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# THE LITERARY GARLAND,

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## JANE REDGRAVE.\*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

### CHAPTER V.

Life is a riddle, puzzling most the brain  
Of those who strive the most to fathom it—  
Above, beneath, around on every side  
Man is encircled in an endless chain  
Of mysteries and miracles.

MRS. DUNSTANVILLE did not exactly chide Rosamond for the abrupt visit of her friend Jane Redgrave; but she coldly hinted that she must not stay another day, and in order to facilitate a separation as soon as possible, she offered the loan of a conveyance to take her back to——. New to the world and all its crooked policy, Rosamond felt hurt at the indifference manifested by her aunt towards one whom she had been used from a child, to consider as one of the excellent of the earth. She could not imagine why her misfortunes should have branded the character of Jane Redgrave with an indelible stain, and rendered her, in the eyes of the virtuous, a most improper companion for the young girl whom her disinterested benevolence had rescued from ruin. Jane Redgrave had suffered too much from the injustice and cruelty of mankind, not to understand the hint.

"Yes, my beloved," she cried, "your rich aunt is right. We must part. It was wrong in me, a proscribed wretch, to follow you here; but nature overcame prudence. My heart yearned so to see you, that its throbbings could not be restrained. Guard well your heart, my daughter, for out of it are the issues of life. Be not betrayed, my Rosamond, into giving away its warm affections to a thing of naught. Passion

is a bad reasoner; if it is once suffered to usurp the sovereignty of the mind, you become the unresisting puppet of its will. It is like the mariner who should yield the helm to a blind man, who is unacquainted with the rocks and shoals which surround his vessel."

"Your fate, dear friend, shall be my warning, and my safe-guard," said Rose, once more tenderly embracing her. "Better days are in store for us, when we shall meet under the same roof to part no more. I was not born in the fashionable world, nor will I ever belong to it sufficiently to cast from me the mother of my orphan youth—Adieu—my blessing and the blessing of God be with you."

The chaise which was to convey Jane Redgrave to her peaceful home, whirled rapidly through the stately park; and Rose lingered on the steps to wipe the tears from her eyes, before she entered the drawing room.

Mr. Bradshawe met her at the door, and shook her heartily by the hand. "Are you prepared, my dear young lady, for your London trip? Your aunt and I propose commencing our journey to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Ah! I see you do not like leaving the country in the season of fruits and flowers. Or master Edgar, with his silent attentions,—does that make you blush? In London now, you will find lovers more anxious to talk than you will be to listen. You will often wish, while pestered with the impertinent nonsense of some well dressed fortune-hunting fool, that you were deaf and dumb."

"I shall wish myself possessed of one of these

infringities, if you teaze me just now, I feel so cross and miserable; having just parted with my old friend and protectress," said Rose, taking the seat he offered her.

"Well, that is candid. I like you, little girl, for speaking the truth. There is something so fresh and new, and natural about it, when compared with the sophistry and blarney of people of the world."

"God forbid that I should live in an atmosphere of lies," said Rose, "and increase the moral pestilence by my own bad example."

"Little girl, from whom did you learn those noble sentiments?"

"From that dear and injured woman, whose society you look upon as contamination," said Rose glancing towards her aunt with a flushed cheek.

"It is a delicate subject which we cannot discuss here, Rose," said Mrs. Dunstanville; "but the time will come, my dear child, when you will admit the propriety of your separation, although blinded by your affection, you cannot understand it now."

"Of whom does she speak?" asked the lawyer.

"Of Army's mistress,"

"His wife! Aunt, his wife! You know how he deceived her," cried Rose, in an agony.

"Silence, Rosamond! She was his mistress before she was his unlawful wife. These are stern facts, which you should ever bear in mind."

"Good God! madam, do you suffer such a preson to haunt your virtuous niece?" asked Mr. Bradshawe, in undisguised horror.

"It is to her I owe my life. But for her humanity, I must have perished in some miserable workhouse; or made one among the living dead in these immoral nurseries of vice and degradation," cried the indignant Rose. "Yes it is to her wise and pious training, that I am indebted for all the good which I possess; while, with tears and prayers, she tried to eradicate all that was low and evil. You cannot induce me by your arguments, drawn from the maxims of the world, which you even now, Sir, affected to despise, to turn my back upon my best friend. While life continues to warm this heart, it shall never cease to throb with love and gratitude for her!" Unable to control her tears, she started abruptly from her chair and left the room. In the hall, she encountered Edgar. Shocked at beholding her in tears, he caught her hand, and endeavored to detain her; at that moment Rose felt an antipathy, on Jane Redgrave's account, to all mankind; and snatching her hand from him, she rushed up stairs, and sought in the retirement of her own chamber

an excuse for her tears. About an hour had elapsed, when a slight knock at the door roused her from her stupor of grief. It was Mrs. Derby.

The good woman had come to assist her in preparing for her journey on the morrow, and in a few minutes they were immersed in all the muddles and mysteries of packing.

"Oh! I shall miss your sweet face to-morrow," said Mrs. Derby. "How dull the Park will appear when you are gone."

"And I," said Rose, "shall always remember you with grateful affection, not only for your kindness to me, Mrs. Derby, but for your love for poor Jane Redgrave."

"I hate to call her by that name," said the good woman with a sigh; "nor does it rightly belong to her. I cannot bear to think that my beautiful, amiable little Jane Woodley should become the victim of a treacherous villain!"

"Hush!" said Rose, laying her finger upon her lips. "That villain was my father."

"Your pardon, Miss Rose. It is a sad story to think on. A real tragedy, as our curate said when he first heard it."

"You surely don't talk to Mr. Blundell on these distressing family secrets?"

"Secrets! why, my dear young lady, these things are no secrets, but are known to the whole neighbourhood. If people act imprudently, they must expect their neighbours will talk of them. It is one of the natural punishments of crime. I was frightened out of my life, for fear our footmen should find out who Mrs. Redgrave was; and for the old love I bore her, I said nothing about her until after she was gone."

"You did not then betray her?"

"Why, what harm could it do her, talking about her, when she was gone! She did not hear me, or know anything about it."

Rose remained thoughtful and silent. She had just learned a painful lesson. How imprudent it is in any one to make confidants of servants, however well disposed they may appear. To hear themselves talk, and to be able to tell a tale in which they have been supposed to act a prominent part, they will betray their best friends and benefactors. Rose had been about to confide some of her troubles to Mrs. Derby, but the idea that the curate and the footmen would be the partakers of her confidence, silenced her for ever.

The next morning the family breakfasted at sunrise, Mrs. Dunstanville and Mr. Bradshawe in their travelling dresses, while the bonnet and shawl of Rose occupied a table near the window, to be assumed the moment their meal was concluded. Edgar, who had learned of their depart-

ture, from Mrs. Dunstanville, on the preceding evening, made one at the table, looking paler and sadder than usual. He ate nothing, and scarcely took his eyes off Rose for a moment, who, in order to conceal her own emotion, continued to chat to the lawyer, with an air of assumed gaiety until the party rose to go.

Edgar took her hand. His lips moved convulsively, as if the mighty feeling which swelled his young heart would force them to give utterance to the imprisoned torrent of words which crowded his brain. He gazed into her face with his whole soul in those dark, mournful eyes, and slipping a letter into her hand, he pressed the hand passionately to his lips and heart, and without waiting for symbolic word or sign in reply, turned weeping away.

"God bless you!" Edgar, murmured Rosamond, as if the deaf could hear. She might as well have spoken to the dead. Young Hartland was no longer in sight, and with moistened eyes she entered the travelling carriage.

For some minutes she remained silent and abstracted, and when she raised her head, they were already beyond the precincts of Bramby Park.

"Shall I ever behold it again!" she said unconsciously aloud.

"I hope so, and before another year is past," said Mrs. Dunstanville. "I expect that your grandmother will find you too like your hateful aunt and father, to wish to retain you long."

"How many years is it since you last met?" asked Mr. Bradshawe.

"Twenty at least."

"You will scarcely know each other."  
"Ah! my dear Sir—love may forget—hatred never! I should recognize my *esteemed* sister, under a nun's hood, the last dress upon earth such a vain, fantastic woman, would be likely to assume."

"Odder changes than that take place sometimes," resumed the lawyer. "You remember Maria Crawford, the dashing beauty of Brighton, some years ago, who nearly succeeded in flirting my old friend Captain Dunstanville out of his allegiance to pretty Rosamond Sternfield."

"Well," said the old lady, rather impatiently. "What of her? She was a showy girl—but the beauty I deny. Dunstanville was only taken with her for one night, and that night's folly nearly lost him his wife."

"Ah! now—don't be jealous at your years, my dear friend."

"I hate all unpleasant reminiscences," said Mrs. Dunstanville, shaking her shoulders, "and

am woman enough at sixty, to dislike a rival, whom the man I loved, once thought pretty. But quick—tell me what has become of her. Did she marry; or is she an old maid?"

"She married an Irish adventurer, who treated her very ill, and the other day she was dipped for a baptist. What a change! thought I, who happened to be at ———, on business, and stepped into the chapel to witness the ceremony. "Can that ugly, dripping, sanctified looking old hag, be the beauty of Brighton forty years ago—the admired of all admirers?" and I returned to mine inn, determined, while the reflective mood lasted, to write an essay on the inconsistency of all women."

"What a loss to the world, that you did not," said the old lady, resuming her good humor. "But Maria should not be ugly and wrinkled; she is not much older than me."

"But you are a wonderful woman, Mrs. Dunstanville. Quite a Venus for seventy," said the provoking lawyer.

"Seventy! Surely Bradshawe you make a mistake. Bless me—how fast time flies. Yes! you were an awkward boy at my wedding, and are turned of fifty yourself. 'Tis a melancholy thing to grow old."

Rose was greatly amused by this little dialogue; she did not imagine that such a sensible woman as her aunt could be so weak as to be ashamed of her age—of all follies, the most common, and which people are the least able to conceal. Jewels and paint, and dress, false teeth, and false hair, and all the little artifices to which both sexes resort, to hide that which, if spent in wisdom's ways, should be a crown of glory to them, will never effectually conceal the wrinkles of time, the hollow cheeks, and rayless eyes; the voice, the carriage, and the manners, are all alike affected by the spoiler; and it is only when the mind retains its youthful freshness and vigor, that the aged can cheat us into the belief that they are yet in their prime.

The day proved cloudy and wet, and our travellers were well pleased when their first hundred miles were accomplished; and after a good supper, they retired to rest for the night, expecting to finish their journey by noon the following day, which proved as wet, as dull, and as comfortable as the preceding one.

"Is this London!" exclaimed the disappointed Rose, as the carriage slowly threaded its way through the intricacies and dangers of the crowded city. And who amongst us, who ever entered London by the great eastern road, upon a wet, foggy day, has not made the same exclamation; and turned from the dark, dingy wilderness of

houses, looming through the murky atmosphere, with feelings of uncontrollable disgust.

The first look was enough for our young traveller. Folding her arms and sinking back on the seat, she fell into a fit of sad forebodings, until after an hour's jumbling over the stones, they stopped before a handsome dwelling in Grosvenor Square, and Mrs. Dunstanville roused up Rosamond from her reverie, by informing her that their journey was at an end.

Their arrival had been anticipated. The carriage had scarcely stopped, before the door was answered by a respectable man, in a dark livery, who conducted them through a handsome hall, and up a marble staircase, whose spacious landings were graced by fine statues, holding chandeliers of silver, of the most elegant workmanship. At the head of the first flight, they were met by a young lady, in a white morning dress, who announced herself as Miss Morton, and conducted them into the drawing room, where her aunt, a little old woman, wrapped up in a magnificent cashmere shawl, was reclining in an easy chair—her head propped by pillows; a beautiful little spaniel sharing the ottoman that supported her feet, while a large Bible lay open upon the small table on which her right hand rested. Her face was so thin and pale, and the skin so transparent, that every blue vein in her once beautiful forehead was painfully distinct.

"Sister!—Can this be you?" said Mrs. Dunstanville, not a little affected by the unexpected change which twenty years had wrought in her once proud, capricious relative.

"I am altered—but I hope for the better. Rosamond," said Mrs. Sternfield, mildly. "Is this sweet, innocent-looking girl, poor Armin's child?" she continued, while tears stole down her pale, thin cheeks. She held out her hand to Rosamond, who was so overcome by the difference which appeared in her real, and her imagined grandmother, that she could not resist the impulse which nature prompted, and flinging her arms gently round the old lady's neck, she kissed her cheek with as much reverence as a good Catholic would have done the feet of a saint.

The old lady whom sickness, and long and deep repentance for the past, and the holy aid of sincere and heart-felt religion, had made so different to the Mrs. Sternfield whom Mrs. Dunstanville had once known and hated, now introduced her niece, Miss Morton, to her long estranged sister-in-law; and expressing a hope that Marianne and Rosamond would be good friends, she begged the former to conduct the new-comers to their respective apartments, to

enjoy some rest after the fatigue of their long journey. Here they found coffee and refreshments awaiting them, and Miss Morton was so agreeable and chatty, that Rose soon found herself quite at home.

"These are your apartments, Miss Sternfield. Are they not charming?" said her cousin, throwing open the folding doors that led into an elegantly furnished boudoir, arranged with the most exquisite neatness and taste. "See what it is to be an heiress. For the last month, I have been taxing the ingenuity of my brain to render this *bijou* of a room fit for your reception. My poor aunt being too much of an invalid to trouble herself about such matters, she entrusted the whole arrangement of them to me, and has not once inspected my work. Very mortifying you will say, but if you are pleased with the furniture and decorations, I am more than repaid.

Rose expressed in the warmest terms her unfeigned delight. She could hardly imagine herself the mistress of such a superb suite of apartments, and questioned, in her own mind, the propriety of so much money having been expended in luxuries, in order to please a poor country girl.

Glancing round the spacious bed-room she was henceforth to call her own, she thought that she would have preferred her white dimity bed-hangings in the country, and the casement of diamond-cut glass over which the rose and jessamine threw lovingly their fragrant branches, to the large French windows, and the canopied bed, with its heavy draperies of gold-colored satin damask, trimmed with rich fringes of silver. Tears filled her eyes, and an expression of deep sadness stole over her fine countenance.

"Why all this profusion and magnificence lavished upon me?" said Rose. "The solemn state of these splendidly furnished rooms will weigh upon my spirit, and render me unhappy. I shall sigh for the green fields and the fresh air, and the blessed freedom of a humble and laborious life. Here I shall become utterly useless to myself and others."

Something like a sneer curled the lip of Miss Morton; she smiled sarcastically as she replied:

"You will soon be reconciled to the change, and enjoy it; but you must not look for pleasures or amusements at home. We are the dullest set of people in the world. My aunt is a devotee, and half her time is spent upon her knees. She looks upon all innocent recreations as sinful; and though I have been more than five years in her house, she has never given a single ball. I would have left her long ago, but I have no other home, and my presence has become so essential to her comfort, that she cannot part

with me. Your arrival I have looked forward to as an epoch in my life; I trust we shall be friends, for though you are rich, and I am poor, we are very nearly related to each other."

"I will not acknowledge the relationship," said Rose, "unless you remind me of it, by calling me cousin. Remember, I am never Miss Sternfield to you, but plain Cousin Rose, and you shall be Marianne. Will you promise me this?"

"Yes, with pleasure—I am sure we shall love each other."

"I hope so. I have long wished for a friend of my own age, and I rejoice in having found one in you."

Pause one moment, poor, unsophisticated country girl! before you put faith in that handsome, but sinister countenance. Marianne Morton has not a truth-telling face like thine, which reflects, as the lake does the Heavens, every star that shines upon it, every dark cloud that floats above its surface. There is no reflection of the glory of God in that apparently frank, but shut up heart. Her real thoughts and feelings are not for others; they are dark as the night of death, taught in the silent schools of hypocrisy and cunning. She loves thee not. She cannot love aught so unlike herself. She wishes thee far, far away in the dust of oblivion, for thou art come to mar all her deep schemes of self-interest and worldly aggrandizement, and the angel of this world will triumph for a while, and give thee an unresisting victim into her power.

Rose knew little of the intricacies of the human heart; she judged others by a higher standard than herself, and having been brought up in obscurity, she fancied that every one who possessed polished manners, and a dignified appearance, was her superior. Delighted with the beauty and courtesy of Marianne Morton, she rushed eagerly into the friendship she offered, and gave her her confidence without the least mental reservation.

Rosamond did not see her grandmother again that day. The meeting had been too much for the old lady's delicate nerves, and the evening was spent in her own apartment with Mrs. Dunstanville and Marianne. On the morrow, after a conference of several hours in private with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dunstanville took a tender leave of her niece, begging her to write frequently to Bramby, and let her know how she was coming on.

Rose wept bitterly at parting with her aunt, whom she loved much, and looked upon as a sincere friend.

"Any message for Edgar?" asked the old lady in a whisper.

"Edgar!" exclaimed Rose thoughtfully, for until that moment she had forgotten the letter he had given her at parting. "I forgot all about Edgar!"

"So soon!" said the old lady, gravely. "Poor Edgar!"

"Give my love to him, Aunt, and tell him I have not had time to read his letter, but I will answer it when I write to you."

"How is this, my child, are you in correspondence with Mr. Hartland, and I not know it?"

Rose stammered and blushed deeply.

"Aunt," she said, "you shall know all about it. I have no secrets from you. I do not love Edgar Hartland. He is my friend—as such I may answer his letter."

"If you do not love him, Rosamond, it is most cruel to encourage hopes which can never be realized. Remember, he is not like other men; he cannot speak his grief; sorrow and disappointment would break his heart."

"Ah!" said Rose, sighing deeply, "he must not be unhappy on my account—I will write and tell him so."

As she ceased speaking, she caught the eye of Miss Morton bent sarcastically upon her, and in spite of the friendship she had conceived for Marianne, she shrank from its scornful, searching gaze.

"Who is this Mr. Hartland?" she asked of Rosamond, the moment they were once more alone.

"A deaf and dumb gentleman, of large fortune, who resides at Oak Hall, near my aunt's."

"And he has fallen in love with my pretty cousin?"

"Yes," said Rose, with the greatest simplicity, "and I am very sorry for him, for he is very handsome, and very talented, and an excellent young man."

"Humph! pity, they say, is the parent of love; but for Heaven's sake, Cousin Rose, do not mar your fortunes, by marrying a deaf and dumb man, out of pity. Ha! ha! ha! the thing is so absurd that it amuses me. Come now, do tell me all about this romantic adventure. This tongue-tied Adonis! There's a dear little rustic."

Rose did not much like this sort of bantering, but in the hope of exculpating herself from blame, she informed her new friend of all that had passed between Edgar and herself, and Marianne diverted herself with a hearty laugh at her expense.

"I hope you will make a conquest of my saintly cousin, Arthur Walbrook," said Marianne, still laughing. "I should enjoy no greater fun,

than seeing our lame hermit paying his devotions to the blind pagan deity, falsely named a God. It would be such charity, you know, to smile upon the *halt* as well as the *deaf*. Poor fellows! They both labor under such physical disadvantages. The one could not run after you, the other cannot speak his love. But you are such a dear little compassionate soul, you would be sure to have pity for both. As for me, I deny the power of love. A sensible woman should never own to such weakness. I never saw the man yet, I should like to see in his night cap."

Rose could not help smiling at this sally, though she did not think it exactly right to laugh at the personal defects of others.

"Who is Arthur Walbrook?"

"Oh! I must not anticipate. You will see the gentleman at dinner. He is my aunt's ghostly confessor, and my particular enemy. So, my dear Rose, if you profess any friendship for me, you must not fall in love with Arthur Walbrook. I hear my aunt's bell ring, so, adieu for the present."

Away walked the beautiful dependent, with the step and gait of an arch-duchess; and once alone, Rose drew from her bosom Edgar's forgotten letter.

"When your eyes fall upon these lines, Rosamond, traced by an uncertain and faltering hand, you will be far from the pleasant bowers of Bramby—far from one, to whom you are as dear as the glorious frame of nature, that magnificent embodiment of the love and power of God. Yes! my hand falters, but my heart is firm. I have wrestled all night with the giant passion that consumes me, and the idol self lies bleeding and vanquished, at the shrine of duty. When Providence set me apart, and made me to differ from others, she never intended me to make my infirmities a burthen to my fellow-creatures. I feel this keenly. I know that I labor under insurmountable disadvantages, that it would be cruel to excite your pity, to urge you to share your bright destiny with one whose condition is hopeless and humiliating. Beloved friend! sister of my soul! I will speak of love no more. I will try and banish from memory the fatal truth, to bury the arrow that rankles in my breast, in the silent depths of my heart, for ever. To convince you that I am sincere—that I ask and hope for no sacrifice on your part—that I would no longer listen to such concessions if you were willing to make them—I leave Oak Hall to-morrow for Italy, and mean to travel in company with my old tutor, for some years. Adieu! May good angels watch over you, and keep you as pure and unspotted from the world, as you are at

this moment. If in this world we should ever meet again, it will be as friends—tried and true; but lovers, no more! Yours, in the sincerity of truth,

EDGAR.

CHAPTER VI.

I do mistrust you—fear the searching glance  
Of that dark piercing eye. The fitful smile  
That curls that proud lip ne'er was born of mirth,  
But speaks the very bitterness of scorn.

ROSAMOND read and re-read this letter, and if tears fell fast upon the page, it was more in admiration for the noble character of the writer, than from regret that she was no longer to look upon him as her lover. He had denied himself, denied her, had done that which reason and duty dictated, and she felt he had sacrificed the hopes dearest to him upon earth to secure her happiness, and she pressed the letter fervently to her lips, and inwardly prayed God to bless and reward the writer. She was yet in this attitude when Miss Morton entered.

"How! not dressed for dinner—and in tears—Cousin Rosamond! Your grandmother is impatient to see you. Come, I must see the charming epistle that has clouded those blue eyes with such an unfashionable moisture," and she twitched Edgar's letter from Rosamond's resisting hand. "Humph—sentimental and sensible at the same time. I hope you duly appreciate the sublime resignation of the writer. Well, he is right. What business has a man to burthen a lovely girl with his infirmities. If you had been the poor country girl now, it would have been kind and generous to have offered you a share of his splendid home and fortune, in compensation for the dullness of being help-mate and mouth-piece to a deaf and dumb gentleman. But to make love to a beautiful heiress! Faugh! the thing is selfish in the extreme. I am glad he is sensible of the folly, and hope that you will be reasonable enough to thank him for his discernment."

"You are too severe, Cousin Marianne, but I forgive you. You never loved,"—and taking the arm of her tall cousin, Rosamond descended the stairs and found herself in the dining-room.

Her grandmother was already at the head of the table, while the place at the foot was occupied by a middle-aged man of short stature, and slight, spare figure, who rose to meet the ladies, and conducted Rosamond to her seat, at the right hand of Mrs. Sternfield, who introduced her young relative to her nephew, Mr. Walbrook.

During the removes, Mrs. Sternfield asked



Rosamond many questions about her childhood, which were answered with so much frankness and simplicity, that they won many an approving smile from Mr. Walbrook, and many a half-veiled sneer from her *vis-à-vis*.

"You are a great lover of nature, Miss Sternfield," he said, bending upon her the intent gaze of a singularly intelligent, though plain countenance.

