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THE FIRST DEBT.

A TALE OF EVERY DAY.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I WISH we had stayed at home, dear cousin," said Alice to Arthur Fleming. "I cannot settle my mind to any useful employment this morning, and Sophia is so tired and sleepy that she is not up. After all, there is little real enjoyment in these scenes. It is the last public ball I will ever attend."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Fleming. "Yet, upon the whole, the evening passed off better than I expected, and even you, Alice, seemed to enjoy it."

"And so I did at the time. The scene was new to me, and I was pleased to see Sophia so happy. Did she not look lovely?"

"I saw one who I thought looked far lovelier; but, if I were to name her, Alice would not agree with me." He looked earnestly into the deep blue eyes that were raised with an expression of surprise and inquiry to his face.

"There is no one in B—— to compare with her," said Alice, till, struck by the expression of her cousin's face, she dropped her eyes, and coloured rosy red.

"You have found out who I mean?"

"I should be sorry to suspect you, cousin Arthur, of such gross flattery."

"Do not think me insincere, Alice? I speak what I feel."

Alice made no reply. There was a sudden swelling of the heart, and a moisture on her eyelids which would have told Fleming, had he noticed the agitation of her manner, that praise from his lips was only too seductive. Then remembering her promise to Mrs. Marsham, she suppressed a regretful sigh, and turned away. At this moment, Sophia entered the room, and Alice withdrew to a distant window, to still the violent throbbing of her heart.

"Why, Sophy, you have lost your roses, and look as if you had been tipsy last night," said Mrs. Linhope, laughing. "Dissipation would never agree with you."

"Then I must look a perfect fright, mamma," said Sophy, skipping to the glass. "Humph! not quite so bad as I expected. Well, cousin Arthur, are you not a sad hypocrite,—after all the fuss you made about waltzing, to waltz with the rich heiress as you did half the night? Amelia Ogilvie was quite condescending."

"In what respect, my little cousin?"

"In so far forgetting her pride as to honour you with her hand. When Mrs. Watson introduced me to her, she drew up with a curtsey, so cold, so awfully dignified, that it froze me into a statue.—What a proud, disagreeable woman, she is. What a contrast to Lucy and her brother."

"She's a woman of the world, Sophy. I found her agreeable enough. But as to the captain——"

"Oh, say nothing against him: he is a delightful creature, and so kind and gentle. I wonder Alice did not like him. For my part, I think the woman who is so fortunate as to get him for a husband will only be too happy."

"You are not in earnest, Sophia?"

"Perfectly so."

"Nonsense! mere *bagatelle!* I'll not believe you, Sophy!"

"Nay, cousin Arthur, I am not in the habit of telling stories."

"Then I pity your want of taste. Why, my dear girl, the man is all outside show: he cannot boast of two original ideas."

"I don't care if he had not one, he is so handsome and so gentlemanly. I hope he will call this morning, if the odious rain does not prevent him."

"And who was the young man in dark blue who danced with Miss Lucy Ogilvie?" asked Fleming; "I did not like his expression, but he was far more intelligent looking than the captain."

"You must ask Alice," said Sophy, with a sly glance towards the window. "He is a great admirer of hers; but I think he was jealous last night

of you and Count de Roselt, for he never came near us."

"Then he is a friend of yours ?"

"Oh, yes, a very old friend, particularly of my sister's," she continued, with another sly look.

Fleming turned towards Alice, thinking that Sophia was still in joke ; but how was he shocked and surprised to see her face bathed in tears, and, hurrying past him, she left the room.

"Is your sister ill ?"

"Oh, no, but she don't like to be teazed about Marsham. He is desperately in love with her. Alice gives him no encouragement to hope that she will ever be his wife ; and latterly the mere mention of his name greatly agitates her. They don't let me into their secrets, and I don't suppose that it will ever be a match."

When Sophia ceased speaking, Mrs. Linhope resumed the subject, and gave Arthur, who appeared strangely interested in the narrative, a history of the Marshams—of Roland's early attachment to Alice—and the reason why her worthy father had strongly admonished her not to become his wife. "I do not think my girl is attached to Roland in the same way that he is to her, for his passion partakes largely of the nature of his malady. It is natural, however, that she should not be indifferent to one who has loved her from a child. The situation in which both are placed is a very painful one. I never question Alice on the subject. I leave the matter entirely to herself—so fully persuaded am I of the integrity of her heart, and the simplicity and purity of her nature, that I am certain that she will do that which is right."

"Poor Alice, these are sorrows which I had no idea you had to contend with," sighed Fleming. "It is this secret woe that has blanched that fair cheek, and given such a shade of tender melancholy to your lofty brow. Yes, it is but too natural to imagine that she does love him. I wish that either I had never seen her, or that Roland and I could change our relative positions."

He sat down, and took up a book ; but his eyes wandered at random over the pages. The image of Alice floated perpetually before him—the last tender glance of those dove-like, eloquent eyes, had cast a spell over him, which, though he felt it was madness to dwell upon, he could no longer shut out. The rain continued to fall in torrents, and Sophia made loud and vehement complaints against the weather, and remained stationary at the window, watching the progress of the heavy clouds, as they passed over, at times darkening the atmosphere, and deluging the earth with their watery stores.

"It will not clear up today, Sophy," said Fleming, at length raising his head from his book. "Do you imagine that our discontented revilings will alter the unerring laws of nature, or that the sun will diminish aught of his accustomed heat, or the clouds cease to refresh with showers the parched earth, out of respect to a new bonnet or a delicate complexion ?"

"No, but I am a professed weather grumbler."

"Then you class yourself with a very disagreeable set of people, my little cousin. In the winter, when the ground is covered with snow, and the atmosphere is proportionably cold, the regular weather grumblers exclaim, though seated over a cheerful fire, 'that they are half frozen. The weather is dreadful—intolerable—unbearable ; that they never recollect such a severe season before'—though every winter has heard them utter the same complaint. So that if the cold had increased in proportion to their exaggerated statements, this goodly isle would by this time have rivalled Nova Zembla. One would imagine that these salamanders would never find the weather too hot for their chilly temperament. No such thing. The moment the summer commences their lamentations begin. They don't know how to bear the heat—it is too warm to live—and should a few days of rain providentially succeed to cool the atmosphere and refresh the drooping vegetable world, they still continue to murmur, and attack the odious rain, which has obliged him to postpone some previously concerted party of pleasure. Now, Sophia, they do not reflect that it is not only useless, but highly criminal, to arraign the wisdom of that Being who directs the operations of the elements—who makes the storm and calm work together for the benefit of his ungrateful creatures—whose way is in the whirlwind, and his path in the deep waters—who has made nothing in vain—but out of temporary evil produces lasting good."

"I wonder," said Alice, who had re-entered the room and resumed her work, during the latter part of her cousin's speech, "what sort of weather we should have if the elements were at our own disposal ?"

"I do not think we should find one person in the world philosopher enough to direct them for a single day," said Fleming, laughing. "My cousin Sophy would re-act the fable of Phaeton, and, in her zeal to produce another hot day, overdo the work and set the world on fire."

"I think the ancients must have invented that fable," said Alice, "to serve as a lesson to those who make a constant practice of quarrelling with the weather. For my own part, I am so fond of spring and summer that if I were prime minister to the sun I much fear that I should never suffer him to enter the winter solstice ; and Sophy, who makes such war against rain, would never be prevailed upon to give orders for a necessary shower to refresh the earth."

"I do not say that," replied Sophia ; "but it should only rain in the night."

"To the great and serious annoyance of all

travellers, obliged to prosecute their journeys at that season," said Fleming. "You would likewise deprive mankind of the pleasure arising from the contemplation of some of the sublimest works of the Sovereign Creator. The rainbow, that beautiful type of the irrevocable promises of God, would no longer gladden our eyes, and re assure our hopes amidst the storm; and the moon, constantly enveloped in clouds, would no longer cheer us with her beams, or shed that soft and shadowy light upon the repose of nature, which I have heard you so much admire."

"You would ruin the almanack makers, Sophy," said Mrs. Linhope."

"And the farmers," said Alice.

"And the votaries of pleasure," said old Mrs. Fleming, who was much amused by their argument, "who would petition you to allow them fine nights to visit the various places of amusement, which induces them to reverse the order of things, and turn the night into day."

"You would never be able to please all parties," said Fleming, "and still less to please yourself; and before the end of a week you would be heartily tired of your situation."

"And supposing, my dear Sophia," said Mrs. Fleming, "that you were able to regulate the weather to suit your own taste and convenience on this small spot of the great globe, what would you do for the rest of the habitable world ?"

"I fear," said Sophia, "I should never give that a second thought."

"That last observation," returned Mrs. Fleming, "brings your argument to this conclusion. That God has wisely placed these things beyond the control of man, whose disposition is of that selfish nature, that he would confine that which was meant for an universal blessing, to suit his own pleasure. The Mighty Mover of the elements regards with an equal eye the interest and welfare of all his creatures, admirably adapting the inhabitants of every nation to the climate under which they were born. The infinite wisdom displayed by the supreme Governor of the Universe, in this one point, forms in itself a mine of mental recreation which all the wet days Sophy may ever live to witness, could never exhaust."

"You have said well, my honoured parent," said Fleming; "when man would exceed the power to which he is limited by nature he proves his own littleness, and the infinite greatness of that omnipotent being, who retains within himself life and all its wondrous faculties."

"And now, dear Sophy, I hope that you are convinced that to complain of the weather is but an idle waste of words," said Alice; "leave this watching so anxiously the progress of the clouds, over whose watery stores you have no control, and resume your pencil; or my good uncle will be disappointed in the fire screens you promised to paint for him."

"And I will endeavour to divert your *ennui*," said Fleming, "by reading aloud to you."

"Oh! that will be delightful!" cried the volatile girl, taking her seat at the table, and arranging her drawing materials. Arthur took up Faust, and had scarcely translated the first page, before a carriage stopped at the door, and their quiet party was broken up by the announcement of Count de Roselt and Captain Ogilvie."

Alice cast an anxious glance at Sophia as the gentlemen entered their little parlour with the ease and familiarity of old friends. The listless air of languor, which had marked her sister's countenance for the last hour, vanished at the appearance of the strangers; though after having distantly returned their salutation, she continued her elegant employment, as if totally unconscious of their presence, and only intent upon grouping the beautiful bunch of exotics which she scattered upon the table before her. The Captain acted with a degree of finesse nearly equal to her own. He carefully avoided taking the chair near her, but seated himself at some distance from the family group, in a position where the elegance of his dress, and the graces of his person, might be contemplated to the best advantage. In these small artifices, a male coquet so nearly resembles a female one that the same spirit appears to animate the twain, and the difference of costume alone points out the sex.

The gentlemen had called purposely to enquire after the ladies' health, and to learn how they contrived to exist in such horrid weather. They hardly expected to find any of their neighbours in the land of the living, and the Captain declared "that if the rain continued a day longer, he should die of dulness, a complaint with which he was sure all country people must be afflicted."

To this assertion Sophia readily agreed, and entered with the Captain into a spirited detail of the dulness of a country life—while Fleming and Alice maintained that those persons who found their own company such a burden in the country, would be subject to the same malady in town, when the charms of novelty had subsided; and the mind, tired of a constant state of excitement, was again thrown upon itself and its own resources for amusement.

"That will seldom be the case," said the Captain, "when the metropolis presents so many objects to excite our interest, and call forth our admiration."

"I do not agree with you, Captain," said the Count; "use accustoms us to view with indifference the most splendid works of art, and the wonders of the great city cease to captivate when the mind has long been familiarized to them. This is not mere theory—I speak from painful experience."

"Most people are very capricious in the choice

of amusements," said Fleming, "particularly those who spend most of their time in hurrying from sight to sight, and bustling from one place of public entertainment to another. They soon grow sick to satisfy, and loathe those things from which at first they derived so much pleasure. The more the fancy is gratified the more insatiable does the love of variety become."

"One plaything, judiciously chosen," said Mrs. Fleming, "will make a child happy, and keep him quiet, but, give him a plurality of toys, and you render him wayward and discontented, because he feels an incapability, however willing, to manage them all."

"Unless the mind," said Arthur, "pauses to reflect on what it sees and hears, and from the knowledge thus derived, is able to lay up amusement for a rainy day, London soon becomes the dullest place in the world, and the feelings of solitude never strike so painfully upon the heart as in a crowd. Few men employ their mental faculties, in the pursuit of pleasure, in a manner calculated to improve their intellectual powers, and except the mind assists the senses, the effect produced by the most beautiful works of nature or art fail to make a lasting impression. The void still remains. The weary hours still require filling up."

"It may be so, said the captain, yawning. "I do not boast myself in being a philosopher, and must confess that I greatly prefer a town life. What do you say on the subject, Count de Roselt?"

"That we soon get weary of every thing under the sun," said the count. "I am so heartily sick of a military life, that if it were not for hunting and fishing, and the society of dear woman, I could wish myself under the green sod."

"And what great good have you done in your little day, Count de Roselt," said Alice, who in spite of all his faults, felt much interested in the foreigner, "to entitle you to such a speedy discharge from the duties and obligations you owe to your fellow men?"

The count started. "I do not understand you, Miss Linhope?"

"I mean simply," said Alice, slightly colouring. "Do you feel, that you have spent your life so well that you could afford to die so soon?"

Her words appeared to make a strange impression upon the count. He did not answer her, but walking to the window, continued to look upon the heavy clouds with a gloomy and vacant stare.

"I fear I have offended you, Count de Roselt," said Alice, approaching timidly the spot where he stood. "I meant what I said for the best! when we speak lightly of death, we are too apt to forget that we must answer for mis-spent life."

"Mine has indeed been wasted and mis-spent, frittered away in trifles, not worthy a wise man's thought," said the count. "Miss Linhope, you have awoke in my breast feelings I never experienced before. I have been one of the Chamelion herd, who sacrifice at the shrine of fashion every moral and religious feeling, who abuse their rational powers, till they shrink with disgust from their own worthlessness, and are ready to throw away on the least excitement an existence which they feel to be utterly useless. Had I such an angel as you for my guide, I should learn to think better of myself and of mankind."

"If it has pleased God to touch your conscience through my simple admonition,—may it be to your lasting benefit," said Alice, gliding back to her seat, where she still found Fleming and the captain engaged in arguing for and against the advantages of a town and country life. Sophy, however, had been weary of the conversation for the last ten minutes, and in order to direct it to another channel, she adroitly dropped her drawing pencil at the captain's feet.

He did not observe the stratagem, and Sophia pouting her red lips, bent to regain it.

"She stoops to conquer," said the Captain, starting from his chair.

"It was great inattention on your part," said Sophy, laughing; "or I ought not to have been obliged to stoop at all."

"I beg a thousand pardons," said the Captain, laying his hand on his heart.

"One will do—I will take the rest on credit."

"Which is as much as to say, you do not credit me at all?"

Sophy looked up and smiled, and the Captain thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever beheld—and he felt his engagement with his cousin Amelia the most irksome thing in the world.

"I have a favour to ask of you, young ladies,—a favor which you must not refuse."

"That depends upon what it is," said Sophia.

"Your friend Lucy promised us a little pic-nic to the sea shore, and we want you to join our party."

"Oh, with the greatest pleasure!" exclaimed Sophia, her eyes glistening with delight; "what say you, Alice?"

"I have no objection, if it is agreeable to mamma," returned Alice; "how do you propose going?"

"My father's carriage will take the ladies to S——, and then Lieutenants Wight and Marsham will give us a sail as far as the ruins of C—— Church, in the revenue boat. If we are fortunate enough to pick out a fine day, we shall have a delightful excursion."

"Then we must wait until this spell of wet weather is over," said Alice; "I must confess that I am rather afraid of the sea and would prefer a journey by land." This was not exactly the case, but the thought of meeting Marsham was exceedingly painful, and Alice hoped that this excuse would relieve

her from the awkwardness of refusing to accompany the party.

"If you are afraid of venturing in the boat, Miss Linhope," said the Captain, "we could manage a conveyance by land. My sister would lend you her pony, and either Mr. Fleming or Count de Roselt would feel proud of escorting you thither."

"We should be too happy," said the Count.

"Does Miss Ogilvie accompany you?"

"Oh, no—Amelia is too dignified to join these gypsying parties. Mrs. Austin, Miss Watson, and Lucy, and these two young ladies, if they will so far favor us, will compose the females of the party. We should have been most happy if Mrs. Linhope would have made one, but she tells me that she never leaves home."

"Ah, dear mamma! do go?" said Sophy.

"My young days are over, Sophy. Don't ask me."

"And when is the party to be?" eagerly enquired the giddy girl.

"Lieutenant Wight will not be able to let us have the boat until the week after next," said the Captain, "and there is no other which will suit us. Can you muster patience to wait until then?"

"I don't know. 'Tis such an age to come, that I may be dead, or forget all about it. I wish it were a fine day and we were going tomorrow," said Sophia.

"Amen!" said the Captain; "Count de Roselt, I fear that I have been encroaching upon your time. I have made an unconscionably long visit."

"I could not spend time more agreeably, Captain Ogilvie. But you have forgotton the game of billiards you promised Sir Philip."

"Confound the billiards!—I will beat him two games to one to make up the lost time—Ladies, I wish you good morning."

"And now for Faust," said Arthur, taking up the book.

"Don't read us any more of that dull play," said Sophia; "I would rather talk about our trip to C———"

"I wish it would prove as pleasant as you anticipate," said Alice; "for my part, I would rather not go."

"Nonsence, Alice,—you always throw a damp on our spirits. We must go."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Captain's visit to the Cottage was regarded by Alice with secret uneasiness. She trembled for Sophia, whose youth and beauty had evidently attracted his notice, and she knew enough of the world to be convinced that such a worldling as Philip Ogilvie would never make any sacrifice in order to obtain her hand. "He will engage her affections to gratify his vanity; but he will never make her his wife," thought Alice. "I will speak to Sophy, and try to persuade her to discourage his attentions, which I am certain will end in misery."

In the kindest and tenderest manner, she represented to Sophia the dangers which surrounded her; but Sophy, who was intoxicated by the polite attentions of the handsome stranger, laughed at her fears, and confidently affirmed that she was certain that, if no one interferd to prevent their union, the Captain would make her his wife.

"Do not deceive yourself, my dear sister," said Alice; "your personal charms will never be able to overcome the prejudices of birth and fortune."

"They have in others—why not with him?"

"He is not a man likely to make such a sacrifice. He is too selfish."

"You think harshly of every one, Alice; I am sure the Captain is a noble high minded man. Nor will I be deterred from trying to secure his affections by your illiberal remarks."

So saying, with an air of offended dignity, Sophia swept from the room. Alice next consulted her mother on the subject; but was sorry to find her strongly prejudiced in the Captain's favour, and anxious to promote an intimacy between the families. Baffled in all her prudential movements, poor Alice was forced to leave the matter to Providence. Sophia considered her sister's advice dictated by envy, and she persevered in losing no opportunity of displaying her person and accomplishments to her fashionable admirer. She no longer attempted to appear fascinating in the eyes of Arthur Fleming, and by avoiding his company, afforded him a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the moral beauty of her sister's character. She even repented bitterly of having placed a barrier between their growing attachment; but she wanted principle and candour, to confess her guilt, though she beheld both pining from day to day, under the weight of concealed affections and blighted hopes.

The supposed engagement between Stephen Norton and Alice Linhope hindered Arthur from declaring his passion, and he felt it would be an act of duty to tear himself away from her society, and leave a scene which every day rendered more dangerous to his peace. It was the first attachment Fleming had ever formed, and he loved with all the ardour of youth and novelty. To Alice his conduct was inexplicable. His feelings towards her were too apparent to provoke a doubt, yet often as they were thrown alone together, their conversation turned upon all subjects but the one nearest and dearest to their hearts. Could he have learned the foolish promise she had given to Marsham? Poor Alice was tortured by the constant occurrence of this thought. Did he even offer her marriage she could not accept the offer, or look upon him as her lover, until the year expired. She had suffered the worth and sterling good qualities of her cousin to make a deep impression on her heart, and the cautious manner in

which he continued to address her gave birth to feelings, which required all her religion and self denial to quell. She became pensive and silent in his presence; and applied herself with redoubled zeal to the performance of her moral duties, in the hope of banishing his image from her mind. Fleming remarked, with sorrow, the alteration in her manner towards him, which he attributed to a different cause. "Alice perceives my attachment," he said; "but acting with her usual conscientiousness, avoids my company. I have stayed here too long—tomorrow removes me from the sore temptation by which I am beset."

"You will form one in our party to the sea-shore, Cousin Fleming?" said Alice, as they walked up and down the fairy lawn in front of the cottage.

"It would give me great pleasure, Alice; but I shall be far away."

Alice started and turned very pale. "You surely do not mean to leave us, Arthur?"

"Alice, I have stayed here too long for my own peace—I fear, my dear girl, for yours. Duty tells me that it is time for us to part."

"I hope I am not the cause of driving you away?" said Alice, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "If not for my sake, stay for my mother's—Sophia and dear grandmamma will miss you so much."

"And you, Alice?"

"I dare not tell you, Arthur—my lips are tied—my heart sealed by a cruel promise."

"It is true, then?" said Fleming, turning as pale as his now weeping companion; "you are not your own mistress?"

"Too true," said Alice, thinking that he alluded to her promise to Marsham.

"Then I am of all men the most miserable Oh! Alice, I would to heaven that we had never met."

"Do not say so, my dear cousin, we may yet be friends."

"Such friendships are dangerous."

"Not to persons of principle."

"I dare not trust myself. It is better to place ourselves beyond temptation. May you, dearest girl, be happy with a man so every way worthy of your regard."

"You are mistaken, Arthur—I do not love him, never will become his wife. This promise precludes me from accepting another; but it does not force me to unite myself to him."

"You will think differently, Alice, when I am gone."

"Oh never—never!"

At this moment they were joined by Sophia, and Alice hastily retreated to her own chamber, to conceal the anguish which bowed down her spirit. Her first impulse was to write to Fleming, and give him a faithful account of her promise to Mrs. Marsham; but on reconsidering the subject she felt convinced that in so doing she would eventually break through the obligation—and for once her fortitude forsook her, and she threw herself upon her bed, and wept herself to sleep.

The next morning, Fleming announced his intention of quitting them after breakfast, and proceeding to Harwich, on his way to Holland. The unexpected intelligence was received with universal grief. Mrs. Linhope was pressing in her entreaties for him to prolong his visit; and his grandmother could scarcely credit his assertion that business of importance recalled him to Rotterdam—and Sophia declared, that he was too much in love with their charming society to leave them for a month to come. Alice said nothing—her lips quivered—her cheeks became alternately red and pale, and after a fruitless effort to calm her emotion, she abruptly quitted the room. Her agitation did not escape notice. Old Mrs. Fleming sighed deeply, while her mother remarked that Alice looked very ill. Fleming, with a flushed face and beating heart, snatched up his hat and walked hastily into the garden.—His aunt followed him.

"You do not mean to leave us so abruptly, Arthur? Give us one week—one little week—surely it is not too much to grant to those who love you so dearly?"

"My heart is only too ready to yield to your entreaties, my beloved relative," said Fleming, affectionately pressing Mrs. Linhope's hand; "but it is best that I should go."

"Something has happened to annoy you, Fleming?—you cannot deceive me—I read it in your face. For some days past you have looked wretchedly out of spirits. Will you refuse me your confidence? Tell me, what is it that thus distresses you?"

