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The Lovers Quarrel

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

Vol. I.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

No. 11.

RICHARD REDPATH*

A TALE.

BY MRS. KIDDIE.

CHAPTER V.

Some account of brother Robert.

"WHAT shall I do with this money, to turn it to the best advantage for myself, and that dear madcap who has obtained it for me, in a manner so extraordinary?" said Robert Redpath, as he sauntered from the slave market, and bent his steps he knew not whither, and gazed around him with an anxious, restless glance.

The old adage—"light come—light go," flashed across his mind; and not being of a very sanguine temperament, he came to the sudden conclusion, that the gold so miraculously obtained, could never be lucky. Now, Richard would have considered it an interposition of Divine Providence in his behalf, and merrily and cheerfully would have set to work, to make the most of his unexpected treasure. But Robert and Richard, although brothers, and fondly attached brothers too, for they were twins, and only children, who had never been separated more than a few days from their birth, were very different characters. Robert was shy and timid—proud and extremely sensitive; and ill fitted by this peculiar temperament to cope with the ills of life. He hated trouble—was not over industrious—had a tolerable conceit of himself, and, if the truth must be spoken, was very fond of money, of fine clothes, and of exciting the sympathy and admiration of others. Vanity is not always confined to the gay and dashing, who seem to demand the attention and respect of the crowd. It often dwells under the most quiet, and apparently the most unostentatious exterior; and operates the most forcibly upon minds which take the most pains to conceal it from the observation of others. Robert, with all his reserve, possessed far more of this univer-

sal failing, so common to our fallen nature, than his gay, happy brother; and the sudden and violent manner in which he resented any affront offered to his dignity, would have proved to every one versed in the study of mankind that he was a very vain man. His present abject appearance touched him more sensibly than even the loss of property. He fancied that every eye was upon him, while in reality few regarded the poor, shabby emigrant at all. He was pushed about rudely by the crowd, and more than one person had told him to stand out of the way. His pride was taught a useful lesson—one that he had never learned from experience before—that he owed the personal respect with which he had hitherto been treated, more to his outward appearance than he was at first willing to admit.

"Alas!" thought he, "is a man only valued by the cut and quality of his coat? Were I dressed genteelly, I should command the respect of these strangers. Well, then, as so much depends upon a coat, the first thing I buy must be a fashionable suit of clothes; and then, although I shall not be one half-penny the richer or better; yet my dress, giving the lie to the poverty of my means, will make me pass current among these heartless worldlings for more than I am really worth. Oh, the short-sightedness and folly of mankind! If my brother could but view the world with my eyes, it would soon tame down the gaiety of his volatile spirit."

With his mind full of these thoughts, and in no very enviable or amiable mood, he entered a store, and enquired of a thin, satirical-looking man, waiting behind the counter, "where he could procure a suit of ready made clothes?"

The man regarded him with a contemptuous grin; and, thinking that he was some drunken, dissipated fellow, who had lost his garments in a

* Continued from page 119.

tavern brawl, he coldly remarked, that "They did not deal in such articles."

"I perceive that you do not," said Robert politely; "but I should be glad if you could tell me who does?"

"Humph!" said the man, whose love of approbation happened to be very small, and his combativeness very great. "How did you contrive to get into such a miserable condition?"

There was nothing on earth Robert hated so much as being asked questions; he considered all such queries as personal affronts; and he answered coldly—"That he had been unfortunate, and his present plight was purely accidental."

"What a fruitful mother of mischief is that same dame Accident," said the genius of the counter. "I should have thought, by the color in your cheeks, and your dirty, ragged appearance, friend, that you could have named another cause for your present questionable condition."

"What do you mean?" said Robert, bending his flashing eye upon the stranger.

"New run."

"I never drink," returned Robert. "My misfortunes must have greatly altered me, if you could take me for a drunkard."

"I beg your pardon," returned he of the counter; "I perceive that you are in your right senses, which no drunkard ever is. If you want a suit of clothes, just round the corner of the street you will find what you seek. Enquire at the second door of that black looking pile of buildings," he continued, pointing with his measure to the location in question, "for one Benjamin Levi; he deals in ready made and second hand clothes; and you will be sure to suit yourself. He always buys of the hangman all cast suits that drop from the gallows."

How far Robert's indignation at this coarse, unfeeling joke, might have carried him, I know not, had not a mild, middle aged gentleman (who had been sitting behind a desk, and, unobserved, had listened to the whole conversation; and who, in spite of Robert's miserable appearance, had been greatly prepossessed in his favor,) stepped forward and addressed him—

"Do not mind my nephew, sir; he means no affront. He is a bitter, caustic fellow, who says ill-natured things to every body. I have lost a great many customers by this savage humor of his. You seem in distress, young man—are you a stranger in Jamaica?"

Encouraged by the old man's benevolent aspect, Robert took the seat politely proffered him, and recounted the tale of the wreck, to which Mr. Lawson, for so the merchant was called, listened with fixed attention.

"And what has become of your brother?"

This question Robert could not very readily answer. But, compelled by necessity to conceal the truth, he said, "that Richard had left him that morning to seek for employment in some mercantile counting house."

"He must cut a better figure than his brother," again responded the man behind the counter, "if he has obtained what he sought; the sooner you pay a visit to my little friend the Jew, the better."

This speech won no reply from him to whom it was addressed; whilst the old man continued with a smile—"You must mind that you are not taken in by his friend, the Jew."

"Benjamin Levi passes here for a Christian, for he visits our church about once a year, and eschews all connexion with the children of Israel. But he is a Jew by birth, and one at heart and in practice, and belongs to the very worst tribe of them. He will cheat you if he can; but the rogue is a pleasant rogue—a laughing rogue—who, between jokes and blarney, dexterously applied, contrives most effectually to pick your pocket. Take my advice and get your clothes of some respectable tailor."

"Time is precious," said Robert, "and my necessities brook no delay. I am not afraid of your Jew; his is a common character—he has a thousand counterparts in our great metropolis."

"But Levi is a very uncommon character," said the old merchant, "and so you will find before you have been one month in Jamaica. He is a man whom all men hate; and though they laugh at his absurdities, yet were he to die tomorrow every honest man in the place would rejoice at the event. There is a mystery about the man," continued the merchant, significantly; "something about him unlike other men."

"Perhaps he is the wandering Jew?" said Robert, with a smile, for he was greatly amused by the solemnity of the old man's manner.

"Perhaps he is," returned the other gravely. "He knows every thing and every body; has been to all parts of the world, and speaks half a dozen oriental languages; but the experience he has of the evil passions of mankind, could never have been acquired in half a century, and this man is not above forty years old. In short, sir, a more spiteful, wicked, malignant devil, never received a commission from Satan to trouble the earth."

"You excite my curiosity," said Robert. "How could a sloop-seller, which at all times is but a mean trade, obtain such power and influence among you?"

"Any person may obtain power by daring to be wicked," said the merchant. "I have only shown you this man in one of the characters he assumes to impose upon his fellows."

"When Benjamin Levi first came to this town, he was too insignificant to obtain the notice of any one. He commenced business amongst us as printer's devil, to the editor of the Jamaica Observer,—a violent party paper, which most strenuously opposed the abolition of the slave-trade, and denounced the few benevolent men who set their faces against that abhorred traffic, (of which, unfortunately, I was one,) as traitors to Great Britain, and enemies to their country. This paper had a great circulation through the Island, and was generally patronized by all the rich planters and merchants in the place.

"From printing abusive articles in this vile, illiberal paper, Levi took to writing them, and made himself so necessary to his master that he became in time, sole manager of the affair. At his death, Mr. Hart left him the paper as a reward for his signal services in the cause of humanity. The paper, always a worthless vehicle for party strife, became, under the new editor's management, a perfect sink of iniquity, a receptacle for all that was low in morals and base in practice. Through the medium of its pages the most malicious slanders were constantly propagated against the characters of the best and most respectable of our citizens; and this species of stabbing in the dark was read with avidity, even by those who knew Benjamin Levi's statements to be perfectly false. But he, being an adept in the weakness of man's sinful nature, acted upon that vile maxim put forth by one as worldly and as unfeeling as himself—'Divide and rule,'—and division and strife he has made amongst us, God knows. His falsehoods and artful insinuations, have separated chief friends, and the author of the mischief quietly enjoys the distress he has occasioned; and continues to gain a comfortable independence, by preying upon the characters of his neighbors."

"You have described a very amiable personage," said Robert, "a sort of moral hyena. But why do you suffer such a biped to exist among you? Has no one the courage to pull his nose or prosecute him for libel?"

"That's all very well in the old country, sir, where if a man is ever such a bully, he must behave himself, or be kicked out of society. But in a colony like this, the thing is very different. Here, men may call one another liars, and thieves, and traitors in print, without the least fear of punishment."

"If the law denies them justice," said Robert, "why do not the injured parties meet together, and toss him and his vile paper into the bay?"

"Ah, sir!" replied the merchant, shrugging his shoulders. "it would not free us from the moral pestilence of his presence. I do not think that

water would drown him. The people twice hung him in effigy, but that public indignity offered to his person produced no effect. He only laughed at what he termed their impotent revenge. He elings to us like 'Sindbad's' old man of the sea; and it is vain to endeavor to shake him off. He has been sent amongst us as a punishment for our sins, and we must bear the infliction patiently, until God in mercy is pleased to remove him hence. Every one dreads to fall beneath his lash, and he knows his power; and such is the malignity of his nature, that he delights in abusing it."

"My uncle speaks feelingly," said the man of the counter. "Benjamin Levi has honored him (for honor I consider it) with several affectionate notices in the Observer, and he would gladly cut his acquaintance, and repay evil with evil by prejudicing every body he meets against his tormentor. But if the little Jew's articles in print are bad, his clothes are good enough to suit your purpose. Tell him your tale of the wheel, and he will be very civil to you; for it will furnish him with an excellent article for his next paper. And hark ye, friend! if you have any money, be sure that you conceal the fact, until your bargain is made, for if you had a hundred dollars in your pocket, he would be sure to talk you out of it."

"I should like to see this strange variety of our species," returned Robert, rising to depart.

"You will find him an amusing one, at any rate," said the former spokesman. "But remember words are but wind. The man's a great liar—don't trust him."

"What do you mean to do with yourself after you have made your purchases?" asked the old merchant, who, struck with the fine countenance of the emigrant, had taken a great fancy to him.

"I must try and get a situation as a clerk in a store," said Robert; "I write a good hand, and my poor father always considered me an excellent accountant."

"You will not want a situation long," said the merchant. "Just step in as you return from the Jew's. Perhaps I may be able to help you to a situation."

Robert returned his grateful thanks, and well pleased with the prospect of obtaining employment, he proceeded with a light heart to the Jew's.

He knocked long and loudly at a black, ugly, forbidding looking door, without receiving any answer. At length, he heard a voice calling to him from a flight of stairs above, and perceived a fat, punchy little man, standing in his shirt-sleeves at the head of the landing, which led to an upper loft.

"What do you want, young man?"

"Does one Benjamin Levi, a Jew, live here?"

"Mr. Benjamin Levi lives here, sir, and it is he to whom you speak. But he is a Christian—a far better one, perhaps, than you are yourself."

"I beg your pardon, sir—I was told that you were a Jew."

"By whom?"

"The owner of the store at the end of the street."

"I thought as much. He's a rogue; but he might have given me a worse name. And pray young man," he added in a facetious voice, "what do you want with the Jew?"

Robert, before answering, cast an involuntary glance at his half-clothed figure. The Jew understood the natural language better than if it had been rendered into words. "Ah, ha! you look like a scathed snake, greatly in want of a new skin. Some wild frolic, I suppose. Young men will play the fool sometimes, and it all goes to the support of trade. But come up here and we will have a bit of talk. I have no doubt that I can suit you—that is, if you have money. Nothing in this world can be done without money."

So saying, he led the way, not into a repository of wearing apparel, as Robert expected, but into a long, low loft, in which several men were employed in printing; and whose labors Benjamin Levi had been superintending without his coat, and his checked shirt, not over clean, tucked up to his elbows.

Robert had heard so much of this strange individual from his new acquaintance, that his person became an object of more minute scrutiny than he would otherwise have bestowed upon one who was such a perfect stranger.