"Who is not?" returned Rosamond, with animation. "Nature is truth. A book laid open by the hand of God, and written in a language that all his creatures may read and understand without the aid of study. When I cease to love Nature, may I cease to be her child."

"Bravo! young enthusiast! Hold fast such sentiments, and thou shalt be the child of Nature, and the child of God."

"Did you ever meet with any one, Mr. Walbrook, who was indifferent to the beauties of creation?"

"Alas! but too many, in this great city,

"Of splendour and wretchedness,"

"There are multitudes whose hearts are so hardened by dissipation and pleasure, by selfish indulgence, and indifference to their own spiritual wants and the wants of others, that they no longer receive impressions from the simple and beautiful scenes of Nature, who like birds of evil omen, shut out light and sunshine, and prefer the red glare of the crowded halls of fashion to the light of day. I hope my cousin Rosamond will never be among these?"

"Nay! God forbid that I should become such a miserable creature," said Rosamond. "I think I should soon die if I were shut out from the country forever, and were condemned to gaze upon stone walls and narrow streets, instead of lofty trees, green grass and flowing streams."

"You were happy at Bramby, then?" said Mrs. Sternfield.

"Yes! but happier still in my humble home, because I did not feel out of my station as I did at Bramby, and as I do here."

"Would you like to return to the country?"

"Not yet, grandmamma. I want to know and love you."

"God bless the child!" said the old lady, overcome to tears. "I have not deserved this from Armin's child. Oh! the past, the past, Arthur! Oh! that I could recall the past!" she said, in mournful tones, as her nephew led her from the room.

"Well, thank goodness! I am not troubled with an evil conscience," said Marianne, shrugging her shoulders and looking up to the stuccoed

ceiling, "and I hate scenes. So you must cry to keep aunt company. A merry set we shall soon be, Miss Sternfield," she said, with an air of mock gravity. "In the absence of beaux, permit me the honor of taking wine with you—port or sherry?"

"Neither," said Rosamond, coldly.

"Phoo, child! you must go through the form. Now for the bow—that stupid piece of ill-acted formality. Now do it gracefully, I beseech you, as befits the heiress of Westholme. Not with a sudden, undignified jerk, as if you meant to strike the bottle with your nose, nor with a formal stiff inclination of the head, as if you were afraid your comb would fall out upon the table, and you were endeavouring to keep your perpendicular in order to prevent it; nor with a mincing, affected smirk, as if you were doing the gentleman (that is me, if you please,) great honor; nor with a languishing, die-away air, as if you were making love to him."

"And how is it to be done?" asked the wondering Rosamond.

"Done—why just as you see me do it," and with an easy, graceful inclination of her proud head, Miss Morton bowed to Rosamond, and drank off her glass of wine, as Mr. Walbrook re-entered the room.

"After dinner, Miss Sternfield, your grandmother wishes your company in the drawing-room. She is greatly agitated just now. Any allusion to the melancholy fate of her family affects her. You must excuse her absence from table."

"Poor grandmother!" said Rosamond; "how deeply I feel for her."

"Yes! she is indeed an object of deep commiseration in one sense, and of hope and assurance in another," said Mr. Walbrook. "It is a melancholy thing to look back upon a long life, and to find memory only allied to the keenest self reproaches and remorse. To find no green oasis in the vast desert of useless, mispent years, in which the soul can rest for one moment with a consciousness of having done its duty to God or man. On the other hand, it is a comfort to see the mercy of God water with late repentance and sincere and humble faith, this barren unprofitable track, and bid the roses of virtue bloom in the winter of old age and desolation."

"And what effected this great change in my grandmother's moral character?"

"We must attribute it to the grace of God. For so wrapped up in frivolity—so wedded to the world, was Mrs. Sternfield, that nothing less than divine interposition could save her from the moral death of the wicked. God worked through

various means for her conversion, and though no outward miracle was manifested, the effect produced by simple agents, was not less miraculous."

Miss Morton turned away to conceal a yawn, as Rosamond, rising from the table, begged Mr. Walbrook to conduct her to her grandmother.

In the drawing-room she found Mrs. Sternfield, standing before a large oil painting, with the tears still wet upon her cheeks, and her hands clasped tightly together, as if the contemplation of it created in her breast no ordinary degree of interest. The picture represented two fine lads, from seventeen to nineteen years of age, and Rosamond instantly recognized in the bright blue eyes, and dark curling locks of the younger, her own father. His right hand held a gun, his left rested upon the head of a beautiful hound. The animated, speaking glance of the youthful sportsman was so life-like, that Rosamond, forgetting the presence of her aged relative, exclaimed:

"My father!"

"Aye! your father, and my son. God confided these two immortal souls to my care, and I betrayed the awful trust. The elder died by the hand of the younger. And the younger—God only knows his end. I heard that he was dead. What was his fate?"

"It is supposed that he was accidentally drowned," said Rosamond, shuddering, as the awful history of Jane Redgrave rose to her mind. "It is a sad tale, grandmamma. The recital filled me with agony, who never knew him as my father." She paused, and looked anxiously in the pale face of her aged relative. "But how would you bear it?"

"It is a burthen laid upon me by the Lord—a just punishment for my sins, Rosamond; I must bear it as best I may. He who awoke me to a consciousness of my guilt, will give me strength to endure the chastisement of His hand. Much have I longed to know the facts connected with Armin's fate, but there was no one to whom I could apply, who was at all acquainted with the last years of his life, and who could satisfy the cravings of my heart. An unfortunate difference had existed between me and Mrs. Dunstanville, and pride forbade me to enquire of one who had been the cause of the painful separation which had taken place between my son and me."

"How was that?" said Rosamond, not a little surprised. "I thought that my aunt was the only friend my father had in his own family."

"My dear child, in all family quarrels there are faults on all sides. I do not wish to extenuate myself in any way, but to be able to judge accurately on any difficult subject, it is necessary to hear what both parties have to advance.

"When I married your father, I was a young giddy creature, just emancipated from the irksome confinement of one of those hot-beds of immorality and folly, a fashionable boarding school. Your grandfather met me at my first public ball, took a fancy to my pretty face, and what he termed elegant manners, and without knowing aught of the mind of the thoughtless young creature that had captivated his fancy, in six weeks led me to the altar to fill the important station of a wife. I was as ignorant of the duties required of me as the infant in the cradle. Your aunt was double my age, and had been married for some years; she possessed over the mind of your grandfather the influence of a mother, more than that of a sister. The only thing in which he had ever failed to consult her was his marriage with me, and from the moment she received me as his bride, she conceived a deep-rooted dislike to me, which I was too proud to attempt to soften. In short, I perceived her aversion, and as I considered it unjust, it was repaid with interest. I had no mother to advise me how to act—my only sister, whom I loved with great tenderness, had made an unfortunate run-away match with the son of one of my father's tenants. She had been discarded by her family, and had gone, no one knew whither, and I was left without a female counsellor, to follow the dictates of my own inclinations. Your aunt treated me in every way as inferior in intellect to herself, and tried to assume the management of my house. This I resisted, and brought upon myself the ill-will of my husband, who, after a while, openly espoused his sister's quarrel. My temper, naturally irritable, became daily worse. I longed to revenge myself upon my persecutors, and the only way in which I could obtain the satisfaction I desired, was by thwarting and contradicting my husband and sister-in-law. This state of things continued until after the birth of my eldest son, whom I received as a treasure sent from heaven, upon whom I could lavish all the slighted affections of my bruised and indignant heart. I openly avowed that he was dearer to me than anything upon earth, which called forth many bitter and satirical remarks from my husband and his sister.

"It is no wonder, Edward," she said, "that Mrs. Sternfield should prefer your son to his father. The child is the picture of herself, and with her usual egotism, she will love it for its mother's sake." My husband answered with a scornful smile.

"If the boy when he grows up, is foolish enough to place any reliance upon her affection, he will be deceived, as I have been."

"Ah! Rosamond, those who accused me of sel-

fishness and apathy, knew not, and never can know, the agony that those cruel words awoke in my young heart. I all but cursed the being who uttered them, who until that moment, in spite of all our bickerings, was dearer to me than anything in the world. My outraged feelings were rendered more bitter by the contemptuous laugh of Mrs. Dunstanville, as she replied.

"What stability can be expected from a butterfly?"

"The persons who uttered these useless invectives doubtless soon forgot them, and thought they had done no wrong; while the heart they had insulted and wronged treasured them with a memory too keenly alive to the never-dying agony they inflicted.

"During the following year Armyn was born; and Mrs. Dunstanville, from a fancied resemblance which she imagined the child bore to herself, though in reality he more nearly resembled me, than his brother, adopted him as her son in opposition to the elder child, (for she was now a widow,) and the heir of her large possessions. Oh, unfortunate predilection! choice fraught with confusion and misery to all! From the first moment that the child could step or utter a sound, a rivalry was established between him and his brother.

"Is he not handsomer than Mrs. Sternfield's darling? Is he not a beautiful, intellectual-looking creature, as superior to that stupid, red and white, spoilt Edward, as light is to darkness? Yes, you are your Aunt Rosamond's own boy—your father's image,—and shall be her heir."

"Words like these were constantly addressed to my younger son, in my hearing; until, shame to say, the mother died out of my heart, and a stern hatred succeeded the first deep emotions of maternal love. The child was constantly associated in my mind with his aunt, who, good and kind as she really was to others, had been a bitter enemy to me; and I loathed him for her sake. Idolizing my eldest son, who was the only thing left in the world for me to love, I regarded his rival as a serpent in my path, and I verily believe, that had he died, I should scarcely have felt a pang of regret for his loss, or shed one tear over his remains. So far did this vindictive feeling carry me, that I almost wished that he might turn out ill, in order to disappoint the extravagant expectations of his adopted mother.

"Your grandfather's affections had long been alienated from me, through the misrepresentations of his sister, and though we took our meals at the same board, and went out in public together, it was only to save appearances; we had

been separated privately from the time that Armyn first awoke my jealousy with respect to his brother, and the spirit of discord had kindled her hottest brand in our unhappy home.

This painful state of things was terminated by the death of my husband; and I became my own mistress, as the large fortune I brought him had been settled upon myself. Since the day of his funeral, Mrs. Dunstanville and I never met, until yesterday, although some correspondence relative to her adopted son, during the time he was at College, passed between us. My eldest son was a gay, dissipated youth, and possessed a better capacity than his much-vaunted brother, but his temper, like my own, was proud and irritable, and could not bear anything in the shape of ridicule. Armyn possessed the ready wit, and sarcastic spirit of his father; which was fostered and admired by his aunt, with whom he generally spent the holidays. I did not love him, and I doubt not, that my manner towards him was cold and forbidding. He often taunted me with my preference for his brother; and the day before poor Edward's death, he told me, that, 'God would severely punish me for my injustice. That he would yet be avenged for my unnatural conduct to him.'

"Alas! instead of conciliating his bitter spirit, I replied that I feared him not. That his birth had occasioned all the misery of my life, and I looked upon him as my worst enemy. I never had remarked any particular hostility in the boys to each other. If they fell out, they were so nearly matched in strength, that the exchange of a few blows generally settled the difference between them, and Armyn's hatred to me was more the effect of his Aunt's training than any natural aversion on his part.

"The morning of that fearful catastrophe, that saw me worse than childless, they went out shooting together, apparently good friends; but neither ever returned to the home of their infancy as they went forth. Uneasy at their long delay, I sent the servants in all directions in search of them, and towards night-fall, I met in the park a mournful procession, bearing the dead body of my murdered son."

"Oh! say not murdered!" exclaimed Rose, catching Mrs. Sternfield's hand and bending upon her, her large tearful eyes. "It was purely accidental. My poor father to the last maintained that such was the case."

"Why did he fly then?"

"Ah! that was such a natural result. The threats he had foolishly and sinfully used towards you—the frantic grief that he could not bear to witness—the reproaches which he had

not fortitude to bear. Oh! Mother! Mother! what could he do? Surely, in his place, I had done as he did."

"Would that I could think so!" said Mrs. Sternfield. "But no, his flight, his utter abandonment of his friends and fortune, prove to me the extent of his guilt. And I, alas! this is to me the most painful thought of all, in my fierce agony for the death of my beloved son, I sought with a burning and vindictive hatred the life of the unfortunate murderer. How he eluded the officers of justice is to me no small matter of surprise, for I offered large rewards privately to persons whom I thought most likely to trace him to his retreat, for I felt that the death of his brother could only be appeased by the blood of Armin. He avoided every snare and escaped unpunished. Thank God he did so. But, I—I—was I not equally guilty of his death? And now, when the love of Christ has softened and humbled this proud heart to the dust, and converted my former hatred into an indulgent compassion and regret, and I look upon the beautiful, frank countenance of my despised and neglected son, I feel that I could give worlds, if I possessed them, to fold him to my aching bosom and call him mine."

Rose and her grandmother both wept, and it was some time before either could regain sufficient composure to resume the conversation. "Rosamond," said the latter, at length wiping her eyes, "I feel for you, all the love which ought to have been your father's; but, my dear child, can you ever forgive me for my cruel unkindness to him?" Rose could not speak; she took the old lady's hand, and pressed it to her lips.

"I read your heart, Rosamond, and deeply grateful am I for its decision. May God bless and preserve it pure from the contamination of the world. Now tell me, dear child, all you know of your father's painful history."

"Not now, dear grandmother, whispered Rose. "Your heart is too sore to listen and mine to relate; I will tell you all to-morrow. Let us talk no more on this dreadful subject to-night."

"You are right," said the old lady with a sigh, and now Rosamond I wish to speak to you about your studies. I do not wish to send you to a public school; I know what these establishments are, from painful experience. Due attention is paid to render the persons attractive, the manners easy and lady-like, and much time is expended upon accomplishments which are all very well as far as they go. But to moral training—to the education of the mind—nothing is given. Many a girl, like myself, leaves these seminaries with as little knowledge of their responsibility as

immortal and rational creatures, as if they had no account to render hereafter of the deeds done in the flesh, of their wasted and misused opportunities. To such a school my conscience cannot consent to send you. Music, French, and drawing can be obtained from masters at home, while that excellent and worthy man, Mr. Walbrook, has cheerfully consented to instruct you in all the higher branches of knowledge. Does this arrangement meet with your wishes? I would educate the last of my husband's direct descendants, as an heir for eternity, as well as for time. The one must perish, the other endure for ever. Happy are you, my child, if you can hold fast the one and retain the other, with the light grasp of one who only regards it as a loan lent for a while, to be returned with interest to the lawful owner."

"Dear grandmamma, you have anticipated my wishes; I feel that God has united us for a wise purpose, and I rejoice that we are not so soon to part."

(To be continued.)

## FAREWELL MY HARP.

BY W. C. S.

Oh! this is not the dwelling place—  
The home of song-strung hearts,  
This earth with all its mammon-chase,  
Ill suits the Poet's parts.  
Earthy, of earth, the grovelling crowd  
Insensate plod along,  
Unmindful of the blessed things  
That charm the sons of song.

And when his words, heartfelt, gush forth,  
His panting soul to ease—  
To tell of glories strewn on earth,  
And o'er the sky and seas—  
Who hears his sweet melodious strain?  
Who smoothes his rugged path?  
The worldling has no ear for such;—  
For such disdain he hath.

Then, farewell, harp! for I am poor,  
A stranger and alone:  
Thou once, in happy days my store,  
Fly to some favour'd one;  
The morning sun, that wont to send  
My fingers o'er thy strings  
Lights up the day, that galling toil,  
Not hope, inspiring, brings.

Then grant me this, O Father kind!  
The poet's ear no more—  
The poet's eye henceforth be blind—  
Take all the poet's store,—  
That I may live, not stranger-like—  
Thro' earth's wide desert roam;  
But 'mong the thoughtless, feelingless,  
Find earth, awhile, a home.

## A HAYTIAN DAY DREAM.

BY T. D. F.

HAYTI! The land of the citron and the mangrove, where the bright flowering cactus, and the stately palm, spring indigenous from the luxuriant soil—where the jasmine and the scarlet cordia wave their odorous flowers in the warm languid air! Land of coffee, and the sugar cane,—musical with the ever varying notes of the wild harmonious mocking bird—land of the fairy humming bird, and the gorgeous flamingo,—paradise of the monkey and the negro! Truly art thou the land of romance. Truly has both the deepest tragedy, and the brightest comedy of life been acted under the blue heavens which arch above thy varied and fertile hills. Thou hast echoed to the groan of the heavily tasked slave, writhing under the whip of the cruel overseer, or when the ties of affection have been rudely severed, and the wife and children sold to far removed bondage; thy hills have rung to the shriek and yell of the murdered white, when the too deeply wronged negro took into his own hand the fearful retribution for his own sufferings. Thy lofty trees have waved their leafy standards in sympathy with the wild shout of delight, which followed the cry of "Vive la liberté et Toussaint l'Ouverture!" which greeted thy Napoleon, the First Consul of Hayti, as nations acknowledged the freedom which his calm courage, and unswerving rectitude had won for his beloved island. Full of romance wert thou, oh, Hayti! in the days of the "ancien régime," when French gentlemen of rank lived gaily on thy luxuriant plantations, and fair demoiselles from la belle France, gave grace and vivacity to thy society; but none the less full of romance art thou now, when thy queens of love are not only dark-eyed, but dark-hued girls,—not descendants from the stately dames who claimed their natal place on the banks of the Guadalquivir, or less beautiful, though more sprightly, from the country of the sparkling Loire,—but from the gentle, though world-oppressed race of the Ethiop. Yes! romance still lingers in thy dark words, floats with thy water lilies, and works wonders of enchantment scarcely equalled by those achieved in days of old, when fairies and good genii haunted the world, watching over, and carefully guarding all the tender and beautiful threads which are

enwoven in the life of even the most working-day mortal.

These thoughts have been recalled by listening to a veritable romance which occurred in the beautiful Carribean Island of Hayti. It is not a very probable one, yet it is nevertheless true; and do not all who study human nature allow that the wildest imagination of the most imaginative poet can never exceed the truth; no word painting, however vivid, no grouping, however unnatural, can outvie the scenes and occurrences which are daily passing within the sphere of every one's own observation. But this is quite enough of an introduction to the simple sketch, whose only merit is its truth, and its exemplification of the wonder-working power of Don Cupid, in the glowing southern realms which seem to be his own especial domain.

"Why did he love her? Curious fool! be still,  
Is human love the growth of human will?"

"When in that moment, (so it came to pass)  
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass."

"Helen, I love thee! By my life! I do;  
I swear by that which I will lose for thee  
To prove him false, who says I love thee not."

*Shakespeare.*

"Annie," said Mr. Morrison, to his lovely young wife, as they were sitting over their breakfast table, sipping the fragrant coffee, and eating the delicious fruits which are so refreshing in a warm climate, "I shall invite Hermann Müller to dinner to-morrow, with three or four of our most distinguished merchants; he brought excellent letters; I have many transactions with his father's house in Hamburg, and I should like to render his residence on the island agreeable as possible; we will have the gentlemen to dinner, and as many ladies in the evening as you choose to collect, to make it pleasant and attractive."

"I am always ready for these réunions, Harry, and will cull the brightest spirits in our little circle; but Mr. Müller will not find much to interest him in the Haytian ladies, after the cultivated society he has been accustomed to in Hamburg; but I will do my best. Dancing and music I doubt not, he can enjoy,—for what German does not? and I am sure he could never have listened to sweeter

melody than that of many of the native ladies. So ask who you like, and I will gather the demoiselles, spirits black, white and grey—but *n'importe!* only Heaven grant he may not have the prejudice of color."

"No fear of that, Annie—few Europeans are tainted with it; they might not choose the most intimate associations of life to be among the blacks, but they have no shrinking from the common intercourse of society with them; besides, in coming to this island, Mr. Müller knew, of course, the society with which he would be brought in contact."

Preparations were made for the festive occasion, not very elaborate, for in that land of fruit and flowers, it needs only the directing hand of taste to produce a beautiful effect; bouquets of heliotrope, jasmine, the wax-like japonica and delicate orange flower, hobnobbed their fragrant cups above the table, while from every nook and corner, wreaths and vases of the rich tropical flowers peeped forth. The dinner hour came; all were assembled, save the guest for whose honor the company had been collected. The bell rang, every eye was turned to the door. In lieu of the handsome German a note was brought in and given to Mr. Morrison; it was an apology from Müller, regretting his utter inability to meet Mr. Morrison's friends that day. This was unfortunate; still the other guests had a pleasant dinner; mirth, festivity and song prevailed, and when they adjourned to the drawing-room, they were greeted by the welcome sight of ladies in their festal attire.

A singular spectacle would that drawing-room have presented to the European or North American eye, for every shade of color was there seen; the dark Italian, the olive Spaniard, the fair Anglo-Saxon, the Mulatto, with the hue of the bourrasseau apple, the Quadroon of lighter shade, with the carnation of the white man's blood playing beneath the scarcely shaded skin of the proscribed race; and here and there were mingled a few of the Ethiopian, the pure negro, their dark skin rendered more striking from the contrast presented by their dresses, which were white, with short sleeves and low necks, their crisp curling hair wreathed either with the fragrant buds of the orange, or the scarlet pomegranate, while pearls or coral decorated their ears, necks and arms; there were not many of them, for even in St. Domingo, the home, free *par excellence*, of the black, the full-blooded negro is looked down upon by the mingled races, and but few attain the happiness of associating in festive intercourse with them. The evening passed merrily with songs and dances, the gay spirits of

the buoyant, unthinking creoles ever bubbling up, like a clear mineral spring, needing no false excitement to keep up the glittering sparkles; there were many regrets that the handsome young German, who had been peeped at many a time and oft thought their jealousies, by the damsels fair and brown, was not there; but they did not suffer it to cloud their enjoyment.

A few days after the party, Mr. Müller called upon Mrs. Morrison, renewed his apologies for not having accepted her invitation, but gave no reason for it. Again, Mr. Morrison invited him, but with the like success, and finding him so pertinacious in his refusal, they determined to trouble him no further with attentions he seemed so strictly to decline.

A few days after the second party, as Mrs. Morrison was looking out from her window upon the little court-yard and garden, amid which her house was built, she was attracted by seeing her favorite attendant, a young mulatto girl she had brought from Philadelphia, to be her own *femme de chambre*, sitting on a garden seat, gazing intently upon a bouquet of flowers she held in her hand; she seemed almost to be reading them, so earnest was her gaze. Mrs. Morrison's curiosity was so excited by the girl's eagerness, and the unusual grace displayed in the arrangement of the flowers, that she could not refrain from speaking to her.

"Marah! Marah! where did you get these pretty flowers?—bring them to me."

