection of the life and property of every citizen, and we should not grumble at the expense, provided we were assured of our security. We have a city ordinance that no horse or team shall be left standing on any street unsecured or unattended. Practically, this law is a dead letter. It is violated daily in the very presence of law officers whose duty it is to see that its provisions are not infringed. If an unfortunate but harmless "tippler" is found "loose" upon the streets, he is immediately placed in "durance vile," and made to respect the majesty of the law. If the owner of a restless and dangerous horse leaves it unsecured upon a public street, with the

probability of running away and destroying life, and damaging property, the custodians of the law, are very apt to "wink so hard" that they cannot see this glaring violation of law. We would adjudge the driver or owner of a team *guilty of manslaughter*, in these cases where life had been lost from teams running away, which had been left standing and unsecured. And owners of teams, which are found standing unsecured upon the streets, should pay a heavy penalty for their criminal conduct. A high legal authority defines manslaughter to be "the unlawful killing of another without malice express or implied. It may be either voluntary, upon a sudden heat or passion, or involuntary in the commission of some unlawful act." If the owner of a restless horse leaves it standing upon a public street unsecured, and which, in consequence runs away, and kills a human being, is it not to all intents and purposes, manslaughter? Technically, the law might not so declare it, but *in foro conscientiæ*, it can be nothing else.

We would also make the Corporation liable in damages for loss of life or property, in those cases where the accident might have been averted by proper vigilance on the part of the police. This latter liability should only arise, however, in those cases where the owners of the team had no property to satisfy damages recovered. This course would cause the *appointing power* to be especially careful in the selection of responsible men as policemen. The law of this country allows damages to be recovered for loss of life or property, against those persons whose culpable negligence has caused such loss. For the purpose of effectually stamping out the dangerous practice of leaving horses standing unsecured upon our public streets, we would hold the owner of any team so transgressing *prima facie* guilty of culpable negligence. The mere proof of any team being on the street unsecured or unattended should be conclusive to shew culpable negligence.

By the Act of Assembly 37 Victoria, chapter 25, sec. 1, it is enacted that "Whenever hereafter the death of any person shall be caused by wrongful act, neglect or default, and the act, neglect or default is such as would (if death had not ensued) have entitled the party injured to maintain an action and recover damages in respect thereof, then, and in every such case, the person who would have been liable, if death had not ensued, shall be liable to an action for damages, notwithstanding the death of the person injured." Previous to the passing of this law, which

was only at the last session of our Local Legislature, a person seriously injured by the wrongful and negligent act of another could recover damages, but strange to say, if killed, his personal representative could recover nothing. By the Criminal Code of the Dominion, 32 and 33 Vic. cap. 20, sec. 30, if a person places man traps or spring guns upon his own premises for the protection of his own property, he is guilty of a misdemeanor, "and shall be liable to be imprisoned in the penitentiary for any term not exceeding three years and not less than two years, or to be imprisoned in any other gaol or place of confinement for any term less than two years, with or without hard labor." How much more guilty should we regard those who leave their horses unsecured upon our public streets, where every person has a right to be, and where all should feel safe. All are deeply interested in this matter, not only those who reside in the city, and have occasion to walk our streets, but also those at a distance who have friends or relatives here. Three classes of persons are responsible for the existence of this nuisance—the owners of the teams, the police, and the citizens themselves. The law when violated should be strictly carried out, and swift punishment visited upon those offending. The police should be held to a strict account in cases of infraction of the law, and every citizen should feel it to be his duty to make complaint before the proper authority whenever he sees the law violated.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Autumn leaves, oh Autumn leaves,
I wonder not ye pale to be
A witness of the guile of life,
And man's inconstancy.

Autumn leaves, oh Autumn leaves,
Ye may well blush on every tree;
Though faithful be the sun and moon,
The brook, the river, and the sea.

Ye well may blush, and fade and fall,
Oh Autumn leaves, by hill and lea,
Since falser than the winds that blow,
Men e'er have been, and e'er will be.

S.