The editor of the Observer, was a short, fat man, with broad shoulders, and a head and neck like a bull. The unusual size of the head was rendered more remarkable by the quantity of coarse, curling black hair, which gave to it a more determined air of obstinacy, while it set off the rich dark complexion, without shading, or in the least degree softening, its hardened and audacious expression. The features of his face were thick and massy, and the outline regular, and he might have been considered by many, good looking, and even handsome, had it not been for the aforesaid expression, which made him an object of disgust and aversion. A sly, covert humour, lurked in his prominent black eyes, whose covert and sinister glances were partially concealed by a pair of gold rimmed spectacles, which never parted from his huge aquiline nose, and seemed from long use to have become a second pair of eyes—a part of himself. A perpetual grin severed his red, pursed up lips, which, though meant for a smile, was but an acquired contortion to hide the evil workings of the spirit within,

and served to display a malicious looking set of strong, white teeth, which seemed as if they were formed to bite and worry his species. Such was the man, who now stood upon tiptoes, peering at our poor emigrant through his spectacles, with a smile upon his lips, and a sneer in his heart.

Curiosity and a love of prying into the affairs of others, was a prominent trait in the Jew's character; and he commenced his acquaintance with our poor adventurer by asking a host of questions. "You are a stranger here?"

"I am."

"From the Old Country?"

"From London."

"How did you get into your present evil plight?"

"I was shipwrecked in the Maria, the night before last."

"Humph. I saw that ship go down, and was told by several respectable seamen, who were present on the spot, that all on board perished."

"Do you doubt my word, sir?" said Robert fiercely.

"Oh, not at all. You were more fortunate than your comrades, and, in my office, I am bound to believe all tales which have an air of probability."

"And to publish many, I suppose, which have not," said Robert, sarcastically.

"Sir," said the Jew drily, "an editor must live upon the credulity of the world, which scarcely thanks him for speaking the truth."

"And seldom stops," interrupted Robert, "in pandering for its vicious tastes, to enquire like Pilate—What is truth?"

The old Jew surveyed the lad with a cautious glance. Then, as if anxious to change the subject, he asked carelessly—

"Did you lose much in the wreck?"

"My all," was the laconic reply.

"That's but an unsatisfactory answer to my question. In what did that all consist?"

"Sir," returned the young man, "I came here to purchase a suit of clothes to cover my destitution—not to answer impertinent questions."

"Ha! ha! young Englishman, you are easily offended. Passion, like old wine, is apt to shew of what metal the man is made. But pride and poverty never agree well together. Get rid of the first—and the last will cure itself. It is impossible for a proud, poor man, to get rich."

"Pride is the poor man's shield," said Robert. "It preserves his independence when the world would crush him. It does more than this—it keeps him honest when his necessities tempt him to be otherwise."

"Pshaw!" said the Jew, "what a confession! When you have lived as long as I have lived in

the world, you will hold a different creed. You will find that certain fine words, very common in theory, have no existence in practice—*Independence—Honesty!* How can the one be lawfully claimed by creatures dependent upon accident for the most important events in their lives, or the other truly exercised by beings formed by nature and circumstances to prey upon their kind? Without money, your independent poor gentleman must work or starve; without money or employment, your honest gentleman must starve or steal—ha! ha!—those who pretend to neither may, by making use of their wits, obtain a comfortable competency from the fools around them, and be as honest and independent as the best.”

“I should hope that I differ from you both in theory and practice,” said Robert; “that is, if all I have heard of you be true.”

“What!—have you been given a character of me already?” said the Jew. “This is good news—I love notoriety—why, I find that I am a person of more importance than I thought myself to be. And what did you hear of me?”

“No good,” was the blunt reply.

“Better still,” said the editor, rubbing his hands and puffing out his fat cheeks, as though they would burst with merriment. “I am truly independent, for I do not care one straw for what they say of me!”

Then as if the subject was not quite so agreeable as he was willing to make Robert believe, he turned to his attendant imps, and after giving them sundry unimportant orders relative to their business, he bade Robert follow him to his store, and he would endeavor to suit him with the articles he required.

“I give no credit,” said the Jew, as he descended the flight of stairs. “I trade upon the ready money system.”

“I shall ask none,” said Robert; “what I want I can pay for.”

“Indeed!” said the Jew, with an incredulous stare. “I thought you said just now, that you had lost your all.”

The color burnt upon Robert's cheek—his companion marked the sudden change of his countenance, and interpreted his emotion as best pleased himself. But he made no remark—“*Humph!*” he thought, “I suspected as much; but if he is dishonest, what is that to me? He pays for my clothes, and what care I who keeps the key of his conscience? You may be sure that a man never brags of his honesty until he is a thief. I never vouch for the truth of a story in the *Observer* before I know it to be a lie. Well, young man,” he continued, turning to Robert who had made choice of the best and most fashionable suit in the

shop, “that fine dress will make a gentleman of you at once.”

“Then the block in the tailor's store opposite must be a perfect gentleman,” said Robert with a sneer, “for it is accustomed to wear the very best suits.”

“Do you compare yourself to a wooden block, young man?—ha! ha! there is many a true word spoken in jest. But the block opposite looks what it is not, and often passes for a man, amongst boys and women, by holding its peace. Now young gentleman be wise, and take my advice, until you get rid of that captious temper, learn to do the same.”

“I feel greatly tempted to let you try the strength of my arm,” said Robert angrily; “but you are really beneath contempt.”

Again the Jew laughed heartily. “If you come in collision with my head, I fear that your soft cranium would never bear the shock. But this is all fun—mere *badinage*.”

“I am not used to such fun,” said Robert, hardly able to keep his gravity, in spite of himself.

“You have been used to walk upon stilts all your life,” said the Jew; “I wanted to bring you down a peg, that's all. Come, let's settle for that handsome suit.”

“What do I owe you?”

“Just forty dollars.”

Benjamin looked his astonishment, as Robert promptly paid down the required sum. “I can supply you with a handsome gold watch,” he said, “very cheap. Your dress is not complete without one.” Robert seemed tempted to fall into the snare, when his attention was luckily diverted from the Jew, by the entrance of Marcella de Frueba. She cast an embarrassed look around the store, then stepping lightly up to the counter, she placed a ring in the Jew's hand.

“Well, my child, and what is this?”

“It belongs, sir, to a sick gentleman,” said Marcella with a deep blush, which suddenly dyed her pale cheeks of a vivid red. “He sent me to see if you would let him have a little money upon it?”

“*Humph!* It must be a little—what did he expect to raise upon it?”

“He thought, sir, as the stone was of the first water, you would let him have ten dollars upon it, until such time as he could redeem it again.”

“Fiddlstick!” said the Jew, carefully examining the stone at the open door. “These things are so easily counterfeited, that it is a hard matter to tell a real gem from an imitation. However, this is set in gold and may be worth the money,” (he knew that it was worth ten times the sum,) “and I will accommodate him for your

pretty sake. Who is the gentleman, and what is his name?"

"He is a stranger to me, sir—I never asked his name."

"A stranger!" said Benjamin, staring at the beautiful creature before him, in a manner which Robert Redpath considered both insolent and impertinent; "and not known to you even by name! Marcella, this looks rather suspicious. In what relation do you stand to this gentleman?"

"I am his nurse—his friend," said Marcella, turning away and bursting into tears. "He is sick and wants assistance. Money, you know, sir, I have none, and he gave me this ring to raise a small sum to administer to his necessities."

"I know that ring," said Robert, stepping forward; "I did know the person to whom it belonged. Young lady, is he still living?"

"He is," said Marcella, turning her beautiful tearful eyes upon Robert Redpath. But he is very weak, and stands much in need of assistance. Oh, sir," she continued, turning imploringly to the Jew, "do lend me the money upon the gem."

"I must first know more upon the subject, and if you came honestly by it, Marcella de Frueba," said the hard-hearted man. "Indigent young women often obtain such articles in a way not very creditable."

The eyes of Robert Redpath flashed fire as he turned them from the sordid Jew upon the weeping suppliant. "Miss de Frueba," he said, "return the ring to the right owner; here is the money you required upon it. Nay, do not draw back—I am not a Jew, but the sincere friend of him you serve. Take the money without hesitation, and tell Henry Ingato that it is from Robert Redpath, who rejoices to hear that he is saved, like himself and his brother Richard, from that woful wreck."

"God bless you, sir!" said the weeping girl. "Your friend will himself thank you. He has friends in this place; but he did not wish at present his arrival to be known."

"Humph!" said the Jew, "this is old Baynes' nephew—the man that is to marry his rich daughter. I see through it all—he is already provided with a mistress, and cares very little for his intended wife. Oh, I will see how old Joshua likes this; I owe him a long spite for his contemptuous mention of me at the last town meeting. This is news to sweat down the old porker's fat." This was in an aside. Then turning abruptly to Marcella, who gently asked him to restore the ring, he said—"the ring is safe in my keeping; I shall not restore it to any person but the lawful owner. Have you finished making the shirts I gave you last week?"

"They are made, and I should have brought them to day," returned the girl, "had not other things engrossed my thoughts. You shall have them tonight."

"Oh, I can easily imagine," said the spitefully facetious Levi, "when young ladies turn nurses to sick gentlemen, that they are apt to forget more important business. I have six more for you to make, and the gentleman requires them immediately."

"You must excuse me for refusing your offer," said Marcella, weckly; "but it is impossible for me to make such fine shirts as the last at a quarter dollar each."

"Phoo, nonsense, you little extravagant jade! How can you employ your time better? Not in nursing sick young gentlemen.—Hey?"

"Unfeeling wretch!" muttered Redpath to himself; "how can you insult such beauty and innocence. Alas! that a creature so lovely should be forced to work for her bread." Then bowing respectfully to Signora de Frueba, and without deigning another glance at Benjamin Levi, he left the shop, his heart deeply agitated by the beautiful vision that still floated before him.

On returning to the inn, he called for a room, and took great pains in restoring to his person the dress and appearance of a gentleman. Mine host beheld him with silent wonder, as he sallied forth in quest of Mr. Lawson.

CHAPTER VI.

How Richard Redpath sped in his wooing.

To return to our friend Richard, and give some account of his doings in the house of his bondage, will make the sum and substance of the present chapter. Our hero lost no opportunity in trying to make himself agreeable to his fair mistress, and as far as approving of his services went, and his devoted attention to her minutest commands, all went well. She frankly declared him to be the most industrious, polite, and handsomely domestic that had ever entered the Baynes establishment. He was the best looking nigger, too, that it had been her lot to see—but beyond these well-merited encomia, Miss Betsey shewed no tenderer interest in the fate of her enamoured slave.

"It will not do," he said to himself. "Individual merit will never overcome the prejudices of colour and caste. Yet it would have been very gratifying to one's vanity, to have been loved by this simple-hearted girl, for myself alone. I have never alluded to love. Hang me! if I won't make the trial!"

While these thoughts were passing through

his mind one lovely evening, he was ordered by another darkie to attend his young mistress in the garden. As he approached her favourite parterre, with a well replenished watering-pot, the young lady was joined by her papa:

"Betsey! Betsey!" said the old man, in a quick, low voice, "where are you?"

"Here, papa, tending up the flowers."

"Pshaw!" muttered the planter, "you bestow more time on these flowers than I do upon my fine plantation. Leave the flowers to Sambo, and come quick to me."

"What's the matter, pa?" said Betsey, dropping a bouquet of roses, and running to him quite in a flutter.

"I have bad news for you, child—very bad news," and he shook his powdered head. "You have lost your husband—my nephew Henry is drowned—was lost in the wreck the other day. Don't look so pale, girl. There are other men in the world."

"Ja, pa! you don't say so. Well, how sorry I am. Why, it may be an age before I am married now. Poor Henry! To be sure I never saw him; so I can't be so sorry as I ought to be. I am sure I should have loved him very much. Dead! And what am I to do with all the fine wedding clothes you bought me, pa? Shall I be forced to lay them by and go into mourning, pa?"

"Indeed you will, my child. Dat, don't take it to heart, Bess. You are young yet—plenty of time to look out for a good husband. Well! well! so our best schemes fall to the ground. Henry was the last male on either side of our family—my favourite sister's only son. And he is gone! It cannot be helped. Poor Hannah! it will be a terrible blow to her. It has vexed me so, I have lost all appetite for supper. Sambo, what are we to have tonight?"