The girl started suddenly as she heard the voice of her mistress, and dark and swarthy as was her skin, the blood could be seen mounting to her very temples, till her face and neck looked like glowing metal; she rose, and her first impulse seemed to be to hide the bouquet in her bosom, but apparently recollecting that as it had been really seen she could not escape observation, she obeyed her mistress, and soon presented herself and her bouquet before her. Mrs. Morrison took it and examined it with much interest; her practised eye could read the message intended to be conveyed by the arrangement of the flowers. In the centre was a graceful bunch of dwarf almond, signifying "Hope," blending with it the "Austrian rose," "thou art all that's lovely." "Confession" lurked in the delicate "moss bud," the "arbor vitae," entwined with the "bay," formed the background, signifying "live for me," for "I change only in dying;" the purple columbine and sky-hued convolvulus minor, the velvet pansy, the fragrant heliotrope, with the jonquil, white poppy, formed a pretty combination, which might be thus translated: "With the heliotrope, and rose bud, I confess my love and devotion to

thee; whilst the pansy shows that you, and you alone, occupy my thoughts; with the jonquil, I desire a return of affection; and the columbine expresses my firm resolve to win thee; the daisy is the fit emblem of your unconscious beauty; and the convolvulus my uncertainty and anxiety." The bouquet was tied with a blue ribbon, on the ends of which were written,

"Oh! what tender thoughts beneath  
These silent flowers are lying,  
Hid within its mystic wreath  
My love hath kissed in tying."

Mrs. Morrison looked at the girl, who stood half bending before her; she possessed none of the beauty which so often falls to the share of the mixed race; her features were heavy, the large lustrous eye and the white teeth were the only things that redeemed them from absolute plainness; she had a pleasant voice and a graceful winning manner. There was nothing in her to attract attention; she had been simply educated, and it was entirely impossible for her to comprehend the delicacy of the compliment conveyed in the flowering *billet doux*; she could not even read the delicate lines traced upon the ribbon.

"Where did you get these flowers, Marah?" asked Mrs. Morrison.

The girl hesitated, was confused, and then said with a faltering voice:

"I would rather not tell you, Madam, where they come from."

"I am sorry for it, Marah; I cannot force you to do it, but you must remember your position; because I have you so much about me, and allow you privileges, which few in your situation can have, you must not allow yourself to forget there is a wide difference between you and a refined gentleman, such as the arrangement of these flowers betokens. Even here where all races mingle, and the colour of the skin forms but a slight impediment to any marriage, you cannot hope for an alliance much above your present position, for you have not the advantage of being a native of the island, and I hope, Marah, you will remember what is due to me, your poor father and mother, and yourself, and keep from forming any connection, which will prevent my returning you to your parents as innocent as I received you. If I thought there was any danger to you I would send you home by the next vessel."

"Oh! no, Mrs. Morrison, do not fear any thing," said Marah. "I know very well how to behave; I cannot go wrong; I think I shall be willing soon to tell you everything, and then I can be guided by you."

"I hope so, Marah, for I dislike this mystery

about any one near me; to be plain, simple and straight forward is the only right way. Now go about your work, and think no more of these flowers, or of the person that sent them to you; they will not contribute at all to your happiness."

"I will try to do it, Madam," said the girl curtsying humbly, "and if you please I will leave the posies here," and she took a small flower vase from the table, filled it with water, and putting the bouquet into it, she left the room; and Mrs. Morrison soon heard her singing gaily away, while she was pursuing her domestic avocations.

"Light hearted thing," thought Mrs. Morrison, "nothing will trouble her very long; but I must keep a good watch over her;" again she took up the bouquet, examined it closely, and tried to recall the handwriting on the ribbon; she was lost in conjecture, and in wonder what there was about the girl to attract any one out of her own class. Many a lovely, delicate girl, in her own or indeed in any land, Mrs. Morrison thought, would have given almost any thing for such an expression of admiration as this humble mulatto had now received. Oh! the wonders of Don Cupid! what a monstrous little elf he is! what a delight he takes in seeking out the most incongruous things; he is a sad rogue without the slightest judgment; the past and the future are nought to him; he cares only for his own present amusement, and derives his highest happiness from the very confusion and incongruities he produces in the world.

When Mr. Morrison returned from his warehouse, Mrs. Morrison consulted him as to the course she had better pursue; he could advise nothing, feeling that her woman's tact would be the best guide to her; he could give no clue as to the sender of the bouquet, and they could only arrive at the determination to watch Marah closely, and guard her from indiscretion.

A few days after this, Marah entered Mrs. Morrison's dressing room with a downcast, yet arch look, and a bashful, timid air; Mrs. Morrison looked up surprised as she came in, and asked her if she wanted anything. Marah advanced close to her, laid a letter upon the table before her, and asked her if she would be so kind as to read that to her; it was written so finely, she could not quite make it out.

Mrs. Morrison took the letter; it was a perfumed and excellently appointed *billet doux*; the most fastidious lady could have found no fault with it; the prettily stamped envelope, the expressive seal, the gilt-edged paper, with its exquisitely painted rose and forget-me-not, its delicately traced lines. As she opened it a sprig of myrtle with its white blossoms fell from its folds;

## A HAYTIAN DAY DREAM.

Mrs. Morrison read it, and was astonished at the kindling words, the love-fraught sentences; there was no coarseness, not even gross flattery; but it was such a letter as the loveliest woman might have been proud to inspire. Intended as an accompaniment to the myrtle were the following lines:

Sweet be thy slumber, lady, and thy dream  
Of pleasant images the picturing!  
Moving within thy spirit thoughts that seem  
Lovely as visions, leaving not that sting  
Which 'mid our gayest waking moments, still  
The soul with sad and bitter grief must fill.

And, lady, it is said that should'st thou lay  
Beneath thy ringlets, this sweet verdant flower,  
Visions of tenderer cast will o'er thee play,  
Making the longest night seem scarce an hour;  
Oh! then, if thoughts of love should dare to spring  
And move thy young heart in its wandering—

Then, lady, in thy fancy's visions fair  
When clust'ring hopes, and fairy fabrics rise  
And pleasant things—thy friend perchance may share,  
And win in dreams, at least, the long sought prize.  
Then take my gift, Love's favorite flower—  
I've traced these lines to wile a lingering hour.

And who were they addressed to? Why, a poor mulatto girl; surely some mischievous Puck must have been squeezing

"The juice, which on sleeping eyelids laid,  
Will make man or woman madly doat  
Upon the next live creature that it sees,"

on the writer of this epistle, and some mysterious chance must have cast his waking eyes upon the humble girl who seemed the object of such deep devotion. It was the embodiment, only reversed, of the time-honoured story of Desdemona and Othello.

As Mrs. Morrison finished reading the letter, Marah clapped her hands in an excitement of pleasure she could not control, and burst forth into a merry ringing laugh. "To think of me, poor Marah, having such a letter from a white gentleman."

"Then, Marah," said Mrs. Morrison, firmly but gently, "you know who writes these letters, and sends those flowers to you, and if so why are you not willing to tell me? I am your true friend, and should advise you only for your good."

"I should like to tell you very much, Madam, for I am very proud of it; but I have promised not to, at least yet awhile. I must wait till—till—I get permission."

"Then, Marah, let it be soon, for if it is not explained to my satisfaction, I shall think it my duty to send you back to Philadelphia immediately. I will not take the responsibility of your course upon myself—you shall go home to your parents, and then this person, whoever he is,

may follow you, and obtain their sanction, if he really wishes to marry you."

"Oh! don't do that, don't think of it!" said Marah. "I will do right, and you will not be angry with me when you know all."

"Go away now, silly girl, and don't let this turn your head."

Marah disappeared, leaving Mrs. Morrison to ponder upon this new development; she had closely observed the signature to the note, but could make nothing of the one initial, a peculiar H. Her husband's step roused her from a reverie; she looked up as he entered, and his light playful smile assured her, he was full of something that amused him mightily.

"More wonders, Annie," said he; "our little Marah is growing quite a *belle*,—what do you think of it? Ha! ha! ha! A bronze *belle*, sure enough! Francisco came to me to-day to ask permission to pay his addresses, as he termed it, to her; he said she was a nice tidy girl; he had always liked her, and he should rather have her for a wife than any of the wild creoles,—so if we were willing, he would try and win her; no difficult task he fancied."

No wonder Mrs. Morrison held up both her little hands, and laughed out, right merrily, for Francisco was Mr. Morrison's head clerk; he had been educated in France, could speak several languages; he was a Quadroon, but was most gentlemanly and refined in manners and appearance, and Mrs. Morrison had felt so much interested in him that, in her own mind, though she had never dared to whisper it even to her husband, she had thought of sending for her own pretty sister Grace, to pass the winter with her, in the hope that a mutual attachment might spring up between them; and now she held her hands to her ears, she rubbed her eyes, stretched them to their utmost width, and then after having assured herself that her senses were all in their usual condition, she said:

"Are you telling me true? Oh no, I do believe you are quizzing me. What can there be in Marah to fascinate any one so?—the simple child has no attractions."

"No, Annie, I am quite serious; Francisco is really in earnest; it seems like throwing himself away, but we have no right to oppose it. I have told him she was uneducated; though good, she had none of the refinement or delicacy which his wife should have; by and bye he will take rank with the first of our merchants; but he would return me no answer, only that he loved, and wished to marry her."

"Then he sent her these flowers and the letter



I have just been reading; this explains that mystery."

"No, he knows nothing of the flowers, and seemed sadly troubled when I asked him about them; the idea of a rival had not entered his mind before, and he begged me not to delay speaking to you, that he might soon have an opportunity of seeing Marah himself."

"Rather an awkward position this, Harry. Francisco is one of our personal friends, and we cannot send him into the servant's rooms, to see Marah; neither can we very well admit her to ours to receive her company; however, we must not mind such little obstacles as that; I feel attached to the girl, and though I regret Francisco should marry her, still, I should rejoice to know she was so comfortably settled, particularly as the bouquets and love letters she is daily receiving, keep me in a state of uneasiness. Oh! the misery of having one's waiting maid a *belle*! I thought I was saved that when I chose poor, and in my eyes, unattractive Marah. She must certainly possess some love potion we know not of."

"This will reconcile you to parting with her, if you can persuade her to marry Francisco, so try your best; if she consents and he wishes it, she shall be placed at Madame Corderos' school, for a year, to acquire French and the graces, so she must leave us immediately; but I fear she has got her head so full of the bouquet sender, she will not smile on Francisco's suit."

Again Mrs. Morrison held up her hands, and shook them in the air with very glee.

"Marah at Madame Corderos' school! Well, well, there is no end to the wonders of this climate. Surely in no place but under the warm sun of St. Domingo could such a romance as this be acted out, for all the rest of the world is too calculating for such outbursts of the true heart. Upon my word, I can think of nothing but Titania patting the cheeks of the ass-headed Bottom."

"Nay, my Annie! you are too severe; I believe after all you are jealous of Marah. I think she is more of a *belle* than you were, yet, if I recollect aright, you could number more than two at a time among your lovers. I now remember when three swains, at least, were sighing like a steam engine, following you like its tender, kissing your fair hand by moonlight, and swearing by the inconstant orb itself to love only you; they are all married now; oh! you see I know more than even you thought I did; but, go speak to Marah, and see what answer I can return to poor Francisco, who really looks anxious, and as if his heart was so much in the thing that I feel a strong sympathy for him."

Mrs. Morrison soon returned with a half comical, half annoyed expression upon her face.

"I can do nothing with the girl," said she. "I feel half tempted to send her home at once; she absolutely turned her head contemptuously, when I told her of Francisco's offer, and said she did not wish to hear any more about it; Mr. Francisco must find somebody else. I spoke of his education, his kind heart, and his position so high in comparison to hers, and intimated that he was only a Quadroon, while she was the deeper shade. She replied she did not intend to marry any gentleman of color, and ended with begging me not to trouble myself about her. There is a mystery I cannot fathom."

"The proud mix!" said Mr. Morrison; "she was only too much honored by Francisco's offer. I am vexed she should have had it in her power to treat him so. Why, what a fool the girl is! no white man will marry her; she is deceiving herself."

The plot began to thicken. Poor Mrs. Morrison felt as if she was walking on enchanted ground; bouquets, *billets doux*, and beautiful ornaments, were almost daily lavished upon Marah; still, no clue could she get as to whence they came; Marah was frequently absent, and would render no account of where she was, or who with, and were it not for the sense of responsibility she felt, Mrs. Morrison would have sent her away. At last her patience was exhausted, and she told Marah that one of Mr. Morrison's ships was to leave for New York the next week, and she would send her home in it. The girl burst into tears, and begged and implored to be allowed to remain; she would do better, she would not neglect her duties, but it would kill her to be sent off now.

Mrs. Morrison calmly replied that she would not keep her without the mystery was explained; if she would tell her from whom she received the presents, who it was that sought her so perseveringly; if she could think any good could result from it, or if it offered any prospect of benefit or happiness to her, she would permit her to remain.

Marah did not reply, but left her mistress with a grieved though indignant air, and she was soon seen leaving the house; she was not gone very long; when she returned, all traces of sadness had passed away from her brown brow and thick good natured mouth.

"The mystery is explained at last, Annie!" said Mr. Morrison, when he returned home in the evening. "I have found out who is our Dulcinea's gallant knight, or rather troubadour."

"Who! how! Who is it? Who told you?"

asked Mrs. Morrison, in a breathless torrent of questions.

"I don't know as I shall tell you; I am not obliged to impart to you everything I know. That was not in the marriage contract, and it is nice to have a little secret from you, now and then."

"Now, Harry, don't teaze me so," said Mrs. Morrison, throwing herself at the feet of her husband, and gazing up into his kind manly face, while she laid her soft white hand into his ample palm. "You know I have been worried enough about this odious affair, and if you can give me any clue to get me out of the spell that seems woven about me, I wish you would; I have really been thinking, this morning, it would put me into a nervous fever; if I had not taken the girl from her parents, and promised to protect her, I should not feel it so much."

"There is no resisting you, Annie dear; you know how to cheat me out of every thing; I never should dare to become an 'Odd Fellow,' or belong to any secret society; though I am naturally secretive, you have such a coaxing way with you, you wile the very heart out of my breast, look into its every nook, and read all the lines traced thereon, and I thank God you do, dearest; no one can appreciate more than I the wealth of that loving and sympathizing heart, which is the silver lining to all the clouds which chase over my horizon," and the husband, with an unusual burst of emotion, stooped down, and kissed the fair brow that was turned towards him. "But now, to satisfy your curiosity, the handsomest man in town, and the one you most approve in your circle of acquaintances, is our Marah's 'love in the mist.' Can you guess now?"

"Why! not Hermann Müller, surely!"

"The very same."

"I don't believe it. Some malicious person has got up the story, to have a laugh at his expense."

"Then he must have a great spite against himself, for he told me ——"

"Why, Harry, why will you try to quiz me so? It is impossible ——"

"Well, Annie, hear my story, and then judge for yourself. I was writing, this afternoon, when Francisco came in, and said Mr. Müller wished to speak to me; I told him to show him in. As he entered, I saw there was something wrong, for his face was flushed, and his whole bearing that of a man under strong excitement. I shook hands with him and asked him to be seated, but he paced up and down the room. I waited for his agitation to subside a little, then I said: What is it, Hermann, what distresses you so?—

have you had bad news from home, or have you got into any pecuniary difficulties? Can I aid you in any way?" He turned quickly round.

"Is it true," demanded he, "that you are going to send Ma—— your—— that is—— Marah—home, by the Cleopatra?"

"Yes," replied I, "it is our intention to do so."

"Why is it, Mr. Morrison, what induces this unexpected cruelty to the poor girl?"

"Mr. Müller," said I, "I do not understand you, or recognise your right to question me on my domestic affairs; still, as I have always had the kindest feelings towards you, I will not refuse to answer you; both Mrs. Morrison and myself have been kept in a state of great anxiety about the girl; we feel responsible for her good conduct, and to restore her safely to her parents; but for the last few months, she has been carrying on—— an intrigue——seems too harsh a word, but I hardly know what else to use——at any rate, a secret acquaintance, which we fear will lead to her ruin. We can get no clue to it; she is obstinate, and indeed so changed in every respect, that we can no longer keep her; if she would be frank, and confide in us, it would be far better."

"Oh! do not blame her," replied he eagerly; 'let the censure fall where it ought. I am almost ashamed to confess it, yet it is nevertheless true, I am the secret lover of Marah.'

"You! Hermann! Impossible!"

"I do not wonder you consider it impossible," continued he. 'I look upon it myself as a delusion; still it is one which no power I can exert over myself, enables me to dispel. I am sometimes tempted to believe the stories of love potions, spells, &c., which I hear among the poor ignorant negroes, it is so impossible for me to explain the mysterious feeling which has drawn me to Marah. But it exists—I love her—no woman has ever so deeply stirred the fountains of my heart, and were I at this moment in a situation to marry, I should glory in giving her the protection of a husband.'

"You certainly must be insane," replied I. 'Think, Mr. Müller, of the difference in your positions. Marah is entirely uneducated,—what sympathy can you find—with her?'

"I know not, I care not, I love her!"

"Think of your family at home. What would your sisters say to be obliged to introduce to the refined and cultivated circles of Hamburg, this uneducated half-caste girl, as their brother's wife? think of the long years of misery you must drag on, after the delusion has passed, as pass it must, and you find no sympathy in the companion you have chosen for life; your tastes she cannot appreciate; hers is not a mind you can ever train;

she cannot be brought to soar with you, but must ever grovel in low aims and pursuits. Oh! Mr. Müller, think of all these things; chain not yourself to such a lot—the living body bound to the dead is not more fearful.

“All your reasoning,” he answered in his rapid impetuous manner, “is in vain. I have been over it all in my own mind; reason speaks to me as it does to you, but it weighs not a feather in the balance; no power on earth can move me. All I ask, is permission from you and Mrs. Morrison to visit Marah, as her promised husband. I wish you either to keep her with you and to allow me to procure suitable teachers for her, or to place her at Madame Corderos’ school.”

“I cannot consent to any of these things, unless you will write immediately to your father, state to him your feelings, and obtain his sanction to this most unheard of marriage. If he is willing, I will throw no obstruction in the path of what you deem, though erroneously, your happiness.”

“I will write by the next vessel, but will you promise me not to send Marah away, till I have heard from Hamburg?”

“Certainly, Mr. Müller,” I replied, “I shall trust to your honor implicitly; still I wish you would refrain from seeing the poor girl, till you hear from home.”

“That is impossible, Mr. Morrison,” said he; “I do not think I could live; you would laugh at me, and well you might, did you know the intensity of my affection for that girl. I seem to live only in her presence, and in the thought of her, and yet with it all I fully realize what I am doing, and the wreck I shall probably make of my happiness; you may well pity me, but I am hurried on by a feeling I cannot control.”

“I am truly sorry, Hermann, but we will talk no more about it. I will consult Mrs. Morrison, and would advise you also to speak to her.” Thus ended our discussion. Now, what are we to do, Annie?”

“It is a most annoying position for us to be placed in, Harry, and I don’t know what to advise; the man must be demented. What can please him so much, and when did he first see her?”

“He says the first day he called upon you, he saw Marah, and felt irresistibly attracted to her; afterwards he met her in the street, several times; at last he spoke to her, and the fascination was completed; this is the reason he refused both our invitations to dinner; he thought Marah might be in attendance, and he could not endure to see her in that position.”

“It certainly is the most mysterious thing I ever knew; if I did not know you would not carry a joke so far, I could not believe it. Why, Harry,

a fiction like it would be monstrous; we should hoot a writer who should combine such extravagancies; it would be thought at the least a want of tact, and most persons would declare such a tissue of circumstances to be an entire impossibility; I never shall doubt anything again, however wild and improbable. I suppose we must now consider Marah a lady; I cannot have such a belle in waiting upon me, but neither can I send her away; she shall have permission to go to school, or to receive masters here—I could not be in the way of the poor girl’s success in life—and if she is to marry Müller—but I don’t believe she ever will?”

“Why, Annie, you are unjust; I am quite convinced Hermann is perfectly honorable in his intentions; if you had seen him you could not have doubted of his sincere attachment to the girl, strange infatuation as it seems.”

“I don’t doubt he feels it all now, but wait a while, I know the men better than you do. Oh! smile if you will, but in love matters, I understand them better than you; I have measured their height and depth; some, I know, are as constant as the load-star, bore you to death with their love, and absent or present, give themselves up to real devoted affection; but no such nature is Hermann Müller’s; the very violence of his feelings will exhaust themselves. Let him be separated from Marah—and in a month, aye in less time, he would begin to rouse himself, wonder what he saw in her to like, and end by fully deciding he could never be happy with her. You doubt, do you? Now see which is the wisest of the two, which understands human—no, man’s—nature best.”

Mrs. Morrison spoke to Marah of Mr. Müller’s attachment to her, and the girl confessed with an almost intoxicating rapture, her happiness in the idea that Mr. Müller really loved and wished to marry her; she said she did not suppose that she should be so happy as she should be with Francisco, who was nearer her own caste; but the pride and joy of being the chosen bride of a handsome white man absorbed every other feeling.

For a long time Marah lived in a dream of love. Hermann Müller’s friends remonstrated with him on his delusion, but the more that was said to him, the deeper grew his love for the despised girl, and he seemed to atone to her as far as possible for the unpleasant situation in which she was placed. Months rolled on. The summer, so much dreaded in those warm, almost tropical regions, came, and Mrs. Morrison found it absolutely essential, if she wished to preserve her health, to return to her native air; and

therefore made her arrangements to do so—and of course she could not leave Marah behind her. She pleaded and implored not to be taken away. Mr. Müller wished her to be placed with Madame Corderos where her education could proceed; but Mrs. Morrison was firm; she knew, without her protection and watchful oversight, that Marah could not be safe, and she was glad too of the opportunity to free herself from further responsibility, by restoring her to her parents, so she was deaf to all entreaties; to Mr. Müller's remonstrances, she replied, when he was ready to marry he could receive Marah from her parents' hands, and if his love was sincere, it could bear the test of absence.

It seemed a hard-hearted thing to the two lovers, that Mrs. Morrison should be so obstinate; they dared not openly rebel, though the day before she sailed, Mrs. M. found Marah had made some cunning arrangements for being left behind; they were defeated, however, and when the favoring gale sprang up, they soon left that lovely green isle of St. Domingo far away. Marah sobbed and cried, while she pressed to her lips the fragrant bouquet which had been the parting gift of Hermann, and recalled his promise of soon claiming her; while Mrs. Morrison laughed in her sleeve at the probable end of this romance. And what, gentle reader, was the end? Why of course the old story.

"He in whom,  
Her heart had treasured all its boast and pride,  
Proved faithless."

His love was like

"A figure  
Traced in ice, which with an hour's heat,  
Dissolves in water, and doth lose its germ"

Not that it did not retain its impression a little while, yes, perhaps quite as long as "de beaux garçons," generally do; he wrote to her quite ardently at first, but soon the chill of indifference began creeping over the lines; he no longer was so urgent in pressing her to return; he dropped his correspondence with Mrs. Morrison, and by the time she was ready to return to Hayti, all intercourse had ceased.

Marah begged to be taken back with Mrs. M.; she promised to behave well, not to seek Mr. Müller, to do her duty faithfully; but Mrs. Morrison could not subject herself to a repetition of the same annoyances.

Soon after Mrs. Morrison's arrival, Mr. Müller called upon her, professed himself entirely awakened from his dream, acknowledged it must have been an optical illusion, thanked her again and again, that by her firmness she had with-

drawn Marah from him, and thus prevented his sealing his earthly wretchedness, by contracting a marriage with her. From an enthusiastic, love-crazed man, he had become a sensible, quiet philosopher, discussing affairs of the heart, and Marah in particular, with the utmost *sang froid*. His delusion had been, and was a mystery to himself, which no reasoning, and no thought, and he had given a good deal of both to it, could explain; but he hoped he had grown a wiser man from the lesson.