"Excuse me, dear aunt, I cannot."

"Nay, this is cruel in the extreme, Arthur. You leave us suddenly—not even allowing us time to write to your father—and you give no reason for such extraordinary conduct. Has Sophia or Alice offended you?"

"How can you imagine such a thing? all have been too kind to me. Well, aunt," he continued, making a desperate effort to command his feelings, "I will tell you all—I love Alice."

"And to prove the strength of your affection you run away and leave her."

"Oh, how gladly would I stay here for ever, if she were to be my companion, my friend, my wife; but as Providence has ordered it otherwise, it is much better that we should part."

"Have you spoken to Alice?" said Mrs. Linhope, who was both pleased and surprised by her nephew's declaration.

"I have; but it appears that a previous engagement renders the subject very painful to her."

"Then Alice has deceived me," said Mrs. Linhope. "I never knew that she had accepted that

young man. Poor girl! she will have reason to repent her unhappy choice."

"I thought that he was every way worthy of her?"

"Alas! no; they must be wretched!"

"She admitted," said Arthur, thoughtfully, "that she did not love him."

"Stay, Arthur—stay with us but one week more—I entreat you to stay. Perhaps you will be able to break the chain that is cast around my sweet child. Her warm heart has yielded to the entreaties of others: her reason never could have assented to such an alliance. Will you promise me to stay?"

"Until this day week, aunt, if it will in the least degree augment your happiness; but remember I do not anticipate any good result from my continuing here."

"You know not what a day may bring forth," said his aunt, wiping away her tears. "I will carry the good news to Alice."

She found poor Alice pale and woe-begone, but busily engaged in reading from her favourite book, over which she had shed not a few tears.

"Fleming will stay with us another week. Is not that good news for my dear girl?"

Alice replied not—she had fainted in her chair! A few moments after she was sobbing convulsively on her mother's bosom.

"Alice, my dear child, I am afraid of asking you the reason of this strange agitation;" said Mrs. Linhope, putting back with her hand the dark glossy ringlets that, escaping from their bandage, flowed in negligent beauty round her slender throat and shoulders. "Do you love your cousin?"

A murmured "yes," so low that it could scarcely be called a sound, and a fresh gush of tears, as her face nestled yet closer in her mother's sheltering arms, confessed the secret which was consuming her young heart."

"Then why did you refuse him?"

"God forbid that I should do that! I merely told him that a fatal promise hindered me from listening to his suit. But I never told him that I was engaged. He persisted in the idea that I was pledged to another, which indeed, dear mother, is not the case."

"And what is the nature of this promise?"

"It was extorted from me in an evil hour," said Alice, "and I feel now that it was sinful—that I should not have done it without your knowledge and concurrence, dear mamma! Do forgive me, dearest and best. It is the first, and it shall be the last secret I ever have from you. Do not look alarmed! It is nothing of very serious moment, yet for awhile it prevents me from explaining what must appear mysterious and inconsistent. But, I have promised on my honour, to reveal to no one but the parties concerned, the nature of this promise, and I must, however painful to my feelings, abide by the fruit of my own imprudence and folly."

"May I say thus much to your cousin?"

"No, it would appear like design; tell him not to think harshly of me; that time will explain all; that his consenting to stay with us a few days longer, has made me very happy."

Mrs. Linhope faithfully reported this conversation to Arthur, who had very impatiently awaited her return in the garden; but though it did not lead him to despair, it certainly did not tend to encourage the least hope; and though he could not suspect Alice of wishing to mystify or deceive him, her conduct appeared very strange, and he felt more uneasy and wretched than before. Though convinced that her cousin would stay with them another week, some hours had elapsed before Alice recovered her composure; and she was still seated in the same dejected attitude, her head supported by her hands, and her cheeks moist with tears, when Sophy entered the room. She approached Alice with a faltering step and downcast eyes, while her varying countenance shewed the perturbation of her mind. "Alice," she said, "I am greatly distressed, and should feel infinitely obliged by your advice and assistance."

Alice calmed her own agitation, and declared her willingness to render her any service in her power.

Sophia's countenance brightened, and without saying another word, she placed an ill spelt note, in her sister's hand, and made a hasty retreat, as if fearful of incurring her just reproof. This elegant communication ran as follows:—

My Dear Mis,—I shud not trouble you at this time, but hav a large ackount du tomorrow, or next day, and i sud be glad if you cud pay me the hole or a part of yer ackount—wishin you all success with the captain, I remane yer's to kommand,

Julia Lawrence.

P. S. if ye hav not more, five pounds wud do at present.

Shocked beyond measure at her sister's extravagance and duplicity, Alice sat for a few moments with the note in her hand. "I wonder if this is the sum total of this ignorant woman's bill," said she, throwing the note from her. "I fear not, but whatever it is, it must be paid; I cannot do this without depriving several distressed fellow creatures of the money I had saved from Arthur's donation, to procure them a few comforts against the ensuing winter." She had by her five pounds, just the sum required by Mrs. Lawrence, nor did Alice for one moment imagine that the milliner's bill more than doubled that amount; she considered that it would be an act of moral injustice to apply this money to relieve Sophia from an unpleasant situation, which she had brought upon herself by the selfish and unprincipled gratification of her vanity. "She deserves to be punished," thought Alice; but when she reflected that refusing to advance the money required, might induce Sophia to borrow it of her young

friends, or of Arthur, she tied on her bonnet and walked to the milliner's.

Mrs. Lawrence received the young lady with an air of haughty superiority; and made her wait in attendance until her shop was cleared of all her customers.

"I was sorry, Miss Linhope, to be obliged to apply for money so early, to Miss Sophia, but persons in my profession incur great losses by letting young people run too long in their debt."

Alice assured her that her regrets were unnecessary; that she was glad that she had it in her power to pay her sister's bill.

She handed over a bank note to Mrs. Lawrence for five pounds. The woman of caps and frills surveyed it, as it lay upon the counter, for some minutes with a smile of contempt. Alice was struck with the expression of her countenance. "Is this the whole of my sister's debt?"

"Oh! dear no, me'm; but we will, if you please, place this to account; something, you know, is better than nothing! I can wait for the rest."

"And what does the sum total amount to?" said Alice, greatly annoyed by the manner of the insolent woman.

"Ah! a mere trifle, which Miss Sophia and I can settle any day. I really don't know the amount."

"I should like to know it?" returned Alice sternly. "I was not aware that my sister owed you any thing; she assured me that she had paid you for the hat."

"And so she did; but, Miss Linhope, do you imagine that that beautiful ball dress could be purchased and made up by a first rate milliner for a few pounds? But, dear me, what should you and your sister know of the fashions, who have never been twenty miles beyound B—— in the whole course of your lives."

"I hope my love for them will never induce me to run in debt," returned Alice, taking the acknowledgment for the sum received from the hand of the milliner, and bitterly regretting that she had not the money to pay her in full.

"Now I think of it, Miss Linhope," continued Mrs. Lawrence, "I have a very small account in my books against you, and as I am sure that it is not your wish to have any outstanding bills, I should be obliged to you to settle it now, and then one receipt will do for both."

"I trust it will," said Alice, shocked but not at all surprised at this proof of Mrs. Lawrence's dishonesty. "I never was in your debt, and never mean to be."

"Miss Matilda Hall," said the milliner, calling in a sharp angry tone, to one of her overdressed helps.

"Fetch me here my book."

The girl brought a dirty ledger, and placed it with a low curtsey before her mistress; and thinking that it was incumbent upon her to say something in behalf of her employer, she commenced with:

"I am sure Mrs. L. is right me'm; I saw her enter the articles myself, but it is not surprising that such a trifle should have escaped your memory."

To this speech Alice returned no answer, while Mrs. Lawrence continued to turn over the leaves of the book, and mutter in a pompous tone to herself:

"June the tenth, Miss Philips, a cashmere shawl, eight guineas; Miss Ogilvie, hat and plume, five; Miss Watson, silk pellisse, seven; Mrs. Onslow, lace dress, eighteen guineas; of course Miss Linhope's account is not among these!" After a long pause. "Ah here it is at last; June twenty-third, Miss Linhope, a pair of gloves, half a crown, four yards of French white ribbon, six shillings. There, me'm," she continued, throwing the book to Alice, "you see that my statement is correct."

"Mrs. Lawrence, I paid for these articles before I quitted your shop."

"Your name is upon my books," said the milliner, exalting her voice to the highest pitch, and I can swear to my books, in any court of justice; my honesty was never suspected before, and if you refuse to pay my demand, I will write to my lawyer upon the subject."

"You may spare yourself the trouble," said Alice, coldly. "Your books are incorrect—your assertions equally so—perhaps," she continued, taking from her pocket book a small piece of paper, "you will deny the signature?"

Mrs. Lawrence drew back confounded. Like most ignorant and insolent people, she only exercised her talent of incivility on those with whom she dared. Perceiving that she had betrayed herself, and that this anecdote, if repeated by a lady of Miss Linhope's integrity, might greatly injure her credit, and expose the dishonesty of her dealing, she made the most humble apologies for her mistake; "a mistake," she said, "so naturally made, for who would imagine that such a difference could exist between two sisters, that one should take up articles on credit, the other always pay ready money. Acting under this idea she had entered both their names in her book; she entreated Miss Linhope not to mention the circumstance to any one, and she should never have reason to complain of a like mistake."

"How rare a virtue is honesty," thought Alice, as she quitted the shop, "and how despicable those appear who are in the constant habit of deviating from the truth."

She had not walked many paces from the milliner's door, before some one caught her hand, "Dear Alice! is this indeed you? how happy I am to see you?" And to her great surprise and no small pleasure, she saw before her the friend and playfellow of

her childhood, who had been absent from England for some years.

CHAPTER XVIII.

For a few minutes Alice could only express the joy she felt at the unexpected return of Jane Featherstone, by a warm pressure of the hand; but the tears, which glistened in her eyes, spoke volumes to the heart of her friend. "Dear Jane, why did not you apprize us of your return? has your increase of fortune rendered you indifferent to the welcome of your old friends?"

"Then you have not received the letter I wrote to you, previous to my leaving Jamaica?"

"No—I long and anxiously expected to hear either from you or Stephen. But you both maintained mysterious silence."

"We both wrote—you have heard of the death of my rich uncle, but I am sure that you are unacquainted with the disastrous circumstance which forced us to leave the island, and are therefore ignorant of our present situation; or, like some of my old friends here, you might not have given me such a kind reception."

"Do not speak bitterly, Jane," said Alice, affectionately taking her hand; "you ought to know me better. A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity."

Jane drew the arm of Miss Linhope silently within her own, and turning down a shady lane that led to the common, said, "This is the path to our humble dwelling; when I pass the handsome mansion in which I was born—in which the happiest years of my life were spent—it requires some little philosophy to smother my vain regrets. My whole life has been one of trial and self denial; but, thanks be to God, I have overcome every obstacle that stood between me and the path of duty; and I feel, dearest Alice, that I shall not lose my reward."

"You have been a martyr for conscience sake; but I am impatient to learn your history, since you left B——. It was two years at least before my dear father died. Time has passed rapidly away. It is nearly four years ago."

"You remember, Alice, the failure of Sir Edward Kerrison's bank, that brought such a cloud over our once smiling prospects. We were forced to quit B——. My father hired miserable lodgings in a narrow, noisy street, in the suburbs of London, where he pined for a few weeks in adversity, and sunk broken-hearted into an untimely grave. I had suffered from a child, from that dreadful malady, King's evil; but it was here, while exposed to bad air, and want of proper food and raiment, that it took the malignant form that for several years deprived me of the use of my limbs, and threw me helpless and dependent upon the charity of others. We had been in London about two months, when my mother received a letter from my uncle Featherstone, inviting her to come to Jamaica, and take charge of his house, and he would amply provide for us; and, at his death, bequeath his large fortune to me, whom he considered as his lawful heir. This was a reprieve from misery. My mother joyfully accepted his liberal offer, and we bade adieu, as I then thought, for ever, to our native shores.

"My uncle was much pleased with me, and I found myself transported as if by magic into a house of luxury and magnificence—a land flowing with milk and honey. I had not been long on the Island before I became anxious to establish a school for instructing the poor blacks on the estate in the truths of Christianity.

"Mr. Featherstone took the most lively interest in all my pursuits, and since our arrival, had himself been led to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. I no sooner expressed my wishes to him than they were instantly complied with; and he fitted up a small dwelling near his own for a school house. I soon collected a crowd of willing pupils, and I was greatly assisted in my undertaking by your old friend and playfellow, Stephen Norton, who happened to visit the Island in the character of a missionary."

Here Jane paused and blushed deeply.

"Your mutual attachment is not unknown to me," said Alice; "It has formed the substance of the greater part of Stephen's letters, for the last two years, and I honor and appreciate the motives which bar the fulfilment of your wishes."

"It is the hand of God," said Jane, wiping away her tears. "Yes, Alice, it is right for me to be alone. Stephen Norton will never wed another while I am living; and no selfish regret, on my part, shall influence him to fulfil our early engagement. I have borne with fortitude the loss of home, fortune, and friends; but this—this is indeed, the bitterness of grief."

There was a long pause. Alice could not help contrasting her friend's honorable sacrafice of her own feelings on the shrine of duty, with Marsham's selfish passion.

How different had been their conduct.

"Stephen," continued Jane, "made proposals to my uncle, for my hand, who considered himself bound in honor to state to the dear applicant the nature of the disease with which I was afflicted, declaring that he could not conscientiously give his consent to our union.

"Stephen immediately saw the necesity of the sacrifice which we were both called to make; and the kindness and delicacy with which he communicated to me his grief and disappointment, enabled me to bow to it in silent resignation. In Norton I found a firm and stedfast friend while he remained upon the Island. After he departed on his mission to Africa, a dreadful tornado destroyed my uncle's plantations and overthrew his house, burying him-

self, and every living thing within its walls, beneath the ruins.

"I was on a visit, (shall I say fortunately) at Port Royal, with my dear mother, when this calamity befell us, and we were thus saved from sharing my good uncle's fate.

"His death again threw us friendless upon the world—a distant relation of my uncle becoming heir to the property, which, had he lived, would have been mine. His successor, however, was not deficient in a kind and liberal spirit. He defrayed the expenses of our passage to England, and presented my mother with a draft for a hundred pounds, to secure us from immediate want, on our return to our native country. We had a safe and speedy passage home. My dear mother's heart yearned once more to behold the place of her nativity; and she expressed the most ardent desire to end her days in B——. I did not like to disappoint her, though I must confess, that the idea a returning friendless and poor to the place that had witnessed our prosperity, was very painful to my feelings. I had seen too much of the world not to know by bitter experience, that its warmest professions of friendship are often influenced by the situation we hold, and the wealth we are thought to possess. I wrote to you, Alice, prior to my leaving the Island, communicating our distressed circumstances, and the plans which poverty had obliged us to form to obtain a maintenance for the future. To this letter I received no answer and about three weeks ago, I returned with my mother to B——. I found most of our friends had forgotten us,—that those who had received the greatest kindness from us were the first to disown our acquaintance. Dispirited by the cold and condescending manner with which I was greeted by my old associates, I could not prevail upon myself to call upon you, not doubting but that you had heard of our return; and to have experienced the same neglect from one whom I had loved from a child, would have paralized my exertions and nearly broken my heart."

"And what plans have you formed, dear Jane, for your future support?"

"I hope I have too much self-respect, Alice, to blush while owning to you that my needle must for the future supply me and my mother with our daily bread. God has been very merciful to us, and we have never wanted employment since I commenced sempstress. This foolish pride will now and then rebel. Indeed, it is one of the greatest obstacles in the path of duty which poor human nature has to encounter. Yet, the maker of heaven and earth, worked as a carpenter. What a beautiful and touching example of real greatness! Into what insignificance does it shrink our high sounding titles and lofty pretensions.

"But come, let me introduce you to my dear mother,—it will cheer her heart to find that we are not deserted by all our friends."

Jane ceased speaking, and stopped before a small white cottage that stood on the edge of the common and commanded a fine view of the ruined Abbey.

The dwelling only comprised a sitting room, which served for both parlor and kitchen, a bedroom or rather closet, and a pantry; but these were kept so exquisitely neat that it gave to the whole an air of respectability and comfort. The old lady was sitting at the open casement at work. Some rural lover of nature had twined a sweet briar round it which shed a delicions perfume into the apartment. "This looks like the abode of peace," said Alice, as she crossed the humble threshold. "May the peace of God, rest upon its inmates."

"Still the same Alice, I ever knew thee," said the old lady, dropping her work, and folding the benevolent girl in her arms. "Yes, my dear child, we are poor, but not destitute, afflicted, but not cast down. We have still a roof to shelter us from the blast; and still enjoy the protection of him who has said, "I will take care of your fatherless children, and let your widows trust in me. May his rich blessing be upon thee, Alice Linhope."

Alice wept upon the old lady's bosom—an arrow had pierced her own soul; and that morning she was peculiarly alive to the sorrows of others. Mrs. Featherstone displayed such calm resignation to the il of heaven, under the pressure of misfortune, that her fortitude excited stronger feelings of admiration than pity. Taking up the Bible, which lay on the table near her, Alice opened it at that beautiful passage in the psalms: "I have been young and now am old: yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." "This is a blessed assurance," said Alice, closing the book. "He who has promised his protection to those who fear his name will never depart from his word."

"When I possessed wealth, Alice Linhope, I thought my house was built so strong that it would endure forever. I was proud of my situation, of my family and friends, and knew not how really poor I was, how utterly worthless were those things which engaged my thoughts. It pleased God to bring down my pride to the dust and silence all my vain boastings. My husband lost his property—my two promising sons died in early life—the home of my love passed into the hands of strangers. The friends who had courted me in prosperity, in the day of my adversity were no longer found, and I and my affectionate child were wanderers and exiles in a foreign land."

"These were heavy trials," murmured Alice.

"They were—my heart has been softened and hallowed by suffering, and I feel that I have not endured and suffered in vain—I no longer view poverty as such a dreadful evil—her chastisements have reconciled me to my present lot, and taught me to centre all my hopes and affections upon God. If our means are small, and I am forced in my old age, to work

for our daily bread—wise and holy men have been obliged to do the same; and when I reflect upon the goodness of the Almighty, who has protected us from perils, both by sea and land, I cannot be sufficiently grateful. And now he has added to his other manifold blessings a friend and comforter in our home of need."

"I trust that I shall ever deserve the name," said Alice; "this difference in your circumstances will make no difference in me, but will rather create a more lively interest in your welfare. Since Jane is forced to take in needle work, I will endeavour to procure her constant employment from the ladies in the town, who will readily listen to my recommendation."

Jane and her mother expressed their gratitude to their benevolent visitor, and Alice left the cottage with a heart overflowing with kindness, and anxious to alleviate the wants of its inhabitants.

* * * * * * * * *

"Your walk has been unusually long this morning, Alice?" said Mrs. Linhope, as her daughter entered the parlor; "Arthur was so impatient for your return that he has strolled out to meet you."

"And Captain Ogilvie and Count de Roselt called during your absence," said Sophia in a lively tone, while her cheek glowed with pleasure. "He was quite fascinating this morning."

"Which do you mean, the Captain or the Count?" said Alice, smiling at her sister's vehemence.

"The Captain, to be sure—what do I care about the Count, with all his sentiment and presentiment, and German twaddle about ghosts and mysterious warnings? He is a complete Rosicrucian, and would make us all see visions and dream dreams. He seemed much disappointed at your absence, and left some wonderful tale for Arthur to translate into English for your edification."

"I am sorry I was away," said Alice; "I like the Count,—I am sure he is no hypocrite, but really believes the strange tales he relates with such effect."

"But, I have not told you, Alice, that the Captain has arranged a delightful walk this evening to the ruins."

"I am sorry for it—as I am certain we cannot with propriety accept his invitation."

"Oh, but mamma has given her consent. Lucy Ogilvie is to make one of the party, and Arthur another—So you will have no excuse left."

Alice made no reply; she knew the companion who would fall to her, and was by no means averse to the party. She sat down by her mother, and began to inform her of Mrs. Featherstone's return to B——

"Is Jane in England?" exclaimed the volatile Sophy, starting from her seat; "oh how glad I shall be to see her again—I suppose her rich uncle has left her all his fortune?"

"I should hope that that circumstance would not greatly enhance your pleasure in meeting an old and tried friend—one whom we might almost say shared our cradle?"

"True," said Sophy, resuming her seat and taking up her work.

"Well, Alice," continued her mother, "what have you heard of the dear Featherstones?"

"I have seen them, mamma—my visit to their cottage, detained me so long from home."

"Seen them!" reiterated Sophia; "have they taken Turner's beautiful cottage? It will just suit Jane, with its sweet flower garden, and pretty greenhouse."

"Their taste it might suit, but not their present circumstances," said Alice. "The destruction of Mr. Featherstone's plantations, and his sudden death without a will, has reduced them to great poverty."

Sophia's countenance fell—and she appeared intently occupied upon the lace veil she was working, while Alice related to her mother all that had passed between her and their old friends; when she concluded the melancholy history, she turned to Sophia, and said with great earnestness:

"I hope, dear Sophy, we shall be able to lighten their heavy afflictions, by shewing them the same kindness and attention which, when poor and distressed ourselves, we received at their hands."

"Oh, certainly—we will do what we can to help them," said Sophia, coldly. "But really, Alice, I see no necessity for visiting at the cottage; it would be no charity to Jane and her mother, and a great disadvantage to us; were they to mingle with their former associates, it would only awaken painful recollections, and embitter their present lot. Poor Jane—I am very sorry for them."

"It is easy to say that we commiserate the misfortunes of a friend," said Alice; "but our actions can alone prove our sympathy sincere."

"When we were in distress, Alice, though our parents were quite as genteel as the Featherstones, did not most of our rich friends forsake us?"

"And who felt the slight more keenly than Sophia Linhope? But all did not desert us. How often have you said to me—'Alice, I shall always love the Featherstones for their kindness to us when we appeared forsaken by all the rest of the world.' But Jane was rich then, Sophia, and you were very proud of her acquaintance, and Jane never greeted us coolly because we were the poor, shabby, Miss Linhopes. We expressed our gratitude to her often in the warmest terms, but now is the time to prove to her that our professions were sincere."

"Yes; but if we invite Jane and her mother often to the house we shall affront all our best friends."

"I fear our friends argued in the same selfish manner, when we found their doors closed against

ourselves," said Alice; "nor do I consider such conduct the more excusable, because you will say it is the way of the world. No person is worthy of the name of friend, who is capable of indulging in such proud and unchristian-like feelings. We are still debtors to the good Featherstones, for many acts of disinterested kindness—their account against us has been standing for many years, and I rejoice that we have it in our power to pay up the long arrears."

"Well, you may do as you please, Alice—you have long set the opinions of the world at defiance. But we never were reduced to such a degraded state as to be forced to take in needle work."

"What hindered it?"

"My uncle's goodness."

"Rather say the goodness of God, who put it into his heart to befriend his orphan nieces."

"Well, Alice, I must confess that I should feel very much mortified in being seen by the Ogilvie family in company with a sempstress."

"Sophia, you make me feel ashamed of my father's child," said Alice, with more severity in her look and tone, than Sophy had ever before witnessed. "What would he have thought of that unworthy sentiment?"