"Curried wood pigeon, massa! de rice steeped in madeira wine. Berry nice indeed."

"That's something new, Sambo—you make my mouth water," said the planter. "I want something relishing to console me under my present distress."

And away waddled the mountain of obesity, all recollection of his dead relative drowned in pleasing anticipation of the coming feast.

"Sambo," said Miss Betsey, who had a foolish habit of gossiping with her slaves—"my husband is dead."

"Den you be a widow, missa?"

"Not quite so bad as that, Sambo. If I were a widow I could not marry for a year to come."

"Dat would be bad indeed," said Sambo.

"Such a lovely young lady no get good husband for twelve long months! De berry monkey shake his head at dat."

"Ah, Tippoo! you heast! you have broken my best carnations!" cried the little black-eyed damsel, striking a pet monkey, which was the impersonation of all mischief, with a willow wand. she held in her hand. "I wish you were dead! I do."

"Ah, missa! You cry to make him pet alive again berry soon. I wish I were Tippoo!"

"Wish you were a monkey, Sambo! Why, that would be worse than being a nigger. The monkey cannot speak, and you can."

"Is dat de only difference," said Richard, hardly able to suppress a laugh, "between de black man and de monkey? Well, den, missa, me give de monkey de preference. He hab no voice to speak his grief—de black man hab voice, but dare not utter de big thought in his sad heart."

"He looked full in Miss Betsey's face, with his large, bright, eloquent eyes, until she blushed as red as the carnations which Tippoo had scattered at her feet."

"Why do you sigh, Sambo—are you unhappy?"

"Ah, yes, missa! Sambo berry much unhappy. When me sigh, den my heart speak—bounce! bounce!—no put him to silence. Me hold my tongue, but me no hold my heart—Sambo's heart berry large."

"And what does your heart say?" asked Miss Betsey, her natural coquetry getting the better of her prudence.

"Ah, missa Betsey! my tongue no tell my heart's secret—Sambo die first." Then, turning from the fair querist, Richard bent with greater assiduity over the flowers he was watering.

Now, Miss Betsey had a pretty shrewd guess as to the nature of Sambo's secret, for vanity is a quick interpreter of thoughts; but she wanted to hear it from his own lips, and scarcely knew how to bring it about.

At this moment Sambo discovered the bouquet which she had dropped on her father's approach, and gathering up the scattered roses, he proffered them, with a low bow, to his fair young mistress.

"No, Sambo!" cried Miss Betsey, colouring, and drawing back—"I cannot take them from your hand."

"How, Miss Betsey!" said Richard, almost forgetting his assumed character, in surprise at the frown which rested upon her brow.

"You are a slave! I never receive flowers from the hand of a slave!"

"I see what you mean, Miss Betsey. The flowers have lost their beauty and fragrance by being touched by a black," said Richard, proudly, and in his natural voice. "I am your slave—I am proud of being your slave. But no one on earth should call me so but yourself!"

As the bright colour burnt through his swarthy cheek, and his fine eye lighted up, Betsey looked her astonishment. She asked no explanation, but turned to the house with new and unusual sensations swelling in her breast. Love had entered her unguarded heart, and, frightened at herself, she fled the presence of him who had inspired it.

Richard stood rooted to the spot, unconsciously deluging the few carnations which the monkey had left uninjured, with floods of water. He was at length aroused from his reverie by the loud, sharp, ringing of the supper-bell.

"Sambo! Sambo!" shouted a dozen voices, "what are you standing star-gazing there for, while master is rampaging for his supper?"

"Good Heavens! the currie!" cried Richard, starting into consciousness; "I had forgotten it; Mister Tippoo, you must bear the blame of this."

He turned to the house—in his confusion overturning a fat female slave, who was leaving it in search of him.

"Ifah pity on your back, Sambo!" she cried; "dere is no supper on de table, and massa beside himself—Miss Betsey crying like fun. He swear him lick us all."

"You scoundrel!" cried the enraged planter, as Sambo presented himself before him with a grin; "where is the supper you promised me?"

"Massa Tippoo best answer dat question," returned Richard. "He drink up all de wine, and throw de rice out of de window, and put de feathers of de pigeon into de stew."

"Why did you not wring the brute's neck?" exclaimed the disappointed gourmand.

"Me no make massa Betsey cry—she love de ugly face of de yellow monkey beat ten thousand better dan de poor black man."

He caught a reproachful glance from the tender, loving eyes of Miss Betsey.

"Well, sir!" said the planter, "I forgive you this time, although I consider your conduct perfectly inexcusable, for you might have watched the motions of that imp of darkness; but if ever you disappoint me in that manner again, I will flay you alive."

Blessing his stars that he had come off with a whole skin, Richard ran off laughing to bed, while the fair Betsey, instead of resenting the slander cast upon her pet, lay pondering over Sambo's secret the greater part of the night.

The morning was ushered in by clouds and gloom. Mr. Baynes had risen with sundry disagreeable twinges of gout in his great toe. The coffee was spoiled—the rolls not buttered to his taste—and he vented his spleen upon Sambo, without sparing either his person or his feelings. It was the first licking Master Richard had ever

received, and he did not greatly relish the unexpected taste of the cow-skin. His back smarted—the planter stormed—Miss Betsey cried—and the rest of that most miserable day was spent in trying to rectify the mistakes of the morning.

Miss Betsey felt for Sambo's back as if it had been her own, and while her worthy papa was taking his afternoon's nap, she sought the indignant slave, and tried by her gentle, sympathizing voice, to pour oil and wine into his wounds.

This was an opportunity not to be lost. Richard saw the advantage he had gained, and was determined to profit by it. Satisfied that he had touched her feelings even under the hideous mask he had assumed, he seized upon this favourable moment to be himself again.

"Betsey!" he cried, as she bent over the mat upon which he lay, stiff and sore from the severe flagellation he had received; "dear Betsey, you love me!"

Betsey started back, with her usual pretty oath—"Gracious me!—love a black!"

"Not a black, when you love me. A slave I acknowledge myself to be—Love's voluntary slave. Look here and convince yourself. Can that arm belong to a nigger?"

As he spoke, he stripped up the sleeve of his checked shirt, and displayed to the gaze of the astonished girl, a skin as white as snow.

"A white man, I declare!"

"Forgive the cheat, dear girl!" exclaimed Richard, sinking at her feet. "To obtain your love, I assumed this disguise. In me behold the husband your father intended for you—the Henry Ingate you both lament as drowned. Two brothers of the name of Redpath and myself, alone escaped from the wreck. A strange whim possessed me that I should visit incognito my promised bride. I induced my friend Robert Redpath to offer me to your father for sale—he did so—and here I am. What think you of your future husband, my sweet coz?"

"I will tell you when you have washed your face," said Betsey laughing; tears of joy all the while gleaming in her eyes. "Who would have thought that I had such an ugly black nigger for a cousin?" she continued, shaking him heartily by the hand. "But go and wash yourself and let me shew you to my father, and tell him all about it."

"You forget I have no clothes."

"We can soon remedy that defect," returned Miss Betsey; "I have a fine suit which belonged to my dear uncle, in my wardrobe; he, you know, was a very young man, as young as you are, when he died; they will just fit you."

"I am not very fond of stepping into another man's shoes," said Richard, for not suspecting

that Henry Ingate was in the land of the living, he felt no scruples of conscience in assuming his name; "but the necessity of the case obliges me."

Whilst Richard was indulging in the luxuries of the bath and making his toilet, Betsey flew away to inform her father that her betrothed was not only alive, but in the house; taking good care, however, to conceal from him the startling fact that Sambo and her supposed cousin were one and the same person.

"God bless me! is it possible!" exclaimed the old man, rubbing his eyes. "Henry Ingate alive and in the house! Why, Bess, I dreamed only just now that I saw him eat up by a shark, whose head and face greatly resembled Benjamin Levi."

"He must have been a queer monster," said Betsey laughing; "worse than the Yankee half horse, half alligator. But see, papa, my cousin is here."

With that air of easy assurance which was so natural to him, Richard returned the old man's warm and eager greeting. Having been on the most intimate terms with young Ingate during the voyage, he was able to answer all the old man's interrogatories with tolerable accuracy, while the planter, on his part, found out the most wonderful likeness in the handsome young man before him, not only to his daughter, but to himself.

It was astonishing to see how rapidly Richard grew into his favor—how agreeable he appeared in the eyes of the planter's daughter. Was it kindred sympathy which drew them so closely together? They appeared to the man as if they had been lovers for years.

"That's right!—that's right!" he cried; "I knew you would take to each other. When shall the wedding be?"

"As soon as you please," returned Richard, "were it to-morrow, the time would seem long to me."

"That's rather too soon," said the planter; "but it shall be on the twenty-first of September."

"On my birthday, papa? Oh that will be delightful," said Miss Betsey, "and you must not forget a birthday present."

"On the contrary, Bess, I shall make a present of you, and give you away, I hope to a good husband. But your cousin must be fatigued. Call Sambo to bring in coffee."

"Sambo is gone," said Betsey, gravely.

"Gone—where the devil is he gone?"

"I don't know. I fear we shall never see him again. He has been missing ever since you had him flogged."

"The fellow cannot have run away."

"It looks very like it."

"What!—for a flogging?—Nonsense! all niggers are used to that!" cried the angry planter.

"Something on the eel system, I suppose," said Richard, "because they can't help it."

"Ah, I see you are stuffed full of European prejudices, nephew Ingate. A few months in Jamaica will cure you of that."

Here a colloquy that might have ended in a stormy discussion on the merits and demerits of slavery, was interrupted by a servant announcing "Mr. Benjamin Levi."

There was no person on the island whom Mr. Baynes held in such detestation as the Editor of the Observer, and he greeted him with a cold nod of the head, and a very formal "How do ye do, Mr. What-do-ye-call-em?"

The little black-headed Jew cast a furtive glance around the apartment, till his eye happened to encounter the laughing, happy glance of Richard Redpath, who could scarcely retain his gravity while he underwent the examination of the Editor.

Struck with his likeness to his visitor of the morning, he said:

"I think, sir, we have met before?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Redpath; "and I am certain that your face once seen could never be forgotten."

"If I am not very much mistaken, sir, you bought a suit of clothes from me this morning."

"You are mistaken," returned Richard. "Wipe your specs, and look at me again. I have but the suit I now wear. You best know if it ever belonged to you."

"I was wrong," returned the Jew; "but the likeness is wonderful."

"And now, sir, that you seem to have decided that question," said Mr. Baynes, "I would thank you to inform me what circumstance has led to the honour of a visit from you this evening?"

"I came as a friend, Mr. Baynes," ("That's something unusual," muttered the planter,) "to inform you that your nephew, Mr. Ingate, whom you supposed drowned, is now living in Jamaica. He is sick, and attended by a very beautiful young woman, of doubtful character; and I advise you, as a friend and near relative of the young man, to look into the matter."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Levi, for the unusual trouble you have taken," said the planter. "Let me now have the pleasure of introducing you to my nephew, who, instead of being sick, is in perfect health, and in the company of one whose character, I flatter myself, is without a stain. And now, Mr. Levi, let me advise you not to meddle so much with other people's affairs, if you would wish to be distinguished for

more veracity, in your own person, than you are in print. Cato," he added, ringing the bell for the servant, "shew Mr. Levi to the door."

"Confound the old fool!" muttered Benjamin, as he found himself once more in the street. "May the curse of Pharaoh light upon him. But I will expose the whole affair in the paper to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO A SKELETON.

I gazed upon the form of death,—
 (Without his fabled dart),—
 That all now left, where living breath,
 Once warmed a beating heart.
 A shapeless, fleshless, skeleton,
 A ghastly wreck of crumbling bone :
 And yet the only part
 That man with all his pride bequeaths,
 O'kingly crowns, or conqueror's wreaths.

Thou wreck of man! and can it be,
 That thou wast once as I?
 That gladness once beat warm in thee,
 Or sorrow made thee sigh?
 Dust of the earth, and nought beside,
 Hath ever voice of man supplied
 That tongueless cavity?
 Dust of the earth! what can express
 Thy less than utter worthlessness?