And the poor girl, what became of her? some sympathising friend would ask. Fortunately, she had not a temperament which felt deeply; her vanity had been gratified, but she had not had sympathy enough in Hermann Müller's tastes, for her heart to be deeply interested; she grieved a few days, then snapped her fingers, sprang lightly round upon her negro heels, and sang away all traces of the "false white man's" love. His homage had stamped her a belle, in her own estimation at least, but she was quite ready to accept the first "Dandy Jim," who laid his warm, loving heart in his open, black palm, and proffered it for her acceptance. And so,

"Men (and women too) have died,  
And worms have eaten them, but not for love!"

## THE HOMELESS ORPHAN.

BY G. M. K.

See where she weeps by yon confessional,  
A maid, whose heaving breast and tresses torn,  
And downcast eyes, tell eloquently all!

What causes one so evidently good,  
To be thus blighted, or oppressed by woes?  
Oh! is there nought in blooming womanhood,  
To guard it 'gainst the wiles of cruel foes?

She is an orphan, now without a home,  
Driven from her last asylum, she comes there,  
That safely her hard fate she may bemoan,  
When the poor heart flies frighted with despair.

Alas! poor girl! thy pitying pastor's care,  
In tears bestowed, may be to thee a balm;  
But oh! his wealth, his poverty and prayer,  
He cannot give a home's delightful calm.

## SWIMMING.

There is a rapture in the headlong leap,  
The wedge-like cleaving of the closing deep!  
A feeling full of hardihood and power,  
With which we court the waters that devour.  
Oh! tis a feeling great, sublime, supreme,  
Like the extatic influence of a dream—  
To speed one's way thus o'er the sliding plain,  
And make a kindred being with the main.

# IDA BERESFORD; OR, THE CHILD OF FASHION.\*

BY R. E. M.

## CHAPTER XIV.

WHATEVER were the thoughts which had engrossed Ida, after the departure of the Marquis of Pemberton, as recorded in the preceding chapter, it was not difficult to divine that they had proved of any nature but pleasant, for on descending to the drawing room some time after, her check was yet pale, while her countenance bore the unmistakable traces of agitation. Though her companions could not fail to perceive the latter circumstance, they carefully avoided noticing it. No allusion, however slight, was made to her visitor; but there was a subdued tone of kindness in their manner, which told that they truly sympathized with her. This visit was soon apparently forgotten, but Mrs. Vernon congratulated herself on having at length discovered the exact cause of Ida's secret unhappiness.

"'Tis not yet removed though," she inwardly thought, as she noted that Ida was as depressed, as restless as ever. "Poor child! would that she could repose her confidence in me. I might find some solace for her grief. But that is impossible!"

And it was indeed impossible! Poignant as the sorrows of Ida Beresford might have been, they were confined to her own bosom. Her proud heart alike refused advice or sympathy. A further confirmation of Mrs. Vernon's suspicions was afforded to her some time after. One evening whilst Ida was seated near the window, gazing silently from it, Claude entered and approached her; she started, for the event was merely indeed one of unusual occurrence, but he placed a packet in her hands, saying:

"From the Marquis of Pemberton."

"Is he here?" she asked. "Did he send no message?"

She stopped short, confused and embarrassed, for she met the eye of Claude fixed searchingly upon her.

"Fear not to ask," he at length rejoined, in a low, even gentle tone. "I know what you would say: the Marquis is not here; but he sends his respectful regards with the accompanying volumes, which he hopes with help to enliven the monotony of your country life. He also adds,"

here he stopped a moment as if to observe the effect his words produced, "that he hopes to have the pleasure of paying Miss Beresford a visit in person, ere many weeks elapse."

Claude's meaning pause, his searching glance, all tended to embarrass his listener, and with a check suffused with crimson she murmured her thanks, and hastily rising, passed from the room. Again alone, she angrily dashed the books on the ground, and burying her head in the cushions of her chair, exclaimed with passionate emotion:

"Yes! disguise it as I will, I love this cold, unfeeling being! Oh! how I have striven to deceive myself, to persuade my own heart that I hated him; but further disguise is unavailing. Though I would not even acknowledge it in thought, it was he who prompted my indifference to Stormont, my rejection of Pemberton and all others, and 'tis he, who now renders the idea of a union with the Marquis insupportable. Yes! I, the star of fashion, the courted, the flattered Ida Beresford, have bowed my heart and its affections at the feet of the only one who has ever treated me with scorn; who alone has laughed at my fascinations, triumphed over my beauty. Where, where is my boasted pride? Where the haughty spirit that once laughed at all idea of subjection? Oh! how I am changed! What sufferings, what humiliations would I not undergo to gain one smile from those lips, winning to all others, stern, haughty, to me alone. And this, this, must be for life! Without one friendly ear to listen to my grief, one gentle voice to console me. My earthly career lonely, desolate, unloved. Oh! 'Tis more more than I can bear! And she pressed her hand to her burning brow, as if she would have stilled its agonized throbbings. A passionate flood of tears somewhat relieved her bursting heart, and she wept long with a vehemence that would have startled a beholder unacquainted with the overwhelming energy of her character. She heard not the door unclose, she saw not Lucy approach, and it was not till the latter knelt beside her, and flung her arms round her neck, that she was even conscious of her presence.

"Ida, speak!" she tenderly said. "Tell me the cause of your grief. Oh! trust me 'twill be breathed to no unsympathizing ear." The voice

of affection, of friendship, penetrated to her listener's heart, but yet it inspired no thought of confidence and in a voice almost inaudible, she exclaimed:

"No, no, Lucy! My grief is beyond the reach of your tenderness. 'Tis a grief you cannot even comprehend."

"Her companions cheek and brow were instantly suffused with crimson, and for a moment she remained silent; but fortunately for her, Ida was too sadly preoccupied to observe her emotion. At length she murmured.

"Ida, you are mistaken; I divine the cause of your sorrow. I feel, oh! how deeply I feel for you."

The trembling earnestness with which she spoke, an earnestness so unusual in the gentle, the calm Lucy, awoke even the observation of Ida, and she raised a quick glance to her countenance, exclaiming:

"How! You, Lucy! Can it be? But no," she added, as the latter buried her crimsoning face in her bosom. "No, 'tis impossible! You are yet happily ignorant of the source of my grief, as you are of the reflections which add so much to its bitterness. May you ever remain so! But you deserve your happiness. Your pure, gentle heart, has never known the jealousies, the hatreds, the wild ambitions, that have agitated mine. But, Lucy, though perfect confidence may not exist between us, friendship may. Thanks, a thousand thanks, for the uncomplaining gentleness with which you have borne the sallies of my ungovernable temper. Thanks for the tenderness and sympathy you have ever displayed towards me, even when I was most unworthy of it. Continue it to me. Forgive my past unkindness, and for the future I shall endeavour to respond at least to your love; that love I have never appreciated till now; till my hour of trial has arrived. Henceforth your affection is the only hope, the only solace left me;" and leaning over Lucy, she imprinted a fond kiss on her white brow. It was the first caress, the first mark of sensibility the cold and haughty Ida had ever bestowed on human being, and whatever may have been the thoughts that had previously agitated the heart of Lucy, all gave way before the certainty that she was at length beloved, by the one to whom her heart had yearned with such gushing affection, from their first interview. From that moment those two beings so dissimilar by nature, so opposite in every particular, were united by the ties of a friendship whose warmth, no event in after life, no separation, however distant, could in the slightest degree abate. With the refined delicacy which seemed to form a part of

her very nature, Lucy never again alluded to Ida's confession of her unhappiness. When she saw her sad or depressed, she strove only by a thousand arts to divert her mind, and if unsuccessful, she at least consoled her by the marks of an affection which Ida the more valued, as she knew it was the only one entertained for her. Claude made no remark on the growing intimacy of his sister and Ida, who were now inseparable; but at times, when Lucy declined sharing some walk or amusement, in which the latter did not participate, an almost imperceptible smile would curl his lip. He at length, however, began to perceive that his marked coldness towards Ida greatly annoyed Lucy, and her manner gradually became less frank, less affectionate than before. She was still the same gentle, loveable being, but she no longer possessed the trusting confidence, the entire sympathy, she had formerly displayed towards him. This was a sharp pang to the heart of Claude, but its only effect was to increase his coldness towards her to whose influence and counsels he attributed the change. Meantime the period assigned by the Marquis of Pemberton for his visit had rapidly approached, but no allusion was ever made to the expected arrival.

One evening while Lucy was fulfilling her usual task of arranging the flowers in the drawing room, the door opened, and without further announcement the Marquis entered. For a moment she remained motionless, and then timidly replying to his salutation, exclaimed, as she turned away; "I shall inform Miss Beresford."

"Not so," returned Pemberton, placing himself before the door. "Much as it may surprise you, I have come, not to see Miss Beresford, but yourself, Miss Vernon." Taking advantage of the speechless amazement of his companion, who remained motionless with surprise, he rapidly continued:

"From the first moment I saw you, your gentleness, your graceful timidity, even more than your beauty, captivated me, and that one short interview, made me more completely your slave than the potent charms of beings, even lovely as yourself, have ever done, and to whose fascinations I have been exposed for months. Pursuant to the determination I formed during my last visit here, a determination which deep reflection has but confirmed, I now return to lay my heart and fortune at your feet."

Slowly the truth dawned upon the bewildered mind of his listener, and at length she comprehended that the high and powerful Marquis of Pemberton.—the one who, of late, despite her utmost efforts, had so often mingled with her thoughts and imaginings, but whom she had

dared to think of only as the fitting pageant of a dream,—was now before her, suing for her hand and heart. She turned deadly pale, but too fearfully agitated even to think of framing a reply, sank upon the nearest seat. Encouraged by her emotion, Pemberton continued, more passionately than before.

"Accuse me not of boyish rashness, of an over hasty decision. No! my reason fully sanctions the dictates of my heart. I am entirely independent—no parent or guardian to consult, to interfere with my choice. I possess rank and wealth, and I seek not such gifts with my wife. Of her I ask only a fond, faithful heart, and a disposition, gentle, sweet, such as you possess. Speak! tell me, Miss Vernon, have I vainly flattered myself in hoping that I have at length found such a treasure, and that it may be mine."

Fearful was the conflict passing then in Lucy's heart. The first wild burst of delight, which thrilled through her when Pemberton's meaning dawned upon her thoughts, was soon merged in the remembrance that he who stood before her, was the object, as she supposed, of Ida's affection, the cause of her secret unhappiness. She, then, had supplanted her friend, her adopted sister; but it was not of her seeking. Without any arts, any efforts of hers, Pemberton had sought her out, and was she rashly to fling aside the future of extatic happiness thus proffered her. Though these latter thoughts glanced through the mind of Lucy, they left no impression there, and she murmured.

"It must not, it cannot be. Weak, childish as I am, ignorant of even the customs, the usages of your world, I am unfit for the rank to which you would raise me. Banish me forever from your thoughts, and choose her who is so well calculated by nature, by education, to be your wife. Farewell!"

"Nay, you go not thus," said the Marquis, forcibly detaining her hand, which was on the door. "Speak! What am I to understand? Do you indeed reject me? and yet, your words would lead me to hope, that I am not entirely an object of aversion. Have mercy upon me! Explain yourself."

"I have nothing to explain, nothing to add, save that the unworthy hand you covet, can never be yours."

"And wherefore?" he impetuously rejoined. "Is there any insurmountable barrier between us? Are you affianced, or your affections engaged?"

"Yes!—No—!" returned Lucy, her face flushing with the consciousness of her intended falsehood. "An obstacle that can never be overcome, interposes to prevent our union."

"But is there no hope, Miss Vernon? Can no efforts, no sacrifices of mine, procure an alleviation of that stern sentence? I am willing to wait till——"

"All is unavailing; and now try me no further," she added, in faltering accents, for her strength was failing fast. "Thanks, my Lord, for your noble offer. I but ask in return, that you will learn to forget even the name of her to whom it was made. And now, farewell, it must be for ever!"

"Aye, for ever!" he repeated in tones whose mournful intonations lingered long after the ear of his listener. "My hope of domestic happiness again dashed to the earth. I shall seek it no further. I'll leave England to-morrow, and in other scenes and pleasures I may learn to forget that I have loved in vain." And raising her cold hand to his lips, he bounded through the open window, sprang on his fleet steed, and was soon out of sight.

Pale, cold as a statue, Lucy sought her room, and threw herself in her usual seat near the window: her eyes still stedfastly fixed on the spot where he had disappeared. No clear, tangible idea filled her thoughts: she was conscious alone of a dreamy impression that Pemberton was lost for ever both to her and Ida; that happiness, such as this world seldom affords even to its most favored children, had rested a moment in her grasp but to vanish forever. Naturally fragile and delicate, this was the first real affliction that the carefully nurtured daughter, the cherished sister, had ever known, and it proved almost too much for her strength. The shadows of evening had darkened the apartment, and yet she continued gazing from the casement as if that earnest watch could restore the object she mourned. At length her door unclosed and Ida entered. Surprised at the statue-like quietness of Lucy she advanced towards her, and by the faint light perceived her deathlike paleness. Shocked beyond measure, she exclaimed:

"For God's sake, Lucy, tell me what has happened? Are you ill?" The sight of Ida, of the one for whom she had made so fearful a sacrifice, seemed to dispel the clouds that dimmed her spirit, and with a convulsive sob she fell into the arms of her companion. Ida pressed her hand, but spoke not till the first paroxysm of grief was over, and then gently whispered.

"No explanations to-night, my poor Lucy. You are unfit to make them. To rest at once."

"No, no, Ida. Hear me, while I have strength," she returned, with almost unnatural calmness. "Know, that the Marquis of Pemberton has been here." Ida started, but betrayed no farther emo-

tion. "He has been here, Ida; and he—he has offered me his hand, but I have rejected him. The trial, the temptation, has been a fearful one, but still I have not yielded."

"You love Pemberton, then?" asked Ida in tones whose overwhelming astonishment Lucy mistook for the energy of indignation.

"Yes, forgive me," she passionately returned, burying her head in the folds of her companion's dress. "I have deceived you all along; knowing as I did your affection for the Marquis, I still dared to let his image engross my thoughts, my heart, even from the moment of our first meeting: but believe me, I have struggled unceasingly, unyieldingly, against it. How often have I longed to throw myself on your pity and avow all. But no! I feared your just anger or contempt, and I resolved to bury it in my own bosom. But for the event of to-day it would never have been known. But, Ida, I have atoned for it indeed. I have banished him for ever! For ever! Oh! if my error has been great, my expiation has been still greater. Have you forgiven me?"

"Lucy, my poor child, are you mad? What wild mistake are you labouring under? What has ever induced you to think that I regarded Pemberton with preference."

"What! you do not love him, then?" returned Lucy, springing up, and regarding her with a glance whose thrilling earnestness was more startling than her first statue-like immobility.

"No, Lucy, I solemnly assure you I do not, nor ever did."

Overpowered with joy and emotion. Lucy sank back on her seat, covering her face with her hands, but after a few seconds, she suddenly raised her head.

"But of what avail is it? He leaves England tomorrow and all is lost."

Though somewhat disheartened by this unexpected stroke, Ida disguised her real uneasiness, and quietly rejoined;

"Calm yourself, Lucy. He cannot leave as soon as he said, were he ever so anxious. Two or three days must elapse before he can possibly get out of the country, and something can be done ere then. I shall write to Lady Stanhope. He will return, and all will yet be well."

With the eager credulity of a child, Lucy listened to the words for hope, and yielded at length to Ida's entreaty of retiring at once to rest. Kindly, tenderly, did the proud, the cold Ida, smoothe and adjust the pillows for her young companion. She had suffered herself and the bitter lesson had taught her sympathy. Her task concluded, and Lucy buried in a profound sleep, the natural result of her utter exhaustion

of mind and body, she threw on her dressing gown and seating herself at the table, drew her writing desk towards her. Light as she had made of Lucy's fears, she knew there was really no time to lose. Pemberton, acting on the impulse of the moment, might indeed, as he had done on a former occasion, set out immediately; and once out of England, all hope would be at an end. A few minutes reflection showed her that writing to Lady Stanhope, as she had intended, would be worse than useless. Her Ladyship would never consent to sacrifice any of her projects to what she would term the romantic attachment of a silly school girl, whilst Ida herself would incur her severest anger for her interference. There was no alternative, but to write to Pemberton herself. Without further deliberation she seized her pen and wrote a few lines, in which, with her usual frankness she stated everything; concluding by enjoining him to return, adding, "'Tis unnecessary to tell you, my Lord, that this letter must be seen by none. Your own delicacy would prompt it, without my suggesting it to you."

"And now," she thoughtfully exclaimed as she sealed the epistle. "How shall I send it! It should go early tomorrow. Every moment is priceless. By the time the servants are awake and ready to start, it will be perhaps too late, and even then, how can I entrust them with such a commission, accompanied, as it must be, with an injunction to secrecy; for Lucy's sake, none must know of it. What am I then to do?" Suddenly a thought struck her, but burying her crimsoning face in her hands, she murmured, "Oh! not that! not that! 'Tis more than I can do! And yet, poor Lucy! I cannot sink much lower in his estimation than I have already done. She would have made the sacrifice for me,—shall I not do the same for her? Is it not her generous self devotion that has brought upon her all this suffering?—and I can waver, can pause! Away with such unworthy hesitation!" She rose, took up the letter, and gently stole from the room. With a light step she descended the stairs, and passing through the corridor, and intervening apartments, found herself at length before the door of Claude's study. The light streaming through the crevice of the key-hole, and the rapid grating of a pen upon paper, which in the still silence of the night was perfectly audible, told her that its occupant was up and engaged. Twice she stretched forth her hand, and twice she turned away, exclaiming "I cannot, I cannot;" but subduing her hesitation by a violent effort, she grasped the lock, and in another moment stood before Claude. His head, supported by his hand, he was writing at a table, covered with books and



papers. Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have been more utterly astounded. Springing up, he continued gazing upon her as if unable to collect an idea, to utter a syllable. Ida essayed to speak, but the words died away in silence. At length, gathering courage, she murmured.

"You seem surprised, Mr. Vernon,—you may well be so,—nor will that surprise be diminished when you learn that I am here to request a favor, yes, though the terms on which we are at present would seem to preclude such a thing, I come with the hope I shall not be disappointed."

"Speak, Miss Beresford," rejoined her companion, who had now somewhat recovered from his overwhelming astonishment. "Speak, and if it lies in the compass of my power, you shall be obeyed."

"I wish you then," she rejoined, extending the letter, "to deliver this for me, before day-break to-morrow."

"To whom?" he interrogated.

"The Marquis of Pemberton," she answered, whilst a vivid scarlet replaced her hitherto marble paleness. She knew well the suspicions that name would excite in the mind of Claude, suspicions she could not, dared not dispel. For a moment he was silent, and then repeated in a surprised tone.

"The Marquis of Pemberton. This letter is for him? Pardon me, Miss Beresford, if I seem presumptuous, but might I dare to ask, have you consulted my mother, or Lady Stanhope, on the subject?"

"No, no," she hastily interrupted. "They above all must know nothing of it; 'tis a secret entrusted to you alone."

"And shall be faithfully kept," he respectfully rejoined; "but do not think I am presuming on the confidence you have deigned to repose in me, if for once, I assume the privilege which the world assigns me, that of an adopted brother, and implore of you to pause, to reflect, ere you finally decide, unless indeed there are engagements subsisting, which would sanction such a step."

Though the latter supposition would have tended greatly to exculpate her in the mind of Claude, her natural candour would not permit her to leave him one moment undecieved, and she murmured:

"I understand you, but there are none such. Neither promise nor betrothment exists between us."

"Claude started; but to spare her feelings, quickly subdued his surprise, and exclaimed in a gentle tone:

"Then, Miss Beresford, even as I would entreat,

admonish Lucy, so shall I do to you. You are young, inexperienced yet, and if you will not consent to consult Lady Stanhope, take another day to reflect, ere you decide, upon an act which may influence your future life more than you would imagine."

The gentleness with which he spoke, a gentleness she had so little expected, and which was in such vivid contrast with his usual unbending haughtiness; the chivalric respect and delicacy pervading his every look and word, touched her beyond measure, and too much moved to speak, she remained silent. Claude guessed the cause, and resumed.

"You will then take the advice I have presumed to offer you, your silence is eloquent enough;" and as he spoke, he half extended the epistle, but matters had gone too far. Ida was exasperated with herself for the emotion she had exhibited; emotion which she feared Claude might attribute to the influence of his own eloquence, a supposition disagreeable to her beyond measure, whilst his allusion to her silence, or rather agitation, had annoyed her still further. "And all this," whispered her besetting sin, Pride, "all this, from one who has ever treated you with coldness and indifference!" Drawing up her queen-like form to its full height, she said:

"I take back my letter, Mr. Vernon, not from any change in my wishes or sentiments, but solely, because I fear you are unwilling to charge yourself with it." The change in her manner communicated itself to her companion like magic. His cheek flushed, and raising his head, he exclaimed in his usual cold, but respectful tones.

"I entreat your pardon for the presumption which led me to forget that 'twas not my sister I was addressing. But 'tis my first, and it shall be my last offence." What a pang did not his words inflict upon his listener's heart! He continued, "'Twere superfluous to say how readily I undertake your commission, nor how faithfully I shall execute it. Before dawn tomorrow I shall be on my way. It only remains for me to add that the confidence you have deigned to repose in me shall be held inviolably sacred, and that any further commands you may have at any future period, I shall ever willingly, faithfully execute."

Ida did not trust herself to speak, but merely inclined her head as she turned away. Claude sprang forward to open the door, and bowed profoundly as she passed out. With what agonized feelings did she fling herself on her couch, to which she had retired, not to rest, but to think. Every conflicting feeling that could add bitterness to her cup of misery, thronged upon her, as she

reviewed the events of the last half hour. How he must despise, condemn her! The very excess of respect he had displayed, but shewed her, as she reasoned, the extent of her supposed offence, and the noble chivalry of Claude, who, unwilling to let her see its magnitude, had veiled his real sentiments under the garb of respect and reverence. Had her departure from propriety been but slight, he surely would have preserved his usual manner; but the very fear that she should even guess the greatness of the confidence she had placed in him, led him to assume a deference so widely foreign to his real opinions. Whilst torturing herself with reflections like these, she was aroused by the sound of a horse's hoofs in the court yard. Thinking it almost impossible that he could be leaving already, she sprang to the window. It was hours, long hours, yet, before the dawning of day, but by the indistinct light, she could see the figure of Claude, who with all possible caution and silence, left the house. He bounded on his horse, and in another moment was out of sight. She sought not again her restless couch, and when the bright rays of the sun glanced in through her window, they found her seated near a table, buried in thought, her head leaning on her hand, with a pallid countenance and wearied, exhausted air, which would have filled Lady Stanhope with mingled horror and indignation, had she but witnessed them.

## CHAPTER XV.

LUCY, who had passed a restless, feverish night, slept long after her usual hour; and Ida, unwilling to break the slumber she so much needed, forbade her being disturbed, and apologised for her non-appearance at the morning meal, saying; "She had not reposed well."