"The same as you think of it, Alice. He never would be induced to see these things in their proper light—he indulged in visionary schemes of excellence, which it was impossible for any human being to attain, without throwing themselves completely out of the world. Persons who move in a genteel situation are bound in duty to keep up their caste in society, which they cannot do if they mingle with those whom misfortune has placed beneath them. For, you know, if they once compromise their dignity, the world soon reduces them to the same level."

"Then, I may presume, Sophia, that you are one of those who would, were he again on earth,

"Blush to ask the Apostle Paul to tea."

Perceiving that she had wounded Sophia's feelings—that she blushed very deeply, and looked down—Alice refrained from pressing the subject farther. Sophia bit her lips, and an indignant and equally satirical answer trembled upon her tongue; but just at that moment she fortunately recollected that Alice could alone extricate her from her unpleasant situation with Mrs. Lawrence, and prudence, not principle, kept her silent. Mrs. Fleming, who had listened with pain and pleasure to the discussion between her granddaughters, could not refrain from adding a few remarks.

"Of all the words which are in use among men to express the emotions of the heart, there is none so frequently used, and so much abused, as that of friend—a title claimed by all—a character which belongs to few, for few indeed understand its meaning, or are capable of feeling real friendship. The every day acquaintances on whom we bestow the name of friends, no more deserve the title than a counterfeit sovereign does to be called gold. Both bear the same impression, only the one is a base imposition and of no value, the other is real. The one cannot bear the test of examination, the other will lose none of its sterling worth by being passed through the furnace. One of the most important lessons which we receive in the school of adversity is, that she enables us to form a just estimate of our friends. As the fire separates the gold from the dross, so poverty tries the heart, and brings to light the secret motives which induced many to proffer friendship which they never felt; and, however wounding to our self love the conviction may be, that we have only been courted for wealth, is it not better that the veil should be withdrawn that we may learn to distinguish which are our real, which our pretended friends?"

"How many of these little minded persons you meet in your daily intercourse with the world," said Alice. "Persons who court your society in solitude, because your conversation and accomplishments may help to dissipate their own dulness; and yet are ashamed of your acquaintance when in company with the rich and great, with whom they imagine that your poverty will diminish their consequence. They meet your outstretched hand with a condescending inclination of the head, and enquire coldly after your health, and so pass on, eager to escape from the vicinity of the dear friend whose presence they consider an intolerable annoyance."

"And by this mean proceeding," said Mrs. Linhope, "they draw upon themselves the contempt of those persons whose good opinion they are so anxious to gain. Such people are very fortunate if they do not meet with some one of their own stamp, who feels a malicious pleasure in reminding them of the very great intimacy which exists between them and the persons they affect to despise."

"When I enjoyed all the good things of this world," said Mrs. Fleming, "and my husband was considered the richest man in Liverpool, you would have imagined, from the professions of friendship that we constantly received, that there were no persons on earth so much beloved as we were. But when the dreadful reverse came, the smiling faces that had haunted our table were seen no more. They had courted our fortune not us; and, true to the deity they worshipped, they followed her to a more propitious shrine—I was too old and too well versed in the ways of the world to be afflicted by such trifles as these."

The conversation was somewhat abruptly terminated by the return of Fleming, and the two young ladies retired to dress for dinner. When alone, Alice duly informed her sister of what had passed between her and the milliner, and entreated Sophia never to subject herself to such insolence again.

Sophia heard her in silence—apparently uncon-

scious that she was twisting the bill which it was of so much consequence that she should keep, to pieces, and scattering the fragments over the floor. At length, starting from her fit of abstraction, she turned to Alice, and said—I will endeavour for the future to meet your wishes. Perhaps," she added, looking up with the glow of hope upon her beautiful countenance, "I shall soon have ample means to discharge such trifling demands."

"To what do you allude?" said Alice in a hurried voice, and turning very pale.

"I know—I have my secrets as well as you Alice."

"You surely do not mean to insinuate that Captain Ogilvie——?"

"Could possibly demean himself by owning his attachment to a poor curate's daughter. You assured me, Alice, a month ago, that it was impossible for me to attract the attention of a man of rank."

"Dismiss this trifling," said Alice gravely, "and tell me truly. Sophia—do you love Captain Ogilvie?"

"That is a question I do not mean to answer."

"I guess your thoughts, Sophia—I beseech you to abandon this useless speculation. For I cannot believe that a girl of your taste could ever entertain the sentiment of love for one so weak and frivolous. Behold, my dear sister, the precipice on which you stand, nor let vanity blind your eyes to the depth, because the abyss is covered with flowers. That man will never make you his wife."

Sophia burst into tears and quitted the room, leaving her sister lost in a thousand unpleasant doubts and surmises, until the servant announced dinner.

(*To be continued.*)

THE EVENING CLOUD.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

A Cloud lay cradled near the setting sun
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow.
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the soft radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow;
E'en in its very motion there was rest!
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of light is given;
And, by the breath of mercy, made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where to the eye of Faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to Man his glorious destinies.

STRIFE.

The Hottentots, even, run to the suppression of strife when it has invaded a family, the same as we do to extinguish a fire; and allow themselves no repose till every matter in dispute is adjusted.

AN IMPERIUM IN IMPERIO.

EXTRACTED FROM "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST."

"As for justice they know no law but will and fear. A Yankee, who had been naturalized and became a Catholic, and had married in the country, was sitting in his house at the Pueblo de los Angelos, with his wife and children, when a Spaniard with whom he had had a difficulty entered the house and stabbed him to the heart before them all. The murderer was seized by some Yankees who had settled there, and kept in confinement until a statement of the whole affair could be sent to the Governor General. He refused to do any thing about it; and the countrymen of the murdered man, seeing no prospect of justice being administered, said that if nothing was done they should try the man themselves. It chanced that at this time there was a company of forty trappers and hunters from Kentucky, with their rifles, who had made their head quarters at the Pueblo; and these, together with the Americans and Englishmen in the place, who were between twenty and thirty in number, took possession of the town, and after waiting a reasonable time, proceeded to try the man according to the forms in their owncountry. A judge and jury were appointed; and he was tried, convicted, sentenced to be shot, and carried out before the town with his eyes blindfolded. The names of all the men were then put into a hat, and each man pledging himself to perform his duty, twelve names were drawn out, and the men took their stations with their rifles, and firing at the word, laid him dead. He was decently buried, and the place was restored quietly to the proper authorities. A General, with titles enough for an hidalgo, was at San Gabriel and issued a proclamation as long as the top-bowline, threatening destruction to the rebels, but never stirred from his fort; for forty Keutucky hunters, with their rifles, were a match for a whole regiment of half breeds. This affair happened while we were at San Pedro, (the port of Pueblo,) and we had all the particulars directly from those who were on the spot. A few months afterwards, another man, whom we had often seen in San Diego, murdered a a man and his wife on the high-road between the Pueblo and San Louis Rey; but the foreigners not feeling themselves called upon to act in this case, the parties being all natives, nothing was done about it; and I frequently afterwards saw the murderer in San Diego, where he was living with his wife and family."

TIME MISSPENT.

We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

(ORIGINAL.)

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. S.

Oh, God! earth's Maker, Israel's Stay;
His Shield, his Help, his Trust!
Who hast, when foes have thronged his way,
And gathered round in fierce array,
Oft crushed them to the dust!

Of thee, oh, God! I now entreat
Aid mighty in the fight,
Protect us, Lord, from base defeat;
And when this foe we hostile meet,
Oh, crush the Ammonite!

—Thus Jephthah prayed. And wishing still to move
The God of battles to vouchsafe his aid,
And with resistless strength his foe reprove
Thus earnestly again he strove and prayed.

This haughty foe invades our land,
Nor heeds the God of heaven;
But with uplifted, threat'ning hand,
He dares, with arrogance, demand
What e'en thyself hast given!

Oh! as thou wast our father's God,
Our sure defence be now.
Strike down, with thy avenging rod,
This foe, who sucks thy people's blood,
And mark my sacred vow!

If, in Thy mercy, Thou wilt deign
To hear my fervent prayer,
And grant that I may flood the plain
With the red blood of Ammon's slain,
Then solemnly I swear,

When I again shall seek my home,
Fresh crowned with victory,
Whatever first by chance shall come
To meet me, that I'll freely doom
A sacrifice to Thee.

—He ended. And with eager haste,
His shield upon his arm he placed,
His head with brazen helmet graced;
His sword of metal bright
He girded to his side, and gave
His war-words,—"Onward now, the brave!
Onward to victory or the grave!"
And rushed into the fight.

There, dreadful, o'er the battle-ground,
The clash and clang of arms resound,
And blows that slay, and blows that wound,
Are dealt on every hand.
Foe grapples with his deadly foe;—
And there the mighty and the low
Mingle their blood, whose crimson flow
Now saturates the land.

The battle-cars with movement dread,
Roll on, and, as they roll, o'erspread
Earth's surface with unnumbered dead,
And desolate the plain!
Horsemen are slain; and many a steed,
Both from his rein and rider freed,
Flies o'er the plain with lightning speed,
And tramples on the slain.

Ah! well might Ammon's daughters wail,
That day, and never, never fail
To shudder at the dreadful tale
Which told its scenes of woe!
Widows by thousands then were made.
—Of many a lovely Ammon maid,
All that was loved, that day was laid
Prostrate by foeman's blow.

Israel prevailed:—for God, that day,
Did prove his people's mighty stay,
And Ammon's warriors fled away
Before their vengeful foe.
Jephthah pursued as they retired;
And he, with bitterest hate inspired,
Full twenty of their cities fired,
And filled their land with woe!

Weary of slaughter and of blood,
They sought at length their homeward road,
Each panting in his own abode,
His daring deeds to boast!
To paint the scenes of battle dread;
Point here, the dying—there the dead!—
Show how in haste before them fled
Proud Ammon's num'rous host.

Ah! how did Jephthah's bosom beat
With joy as he approached his seat
In Mizpeh,—and beheld, near by,
His hearth's smoke circling in the sky;
And listened, with enraptured ear,
To rippling rills that murmured near;
And scanned his fields, where, widely spread,
Were flocks and herds, that cross'd the mead,
And felt that nothing could increase
His glory, fame, or happiness.

Alas! vain mortal! fondly blind
To what, in future, 'tis designed
Shall be thy fate to share!
How oft, unwitting, dost thou think
Thy bliss complete, when on the brink
Of ruin and despair.

'Twould seem that Providence, who guides
Our destinies, in darkness hides
From us our future woes,
That, when he may his will reveal,
We shall the more acutely feel
His dread, afflicting blow.

This Jephthah keenly felt was true:
For when his home was now in view,
His soul with joy was filled,
At once his pleasures all depart,
And his before delighted heart,
With agony was thrilled.

For hark! what music's that he hears
Of pipe and timbrel? Who appears
There, leading forth the dancing train,
To welcome Jephthah home again?
A maid!—in sooth it is; and she
Is Jephthah's daughter! Joyful he
Looks up to smile upon his child.
But see! his eye grows vague and wild!—
In dreadful sadness falls his brow!
Alas! he recollects his vow!

Firmly he stood; nor once allowed
His haughty look and bearing proud
To soften; but, instead, he drew
His form up kinglier to the view,
And thus his child bespoke.
"Alas! my daughter! very low
Thou bring'st me, and with utter woe
By thee my heart is pierced and torn,
For solemnly to God I've sworn,
And cannot now revoke!"

Oh woman! what a soul is thine!!
How human 'tis,—yet, how divine!
How weak, how gentle, yet how strong!
Softness and firmness both belong
To its strange nature here!
Man can a thousand dangers meet,
And rush, impetuous, death to greet;
Join with his foe in deadly strife,
Where each must take, or yield a life;
'Mid scenes of horror never shrink,
—Of which, if woman e'en but *think*,
She sickens, and her heart grows faint,—
Yet, he cannot, without complaint,—
Without a struggle,—calmly give
His life to let another live!
Death he can brave a thousand ways,
Nor fear, at once, to end his days,
If left untrammelled—unconfined;
But, willingly and self resigned,
In Death's grim presence firm to stand,
Inviting half, his icy hand!
Ah! that is firmness which we can
Ne'er boast to fill the soul of man,
Who scorns to think of fear!

Calmly she raised her bright blue eye,
And looked upon her father's face,
"My Father, am I doomed to die,
Now, in my youth and loveliness!
Oh!—yet 'tis well! and I'm content,
"Since God has kindly deigned to show
Thee favour, and destruction sent
Upon the proud disdainful foe!

"Come father, then, and cease to mourn!—
'Tis sinful, deeply, thus, to grieve!
Do thou to me as thou hast sworn!—
I ask not,—will not *take* reprieve.

"Let this my prayer alone prevail,
And two short months await,
While I in solitude bewail
My hapless and untimely fate."

"Go then," the grieving father said,
"And, when those two short months are fled,
Oh, may these eyes be closed in death!
These lungs have ceased to ask for breath!
These hands be clods, which ne'er a knife
Can raise to take my darling's life!"

Sadly she turned away to moan,
And seek, in some lone wild, relief.
A few dear friends,—young maids alone—
She suffered to behold her grief.

Up rugged rock and slipp'ry steep,
Aimless, she toiled a weary way;
And while she did not cease to weep
Sang in her grief, this moving lay!

I am doomed, oh, I'm doomed on the altar to lie,
And by the loved hand of my father to die.
My hopes of the future, fond dreams of its joys,
The vow of my father untimely destroys!

The grace of my form can in no way avail,
The rose on my cheeks and my brow that is pale—
My beauty is worthless—my tress-falling hair—
My eyes, with their brightness no longer can snare.

To death in my youth, and my beauty I go;
The joy of a mother doomed never to know.
And with me must perish the last of my blood!
—I die for my country, an offering to God!

'Twere cruelty, should I essay
To point the scenes of that sad day,
When that ill-fated Hebrew maid
Was on the smoking altar laid.
It may suffice to say her sire
Kindled a sacrificial fire,
And he, when there his child was borne,
Fulfilled the vow he'd rashly sworn.

THE CONSCRIPT SYSTEM.

ONE OF ITS TRAGEDIES.

A YOUNG peasant, the only son of his parents, was drawn. He was a very fine young man, and a very good son; and the family, though the father was but a common labourer, enjoyed a high degree of consideration in his native village; for the old couple had spent there nearly the whole of a long life of honesty and industry.

When the fatal result of the lottery was known, the young man's agony was extreme. The duty before him was hateful enough to his own feelings; but the necessity of leaving his aged parents, and the task of conveying to them the heavy news, made the prospect he had to face black indeed. It must, however, be done; and with a heavy heart he returned to his father's cottage, and told, as he best might, his news. The parents were inconsolable. In vain he spoke to them, with cheerfulness he did not feel, of his return, and attempted to view the calamity on its brightest side. Life was to them henceforth but a dreary blank, and they could only look forward to dying while he was far away, at best, with none but strangers around their bed—perhaps in the desolation of unattended solitude.

When the first paroxysm of their grief had in some measure subsided, every possibility of escape from the impending doom was canvassed by the dejected party. In vain! It was inevitable. The whole property which the family could scrape together, by selling every possession they had in the world, would fall far short of the sum necessary to procure a substitute. The poor mother fell on her son's neck in a fresh burst of grief, while the grey-headed old man stood aloof and gazed on the pair with an eye in which a stony, immoveable, and unnatural composure had taken the place of the expression of uncontrolled despair.

"This," said he, at length, "is my doing. It is impossible now to purchase a substitute, but I might have saved enough, if I had begun early enough to have paid the insurance against conscription. I trusted to chance what I ought by my own industry to have secured, and I am punished. But God, my son, does not will that you and your aged mother should suffer for my fault. He wills not that you should quit her and this house; and, (raising his voice, and speaking with impressive solemnity), you will not quit it. It is your father who tells you so!"

The belief in supernatural warnings and presentiments is very common among the more ignorant of the French peasants, and on an ordinary occasion such a prediction as the old man had just uttered would not have been disregarded. But the hearts of the unfortunate conscript and his mother were too deeply miserable to be relieved by such tenderly-sustained hope. The night was passed by them in weeping and lamentation; for the French peasant, like the Irish, is ever demonstrative and noisy in his grief.

The old man, however, preserved his stiff and cold tranquillity; and in the morning, after renewing his declaration that God would find a means of escape for his son, and bidding adieu affectionately to his wife and boy, he left the house, saying he was going to the tribunal, whose business it is to superintend the drawing of the conscription, to consult the judges about the matter. The young man shook his head, and began afresh his fruitless endeavours to console his mother, while his father left them and proceeded to the tribunal.

Arrived before the authorities, he of course received in answer to all he could urge, the assurance that the lot had fallen regularly and legitimately on his son; that it was the duty of every Frenchman to be ready at a moment's notice to serve his country, &c., and that he must be ready to depart with the other conscripts.

"But there are exceptions," still urged the old man, "many exceptions; all are not liable to the conscription; and perhaps it may be found that my son——"

"There can be no exception in your son's case, old man!" interrupted the magistrate, rather angry at the peasant's pertinacity. "He has been legally drawn, and he must serve. There is no help for it."

"But is not the only son of a widow exempted by the law?" still persisted the old man. "I have heard say that the conscript spares such."

"Certainly it does. But what is that to you!" said the magistrate, "that is not your son's case: and it is not likely to be, as far as I can judge; for you look as hearty an old fellow as one could wish to see. Come! come! make up your mind to it at once!—for go he must."

"He will not go," replied the old man, calmly and slowly, "for he is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow."

And at the same instant he put to his temple the muzzle of a pistol, which he had drawn from the concealment of his blouse, as he uttered the last words, and fell before them a corpse.

It is needless to attempt a description to the effect produced upon the presiding magistrates and the spectators by this unexpected catastrophe. The young man had indeed become entitled to the benefit of the exception accorded by the law to the only son of a widow; but it may be doubted how far the house of mourning, which the determined old man had left never to return to it, would be comforted, when the young conscript's liberation from the hated duty, and the price which had been paid for it, were communicated to the son and the widow of the suicide.

(ORIGINAL.)

SKETCHES OF THE ITALIAN POETS.

No. I.

PETRARCH.

"Petrarch, who in an age
Of savage warfare, and blind bigotry
Cultured whatever could refine, exalt,—
Leading to better things!"

It was on a lovely Italian evening, that the poet of Vanclusa was seen traversing with rapid steps, the lawn before his house, pausing occasionally to examine with earnest look, some papers which lay upon a small table placed beneath a spreading laurel tree. The large official seal which they bore, declared them to be communications of importance, and the mild face of Petrarch lighted up with pleasure, as he ever and anon, glanced at these tributes to his genius, for they were, in fact, invitations from the University of Paris, and from the King of Naples, summoning the bard to hasten and receive the poet's crown, which he so well deserved to wear.

But, flattering as were these proffered honours, Petrarch had just penned to them a refusal,—his love for Vanclusa, and for the beautiful Laura, prevailed over the temptations of ambition, and he chose rather, in his calm retirement, to devote his hours to studious pursuits, and to the praises of his beloved mistress, than become the tool of those in power, which he believed he must do, if he condescended to accept favours from their hands.

He was still in meditation on the subject, and silently enjoying that gratification, which even the most gifted mind experiences, when conscious that its efforts are appreciated, yet marvelling how he, who had never sought fame, should so easily have won it, when a page approached and delivered to him still another letter. "From Rome," he said, and obeying a signal of his master's hand, immediately retired.

Petrarch cut the silken string of the envelope, and beheld inclosed the sign manual of the Pope. One more honour, on this memorable day, was showered upon him, and that, the greatest he had yet received, for the missive he held in his hand, contained a request, almost a command, from the papal throne, for him to repair forthwith to Rome, there to receive the honour of citizenship, together with the poet's crown, a distinction which had never yet been conferred upon any individual in the Eternal City. If Petrarch had before felt pleasure in learning that the sweetness and grace of his verses had made his name familiar in far off countries, how much more exquisite were his emotions now, when the conviction came home to him, that in his own beloved Italy, his genius was at last felt and acknowledged.

There was, however, a long struggle in his heart before he could persuade himself to renounce, even for a time, the dreamy luxuries of his existence at Vanclusa, yet he could not, he ought not, to resist the offers of the mistress of the world,—imperial Rome,—the nurse of poets, orators, historians,—they were too flattering to be withstood, and he yielded his assent. But fearing to trust himself to a night's reflection, lest he should be tempted to revoke it, he wrote on the instant a grateful reply to the Sovereign Pontiff, pledging himself to be in Rome on Easter day, the eighth of April, the time named by his highness for the contemplated ceremony.

Distrusting his own qualifications for the high honour intended him, or perhaps wishing to prove in the eyes of the world that he was worthy of it, Petrarch addressed a letter to Robert, the erudite king of Naples, requesting that he would give him a public examination in the arts and sciences, before he repaired to Rome. Robert readily granted this request, for he was a warm friend, admirer, and patron of the Italian bard, and on the day appointed for the examination he assembled his whole court, to witness, and render, by their presence, the ceremony as imposing as possible.

The whole range of literature and science furnished the learned king with questions, to which Petrarch's ready answers, elicited the admiration of all present. For three days the literary joust was held with unabated interest, and then the monarch presented his own royal robe to Petrarch, enjoining him to wear it as a mark of his esteem on the day when he should receive the high honours, to which he had proved himself so justly entitled.

King Robert would gladly have crowned the poet in his own capital, and with his own hand, and thus have bequeathed his name to posterity indissolubly united with that of the "father of poetry," but Petrarch was pledged to the Pope; he felt, too, that it was a higher honour to receive the laurel crown on the steps of the capitol, where the

Cæsars of the earth had so often bent their proud heads to be encircled by the richer but more thorny diadems, which attested their right to reign over a less peaceful empire than that of letters.

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"What is to be done this day in Rome, that I everywhere see such preparations going on in the streets?" asked a stranger, of a youth who was entwining with laurel and vine leaves, intermingled with gay flowers and knots of riband, an arch thrown over one of the principal streets leading to the capitol.

"Know'st thou not that this day gives a king to Italy?" returned the youth, momentarily pausing from his task. "In good troth, methinks thou must have travelled from some distant hermitage, if the tidings have not yet reached thee, that his most holy highness, the pope, confers a crown at the capitol today."

"A king!" echoed the wondering stranger, "and to reign over Italy! Prythee friend, and who may this new Cæsar be?"

"A right proper man as thou shall soon see," returned the other, "for even now our new monarch approaches,—I hear the sound of musical instruments, and the shouts of acclamation that herald his coming," and giving the last finish to the graceful drapery of the arch, the youth sprang to the ground, and mingled with the crowd that thronged the streets.

Clearer and louder swelled the joyful music as the procession advanced along the sacred or triumphal road, through which all the great and glorious of Rome had passed to receive the greetings and honours of their grateful country. Kings, statesmen, warriors,—those, who had too often wrested fame and glory from the tears and blood of vanquished nations, dragging at their chariot wheels uncrowned monarchs, heroic women, princely children, with downcast looks and fettered hands, to grace by their presence, the triumph of their rude unfeeling victors. But now, that sacred way presented a different scene, and one more glorious than Rome had ever yet beheld, as the car of Petrarch, proclaiming the triumph of genius, passed slowly on towards the capitol.