And yet, perchance, thy voice hath said
 What mine is saying now,
 And moralized upon the dead,
 With sorrow on thy brow!—
 That brow which wears an air of stone—
 Where apathy hath fixed her throne,
 And nothing will avow!
 Where eye of man can nothing see
 But that same chilling vacancy.

What was thy station—high or low
 Upon the scroll of Fame?
 And yet it little recked to know;
 Methinks 'tis all the same!
 Of every joy and sorrow reft,
 This is the all that death hath left—
 This shadow of thy frame!
 Thou mockery of living earth,
 Thy silence speaketh loudly forth!

Yes—thou art ever eloquent!
 Thy silence wins the ear—
 The voice of words is idly spent,
 Within a sepulchre!
 Oh man, if aught can ever thrust
 Thy proud—proud forehead to the dust,
 It surely must be here!
 No voice can ever seem so dread,
 As this same stillness of the dead.

Go tell the sage that trims the flame
 Till morning lights the sky,
 Who breaks the link that binds his frame
 For immortality!
 Go, tell the stoutheaded sycophant
 That devastation waits his pride;

The ruthless worms are nigh!
 First for his frame, untimely spent,
 Then for his book-piled monument!

And tell the conqueror, who hath long
 Trod o'er his brother worms,
 And driven his scythed ear along
 Upon their mangled forms—
 That soon shall fall his tottering throne,
 That soon his sceptre shall be gone,
 His glory quenched in storms,
 His powers must meet a lowly doom,
 His only kingdom be—the tomb!

Tell all—the king upon his throne—
 The slave on bended knee—
 The monarch proud—the captive lone—
 The bondsman and the free—
 Tell them that all must come to this—
 These are the only vestiges
 Of low mortality!
 A nameless clod of worthless clay,
 Spurned by each scornful foot away!

"AS AN EAGLE STIRRETH UP HER NEST."

Deuteronomy, xxxii. 11, 12.

CHRISTIAN, art thou sick and suffering,
 Pining in distress and fear,
 O'er thy weary couch art tossing?
 Look above, thy Saviour hear:
 "Child of faith, behold thy rest,
 'Tis thy Father stirs thy nest."

Christian, art thou wandering, darkening,
 Far from God—from peace as far,
 Hast thou found thy cisterns broken,
 Canst not see thy guiding star?
 Oh! look upward and be blest;
 Jesus stirreth up thy nest.

Are thy worldly prospects blasted?
 All thy wealth dispersed in air?
 Have friends to forsake thee hustled,
 And, thou feelst no peace is here?
 'Tis above thou must seek rest,
 God, thy Father, stirs thy nest.

Hath death entered 'neath thy dwelling,
 Taken thy infant, sister, friend,
 And not all thy love preventing,
 Bore them to their earthly end?
 'Tis to teach thy Lord's behest,
 He thus stirreth up thy nest.

Hath the ruthless foe invaded
 Other yet and sweeter ties;
 Taken from thee in a moment
 One most pleasant to thine eyes?
 Is thy wife gone?—She is blest,
 God thus stirreth up thy nest:

Stirs thy nest, that thou may'st yield
 Sweetly to His guiding care,
 Takes thee then upon His wing,
 Bears thee safe aloft—afar.
 'Tis to give thee endless rest,
 That thy Father stirs thy nest.

REVIEW.

RURAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE IN GERMANY—BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

BY T. D. F.

AGAIN does Howitt's name attract us to the bookstore; again does he wave his wand, and bring before us fresh pictures for our admiration. How prolific is his genius! he is a true conjurer; the magic mirror of his mind seems ever prepared, and only requires a brief incantation to reflect from its brilliant surface the most varying scenes. He places it before us, raises the curtain, and the "Seasons" pass in review, each one marked by its own peculiar beauty. Soft and hopeful spring, with its tender leaves, its budding flowers, its fragrant breath, meet emblem of man's childhood, ere the hot breezes of self-will and passion have scorched the opening blossoms of his mind; verdant, and glowing summer; fruitful autumn, clad in its russet garb, but with cheek of healthy hue, followed by old winter, who with heavy step and frosty look, drags his slow length along, bearing aloft a programme of the many compensations and alleviations of his chill presence: the cheerful fire-side, the festive evening, the merry Christmas gambols; while occasionally, as if to give more appearance of life to his aged frame, he rings out a jocund peal from a string of bells, and cracks with his tandem whip, a lively accompaniment to the sleigh waltz.

The curtain is hardly dropped before these figures, we have not had time to take in their full beauty, when it is again withdrawn, and lo! the garden of the world—beautiful England with its towns and its forests; its lofty castles and quiet homes; its secluded nooks; its verdant bye-ways; its lordly aristocracy, and its hard-hearted peasantry; its fairy rings, round which the little people still tread their midnight measure; its May-day gambols; the cheerful inglo of the farmer, and the lone house on the moor; its beautiful parks with their graceful deer just pausing to gaze with their soft eyes on the passing loiterer, then bounding off to enjoy their own quiet seclusion; all these things pass like the shadowy forms in a camera obscura before us, charming by their beauty, variety, and picturesqueness. Again is the curtain drawn for a few moments, then raised, and what a change! The fells of a German

University are sketched upon the mirror; we are introduced into its very arena; the grave professor's lecture; the Burschenschaft holds its meetings; clouds of smoke wreath themselves from the pipe of the fantastic capped German; the noisy supper; the bloodless duel; the beer and the wine cup, the Mephistopheles of the student, foam and sparkle at their midnight revels—the very echo of the heart-inspiring song which consecrates the Burschen meeting, seems to come to us from the mute figures that pass in rapid succession before us. Scarcely has our eye become familiar with these strange figures; hardly have we learnt to recognize in the long haired and fair faced Burschen, caring only for the present hour, the future Kant, Lessing, or Schiller, ere the scenes on the mirror again change, and we are once more looking at England; wandering over its battle fields, and retracing the whole storied ground of Durham and Northumberland. As we walk through its historic halls, the honoured palaces of its elder time, we gaze upon the splendid portrait galleries of its lords and ladies—the canvas consecrated by Van-dyke, Rubens, and Titian, the glowing beauties of Sir Peter Lilly; the black eyed and rosy cheeked dames who graced the Court of Charles the Second. The more noble and true men and women, whom Reynolds delighted to portray, are before us. Kings and Queens walk slowly past, allowing us to look not only at their outward mien and the stately etiquette which surrounds them, but to take a glance at the internal arrangements of their household; to inspect their bills, and see to the duties of their stewards. Then we are permitted a peep at the nursery of the Sidneys, where we behold the gallant Sir Philip, a weak confiding child, unconscious of his future greatness. But none of these scenes, full fraught as they are with historic lore, possess half the interest for us, as the picture of the humble cot by the side of the Avon, where we love to linger,—the cradle of the world's genius, the truant deer-stealer—Will Shakespeare! England cannot alone claim him, for he is the world's, he has laid

his hand upon every heart, and felt a response beat, and he cannot be said to belong to any nation; he has the noblest, the most extended birth-right; no sea-girt island, no vast continent can call him her own; but all the islands from Iceland to Magellan, and all the lands from the shores of America, to the confines of Asia are his; and yet he was rocked, and expanded his all-embracing powers in this hut, which has thus become the shrine of genius, whither all, gentle or simple, learned or unlearned, go up to pay their hearty orisons. In striking contrast to the home of the poet, appears the stately mansion of the Lucys, to which Shakespeare himself has given no very enviable notoriety.

So delightful are these graphic tableaux, that we would fain linger over them; but the conjurer is by our side, and at his breath all these exquisite English visions fade away from the mirror. We have not time to ask what comes next, ere we are once more led across the channel, and a German scene is again presented; but not now the wild reckless life of the student, with its own little world of pleasures and pains; but the whole of Germany is pictured before us; the good and true German heart is laid bare to our gaze.

For none of Howitt's works do we feel so much indebted to him, as for this—"Rural and Domestic Life in Germany." A great and growing interest, both here and in England, has been felt for Germany and its people. German philosophy, German theology, German poetry, have been eagerly sought for; Goëthe, Schiller, Kant, Herder, have become to us household names; we are made familiar with their writings; but a mysticism has surrounded the people, which we could not penetrate; they have, in our minds been so shrouded in their own metaphysics, and so associated with their own wild and improbable legends, that they loomed up before us like giants in a mist; their forms undefined, possessing much Titanic grandeur, but utterly beyond our power to grasp. Our tourists have told us they are a happy people, have described their amusements, and daily occupations, but none have shown us the penates of their households. We have long been familiar with the wild and fierce spirits which people their forests and their mountains. The horn of the wild hunter has echoed in our ears. The voice of the erle king has sounded its fearful summons across the waters; and the song of Undine and her sister nymphs has flouted with magical sweetness on the breeze, to tell us of those, who guard and people the bright rivers of Germany. Their cobolds and witches, their black demons and white spirits, have been given to us in a thousand different forms; but never before have we seen that one which sanctifies the

whole—the beautiful *home spirit*, which standing by their doors, blessing their tables, consecrating fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, each to their respective duty, makes German life the admirable thing it is; and for this introduction we are indebted to Howitt. It has gone with us to the German home, arranged for us the Christmas tree; he has hung with lovely garlands, gathered from their own gardens, the whole pathway of German life, the flowers which wreath it are not exotics, not gorgeous and oriental, but fragrant and enduring.

Howitt had great advantages for entering into and appreciating the German character: his long residence among them, his perfect familiarity with their language, and their literature, has given him the opportunity of a thorough acquaintance with them, and he has imparted his impressions, in a fresh, natural manner, most calculated to interest and improve the reader. He has not struck off random sketches from a day's sojourn among the sublime and magnificent scenery of the country; or formed his judgment of character from a passing introduction to a few of the most distinguished men, as most of our tourists do; but he has learned them well, studied their springs of action, watched the effect of their present political policy, their system of education, and marked the tendencies of the age, and we can generally rely upon the inference his cool and dispassionate judgment draws.

It makes us enter Germany by the Rhine, that magnificent river whose

"Bread of waters broadly swells,
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine."

So much has been written of this noblest of rivers, that Howitt does not dwell upon it, though with a few of his expressive words he sketches its broad and bold outline, its lofty crags, picturesque ruins, and wood crowned summits. Travellers have dwelt so enthusiastically upon the beauty and richness of the Rhine land, that our general impression of the face of the whole country, and the aspect of its natural scenery has been wholly derived from them, and we are scarcely prepared for the bare and menagre prospect which, after his brief tribute to the perfections of the Rhine, our author draws for us. His first two chapters he devotes to the impressions made upon him in travelling through the country, witnessing its external life and scenery, and the contrast he draws between it and the poetically beautiful rural life of his own highly cultivated land, is not very favorable to Germany:

Here you look in vain for anything like the green fields and hedge-rows of England, with their scattered trees, groups of beautiful cattle or flocks grazing in peace, and sweet cottages, farm-houses, and beautiful mansions of the gentry. It is all one fenceless and ploughed field. Long rows of trees on each side of the roads are all that divide them from the fields, and in the south these are generally fruit trees. The beauty of Germany lies only, or with few exceptions, amongst its hills. There, its woods and green valleys, and clear streams, are beautiful; but from one region of hills to another extend only huge and open plains, marked with the road-side lines of trees. The population is not scattered along as in England, over hill and dale, in groups and single residences, of various grades and degrees of interest; while the luxuriant fences, the meadows and uplands charming with grass and flowers, old, half-hidden lands, and trees standing here and there of the noblest size, and in the freedom of natural beauty, make the plainest part of the country enchanting. All here is open and bald; the people are collected into villages of the most prosaic kind, and no gentry reside amongst them. In fact, what we call country life in England is here unknown.

For ourselves, we became once struck with this as we drove over the plain from Mannheim to Heidelberg. There is no part of Germany where the open plains are more richly cultivated, and which, with their way-side fruit trees, have a more clothed appearance, but even here how striking was the difference to the country in England! As there is one general character of country, of towns, of manners and appearances, throughout Germany, we shall here confine ourselves, where we are dealing with generals, to the neighbourhood of Heidelberg, for the reason given above, and afterwards, in various parts, point out specific differences and variations.