MESSRS. J. MCCLURE & CO., 16 King street, place upon our table a set of stereoscopic views of New Brunswick scenery, which, in truthfulness to nature and artistic excellence, cannot be sur-

passed. Messrs. McClure & Co. make these views a specialty in their business, and are provided with every requisite appliance for the execution of out-door views in perfection. New Brunswick abounds in scenery of which the tourist would be glad to preserve a memento, and these views by Mr. McClure cannot but be eagerly sought after. The views of Lily Lake Falls, Silver Falls, Bubbling Brook, Falls of the Magaguadavic, Long Island and King Square, are particularly fine.

SONNETS.

I.

From quiet dreams thou biddest me arise,
  Oh, sleepless watcher! melancholy Sea!
And at thy summons, 'neath the midnight skies,
  My feet are led, and I commune with thee!
  Canst thou reveal of life the mystery,
And canst thou look beyond the gates of death?
  Canst thou of what shall be unfold the history?
Is it a phantom that we chase, a breath,
A flower that in unfolding perisheth?
  Thou answerest,—but ah, in vain, in vain,
Thy language to interpret I endeavor!
  The stars go down—behold, the moon doth wane—
  And they shall rise, and she shall wax again,
And thou these sullen shores shall beating, plain forever.

II.

While I, forgotten by the world, shall lie,
  By these gray cliffs, to clod and clay a brother—
Above me bending still the glorious sky—
Around me blooming flowers of various dye,
And o'er my head, from thee, perchance a sigh
  At times may come, oh thou who art my mother!
And thou my mother art, mysterious Sea,
  That mocks at Time and triumphs o'er Decay!
How much of grief hast thou bequeathed to me,
  To me, a shadow, passing soon away!
Where is the fountain of Eternal Youth?
  Why should we die before the goal is gained?
Why are thy promises devoid of truth?
  And why is life a tale of purpose unattained?

H. L. S.

Shakspeare's first appearance in public life was as an attendant at the door of the Globe Theatre, which stood near Bankside. Bankside, Southwark, is also full of interest, from the fact of its being the spot where the great dramatist lived during his stay in London. "Stratford-on-Avon," (the birth-place of Shakspeare, and where he lies entombed,) says an eloquent writer in *Blackwood*, "does not contain the remains of mere English genius; it is the place of pilgrimage to the entire human race. The names of persons of

all nations are to be found, as on the summit of the Pyramids, encircled on the walls of Shakspeare's house; his grave is the common resort of the generous and enthusiastic of all ages, and countries, and times. All feel they can—

"Rival all but Shakspeare's name below."

Near the Globe were the Bear-Gardens, where Elizabeth, her nobles and ladies, used to solace their tender sensibilities with elegant sport—bear-hunting. Two other early dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher, also lived near neighbors with the great dramatist. The mortal remains of Fletcher and Massinger rest within the time-honored walls of St. Saviour's. In this vicinity formerly stood that famous rendezvous of the wits of olden time—the Tabard, whence Chaucer set out with his "Pilgrims" on his route for Canterbury. Here, also, lived and died the contemporary of the latter—Gower.

The favorite resort of the learned of those days,—Raleigh, Spenser, Jonson, Philip Sydney, and others, was the *Mermaid Tavern*, Friday street, Cheapside; here Shakspeare and Jonson used to sharpen each other's wits. Dryden's dwelling was situated in Fetter lane, formerly called Fleur-de-Lis Court: this venerable pile is known to the curious by two grim-looking lions in stone, over the door-way. This spot witnessed most of the poets' toils and sufferings—till they ceased in the quiet of Westminster Abbey.

THE END.

There comes from yonder height,
A soft repining sound,
Where forest-leaves are bright,
And fall, like flakes of light,
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

He moans by sedgy brook,
And visits, with a sigh,
The last pale flowers that look,
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.

And wanders on to make
  That soft uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
  From the ground.

No bower where maidens dwell
  Can win a moment's stay;
Nor fair untrodden dell;
He sweeps the upland swell,
  And away!

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state?
  O soft, repining wind!
That early seek'st and late
The rest it is thy fate
  Not to find.

Not on the mountain's breast,
  Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the East and West:
The wind that stops to rest
  Is no more.

By valleys, woods, and springs,
  No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
  And must leave.

W. C. BRYANT