The procession was heralded by trumpets, and immediately following the musicians came eighteen young and noble Romans, twelve habited in scarlet, the remainder in green. Then came an antique car drawn by four horses, in which sat the hero of the day, Petrarch, the beloved of his country, and by his side the senator, Orso, Count d'Anguillara, bearing upon a small silver stand the crown which he was deputed to place upon the head of the youthful poet. It was no royal circlet, ponderous with gold and gems, to crush with its uneasy weight the aching temples destined to support it, but a simple coronal of verdant bay-leaves, and the undying laurel, which classic ages have consecrated to, and made the type of genius. After the chariot, came the chief officers of state, and a crowd of Roman nobility, who thronged to witness the novel coronation, and render their homage to the favourite of the muses.

The streets were strewed with flowers, and every window and balcony was filled with fair women, who flung rich blossoms and fragrant perfumes on the air, lavishing the latter so freely, that, as history asserts, the scents thus expended would have served the whole of Spain for a year. When the procession reached the capitol, Petrarch alighted, and standing on the steps, made a brief address to the listening multitude, then knelt to receive the crown. Count Orso placed it upon his head, declaring that it was conferred by his most gracious father the pope, as a reward of the poet's great merit and virtue, who by that honour, also created him a citizen of Rome.

Then the music sent forth its glad triumphal strains, and the air rang with the acclamations of the gathered crowd, while Petrarch, gracefully rising, saluted the hand of the count, in token of grateful respect for his master, and, turning to the crowd, recited a sonnet in praise of the heroes of the Tiber. When he ended, he was conducted with the same pomp which had hitherto attended him, to the church of St. Peter, where, after paying his devotions, he hung his laurel crown upon the altar, as a votive offering to the great Being, from whom he had received the gifts which had won for him such honours.

The day was indeed a proud one for Petrarch, but a still prouder one for Italy, when she thus publicly acknowledged the power of living genius. Too often, like the ancient Athenians, had she, during their lives, neglected her great men, and withheld from them needed encouragement and support, content to heap empty honours on the dead, whose cold ear was no longer sensible to the tardy homage, which would have cheered many a desponding hour, had but a moiety of it been earlier rendered them.

But Petrarch, young, aspiring, enthusiastic, already realized his brightest hopes—Italy resounded with his praises, above all, he knew that Laura would hear of his fame, and this thought was sufficient to complete his happiness. Yet he could not receive the many honours which now courted his acceptance, without renouncing the quiet and serene life he had led at Vanclusa, and the necessity of doing this, was almost the only bitter drop in his cup of prosperity. But constant invitations from the great and the gifted poured in upon him, and he could not resist pursuing the brilliant career that seemed opening before him. He visited Parma, Milan, and Venice—complimentary embassies were pressed upon him by the pope, and he became at length so involved in the political interests of his country,

that for many years he devoted his talents and his personal energies exclusively to its service, though at frequent intervals retreating to Vanclusa, for the quiet repose which his wearied spirit never failed to find amid its beautiful shades.

In 1343 he was drawn from that lovely retreat by the earnest solicitations of Pope Clement VI., who was desirous of sending him to congratulate Queen Joan of Naples, on her accession to the crown. Petrach's attachment to the memory of the new queen's grandfather, King Robert, whom he had loved and reverenced as one of his earliest friends and patrons, induced him the more willingly to comply with the wishes of the pope. It was while absent on this mission that he heard of the death of his beloved Laura, which event filled him with the deepest anguish, and elicited some of the sweetest and most plaintive efforts of his muse.

He was now no longer happy at Vanclusa—Laura's death had changed it from a scene of delight, into one of sorrowful and corroding remembrance—and, bidding it a sad adieu, he repaired to Milan, and entered into the service of the Visconti.—There he devoted himself to political affairs and negociations, till in his old age, full of honours, he sought a final retreat from the turmoils of life at Arqua, near Padua, a most delightful place, given him by his friend, Francis de Carrara. Here he died in 1374, at the advanced age of seventy, and the soil which received his ashes has become hallowed ground. Thousands of pilgrims climb the Euganean hills, a place formerly almost unknown, to visit

"A lonely tomb beside a mountain church,"

on which is inscribed the honoured name of Petrarch.

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We have given but a brief glace at Petrarch in mature life, when he stood with all

"His blushing honours thick upon him,"

his brows wreathed with the laurel of enduring fame, and the great and mighty of the earth pressing around him to render homage to his genius. We have seen him, the most distinguished man of his age, the popular poet, the able statesman, the graceful diplomatist, the amiable friend, but winning as he is in each of these characters, it is perhaps as the tender, yet unfortuuate lover, that he awakens our deepest interest, and is most frequently associated in our minds, and it may therefore be well to look back to his early history, and note the circumstances in his life, which most strikingly aided in the formation of his character.

Petrarch was, like Dante, the descendant of an ancient Florentine family. His father, Pietro Petracco, of Petraccola, having taken part in the factions that agitated Florence, was expelled from thence, at the same time that Dante suffered banishment, and retired with his wife to Arezzo. Here he joined in the various plans of the Neri, for the recovery of their rights, and bore arms in the descent upon the city on the 20th of July, 1304, and it was on the very night of that vain attempt, that Francesco, the subject of this sketch, was born.

The sentence of exile passed on Petracco not having been extended to his wife, she, when the infant Francesco was but seven months old, retired to an estate of her husband's, at Amisa, in the valley of the Arno, about fifteen miles from Florence. In the course of her journey thither, the child narrowly escaped drowning in the river which they were crossing. An old servant of the family, to whose care he was entrusted, had placed him in a basket, which he slung upon the saddle bow, and quite unobservant of the height to which the waters had suddenly risen, he plunged in with his precious charge, when the force of the waves loosened the basket from its position, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the poor infant, all unconscious of its future greatness, was rescued from a watery grave.

For seven years the parents of Petrarch were obliged, in consequence of the proscription, to live in a most secluded manner, Pietro venturing only occasionally to pay a stolen visit to his wife and child; but despairing at last of any change which should restore them to Florence, he removed with his family to Avignon, the capital of the Roman see. Here the young Francesco was placed under the care of Convennole, a schoolmaster from Pisa, and so rapid was his progress, that the old man was wont to say, "that of the many noble pupils he had taught, he loved Petrarch best of all."

With this teacher he had been about five years, when his father went with some friends to visit Vanclusa, and took the young scholar with them. His mother was unwilling he should go on this excursion, as he had never been separated from her, but overcome by his entreaties she at length consented. He went, and that journey left impressions on his mind which were never afterwards effaced. Then awoke his first love for the beautiful scenery of Vanclusa, whose name is so intimately blended with his subsequent history, and it is related that he no sooner beheld the fountain, half hidden among the wildest and most picturesque solitudes, than he exclaimed with enthusiasm: "How beautiful is this spot! I would give whole cities, did I possess them, to purchase it!"

This place has obtained celebrity, not only for having been the chosen retreat of Petrarch, but for the rare and exquisite beauty of its scenery, combining as it does the gentle and lovely features of nature, with her most sublime and lofty characteristics. The river Sorgia, which winds through a wild and

romantic valley at the foot of Monte Ventoso, is at first a crystal stream, with flower-enamelled banks; but as it advances, it assumes a darker aspect, and becomes restless and impetuous, chafing against the fantastic rocks that imprison it on every side, till its waters seem gathered in one deep fountain, over which the rocks, like giant sentinels, keep guard, though here and there the limpid element overflows its barriers, and runs trickling down in many a silver rivulet over the rough granite to the vale below. Above the head of the fountain, swells a cliff of prodigious height, which throws its sombre shade upon the surface of the waters, deepening the solemnity of the scene, and increasing the superstitious awe which exists in the minds of many, owing to the circumstance that the fountain has never been fathomed, but its waters rise without noise or bubble, proclaiming to none the mysterious source from whence comes their exhaustless fulness. The small patches of soil among the cliffs are covered, or at least were so in the time of Petrarch, with clumps of olives and the richest verdure, and the poet planted groves of laurel all about this lovely and sacred spot, in commemoration of his mistress.

It is not to be wondered at that a place so beautiful in itself, and forming such an agreeable contrast to noisy, busy Avignon, should have charmed the susceptible fancy of Petrarch. Young as he was, his tastes were pure, and his imagination vivid, and here he could indulge to the utmost, his love of the wonderful and the beautiful; for years after, when he became its "genius loci," we find that his most striking images are drawn from the varied scenery around the fountain of Vanclusa.

It was Pietro's earnest desire that his son should study the civil law, and he had made such progress under the tuition of Convennole, that at the early age of fourteen he was sent to Mountpelier to commence his legal education. But his mind had already become too deeply imbued with the love of classic lore, to find pleasure in the barren fields of legal knowledge, and his advance was so slow, that his father removed him to Bologna, where he trusted the superior talents of the professors would stimulate him to greater diligence.

But vain was this hope, for though Petrarch was anxious to please his father, whom he tenderly loved, he could not resist the fascinations of poetry and eloquence, and Virgil and Cicero were his constant companions. Petracco suspecting this to be the case, went one day unexpectedly to Bologna, and finding his son enjoying his fascinating authors, whose manuscripts were spread on the table before him, he seized the precious scrolls, and cast them into the fire. The horror of Francesco at this sacrilegious act was indescribable, and he uttered such piteous lamentations, that his father snatched them from the flames, and restored them to his son, kindly bidding him read Virgil for his comfort, and Cicero, to excite him to pursue the study of the law.

The death of his father shortly after, relieved Petrarch from all obligation to continue his legal studies, and quitting Bologna he returned to Avignon, and resided with his mother till her death, which event overwhelmed him with affliction. His brother Gerard was now his sole surviving relative, and possessing but little property, they both, as a dernière resort, embraced the ecclesiastical profession. Francesco, however, never received priest's orders, though he accepted the gift of an arch-deaconry and two cannonries.

His limited circumstances, and the difficulty of obtaining the manuscript works of the best authors, would have rendered it almost impossible for Petrarch to have persevered in a literary career, had it not been for the friendship and patronage of Giacomo Colonna, the head of the noble Colonna family. This young man, who had been Petrarch's fellow-student at Bologna, was always attracted by the gentle manners and intellectual face of the youthful poet, and he now lost no time in cultivating his acquaintance, and furnishing him with means to indulge his elegant tastes, inviting him to become an inmate of his family, where he fully enjoyed the luxury of "lettered ease."

Indeed, the high estimation in which Petrarch was held by his noble friend, is exemplified in an anecdote, which also bears honourable testimony to the perfect integrity and truthfulness of his character. Some serious difficulty had arisen in the Colonna household, and the retainers dividing into parties, took arms against each other. Giacomo, desirous to ascertain from whence the trouble originated, put every member of his family upon oath, but when Petrarch approached to declare his innocence, the Cardinal closed the book, saying,

"As for you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

What a glorious tribute to truth and goodness was contained in these few simple words; of far more worth, than all that princely power or wealth could lavish from its overflowing coffers.

Till Petrarch attained his twenty-third year, he had known no passion, except that for literary distinction. He was in truth the censor of the age, living aloof from the dissipation and follies of his time, and especially indulging his virtuous severity against Avignon, which was notoriously a corrupt and licentious city. But, about this time, an important alteration took place in his feelings and character, which was marked by a corresponding change in the style and subjects of his writings. We quote his own words in alluding to the circumstance that preceded it:

"It was," he says, "the first Monday in Passion Week, 1327, that I first beheld Laura, at the church of St. Clair in Avignon. She was then just twenty and possessed all the charms of her sex."

But unfortunately for Petrarch's happiness, this cherished object of his affections was the wife of another, and it is therefore the more surprising that his passion for her should have remained fervent and enduring, as it did, even to the latest period of his life, and when death had taken from his sight the beautiful inspirer of his sweetest and most tuneful strains. Left when very young with a large dowry, the mother of Laura had prevailed on her to marry, in order to escape the many suitors whom her beauty and her fortune would attract, and had chosen for her Ugo di Sade, a man only a few years older than herself, but of a morose and unaffectionate disposition.

Of Laura's person, Petrarch has left us many descriptions, but they are almost too brilliant and sparkling to convey any distinct idea of her appearance. They tell us that "her hair was of a golden hue, her complexion like the snow, her eyes so bright they resembled the stars, but withal soft and tender. In stature, she was tall, and very graceful in her movements—her voice was clear and musical, and her manner of conversing always indicative of the dignity and sweetness which had an equal share in her character. The splendour of her dress corresponded to her beauty: sometimes it was of purple, embroidered with flowers of gold, and bordered with azure; at others, her delicate form seemed enshrined among roses, and richly adorned with pearls and diamonds. Her hair was generally left to flow loose over her neck and shoulders, but it was sometimes fastened in a knot and plainly parted on the forehead."

Of her mind, it is said she possessed a natural flow of wit and intelligence, but had received little advantage from education; that it was not less lovely than her person, however, we may infer from the perfect and undeviating propriety of her deportment towards Petrarch. Had she not been armed with virtuous principles, her conduct would have been far different, and her lover's passion, in consequence, but a transient emotion, furnishing a passing subject for his muse;—whereas, the sonnets that he wrote, not only during her life, but after her death, exhibit the feelings of a doting but bereaved heart, and attest equally the intensity of his affection, and the entire respect which he yielded to her purity and her virtues.

In a manuscript Virgil still preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, the following memorandum exists, written in Petrarch's own hand, simply and affectionately recording the date of his first meeting with Laura, and likewise that of her death.

"Laura, illustrious by her own virtues, and widely celebrated in my verses, first met my eyes, while I was yet in my youth, on the morning of the sixth of April, 1327, in the church of St. Clair, at Avignon. In the same city, in the same month, and at the same hour, but in the year 1348, she was taken from this world, while I was at Verona, ignorant of her fate; but intelligence of the fatal event was sent me by my friend Louis, at Verona, where it reached me on the nineteenth of May. Her most chaste and beauteous body was deposited the same evening in the church of Minor Friars, but her soul, I am persuaded, returned, as Cicero says of Africanus, to Heaven, whence it came. It seems good to me to record, as I do with melancholy pleasure, this sad event, and in a place which most frequently meets my eye, that I may be admonished by it to value nothing more in this world, but that being free from bondage, I may escape altogether from Babylon, and be taught by contemplation, and a right view of the uncertainty of life, boldly to employ the grace of God, properly considering the vanity of my past pursuits."

This is indeed a touching and heartfelt tribute to the virtues of Laura, penned, not as were his sonnets, for the public eye, but in a volume which was his daily companion, exhibiting the record of his true feelings, unexaggerated by poetic ornament or metaphor. After Laura's death, religion, which had heretofore been sought by him, only to grace and adorn his verse, became the abiding feeling of his soul, and he found in it that consolation under his bereavement, which fame and the homage of the world had not power to yield. He employed his time chiefly in writing religious works, and in lifting his voice in elequent remonstrances against the vices of the age.

Occasionally he came forth from his retirement, to still the troubled waters of political strife, and so great was his influence, that when all other endeavours to procure peace failed, the princes and nobles of Italy called upon Petrarch for aid, which seldom was lent in vain. The last public act of this kind in which he exerted his interest, was on the breaking out of a war between the Paduans and Venitians, when, at the earnest entreaty of the former, he undertook a mission to Venice, in behalf of his adopted home. Arrived there, accompanied by the younger Carrara, he was granted an audience, but when he rose to address the assembly, either his strength or his resolution failed, for he was unable to speak, and they retired dispirited to their homes. But on the following day they again convened, when Petrarch regained his accustomed vigour, and his eloquence was rewarded by the delighted attention of the Venitians, who yielding to the poet, what the statesmen of Padua would not have won, granted him a treaty, which put an end to the threatened hostilities.

But the exertion he had made proved too much for his enfeebled strength, and brought on a slow fever, which gradually undermined his health; yet he would not give up his literary pursuits, but read and wrote as constantly as usual. On the 13th of July, 1374, he retired after dinner to his library,

hoping to relieve the langour of indisposition by his books. One of his servants entering the room shortly after, found him sitting at his table, with his head resting upon the book he had been reading. He was dead. The master spirit which had ruled Italy with the sceptre of genius, had been summoned in a moment to render its account of the talents committed to its trust.

All Italy mourned, as with one voice, for Petrarch. Nobles and people united in manifesting their love and reverence for the poet, the philanthropist, the christian,—and his funeral obsequies were performed with almost royal honours. A chaplet of laurel was placed upon the head, and the body was carried upon a bier spread with cloth of gold, and surmounted by a golden canopy, lined with ermine. It was received in the church with the most solemn and imposing ceremonies, and a sermon was preached over it by Bonaventura of Paroga.

The last years of Petrarch were soothed and cheered by the tender cares of his daughter Tullia, who married Francesco Brossano.a man of taste and genius. Her mother was a Neapolitan lady of some rank, who died shortly after the birth of her child. Petrarch had sedulously attended to the education of his daughter, and she fully repaid him by her filial love. Boccacio's friendship was also a source of much happiness to the poet, who makes this honourable and affectionate mention of him in his will :—"To Don Jiovanni (Boccacio) of Certaldo, for a winter gown at his evening studies, I leave fifteen golden florins; truly little enough for so great a man." His books, he bequeathed to the Republic of Venice, thus laying a foundation for the library of St. Mark, which now no longer exists. His legacy to Francis Carrara, a Madonna, painted by Giotto, is still preserved in the Cathedral at Padua.

It is impossible to view the life of this illustrious man, without admiration, love, and respect. If marred by some faults, they were such as belonged to the age, rather than to his own character. His love for Laura, and for his country, were the master passions of his heart, and fervent as they were, it is evident, in all his writings, that they were unalloyed by any base or selfish feelings.

His sonnets are esteemed the sweetest, the most elegant, and highly finished verses, ever written in the Italian language, and his songs possess equal beauty and grace. Those of an amatory nature, take their colouring from his unfortunate attachment, since he wrote, not so much to make known his love as to console himself under its disappointment, while the virtuous reserve of Laura threw a gentle restraint over the too free utterance of his feelings, and gave purity and dignity to the sentiments he expressed.

It has been asserted that Petrarch was very fearful of being thought an imitator of Dante, who was the first to make use in his writings of the Italian language, and that he was so jealous of the reputation of this great father of his country's poetry, as to be unwilling to allow him any merit, or even to read his works,—an assertion, which is so utterly at variance with the benevolent and unselfish character of Petrarch, as scarcely to be credible. It is, however, true, that his desire to be considered entirely an original writer, induced him usually to compose in Latin ; but notwithstanding the time and attention he bestowed upon the works which he wrote in that tongue, they have been long since forgotten by the world, while his reputation rests principally upon his Italian poems, which occupy less than two hundred, of the thirteen hundred pages that comprise his writings. His Africa, or the Punic War, has even been censured as faulty, incorrect, and unclassical.

His works have been edited in four folio volumes, and his life has been written by twenty-six different authors, the most valuable of which are those by Muratani, De Sade, and Dobson, though the one, just issued from the English press, from the pen of the poet Campbell, will doubtless, in richness of material and elegance of execution, supersede all the rest, and become a classical and standard work.

T. D. F.

GO, FAITHLESS ONE.

BY W. G. SIMMS.

Go, faithless one, go wander,
False heart with glided prow;
'Twere base in me to squander
One thought upon thee now;
In other regions roving,
Thy fortune still may find
True hearts, but none so loving;
Fond eyes, but none so blind.

The foolish heart is breaking,
That now commands thee, go;—
Yet not a nerve is shaking,
Its secret pang to show,
Though all its hopes have perish'd,
No curious eye shall see,
That it has ever cherish'd
A moment's love for thee.

SWIMMING SOLDIERS.

In a recent work on swimming, and its application to the art of war, by M. Le Viconto de Courtivron, a French field-officer, he recommended the formation of a company of swimming soldiers in every regiment, and describes the various important duties of which they would be capable, among which is even that of conducting cannon placed on rafts to any desired position!

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CITY ELMS.

Old trees, I love your shade,
Though not on banks with wild flowers all bedight,
Falls through your trembling boughs the chequered light,
As in some forest glade,
Where roves the murmuring bee.

Yet, ye to me do bring
Thoughts of the breezy hill, the free green wood,
The gushing stream that over fragments rude,
Its silvery foam doth fling,
In wild fantastic play.

There's music in the sound,
Oh, verdant elms! of your green whispering leaves
Music my spirit loves, and yet it grieves,
That ye should here be found,
Soil'd with the city's dust.

Here, amid pent-up streets,
Where never the glad tones of nature's voice,
Steal in to soothe the harsh discordant noise,
The wearied ear that greets,
With ceaseless jar and din.

Ye should spring graceful forth,
Fair sister elms, from the green flow'ry sward,
And 'neath the sweet shade of your branches broad,
True hearts should plight their troth,
In love's low whispered tones.

But here, rude hands have marred,
Your stately forms, and uncouth objects piled
Around your trunks, where should have gaily smiled,
Banks with the primrose starred,
Or bright anemone.

And few who pass ye by,
Your beauty note, or lift their upward gaze,
To bless your drooping boughs, that dim the blaze,
Of the hot noon-tide sky,
With their cool leafy screen.

They are intent on gain,
Vexed with earth's cares, and scarce a thought have they,
On God or his fair works to cast away,—
For such, old trees, in vain,
Ye stand in beauty here.

Yet, yet to me, ye are,
A joy and a delight for ever new,
Lovely to sense and thought, is your soft hue,
Or e'en your branches bare,
When winter rules the year.

At the still midnight hour,
I love to hear, as on my couch I lay,
The low, soft breeze among your boughs at play,
Or the sweet summer shower,
Make music with your leaves.

Oft rise I then, to gaze
On your dark forms, lone watchers of the night;
While o'er ye hangs the moon, her crescent bright,
Lighting with silver rays,
Each small and trembling spray.

Of God ye seem to speak,
But with a voice, which at this silent hour,
Whispers in gentlest tones, yet with a power,
That bids my spirit seek,
Communion with the skies.

Ye summon too the dead,
With a strange spell—bright forms long passed from earth—
But at your bidding they again have birth,
And come with solemn tread,
Back to their ancient homes.

Ah,* who shall dare to say,
They are not round us ever—by our side,
Watching our steps—loved ones, who were our pride
With whom the summer day,
Passed like a fleeting thought.

Old trees, and this still hour,
Ye wake sweet fancies in my dreaming breast,
Yet while the jarring world lies at its rest,
I yield me to the power
Of night and solitude.

The morn will banish peace,
For with it comes the sound of rolling wheel,
The hurrying step; and I shall gladly steal,
E'en from your sight, fair trees,
Till gentle eve returns.

Oh, happy they, who dwell
Mid nature's charms, conning her varied page,
From joyous childhood, till maturest age!
Green elms, it had been well,
Were this your lot and mine.

E. L. C.

Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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* Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth
Both when we wake and when we sleep.
Milton.

It is possible that the distance of heaven lies wholly in the veil of flesh, which we now want power to penetrate. A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side.

Channing.

(EXTRACT.)

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

MICKEY FREE'S ADVENTURE.

When I returned to the camp, I found the greatest excitement prevailing on all sides. Each day brought in fresh rumours that Marmont was advancing in force; that sixty thousand Frenchmen were in full march upon Ciudad Rodrigo, to raise the blockade, and renew the invasion of Portugal. Intercepted letters corroborated these reports; and the guerillas who joined us, spoke of large convoys which they had seen upon the roads from Salamanca and Tamanes.

Except the light division, which, under the command of Crawford, were posted upon the right of the Aguada, the whole of our army occupied the country from El Bodon to Gallegos; the fourth division being stationed at Fuente Guenaldo, where some entrenchments had been hastily thrown up.