Far and wide the country, without a single fence, covered with corn and vegetables, seen from the heights which bounded it, present a most singular appearance to an English eye. Its predominating colour, at that time of the year, was that of ripening corn, but of different kinds of grain. This is not planted in those vast expanses which you see in the corn-farms of Northumberland and Lincolnshire, but in innumerable small patches and narrow stripes, belonging to many different proprietors. Some is also sown in one direction, and some in another, with patches of potatoes, mangel-wurzel, kidney-beans, etc., amongst it, so that it presented to the eye the appearance of one of those straw table-mats of different colours which one has seen.

Here and there you saw villages lying in the midst of the corn plain, and large woods, but not a hedge, and few scattered trees; the long rows of those marking out the highways, being the only dividing lines of the country. As we passed these trees, we observed that they were principally apple, pear, plum, cherry, and walnut trees. One could not help feeling how these trees would be plundered in England, being set, as it were, by the very road, for that purpose; and, indeed, here thorns fastened round the boles, and stuck beneath the branches of the cherry trees, where the fruit was ripening, spoke clearly of marauders. Fruit of all kinds was in abundance, and the heavy crops that are common here were indicated by the contrivances to prevent the branches being rent off. Some had their main branches held together by strong wooden clamps, others were propped with various poles; others, especially the plum trees, had their boughs tied up, and supported by ropes of chesnut bark. Some of these slips of bark were so low that mischievous urchins, if so disposed, could easily have cut them.

We passed through several of the Dorfs, or villages.

They had a primitive, heavy, and thoroughly agricultural air. The houses were built of stone, large and heavy, and each having a great round-headed gateway leading into a sort of inner court, or farm-yard. We observed numbers of women at work in the fields, without shoes, stockings, bonnets, or caps. They were healthy, contented, sunburnt creatures, many of them pictures, use enough for any painter of primitive life. What, however, riveted our attention quite as much, were the country wagons and horses. The wagons are the oddest old jumbling things imaginable. What a contrast to the jolly fat horses and ponderous painted wagons of the English farmer! The set-out of a first-rate English farmer or miller, to say nothing of the wagons and drays of the London brewers, cannot frequently be of less value than three hundred pounds. Most of these vehicles may be worth from five pounds to five shillings, and are drawn by two or three horses abreast; the horses of a lightish bay or black, of a slouching look and gait, and harnessed in ropes: if there be four, the two foremost a long way ahead of the other two.

In their out of door habits the Germans retain all their primitive simplicity; progress is no law of their life; they are content to tread, each in the steps of those that preceded them, and this content forms the beauty of the German peasant character; their daily duties, their rustic pleasures, the sweet interchange of domestic affections, constitute their happiness; they have none of that striving after what is above them, which is a national bane; none of the heart-burnings which ambition engenders, which, it is true, stimulate to exertion, and produce sometimes great results, but scorch up and wither the finer feelings of the heart, burying, in the lava of discontent with the time being, and high aims for the future, all that makes the present desirable. Placidly do the German peasants, men and women, toil in their vineyards, rear up the young vines, gather the luscious fruit, and bruise the rich clusters for the home-made vintage—a life of brown and hardy toil; for no sooner does one duty cease than another equally arduous takes its place. This constant employment keeps them the healthy, glad hearted people they are; the glow of excitement is not seen on the weather-worn cheeks, but the far more enduring hue of cheerful content is found there. This constant out of door occupation of the peasantry has, perhaps, one great disadvantage; it develops only the physical and moral powers—the intellectual are left uncared for. With perhaps the most thorough A B C education in the world, the German peasant makes no progress in mental culture. The germ of knowledge is implanted in their minds at their infant and burgher schools, but they quit these young, and seem to leave behind them all desire for further progress, and in their farms or their shops concentrate all their attention, therefore the mind of the generation remains stationary; as their fathers were, so are they.

Howitt's first few chapters are thus devoted to graphic sketches of the natural face of the country, and the out of door life of the peasant; these form the general features, the rough outline of the picture, the nooks and corners of which are to be filled up and made life-like with delicate tracery; a touch here and there, giving some new aspect, which, when all combined, form a perfect whole. His descriptions of the kirchweigs or wakes, are spirited and full of life; they remind us of those expressive pictures of Teniers, on looking at which, you almost fancy you hear the heavy footfall of the boor, as with awkward dives and leaps he keeps time to the quaint old music. It is like seeing a moving panorama of the things he describes; indeed, what he says of Goethe seems most applicable to himself—"He has completely transferred to this book the popular life of Germany, his descriptions of both country and people come before us continually with delightful surprise."

What he considers one of the peculiar features of the outer life of the German people, comes in beautiful relief after the sketch given of the hard labour of the peasant life;

But we must come to the great and prominent out-of-door life of Germany. It is not then in their riding, fishing, hunting, or in such public games as racing, cricketing, rowing, &c.; but in the enjoyment of walking, of public gardens, of coffee and wine-drinking in such places, and, above all, in open-air concerts. The enjoyment of music and social pleasures in the open air is the grand summer enjoyment of Germany. It is the universal passion from one end of the country to the other. It is the same in every village, in every town, in every capital. Public walks, public music, cafés and casinos, coffee and wine-drinking and smoking and knitting under trees, call out the whole population, high and low, great and small, old and young; and there does not seem a car from Berlin to Strassburg, from Cologne to Pesth. Nay, much as the French live out of doors, the Germans far excel them in this species of life. All their musical art is called forth, and their greatest masters are employed to give a charm to this mode of social existence. Every means is adopted to give facility to the enjoyment of this taste. The heart of the Germans, too, is bound to the heart of nature with a deeper and holier feeling than that of the French! It is true that they have not the true and perfect and permanent country life that we have. The habits and institutions of their country do not allow it; but they have not less love of nature than we have, nor do they enjoy it less in their way than we do. Nay, in some respects, they enjoy it far more, for they have taken measures to bring the beauty of nature to their very doors, to introduce it into the suburbs and very heart of their towns, and to unite it to all the charms of art and of social life.

There is one advantage that their towns universally possess over ours; and that is, in the abundance of public walks, and public gardens and promenades, where every citizen can wander, or can sit and rejoice with his family and his friends. All round their towns, in general, you find these ample public walks and promenades planted with trees and furnished with seats. The old walls and ramparts, which formerly gave security to the inhabitants, are now converted into sources of their highest pleasures,

being thus planted and seated, and made scenes of the gayest resort, and whence the finest views are obtained over the surrounding country. The suburbs and neighbourhood of all large cities again, are full of public gardens; with alleys, and extensive woodland walks, where the people all summer flock out, and find refreshments at coffee houses, and bands of music, presided over by the first masters of Germany. The cities being seldom very large, the people thus enjoy a sort of half city, half rural life, but refined and beautified with social and artistical influences, of which ours is too much stripped. In England, every man takes care of himself, and makes his own nest snug; besides lighting and paving, little seems to be done for the public in our towns. Here, on the contrary, the public enjoyment seems to be the favourite and prevailing idea, and you see around you perpetual evidences of its working. The people live in the outskirts of their cities, their vineyards and their summer houses in them, where they can go with their families and friends. But they have, again, their great public gardens and woodlands all round their large towns, to ten or a dozen miles' distance. They have similar places of rustic resort, often on the most beautiful mountain heights and in mountain valleys, to which they pour out on all Sundays and leisure days, in carriages and by railroads, by thousands. Here they have wine, and cards, and often dinners. Here they even come with their families, taking whole troops of children with them; and there you find them in old orchards, amid castle ruins, under the trees, and, in short, through all the surrounding hills and valleys. They dine in great family groups—the men sitting often in their shirt sleeves; the children rolling in the grass; and the handmaids hurrying about, dealing out plates and viands to hungry people, in a broil of what seems hopeless hurry. They afterwards smoke their pipes, drink their coffee, and go home at an early hour as happy as this earth can make them.

In every country town and village it is the same. You can go into few or none of the former, where you will not find public walks and gardens; and will not hear of charming places, some four, six, or ten miles distant, where all the world goes in the summer, in parties, to walk about, to drink coffee, or to picnic in the woods, and so on. There is not a country inn in pleasant place, but it has its orchard and its garden fitted up with seats and tables for this simple, rural festivity. There is not a ruin of a castle, or old jager-house, where you do not find walks and seats, and every provision for popular enjoyment. Everywhere the Germans have seized on all those picturesque points and scenes of rural beauty which afford means of carrying out and cultivating this mingled love of nature and of social pleasure. You come upon seats in wild spots, where you would otherwise never have dreamed of, many besides yourself coming, and there you are sure to find that before you lies a beautiful view.

All royal gardens too are open, and the people walk in them, and stream around the palaces, passing in many instances, through their very courts and gateways, just as if they were their own. Nay, the royal and ducal owners walk about amongst the people with as little ceremony as any of the rest. The Emperor of Austria, or the King of Prussia, does the very same. You may meet them anywhere; and little more ceremony is used towards them than is used towards any other individual, simply that of lifting your hat in passing, which is done to all your acquaintance, and is returned as a mark of ordinary salutation. You will see princes sitting in public places with their friends, with a cup of coffee, as unsummoningly and as little stared at as any respectable citizen. You may sometimes see a Grand Duke come into a coun-

try him, call for his glass of ale, drink it, pay for it, and go away as unceremoniously as yourself. The consequence of this easy familiarity is, that princes are everywhere popular, and the daily occurrence of their presence amongst the people prevents that absurd crush and stare at them which prevails in more luxurious and exclusive countries.

The same open and general enjoyment of scenery extends to all other estates and gardens. The country houses of the nobility and gentry are surrounded on all sides with public and private walks. They seldom have any fences about anything but their private gardens. The people go and walk everywhere, and never dream of trespassing, nor are ever told of such a thing. This is one of the great charms of this country. All woods, with the rare exception of a deer park, are thus entirely open and unfenced. You wander where you will, with the most perfect feeling of giving no offence. Here are no warning boards, no threats of steel-traps or spring-guns. A wisp of straw stuck on a pole, the usual sign in Germany of warning, in vintage time gives you notice that a private walk, which all the rest of the year is open, is then closed; or a wisp hung on the bough of a tree in the forest, tells you that the common people are not to cut boughs there, or that young trees are planted, and you are not to tread them down. Everywhere else, you go where you please through woods, valleys, meadows, gardens, or fields; and while property is sacred to the possessor, nature is, as it should be, unrestrictedly yours, and every man's.

In this blessed freedom, and with this simple and thorough line of nature and society, there is no country in the world where social and summer life are more enjoyed than in Germany. You are perpetually invited to join a party to a wood-stroll, to go to some lovely village in the hills or the forest, or to some old farm-house, where you get milk and coffee, and take bread with you perhaps; where you find a *Tanz-boden*, or shed, where the young people can have a dance; where the old sit, and look on, and smoke, and talk, and knit. Or to some old mill, where you have the same accommodations; or to some inn, on an eminence overlooking a splendid country, as that of the Rhine or Danube, and where on the terrace, the whole company will play at those simple games so much liked in Germany, as the black man, the blind cow, and others; where all, high and low, old and young, run and laugh, and are as merry as so many boys and girls.

This true love of nature is a delightful and peculiar trait of the German character—they travel, or rather circulate round, from a true love of the beautiful; not a picturesque point but is seized upon by them, and they thus nourish in themselves one of the purest and most enduring sources of happiness.