"Nor yourself either, my dearest Ida, I think," exclaimed Mrs. Vernon kindly, "you seem to stand in equal need of nursing, with Lucy." Ida replied that she felt much stronger and better than she had ever done the morning after even the least fatiguing of the London Assemblies.

"Yes, my dear child," added the Doctor, "and your moderate, early rising, and healthful exercise, would tend more to restore you, were you even after the weakening dissipation you speak of, than lying extended on a couch, all day, in a close and darkened room; a system alone sufficient to destroy both health and beauty."

Ida spoke not, but she inwardly remembered that the time was not very far distant, when she would be called on to resume the life thus severely condemned. No member of the family save

herself, and Lucy, had the slightest suspicion of the Marquis's visit, and Mrs. Vernon, on visiting her daughter, and attributing her indisposition entirely to want of rest, enjoined her to keep her room the remainder of the day. It was late in the evening when Claude, flushed and travel-stained, entered the apartment where his parents were seated. To their inquiries, he briefly replied, that he had been at the neighbouring post town to deliver a letter;" and after a quick glance round the chamber, left it. He immediately proceeded to the drawing-room, and as he had expected, found Ida half extended on a couch, her eyes fixed on the ground in deep reverie. On his entrance everything was forgotten in her anxiety for Lucy, and starting up, she eagerly exclaimed:

"You have been successful! Tell me! He has the letter." Claude hesitated, he felt that he was about to inflict pain, and he shrank from the task. At length he returned, in a low, gentle tone.

"Alas! Miss Beresford, much as I grieve for it, I am but the bearer of evil tidings. The Marquis of Pemberton has embarked for France."

Ida sank back, and covered her face with her hands. All the sad consequences of the unfortunate event rushed upon her recollection. The fearful effect it might produce on the delicate, sensitive frame of Lucy, the sorrow it would bring on the heads of her doating parents, the reflection that it was for her Lucy had incurred all, for a time completely overwhelmed her. At length she raised her head. The eyes of Claude were bent upon her, with an expression of compassionate pity, that stung her proud heart more than the most scornful glances could have done; but in that moment even pride yielded to friendship, and she passionately exclaimed. "Are you sure that there is no hope?"

"None," he sadly rejoined. "The Marquis, after writing a letter to his agent, arrived in time to secure a berth in a vessel which sailed yesterday evening. But if I can in any other way serve you——"

"No! no!" she rejoined, "'tis the only point in which you could have done so, and you have failed; but still accept my thanks. All you can do further is to keep profound silence on the subject, and never in public or private again revert to it. Claude bowed, and after a last look which spoke more of compassion for her weakness than sympathy for her sorrows, left the room. That involuntary glance revealed to Ida how deeply she had fallen from even the low standard she had

formerly occupied in his esteem. Then, he had but pride, arrogance, to reproach her with, but now!—She almost shrank from contemplating the opinion with which he must necessarily regard her. But not for one moment did she regret her sacrifice. She felt that were it to be offered up again, she would act precisely as she had done, and when at length she rose from her sad reverie, her heart was purified by the struggle, ennobled by perhaps the first perfectly unselfish feelings she had ever known. Gently, carefully did she break the tidings to Lucy, and she softened their bitterness by her encouraging prophecies of Pemberton's necessary return in a few months. Though her first paroxysm was passionate indeed, Lucy soon listened to her hopeful words, and under their magic influence she gradually recovered again her former gentle, child-like gaiety, but Ida remained still sad, unhappy as before. Her mind had not been trained with the fostering care that had guided Lucy's. It possessed not its happy elasticity, and while the latter bowed in submission to the weight of sorrow, Ida fretted, chafed against her chains, and saw no hope of happiness save in bursting them asunder. Meantime Mrs. Vernon and her worthy husband, little dreaming of the restless hopes and fears that lurked beneath the outward quiet of their little family, secretly congratulated themselves on the increasing affection and good feeling they manifested towards each other. Lucy and Ida were more inseparable than ever, whilst the bearing of Claude towards the latter, though still distant, was less markedly cold than before. But this was easily accounted for in one of his generous temperaments. Ida's appeal, the confidence she had placed in him, had called forth every noble feeling in his nature, and henceforth, however he might condemn, nay despise her in his secret heart, to others, at least, no disparaging remark, no sarcasm ever escaped his lips.

Some weeks after, an event occurred which though insignificant enough in itself, yet produced no slight sensation in the Vernon family. One evening when they were assembled in the sitting room, Ida beguiling the time by reading aloud, the servant entered and delivered to Dr. Vernon, instead of the usual, plain, unpretending letters, two embossed and perfumed epistles, bearing on their seal a coat of arms which Ida at once recognised as that of the Stanhope family. One was addressed to Miss Beresford, the other to Mrs. Vernon. The latter was couched in the most courteous terms, and earnestly entreated Mrs. Vernon to permit her daughter and Miss Beresford to pass a few weeks with her at her country residence, concluding by promises of watching

over and guarding them with maternal care, and protestations of sincerest friendship and regard. That to Ida was of course frank and familiar, yet withal somewhat obscure, for her Ladyship vaguely hinted at some project she had long had in view, being brought soon to a speedy consummation, at the same time deploring the cruel necessity she was under of inviting that little rustic whom her heart foreboded would prove a dangerous rival—in fact a mar-plot. "But 'tis unavoidable," she added. "Very probably, had the invitation been confined to yourself, your gentle monitress would have refused her consent, but now, she cannot in common courtesy do so. Do your best to discourage the little rustic from coming; for believe me, beautiful, elegant as you are, her delicate loveliness and captivating simplicity may render her a truly formidable competitor."

The perusal of her letter concluded, Ida looked up. Mrs. Vernon had laid hers on the table, but she immediately took it up and read it aloud. "And now, what say you, my children? Ida, I need scarcely ask your opinion—I can easily divine it,—but yours, my little Lucy, who have never yet left the shelter of your home—do you wish to exchange its quiet for a fashionable life?" Lucy was about unhesitatingly to decline, when an eager, meaning glance from Ida, a glance which rapid as it was, Claude had yet marked, caused her to alter her decision. Slightly changing colour, she replied:

"Well, dear mamma, if you have no objections, and papa does not prohibit it, I should like to accompany Ida. You know, 'tis but country life and amusements after all, only a little gayer than what we enjoy here."

How ingenious we are in finding arguments to support whatever the heart desires!

"Ida herself could not have spoken more to the purpose," returned Mrs. Vernon. "But might it not happen, Lucy, that you might grow so attached to this gay country life, as acquire a distaste for your present sober one?"

"Never, dear mamma! Nature never intended me to shine in the circles of fashion."

"And yet, your gentleness and timidity would well adorn them," said Ida.

"For Lucy's sake, I must interfere," exclaimed Claude, who had hitherto remained silent. "Your praise may even injure as much as it may gratify, Miss Beresford. I hope that Lucy's ambition may be the pure and womanly one of shining in her domestic circle and not in the glittering world of fashion, even though she could rule sole empress there,—a dignity, however, that the

timidity and shyness you extol, would effectually prevent her ever attaining."

Ida felt the cutting reproach, and she crimsoned to her temples, but beyond a quick, indignant glance, she made no reply. Lucy cast a pleading look on her brother, but for once he was cold, insensible to its influence. She then turned to her father and raising her eyes, whose imploring expression the fond parent never could resist, murmured:

"What say you, dear papa? Will you not entreat mamma and Claude to permit me to go?"

"We will have no entreating about the matter. Then cheer up, my darling Lucy, you shall go," said her father, as he parted the golden curls from her brow. "'Tis time you should see a little pleasure. Because the fair bird sings sweetly in its cage, and is contented with its lot, we must not keep it shut up forever."

A fond kiss was his reward, and Mrs. Vernon, whose maternal vanity, as well as affection, loudly seconded her daughter's petition, smiled assent: only premising that Lucy should take upon herself the task of replying to her Ladyship's letter, Claude alone appeared somewhat dissatisfied. He knew well how easily his sister would lose in the society in which she was about to mingle, the freshness, the graceful timidity, which constituted her chief charm, and he almost trembled, for even her candour, her unselfish affection for her family, when he remembered that it was the wordly-hearted, in short, the fashionable Lady Stanhope, who was to be her Mentor. Claude was not blinded by the dazzling distinction of an invitation from her select and exclusive Ladyship. With a brother's clear-sightedness, for 'tis a well known fact that brothers read such matters better than parents, their understandings generally being free from the mist of partial affection which so often clouds the minds of the latter, he saw that Lucy was but invited to further some project of Lady Stanhope's, and that, her purpose accomplished, she would permit her quietly to sink again into obscurity. Yet though all these thoughts were agitating his mind, when his sister, after having procured her father's consent, approached him and laying her little hand on his shoulder, coaxingly exclaimed:

"You are not angry, dearest Claude! If you wish it, I shall remain at home," he could not find it in his heart to utter one word of dissuasion, and fondly rejoined:

"You may indeed go, my dear Lucy. They cannot spoil you, and you will return good, gentle, as you went." Lady Stanhope, being informed by Ida's letter of the precise time when they should be prepared, her splendid carriage was punctu-

ally on the spot, and after a farewell which cost Lucy some tears, though the separation was but for a week, they set out. Ida enlivened the drive by many anecdotes and traits of fashionable life, and ere Lucy was conscious of a feeling of fatigue they had arrived at Elm Grove.

Kind and courteous was the reception of Lady Stanhope, and whatever her real sentiments might have been, she made not the shadow of difference in their respective welcomes. As they prepared to seek their dressing rooms, she expressed her satisfaction at their arrival on that evening as she expected a small but select party of guests. When the two young girls found themselves alone in the splendid apartments destined for their use, Lucy expressed her childish delight at the magnificence she saw around her and the approaching pleasure, but Ida shared not her satisfaction. Struck by the indifference, the weariness, the latter displayed, she turned towards her, exclaiming:

"Ida, you are an enigma to me! You, who every one supposes so passionately devoted to the world, seem so careless, so neglectful of it. I know not how to read your character."

"No, nor you never will, Lucy. Spirits more penetrating, more profound than yours, have failed in fathoming it. They may indeed, easily discover my pride, my selfish coldness, but they can never learn the little weaknesses, as well as the better feelings that lie concealed beneath.

"How superior are you, Ida, in that respect to myself, to so many others. Whilst we show but the bright, the fair side of our character, you display all your unfavorable traits, and conceal your good qualities, thus evincing a nobleness which alone is sufficient to place you above us."

Ida smiled sadly as she rejoined.

"You do not perhaps intend to flatter, Lucy, but you are doing so at present without doubt; but we must be quick, the guests are arriving."

She was right in the last respect, and a messenger entered at the moment from Lady Stanhope, desiring them to descend to the drawing room as soon as possible. Hastily completing their toilettes, they proceeded to the saloon. Arrived near the door, Lucy's heart sank, and it required all the encouragement and reasoning of Ida, whose own unembarrassed demeanour was perhaps the most powerful argument she could employ, to induce her to enter. Once in, she lost all the little self-possession she had hitherto retained. She had an indistinct consciousness indeed, of going through the form of introduction, to countless individuals, of being addressed by Lady Stanhope, whose diamonds alone were sufficient to dazzle her, and of Ida's occasionally whisper-

ing words of encouragement. Gradually she began somewhat to recover from her confusion, when raising her head she beheld with a start of emotion she could not repress, Ida conversing gaily, joyously, with a gentleman, elegantly attired,—and that gentleman, whose earnest gaze was at the moment riveted upon herself—was the Marquis of Pemberton! The next moment they approached, and as she replied to his earnest salutation, Ida whispered in her ear:

“All is right, Lucy!—I have explained every thing.”

After a few seconds' further conversation, the Marquis was obliged to leave them for a moment, and Ida, replying to the questioning glances of her companion, exclaimed:

“You are surprised at Pemberton's speedy return. So am I; but fortunately for you, Lucy, some old uncle of his, his only surviving relative, took it into his head to fall dangerously ill, and despatched a courier for the best of his race. His dutiful nephew arrived in time to close his eyes, receive his last blessing, and you see how amply Providence has recompensed his filial devotion. Say, Lucy, was I not a faithful prophetess? Would that I might foretell my future fate, as easily, as brightly as I foretold yours.”

She turned quickly away, to hide the sadness, that she felt, spite of herself, overshadowed her countenance. That evening was joyous, happy to Lucy beyond measure; not that she spoke, or even saw much of Pemberton, for he perceived that she shrank from his public attentions, and he also felt how inadvisable it would be, to display his open preference so soon; but the knowledge that he was in England, that he was there, was almost too much happiness. Nearly the whole evening he danced and conversed with Ida, but she knew that she was their topic, and the smiles and glances which so often sought her would have told alone, that she was not forgotten. The marked devotion of Pemberton to Ida, whilst it wreathed the lips of the hostess with smiles, for this was indeed the event which she so vaguely hinted at in her letter, called forth the intense indignation of many of the guests. His attentions, the mutual good understanding which seemed to exist between them, left no doubt upon the matter, and ere the evening closed, every one present was morally certain that the odious, designing Miss Beresford, had at last succeeded in her unprincipled schemes, and entrapped Augustus, Marquis of Pemberton, the first alliance of the day. Little dreamed they that the shy, quiet girl, whom they designated as the country Doctor's pretty little daughter, and who had excited no observation beyond an occasional remark on her ex-

quisite loveliness, was the real object of their envy, the destined Marchioness of Pemberton.

The week marked as the allotted period of their visit passed with the rapidity of lightning, and notwithstanding the indignant remonstrances the entreaties and reproaches of Lady Stanhope, who was not quite as satisfied with the existing state of things as she had been at first, Ida was faithful to the promise she had given Mrs. Vernon, of returning when it should have elapsed. The regrets of Lucy were dispelled by the Marquis' parting assurance.

“That ere many days should pass, he would be with her, and solicit in person the sanction of her parents to his addresses.”

After the first bustle consequent on their return to their home had subsided, matters proceeded with their usual quiet order, and the visit to Elm Grove was apparently forgotten by all. Lucy resolved to say nothing of the Marquis' proposal, till he should arrive himself, and she continued to occupy herself about her former avocations with her customary cheerfulness and activity.

About a week after their return, Mrs. Vernon deputed her daughter to pay a visit in her stead to a family whom she had taken under her protection. Though the distance was short, Lucy extended her absence to a most unheard of length of time, and this was so unusual that Mrs. Vernon began to feel somewhat uneasy. In order to satisfy her, Claude promised to call immediately at the house to which Lucy had gone, and with this intention he carelessly sauntered down the avenue. Suddenly he raised his head, for he thought he distinguished Lucy's voice conversing with some stranger.

Following a turn in the walk, he had in a moment reached the spot whence the sounds proceeded, and he there beheld his sister, seated on a rustic bench, in earnest confidential conversation with the Marquis of Pemberton, who was leaning against a tree beside her. For a moment Claude stood as if petrified by surprise, and then in a voice, whose measured tones betrayed his deep anger, advanced and requested the Marquis to have the goodness to explain the motives of his visit.

Pemberton who at first did not recognize him, coolly returned:

“That ere he replied to his interrogations, he would first know what right he had to propound them.”

“You know well,” was the enraged rejoinder, “that girl is my sister; and now that you are satisfied on that point, answer my first question. Why is it that you have dared to address her thus, without the knowledge or consent of her family, and why is it—?”

"Oh, Claude! Claude!" pleaded Lucy; "be not so hasty, you know not—"

"Silence!" he thundered, darting an angry glance upon her. "You, at least, should be silent." 'Twas the first time she had ever seen him under the influence of passion, and his fierce tones, his indignant looks, terrified her beyond reply; covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. Pemberton's countenance, which had hitherto remained unruffled, now grew dark, and turning angrily towards her brother, he exclaimed:

"'Twould be fitter, sir, and more manly for you, to exhaust your passion on me, who can return it, than on a weak defenceless girl. I am here to answer for myself, but not to you shall my explanations be made."

"You shall at least answer me in one way," fiercely returned Claude; "and ungentlemanly, unmanly as your conduct has hitherto been, I will still believe that you will not refuse the satisfaction of a man of honour. Leave us now, but you shall hear from me to-morrow."

A tearful glance from Lucy checked the rejoinder hovering on the lips of the Marquis, and with a smile which had recovered its customary good humour, he bowed lowly to her and turned away. Claude prepared to follow his example, when his sister laid her hand on his arm to detain him. Angrily shaking it off, he exclaimed:

"Begone! You can deceive me no longer with your affected gentleness, your false timidity. Better, the honest, frank character, that displays its faults, whatever they may be, without attempt at concealment, than one who employs amiability as a cloak to veil its unworthiness."

"But Claude, for Mercy's sake! hear me—"

"No! I have listened to you too long; but implicitly as I have trusted to you heretofore, my eyes are now opened, and in proportion to the love once lavished on you, is the contempt with which you are now regarded. 'Tis not so much for the deception you have practised towards your kind parents, towards a brother who would have laid down his life for you; 'tis not the paltry vanity which blinds you so far as to think your pretty face could ever raise you to the dignity of Marchioness of Pemberton; a dignity which women of rank, fortune, and beauty far superior to your own, so eagerly contend for, and contend for in vain. 'Tis not all this which excite my indignation so much as the base treachery with which you have acted towards the being you profess to call your friend, your sister. Loading her as you daily do, with caresses, with protestations of affection, to thus basely betray her confidence, to sacrifice her happiness on the shrine of your

own, unworthy, grasping ambition. Lucy! Lucy! Ida Beresford, faulty, imperfect as she is, as far surpasses you in true nobleness of sentiment, as day does night. But 'tis enough that I know and blush for your weakness. Promise me never to see this man again, to banish him from your thoughts for ever, and our parents shall never know aught of what has passed,—never know how unworthy their idolized daughter is of their affection."

Touched by his kind consideration, harshly as it was expressed, and overcome by a thousand emotions, Lucy threw herself into his arms, and buried her face in his bosom. Completely softened, her brother flung himself on the seat near her, and parting the shining hair from her brow, imprinted a fond kiss upon it.

"My own gentle Lucy!" he murmured, "pardon me. 'Tis your first, your only offence, and I have been too severe. But need I say 'tis the passionate love I bear to you that prompted my harshness?"

"I know it, dear Claude," she rejoined, raising her soft eyes, now sparkling through her tears to his face; "I know it, and that is why I am not angry with you, though you have been blaming me unjustly all this time. Listen to me for one moment, and you will see I am still worthy of your love, still your own Lucy." And with a crimsoning cheek, and faltering voice she recounted her brief but eventful tale. The feelings it excited in her auditor may well be imagined. Her story concluded, a long pause followed, which was at length broken by Claude, exclaiming:

"And is it, can it be possible, that you, my humble, quiet little sister, are the destined bride of one of our highest, wealthiest noblemen? It surpasses belief. Pemberton is a noble, generous minded being, and you, my Lucy, are every way worthy of him. But, believe me, sincere as is the pleasure I feel to see you thus exalted, I derive a much purer, truer satisfaction, to know that you are innocent of the error I imputed to you."

He thought of Ida at the moment, for Lucy had not omitted in her narrative the circumstance of the letter sent by the latter. He remembered the generous self-devotion with which she had borne for another's sake, the imputation of an error equally great, an error from which a proud spirit like hers, must have shrunk with aversion, but he mentioned not her name; and discussing a thousand questions interesting to both, the brother and sister, arm in arm, leisurely returned to their home.

(To be continued.)

# THE FORTUNES OF BRIAN MULVANY AND HIS WIFE OONAGH.

BY M. A. S.

Now I take it for granted that every one has read or heard of "The Fortunes of Nigel,"—"The Fortunes of Hector O'Halloran, and his man," nay even of ascertain "Torlough O'Brien," (I crave pardon of the author of the work first mentioned, for placing him in such companionship, particularly that last mentioned, and I see no reason in life why the fortunes of Brian Mulvany and his estimable partner should be left untold, or the extraordinary mental endowments of Mrs. Mulvany, (who in her day, was "a wise and prudent woman,") be suffered to go down to oblivion. No! be mine the pleasant task to record her grotesque virtues, (to make use of a new figure of speech,) and thus give to the world, (my readers I mean,) the practical illustration of a notable housewife!

Yet though I have constituted myself the biographer of the worthy couple, whose joint name heads my narrative, I shame to say that I am entirely in the dark as to the when and where of their union—or any of the events which preceded that auspicious event. Of their *single* lives I know nothing—absolutely nothing—but of their *united* lives I know everything, as you, my dear reader, will confess, when you have journeyed with me through a few pages.

In personal appearance there was a decided resemblance between the pair—both were short, thick-set and ruddy; but Oonagh was of the two the shortest, stoutest, and most rubicund. Both had light, grey eyes, both had broad, flat-noses, with a wide expanse stretching between the eyes, but Oonagh had furthermore a fleshy protuberance (called a wart) on the right side of her nose, which added very considerably to the *intellectual character* of her countenance. In short had Oonagh been so blessed as to have drawn her earliest breath in the *celestial* dominions, we have not the shadow of a doubt but she would have been empress at least, for the *fattest* fair one in all China would have resigned the palm to her. Hers, too, was that waddling gait peculiar to Chinese beauties, though, if truth must be told, it was by no means owing to the diminutiveness of Oonagh's *understandings*, which were (alas! that I must own the fact!) rather of the formation of the camel's foot, equally flat, and

broad in proportion. In these last characteristics the good wife differed from her husband, who was, notwithstanding his bulky form, what is called "a tight little man," and as he jogged along to fair or market, or on Sunday or holy-day to mass, you would scarcely find a more active looking little personage than Brian Mulvany, while Oonagh on her part moved along with much the same lightness and grace as an elephant would display in climbing a mountain. Such as they were, however, they trod "the even tenor of their way" in a good jog-trot sort of manner, seldom diverging to the one hand or the other. If honest Oonagh did sometimes err in her judgment, (for my readers will see that she was not infallible,) why Brian, as a wise man should, surmounted the effects of the mistake as he best could, and worked on all the harder for the difficulties he had to encounter. Never was a word of angry recrimination heard to pass between the pair, who were certainly mated as well as matched. Their domicile was a low mud cabin, comfortably thatched, however, and kept in good repair, for Brian was, as we have said, an active, pushing little man, and though twelve of the twenty-four hours were devoted to the farmer from whom he held his cabin together with a potatoe garden, yet did he find time to keep his own little tenement in good condition. In the cultivation of the garden aforesaid, he was, to be sure, assisted by Oonagh, who could dig the ground, and plant potatoes and cabbages, (the only products of the little garden,) as well as Brian himself—provided always that he was by, to keep her to work, and give directions, for poor Oonagh was, like the Irishman as described in Orr's fine song, "more fit to practice than to plan."