To this position Lord Wellington resolved upon retreating, as affording points of greater strength and more capability of defence than the other line of road which led to Almedia upon the Coa. Of the enemy's intention, we were not long to remain in doubt; for on the morning of the 24th, a strong body were seen descending from the pass above Ciudad Rodrigo, and cautiously *reconnoitring* the banks of the Aguada. Far in the distance a countless train of wagons, bullock-cars, and loaded mules were seen winding their slow length along, accompanied by several squadrons of dragoons.

Their progress was slow, but, as evening fell, they entered the gates of the fortress, and the cheering of the garrison mixing with strains of martial music faint from distance, reached us where we lay upon the far off heights of El Bodon. So long as the light lasted, we could perceive fresh troops arriving; and even when the darkness came on, we could detect the position of the reinforcing columns, by the bright watch fires that gleamed along the plain.

By day break we were under arms, anxiously watching for the intention of the enemy, which soon became no longer dubious. Twenty-five squadrons of cavalry, supported by a whole division of infantry, were seen to defile along the great road from Ciudad Rodrigo, to Guenaldo. Another column, equally numerous marched straight upon Espeja: nothing could be more beautiful, nothing more martial than their appearance; emerging from a close mountain-gorge, they wound along the narrow road, and appeared upon the bridge of the Aguada, just as the morning sun was bursting forth; his bright beams tipping the polished cuirassiers and there glittering equipments,as they shone in their panoply like the gay troop of some ancient tournament. The lancers of Berg distinguished by their scarlet dolmans and gorgeous trappings, were followed by the cuirassiers of the guard, who again were succeeded by the *chasseurs à cheval*, their bright steel helmets and light blue uniforms, their floating plumes and dappled chargers, looking the very *beau ideal* of light horsemen; behind, the dark masses of the infantry pressed forward, and deployed in'o the plain; while bringing up the rear, the rolling din, like distant thunder, announced the "dread artillery."

On they came, the seemingly interminable line converging on to that one spot upon whose summit now we assembled a force of scarcely ten thousand bayonets.

While this brilliant panorama was passing before our eyes, we ourselves were not idle. Orders had been sent to Picton to come up from the left with his division. Alten's cavalry, and a brigade of artillery were sent to the front, and every preparation which the nature of the ground admitted, was made to resist the advance of the enemy. While these movements on either side occupied some hours, the scene was every moment increasing in interest. The large body of cavalry was now seen forming into columns of attack. Nine battalions of infantry moved up to their support, and, forming into columns, echellons, and squares, performed before us all the manœvres of a review with the most admirable precision and rapidity; but from these our attention was soon taken by a brilliant display upon our left. Here, emerging from the wood which flanked the Aguada, were now to be seen the gorgeous staff of Marmont himself. Advancing at a walk, they came forward amid the vivas of the assembled thousands, burning with ardor and thirsting for victory. For a moment as I looked, I could detect the marshal himself, as, holding his plumed hat above his head, he returned the salute of a lancer regiment who proudly waved their banners as he passed; but hark! what are those clanging sounds, which, rising high above the rest, seem like the war-cry of a warrior?

"I cant mistake these tones," said a bronzed old veteran beside me. "Those are the brass bands of the imperial guard. Can Napoleon be there? see! there they come." As he spoke, the head of a column emerged from the wood, and, deploying as they came, poured into the plain. For above an hour that mighty tide flowed on, and, before noon, a force of sixty thousand men were collected in the space beneath us.

I was not long to remain an unoccupied spectator of this brilliant display; for I soon received orders to move down with my squadron to the support of the eleventh light dragoons, who were posted at the base of the hill. The order at the moment was anything but agreeable, for I was mounted upon a hack poney, on which I had ridden over from Crawford's division early in the morning, and suspecting there might be some hot work during the day, had ordered Mike to follow with my horse. There was no time,

however, for hesitation, and I moved my men down the slope in the direction of the skirmishers.

The position we occupied was singularly favorable; our flanks defended on either side by brushwood, we could only be assailed in front—and here, notwithstanding our vast inferiority of force, we steadily awaited the attack. As I rode from out the thick wood I could not help feeling surprised at the sounds which greeted me. Instead of the usual low and murmuring tones—the muttered sentences which precede a cavalry advance—a roar of laughter shook the entire division, while exclamations burst from every side around me—"Look at him now"—"They have him—by heavens they have him" "Well done—well done" "How the fellow rides" "He's hit—he's hit" "No—no" "Is he down?" "He's down."

A loud cheer rent the air at this moment, and I reached the front in time to learn the reason of all this excitement. In the wide plain before me a horseman was seen, having passed the ford of the Aguada, to advance at the top of his speed toward the British lines. As he came nearer, it was perceived that he was accompanied by a led horse, and apparently with total disregard of the presence of an enemy, rode boldly and carelessly forward—behind him rode three lancers, their lances couched, their horses at full speed—the pace was tremendous, and the excitement intense—for, sometimes, as the leading horseman of the pursuit neared the fugitive, he would bend suddenly upon his saddle, and, swerving to the right or left, totally evade him, while again, at others with a loud cry of bold defiance, rising in his stirrups, he would press on, and with a shake of his bridle that bespoke the jockey, almost distance the enemy.

"That must be your fellow, O'Malley; that must be your Irish groom," cried a brother officer. There could be no doubt of it. It was Mike himself.

"I'll be hanged if he's not playing with them," said Baker. "Look at the villain! He's holding in: that's more than the Frenchmen are doing. Look, look at the fellow on the gray horse; he has flung his trumpet to his back, and drawn his sabre."

A loud cheer burst from the French lines; the trumpeter was gaining at every stride. Mike had got into deep ground, and the horses would not keep together. "Let the brown horse go—let him go, man!" shouted the dragoons, while I re-echoed the cry with my utmost might. But not so: Mike held firmly on, and spurring on madly, he lifted his horse at each stride; turning, from time to time, a glance at his pursuer. A shout of triumph rose from the French side; the trumpeter was beside him; his arm was uplifted; the sabre above his head. A yell broke from the British, and with difficulty could the squadron be restrained. For above a minute the horses went side by side, but the Frenchman delayed his stroke until he could get a little in the front. My excitement had rendered me speechless; if a word could have saved my poor fellow, I could not have spoken. A mist seemed to gather across my eyes, and the whole plain, and its peopled thousands, danced before my eyes.

"He's down!" "He's down by heavens!" "No! no! no!" "Look there—nobly done!" "Gallant fellow!" "He has him! he has him, by——." A cheer that rent the very air above us broke from the squadron, and Mike galloped in among us, holding the Frenchman by the throat with one hand—the bridle of the horse he firmly grasped with his own in the other.

"How was it? How did he do it?" cried I.

"He broke his sword arm with a blow, and the Frenchman's sabre fell to the earth."

"Here he is, Misther Charley; and musha, but it's trouble he gave me to catch him! and I hope your honour won't be displeased at me for losing the brown horse. I was obliged to let him go when the thief closed on me; but sure there he is! may I never! if he's not galloping into the lines by himself." As he spoke my brown charger came cantering up to the squadrons, and took his place in the line with the rest.

THE HEIGHTS OF EL BODON.

I had scarcely time to mount my horse, amid a buzz of congratulations, when our squadron was ordered to the front. Mixed up with detachments from the eleventh and sixteenth, we continued to resist the enemy for above two hours.

Our charges were quick, sharp and successive, pouring in our numbers wherever the enemy appeared for a moment to be broken, and then retreating under cover of our infantry, when the opposing cavalry came down upon us in overwhelming numbers.

Nothing could be more perfect than the manner in which the different troops relieved each other during this part of the day. When the French squadrons advanced, ours met them as boldly. When the ground became no longer tenable we broke and the bayonets of the infantry arrested their progress. If the cavalry pressed heavily upon the squares, ours came up to the relief, and as they were beaten back the artillery opened upon them with an avalanche of grape shot.

I have seen many battles of greater duration, and more important in result—many have there been, in which more tactic was displayed, and greater combinations called forth, but never did I witness a more desperate hand-to-hand conflict than on the heights of El Bodon.

Baffled by our resistance, Montbrun advanced with the cuirassiers of the guard. Riding down our advanced squadrons, they poured upon us like some mighty river, overwhelming all before it, and charged

cheering up the heights. Our brave troopers were thrown back upon the artillery, and many of them cut down beside the guns. The artillery-men and the drivers shared the same fate, and the cannon were captured. A cheer of exultation burst from the French, and their vivas rent the air. Their exultation was short-lived, and that cheer their death-cry; for the fifth foot, who had hitherto lain concealed in the grass, sprang madly to their feet, their gallant Major Ridge at their head. With a yell of vengeance they rushed upon the foe; the glistening bayonets glanced amid the cavalry of the French; the troops pressed hotly home; and while the cuirassiers were driven down the hill, the guns were re-captured, limbered up, and brought away. This briliant charge was the first recorded instance of cavalry being assaulted by infantry in line.

But the hill could no longer be held; the French were advancing on either flank; overwhelming numbers pressed upon the front, and retreat was unavoidable. The cavalry were ordered to the rear, and Picton's division, throwing themselves into squares, covered the retreating movement.

The French dragoons bore down upon every face of those devoted battalions; the shouts of triumph cheered them as the earth trembled beneath their charge; but the British infantry, reserving their fire until the sabres clanked with the bayonet, poured in a shattering volley, the cry of the wounded and the groans of the dying rose from the smoke around them.

Again and again the French came on; and the same fate ever awaited them: the only movement in the British squares was closing up the spaces as their comrades fell or sank wounded to the earth.

At last reinforcements came up from the left; the whole retreated across the plains, until, as they approached Guenaldo, our cavalry having re-formed, came to their aid with one crushing charge, which closed the day.

That same night Lord Wellington fell back, and concentrating his troops within a narrow loop of land, bounded on either flank by the Coa, awaited the arrival of the light division, which joined us at three in the morning.

The following day Marmont again made a demonstration of his force, but no attack followed; the position was too formidable to be easily assailed, and the experience of the preceding day had taught him that, however inferior in numbers, the troops he was opposed to were as valiant as they were ably commanded.

Soon after this, Marmont retired on the valley of the Tagus. Dorsenne also fell back, and, for the present, at least, no further effort was made to prosecute the Invasion of Portugal.

THE STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

Whatever the levity of the previous moment, the scene before us now repressed it effectually. The deep-toned bell of the cathedral tolled seven, and scarcely were its notes dying away in the distance, when the march of the columns was heard stealing along the ground. A low murmuring whisper ran along the advanced files of the forlorn hope; stocks were loosed, packs and knapsacks thrown to the ground; each man pressed his cap more firmly down upon his brow, and, with lip compressed and steadfast eye, waited for the word to move.

It came at last: the word "march!" passed in whispers from rank to rank, and the dark mass moved on. What a moment was that, as we advanced to the foot of the breach; The consciousness that, at the same instant from different points of that vast plain, similar parties were moving on; the feeling that, at a word, the flame of the artillery and the flash of steel would spring from that dense cloud, and death and carnage in every shape our imagination can conceive, be dealt on all sides. The hurried fitful thought of home; the years long past, compressed into one minute's space; the last adieu to all we've loved, mingling with the muttered prayer to heaven, while, high above all, the deep pervading sense that earth has no temptation strong enough to turn us from that path whose ending must be a sepulchre.

Each heart was too full for words. We followed noiselessly along the turf, the dark figure of our leader guiding us through the gloom. On arriving at the ditch, the party with the ladders moved to the front. Already some hay packs were thrown in, and the forlorn hope sprang forward.

All was still and silent as the grave. "Quietly, my men—quietly!" said M'Kinnon; "don't press." Scarcely had he spoken when a musket, whose charge contrary to orders had not been drawn, went off. The whizzing bullet could not have struck the wall, when suddenly a bright flame burst forth from the ramparts, and shot upward toward the sky. For an instant the whole scene before us was bright as noonday. On one side the dark ranks and glistening bayonets of the enemy; on the other, the red uniform of the British columns; compressed like some solid wall, they stretched along the plain.

A deafening roll of musketry from the extreme right announced that the third division was already in action, while the loud cry of our leader as he sprang into the trench, summoned us to the charge. The leading sections, not waiting for the ladders, jumped down, others pressed rapidly behind them, when a loud rumbling thunder crept along the earth, a hissing crackling noise followed, and from the dark ditch the forked and vivid lightning burst like the flame from a volcano, and a mine exploded. Hundreds of shells and grenades scattered

along the ground were ignited at the same moment; the air sparkled with the whizzing fuses; the musketry plied incessantly from the walls, and every man of the leading company of the stormers was blown to pieces. While this dreadful catastrophe was enacting before our eyes, the different assaults were made on all sides; the whole fortress seemed girt around with fire. From every part arose the yells of triumph and the shouts of the assailants. As for us, we stood upon the verge of the ditch, breathless, hesitating and horror-struck. A sudden darkness succeeded to the bright glare, but from the midst of the gloom the agonizing cries of the wounded and dying, rent our very hearts.

"Make way there! make way! here comes Mackie's party!" cried an officer in front, and as he spoke the forlorn hope of the eighty-eighth came forward at a run; jumping recklessly into the ditch, they made towards the breach; the supporting division of the stormers gave one inspiring cheer, and sprang after them. The rush was tremendous; for scarcely had we reached the crumbling ruins of the rampart, when the the vast column, pressing on like some mighty torrent, bore down upon our rear. Now commenced a scene to which nothing I ever before conceived of war could in any degree compare: the whole ground, covered with combustibles of every deadly and destructive contrivance, was rent open with a crash; the huge masses of masonry bounded into the air like things of no weight; the ringing clangor of the iron howitzers, the crackling of the fuses, the blazing splinters, the shouts of defiance, the more than savage yells of those in whose ranks alone the dead and the dying were numbered, made up a mass of sights and sounds almost maddening with their excitement. On we struggled; the mutilated bodies of the leading files almost filling the way.

By this time the third division had joined us, and the crush of our thickening ranks was dreadful; every moment some well known leader fell dead or mortally wounded, and his place was supplied by some gallant fellow, who, springing from the leading files, would scarcely have uttered his cheer of encouragement, ere he himself was laid low. Many a voice, with whose notes I was familiar, would break upon my ear in tones of heroic daring, and the next moment burst forth in a death-cry. For above an hour the frightful carnage continued, fresh troops continually advancing, but scarcely a foot of ground was made; the earth belched forth its volcanic fires, and that terrible barrier did no man pass. In turn the bravest and the boldest would leap into the whizzing flame, and the taunting cheers of the enemy triumphed in derision at the effort.

"Stormers to the front! only the bayonet! trust to nothing but the bayonet," cried a voice, whose almost cheerful accents contrasted strangely with the death notes around, and Gurwood, who led the forlorn hope of the fifty-second, bounded into the chasm; all the officers sprang simultaneously after him; the men pressed madly on; a roll of withering musketry crashed upon them; a furious shout replied to it. The British, springing over the dead and the dying, bounded like blood hounds on their prey. Meanwhile the ramparts trembled beneath the tramp of the light division, who, having forced the lesser breach, came down upon the flank of the French. The garrison, however, thickened their numbers, and bravely held their ground. Man to man was now the combat. No cry for quarter. No supplicating look for mercy; it was the death struggle of vengeance and despair. At this instant, an explosion louder than the loudest thunder shook the sky; the conquering and conquered were alike the victims; for one of the great magazines had been ignited by a shell; the black smoke, streaked with a lurid flame, hung above the dead and the dying. The artillery and the murderous musketry were stilled, paralyzed, as it were, by the ruin and devastation before them; both sides stood leaning upon their arms; the pause was but momentary; the cries of wounded comrades called upon their hearts. A fierce burst of vengeance rent the air; the British closed upon the foe; for one instant they were met—the next, the bayonets gleamed upon the ramparts, and Ciudad Rodrigo was won.

HOME SICKNESS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. KERNER.

There calleth me ever a marvellous Horn,
"Come away! Come away!"
Is it earthly music faring astray,
Or is it air born?
Oh, whether it be a spirit-wile,
Or a forest-voice,
It biddeth mine ailing heart rejoice,
Yet sorrow the while!

In the greenwood glades—o'er the garland bow—
Night, Noontide and Morn,
The summoning call of that marvellous Horn
Tones home to my soul!
In vain have I sought for it east and west,
But I darkly feel
That so soon as its music shall cease to peal
I go to my rest!

"I am indeed very much afraid of lightening," murmured a pretty girl during a storm. "And well you may," sighed her despairing lover, "when your heart is made of steel."

Infants count by minutes; children by days; men by years; planets by revolutions of years; comets by revolutions of ages; nature by revolutions of systems; the eternal meditates in a perpetual present.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CAMP MEETING—A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY M. W. B.

IT was the middle of a day in August—the sultry, unnerving August of southern climes: the sun seemed to roll his burning car almost perpendicularly over the heads of the languid inhabitants of Georgia; the earth was parched with heat; the herbage crackled under foot, as if exposed to the action of fire; the birds ceased their songs, and uttered no other sound than that low monotonous chirp which with them indicates the approach of slumber: the fowls retired to their perch, and only the lazy crowing of the cock broke the deep and universal stillness, that reigned throughout the streets of Augusta. What wonder, then, that Emily Winthrop should yield to the common impulse, and retire to her chamber to indulge the lassitude that oppressed her? There, reclined upon a sofa before a window, which opened upon a fine garden, she watched, in all the luxury of southern indolence, the little humming-bird darting in giddy mazes through every avenue, or hovering, apparently motionless, before every flower, as if lulling himself to sleep, with the hum of his own tiny wings—and she would have wished herself a humming bird, that she might go in quest of a cooling breeze, only that the exertion would have been too overpowering: her eyes then turned languidly towards the fragrant China-tree which spread its foliage before her window, affording a delightful shade, and filling the air with its rich perfume. The striking similarity of its blossoms, to those of the lilac of her native land, brought that land in all its loveliness to her remembrance, and she fell into a sort of dreamy comparison between her present and former home, too vivid for slumber, yet too imperfect for complete wakefulness: hills and mountains contrasted strangely with barren sand-flats; the limped waters of the Hudson mingled with the muddy stream of the Savannah; flowers exchanged countries—the snowy Cherokee-rose and the beautiful Multiflora adorned the porticoes of New-England, while the less luxuriant blossoms of the north, filled the southern land with their exquisite odour.

A gentle breeze and a low voice, scarcely aroused her from this pleasant vision.

"Will Miss Emily please to read the letter?" The voice issued from the lips of a little round-faced negro girl, Emily's particular attendant:—the breeze was caused by a long plume of Peacock's feathers with which she had been fanning her mistress. A slight touch of the plume on her cheek, again awakened the dreamer sufficiently to hear the repeated question, and to inquire: "What letter?"

"A letter from the up-country," said the girl, delighted that she had at last obtained a hearing."

"Very well;" I will read it by and bye, Tilly."

"Please Miss Emmy, Cæsar's waiting for an answer—he says Miss Frances told him to hurry home."

The name aroused the torpid faculties of the dreaming girl—mountains and sand-flats, rivers and roses, all returned to their proper position, and Emily Winthrop was herself again. "From Frances? then give it me," and she quickly read the following letter:

Dear Emm,—I have but five minutes in which to tell you five hundred things, but the most important first. Next week a camp-meeting is to be held about four miles from G——, which I wish you to attend. Now do dot turn up that pretty nose of yours in contempt, and talk with Yankee prejudice of impropriety and all that stuff, but come and judge for yourself. I assure you that the most respectable people in the country will be there, and I shall take no denial from you; therefore, yield a willing assent, and prepare to accompany my brother, who will be at Augusta with the carriage, soon after you receive this, and will be most happy to attend you. Only one of my five hundred things said and the mighty Cæsar waits. How provoking! But when you arrive, I shall have plenty of time to give them verbally. Yours,

FRANCES HARGRAVE.

N. B. Pray bring some fashionable silks for dresses, as we must be smart on the grand occasion.

F. H.

N. B. If you find the weather too cold, you can travel in the middle of the day.

F. H.

"A camp meeting! Yankee prejudices! well, my saucy friend, I think you will prevail, if it is only to convince you that my prejudices are not so strong as you imagine—but then what am I to do there?" Again the letter was read. "Respectable people will be there,—of course they cannot laugh at me—yes, I'll go for once." Thus mused the fair Emily, and then a few hastily penned lines announcing her determination to her friend, were sealed and delivered to the sable hero, who, like his illustrious namesake, might have boasted that "he came—and conquered."

The following day enabled Miss Winthrop to arrange her wardrobe for Tilly to pack, and the day after, she was summoned to receive the brother of her friend.

Edward Hargrave was well-bred, well-informed, and elegant in person, but he was not quite the man of Miss Winthrop's choice. Young, lovely and amiable, she was skilled in those accomplishments common to young ladies of her rank, and well-read in works of science—but she had early learned to seek for higher excellence, and her hopes aspired to angels for companions. She felt that to live without God in the world was to be indeed dead to real enjoyment, and while Edward felt not this aspiration after holiness, she dared not accept him as her guide and companion through life.

Attended by Tilly, who was allowed to occupy an inside seat in the coach, the little party left Augusta at the dawn of the following day, and travelled until the excessive heat compelled them to give rest to their panting horses. The diversified scenery of the "upper country," was new and interesting to Emily. She gazed with admiration on the fields of cotton just bursting the bole, resembling plantations of white roses, which adorned one side of their road, while the other was gay with various kinds of grain that waved in the breeze. Now they traversed a road perfectly level, exposed to the scorching sun-beams; now plunged into a forest of majestic pines, whose fragrance enriched the atmosphere, while their lofty tops excluding the sun, furnished a cool and reviving shade. Their drive through these "piny woods," as they are termed, formed the most delightful part of their journey. The small "branches," made by the overflowing of the numerous springs, were here allowed to wander on their sparkling course, undiminished by the power of the sun, and they repaid this indulgence by giving variety and beauty to the shrubs and foliage: flowers of the most lovely hues and delicate structure, marked the course of each tiny stream. Emerging from this pleasant spot, the country became broken into hill and valley; but, excepting the few country towns through which they passed, it appeared to be uninhabited; no cheerful farm house stood by the road side filled with life and comfort, and almost surrounded by its social-looking out-houses; no lively white headed urchins arranged themselves in file, to salute them with their best school-taught bow; neither was there any comfortable-looking inn, to swing its noisy sign, as if inviting the weary traveller to refreshment and repose. The only indication of inhabitants was the curling smoke from some dwelling, erected far from the highway, in the most convenient situation to enable the proprietor to overlook the business of the plantation.

In the afternoon of the second day, Emily suddenly exclaimed: "Look, Mr. Hargrave! is there not a pic-nic party, assembled under the trees at the foot of yonder hill?—quite near the road."

"I see them," he replied; "there are two ladies, and the same number of gentlemen, seated under that fine chesnut. This is one of our country customs;" he added, laughing; "these are equestrians, you perceive their horses tied under the shade of one of those beautiful trees. The riders have probably dismounted to refresh themselves with a draught from the cool spring at the foot of the hill; if they are travellers, they will produce their basket of stores, for a luncheon; but I can see nothing of the kind."

"Nor can I: but see they have observed the coach and are preparing to depart."