Closing the outer life of the German people with this sketch of their natural taste, Howitt proceeds more into detail. He gives us an able and interesting description of the wandering handicraftsmen, a class of people who excite so much interest among travellers in Germany; he begins with the origin of the institution, points out its benefits and its disadvantages; shows the strict surveillance kept upon the roaming *gesell*, which, by forcing them to attention to their duties, or in default thereof, banning them with

the curse of their craft, renders the knowledge and experience they gain of the highest use to them: it not only improves them in their own peculiar trade, and makes them fit to become master workmen—but the varied wanderings, the familiarity with danger, and the close intercourse with nature which such a life induces, develops the latent poetry which is in every man's heart: but which, among the working classes, often remains dormant, because the kind of education which brings it forward and informs it with life is denied to them. Howitt found this to be true, in his necessary intercourse with the tradesmen:

On the other hand, to the aspiring and deserving these years open up a new world of knowledge and of life; to those who have a feeling for nature and for art—and there are many amongst this class—a world of delight. Imagine a youth who has passed his apprentice years in some stupid little town, and under some severe master; amid circumstances and tempers which make a house worse than a prison, and of which the bitterness is only too sure to fall on the innocent apprentice—imagine with what delight he must look forward to the hour which shall set him free, and spread before him a new existence, and new realms and years of novelty, variety, more freedom, and, as he fondly hopes, more good. With what a sense of elastic life must he spring from the door-*stead* of his eyes and oppressions, and stretch the wings of his spirit over that wide and hope-tinted space before him. It was this peculiar life which gave Goethe the idea of *Wilhelm Meister* in his "Lehrjahre" and his "Wanderjahre"; and has furnished to many other German writers, topics and ideas that serve eminently to vary their works. And to those, even in these humble classes, who have souls which have faculties and feelings beyond the mere circle of what the Germans call their bread-sciences—and to none has the beneficent Creator entirely denied such, any more than that he has denied to the dry heath, the common wayside, and the untrodden desert, beauty and the flowers which "blush unseen" there—what a period of enchantment and of rapidly expanding knowledge does this wander-schaft become! In the mountains and woods through which their routes lead them, by the noble rivers which flow through their country, they breathe, as they go from one station to another in the summer, a soul of poetry, and revel in the richest feelings of existence. What moments of deep entrancement, what dreams of fancy and beauty, do some of these humble wanderers enjoy, as you see them with their knapsacks slung on the flowery turf, and their elbows propped on their heads cushioned upon them, as they lie stretched on the green skirts of one of their beautiful woods; and by the swift waters of a meadow stream. To many a young wanderer, who, but for this ancient custom, would never have issued from his native town, as to Hans Sachs, such moments no doubt there are, worth a whole life of ordinary existence. Visions of the future come before him in the warmest colors of anticipated happiness; and sweetest recollections of woods and green meadows, and harvest scenes full of happy people, and mountain glens, and sunshine and bright waters, and feelings in musical sympathy with them all, cling to him thence to his latest days, making his native land as hallowed to him as his own hearth and existence.

If any one think this too poetical to be true, we can only advise him to enter the dwellings of such men as shoemakers, saddlers, or other such handicraft trades-

men, and talk with them and their families, and he will soon convince himself to the contrary. He will find something at once so manly and so friendly, such a domestic feeling and such a feeling of nature, as will most agreeably surprise him. We have no doubt whatever that it is this nature-loving and poetical feeling which so universally distinguishes the Germans, even to the commonest class; which has been by means of these wanderings wonderfully developed in the man, and thence introduced into and diffused through every member of their families. It is this which sends them forth on all Sundays and holidays in such crowds into the country, to solitary wirthshouses in the woods, into the villages and the hills, to smoke their pipes and drink their coffee in orchards and garden-arbours, all Germany over. It is this which makes them read Goethe, Schiller, Hauff, and such others of their writers as abound in and cherish this spirit. It would have surprised many an Englishman, who has been accustomed to regard a poor saddle-bur as a man who reads only his newspaper, and his wife and daughter nothing, to have heard such a family, into whose house we only went to get a strap mended which broke in passing, speaking of the delight with which they read such authors; to have seen the glow of enthusiastic pleasure which kindled the father's eyes as you mentioned places in distant states where he had been in his wanderings; and to hear them describe the heavenly pleasure it was to them on summer mornings to arise before the sun and ascend the neighbouring mountains to a tower on their summit, and there to see the sun rise—the wide world below, the clear heavens above; and then to take breakfast there with some of their friends. "Oh!" said the wife, "it was ganz himmelich, himmelich!—quite heavenly, heavenly! and it was impossible not to feel a spirit of worship." The institutions and education which bring such a spirit and such feelings into the heart of the burgher families, are not only a domestic but a national blessing; and that such spirit and feelings abound in this class in Germany, you will at once discover when you will take the trouble to converse freely and kindly with its members.

Our author alludes also to the student life as another of the peculiar features of the country; but briefly; as he has given so fully to the public a detailed account of their customs, and conditions of social existence, he but adds the description of a touching and imposing spectacle he himself witnessed—the burial of a student at Heidelberg.

Howitt now "pulls the bobbin, and raises the latch," and introduces us to the inner life of the German home; their festivals, their birthdays, and betrothals, their poetic and beautiful celebration of the Golden and Silver Marriage, and their other home pleasures; he sketches for us the traditions of the Christ Knechtchen, which so enters into every German child's heart, forming a portion of his character, and generating the sweet and trusting faith which distinguishes them. Who does not, after reading this description, long to be a German child?—the love of the Saviour implanted in the young heart with the highest of their enjoyments, looking to him as their watchful guardian, and the bestower of their most innocent pleasures. Close after Christmas follow the New Year festivities, and then comes the

most brilliant feature of German social winter life, the gay sledging parties. We would fain extract the chapter devoted to the spirited account of this novel amusement, but the limited space of a review will not allow it.

In the chapter devoted to the singular moral characteristics of the Germans, and their oddities of etiquette, we have most peculiar features of character, or rather of manner, presented to us, and after reading it we can well understand why the Germans have acquired the reputation of a phlegmatic people; their apparent unconcern at the troubles and sufferings of others is reprehensible, and must give them, to the careless passer-by, the appearance of a most selfish people; but this is only the crust which their habitual caution, and their fear of getting involved in difficulty, forms over the warm feelings of their hearts; it does not freeze them, it only checks the outward expression, it gives them an impassive appearance, till you look through the frosting into the warm affections which well up, and fill their whole hearts. Many other features of German social life are added, all partaking more or less of the primitive simplicity of the people—long may they find delight in the simple unexpensive pleasure of the social tea drinking, the mirthful games of "Die Blinde Kuh," Black Peter, and questions and answers, sports far more healthful in their tendency, though speaking less of what we call refinement, than our stiff and crowded assemblies, where the spirit nurtured, is that of looking well, and outdoing our neighbour in the paraphernalia of dress. He closes this part of the book with a tribute to the language of flowers, which is a distinct and well understood tongue to the Germans:

A pleasing feature in German social life is the language of flowers. This, which is quite extinct with us, is with them as real and poetical as in the East. They have written and printed this language, and it is carefully used or avoided in all presents of nosegays in the little bouquets presented in dancing cottlons, and it extends itself even to colours, some of which, to us lively and pleasing, are to them expressive of violent or hostile qualities. Red and yellow are expressive of pride and spite. Thus the flowers and ribbons introduced into all their nosegays, and the bushes which they hang out on all occasions of festivity, days of national or other joy or triumph, have all their precise, and to them very significant language: as the tree adorned with flowers and ribbons, set up on the roof of the covering in of a new house; the garlands which they suspend on the little crosses on the graves, and the garlands of the bride, and the funeral. Garland making is a distinct trade; and you see these expressive and poetical ornaments borne through the streets, in all directions, by the makers, to the houses where they are ordered. By following one of these to the place of destination, you could, without asking a question, perfectly satisfy yourself that there a marriage, a birth-day, or a funeral, was about to be solemnized; and in the latter case, whether the deceased were a man, or woman, or

child, whether married or not. All this is clearly indicated by the absence of certain flowers, as white and red roses, lilies, and so on. The garland for an old married man is merely of uniform evergreen, generally ivy. The funeral garlands are so large that they enclose a great portion of the shroud, which lies on the funeral car; and, so soon as the grave is filled in, are laid upon it in the same form. Here their social as well as all other life, making its earthly termination, naturally terminates also our chapter.

Having thus given us a picture of the outer and inner life of the Germans, with our minds prepared to enjoy it, we begin with Howitt a three month's ramble through the country,—among its capitols, watering places, and scenes of rural and storied interest. We first visit Carlsruhe, and then on to Baden-Baden, which perfectly answers to our preconceived idea of that most dangerous of all places, a German Spa, where the healing waters which nature pours forth for the relief of the suffering body, are turned into poison by the noxious influence of the moral leprosy of gambling, which, like the opus tree, blasts all who come within its deadly influence. After a short sojourn here, we pass on through the glorious Black Forest, with its magnificent colonades of the silver fir, which "give you a continual feeling of strength, youth, freshness and life that is most agreeable, and keep your attention upon them, comparing one with another, as you pass. They spring from the deepest glens, and still stretch their fine columns above you, and rear themselves in rivalry of the highest rocks. None are old, or allowed to attain that enormous bulk, or picturesque ruggedness and deery which we had looked for, because they are all cut in their prime, or before it, for commerce; but they are an endless series of young, mighty, and ever-springing giants, that are glorious in their youth and their boundless profusion."

The visit to Stuttgart is rendered interesting by the sketch of Donneck and his master pieces. The figure of Christ, in the freshness of youth, as he walked the earth, filled with the consciousness of his high commission, appears before us. And Schiller, too, the well-beloved of the Germans; and Goethe, the man of the world. In a few sentences, descriptive of the statues, Howitt presents us with the essence of two widely differing characters. The "sublime egotist," the many hued idealist, selfishly absorbed in himself, sacrificing patriotism, and all the truly noble qualities of the heart to his love of ease, and to the aristocratic prejudices which his birth engendered; and Schiller, the child-like, and loving, whose heart expanded with all that is highest and best in man, and whose universal humanity embraced all, who, by suffering or endurance, belong to the great brotherhood of man.

As we pass on through the different towns, we

pause to deliver our letters of introduction to the great and good; Schweb, Uhlund, and others are presented to us, and we feel as if made personally acquainted with them, so happily does our author convey to us his own feelings. Soon the glorious Alps burst upon us, and are pictured with all the enthusiasm of a first view:

Having passed much such an agreeable night here, at five we were on our way to Elm. A lovely morning it was, and a lovely country we were in. Pleasant hills, covered with the most attractive woods, through which we walked at leisure; fields with far-off views; people busy in their corn; free air blowing over us, and as we reached an open eminence what a startling surprise awaited us. It was the Alps! Filling the whole horizon to the south, they stretched themselves into the blue ether, and glittered and flashed their eternal snows in the morning sun like the very hills of heaven. The sight was so sudden, so totally unexpected, so overpowering in its beauty and silent sublimity, that after an exclamation of astonishment we stood rooted to the spot in indescribable emotion. There needed no inquiry to learn what they were, though we had no idea that such a pleasure awaited us before we reached Munich—the magnificent features of that glorious mountain region were not for a moment to be mistaken. The feeling they inspired was too peculiar and exciting to be ever again effaced. Those proud mountains, with their eternal peaks and eternal snows, and about which so much of the sublimity of nature and of history hangs; over which so many of the great spirits and rulers of the world have wandered; on which the noblest poetry of the noblest human souls has been poured in wonder, and deep homage, and glowing with words fused into the richest eloquence by the fervour of intensest emotions; how clear, how delicate, as if carved in mother-of-pearl, and yet how solemn and mysterious they lay. It seemed almost too much to believe that thus in a moment, and without a moment's anticipation, that grand region of European history and sublimity had thus spread itself out before us. Those vast Alpine masses, those glittering peaks and glaciers, which, not only the lights and shades, the tempests and the silent sunshine of ages, but the spirits of Hamlet, of Cesar, of Napoleon, of Tell, of Hucer, of Milton, Byron, and Shelley, of Rosseau and Coleridge, and millions of brave hearts and worship-ping souls, have arrayed in an evergrowing interest, and have stood as the very rainparks of poetry and liberty in the eyes of all Europe.

At this moment we could not be less than sixty English miles from the nearest point of this great mountain range, and more than twice that distance from some of the chief peaks which were visible, for we were assured that almost every peak of greatest note might be hence discerned; the Jungfrau, Mont Blanc, and even St. Gotthard. Be that as it may, the distinctness with which they lay in the transparent blue sky was wonderful. It was not that they seemed near, for there was a feeling of their remoteness about them, a brooding spirit of dream-like silence shrouding them. They filled the whole vast range of the southwestern sky, in the very extremities of which you could discover their white and ivory-like fronts, dimly and sublimely reared, but their feet were lost in the obscurity of the far distance. They seemed to rise, as it were, out of a shadowy gulf, in mysterious contrast with their clear sharp wall of frontage, their dreamy peaks here and there raised sublimely in the blue ether, their white snowy tracks lying between them, and the star-like flashing of the glaciers, as the morning sun flamed full upon them.