At the time we commence our acquaintance with Brian and Oonagh, they were a thriving little couple as you would find, in their own way. They had their crop of potatoes carefully stowed away in a capacious pit, dug for the purpose in a corner of their little tenement, together with a good garden of cabbages, viz., a spot about eight feet square, thickly planted with this useful vegetable; they had a cow, too, which furnished them with milk, to soften "the dry praties;"

besides all this, they had a large sack filled with oats, (Brian had rented the ground for this extra crop for the one season,) this latter being intended to pay the rent, so that if Brian and Oonagh were not independent, I wonder who is. But the best part of their possessions remains to be told; this was a certain little purse of coarse blue linen, which contained no less than three guineas—gold guineas, no less!—which Brian had managed to scrape together. This he brought home, and deeming his treasure far too precious to be entrusted to Oonagh's care, he mounted an inverted *creel*,\* and thrust the precious deposit into a hole in the wall, just over the open chimney, remarking as he did so—"now Oonagh, there's something for a sore fut—may be we'll be glad to have it some day or another!"

"Troth its thrue for you, Briney dear!" resumed Oonagh, in ready accordance with her husband's observation, and indeed without asking what was put away so carefully—she, however, noted the place wherein it was placed, as we shall see. Brian of course thought no more of his money—he had put it in a place known only to Oonagh and himself; so that all was right, as it should be. Some days after, Oonagh was sitting spinning—she was all alone in the house, for Brian was away at his work. Poor Oonagh was just thinking of—nothing at all, when a poor man presented himself at the open door; a tattered looking creature he was too, and seemed to lean heavily on a large stick, which he carried in his right hand, while the other held a huge wallet which was slung over his left shoulder. He entered with a "God save all here!"—to which Oonagh replied in the usual terms, "'God save you kindly, honest man!'—Come by an' sit down," she added, reaching him a little bench, (called in Ireland, and we believe in Scotland too, a *creepie*).

"Troth, an' I will; an' thank you for the offer," said the beggar, as, laying aside his wallet, he took the offered seat. After Oonagh had given him *his charity*, (viz., some half dozen potatoes or so,) her eye fell on his right leg, which was thickly bandaged.

"Arrah, then, what's the matther wid your fut, ahagur?" she asked, in a tone of compassion.

"Och, then, bad scan to it for a fut," returned the other; "but its the dear fut to me;—there's a runnin' sore on it, you see, on the upper part of it, and its as good as three months badwid me, and there's not an herb that I could hear tell of, bein' good for the like of it, but I thried; but its all of no use, and its jist as bad now, as it was

\* A species of deep basket much in use amongst the Irish peasantry.

two months agone. Ochone, but that's the fut that laves me as I am, God help me!" While he spoke, Oonagh had in her turn ascended the creel, and taking down Brian's purse from its *safe*, she handed it to the beggar, without even opening it.

"Amen—God help you, poor man!—but there's something that our Briney put up there in the wall the other day—he said it 'id be for a sore fut, and as yours is so bad, throth I'll not be keepin' it lyin' up there—I'm sure I'll see nobody that 'll have a sorer fut than you—there now, take it, and God send that it may do you good! I'm sure if Briney had been here, he'd have given it to you himself!" The beggar in his heart doubted the latter assertion, for he saw at a glance how matters stood.

"God bless you, then, honest woman!" he exclaimed, "but its rejoiced I am to get any chance of bein' cured, an' now as its dhravin' on evenin' I'll be cuttin' the road short, for I have two miles to go the night yet!" whereupon gathering up his effects in all haste, he speedily disappeared with his prize. He was not long gone, when Brian, returning from his day's work, came in to rest himself, and take his supper before going out to the garden. "Well, Briney agrah;" said Oonagh, as she placed the basket of potatoes, and the noggin (*i. e.* a sort of wooden drinking vessel) of milk before him, "if it wasn't the Lord himself that put it into your head to lave that thing by for a sore fut:—I'm sure I was as glad to have it this day, as if it was a bag o' gold!"

"What thing are you talking about, Oonagh?" inquired Brian in surprise.

"Why, what would I be talkin' of, only the thing in the little blue bag, that you put up in the hole there beyant:—there came a poor man in, jist a while agone, and he had a mighty sore fut entirely, and so I gave it to him, bekase you said it was for a sore fut!"

Brian went to the hole—the money was gone!

"Arrah, then, Oonagh! is it in earnest you are?"

"Troth it is, Briney dear."

"Well, now, am'n't I to be pitied, that has ich a woman to my wife!" he exclaimed in a towering passion—(towering for our friend Brian, whose highest state of indignation could scarcely be called *anger*.) "Now, Oonagh! did'n't you know in your heart and sowl, that it was money was in it?"

"No, nor the divil a know, Briney, and sure you said it was for a sore fut!—an' when I seen the poor man not able to walk a'most, he was so bad,—don't you think but I'd give it, no matther what it was?"



"Oh! well—well—well!" ejaculated Brian, as he wrung his hands in momentary bitterness. The next minute he seated himself at the basket, and began his supper in silence, internally exclaiming, "Sure there's no use in talking to the creature—if God gave her better sense, she'd have it, that's all!"

For about a month Oonagh was a pattern of prudence. Full of remorse for the mistake which she had made, she was doubly on her guard, good honest woman! lest she should make matters still worse by any further blunder. Nor had she concealed from Brian, this her firm resolution to be more sharp-sighted for the time to come, which resolve had given Brian some rather strong hopes that she might yet amend. On the faith of this hope, then, he handed to his help-mate one day, as he came to dinner, a certain scrap of cloth in which was carefully tied up the sum of ten shillings. "There, Oonagh! put that some place where it 'll be safe—there's jist ten shillin's in it that I got from the mather awhile ago, an' it 'll be some help to'ast (towards) paying the rent—God send that we may be able to make up the remainder afore Lammass, for if we don't I'm afraid we'll have to sell the oats, and it's so chape now that it 'll bring nothin' at all. In the honor o' God I ask you now, Oonagh dear! not to make any bad hand o' that, for if you do I don't know what we'll do at all."

"Arrah, do you think, Briney, I'm a fool?" asked Oonagh with honest indignation, as she carefully stowed away the treasure in a certain little deal box which stood under the bed. "Now don't I know that this is for the rent, an' sure I'd be worse than the divil (God pardon me!) if I'd let it go to loss; jist wait an' you'll see how I'll take care of it." Relying on her assurances, Brian took his dinner and went off to his work. He was no sooner gone than Oonagh set her wits to work, in order to contrive some plan for increasing the amount of Brian's deposit, before the time of paying the rent. All that afternoon did she ponder upon the all-important project, but without coming to any final conclusion. And yet she had set her heart upon the matter, chiefly with the wish of repairing the mischief she had done, and further to take Brian by surprise, and let him see how clever a manager she was. A happy thought at length occurred to her simple mind; the next day was the market-day in the neighbouring town, and she would go there and lay out her ten shillings on some merchandise, which would be sure to sell again at a good profit. All that night did Oonagh lie awake, revolving in her mind the speculation on which she was about to venture—and next morning Brian was

scarcely out of sight, when, drawing from its concealment her little capital, she threw her grey cloak around her, and set out for the neighbouring town, which was more than two miles distant. Her impatience, however, had anticipated the proper time, for the streets of the little town were yet about empty. Here was another delay, but Oonagh amused herself going from shop to shop, and examining with eager admiration the various articles offered for sale in the windows.

"Who knows now," she soliloquized, as she took her stand in front of a window gaily bedizened with shawls, caps, ribbons, &c., all of the most flaring colours; "Who knows but when I give Briney the money that I'll make this time, but maybe he'd buy me a new lace cap, or one o' them purty yellow handkerchers. An' who'd have a betther right to it, bekase it's my own four bones that 'll earn it?" In such like meditations the time passed away, till the fastly-filling streets reminded Oonagh that the business of the day was about to commence. "I'll begin at one end o' the town," thought she, "and I'll go on to the other, an' then surely I'll see something that I'll lay out my money on." She did literally go through the market, pausing at every *standing* where anything was to be sold—but all in vain, she could decide on nothing, and the hour for Brian's dinner was fast approaching; she must therefore hurry home, and sorry enough she was that she could find nothing to speculate in. She had already got through the greater part of the principal street on her way home, when her eye fell on a certain vender of crockery, whose clamorous praises of his wares had attracted a considerable crowd around him. The article which he had to sell was a kind of coarse crockery, burnt to a dark hue and roughly polished. It is much used among the Irish peasantry, for milk, water, &c. Oonagh stood for a few minutes amongst the crowd, and thought surely it was her own good genius brought her there, for the crockery was going for a price next to nothing, and she at once determined to invest therein her ten shillings. Having made (as she triumphantly thought) an excellent bargain, and paid down her money, our speculator suddenly asked herself how she was to get her purchase home? An exceedingly pertinent question, had it not come too late. As it was, however, all she had for it was to stand by her *crocks*, keeping "watch and ward" over them, unknowing but that her watch might extend itself through the night as well as the day. Fortune this time befriended her it would seem, for she had not been long *en attendant* when Jemmy Casey, a near neighbour of

her's, drove up with an empty cart on his way home. "Why, bless my sowl, Oonagh Mulvany!" he exclaimed, pulling in his charger, "is it there you are, an' bad scan to you?"

Troth an' it is, Jemmy agra, and I'm in the devil of a hobble this minit."

"How's that, Oonagh?"

"Why I bought these crocks from that man there awhile ago, an' the devil a know I know how to get them home, an' I'm sure Briney's a most starved wid the hunger afore this, an' I donna what to do."

"Oh! bedad if that's all, Oonagh," cried the good-natured fellow, as he leaped to the ground, and at once commenced placing Oonagh's merchandize in the cart; "oh! then, if that's all, I'm the very boy that 'll bring yourself an' your crocks home to Briney in less than no time. But, God bless me, Oonagh!" he added, suddenly changing his tone, "what are you going to do with all the crocks?—are you goin' to sell them?"

"Troth you jist guessed it, ma bouchal; I laid out ten shillings in them, an' I'll sell them for what 'll pay the rent for us. Don't you think that I will, Jemmy?"

"Ahem!" coughed Jemmy, to whom Oonagh's peculiarities were not unknown; "why, then, to be sure you will, Oonagh! oh! but it's the pity o' the world that you hadn't thousands to lay out, you're sich a fine managin' woman. Troth I expect you'll double your money on them any how."

"Musha, Jemmy, are you in earnest?"

"In earnest—och then it's myself that is—but here we're at your door, Oonagh, so I'll jist help you out with the crocks, as I know Brian's away at his work." Oonagh having, with Jemmy's assistance, reached the ground, proceeded to range the crocks in rank and file along the front wall of the house, and Jemmy, who found some difficulty in restraining his mirth, gladly hurried away. When Oonagh entered the house she found that Brian had been cooking for himself, so that (her fears on that head being removed) she sat herself down quietly to exult in the anticipation of his surprise. In the joy of her heart she began to sing, when all of a sudden a strange sound fell upon her ear, something like an echo. She got up in great trepidation and went to the door—the sound was again heard, and to Oonagh's great surprise it seemed to issue from the depths of her new purchase. The sagacious reader need not be told, I presume, that it was the wind whistling amongst the hollow vessels. This discovery effectually ruffled the usually turbid mind of Oonagh.

"Arrah! then, is it mockin' me ye's are, yeugly

things, afther me laying out all my money on ye? Well, if that doesn't bate all!—But jist wait till any one catches me buying crocks again—that's all I say!" She had scarcely resumed her seat and her song, when the whistling recommenced and with increased violence. "Well, be this and be that," cried Oonagh in a passion, as she laid hold upon Brian's stick which stood in a corner: "if ye's have the impudence to do it again, there's not a crock of ye' all, but I'll smash into smithereens. I didn't bring ye's here to make game o' me, ye ungrateful villains!"

They did do it again, however, notwithstanding this passionate admonition, whereupon Oonagh in the plenitude of her indignation, belabored the offenders so lustily with her shillelah that she did literally smash them to atoms. "Ha!" she shouted as she shivered the last survivor. "Ha! I b'lieve you'll not make game o' me any more—take that now, an' see how you'll like it."

And taking yet another look at the demolished crocks, she wiped away with her apron the heavy drops of perspiration with which the unwonted exercise had bedewed her face. She sat down again to her spinning, and spun away with might and main till Brian made his appearance.

"Why, Oonagh, what's this?" he asked, when on approaching the door, he found the ground strewn with the broken fragments of crockery.

"Ay, what is it—troth you may well ax, Briney!" cried Oonagh, still considerably excited. "What would it be but them rascally crocks, that I had hardly brought about the house when they began to mock an' jeer me, jist as if I was a born fool."

"But what crocks were they, Oonagh?" asked Brian again, who already felt some strong misgivings touching his funded property.

"Why the crocks, to be sure, that I went and bought the day in the market, where I thought that I'd sell them again for double the money and that we'd have a good pound note instead of the ten shillin's you left me."

"An' so the ten shillin's is gone, after the three ginneas?—Och, Oonagh—Oonagh,—what am I goin' to do with you at all, at all! Och, wirra! wirrastru! an' afther all the promises you made me. Ochone—ochone! but I'm the poor unfortunate man to have sich a fool to my wife—ochone! ochone!" And poor Brian wrung his hands in despair. Oonagh, so far from seeing anything foolish in her conduct, was fully of opinion that she had acted as a wise woman should.

"Arrah musha, Briney!" she exclaimed, "don't be makin' a show of yourself that a way!—Now don't you know as well as I do that I would have

made plenty o' money on them, if they had'n't began to jibe me? an' sure you know, asthore machree! that flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it to hear the devils makin' their game o' me. Throth I warned them often enough what I'd do, but they wouldn't take any heed, an' so it wasn't my fault!"

"Och! then, may God give you betther understandin', Oonagh, an' me more patience, for if I don't need it, no man ever dhl—make haste, an' get me my supper—we'll soon be beggin' our bit from door to door!—If God hasn't said it!" And Brian, smothering his anger as he best might, applied himself to the business in hands, while Oonagh on her part testified as little concern as though nothing had gone wrong—nay as though the ill-fated ten shillings were still safe in the deal box. All that evening Brian was more thoughtful than usual and scarcely spoke a word, and early the next morning he abruptly called to Oonagh to get him his breakfast before he went to the mill—

"Musha Briney, what are you goin' to do at the mill?"

"What am I goin' to do?" retorted Brian sharply. "What would I be goin' to do but to get that lock of oats groun', becase it 'll sell betther in mail; an' with your fooling I havn't another thing to pay the rent! God send that it may bring as much as 'll pay it?—an' ochone! but I'm the poor man this blessed day afther workin' hard an' long to earn a little penny—now its all gone!—But sure there's no use in frettin' for what can't be helped!" he sagely added, "so have a bit ready for me to ait when I come back from Barney Hanagan's—I'm goin' over for the loan of his horse to carry the sack to the mill."

Well! Brian came back with the horse, eat his breakfast, and placing the sack on the horse's back with Oonagh's assistance, deposited himself in its rear and trotted off to the mill. When there, he had, of course, to wait for his turn, and what with that and some minor delays it was evening when he got back. He found his notable help-mate entirely occupied in assorting and classifying the fragments of the luckless crockery which she ranged according to their various sizes in front of the vessels on her little dresser (a kind of open cupboard). "Arrah, then, Oonagh!" cried Brian, as he stumbled over the heap which occupied the centre of the floor. "Arrah, then, Oonagh! in the name o' God what's this you're about?" Upon this Oonagh turned short round.

"Ah, thin! do'nt you see what I'm doin'?—I'm jist fixin' up these pieces of crockery here—troth, Briney! they're worth the whole money, they look so purty on the dresser—an' sure when I

bought them with our own money isn't it the laste I may have them to look at?" and she returned to her useful labor with all possible eagerness.

"Come out here, you poor foolish crathur!" cried Brian, angrily, "an' give me a han' with this sack!"—

"Och, throth an' I will, Briney dear!" and poor Oonagh in her eagerness to assist Briney, forgot all about the heap of crockery, and therefore fell right over it. There is no knowing how long she might have lain sprawling amongst the broken fragments had not Brian dragged her up, and restored her to her feet,—while she muttered a heavy malediction on the unlucky crocks (as she called them). Between them the sack of meal (no longer oats) was restored to its place in the farther corner of the kitchen, where it remained safe—for that night at least.

When Brian was going to his work next morning he laid an injunction on Oonagh that she should sift the meal as soon as possible, adding the not unnecessary caution, "And mind that there's no mistake this time, Oonagh! for if anything happens the mail, we're done for as sure as gun's iron!"

"Tut, tut, Briney!" rejoined Oonagh, reprovingly, "isn't it a shame for you to be talkin' as you are—arrah! what 'id happen it?"

"What do I know?" returned the other; "but I'm puttin' you on your guard."

"O you need'nt be a bit afeard!" And with this assurance Brian walked away with his spade over his shoulder. He was no sooner gone than his wife (in the ardor of her industry) got to work at the sifting, and how it befell will be seen hereafter.

Many an anxious thought did poor Brian Mulvaney send that day after his meal—ever as he worked did the sad question present itself, "What in the world will I do, now, if that simple crature lets anything happen the mail?" At length dinner-hour, long expected came at last, and Brian thrusting his spade into the ground left it there, and hastened home. Though his own little cabin was at no great distance (probably not more than a couple of hundred yards) yet from the fact of its lying behind a hill he could not see it till he had gone round the base, along which his path lay. When he did catch a glimpse of it he was more than astonished on finding it and every object in its immediate vicinity clad in a livery of white. He entered the house. Oonagh appeared in a similar robe of "spotless innocence"—face and hands, clothes and all were white as the fields and hedges without.

"Why, Oonagh!" cried Brian, as he entered, "was there a fall o' snow here that everything is so white?"

"No nor the divil a snow there was then!" returned Oonagh, who appeared in one of her tantrums. A fatal presentiment smote Brian's heart; he looked towards the place where he had last seen the meal-sack. Alas! "its corner was vacant," and Brian had not power to interrupt Oonagh, who proceeded to explain: "Sure, isn't it the mail that whitened it, an' I'll tell you how it happened, (the divil take it for mail, any how, but it's it that bothered me this day!) You see I spread the winna-sheet (*anglice*, winnowing-sheet) and began to sift the mail, an' bedad I was gettin' on like a race-horse, when didn't there a divil of an ear-wig, or some flyin' thing like it, jump into the very middle o' the hape! Well, sure enough myself was in a cowl sweat, when I hunted up an' down through the mail an' couldn't lay eyes on him, the ugly thief! an' at last, by good luck, I bethought of takin' the mail outside on the road, an' shakin' it up in little grains before the wind. But sure enough there was a high win' blowin', an' as fast as I shook it up, faix! the win' carried it off, an' sure if I had cotched the lad I didn't care, but afther all my throuble, divil a sight o' him I could see—himself an' the mail went off together, the ill-lookin' imp o' the divil!"

Brian's heart was too full for words, and sitting down on the nearest seat, he bent his head upon his hands, and wept bitterly. Poor Oonagh was struck dumb by the sight of his grief—never dreaming that herself had caused it.

"Musha, Briney! what ails you, alanna machree! what has come over you at all, at all, since you went out?"

Without deigning to answer her question, Brian hastily arose and left the house, anxious to give some vent to his sorrow, without being teased by Oonagh's witless inquiries. It was almost dark when he returned, and to Oonagh's great grief and astonishment, he went off to his bed without speaking a word. All the next day, and the next, there was gloomy discontent in the usually placid mind of Brian; it was not that he was angry with Oonagh, for woful experience had taught him that the poor simple creature, even in her blunders, (so fatal to their joint prosperity,) never failed to act with the very best intentions; no, but Brian was angry with himself that he had not sooner made this discovery, and profited by it. Amid all his sorrows, he looked upon his wife with much more of pity than of indignation.

"God help her, poor harmless crature!"

would Brian soliloquize; "she never manes to do hurt or harm to any one, but somehow she's doin' it to herself an' me both, just as fast as she can."

In the mean time he began to recover somewhat of his wonted cheerfulness, and forthwith did the smile return to the unlovely countenance of his faithful Oonagh.

"Oonagh," said Brian, as he came in from work one evening rather later than usual; "Oonagh, I was over spakin' to Harry Blake, the butcher, an' he's to come in the mornin' to kill the cow;" and having deposited his spade in its accustomed place behind the door, he drew a little stool to the hearth, and sitting down, drew out that never failing comforter of an Irish peasant—his pipe—while Oonagh busied herself (she never *bestirred* herself) in draining the water off the potatoes for supper.

"Musha then, Briney! are you goin' to kill the cow?—arrah! what 'll we do at all for the dthrop o' milk?" and poor Oonagh laid down the pot of potatoes, and taking up her apron, wiped away the big tear which the threatened loss of her favorite had called forth.

"Well, sure enough, Oonagh!" returned Brian, as he shook the ashes from his pipe on the open palm of his left hand. "Sure enough, it's the last thing I'd do, (that an' hang myself,) to kill the poor ould crummie; but the divil a thing else we have to pay the rent, an' next Tuesday 'ill be Lammas day, an' it 'id be a poor thing if we'd be turned out without a roof to cover us; ochone, Oonagh! but you've made a poor hand of all our substance. God pity you, poor creature! an' me too, for I'm sure we want it." At this Oonagh broke out—

"Arrah, Briney, man alive! don't be makin' an *omadhaun* o' yourself! I'm sure it's me that has the sore times of it with you—throth, it 'id be a decent thing to kill a body at once, and not be atin' the flesh off their bones the way you are!"

"Well, well, Oonagh!" cried Brian, soothingly, "get me some milk, alanna! till I get my supper—that's a good creature *now*!" As easily soothed as irritated, Oonagh obeyed with all the alacrity which she could command, and there the matter ended.

Next morning the old cow was killed, and Brian took half a day from his work to cut the beef and salt it. When he had finished he surveyed the beef with a wistful eye.

"Well, now, Oonagh!" he exclaimed, "wouldn't it be the fine thing all out if we could keep that for our own use—och! then, but we'd live like kings an' queens, an' us that has sich a fine

garden o' cabbage, too; sorra a head in the garden but we'd have a piece o' beef forenenst."

"Troth we would, Briney dear! Oeh! its thrue for you—but what do you think if I'd thry?"

Brian laughed, (though with a heavy heart.) "Oeh! there isn't the laste use in thryin', Oonagh, dear! for it isn't us that 'll have the atin' o' the meat! But now I must hurry away to my work, for it's aafter twelve o'clock, an', Oonagh, you'll jist put the beef in the barrel there, an' cover it up till I'll be takin' it to the market the morrow."

"I will, Briney dear! I'll do it afore you come back;" and away went Brian, without the least apprehension regarding the fate of his beef—his last and only trust. When returning night brought rest from his toil, he was too much fatigued to look after the beef, and having sat a few minutes dozing over the fire, he went to seek a fuller repose in the land of Nod. Some time in the night, Brian was awoke from his dreamless sleep by a terrific uproar which seemed to proceed from the garden.

"God bless us, Oonagh! do you hear that?" and seizing his sleeping wife by the arm, he shook her till she awoke. "Did ever you hear sich a noise? I'm sure the day o' judgment's comin'! that's the short an' the long of it."

"Faix, Briney, it's no sich a thing," responded Oonagh, positively; "don't you hear it's the dogs, an' sure it isn't dogs 'll be barkin' at the day o' judgment; but I'm afeard they're at the beef," she added, getting out of the bed as quickly as was possible for her.

"At the beef, Oonagh!" cried Brian, jumping at once to his feet, as a horrible suspicion arose in his mind. "How would the dogs get at the beef?"