At this time, in consequence of the skilful charioteering of the noble Cæsar, the carriage had advanced sufficiently near for the party within to discern the persons who composed the group, and an exclamation of pleasure burst from the lips of Emily, as she recognized, in one of the ladies, her friend Frances Hargrave. "It is my sister and my cousin, Miss Anson," said Edward; "they are here to meet us." Cæsar, who was in the secret, had for some time been quickening the speed of his horses, far beyond their usual sedate movements; but now whip and reins and voice were in requisition to urge them to still greater exertions: and he had soon the pleasure of opening the door to admit his mistress to the arms of her friend. "Dear Frances! Dear Emily!" were the first exclamations that burst from the lips of the delighted girls, and it was not until several questions were asked and answered, that Frances remembered that Miss Anson was waiting to be presented to Emily. "Dear me! how thoughtless I am! Here is cousin Mary, patient as a lamb, waiting to be introduced to your sweet self. Come in coz, and sit by me, and Tilly you may seat yourself outside—behind the carriage. Now Cæsar, drive on."

"My dear Frances," cried Emily, "have you not both beaux and horses here? you cannot leave them so unceremoniously."

"That's true! what shall I do with them, Mary; for I am determined to keep my present seat?"

"I cannot advise you," answered Miss Anson—"I, at least, must return as I came."

"Of course you must," replied Frances, looking archly at the young lady, "as Mr. Watkyns is one of the party—but Edward, that's a dear brother, do apologize to the men for me, and ride my horse home."

"And your saddle too, sister?"

"What difference will it make? I cannot ask them to lead two horses you know, and if you will ride one, you can lead the other."

"Thank you, my dear, for your pleasant arrangement," said the laughing Edward, "but I really have no inclination to act the part of groom, especially as Mary wishes to return on horseback."

"Really, you are excessively disobliging--but I will manage it, in spite of you"—then putting her head out of the window, she addressed a gentleman who was standing near the coach. "Major, you know

I told you that we should not return with you—therefore Tilly shall ride my horse, and you can lead the other, hey ?

" Whatever the politeness of the Major might have led him to do must remain unknown, as Miss Anson positively insisted upon accompaning the gentlemen, and the whole company soon reached G—— in safety.

When the two friends had retired for the night, Frances, seating herself by the side of Emily, said, " Now, dear Emma, tell me when have you seen Foster ?"

" A few days since."

" And was he well ?"

" Very."

" Was he happy or sad ?"

" Much as usual."

" Emily," cried the vexed Frances, " what is the matter with you ? Why are you so reserved, upon a subject which, you know, is so deeply interesting to me ?

" Permit me to reply by another question—Why should it be so interesting to you ?"

Frances looked suspiciously in her friend's face—" Are you crazy, Emily ? why should news from Foster interest me ? what a question ! Dear girl, what do you mean ?"

" I will tell you, Frances, and perhaps you will explain the mystery. When I saw you last, your heart and hand were engaged to Foster—to a man who is an ornament to society, and whose noble heart and true affection merited from you a rich reward : your friends smiled upon him—and I hoped that one of the hundred things you had to say to me, was, to bid me prepare to attend your bridal. I arrive here and find you affianced to another—that other of twice your age, and no more to be compared with Foster, than age with youth, or deformity with beauty.—While on the eve of marriage with one, ought you to feel such deep interest in another ?"

Tears fell from the eyes of Frances.

" All this is true Emily, and I have not had courage to tell you of it : but, believe me, I have a very important reason for urging your present visit : and now, how shall I excuse myself, without condemning others ? You know my father's temper; since the death of my mother, he will not endure opposition. Foster was unfortunate in business, and my father declared it was occasioned by extravagance, and opposed our marriage—Foster remonstrated, and my father forbade him the house. Major Williams had recently returned from New Orleans, was rich, and paid his court so successfully to Papa, that he obtained permission to address me."

" This is painful intelligence ; but why do you not frankly tell the Major of your previous attachment ?"

" I have done so, and even told him I would never marry him ; but he persists in his suit."

" He probably thinks that your father's influence may alter your determination."

" To be sure he does—but I told my father I would die before I would become his wife ; and then I was confined to my room, until I consented to see my tormentor again : however, he can never say that I have deceived him, for I assure him every day that I detest him."

Emily smiled ; " And how does he receive this agreeable communication ?"

" The simpleton laughs, and affects to believe I am in jest ; but I will yet convince him I am in earnest."

" Is not your wedding-day fixed, dear Frances ?"

" Yes ; a fortnight from Thursday."

" And poor Foster ?"

" Is aware of it—but what can he do ? I hope much from your influence with my father—he is so fond of you."

" If I possess any, depend upon my exerting it to the utmost," replied Emily.

" And now, let us go to bed dear Emily, if you have forgiven me for my silence."

A kiss from her friend was the only reply, and they were soon wrapped in the sweet slumbers of innocence.

The morning of the day on which the camp-meeting was to commence dawned bright and cloudless, while a fresh breeze cooled the fervid heat of the sun, and rendered the early drive of those who attended it, both exhilerating and healthy. Col. Hargrave and his family, accompanied by Major Williams, and followed by several servants, arrived early at the place of meeting. It was the level top of a green hill, embowered by lofty forest trees in full foliage : from the foot of the hill issued several springs of delicious water, an article of the first importance in that warm latitude. Within a space of four or five acres, covered with stately trees, but entirely cleared from underwood, were erected rude tents of unplaned boards, large enough to contain several families at the same time : board floors were a luxury to which they did not aspire, but there was an abundance of clean straw, which served as a carpet by day and a bed at night, for such temporary visitors as could not be accommodated with any thing better : and as every tent was free to all comers, these visitors were very frequent. Partitions divided the male from the female part of the family, and the cooking was performed out of doors, in the rear of the tent. In the centre of the circle, enclosed by these edifices, stood a long, shed-like building, covered only with a roof, within which were placed board seats of the roughest material, and at one end was a wooden box, dignified with the name of a pulpit from which the various preachers,

assembled on such occasions, were accustomed to address their audience. Col. Hargrave's carriage drove up to the door of a large tent, already occupied by Mr. Anson's family, who hastened to welcome their expected friends, and informed them that the horn had already summoned them to the place of worship; and they immediately proceeded to the "Stand," the scene of Christian labour, where their attention was quickly attracted by the looks and voice of the preacher who then occupied the pulpit, He was in the sunset of life—his locks few and white, and his figure, once tall and commanding, was bowed by time. His voice, tremulous from his own energy, was exerted to describe the efficacy of prayer. A holy fervor seemed to fill his heart and issue from his lips, and Emily, rapt, fascinated, felt with the aged orator that "prayer is, indeed, the Gate of Heaven." When the sermon had ended, another preacher went from seat to seat, uttering words of exhortation to all who would listen, as if endeavouring to give more weight to the admonitions they had just heard. Frances saw him approaching the seat they occupied, and seizing the arm of her friend, she whispered, "there is that horrid Syms; Mr. Howard's striker coming—he thinks you were affected by the sermon, and means to 'strike while the iron is hot:' do let us retreat before he attacks us, or we shall never get quit of him," and before the man of exhortation had commenced his labors, the friends had left his vicinity. A good dinner awaited their return to their temporary home; at two o'clock they were again summoned to the stand which was now crowded by fresh arrivals. Two preachers occupied the pulpit, one of whom was reading the hymn as our party arrived: when he had finished reading it, he began to sing, and his fine clear voice was quickly followed by the united voices of the congregation. Prayer succeeded, and afterwards the sermon. As the minister warmed with his subject, Emily's ears were assailed by deep groans proceeding from a person near her. In much alarm she turned to observe the sufferer, when from another quarter arose the same distressing sounds, then a female voice called out glory, glory: at intervals this was repeated, but without exciting surprise in any one but Emily, who turned her eyes upon Frances with such an expression of wonder, that the merry girl was convulsed with suppressed laughter.

When the sermon was concluded, the other clergyman arose. Graceful, zealous and talented, his countenance beaming with the graces he described, he painted the beauties of Christian love and fellowship with an eloquence so persuasive, that every heart seemed to glow with its divine influence; suddenly his voice ceased from its admonitory tone, and burst into a song of praise; then, descending from his elevated position, he entered the enclosure surrounding the pulpit, in which were seated the assembled ministers, and taking in his arms each brother in turn, gave to all the embrace of brotherly love. His example was followed by each clergyman in turn—all seemed animated by the same heavenly sentiments, and joined in the same song of praise. Emily's astonishment increased—accustomed to the calm and uniform services of her northern home, she was wholly unprepared for such an exhibition of feeling: but the countenances of the actors in this singular scene left no doubt of their sincerity; they were radiant with an expression, which, to her imagination, resembled that of Moses after communing with his God. Had the excitement ended here, all would have been well—but it did not. The congregation were equally affected, but its effects on them were different: the voices of thanksgiving and praise were mingled with the groans of penitence, and the cries of despair; exhortations and prayers were blended, and the voice of the comforter was lost in the threats of the denouncer. The confusion was indescribable. "Take me away while I have my senses!" cried Emily to Col. Hargrave, and assisted by her friends, she returned to the tent, where a burst of tears calmed her agitated spirits.

On regaining her composure she was surprised to find the "Exhorter" of the morning standing near and eyeing her closely: imagining that her tears proceeded from an awakened conscience, he began his customary strain, "Be wise young woman, and lay the lessons you have received today to heart, and repent before destruction overtakes you."

Emily was preparing to reply, when Col. Hargrave exclaimed, "The young lady does not need your admonition,—she is already wise."

"God be praised! and this young lady, is she also a lamb of the Great Shepherd?"

"I fear not, Sir," cried the lively Frances; "I am afraid I am on the goat side; but come Emily, you must take some rest, in order to prepare you for the fatigues of the evening;" and, taking her by the arm, they withdrew together.

At nightfall the horn again summoned them to the Stand, and on emerging from the tent, what a scene met their view! The night was moonless, but clear and calm, and the blaze from the huge pine fires kindled for the light they emitted, rose tall and brilliant in the darkness, illuminating part of the thick foliage of the overhanging trees, and throwing part into deeper shadow; while the illumination within the building served to render the gloom without still more intense, and the lamps placed before each tent glimmered like bright sparks in the distance. As the worshippers flocked in crowds, or loitered singly on their way to the house of prayer, Emily would almost have imagined herself realizing a vision of romance.

The speaker of the evening was no other than the "exhorter."—"My brethren," he said, "I rejoice that so many of different denominations have preached from this pulpit, and I hope for your prayers while

I do the same—for I am a poor unworthy creature, and need them. I hope there are no critics here—I do not like critics, my brethren, they are like Turkey. Buzzards; they eat up all the garbage. They are like the evil one—they fly away with all the bad, and leave all the good. Sinners are like a flock of sheep—when one sees a hole in the fence, and runs through it, all the rest will follow; so when one sinner does a wicked thing, all the rest will do so too. But I can tell you of a friend who can call them all back again—it is the Saviour, and I will describe him to you. He is kind and loves you all, and he—and he is—and he will—and"—here the unfortunate preacher came to a full stop—paused a moment longer, and then actually took his seat, unable to utter another word.

After some hesitation a brother arose and informed the congregation that the reason "brother Syms could not go on, was because they had not prayed for him." This was too much for the gravity of Frances, and they were obliged to retreat from the stand, in self-defence, or run the risk of scandalizing the excited audience by very ill-timed laughter,

Fatigued by the scenes of the day, the friends retired early to rest, but they were not destined to enjoy their repose long undisturbed. They were awakened by the most fearful shrieks. Emily listened appalled—again they reached her ears, accompanied by groans and exclamations? then above those sounds of anguish, were heard voices of exhortation and prayer, and louder still was shouted the Hallelujah of praise. Frances marked the horror-stricken face of her friend. "Rest quietly, Emm," she said, "it is only the people at the meeting. They are frantic with excitement. What do you think some of those sounds resemble?"

"The cries of tortured spirits," answered Emily, as she hastily enveloped her head in the clothes, to exclude the terrific noise.

"And this," said Miss Winthrop, as they sat at breakfast next morning, "this is a camp meeting!"

"The excitement is assuredly too strong here," observed Col. Hargrave, but many a child of heaven dates his adoption from some one of these meetings."

"But would not an attendance in churches answer the same sacred purpose, and secure them from the scandal attending such scenes as these?" enquired Emily.

"I do not know why they would not," said Frances—"but you know these meetings last several days, and in that time we have an opportunity of seeing many friends who assemble here."

The Colonel smiled at this sally of his lively daughter, and observed, "We might meet at our churches, Miss Winthrop, but unfortunately they are small, and would scarcely contain one-fourth of the congregation; you are not aware, perhaps, that worshippers from all parts of the country assemble here."

"I might judge so from the increasing crowd, sir but how did these meetings originate?"

"In necessity: our planters dwell, each man on his own estate, and usually remote from one another—consequently, numbers must travel a great distance, if they would attend divine service in a church. This occasions our congregations to be small, and christian intercourse unfrequent. On the first settlement of the country this was peculiarly the case, and several good men, lamenting the consequences of such a state of things, suggested these general meetings as a preventative of the evils they feared. A grove, abounding in springs of water was selected as their first place of meeting, and necessity has taught us, from time to time, to increase our conveniences, until we have arrived at a systematic arrangement of our tents and equipage."

"I think you account well for their commencement—but do you not think they occasion a great deal of error?"

"Every thing may be perverted to evil, and a camp meeting is certainly no exception to the rule; but I know not that any more evil is done at one of them than at any other public meeting; nor would I dare to say that the great Being who has promised to be with all his sincere worshippers, wherever they are assembled, may not be found as well in temples of his own creation, as in houses built by human hands. Look! Miss Winthrop, and tell me if you think a nobler or more acceptable temple could be found than this, for the worship of the Almighty?"

Emily gazed from the open door of the tent, and her eyes beamed with delight, as she beheld the lovely scene before her. The unnumbered varieties of foliage, reflecting the prismatic colours from the sparkling gems of dew that yet lingered on their surface, and chequering with their waving shadows, the smooth grass, with a thousand fanciful forms of light and shade—the groups of people assembled under the stately trees for conversation, or wandering, in deep contemplation, towards the thick groves that skirted the encampment, and the throngs that were hurrying to and from the Stand;—all were objects of admiration.

"Yet, papa," cried Frances, as if in reply to her father's last remark, "yet lovely as it is, Emily intends tearing herself away from it today."

"Are you already tired of it?" he asked.

"I confess I am unwilling to expose myself to a repetition of the scenes of yesterday, and would prefer returning today; at the same time, I must entreat that no one else be influenced by my movements."

"But if I, also, am inclined to return home," asked the Colonel, smiling, "am I prohibited?"

"By no means, I merely meant"——

"Oh! papa understands your meaning, and so do I," interrupted Frances; "and to convince you that I do, I shall avail myself of your permission, and remain here until to-morrow. What say you, papa?"

"That I have no objection, provided your brother attends you."

"That will not be necessary," said Major Williams. "I will myself attend upon Miss Hargrave."

"Of course my daughter will accept your guardianship with much pleasure, but it will be proper that her brother continue with her also, my dear sir, and I trust you will view the matter as I do."

The Major bowed, and Frances exclaimed, "Dear me! what a charming thing it is to be a person of consequence! hey, Emily! But Ned, how dull and woe-begone you look! where are your spirits? I need all yours to keep mine from flagging."

"Indeed, sister," he replied, forcing a smile, "I do not perceive that yours need any support; on the contrary, I fear that the united exertions of both your beaux will scarcely keep you out of mischief."

"Your most obedient," replied the lively lady, making him a low courtsey. "But there sounds the 'mellow horn' for the morning service, and as I mean to attend it, I wish that such of you as are going home would depart, and leave us poor creatures the opportunity of learning to be as good as yourselves."

This somewhat plain hint was acted upon, and Emily and Colonel Hargrave were soon on their way to the beautiful mansion belonging to the latter

"And now," thought Emily, is a suitable time to make my petition in favour of dear Frances"—and accordingly she introduced, with much delicacy, the subject of her friend's engagement; but the gentleman refused, firmly but politely, to hear anything in favour of Mr. Foster's suit.

"Well, then, my dear sir, if you will not favour Mr. Foster, suppose you place the Major on the same footing, and allow poor Frances to remain as she is, until a lover presents himself who shall please both parties."

"That cannot be, Miss Winthrop; my word is pledged to the Major, and, whatever may happen, a Georgian gentleman never forfeits his word."

"Perhaps you might delay the marriage without breach of faith?"

"And of what service could it be? I cannot recal my promise that it shall take place—and yet to please you I would do much, very much. If I yield thus far, Miss Winthrop, will you, in your turn, grant me a favour?"

"I may answer in the affirmative, since I am certain that Colonel Hargrave, would ask nothing wrong."

The gentleman hesitated—words seemed wanting to express his ideas suitably—at length he said, "I will not present my petition now, my dear Miss Winthrop, for I perceive we are approaching the house—another time must do; meanwhile be at ease about your friend."

As he spoke, the carriage drew up at the steps of the portico, and Cæsar displayed his glittering rows of ivory, as he opened the door for them to descend. Emily was much surprised at the Colonel's manner, and wondered what favour he could possibly ask of her. "Can he," she thought, "have learned his son's attachment, and designed to become pleader for him? Ah! if Edward were but a Christian, how little would he require any other advocate than my own heart; but how can I confide my happiness to the care of an unbeliever?"

On the following morning, as Emily stood at the window of the breakfast room, apparently admiring the lovely prospect, but in reality quite unmindful of present things, and absorbed in reflections very interesting to herself, she was aroused from her reverie by the approach of her gallant host.

"May I not share your meditations, my dear Miss Winthrop?"

"I fear your pleasure would be but little increased by knowing them," she answered, smiling; "yet I could wish you were aware of part of them."

"Can I not guess the subject of that part?"

"Probably; you can at least try."

"Frances"——

She smiled assent.

"You have one object in view, and I another, Miss Winthrop—if, by assisting me to obtain mine, you could accomplish your own, would you think it worth your while to make the experiment?"

"Undoubtedly, I would use every exertion to promote dear Frances' happiness, and Colonel Hargrave cannot doubt my wish to oblige him."

"I cannot, and yet the favour is so great."

"It cannot be granted until it is named," replied Emily, archly, yet blushing, as she felt more convinced that Edward was in some way connected with this unknown obligation.

"What will you say, then," he cried, taking her hand as he spoke, "if I petition for the bestowal of this little hand?"

"That it might not prove so great a favour as you imagine,—may I ask for what happy personage you design it?"

"Happy indeed! if he can obtain it," cried the delighted Colonel, "for he loves you very tenderly, and to make you happy would be the business of his life."

"Of course," answered the agitated girl, endeavouring to rally, "but you do not tell me who it is."

"It is one, Miss Winthrop, whose admiration I am sure you must have seen—whose love could not have been so concealed, that you have not at least suspected it."

"If it is, as I suspect, Colonel Hargrave, there is one insuperable objection."

"I may hear what that is—can it be age ?"

"That certainly is not an objection—but—I dare not marry a man who is not a Christian."

"And can you think I would desire you to marry any other than a Christian ? But I ask you not to decide immediately—take time to consider—and then, perhaps, after officiating as bridesmaid to your friend, you may be persuaded to accept, at the same time, a similar attendant for yourself. But see, the carriage has returned with Frances," and raising her hand to his lips, he left the apartment to receive his daughter.

Frances observed the agitation of her friend, as she advanced to embrace her, and said, smiling archly, "So you have been sentimentalizing with my dear papa, I see, Miss Emily ! Have a care—it is a pity Ned is not here to behold that beautiful blush ; although"—and she shook her head wickedly —"I am not sure that he had any share in producing it."

The Colonel came to the rescue ; "And pray, Miss Frances, where is Edward ? and where, also, is the Major ?"

"Oh, the Major is where he always is, in pursuit of me ; and, for Ned, he will remain another day at the meeting. I think, Emily, he is under very serious convictions."

"Is it possible ?" exclaimed Emily, her eyes sparkling with delight.

"You look delighted—but let me tell you he has grown as stupid as an owl. I can scarcely recognize him. You will be obliged to give him up and take papa, I believe. But here comes the Major ; so, dear papa, we will withdraw, that is Emily and myself, for a little private confab, and allow him leisure to relate all the wonders he has seen, for your benefit."

When the two friends reached their apartment, Frances said, "Now tell me, Emm, honour bright, has not my good papa been whispering to you about matrimony ?"

"Why should you imagine such a thing ?"

"Ah ! your face is a tell-tale—I am right—and now for the parties, although I am sure I know one of them."

"Pshaw ! dear Frances, do not talk nonsense, but tell me what happened at the camp-meeting after I left you ?"

"So you wish to evade my question ; well, I can be silent too."

"I trust you will use no concealment with me—did you see Foster ?"

"Pshaw ! dear Emily, do not talk nonsense."

"Be reasonable—I have very little to say—but you guessed correctly as to the subject o our conversation."

"I was sure of it !—and the persons ?"

"Myself for one"—

"And the other ?"

"Your brother."

"Indeed ! my brother !—are you sure it was him ?"

"Of course, it could be no other, although no name was mentioned."

Frances was silent.

"You will now explain the cause of your brother's absence."

"Assuredly ! Edward has become a seeker after the religion you prize so highly, and if constant use of the means for obtaining it will enable him to find it, he will surely be its possessor."

"Dear Francis, if it should be so ! if Edward should become a child of God, how happy, how very happy I should be !" and Emily clasped her hands in the energy of her emotion.

"I have said little to him," resumed Francis, "because he has avoided conversation and sought solitude, except when at the meeting. Of course, my beloved Major was my constant attendant, saving and excepting the few times I chose to dispense with his services."

"Wild girl ! and did you see Foster ?"

The colour rose to Frances's brow—she hesitated—at length, as if by a strong effort, she said, laying her hand on the arm of her friend, "I did see him, Emily, and that is my secret ; do not expose nor question me upon the painful subject. I may seem gay, but my heart is sorely troubled."

"Let me relieve it then dear girl, by words of comfort. Your father promises not to hasten your marriage, and delay may produce something that will prevent it entirely : he also wishes me to make your wedding day my own."

"Is it possible ! and does he wish you to marry my brother at that time ?"

"So I understood him, and I feared then that such an event could never take place—but now, should your suspicions be correct, what shall I say ?"

"Nothing ; but courtsey an assent, and become my beloved sister," and she clasped her affectionately to her bosom.

"Upon my word, Emm !" she continued, as she released her from her arms, and gazed upon her sweet face, all radiant with hope, "I think we should appear much better as sisters than as mother and daughter. What think you ?"

"Your mother ! that is an honour to which I do not aspire—but to be your sister"——

"Ah ! to be sure, that is another thing ! but there is the dinner bell, and I am not dressed—so now for haste."

On the fifth day from the commencement of the camp meeting, it broke up ; and on Friday evening, nothing remained of the encampment, but the empty tents, and the spacious building from which so many

messages of tremendous import had been delivered. On that day Edward returned, and was welcomed by Emily with a kindness that thrilled him with delight: she marked with deep interest the change of expression in his fine countenance, and felt assured that nothing but heart-felt peace could have produced it. No longer dejected, or disturbed by mental suffering, it seemed irradiated by sublime and heavenly emotions; even his voice, as he conversed with her, fell on her ear like sweet music.

"I have been a sad truant," he said, in a low tone, to Emily, as they sat together in the portico; "but I have been seeking the pearl of great price, and on such an errand I am sure you will pardon my desertion."

"Pardon! oh, how willingly! and your countenance assures me that you have not sought in vain for the precious treasure."

"I trust not—but it will be by perseverance alone that I may hope to retain it—or even to feel any assurance that I possess it; and how difficult to secure it! May I not look for your assistance, my dear Miss Winthrop, in making the effort?"