This magnificent spectacle marked an epoch in our lives: it was the first glimpse we had seen of the Alps, and the peculiar and indescribable feeling which it excited continued with us for days, and still comes back on reflection with an imperishable poetic effect. It was as if we had suddenly had a peep into the mountain-land of heaven, or as if one of the planets had at once swept near the earth, giving us a view of its strange and unapproachable hills. For a great part of the forenoon our way lay over a high tract of open country, from which this glorious scene became momentarily more and more distinct. If we turned our eyes away for a short time to the bleak country around us, when we lifted them again this silent and magnificent apparition was still there, stretching like a divine and unearthly dream along the southern sky.

Augsburgh, with its historical legends, interests us; but, perhaps, no place in the whole route is found so interesting as Munich; and in and around it, Howitt lingers as if loth to leave the home of the arts—the modern Greece; and the noble independence of his own character is shown in the sparing hand with which he draws the contrast between what has been effected by the King of Bavaria, in his small dominions, and with his limited income, and the neglect of all these things by the Queen of England; he bends not the knee to worldly power, but true to his own principles, he shuns not to speak the truth to crowned heads, however unpalatable it may be. And it is to be wished, his few forcible words, might arouse an interest in the graceful and beautiful arts in England, and awaken the government to a sense of what they could do, to give an impulse to British art, which, as he says, needs but the breath of royal patronage to start into universal bloom; and yet, desirable as this is, there are other things more so; while the furnished manufacturers call for bread for themselves and their starving families, the Glyptothek and the Pinacothek had better be unbuilt, and the surplus funds of the kingdom, instead of being expended on fancy balls and royal pleasures, be applied to the relief of the suffering poor.

Vienna is a gay enticing place, which might well make one wish to remain there; the people live for pleasure, and in their constant round of enjoyments, musical entertainments, balls, drives, gardens, they keep up a perpetual course of dissipation, which, it seems, must enervate the mind; but as a balancing power, it is full of artistic wealth, galleries of exquisite statuary, paintings of the first masters, collections of ancient armour, and fine libraries, which show the existence of a refined and cultivated taste, and prove that the insatiate thirst for pleasure has not quite destroyed the love of the truly beautiful and enduring. The simplicity and warm heartedness of the Austrian; and the apparent freedom from those irksome restraints which are expected in a despotic government, strike one most agreeably; and

here again, Howitt, with a ready boldness which may possibly render him obnoxious at home, draws the contrast between the vaunted freedom of his own country, and the comparative ease of this notorious despotism:

The ideas, too, which we cherish at home, that Austria is a gloomy and severe despotism: that you cannot move without a spy or policeman at your elbow, disappear here entirely. In no city do you see so little palpable evidence of surveillance and police as in this. You are, after delivering your passport, as free and unshackled in your motions as in London; and if you do not go out of your way to assail the government, the government will not interfere with you. The whole of this is, however, the result of a sagacious and worldly-wise political system. Everything is planned and calculated to divert the thoughts of the people from political matters. For this purpose public and social pleasures are promoted. If poverty cannot wholly be prevented, for the state has a large debt, and pauperism in 1836 was stated to be in the proportion of about four persons in the hundred, yet distress is alleviated; and in no country do you see less symptoms of it. The grand principle of despotic government is, indeed, and must be, to maintain its people in comfort, without which no government could long be popular. Austria, therefore, educates, and was amongst the first unions of Europe to educate its people, so far as is necessary to the conduct of human affairs. The administration of justice is cheap. Law, unlike what it is with us, is within the reach of every man's purse; if not, the poorest man can seek justice from the highest quarters. Even the Emperor devotes one day every week to the personal hearing of any complaints that individuals, however humble, desire to lay before him. What would be thought of such a paternal practice in our monarchs? Thus, even despotism has its sunny side. If a people can be content to leave the management of political affairs entirely in the hands of the government, and to eat, drink, and be merry, going through the world in great bodily comfort, Austria is an evidence that they may do this in the highest degree. Compared with the frightful and wholesale distress of our own country, Austria is a paradise. Nowhere in the world can such frightful masses of misery be found as in our manufacturing districts; and well may the Austrians ask us, what good does our liberty of speech do those who purchase it at such a cost?

Here the Imperial family is highly popular; the individual members of it, wherever seen, are most simple and unassuming in their manners; the government is mild and paternal in its treatment of its subjects, and the whole population is gay and good-humoured. I do not mean to say that such a state is what the powers, spiritual impulses, and destiny of man, render most desirable; but for the mass it may well be asked, is it not better than lying for ever under the hydraulic press of crushing anxiety and fearful starvation? There is no condition of ignominy so thoroughly ignominious as that of a people styling itself free, and yet living before the world in perpetual complaint of the wretchedness of its government, and in domestic misery which has no parallel. The argument is not for the preference of a despotism, but for a government like ours to rouse itself in diffusing comfort amid the multitude, while it offers to all men, as its additional and crowning recommendation, the glorious and precious privilege of unshackled mind—of religious, political, and intellectual freedom.

We must pass over the visits to Prague, Saxon

Switzerland, Dresden, pausing only to visit Herrnhut, the original settlement of the Moravians. Our author has given us a most interesting account of the foundation of this singular community, and a fine sketch of its leader, Count Zinzendorf, who seems to have left the impress of his own noble mind, and stainless integrity, upon all who embrace the peculiar faith, and primitive habits of his followers. It is a rest to the weary mind, only to read of the quiet little town of Herrnhut; to turn from this busy world, this whirlpool of active life, where passion and interest are ever bubbling up, not only rippling, but tossing in crested foam, on the current of life, to pause and look upon this primitive, out of the world haven, where the warm affections flourish, where piety and peace walk hand-in-hand together, strewing the path of life with ever fragrant flowers, and so consecrating the spot that the unallotted passions dare not enter within the charmed circle, but stand without, gazing with fascinated eye upon this Eden of content. We would fain rest here long enough to have its spirit of peace enter our hearts; but we must away to Leipsic and Berlin, and by the way cast a compassionate look at the poor thin sheep which yield us the exquisite Saxony wool, wrought by our ladies into such various forms, of mingled hues.

A sojourn at Berlin is rendered agreeable by a visit to Potsdam, and many other of the old haunts of the Great Frederick. Berlin has much of architectural beauty, and the King seems to be inspired with a desire to imitate the King of Bavaria in improving his capital; but it will be long ere the wealth of architecture can atone for the situation of the city, which has not a single natural feature to render it attractive; it is built on so dead a level that it has never been drained, and the beauty of the whole city is destroyed by the pools of stagnant water, which infect the air with their deadly malarial, and form a most unsightly object in the landscape. After leaving Berlin we soon arrive at the Harz country, so full of romantic interest, so peopled by the wild imaginings of the German mind, so fraught with traditionary lore; but our author does not linger over this part of the history; he possibly would deem it misplaced in a work of truth, and which is intended to place before us the present, not the past—the actual state of the people. But perhaps a true judgment cannot be formed of the German mind, without knowing what influences have been at work upon it. The matter-of-fact English and American mind can little appreciate the powerful effect of this mystic legendary lore, the unseen influences which the Germans believe are ever about them, the spiritual essences which pervade the whole atmosphere; the wild spirits

which come and go at their call, giving them an enchanter's power to conjure up or exorcise. It is this, which has done so much to give a speculative tinge to the German mind, and which has rendered their literature so very different from our own; supernatural agency is ever at hand to aid them in maturing a plot, and bringing about a denouement; indeed a work is hardly German without this strange admixture; to the haunted German mind it is essential, but to us revolting; none but a few master spirits are tolerated in the introduction of those beings, who, though they may exist, are never cognizable by our imperfect senses. But to return to our author. He leaves unnoticed the legends of the Harz country, giving us in lieu of them a fine description of the Brocken. The ascent up the wild and savage path, in the midst of a furious storm, is thrilling; and the stories of the Wirth, such as to make the loiterer at its foot pause, ere he dare run the risk of encountering the furious gales, which, as if hastily summoned up by the evil genius of the mountain, to guard his own land from the foot of the stranger, surround and almost overwhelm the luckless traveller; but when the danger has been once surmounted, and you stand upon the peak of Brocksberg; and look forth upon the boundless view, you are repaid for all fear and fatigue, by gazing upon an expanse of nearly five hundred English miles, presenting every conceivable variety.

But little more ground remains to be travelled over. Weimar, the court of intellect and taste, the consecrated mausoleum of Goëthe, Schiller, and Herder—Jena, with its celebrated professors, and its wild Burschen: Then traversing the Thuringian hills, resting at Frankfort, and returning through Darmstadt, we are once more with our author and his family, at their own house in Heidelberg. Here the tour ends, but not the book; for Howitt has added what perhaps ought to be considered the most valuable chapters, containing his own well digested opinions of the literature, the education, the religion, the politics and prospects of Germany. He has marked for us the difference between the English and German character and aims, and he pays a justly deserved tribute to the German schools, which have taken so much the lead of other nations, in their system of public education; and although it is not carried out in after life as it ought to be, that is the fault of the people themselves; each individual has a solid foundation of practical education laid, on which might be reared a noble superstructure, were they called to come forward, as are both the English and Americans in active political life, to exercise each their judgment for the general good of the whole. The tardiness of our times, and our

various systems is to the superficial; a little knowledge of history, gathered from lectures; a peep into politics through the party newspapers, and a glance at animal and electro magnetism; a glimpse of the bubbles of the day, enables a man to pass for a well informed person, and entitles him in his own opinion at least, to sit in judgment upon all subjects and things. The German characteristics are opposed to this; they are slow in action but profound thinkers; there is nothing superficial about them; the surface is impassive and sluggish; but the stream is deep and the under currents rapid and forceful.

The chapter on German theology will, we think, find an echo in almost all our hearts; we have seen the wasted figure of "German metaphysical religion stalking among the churches, and chilling with its cold breath the warmth and fervor of a pure and rational piety. We have seen it stretch forth its skinny hand, and discourse most eloquently of reason and experience. With pantheistic tendency it has eulogised nature till the rapt listeners almost forgot the Creator in the created. It has torn away with rude clutch the time-honoured veil, which the hallowed hands of centuries had hung before the holy of holies; it would take from us our Master, with His crown of thorns, and seamless robe of spotless purity, and give to us, as our guide, our own erring natures; and yet the cry is still heard—"give us German philosophy, German religion, they are purer, higher, more elevating than any other." This chapter the want of space alone prevent us from extracting.

The various governments of Germany seem well adapted for their present wants; but as the spirit of progress is at work among them, we may well doubt how long they will continue to bear the form of despotism. Freedom of speech, and freedom of the press will, in time, become essential; one by one the necessity for reforms will creep in, till in time the whole body of the people will become imbued with the desire of change. In spite of the progress, which such a state would indicate, in spite of its being considered a more healthy development, we must say we should mourn over any of those violent changes which would affect the whole German character and habits; the luxury which creeps in with innovation, the self indulgence, the love of show, pomp, and ease, which have always followed any revolution like that which would give a new government to Germany, could not but have a deleterious effect upon the popular character. Their extreme simplicity, their picturesque homeliness, their

Spartan indifference to the luxuries, which by the more civilized French and English, are denominated comforts and essentials, they unite to cultivated intellectual tastes, and the warmest domestic affections which sanctify the homeliest roof, and give more true happiness than the softest carpets, the richest draperies, or the most brilliant mirrors. But should a political change take place, should the people, rising on the ruins of despotism, become in their turn the masters, then farewell to this quiet content; ambitious striving would drive the spirit of tranquillity from its long reign in the German heart, and the show of wealth and power would be substituted for the substantial happiness which they now grasp. But we are aware, this reasoning would not hold good in the eyes of the political economist; progress is his great law, even though it bring evils in its train.