"Well, I'll jist tell you that, Briney, if you'll not be angry. You know you said there was a piece o' beef for every head o' cabbage, an' so, when you were gone, I went an' put a piece on every head, as far as they went, an' troth you made a good guess, Briney! for there's only jist three heads without a piece o' beef; so you see I forgot to take in the beef again, an' I suppose the dogs is all gathered atin' it. Devil give them good of it!"

Brian waited to hear no more; rushing out into the garden, he found that nothing remained—absolutely nothing! The dogs of the country had been feasting on his highly-prized beef, and what they could not eat they had dragged away with them.

"Now then, Oonagh," said the horror-stricken Brian, as he entered the house; "now you have broken me out of house an' home, an' we may

sell the trifle o' praties we have (they'll not bring more than about five shillings at the most) an' set out to look for our bit, (i. e. to go a-begging); all we can do is to lave the place to the lan'lord when we're not able to pay him, an' besides he'd only be putting us out, so we may as well go at onst."

Though Oonagh heard this decision with all the sorrow of which her nature was susceptible, yet she could not be convinced that it was all her own fault. Probably her grief was fully equal to that which bowed down poor Brian to the dust on leaving, for ever, the little cabin which he had so long and so carefully labored to make comfortable as an asylum for his old age; but Oonagh had a sort of consolation in turning the fault over on fate, and her exclamation, as she turned back to take a parting look of her little homestead, was:

"Oeh! then, murther in Irish, Briney! isn't it the pity o' the world that luck went agin us, or we might be happy an' comfortable in it this minit?"

Poor Brian made no answer; he would not that the sorrow of the moment should be embittered by reproaches, and he feared to speak lest the bitterness of his grief might burst forth.

"Poor Oonagh!" sighed he; "poor witless crature! I'm sure it's bad enough for her, an' me too, to have to go, at our time of life, to look for our share, without me makin' matthers worse with scoldin'; oeh! an' sure the poor sowl 'id be only gettin' angry, for she thinks that she dope all for the best, an' that the misfortune all comes from our bad luck. Come on, Oonagh!" he said, raising his voice, and flinging his wallet across his shoulder; "we may jist as well set off at onst, for if we stan' here till the day o' judgment, it'll not bring anything back," and with this sage aphorism, Brian Mulvany and his sagacious partner turned their backs on their late domicile, and trudged away.

## SONG.

By the clear silver tones of thy heavenly voice,  
By the sparkling blue eyes of the maid of my choice,  
By thy bright sunny ringlets—were I on a throne,  
And thou what thou art, I should make thee my own.

By the smile on thy lip—by the bloom on thy cheek—  
By the looks of affection—the words thou dost speak—  
By the heart warm with love in that bosom of snow,  
I love thee much more than thou ever canst know.

I love thee—I love thee—what can I say more,  
Than tell what I have told thee so often before?  
While others may court thee, may flatter, and praise,  
Forget not our younger and happier days.

## JAEI AND SISERA.

BY IANTRHE.

'Tis burning noon on Kishon's banks,  
And Tabor's trees scarce yield a shade  
Unto the tall and stalwart ranks  
Of Israel's hosts, for war arrayed;  
Yet heed they not that scorching heat,  
Their tyrant foes they long to meet.

Each close knit brow and clenched hand,  
Bears witness of their deadly hate  
To those for whom they waiting stand;  
Resolved once more to brave their fate:  
Nor need they fear—the day is theirs,  
The Lord of Battles hears their prayers.

And hark! a deep and sullen sound  
That seems like echoing thunder-peals,  
Is heard, while trembles now the ground  
At roll of iron chariot wheels;  
At last the Canaanites appear,  
And the loud war cry meets their ear!

Fierce is the fight, no mercy craved  
Nor any given on either side,  
And every danger now is braved;  
That crushed may be the Gentiles' pride:  
Those Jewish arms are nerved by Heaven  
With strength this day in mercy given.

Now many a helmed head lies low,  
So lately there erect with life;  
And shield, and spear, and broken bow  
Are scattered o'er the scene of strife:  
His chariot, Sisera forsakes,  
And through the field his flight he takes.

Flung down in haste, are sword and lance,  
And all that can his steps detain,  
And oft he flings a hurried glance  
Back to those heaps of warriors slain,  
Cursing his gods, who failed to save  
Him from disgrace, them from a grave.

Fearing pursuit, he wanders on  
Far from the spot, o'er hill and dale,  
And sandy plain, till sunk the sun,  
And all his strength begins to fail,  
While his tired limbs their task refuse,  
Yet dreads he still the vengeful Jews.

A lonely tent beneath a palm,  
Seems to invite his weary feet,  
The thought of rest to him is balm;  
And, coming forth his steps to greet,  
Appears a form, well known of yore,  
Tho' now so changed recalled no more.

The kindly words of greeting spoke,  
His burning thirst is soon relieved,  
And covered with an ample cloak,  
He feels from shameful death reprieved;  
He thought not that stern passions shook  
That woman's frame—so calm her look.

Tho' time and grief had marked that face,  
That even to him it seemed unknown,  
And in its lines he failed to trace  
The beauty that once all outshone;  
They had not stolen mem'ry's power,  
And o'er her heart it ruled that hour.

A vision of her happy youth,  
Before her soul is rising fast  
Of bygone hours, when on his truth  
She fondly fixed her hopes, and cast  
All other thoughts away, and he  
Loved her, so dreamed she, tenderly.

With quivering lip and flashing eye,  
On the tired soldier then she gazed,  
As she recalled how, when his eye  
Was weary of the charms he praised,  
And all her peace for e'er was gone,  
He left her wretched and alone!

For vengeance deep she oft had sighed,  
But all in vain until to-day,  
And as he in his manhood's pride  
Lay slumb'ring there, she strove to pray  
That her hand might not fail, when she  
Robbed him of life so ruthlessly.

Half trembling lest she might relent,  
Or he, awaking, should depart;  
She quickly looks around the tent,  
Seeking a knife to reach his heart  
None meets her eye, but on the ground  
Hammer and nails lie strewn around.

Naught else she finds. With purpose fixed,  
She firmly grasps each deadly tool;  
And hate with pity all unmixed  
Keeps her arm strong and forehead cool,  
One moment—calm the sleeper's breath,  
The next—a hush!—What is it?—Death!

## FORGIVENESS.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Oh, wring the black drop from your heart  
Before you kneel in prayer!  
You do but mock the Mercy-Seat  
If hatred linger there.  
How can you ask offended Heaven  
To clear your soul's deep debt,  
If 'neath your ban lies brother man?—  
Forgive, if not forget.

Remember, sons of earth are born  
To sorrow and to sin;  
That poor and rich to dust return,  
A few brief years within.  
For guests that crowd round life's strange board,  
Joy's cups are thinly set;—  
To poison them were fearful shame—  
Forgive, if not forget.

In error, or in guiltiness,  
If men have wrought thee wrong,  
From way of wrath thy steps restrain—  
In patience pass along.  
Should retribution be thy right,  
He will avenge thee yet,  
Who mortal ill repayeth still—  
Forgive, if not forget.

How pleasant when our orisons  
We breathe at eventide,  
To feel the heart untenanted  
By anger or by pride!  
Oh, blessed are the merciful,  
Whose hopes on high are set!  
Like them, release thy soul in peace—  
Forgive, and thou'lt forget.

# THE YOUNGER BROTHER.\*

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE FRONDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ELIE BERTHET.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

## CHAPTER XX.

PAUL DE GONDI.

THE COADJUTOR no longer wore the riding dress in which Fabian had encountered him, on the previous evening, on the Pont Neuf, and his present costume was much more consonant with his personal appearance. It was a stately prelate, in rich ecclesiastical apparel, who now advanced with a dignified step, bestowing his benediction on those present, with an action not devoid of ease and natural grace. His long violet robe seemed to add to his stature, which was in reality rather short, and at the same time concealed those ungainly limbs which were so often the subject of railery. Under all this clerical pomp and circumstance, however, he still retained that air of crafty penetration, that sly, derisive smile, which were such true indications of his character. A singular twinkling of the eyelid gave his look at all times a quick and penetrating appearance; but when he entered the oratory and threw a keen and searching glance around the assembly, the fiery sparkle of his eye seemed to embarrass the courtiers more than usual. Some turned aside their heads that they might not be recognised; others reddened to the forehead, as if caught in the very commission of some evil deed; all gave the most unequivocal proofs of confusion and alarm. These movements did not escape the Coadjutor, who bit his lips to conceal the malicious smile that hovered round them, and advanced to salute the Queen with all the tokens of the greatest respect.

Anne of Austria was herself for the moment confused, and in spite of her consummate art in concealing her feelings, she could not help in some manner betraying her surprise.

"The worthy Coadjutor is at all times welcome to our presence," she said, with somewhat forced gaiety; "but I must admit that at this moment I was far from anticipating his visit."

"What is there in my presence here to astonish your Majesty?" replied the Coadjutor, with an air of perfect serenity. "Is not this the hour

at which your Majesty sometimes deigns to receive here your humble subject, when you desire to converse on state affairs?"

"It is true," returned the Regent; "but I did not expect that to-night—"

"To-night, as on every night when your Majesty does me the distinguished honor to grant me an audience, I presented myself at the small door of the Saint Honoré cloisters. Gabouri, your gentleman-in-waiting, was in attendance there as usual, and it is perhaps by some mistake, which I must deplore, if it has offended your Majesty, that he has admitted me to your oratory, where, I must confess, I could not anticipate so numerous a company. I humbly beseech your Majesty, if there be aught displeasing in my present visit, to pardon it in consideration of the important intelligence of which I am the bearer."

"Important intelligence!" repeated the Queen, regarding him fixedly; "in that case, be pleased to follow me into the adjoining apartment."

"I am at your Majesty's command," was the reply; "still, permit me to remark that there is no necessity to conceal from these gentlemen an event, which all Paris will know to-morrow morning. And besides," he continued, with a smile, "if I do not greatly deceive myself, the intelligence of which I speak bears very closely on the motive which has united all these noble personages around your Majesty."

This insinuation by no means decreased the awkwardness and confusion of the courtiers; the Queen herself was slightly alarmed.

"I do not understand, Monsieur!" returned she impatiently, "how the secret subject of deliberation of our official councillors, can have reached your ears, without treachery on the part of some one."

"Pardon me, your Majesty," replied Gondi, in his former calm tone; "but is it customary that a young maid of honor, and a simple gentleman without any office at court, such as this young cavalier, should be admitted to share your councils with your secretaries and the keeper of your seals?"

These words seemed to increase the Queen's displeasure and embarrassment, and he resumed more seriously:

"Madame! I do know the enterprise which but now engaged the attention of your councillors, and although I disapprove, and have refused to share in it, I will never breathe a single word of it, however opposed I may consider it to the end they have in view; it is sufficient for me that it had your Majesty's approbation. If, then, contrary to etiquette, I have entered thus unexpectedly amid your deliberations, it is because the event I am about to announce is of a nature to annul your project. In two words, the Prince of Condé has been warned this evening of what was preparing for him, and has just quitted Paris with his brothers, and with all the nobility who espouse his cause."

A thunderbolt bursting in the midst of the assembly could scarcely have produced a more startling effect on the courtiers, than those words of Paul de Gondi. Each of them believing himself betrayed by name to the wrath of the first Prince of the Blood, found it impossible to conceal his agitation and alarm. The practical knowledge they had of similar intrigues, led them to believe that, sooner or later, they would be sacrificed to the vengeance of him whom they had endeavoured to destroy; they remained in alarm and perplexity, without even daring, at first, to interchange their mutual fears. The Baron de Croissi, in especial, who had been one of the principal movers of this enterprise, and whose position was rendered still worse by his treason towards the Prince, considered himself lost without resource, and cast a sinister look around, as if to see whom he could drag with him in his fall.

Fabian and Elizabeth, alone, inwardly rejoiced at an event which, in rendering impossible the execution of the proposed plot, seemed to have saved the life of one of the most important men in the kingdom.

The Queen had become thoughtful, and seemed calculating silently, whether this news were fatal to her interests or not.

"He is gone then at last! he has yielded up the field!" she exclaimed, at the end of a few moments' reflection, and in an accent of satisfied pride. "The *Great Condé*, as they insisted on calling him, has fled before a woman! How rejoiced the Cardinal will be!"

Then, remarking that her words were attentively watched, she turned towards Paul de Gondi, and said with interest:

"There is both good and evil in your intelligence, Monsieur; but since you seem so well

informed, can you not also tell us at least whether the Prince is said to have retired? Doubtless to Guienne, to commence a civil war?"

"I hope, Madame!" said the Coadjutor, "that the State will not again have to suffer these cruel extremities. According to reports which seem to me authentic, the Prince has only retired for the present to his chateau of Saint Maur, near Paris; from thence he can every day attend Parliament with a suitable escort, and there demand vengeance on his enemies."

The wily prelate accompanied these words with that peculiar twinkling of the eyes, to which we have already alluded, betokening that they were uttered on purpose to augment the secret apprehensions of the courtiers. The countenances of all were so sad and gloomy as to attract the attention of the Queen.

"My faithful servants have no occasion to be alarmed at this event," she said, in a tone of voice, however, so full of anxiety as almost to belie her words; "it is possible that I may be forced by circumstances to come to terms with this rebel Prince, but I shall never be weak enough to sacrifice my friends to him—you know what it already cost me to part with the Cardinal. But before considering the probable issue of this event, gentlemen!" she continued with some sternness, "it is important that we should know who could have put the Prince of Condé on the alert, and I now command the Coadjutor to tell me all he knows on the subject."

"Madame!" replied Paul de Gondi, with affected slowness, "I ought to acquaint your Majesty, in the first place, with a circumstance, which may perhaps tend to diminish your tender solicitude for your councillors, and possibly," he added, with a sarcastic glance around, "may contribute to restore their assurance. It is that the Prince, however well informed on other points, knows not the name of a single one of those who have aided in the enterprise; and the suspicions which he may doubtless conceive cannot furnish sufficient ground for a solemn accusation before the Parliament."

This information, which the prelate seemed maliciously to have postponed, re-assured the alarmed courtiers; they breathed more at their ease, and raised their heads, which had hitherto drooped dejectedly. Joy shone on every countenance, and the knowledge that the danger was not so pressing as they fancied, gave them fresh courage.



## CHAPTER XXI.

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ACCUSATION.  
—

ALBERT DE CROISSI was the first to break the silence which had succeeded the Coadjutor's welcome announcement.

"Your Majesty," he exclaimed with animation, "seems still inclined to continue your confidence in a pretended friend, who serves you in a manner difficult to be characterised; but I may be permitted to enquire how he has become so well acquainted with an enterprise never confided to him, unless it is that he has suborned some one to betray your Majesty's secrets?"

The Coadjutor, with all his skill and tact, appeared embarrassed by this abrupt question; he hesitated to reply, and Croissi, sensible of his advantage, sought to crush him at one blow.

"Madame!" he said firmly to the Queen Regent; "Whatever may happen to me, I desire to give your Majesty still another proof of my zeal and devotion. The Coadjutor himself avows that he has been for some time acquainted with the truth as regards this affair, and I must now inform you whence he gathers the secret projects of the court, in order to reveal or thwart them. Will your Majesty please to recollect what I was saying at the time when the Coadjutor entered?—You have warmed a serpent in your bosom, and this girl, in whom you have reposed such confidence—"

"Speak out, Sir! explain yourself!" exclaimed Anne of Austria, with an angry glance at the trembling girl by her side.

"Do you remember, Madame," resumed the Baron, "at whose recommendation Mademoiselle de Montglat was admitted among your attendants."

"Yes—it was the Duchess de Chevreuse."

"Madame de Chevreuse and Mademoiselle de Chevreuse," continued de Croissi, with a sarcastic glance at Paul de Gondi, "are, as every one in Paris knows, the very intimate friends of the Coadjutor; and as Madame de Chevreuse is the patroness of Mademoiselle de Montglat—"

He still hesitated, and the Queen struck the floor passionately with her foot.

"Speak clearly," she exclaimed, "I desire you—I command you!"

"Well, Madame! I maintain that the Countess de Montglat disclosed to the Duchess de Chevreuse all the secrets of your Majesty of which she became possessed, and that Madame de Chevreuse in her turn, communicated them to the Coadjutor. A conversation between your maid of honour and the Duchess, which I once by

chance overheard, left me no room for doubt, and it is my acquaintance with this circumstance that gave me an influence over Mademoiselle de Montglat, which I endeavoured to use for the success of our—I mean of Monsieur d'Hocquincourt's—enterprise. Your Majesty can now easily comprehend the penetration of the Coadjutor!"

"The treacherous spy!" exclaimed Fabian, in a transport of indignation, which respect for the royal presence could not repress.

The only reply of his brother was a gesture of disdain, as he turned and rejoined the astonished group of courtiers. The Coadjutor was about to speak, but the Queen showed herself so much agitated by what she had just heard, that he feared to draw on himself the wrath about to burst on the head of the unfortunate Countess, who, pale and silent, stood before the Queen, with downcast eyes and trembling limbs, like a timid lamb before an enraged lioness.

"Approach! Mademoiselle, approach!" said Anne of Austria, in a voice so stifled with emotion as to be almost inaudible; "I would fain still doubt the truth of what I have just heard. Tell me that they are mistaken;—tell me that you, whom I loved—you, in whom I placed my full confidence—would never betray me, would never repeat, to a more than doubtful friend—"

She paused for an instant, and then, with an outbreak of passion, stamped on the ground, and exclaimed:

"Tell me so, wretched woman! maintain your innocence, or I will crush you like a worm of the earth!"

The very excess of the royal anger seemed to give to Elizabeth the calm courage of despair; she knelt before the Queen, and replied, in a voice at once gentle and firm:

"I will not aggravate by a falsehood a fault of which I have most bitterly repented: all that the Baron de Croissi has said is too true."

All the fiery passions of the Queen Regent's Spanish soul seemed aroused by these words.

"Thou darest to avow it?" she cried, in a loud and threatening tone; "thou darest to speak it—aloud—in my presence! Away with thee, detestable creature! away or—"

She raised her hand as she spoke, but suddenly dropping it, she sank back in her chair, and covered her face with her handkerchief.

"Oh! hapless, hapless Queen that I am!" she murmured, amid her half-restrained sobs. "Betrayed by my domestics, my friends, my relatives!"

The effect of this scene on the bye-standers had been almost stunning; no one dared to open his mouth, some restrained by terror, some by

respect. For a few moments nothing was heard in the oratory but the sobs of the weeping Queen. The plaintive voice of Elizabeth alone dared to mingle with these tokens of the royal grief.

"Madame!" she cried, "my crime is so great that I can neither expect nor hope pardon from your august clemency; notwithstanding, let me be permitted to explain, if not to excuse, my treason towards your Majesty. Deprived of my aunt, an orphan, alone in the world, I had no one to look to for support and advice, save the noble lady who had procured my admission among your maids of honour. I owed her boundless gratitude, for to her I owed my place near you, and could only hope to retain it so long as I received her countenance. You know the Duchess de Chevreuse; she is haughty and imperious, as well as profoundly versed in the art of searching out the truth amid the most secret recesses of the heart. Was it then very difficult for her to deceive a simple and inexperienced girl, who, for the most part, understood not the sense or importance of the words and actions of which they made her give account? Besides, I thought her thoroughly devoted to your Majesty, and was led by her words to believe that I only revealed to her what had already been confided by yourself. My eyes were only opened on the day when Monsieur de Croissi, having overheard a conversation between the Duchess and myself, made me aware of the odious part I had been made to play. I was overwhelmed with shame and fear, and that man who has just accused me, took advantage of my unfortunate position to make me a tool for his ambitious purposes; he threatened to disclose all to your Majesty, unless I consented to assist him in a design which he then projected, and in which he wished a young man, over whom he supposed me to have some influence, to take part. What could I do? I would rather have died than be deprived of your confidence and shamefully driven from the court; besides, I was assured that the project had your Majesty's sanction. I accepted his offer, therefore, and Heaven knows the tears which this hateful bargain has since cost me. I have now told you the whole truth, Madame, and am ready to undergo any punishment which your just indignation may assign me. Life itself is a burden under the misfortunes which have poured upon me within the last few hours, and should your Majesty think my fault deserves death—I am ready."

This recital, bearing the stamp of undisguised truth, and uttered in a touching and plaintive tone, made a deep impression on some of the courtiers. The Coadjutor turned aside, as if to

conceal his emotion. Fabian drew near to Elizabeth, and said to her in a low voice:

"This, then, was your secret, my poor friend! The same man has proved the ruin of us both. Ah! Elizabeth! Elizabeth! how fatal has the court proved to us! Would that we had remained poor and obscure in the rural shades of Montglat!"

During the time that the young Countess had been speaking, the Queen had gradually grown calmer, although, perhaps, she had not heard a word of the frank explanation then given. She rose suddenly, and with a pre-occupied air, as if just roused from slumber, she said to her councillors:

"What think ye, gentlemen, of an evening so well employed for the good of the State? In truth, we have passed it in discussing the love affairs of a country squire, and a waiting-woman! But enough—and too much—of all this! Gentlemen, I will not detain you longer; the enterprise we assembled to deliberate upon must now be renounced. The Coadjutor will remain, as I have somewhat to say to him."

As she said this she made a gesture of dismissal, without considering that she had not yet decided on the fate of the two young people who had incurred her resentment. Such was the fickle and changeable character of Anne of Austria, that this forgetfulness, caused by her anxiety as to more important matters, might have saved the culprits; but too many of those present were interested in an immediate decision to allow this lapse of memory to pass. None moved. The Baron de Croissi undertook to express their wishes and his own.

"Madame!" said he, with a low reverence, "these gentlemen, before leaving your gracious presence, await the orders of your Majesty as to this young man, on whom their security so much depends."

"True!" replied the Queen, and her countenance grew darker at the recollection. "But retire in all security, my friends! I will charge Monsieur de Croissi to provide for the safety of all. You may be sure," she added, with a look of contempt towards the Baron, "that he will not be too indulgent to his rash pupil."

One after another the courtiers respectfully saluted the Queen and retired in silence. Marshal d'Hocquincourt made another effort to save Fabian, but was abruptly silenced by the Regent, and he withdrew, casting a compassionate glance on the young De Croissi. The Queen then called the Baron to her, and commenced a conversation with him in low and cautious tones.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## CONDEMNATION.

WHILST the Lords of the Council were taking leave, the Coadjutor drew gradually nearer to the young lovers, who stood beside each other in an obscure corner of the oratory, near the altar; and at a moment when no one could remark him, he leant towards Fabian and rapidly whispered:

"They will send you to the Bastille. Leave this while you are unobserved. You will find friends in the ante-chamber."

The young man shook his head sadly, as if to say "Of what use would it be?"

"Oh! go, go!" murmured Mademoiselle de Montglat, who had caught the words of Paul de Gondi.

The Coadjutor understood the cause of his hesitation, and quickly added:

"The Queen will assuredly pardon this poor girl. Away! all may yet be well with you!"

Fabian hastily raised the hand of Elizabeth to his lips, and with a grateful sign to his protector, glided silently into the ante-chamber, which was then, whether through chance or design, completely hid in obscurity. He had made but a few cautious steps along the room, when he felt his hand grasped by another.