"You will find surer aid in your closet, Mr. Hargrave," she replied; "your teacher there will be infallible"—and her emotion was almost overpowering.

"True, and there, I trust, I shall ever seek direction; yet affectionate counsel, from one who is treading the same path to the same heavenly country, will surely make us more certain of our way, and enable us the better to overcome every obstacle that impedes our progress. Will you deny me this assistance, Miss Winthrop—Emily?"

His voice faltered—but he pressed her hand to his lips, and the fair girl sought not to withhold it.

"Come, come; what treason are you two good people planning? I always suspect mischief when there is mystery, and I wish to appropriate that to myself. Heigho! I have a strong inclination for a walk; will you accompany me, Emily?"

"With pleasure."

"I have a great mind to leave you at home, Edward; you look happy enough already; but there is papa entering the gate, and I have business with him, after I have disposed of you. Hasten, or he will detain us."

"I see, sister, you are resolved to have every thing your own way," replied Edward, laughing, "and in this instance, at least, I have no desire to oppose you," and he followed the young ladies into the house to prepare for the walk.

They had proceeded but a short distance, before Frances signified her intention to return, adding: "I am to have a conversation with my undutiful papa, upon a very important subject, which I beg you will not interrupt, therefore do not return for half an hour at least. Adieu," and she retraced her steps to the house, leaving the lovers to enjoy that sweet communion of sentiment, which imparts to friendship its loveliest charm, and to revel in the blissful hope that a new and nobler tie now united them, not for time only, but for eternity.

Frances found her father alone, and resting from the fatigue of a long walk.

"So, dear papa, you have been taking a solitary stroll," she said, as she approached the window where he sat; "why did you not invite us to walk with you?"

"I saw you were all too much engaged to attend to me."

"Edward and Emily might have been; but for me, you know, papa, I am never too much occupied for that."

"And why should Edward and Miss Winthrop be so much more engaged than yourself?"

"Simply," answered Frances, smiling, "because they have each a more interesting companion than I have. Just observe them through the window—are they not a handsome pair?"

"There is no doubt of their beauty. But tell me, has Edward dared ——"

"To love Emily, and offer her his hand?" interrupted Frances. "Oh, yes, a long time ago."

"And she refused him?" anxiously inquired the colonel.

"She did, papa, from principle, although she loved him dearly. He was not then a Christian; but now that he has made religion the choice of his life, that objection is removed, and he has again offered his hand, and been accepted."

"Impossible! she cannot have forgotten the conversations I have had with her myself," and the colonel paced the apartment in uncontrollable agitation.

"She remembers one, at least," said the apparently unconscious Frances; "for she told me you had expressed a wish that my wedding-day should be hers."

"And did she tell you," said he stopping suddenly before his daughter, "did she tell you with whom I wished her to wed?"

"No, sir; but she thought you meant my brother, and imagined herself complying with your wishes in yielding her consent to be his."

"And what is your own opinion upon the subject?"

"That nothing could conduce more decidedly to the happiness of all the family than such a circumstance. She will be to you a tender daughter, my dear father, when your wild and often inconsiderate Frances will be far away from you—and her cultivated mind and affectionate heart will render her a delightful companion, both for yourself and Edward."

Tears swam in the eyes of the amiable girl, and her faltering voice betrayed her emotion to her parent.

"Why has Edward concealed his intentions from me?"

"It is only since his return that he has had any hope of success, and he intends immediately to entreat your approbation of his wishes."

"Meantime he deputed you to break the ice for him?"

"No, dear papa; Edward knows nothing of the subject of our conversation—the wish to prepare you for his application originated in myself," and she hung affectionately upon his arm, as she added: "you will consent to his marriage, and insist that it shall take place at the same time with my own—will you not?"

The colonel hesitated—a mighty struggle agitated his breast—at length he said:

"I must have time to think, my dear--go and join the lovers and leave me alone."

He handed her to the door, which he closed after her, and resumed his walk.

"And this," he said "is the end of my blissful dreams! dreams!—they were, indeed, dreams of the wildest fancy. That I should have been such an idiot as to imagine I could succeed with a lovely, fascinating girl, when so fine a young fellow as Edward was in pursuit. I hope no one suspects my folly; it is plain that Emily does not, nor Edward, and if Frances' penetration has discovered it, she is too shrewd to allow me to know it. She was in the right to prepare me, or I might have betrayed myself. Poor girl! I wish I could repay her for her disinterested affection, but it cannot be in the way she wishes," and he sighed heavily. "I must find my own happiness in securing that of Edward and Emily, and will immediately write her friends upon the subject."

As Frances tripped after her friends, her meditations were upon the course she had adopted.

"Well," she thought, "that duty is done, unpleasant as it was, and I have saved my father from exposing himself to my brother, and Ned from the disagreeable idea that he is his father's rival; and now for one more trial for my own happiness. Oh! if he would free me from that hateful major!"

She soon made the trial, and returned weeping from the interview. Her father was inflexible, from his rigid sense of honour, from the forfeiture of which he declared only the major could release him. She threw herself upon that gentleman's generosity—but the prospect of uniting himself to wealth and beauty, even though accompanied by hate, was too delightful to be relinquished, and the poor girl left him in utter detestation of his selfishness. Edward was more fortunate—he sought and obtained the consent of his father to his marriage with Emily, who was acknowledged as a daughter by the colonel, and as a sister by Frances.

As pleasure does not actually hasten, so neither does pain retard the wheels of time, which "rolled their ceaseless course," bringing nearer the fated morning, so ardently desired by one party, so vehemently dreaded by the other. The cheek of Frances grew pale as it approached, and Emily could not witness without distress the altered appearance and strange manner of her friend--now full of that wild merriment which indicates strong excitement--and again drooping in silence and sadness. She sought Colonel Hargrave.

"I am come," she said, "to entreat you to spare our dear Frances. May I not claim your promise to that effect?"

"I remember no promise to that effect, Emily. I offered to delay her marriage on certain conditions."

"Which are acceded to," replied Emily, blushing.

"Perhaps so; but Frances declines any delay. Believe me, I would willingly make any sacrifice, but that of honour, to release her from her unhappy engagement. Poor girl! her father's heart bleeds while he compels her to obey him. Comfort her as well as you can, Emily, and tell her she may still defer her marriage, and we will have but one wedding today."

Emily hastened to her friend, and repeated the conversation.

"And does papa think I will relinquish my share of the bustle today?" she gaily answered. "No, no; but I will allow you the honour of being tied first and then what an interesting bride I shall make! like Niobe, all tears—a happy man the major will be!"

"Frances, I cannot understand you of late—surely you intend to do nothing rash?"

"Nothing, I assure you, but to stand up beside you, and become a pretty bride after you; so now rest easy, and let us hasten to dress, for I do believe the good parson is already here."

At twelve, the hour appointed for the peformance of the double ceremony, the two brides elect were led into an apartment filled with expecting friends, by their happy lovers. In dress they were alike—but while the cheek of Emily was suffused with the blush of the rose, that of Frances was whiter even than its snowy sister flower. The bridal ring was placed upon the finger of Emily by her exulting Edward, and the voice of the priest pronounced them one--united by a higher, holier power. He then hurried to commence the same sacred ceremony with the other pair—but Frances was fainting, and was caught in the arms of her anxious parent, only in time to prevent her falling to the floor. He bore her from the apartment, followed by Emily, and the major would have accompanied them, but the colonel sternly desired him to return to the parlour, and there await his bride--and he obeyed.

The unconscious girl was conveyed to her apartment, and consigned to the care of Emily, whose

soothing cares and endearments restored her to life and self-possession, and she soon relieved her aching heart by a burst of kindly tears: then suddenly checking them, she said:

"Now, dear sister, kiss me in honour of our new relationship, and go down and tell the company that if they will have patience one half hour longer, I will still enact the bride most bravely."

"I cannot, indeed, dear Frances; you must exert yourself no more today."

"Now or never," interrupted the invalid. "I shall never have courage for another effort after today. So go, my love. I have need of solitude, and will ring when I am ready to go down."

Emily pressed a kiss on the pale cheek of her beloved friend, and reluctantly descended, to convey the message with which she was charged to the anxious assemblage below; but she could scarcely look without loathing on a man so destitute of all good feeling, so supremely selfish as Major Williams.

The half hour elapsed, and no bell announced the wish of Frances to rejoin the expecting circle.

"I will go to her again," said Emily; "her door has been locked for some time, but it may now be open," and she ascended to the door of the chamber. She knocked, but no voice responded to the summons. She tried the lock and the door opened to her effort, but where was her friend? The "bridal robe" was spread upon a chair; but where was its owner? Emily gazed with apprehension—she searched for the bonnet of her friend, and it was gone. The truth flashed upon her mind, and joy sparkled in her eyes.

"She has fled to avoid this hated marriage, and I rejoice at it."

"And so do I truly," cried a voice behind her. She turned and beheld her husband. He held a letter in his hand. "Here is an epistle to my father which will undoubtedly explain all the mystery of her conduct. We will send for him."

Emily met Colonel Hargrave with "a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye," and told him of the absence of his daughter with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure.

"Dear, unhappy girl!" he exclaimed, "whither can she have fled? How can I excuse this step to the major? how atone to him for this breach of my word?"

"Your honour is still unsullied, my fathér, for you were ignorant of this step of my poor sister—and as for Major Williams, we will request him to meet us, and hear this letter which Cæsar has just put into my hands. It is from Frances herself."

The major met them in the little parlour—his rage was unbounded, and he threatened vengeance.

"Let us suspend our anger," said Edward, calmly, "until we have learned on whom it is to fall. Will you read the letter, sir?" addressing his father.

The colonel tore it open, and read aloud:

"Forgive me, dear father and brother,—forgive me, dearest Emily,—for I have deceived you all; but it was unavoidable. I would not mar the happiness of your marriage by leaving you sooner, nor, indeed, so soon, had not my strength proved traitor to my purpose: I would have played the bride for an hour to that unfeeling man, who would thus compel me to be his, when he knew my heart was the property of another, and I would have rejoiced at his disappointment when he discovered that *another* ring than his was already on my finger. Yes, dear friends! I was already a bride, and only waited this event, to make it known to you. At the camp meeting, when the watchful guardian to whom you entrusted me, thought me safe in my apartment, with Amy for my attendant, I slipped out of the tent, met Foster, who was awaiting me for the purpose, provided with the two indispensables, a license and a friend, and we were united in the grove by Emily's friend, the 'Striker.' You have been witnesses of my unhappiness since taking this step, for I have feared its effect upon you, my dear father; but I know your reverence for your own word, and it was my only resource against misery. Pardon us both, dear friends, and we promise never to do so again. Foster has recently received the bequest of a relative, which will place us in comfort, when assisted by his talents for business, and mine for economy. We are near you—send your forgiveness by Amy, who is the bearer of this, and we will hasten to throw ourselves at your feet, and assuredly no hearts will then be more truly happy than those of your own Frances and her husband."

"Thank God!" cried Emily, fervently; "she is safe, and Frances still—this letter is perfectly characteristic. You will complete our happiness by sending for, and forgiving her; will you not, my dear sir?"

"She deserves never to be forgiven," growled the Major. "She is a deceitful"——

"A what, sir?" cried Edward, sternly—"passion deprives you of reason; but I appeal to your honour, sir; has not my sister invariably declared her dislike to an union with you?"

"She certainly has—but if she meant so, why did she consent to it? you will allow she deceived me at the camp meeting?"

Edward's lips trembled; his young bride saw the threatening storm, and hastened to allay it; she pressed his arm as she replied: "I think, sir, this letter fully explains her reasons for her apparent assent to your proposals—but when entrusted to your care, surely you should have guarded your trust better."

"Aye, sir," thundered the Colonel, "she must have met Foster previously to her marriage, where

were you, that such a meeting should remain undiscovered? She has deceived you—has she not done the same by us? I can do nothing further in the business, sir."

"True," said the peace-seeking Emily, "you have indeed done all that lay in your power to fulfil your engagement with the Major—and as another, and not yourself, has broken it, I hope he will overlook what is past, and generously unite with us in begging you to forgive and receive again our dear truant, to your heart."

"I shall do no such thing," exclaimed the exasperated Major, "but I shall expect satisfaction."

"Of whom, sir?" asked Edward, advancing. "Not of my father; for he has exerted himself to redeem his word to you, even at the risk of my poor sister's happiness."

"That may be true, but Foster shall answer for her conduct."

"Mr. Foster's principles are decidedly opposed to duelling; and his reputation for bravery is too well established to be affected by a rejection of your challenge, should you think of giving one. Of course, you meditate no other vengeance, and why not let the affair drop? What say you, will you bury the hatchet, and be our friend still, in spite of this untoward event?"

He extended his hand, which the Major grasped, as he said, "I have no quarrel with you, Mr. Hargrave; but I will never forgive Frances. Good morning." And he took his departure almost without seeing any of the friends he had summoned to his anticipated wedding.

The united entreaties of Emily and Edward, assisted by the pleadings of his own heart, prevailed upon Colonel Hargrave to recall Frances, and Amy was summoned to bear the welcome message to herself and husband. It was quickly obeyed, and they were received with the tenderest affection by the brother and sister, and by the father with a grave tenderness, which brought real penitence to the heart of Frances, while "tears and smiles contended for the mastery" in her face. She gazed upon the stately form and noble bearing of her husband as she presented him to her father, and whispered, "Can you wonder at my choice, dear papa? How could I relinquish him for that monster?"

"Not very willingly, I confess; and I rejoice, my dear daughter, that in accomplishing your own happiness, you have given me a son of whom I may be proud. And now let us return to our friends in the parlour, and enlighten them upon these events."

Although the wedding guests were diminished in number, by the withdrawal of several of Major Williams' more immediate friends, enough remained to give brilliance to the festivities, and Frances received their heartfelt congratulations on the happy alteration in her destiny.

Mr. Foster's business obliged him to reside in Augusta, but a constant interchange of visits between families, thus closely connected, drew still closer the ties of affection which had ever united them. Loving and beloved, Emily dispensed her bounties with a liberal but discriminating hand; in her the poor white man found a friend, and the offending slave an advocate: while Frances, grateful to her father for his forbearing affection, in pardoning her disobedience, endeavoured, through her whole life, by the tenderest offices of filial love, to manifest her deep sense of his kindness; although even in her most penitential moments, she could never be brought to confess that she regretted attending the camp meeting.

(ORIGINAL.)

TO A CANADIAN WILD FLOWER.

THE LITTLE ONE-FLOWERED PYROLA UNIFLORA,

As humble and sweet-scented as the Lily of the Valley, and very rare, being only found in the deepest woods.

SWEET little Pyrola, creeping slowly,
Emblem of innocence, meek and lowly,
I greet thee once more,
Far away from my door,
As if for our streets thou wert much too holy.

When we have met, rude spies have not seen us,
Having the canopied leaves to screen us,
Down in a glen,
Unknown to most men,
Ah! little wot they what has passed between us.

Now from thy couch I joyfully tear thee—
Home to my friends I quickly will bear thee;
To grace a fair maid,
Thou surely wilt aid,
Since close to her heart she has promised to wear thee.

Deep in a bowery shade I found thee,
Fondly attached to the ties that bound thee,
But soon well caressed,
By hands softly pressed,
Thou'lt scatter thy fragrance on all around thee.

Thus, modest worth, thou dost shine on us brighest,
Though in our path thou so seldom alightest,—
When thou art seen,
In mantle of green,
To meet thee come hastening footsteps the lightest.

Wishing to bear thee from lowliest dwelling,
They press close around in their eagerness, telling,
They'll give thee a seat,
Place a crown at thy feet,
And fondle a heart with benevolence swelling.

SYLVIO.

Montreal, July.

THE BRIDAL MORN.

"Emma, dear, do you not hear the hour striking, and yet you are loitering here—who could fancy this to be your wedding day?" Emma raised her blue eyes, with a look of gentle reproach, as she replied—"And is it Caroline Ormsby who can jest with me today?" Caroline placed her white hand on the lips of the pale bride, and shook her head with a half-serious, half-playful smile. "I see, I see of what you are thinking," cried Emma, "and I know it is too late. I know well that long ere now, Harry has learnt to hate me." "It is not of Harry we ought now to speak," said Caroline: "the bride of Lord Montressor should have other thoughts." Emma's fair brow became flushed as she listened to this reproof from the gentle Caroline. Never before had her friend spoken to her in anger; and she felt how wrong she must have been ere Caroline *could* thus have spoken.

These two young and lovely women were cousins. In their infancy they had been left orphans, and were by their dying parents committed to the care of the same guardian. Caroline Ormsby was some years Emma's senior, and was of a serious, reflecting disposition. Her beauty partook of her character. She was very pale; but the transparent fairness of the skin rendered the want of bloom scarcely a defect. Her dark hair was braided in shining folds over her high and unruffled forehead; and her eyes were generally cast downwards; thus allowing their long lashes to contrast their ebon tints with the pure snow on which they rested.—Her cousin Emma was now in her twentieth year, and was the gayest and most bewitching of earth's creatures. To resist her fascinations was impossible. Her very laughter was enchantment, it was so full of the heart's mirth; and her blue eyes—who could withstand their brightness? No one could say whether her cheek were blooming, so varying were the tints that colored it: and often the pearly whiteness of her throat was hidden by the redundance of her rich fair curls. Her temper was the sweetest—her heart the warmest that ever beat. Yet she had been her guardian's pet, and even in infancy every little whim had been indulged, and every fancy yielded to, and had not Caroline Ormsby's influence been powerful with her volatile cousin, the young beauty's caprices would have been endless.

At the commencement of this little narrative we found the two cousins seated together, on Emma's bridal morning; and never was there a more miserable bride. The cause of this the following conversation will develope. Emma had, for some time after Caroline had spoken, rested her beautiful head upon her folded hands, with a silence very unusual to her; then tossing back the abundance of her fair curls, she said—"Cary, dear, now I am going to be good, so you may dress me if you will;" and she held up her red lip for her friend's kiss. "One moment," answered Caroline, "one moment you must listen to me." There was something singular in Miss Ormsby's manner—a struggle, as though she labored under the weight of some untold feeling. Her hand was pressed upon her brow—her cheek was flushed—and Emma gazed upon her, fearing to be told she knew not what. At last Caroline said—"But a moment since, Emma, I reproached you for talking of Harry Tresham, and yet it is of him I am now about to speak. You remember that night—nay, start not up so, for you must hear me, Emma. I must for once remind you of that night, when in your groundless jealousy, you banished Harry from your sight. On that night his friend Montressor was sitting with me, when Harry rushed into the drawing-room with the frenzy of a madman. Lord Montressor heard the whole history of your quarrel, for Harry was in a state bordering on delirium, and was heedless by whom he might be heard."—Emma shuddered. "I need not tell you," continued Caroline, "of my surprise, when in a few days, after this, you wrote to me that, convinced of Harry's unworthiness, you had consented to become Lord Montressor's wife. Of that I need not speak; for, as you have said, it is indeed too late.

I felt even then it was so, and I was silent; but I obeyed your wishes and hastened to town. I found you still buoyed by your resentment; but I saw, under the mask of gaiety, that you were wretched, most wretched, and I entreated you then, ere I knew that Tresham had never been unfaithful—even then, Emma, I entreated you to pause. Again, you said it was too late. Then Harry's letter came, and he was justified. Once more I entreated—I begged of you never to become Lord Montressor's wife. You would not hear me, Emma; you were wretched, yet you would not hear me; and now, Emma, upon my knees—I, who never knelt to any but my God—now, even at this last hour, do I pray of you to stop!"

Emma raised the kneeling Caroline, while she uttered, in a deeply agitated tone—"No! no I must go on—stop at the very altar! No Caroline, I dare not!" Miss Ormsby looked compassionately at the erring girl, and ejaculated—"Oh, if I might but tell her!" then, checking herself, she said—"about an hour ago, Lord Montressor came to me, and told me that he had never believed you had forgotten your love for Harry Tresham; and that, to be convinced there was no feeling yet between you, he had requested Harry to be present at the ceremony. Ah, Emma! your cheek is blanched—you will listen to me now?" and Caroline's tall figure became loftier in its grandeur, as she added—"and hear me Emma; hear me, as though my words were those of prophecy. Open your whole soul to Lord Montres-

sor—confess to him your feelings,—while they may yet be felt without crime; tell him, even now tell him, that you *dare* not become his wife!"

While Caroline continued to speak Emma's face was hidden in her folded hands. When she looked up, she was very pale, but calm. "I know," she said; "I have done wrong to Harry Tresham; would you also have me do injury to Lord Montressor? No, Caroline, I will become Lord Montressor's wife: even in presence of Harry Tresham will I do this; and, when I forget the vows I shall then plight, may my God forget me!"

Caroline looked with wonder on her friend; her Hebe beauty—her sweet smile remained; and yet it seemed as though, in one brief moment, the thoughts of years had been present to her, so quietly did she speak, and yet so firm was she to her purpose.

In silence were performed the duties of the toilette—in silence were adjusted the white garments—the wreath of orange-flowers—the bridal veil, scarcely whiter than the pale cheek it shaded. Then Emma knelt down and prayed long and fervently. When she rose from her knees there was not a trace of emotion to be discovered in he rcolourless face. She looked like some beautiful but lifeless thing. Her guardian's step was heard—then his voice, requesting admittance. With a calm smile Emma placed her arm within his, and they descended to the drawing-room. Already the wedding guests were there—and Lord Montressor moved forward to meet his bride. His form was noble, though it no longer owned the pride of youth. There was not a furrow on his serene brow; and his eyes shone with all the placid light which had beamed in them in his young days; but *grey* was slightly mingling with the dark hair, that fell in rich waves upon his forehead, and seemed to say he was scarcely a fitting husband for the girlish Emma. He smiled gently upon her, but that smile spoke not of love; it had more in it of compassion. At a distant window of the apartment, almost concealed from sight, stood Harry Tresham. He wears not the look of one who is about to loose "the lady of his love;" his eyes are sparkling; and there is an arch happy smile upon his proud lip; the gallant soldier looks as though he were going to win and not to lose a bride. And Lord Montressor—where is he? He is at Tresham's side—he is leading the youth into the midst of the wondering circle—he places Emma in the young man's arms—he crosses the apartment; and, with a glad smile, clasps Caroline Ormsby's fair hand, and she raises her dark eyes with a glowing yet fearful glance. The ceremony proceeds—the two weddings are over—and the guests are gone.

* * * * * *

Some weeks after, the two fair brides were sitting in Lady Montressor's drawing room. "Well," said the young countess, "I almost wonder how I teased you so, my poor Emma. It was indeed a sad task that they imposed upon me; and once, when I looked upon your poor pale face, I had nearly told you all; but then I hoped my entreaties would prevail, and that you would even then draw back; for I feared so much the effects of the surprise upon you—but Montressor said, a happy surprise could never harm you; and he taught me to think, too, that you needed some little schooling. Harry, too, said it was the only chance he had to win you! and that you were a little shrew that needed taming."—"And, indeed," answered the smiling Emma, "had you not schooled me as you did, I verily believe I never should have been Harry Tresham's wife—I was so full of fancies—so, I forgive you all—all but Harry; it was too bad of him to enter into such a league against me. But how slyly you carried on your courtship, Cary!—There was I, pouring into your ear all my love and folly, doubts, and fears, and all; and you shaking your wise head so demurely. But—now don't put up your lip, Cary—*my* wonder is, how you ever came to fall in love with Lord Montressor; handsome though he be, he is so——" "Old," interlupted Caroline, smiling; and as she spoke, she turned her eye upon her husband, with a glance of happy love, which shewed that to her no charm was wanting.—The two husbands approached the sofa on which the cousins sat; and as Captain Tresham threw himself on a low ottoman at the feet of his young bride, Lord Montressor said with an arch smile, "Well, Emma, are we yet pardoned for the lesson we taught you on your wedding day?"