"Are you Monsieur Fabian de Croissi?" whispered a voice in his ear.

"Yes!" replied Fabian.

"Follow me then," was the reply, and he felt himself conducted through the secret issue, the door of which immediately closed behind him.

It was full time. The almost inaudible conversation between the Queen and the Baron in the oratory had just terminated. De Croissi turned round, and remarking his brother's absence, an expression of astonishment spread over his features.

"What has become," she exclaimed, "of that unhappy young man, who, but a minute ago—?"

"Would you arrest him in our very presence?" said the Queen Regent severely. "The young man is doubtless in some neighbouring apartment. Go and seek him; but recollect, that though we wish our secret placed beyond the reach of indiscretion, I will hear of no harsh measures being used towards him."

The Baron made a low reverence, and with an anxious air, withdrew. The Queen heaved such a sigh as is given when a painful scene has closed; but as her eye wandered round the apartment, it rested on the young Countess de Montglat.

"Ah! all is not yet finished," she impatiently exclaimed. "Approach, Elizabeth de Montglat!"

The young lady advanced with a pensive, but calm and resigned air.

"From this moment you are no longer in my service," continued the Regent coldly; "your name shall be erased from the list of my maids of honour, and you will yourself inform Madame de Motteville of this. To-morrow the walls of the Carmelite Convent shall enclose you for ever!"

This terrible sentence produced in Elizabeth no sign of emotion, whether it were that she had fallen into the torpor of despair, or that anxiety for the fate of another absorbed all her faculties. This apparent indifference irritated the fiery Queen, who had expected some token of contrition and humility.

"Begone!" she said, pointing towards the door; "I have no farther need of your services or your company."

In spite of this imperative injunction, the young Countess remained fixed and motionless, with her head bent towards the door; her attention evidently so directed towards that quarter, that she had not heard the orders of the Queen. The fury of Anne of Austria was about to burst forth, when she was interrupted by the hurried entrance into the oratory of the Baron de Croissi, pale and agitated.

"Madame!" he cried, "there is treachery somewhere—the young man has disappeared, although Monsieur Gabouri is certain that he did not leave the cloisters with your Majesty's councillors."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed the Queen.

A personage clad in black, who was no other than Gabouri, the mysterious porter of the cloister door, now appeared on the threshold of the oratory, and confirmed De Croissi's assertions.

"This is somewhat extraordinary," said the Queen, anxiously. "Unless he were a magician, he could not vanish thus, like an apparition."

"He is saved!" cried Elizabeth, whose previous pre-occupation this event sufficiently explained. "Oh! Madame! my noble sovereign! every thing else is just, every thing else is right, and I shall suffer without complaint, whatever punishment you may appoint for me."

She then retired from the oratory with a profound reverence, leaving the Regent in her turn almost unconscious of the words that had been spoken.

A few minutes of unbroken silence succeeded her departure.

"Gabouri!" said the Queen at last, "the more I think of it, the more it seems to me impossible that this man can have left the palace. We cannot order a search at this moment without

causing suspicion; but let the gates be closed, and let no one pass until the morning—you understand me?"

Gabouri made a low and ceremonious inclination.

"You, Monsieur De Croissi," she continued, "will remain to-night in Gabouri's apartments, and tomorrow your prisoner, as soon as he is discovered, shall be placed in your hands. Now leave us!"

De Croissi was about to retire with his conductor, when the Queen Regent remarked a curl on the sarcastic lip of the Coadjutor.

"You smile, Monsieur!" she said; "might I know why?"

"I was amused, Madame!" replied De Gondi. "on thinking how unfortunate the poor Baron is; if I am not mistaken, this is the second prisoner he has lost to-day."

This allusion, which De Croissi seemed at once to comprehend, drew from him a suspicious and irritated glance.

"Believe me, Sir," he said, in a tone of suppressed anger, "that were I permitted to search out the author of the treason that has disappointed our plans, I should not, perhaps, be very long in discovering him."

"What says this model of brothers—this tender guardian of poor Fabian de Croissi?" inquired Paul de Gondi, in a tone of voice mischievously provoking.

The Baron lost his usual self-control.

"He says that a perfidious priest is the sole cause—"

"Silence, Sir! silence!" interposed the Queen, authoritatively. "What right have you thus to raise your voice in my presence, and insult a person so elevated in dignity and merit, as the worthy Coadjutor? Your insolence has more than once carried you too far this evening, Monsieur de Croissi. Because I have deigned to admit once into my council an obscure and petty nobleman, must he take upon himself to use such a tone in my presence? Hence, Sir! hence! And learn that when people like you are no longer necessary, they are cast off, and repulsed with contempt and disgust?"

The baffled courtier, overwhelmed by this reproof, gloomily followed Gabouri from the oratory. When the Queen was at length left alone with the Coadjutor, she threw herself into a chair, and exclaimed in deep despondency:

"They will drive me mad—they all betray me! I have more need than ever, holy Sir! of your services and counsel."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE FLIGHT.

FABIAN DE CROISSI, in the mean time, hurried, with his unknown liberator, through the extensive galleries of the Saint Honoré cloisters, and, spite of his anxiety to escape, he could not help feeling some curiosity to learn the name of the person who took so great an interest in him; but his utterance of the first word was immediately succeeded by a rude push from his conductor. Reduced to silence by this mute signal, he endeavoured at least to distinguish the features of his mysterious friend. The part of the cloisters which they traversed was plunged in complete obscurity, and his guide must have possessed a very exact knowledge of the localities to proceed so rapidly as he did, and through so many different turnings. All that Fabian could remark, was that his conductor himself displayed tokens of great terror; his hand shook, and his voice, when he warned De Croissi in a whisper, to descend or mount a step, to turn to the right or left, trembled with fear. Several times he suddenly stopped, thinking he heard the distant sound of a foot-fall, or saw a light gleam at the extremity of a corridor. At last, after a long, though rapid circuit, he led Fabian into a small chamber, poorly enough furnished, and still worse lighted, and which seemed to appertain to some of the lower servants of the palace.

"Well, Boniface! have you succeeded? Do you bring him with you?" exclaimed an individual, who seemed to have been waiting for them, and who rose from his seat as the door opened.

"Here he is!" returned Boniface, in a voice still trembling, as he ushered in his young companion.

Fabian paused, and earnestly regarded the person who had thus welcomed them.

"Fear nothing," said his guide; "it is my cousin, Eustache Vireton, one of the best scholars of the Sorbonne. In the name of all the saints, Eustache, let us make haste! They will soon perceive this young gentleman's absence, and search the cloisters. Holy Saint Boniface! should they catch us before we reach the postern, we should soon have lodgings in the Bastille, and never see the outside of it again."

The party, reinforced by the young scholar, again set out, and were immediately hurrying once more through obscure and intricate passages.

"Ah! we are lost!" cried Boniface, with a sudden start; "here is some one!"

A light step was heard at the other end of the corridor they were then traversing, and a female figure, whose features they could not distinguish in the obscurity, glided like a shadow towards them. She walked with a faltering step, and from her lips escaped at intervals sighs and sobs, as she advanced, totally unconscious of their presence. Our three adventurers remained perfectly motionless, scarcely even daring to breathe. At last the lady approached so close that the least movement on their part must betray them. Fancy then the terror of Boniface and his cousin, when Fabian, at this critical moment, made a step forward, and in a distinct but repressed voice, exclaimed, "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

Mademoiselle de Montglat, for she it was, started and threw a frightened glance around.

"It is I,—Fabian!" he again said. "Be not afraid—do not utter a cry, or we are lost!"

"Oh! Fabian! are you still here?" she murmured, in deep distress; "What detains you? why do you not quit the palace?"

"Elizabeth!" replied the young man eagerly; "I thank Heaven for the chance which has again for a moment united us. I experienced a keen anguish in leaving you, without knowing what was to become of you. For pity's sake, relieve me from my anxiety—tell me that you are out of all danger, that the Queen has pardoned you,—and I shall leave you, if not without regret, at least without fear."

"How imprudent," returned Mademoiselle de Montglat, "to permit the precious time thus irremediably to depart!"

And at the same time her eyes rested on the two companions of Fabian, who had still remained in the shade. De Croissi understood the cause of her hesitation.

"These are my friends, my liberators," he rapidly said, pointing to his companions; "let not their presence alarm you. But, I beseech you, Elizabeth, tell me what passed in the oratory of the Queen after my departure."

"If I have to weep over your ruin, Fabian!" replied the young Countess, avoiding a direct answer, "my lot will be without consolation."

"The Queen has then been pitiless?"

"I am to be driven from the court—shut up in the convent of the Carmelites for the rest of my life,—such is my fate!" replied Elizabeth in a voice choked with sobs.

Fabian raised the hand of the Countess to his lips, and the next few moments were passed by them in the mute ecstasy of sorrow. In the meantime the guide grew impatient and each moment increased their danger.

"Mademoiselle!" he said in a supplicating

tone, "if you value the happiness of Monsieur de Croissi, do not detain him here; time presses, and we may be met before we are in safety."

"Yes, yes, Fabian!" said the young lady, withdrawing her hand; "you must go! Perhaps, hereafter, the fortunes of both may be more favorable, and then—But now, fly! Adieu, adieu!"

With these words she was about to depart, so as to leave Fabian no pretext to remain; but the young man had now taken a bold resolve.

"Elizabeth!" he said, "I consented to fly, because I hoped that you would still be happy, and that I might at some early day again see you. But now that I know the hateful lot for which you are destined, what matters it what they do with me? What care I for liberty, for life, now that we must live for ever separated from each other? I will not any longer hazard the safety of these brave men, who have risked themselves to save me. Let them only point out some officer of the palace to whom I may surrender myself; I am weary of striving against an irresistible fatality!"

Even in that faint light the cheeks of the maid of honour might have been discovered to become gradually paler.

"Fabian!" she exclaimed with much agitation; "you cannot seriously entertain such a thought! Renounce it and fly! Why think of such a desperate action?"

"I remain here," said Fabian, "unless——"

His eyes were fixed upon Mademoiselle de Montglat with so strange an expression that hers bent to the ground before them.

"Elizabeth!" he continued, vehemently, "the moment for scrupulous etiquette is past. I will speak to you clearly. I will never quit this palace, unless you are the companion of my flight."

"What do you propose, Fabian?" said the young lady with a start.

"Listen to me, Elizabeth!" he replied. "For you or for me life is henceforth a desert, through which we must wander lone and sad, unless we love one another, comfort one another. We are both orphans, both condemned to a miserable fate, both have been the sport of a selfish and culpable ambition, which envelopes us as in a net. Come, Elizabeth, let us resist the tyranny that overwhelms us! Remember, my beloved, the happy days at Montglat; there I pledged you my faith, and received yours in return. Now all the obstacles which then seemed interposed between us are removed; persecution itself has aided to re-unite us. Consent to accompany me, Elizabeth, and in a few days the ties which now unite us, shall be consecrated by religion, and made indissoluble. Elizabeth, dear Eliza-

beth, do not repulse me! The mysterious protector who watches over me must have a kindly heart; he will not refuse to you the same asylum which he has afforded to me, who never demanded it. Come, Elizabeth! I conjure you in the name of your dear relative who smiled upon our love! Reject not the prayer of your friend, your brother—your husband!"

A violent struggle agitated the soul of the young Countess; her breast heaved convulsively, and her limbs trembled like an aspen. At last she let her hand fall into that of De Croissi, and murmured in a tone so feeble as to be scarcely audible:

"Let us go, then, Fabian! and Heaven pardon me if I do wrong."

The young man scarcely dared to believe his good fortune; but the danger of their situation did not permit him to give vent to the transport of this unexpected joy. He turned to his two companions, and said to them with a trembling voice:

"We follow you, gentlemen! Oh! I would not now for worlds fall into their hands!"

"But, Monsieur de Croissi, interposed Boniface, "this young lady—"

"She is persecuted, as I myself am; will you refuse her your assistance?"

"But still—"

"Would you rather have me remain here?"

"No! but if you only knew—"

"Let us away!" interrupted Fabian eagerly; "I hear footsteps approaching; " and he drew Elizabeth along the corridor.

It was time for the small party to quit the corridor; for scarcely had they gained a staircase which led towards the lower story, when the echo of foot-falls close at hand, caused them to pause, lest the noise of their movement should betray them. They therefore drew up to the wall, silent and motionless.

It was the Queen, who was returning to her apartments, preceded by a single domestic, who bore a torch before her. She slowly traversed the gallery, and the fugitives, concealed in the shade, could see her pass by, pale, worn-out, and borne down under the weight of the political anxieties which occupied her mind, day and night.

When the reflection of the torch carried by the attendant had disappeared round the angle of the corridor, and the echo of their footsteps was lost in the silence of night, the fugitives again moved on, through a seemingly inextricable labyrinth of stairs and passages, amid which reigned the most profound silence.

(To be continued.)

## THE BRIDAL PRAYER.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

Father! I pray

That he to whom my heart's fond vow is given,  
May tread the way  
Whose goal at last is Life with Thee, in heaven.

When youth, all smiles,  
Gladdens his pathway, oh! be Thou his shield!  
Amid the wiles

Which tempt to wrong—suffer him not to yield.

Oh! may Thy will

Be ever unto him a guide and guard!

Be with him still,

Nor let his life with sin be stained and marred.

Thou, throned above!

Fountain of all that's pure within the heart,

Oh! bless the love

Which of our being hath become a part!

'Mid the deep joy

Which Thou with bounteous hand on us hast poured,

May we employ

Our lives in worship deep.—Be Thou adored!

Thou who dost read

Thy servants' hearts, like as an open scroll,

Thou know'st our need

Of aid from Thee,—Oh! purify our soul!

Blessed are they

Who, bound in wedded love, are blest of Thee—

Oh, God! I pray

That Thou may'st will that such our lot may be.

But if it seem

Meet unto Thee to lay on us Thy rod,

'Mid life's bright dream—

Suffer us not to fall from Thee, Oh, God!

Teach us to live

So that when life is o'er, we may lay down

What earth doth give,

Joying to share with Thee Thy radiant crown.

Where angels dwell,

Around thy throne, there may our dwelling be,

The hymn to swell

Which the unwearying host sing unto Thee!

THE  
SONG OF THE "ELL."\*

BY T. S. S.

With visage sallow and pale,  
With figure lank and thin,  
A youth stood clad in a manly garb,  
Behind a counter within—  
Sell! Sell! Sell!  
Chained as if in a cell,  
And still with a voice of doleful air,  
He sang the Song of the "Ell!"

"Sell! Sell! Sell!  
While the sun is shining bright,  
And Clip! Clip! Clip!  
Till aided by gas light!  
It's oh! to be Slave  
Along with the Afric, or Turk,  
Or to be laid in a youthful grave,—  
If this is manly work!

"Measure—measure—measure!  
All day and night confined;  
Measure—measure—measure!  
Till my eyes grow nearly blind!  
Ell, scissors, and pen,  
Pen, scissors, and ell,  
Till over the goods I fall asleep,  
Unfit to squad or sell!

"Oh! girls with brothers dear!  
Oh! ladies with husbands and sons!  
It is not Dry Goods you're buying out,  
But the lives of loving ones!  
Sell! Sell! Sell!  
So full of care and distress,  
Measuring at once with a double Ell,  
The span of life—and a dress!

"But why do I talk of thee?  
Thou phantom so ghostly pale;  
Thou seem'st so like unto me,  
Thy looks don't make me quail—  
Thy looks don't make me quail,  
I dream of thee in my sleep,  
Oh God! that life should be so dear,  
And Dry Goods sold so cheap.

"Sell—sell—sell!  
My labour is never done;  
And what do I gain? a salary small;  
The stream of health—hath run;  
A visage pale—an eye grown dim—  
A diet—a Sunday stroll—  
Robbed of pure air, my health purloined,  
No time for mind, or soul.

\* This song, fashioned upon Hood's celebrated "Song of the Shirt," is inserted by request of a correspondent. It is intended to aid in the movement now generally making throughout Great Britain, and its dependencies, in favor of early shop-shutting. It is written with nerve and spirit, and will doubtless share the popularity of its prototype.

"Sell!—sell!—sell!  
For my employer's sake,  
With energy and zeal,  
As if my fortune I'd make.  
Measure—clip—and sell!  
Sell—clip—and measure!  
As if for all this healthless work,  
One day I'd find a treasure!

"Sell—sell—sell!  
In the cold December night;  
Sell—sell—sell!  
When the weather is warm and bright;  
When joyous nature hails  
The voice of Spring in the breeze,  
And little birds God's praises sing,  
Hopping amongst the trees.

"Oh! but to breathe the air  
Of the mountain, balmy, and pure,  
To beasts, by our Creator bestowed,  
To man, as well, I am sure;  
To feel as when a boy,  
And roam 'midst the verdant fields,  
In health, and mirthful joy!  
Which youth's bright season yields.

"Oh! but for one short hour!  
On nature's beauties to gaze!  
From monotonous toil relieved,  
To sing my Maker's praise!  
A tear doth often ease my heart,  
When I look beyond the grave,  
But then no time can I really find,  
My care-worn soul to save!"

With visage sallow and pale,  
With figure lank and thin,  
A youth stood clad in a manly garb.  
Behind a counter within—  
Sell! Sell! Sell!  
Chained as if in a cell,  
And still with a voice of doleful air,  
(Would that its tone could reach the Fair.)  
He sang the Song of the Ell.

SONNET—SILVERY HAIRS.

Ha! on my brow, what straggling silvery hairs  
Be ye who curl and mingle in the throng  
Of a more youthful race? Beshrew my heart,  
Ye have a frosty aspect right severe,  
And come to babble nonsense of the times  
That once have been, and of the days that speed  
With noiseless pinions o'er me—of the grave  
That hungers for me, and impatiently  
Awaits my coming. Softly now, fair sirs,  
Emblems of frail mortality; in sooth,  
Are ye the fruits of time, or those chance weeds  
That sorrow's sullen flood hath left to mock  
The broken heart that it hath desolated,  
And killed each bud of hope that blossomed there?

# W A L T Z,

COMPOSED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND FOR JUNE, 1848,

BY W. H. WARREN.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The music begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the upper staff features several trills, indicated by 'tr' above the notes. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs. The key signature remains D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody in the upper staff includes more trills and slurs. The bass line continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

The third system of musical notation is the final system on the page. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody in the upper staff concludes with a final flourish and a trill. The bass line provides a solid foundation for the ending.



## SMILES.

It was a smile, a fleeting smile,  
 Like a faint gleam through Autumn's shade,  
 That softly, sweetly, did beguile,  
 As it around her dimples played.  
 What are smiles, and whence their sway;  
 Smiles that, o'er the features stealing,  
 To the gazer's heart convey  
 All the varied world of feeling?  
 What are smiles?

Do they dwell in beauty's eye?  
 No! nor on her playing cheek,  
 Nor on wavy lip—though nigh  
 Seems the glancing charm they seek.  
 Where do they dwell?

Where?—their home is in the mind;  
 Smiles are light—the light of soul!  
 Light of many tints combined,  
 And of strong and sure control.  
 Smiles are light.

There is a smile—the smile of joy,  
 Bright as glance of May's fresh morn;  
 And one, that gleams but to destroy,—  
 'Tis the lightning smile of scorn.

There is a smile of glow-worm hue,  
 That glimmers 'ot near scenes of folly,  
 Pale and strange, and transient too,—  
 The smile of awful melancholy.

Like to the sad and silvery showers,  
 Falling in an April sun,  
 Is the smile that pity pours  
 O'er the dead that fate has done.

Dear is friendship's meeting look;  
 As moonlight on a sleeping vale,  
 Soothing those the sun forsook,  
 So does that o'er care prevail.

## OUR TABLE.

### THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER—BY DOUGLAS JERBOLD.

This is a work quite out of the common walk of novelists, ancient or modern. It is perhaps the most elaborate and philosophical essay on utilitarianism ever published. Hypothetical and plausible theories are placed in juxtaposition with the plain, practical working out of substantial and useful purposes, when a comparison between them is not only brought before the reader, but forced upon his attention, and in such a manner as to lead irresistibly to the result the work is evidently intended to produce.

It must not however be inferred from what we have said, that the work before us, however useful, is otherwise a dry and uninteresting disquisition, only fit for the student and philosopher. On the contrary, it is fraught with the most entertaining incidents of deep and thrilling interest. In the very first chapter, there is one of the most graphic and heart-rending descriptions of a shipwreck we ever read.

We need not add that we heartily recommend it to the careful perusal of our readers.

### ARWED GILLENSTERN, OR THE ROBBER CAPTAIN'S BRIDE—A TALE OF LOVE, TREASON, AND MYSTERY—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN; BY E. F. VAN DER VELDE.

This is one of the most extraordinary tales we ever read. The heroine is truly an original character, with a strange admixture of a certain unfeminine brusquerie of manner, superinduced by her total exclusion from female society, and all that is most fascinating in woman's affectionate heart—deep, constant and abiding love, through weal and woe—in infamy and death!

The work professes to be an historical romance, but has no claim to the title, except in the particular and very vivid detail of the circumstances connected with the assassination of Charles the Twelfth.

The style and language are altogether of a caste far superior to the common run of similar works, with which the press is "teeming full."

### THE SEVEN CAPITAL SINS; BY EUGENE SUE.

This book is quite in the Sue style—brimming with interest and excitement. It is, however, one which, whether good or bad—and it is as usual a mixture of both—will be generally read. Sue is a very popular author; our own opinion—in confidence of course—is that his popularity is rather greater than he deserves.

### THE FORTY-FIVE GUARDSMEN; BY ALEX. DUMAS.

We have not had time to read this book, and our space would scarcely permit us to notice it at length, even if we had. But we have dipped a little into its pages, and find it to be rapidly and cleverly written. We anticipate a treat whenever we do sit down to it, and we are sure that it will be a pleasure very generally shared.

### THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

We have to acknowledge the May number of this excellent Magazine. It is as usual, filled with the choicest selections from the British Magazines, with which it is almost entirely made up. It forms in itself a "Library of Choice Reading," and as such, is sure of a welcome wherever it is found.

### THE HORTICULTURIST.

It has been our privilege to speak on several occasions of this useful and excellent periodical, and we are happy to find that it is now generally sought for. There is no taste more elegant than that which prompts to the nurture and cultivation of flowers, and it is the object of this Magazine to widen and extend the circle of those who delight in the living gems with which the earth is studded, while at the same time it teaches the student how to best apply his skill. Mr. Lay, the agent for this, and the Eclectic, is to be found at his office in St. Francois Xavier Street.

### THE ART UNION FOR MAY.

Is a really beautiful number, containing besides a great variety of wood cuts, several beautiful steel engravings, in the very best style. We have not space for an elaborate criticism, but those who delight in such things may see it by calling at the book-stores of Messrs. R. & C. Chalmers, or Mr. John M'Coy, where the work is regularly received for sale.

We have to thank Mr. M'Coy, Messrs. R. & C. Chalmers, and Messrs. R. & A. Miller, for a number of books, to which we have not space at present to refer. For a list of them, embracing the newest issues of the teeming press, the reader is referred to the second page of the cover of our Magazine.