THE DYING STORM.

I am feeble, pale and weary,
And my wings are nearly furled!
I have caused a scene so dreary,
I am glad to quit the world!
With bitterness I'm thinking
On the evil I have done,
And to my caverns sinking
From the coming of the sun.

The heart of man will sicken
In that pure and holy light,
When he feels the hopes I've stricken
With an everlasting blight!
For widely, in my madness,
Have I poured abroad my wrath;
And, changing joy to sadness,
Scattered ruin on my path.

Earth shuddered at my motion,
And my power in silence owns;
But the deep and troubled ocean
O'er my deeds of horror moans!
I have sunk the brightest treasure;
I've destroyed the fairest form:
I have sadly filled my measure,
And am now a dying storm!

THE ZINCALI;

OR, AN ACCOUNT OF THE GYPSIES OF SPAIN.

BY G. BORROW.

THE Gypsies are scattered over the habitable globe, there being scarcely a country in which some of the tribe are not to be found, save Ireland, and yet it is wonderful how little has been hitherto generally known respecting their customs. Father Manso, of Seville, spent so much of his time among them to acquire this information as to arouse the suspicion of the Holy Office, which was only appeased by an assurance that he mingled with the Gitanas to ensure their conversion—a matter, by the way, which was never considered of much importance, as no anxiety was ever displayed to bring the Spanish Gypsies within the pale of the Church. In Russia they are called Zigana; in Turkey and Prussia Zingani, in Germany Zigenner, in Spain Gitanas by the Spaniards, and Zincali by themselves; then there are those of Dar-bushi-fal who live among the Moors, and tell fortunes, and who entertain a hatred to every one excepting their own race. The first volume of Mr. Borrow's book commences with an account of Gypsies in various countries. They are to be met with every where in Russia, unless in the government of St. Petersburg, where they follow the occupation of herds, jockies, and horse-doctors. The Russian Zigana are endowed with great natural beauty and agility which makes them the finest of dancers. They have also a constitution so strong as to live in the midst of snow, in canvas tents, when the temperature is frequently 25 or 39 degrees below freezing point. In Hungary, Chingani are placed in some respects, on an equality with the nobility. They are there known also as horse-dealers and tinkers, while the women follow the profession of fortune-telling. In England they are too notorious to require description, and have, from time immemorial, been the dread and charm of the rural districts, and the delight of the ring and the race course.

So early as the fifteenth century it is stated by the old authors that the gypsies were to be seen in Europe, "their ears pierced with silver rings in them, and their hair black and crispy." France was the first country to become affrighted at their presence, and the legislature passed laws to put them to instant death wherever they should be found. In the Peninsula they, however, met with more lenity, and were suffered to wander through Spain with little molestation. Two Spanish gypsies gave a history of their lives, and the following, related by Antonio, a soldier, has a romantic interest:

"I served in the war of independence against the French. War, it is true, is not the proper occupation of a Gitana, but those were strange times, and all those who could bear arms were compelled to go forth to fight; so I went with the English armies, and we chased the Gabiné unto the frontier of France; and it happened once that we joined in desperate battle, and there was a confusion, and the two parties became intermingled, and fought sword to sword, and bayonet to bayonet, and a French soldier singled me out, and we fought for a long time, cutting, goring, and cursing each other, till at last we flung down our arms and grappled; long we wrestled, body to body, but I found that I was the weaker, and I fell. The French soldier's knee was on my breast, and his grasp was on my throat, and he seized his bayonet, and he raised it to thrust me through the jaws; and his cap had fallen off, and I lifted up my eyes wildly to his face, and our eyes met, and I gave a loud shriek, and cried Zincalo, Zincalo! and I felt him shudder, and he relaxed his grasp and started up, and he smote his forhead and wept, and then he came to me and knelt down by my side, for I was almost dead, and he took my hand and called me Brother and Zincalo, and he produced his flask and poured wine into my mouth, and I revived, and he raised me up, and led me from the concourse, and we sat down on a knoll, and the two parties were fighting all around, and he said, 'Let the dogs fight, and tear each others throats till they are all destroyed, what matters it to the Zincali; they are not of our blood, and shall that be shed for them!' So we sat for hours on the knoll and discoursed on matters pertaining to our people. * * * * * * * We sat till the sun went down and the battle was over, and he proposed that we should both flee to his own country, and live there with the Zincali; but my heart failed me; so we embraced, and he departed to the Gabiné, whilst I returned to our own battalions."

We cannot forbear making another extract, showing the ability with which the female part of the Zincali manage to gain an influence over those in the exalted circles:

"There were two Gitanas at Madrid, and probably they are there still. The name of one was Pepita, and the other was called La Chicharona; the first was a spare, shrewd, witch-like female, about fifty, and was the mother-in-law of La Chicharona, who was remarkable for her stoutness. These women subsisted entirely by fortune-telling and swindling. It chanced that the son of Pepita, and husband of Chicharona, having spirited away a horse, was sent to the Presidio of Malaga for ten years hard labour. This misfortune caused inexpressible affliction to his wife and mother, who determined to exert every effort to procure his liberation. The readiest way which occurred to them, was to procure an interview with the Queen Regent Christina, whom they doubted not would forthwith pardon the culprit, provided they had an opportunity of assailing her with their gipsy discourse; for, to use their own words, 'they well knew what to say.' I at that time lived close

by the palace, in the street of Santiago, and daily, for the space of a month, saw them bending their steps in that direction. One day they came to me in a great hurry, with a strange expression on both their countenances. 'We have seen Christina, hijo, (my son,) said Pepita to me. 'Within the palace, O child of my garlochin,' answered the sibyl; 'Christina at last saw and sent for us, as I knew she would; I told her 'Bahi,' and Cicharona danced the Romalis (Gypsy dance) before her.' 'What did you tell her ?" 'I told her many things,' said the hag, 'many things which I need not tell you; know, however, that amongst other things, I told her that the chabori (little queen) would die, and then she would be queen of Spain. I told her, moreover, that within three years she would marry the son of the King of France, and it was her bahi to die Queen of France and Spain, and to be loved much, and hated much.' 'And did you not dread her anger when you told her these things ?' 'Dread her, the Busnee ?' screamed Pepita; 'No, my child, she dreaded me far more; I looked at her so—and raised my finger so—and Chicharona clapped her hands, and the Busnee believed all I said, and was afraid of me; and then I asked for the pardon of my son, and she pledged her word to see into the matter, and when we came away, she gave me this baria of gold, and to Chicharona this other, so at all events we have hokkonoed the queen.' "

RIGID DISSENTERS IN RUSSIA.

About noon we reached the small district town of Krestzi, and stopping in the suburb, close to the post-house, we were shewn into a good-looking habitation, on the opposite side of the street. The peasant to whom it belonged was absent, but the reception we met with from his wife, convinced us that we should not have been made more welcome had he been at home. With the whole population of the suburbs, amounting to upwards of 1,000 souls, the family consisted of Staroværtzi, or dissenters of the old faith, the rigidity of whose principles operates as powerfully on their intercourse with all whom they consider to be members of the orthodox Greek church, as the contracted spirit of the ancient Jews did in preventing them from having any "dealings with the Samaritans." One of our number happening to have metal buttons on his travelling coat, and another having a tobacco-pipe in his hand, the prejudices of the mistress of the house were alarmed to such a degree, that all the arguments we could use were insufficient to prevail on her to make ready some dinner for us. When compelled to do any service of this kind to such as are not of their own sect, they consider themselves bound to destroy the utensils used on the occasion; to prevent which loss, those who are most exposed to the intrusion of strangers, generally keep a set of profane vessels for the purpose. As the proprietor of the house we had entered appeared in affluent circumstances, it is not improbable he furnished it with something of the kind; but the tobacco-pipe proved an insuperable obstacle to their use. So great, too, is the aversion of this people to snuff, that if a box happen to have been laid on the table belonging to them, the part on which it lay must be planed out before it can be appropriated to any further use. They live in a state of complete separation from the church; only they cannot marry without a license from the priest, for which they are sometimes obliged to pay a great sum of money. The sacrament, as it is usually called, they never celebrate, and baptism is only administered to such as are near death, on the principle adopted by some in the early ages of the church that such as relapse, after receiving this rite, are cut off from all hopes of salvation. The only copies of the Scriptures hitherto in use among them, are of the first, or Ostrog edition of the Slavonic Bible, printed before the time of the Patriarch Nicon, when the schism, which had long been forming, was ultimately completed by the alterations which that learned ecclesiastic introduced into the liturgical and other books of the Greek church in Russia. It has been asserted, that there exists, among the Staroværtzi, reprints of this Bible, in which every jot and tittle is religiously copied; but the pertinacity with which they secure the continuance of the old Bibles in their families, and transmit them as the most precious treasure to their posterity, renders it difficult to obtain copies for collation. It is a curious fact, and to it perhaps may be traced any disposition existing among this people to co-operate in the labors of the Bible Society, that when the first stereotype edition of the Slavonic Bible was printed at St. Petersburgh, numbers of them, mistaking the word *stereotype*, and pronouncing it *starotape* (*old* type), supposed that it was a new impression of their ancient Bible, and purchased a considerable number of copies, at the different depositories. Their predilection for copies of the old edition has rendered them extremely scarce in Russia; and when it happens that a copy is exposed for sale, it fetches several hundred rubles. Fortunately, the proprietor of a small inn, being a member of the orthodox church, was not influenced by the contracted principles of his neighbours; and had we known of his house before we entered the other, we should not have put these principles to the test.—*Henderson's Travels in Russia.*

EXPECTATION.

It is proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raise expectation which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.

PEASANTS IN THE PYRENEES.

We had seen at different times in the neighbourhood of Pau, a few stray specimens of the figure and costume of the peasants of this valley, but here we beheld, for the first time, these hardy mountaineers amidst their native wilds. And a noble looking race they are, somewhat taller than the peasantry around Pau, with more vigorous complexions, and dressed in a costume at once more primitive and more picturesque. They wear the same round cap or bonnet of brown cloth, but their black and flowing hair is always cut close in front, and left to hang loose upon their shoulders. They most commonly wear a jacket of brown cloth, sometimes one of red, and a scarlet or crimson sash tied about the body. On no occasion are they seen with trousers, but always breeches of brown cloth, and worsted stockings of the same colour, and of their own knitting, not made with feet, but finished off by a kind of wide border of the same material, which hangs down over the great wooden shoe, made in the shape of a canoe, only more curved underneath, and more turned up at the toe. In addition to this, they generally have, somewhere about them, their wide woollen cloak, with its pointed hood. The shepherds are always accompanied by a dog of a kind peculiar to the Pyrenees, as large as the Newfoundland dog, but more like a wolf in shape, and always white, with a mixture of buff, or wolfish grey. These dogs, though large and powerful, have the appearance of being gentle and docile, from their being thin, and badly fed; but that they have a disposition to be otherwise, I can testify, having been twice seized by them, and having also heard of many instances in which they were the terror of the neighbourhood. Perhaps the most singular feature in the character of the shepherd's dog of the Pyrenees, is that like his master, he always leads, instead of driving the sheep. He is brought up entirely amongst them, and sleeps in the same fold. It is a curious sight to see the shepherd and his dog coming first out of a field, and the flock following. The sheep are more slender and taller than ours, with thick curled horns, and long fine wool; while the singularity of a long face, with a kind of Roman nose, makes them look particularly solemn.—*Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.*

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence, "Saturday night." It is indeed but the prelude to more pure, more holy, more heavenly associations, which the tired frame, and thankful soul hail with new and renewed joy, at each succeeding return.

'Tis then the din of busy life ceases;—that cares and anxieties are forgotten;—that the worn-out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns—with joy looking to the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

The tired labourer seeks now his own neat cottage, to which he has been a stranger perhaps for the past week, where a loving wife, and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses.

Here he realizes the bliss of hard earned comforts; and at this time, perhaps more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly seeks in the clustering vines, nourished by his parental care, the reality of those joys which are only his to know at these peculiar seasons, and under these congenial circumstances, so faithfully and vividly evidenced by this periodical time of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow, too, who has toiled on, day after day, to support her little charge, how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of "Saturday night," and thank her God for these kind resting places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

But on whose ear does the sound of "Saturday night" strike more pleasantly than the devoted Christian's? Here he looks up amid the blessings showered upon him, and thanks God with humble reverence for their continuance.

His waiting soul looks forward to that morn when, sweetly smiling, the great Redeemer burst death's portals and completed man's redemption. His willing soul expands at the thought of waiting on God in his sanctuary on the coming day; and gladly forgets the narrow bounds of time and its concerns, save spiritual, that he may feast on the joys, ever new—ever beautiful—ever glorious—ever sufficient to satiate the joy-fraught soul that rightly seeks its aid.

ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Ask not if still I love,
  Too plain these eyes have told thee;
Too well their tears must prove
  How near and dear I hold thee.
If, where the brightest shine,
I see no form but thine,
And feel that earth can show
  No bliss above thee,—
If this be love, then know
  That thus, that thus, I love thee.

'Tis not in pleasure's idle hour
That thou canst know affection's power.
No, try its strength in grief or pain;
  Attempt, as now, its bonds to sever,
Thou'lt find true love's a chain
  That binds for ever!

VALSE, No. I.

BY CHARLES SAUVAGEAU.

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

D.C.

VALSE, No. II.

BY CHARLES SAUVAGEAU.

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

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OUR TABLE.

ON HEROES, HERO-WORSHIP, AND THE HEROIC IN HISTORY—SIX LECTURES—BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

In the composition of these lectures it is evident Carlyle has placed small restraint upon his humour, rather jotting down the thoughts with which his mind was overflowing than following up any regular and properly digested plan! He has, however, written boldly, apparently holding criticism in contempt; and did the reader search for flaws he would find them numerously scattered through the pages of this volume; but if the lectures be perused in a candid and discriminating spirit, the richness of imagination, and the truthfulness of remark, will amply compensate for the minor faults, from which, in common with the most nearly perfect works, it is not wholly free.

The first lecture treats of the Hero as Divinity—the second of the Hero as Prophet—the third of the Hero as Poet—the fourth of the Hero as Priest—the fifth of the Hero as the man of letters—and the sixth of the Hero as King. Each is a unique and striking production, of itself, and the whole collected, form one of the most novel among the literary productions of the day, bearing strongly marked upon them the impress of the author's eccentric and irregular, but powerful and original, genius.

Carlyle is, we believe, one of that class of men who are emphatically described as "self-made." He owes little of the fame he has acquired to any foreign source. In his own intellect has been the lever which raised him to the position he now sustains. Upon his intellect he must depend to maintain it, and though his present position is respectable, if not eminent, we may venture to predict that he will yet climb greatly higher. His History of the French Revolution is held in high esteem. It is a more tangible, readable, and striking history than any of its rivals on the same universally written subject; and, if we except Thiers' voluminous details of the same events, which we have not perused, but which are spoken of in terms of praise, we believe it will be fouud to supersede all others. The fame of Carlyle, then, is built on no feeble foundation. It has a base to rest upon, and, we have no doubt, it will outlast that of many of his competitors and rivals, who pretend to greater things.

With reference to the book now more immediately under consideration, we have read it with admiration and with pleasure—and we can turn to it again and again, and find something to enlighten and attract. It is not a book which carries all its beauties on its surface—as the author remarks, when writing of Burns, his speech is "distinguished by *having always something in it*,"—something more than at the first glance may be apparent. In fact, to an imaginative reader, almost every line suggests some new idea—some novel train of thought—something to keep the mind lively and employed. In this point of view the book is indeed a treasure—valuable to the reader, and pre-eminently indicative of freedom and originality of thought in the author.

Read the following, of our immortal Shakspeare, and acknowledge the omnipotence and all *enduring-ness* of genius:

> England, before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English: in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the Globe. And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one Nation, so that they do not fall out and fight, but live in peace, in brotherlike intercourse, helping one another? This is justly regarded as the greatest practical problem, the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish: what is it that will accomplish this? Acts of Parliament, administrative prime-ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in it: Here, I say, is an English King, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone! This King Shakspeare, does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all. as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs; *in*destructible; really more valuable in that point of view, than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another: "Yes, this Shakspeare is ours: we produced him; we are of one blood and kind with him." The most common-sense politician too, if he pleases, may think of that.
>
> Yes, truly, it is a great thing for a Nation that it get an articulate voice; that it produce a man who will speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means! Italy, for example, poor Italy lies dismembered, scattered asunder, not appearing in any protocol or treaty as a unity at all; yet the noble Italy is actually *one:* Italy produced its Dante; Italy can speak! The Czar of all the Russias, he is strong with so many bayonets, Cossacks and cannons; and does a great feat in keeping such a tract of Earth politically together; but he cannot yet speak. Something great in him, but it is a dumb greatness. He has had no voice of genius, to be heard of all men and times. He must learn to speak. He is a great dumb mon-

ster hitherto. His cannons and Cossacks will all have rusted into nonentity, while that Dante's voice is still audible. The Nation that has a Dante is bound together as no dumb Russia can be.

Another quotation we will make, embracing the author's opinion upon the genius and powers of Burns:

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his: and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so. His writings, all that he *did* under such obstructions, are only a poor fragment of him. Professor Stewart remarked very justly, what indeed is true of all Poets good for much, that his poetry was not any particular faculty; but the general result of a naturally vigorous original mind expressing itself in that way. Burns' gifts, expressed in conversation, are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts: from the gracefulest utterances of courtesy, to the highest fire of passionate speech: loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight: all was in him. Witty duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech 'led them off their feet.' This is beautiful: but still more beautiful that which Mr. Lockhart has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to, How the waiters and ostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this man speak! Waiters and ostlers:—they too were men, and here was a man! I have heard much about his speech; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him, That it was speech distinguished by always *having something in it*. "He spoke rather little than much," this old man told me; "sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter." I know not why any one should ever speak otherwise!—But if we look at his general force of soul, his healthy *robustness* every way, the ruggid downrightness, penetration, generous valour and manfulness that was in him,—where shall we readily find a better gifted man?

Among the great men of the Eighteenth Century, I sometimes feel as if Burns might be found to resemble Mirabeau more than any other. They differ widely in vesture; yet look at them intrinsically. There is the same burly thick-necked strength of body as of soul;—built, in both cases, on what the old Marquis calls a *fond gaillard*. By nature, by course of breeding, indeed by nation, Mirabeau has much more of bluster; a noisy, forward, unresting man. But the characteristic of Mirabeau too is veracity and sense, power of true *insight*, superiority of vision. The thing that he says is worth remembering. It is a flash of insight into some object or other: so do both these men speak. The some raging passions; capable too in both of manifesting themselves as the tenderest noble affections. Wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, sincerity: these were in both. The types of the two men were not dissimilar. Burns too could have governed, debated in National Assemblies; politicised as few could.

With these, for the present, we bid adieu to Carlyle, and cordially recommend our readers to form an acquaintance with him. Though he is not yet reckoned among "great men," what he says of those wonders may not inaptly be applied to himself. In his opening lecture he remarks:

One comfort is, that Great Men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world: and this not a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness;—in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. On any terms whatsoever, you will not grudge to wander in such neighbourhood for a while.

This is true of himself. "On any terms whatever you will not grudge to wander in (his) neghbourhood for a while." From his acquaintance pleasure may be derived while it lasts, and profit from its remembrance.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

THIS exciting tale becomes more interesting, as it progresses. The author, familiarised with his theme, apparently by practise in the art of "glorious war," presents the reader with a series of brilliant sketches of the battles which covered the British arms on the Peninsula, as with a halo of renown. From these we have extracted several passages, which will be found in previous pages of this number. The character of this sterling work is now firmly established, and its superiority to its popular predecessor fully proved. As a whole, there are few works in the language which should be more highly appreciated than the thrilling story of the Adventures of Charles O'Malley—and the laughter-loving "Mikey Free," whose gallant joust with the lancers of the opposing army, will be found chronicled in one of the chapters we have quoted.

BARNABY RUDGE—A "NEW STORY"—BY BOZ.

THIS story is apparently drawing to a close; and though several of the late numbers have been declining in interest, from the desertion of the characters in whose fate the reader feels most deeply interested, it promises to sustain well the extraordinary popularity of the author. In

the last number, (bringing the tale up to about the fiftieth chapter,) two of the favourite characters are re-introduced, and the thread of the story is resumed. The extraordinary number of copies which have been multiplied, in the journals of the day, place it within the reach of every reader, and we would earnestly recommend all who delight in novel reading, to procure copies of it for themselves.

THE PERSECUTED FAMILY—BY ROBERT POLLOCK.

THIS is a narrative of the sufferings of the Covenanters, by the well known author of the Course of Time, and is, we believe, the second prose tale which he has published. It is a history generally of facts, with such slight touches of colouring as the author deemed necessary, to add to the pleasure of those perusing it. It is an interesting book, though the interest is of a rather melancholy nature. Among the descendants of the Covenanters, and those who have admired their stern adherence to their faith, while they mourned the sufferings of which it was too frequently the cause, will read this book with a melancholy pleasure. It is, of course, in its moral tendency, unimpeachable, and the name of Pollock will ensure it a favourable reception with the world.

THE ANCIENNE REGIME—BY G. P. R. JAMES.

ANOTHER novel, from the practised pen of the well known and justly celebrated author of Richelieu, has recently appeared, rivalling in its excellence the best of the author's excellent productions. It is, indeed, pronounced by some of the critics to be the best he has yet given birth to. It is not so much of a historical romance as some of James' most favourite tales, but there is enough of historical reading intermingled with it to give it a claim to consideration beyond the mere individually interesting character of ordinary novels. The heroine is a master stroke—a woman requiring the practised pen of one familiar with the lights and shadows of human nature to pourtray, and the glowing language of the author presents her to the reader as in a picture from some of the fathers of the painter's art. It would be folly to predict for the new work an extensive popularity—that it has already won.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

WE have received two numbers of a very excellent semi-monthly journal of religious and general intelligence, which, under the above title, has been commenced in this city, under the management of one who appears to have brought to the task an excellent judgment and sound religious views. The *Mirror* is not designed to be the organ of a peculiar sect, but is devoted to the interests of religion generally, and is, to a great extent, made up of valuable selections having strictly a moral and religious bearing. We have heard with the sincerest pleasure, that its prospects of support are very flattering, and that it deserves it, none who have read the numbers now before the public will for a moment doubt. As a family journal, it will be found highly worthy of support.

A TREATISE ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

WE have been favoured with a glimpse of this very excellent and useful treatise, a second edition of which is now in course of publication in this city. It is from the pen of Dr. Meilleur, formerly the Representative in Parliament of the county of l'Assomption, where he strenuously exerted himself to obtain a general Education Bill for the benefit of the people. The Treatise was originally published in the United States, about fifteen years ago, and is now about to be reproduced with extensive emendations and improvements, and an elaborate introduction, which will be found of eminent service to those who wish to speak fluently and with correctness, the elegant language of which it treats. We shall have occasion at a future time to speak more at length upon the merits of the work, which will at an early day be laid before the public; but in the meantime we cannot too strongly recommend its objects to universal favour and consideration.