Would our limits allow, we should be inclined to contest with Mr. Howitt his opinion of the German women. He takes from them the sentiment which has always been their peculiar charm, the poetry of their natures, which enters into and ennobles all their occupations. To us, there has always been something exquisitely beautiful in the union of the intellectual companion, and the careful housewife, which a German wife exhibits, and we have often wished our own young ladies would imitate the noble daughters of Germany, who, with words of music on their lips, and the household keys at their girdle, enter into and fill the true province of woman. But Howitt probably took his own wife for his standard, (indeed he too often brings her before the reader) and finding few, who reached her intellectual elevation, he judges somewhat severely those who fall below it.

We cannot leave this interesting book without recommending all to read it. It is written in a gentle and loving spirit, with a heart imbued with the beautiful and truthful; in a style, pure, vigorous, and flowing, and entirely unmarred by the strong prejudices which so often disfigure the pages of the English tourists. We are sure every one will arise from its perusal with a more just estimate of the German character, and with a graphic picture in his own mind of the land of the Rhine and the Vine.

MORALITY.

He who does good to people that are not in a condition to repay him, heaps up a treasure of virtue not the less rich for being the more concealed; it is an excellent remedy for his children.

* Alluding to the German transcendentalism, which shatters the religious views of so many minds, both in Europe and America at the present time.

MARCO VISCONTI :

A STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY—TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF TOMMASO GROSSI,

BY HUGOMONT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE chamber into which Beatrice had been carried was situated on the eastern side of the castle. The sun, which had been now some time risen, poured its beams through the open window opposite which her couch had been placed, and shed o'er her recumbent figure a refulgence, which served to enhance the mortal paleness of her countenance, displaying at the same time its almost unearthly beauty.

As she came to herself, Beatrice opened her eyes, but quickly closing them again, raised her hand us if to ward off the light that so offended them, weakened as they were by the long hours she had spent in the obscurity of her dungeon. The attentive handmaid instantly closed the shutters; then, returning to her mistress, tenderly embraced her, gently repeating her name amidst her sobs. At length Beatrice once more unclosed her eyelids, and after a deep-drawn sigh, faintly exclaimed—"Lauretta, is it thou?"

"Yes, dear lady, 'tis I," replied she. "Be of good cheer—we are free;—dismiss every fear!"

"Where have these ruffians gone to?" she asked in terror, unheeding of these consolations; "I heard the door burst open—I heard their frightful cries. I felt, methought, their sharp daggers plunge deep in my bosom. Tell me, was it a dream, or was I really slain? Methought they carried me to the tomb, amidst a crowd of wild-looking beings, and with the flashing of many torches; it was then dark night, and how lath it of a sudden become day? Where are we, dear Lauretta, where are we?"

"We are in the chamber of the good Dame Margarita," replied the attendant; "Marco himself hath come to liberate us."

The sound of this name was like the touch of a red-hot iron on a fresh wound. Beatrice sprang up on the couch, exclaiming in accents of terror,—"Let us fly! let us fly! O save me, Lauretta! for mercy, save me!"

"Hush! hush! dear mistress! Marco is not here—he will not come near us without thy per-

mission. I have more good tidings for thee, too—thy mother is at hand——"

"My mother?"

"Yes! The countess is now in the castle, and as soon as thou hast sufficiently recovered, we will return to Limona with her."

"O do not deceive me! Dost thou not remember how often thou saidst she would come? and after all——"

"But she is here, I repeat; thou shalt see her immediately."

"No, no, dear Lauretta! thy kindness is only cruelty—I shall never see my beloved mother more."

"Beatrice! my daughter!" at this moment exclaimed Ermelinda, in a voice choked with emotion.

Conducted by the chururgeon into the neighbouring apartment, she had heard all the foregoing conversation; for some time she was restrained by the fear of giving too rude a shock to the enfeebled strength of her child; but overcome by these last despairing words, she rushed into the chamber, and strained her daughter to her heart. Beatrice gently bent her head upon her mother's bosom, and both remained in silence for a time.

Ermelinda was the first to disengage herself from the sweet yet melancholy embrace: and, placing her hand on her daughter's head,

"Now, rest thee, love!" she calmly said. "See! I am here with thee, never more to leave thee. All thy troubles are now over. Sleep, dearest! sleep in safety; I will not move from thy side."

Beatrice, with the docility of a child, laid her head on the pillow; but in a few moments, governed by an irresistible impulse, she again started up, and renewed her fond embrace.

"Nay, nay!" she replied to the mute remonstrances of her mother; "deprive me not of the sweet consolation—so eagerly looked for—so long delayed! Let me enjoy in peace this pleasure—the last bestowed on me in life!"

"For Heaven's sake, Beatrice, calm thyself! Such agitation—weakened as thou art——"

"Ah, no!" interrupted her daughter. "Believe me, this is the greatest relief I can have."

And kissing her cheeks, her lips, her hands, and bathing them in her tears, she continued affectionately to murmur—"My mother! my dear mother!" while Ermelinda, yielding to her feelings, returned her embraces with many a fond and soothing caress.

"Know'st thou thy father is at hand?" asked the countess, when the vehemence of her feelings allowed her power of utterance.

"Why comes he not to see me?" returned Beatrice, her countenance beaming with new pleasure.

The count was called, and entered the apartment with an air wherein joyful emotion struggled with affright. But when he saw his daughter, pale and emaciated, disengage one arm from her mother's neck, and stretch it lovingly towards him, terror was completely overcome by paternal affection.

"Art thou in pain, my Beatrice?" he enquired, tenderly kissing her forehead as he spoke.

"No, no, dear father!" she replied. "Now that I am with my beloved parents, I am well—quite well. Yet—if Ottorino——"

"In name of all the saints! mention him not," returned Count Oltrabo, his fears recalled by that word. "And to name him here, above all!"

"Is he not my husband?" replied she, in accents almost of resentment; then turning to her mother, she gently enquired—"Doth he live?—may I hope still to see him?"

"Yes, dear child! you will yet, I trust, be restored to each other. Dame Margarita deems that he hath been confined in the Castle of Binasco, and Marco himself is gone thither to liberate and bring him to Rosate."

"Marco?" exclaimed father and daughter, as with one voice, both actuated by various emotions of surprise and affright.

"Yes, Marco Visconti!" repeated the countess; and then, relating the conversation she had maintained with him the night previous, she exculpated the Visconte from the deeds in which he had no hand—spoke of his profound grief for the share he unwittingly had in causing them—of his generous resolution to remedy, with his life, if necessary, the evils that had befallen them—and of his renewed affection for Ottorino. Nor did she hesitate to announce his love for Beatrice, now that that passion, purified by remorse and penitence, had calmed into a respectful and deferential esteem. In short, she said so much, not only in exculpation, but in praise of the Visconte, as to erase from the minds of her husband and her daughter, every shadow of suspicion, every trace of animosity.

"The Lord pardon him!" exclaimed Beatrice, when the narration, to which she had listened with timid and breathless anxiety, was concluded; then, turning again to her mother, she asked: "Said'st thou not that he was gone to seek Ottorino? Thinkst thou they will return in time to see me?"

"Ah! speak not thus, dear Beatrice!" exclaimed Ermelinda. "Life and death are in the hands of a merciful God; our earnest prayers——"

But rising tears choked her utterance, while Beatrice, taking her hand, affectionately kissed it; nor from that moment, did either talk of hope—a hope that dwelt in the heart of neither.

During all that day, the fever that rioted in the veins of the poor girl, continued more and more to depress her strength, and shake her enfeebled frame. In obedience to the commands of the surgeon, and the earnest entreaties of her mother, she remained silent and immovable, contenting herself with fixing her eyes on the pale countenance of her mother, as she sat at the foot of the couch, or following her every motion through the chamber.

Beside the countess sat the faithful Laurretta, who, although worn out by watching, had resisted all the entreaties of Beatrice and Ermelinda, that she should retire, and endeavour to recruit her strength by repose. She was now narrating to the latter, in whispers, the misfortunes she had encountered, in company with her young mistress, from the hour they left Milan till they were discovered in the dungeon;—their separation from their protectors, their being decoyed to Rosate, their anxieties and disappointments there, the treacherous manner in which Pelagrua and Lodrisio had endeavoured to shake the faith pledged by Beatrice to Ottorino, and induce her to renounce him. Nor was she silent regarding the kindness shewn them by Margarita, and the assistance she had lent them, when she could do so unawares to her husband. Ermelinda, moved by the recital, cast from time to time a glance of compassion on her unfortunate child; while she, soon perceiving the subject of their conversation, replied with a smile full of affection.

Towards evening the invalid, conscious that her strength was fast sinking, asked for a confessor; an old Benedictine was brought from a neighbouring monastery, with whom she was for some time left alone.

"Ottorino is not yet come," replied the count, to her first anxious enquiry, after they were readmitted; "but we look for him ere morning."

"Ottorino! my spouse! my dear husband!" she exclaimed with emotion. "O that I might see him ere I die!—But the will of Heaven be done!"

The poor girl raised her eyes to heaven with an expression of resignation, so gentle yet so heart-rending, that Ermelinda was quite overcome.

"O my Beatrice!" she exclaimed; "my beloved daughter! Must I then lose thee? Who will be the comfort, the consolation of my declining years, when thou hast left me?"

"Consolation!" repeated Beatrice, the tears streaming down her pallid cheeks. "Consolation, saidst thou? Have not I—unfortunate that I am!—repaid thy tender cares of mine infancy and childhood only by sowing with thorns thy path of life? O my dear mother! I do not ask thee to pardon me, for I know thou hast already done so; and thou, my father! thou too hast forgiven me?"

Count Oltrado and Ermelinda were too much agitated to reply, and the chamber remained for some time in silence.

After some time the handmaid, having brought to her mistress a restoring draught furnished by the mediciner, sat down by the side of the couch, and, overcome by fatigue, sleep soon sealed her eyelids, despite her utmost efforts to resist it.

Beatrice, one of whose hands she held firmly in her own, perceiving her situation, signed with the other to the by-standers to remain quiet, and avoid all noise; and when from time to time she exchanged a few words with the Benedictine, she lowered her voice, already half spent with weakness, to the gentlest whisper; while he, moved by her attentive solicitude, replied in a like tone. Every moment the poor invalid, with the restlessness of sickness, experienced a nervous desire to change the posture of a limb, or alter the position of the pillows; but, constraining herself to remain motionless, scarce even daring to draw breath, she kept her eyes fixed on the countenance of Lauretta, with affectionate complacency.

When the attendant awoke, the dawn was beginning to appear, and the flame of the lamp that stood on the table grew pale before the light that found admittance through the casement. Lauretta, when she opened her eyes, threw them round the chamber in uncertainty and confusion, till they encountered those of Beatrice.

"Re-assure thyself, Lauretta!" said the latter, with a sweet smile; "thou art with me—with thy dear Beatrice."

The handmaid bent her head on her bosom, grieved and ashamed that, even for a moment, and against her inclination, she could forget her beloved mistress. But she was soon comforted by the kind manner in which Beatrice immediately called her services into requisition, to arrange her pillows, and to bring her another draught.

About an hour after sunrise, Beatrice declared herself exhausted, and inclined for repose. All was accordingly hushed, and in a few minutes she was asleep; but her slumber was disturbed and uneasy, and ere long she suddenly awoke with a shudder. She raised her head with a wild glance around, but it fell back again on the pillows, her eyes closed, a cold perspiration bedewed her countenance, her pulse ran sluggish and almost disappeared; all thought that she had expired. It was, however, but a passing pang. Quickly recovering from her swoon, she opened her eyes, and beheld her friends standing around in tears.

"For whom weep ye?" she faintly exclaimed; "See! I am still with you."

All drew around her, and after a pause, she turned to her mother, and resumed—

"I feel, dear mother! that life is fast leaving me—mine hour is nigh at hand. Now, gather courage, and listen to my last words—the last desire of my heart. This was given me," she added, drawing a ring from her finger; "this was given me by Ottorino in thy presence; 'tis the symbol of an union which has lasted but a short time on earth. May it be renewed above! If 'tis ever granted thee to see him again, place it in his hands, and say to him—that in this solemn moment my last entreaty to him was, as he regarded my memory, never to avenge on the head of any one the misfortunes I have suffered of late."

She rested for a moment, then indicating with a gentle motion of her head, the attendant, who was sitting at the foot of the couch: "I need not commend her to thee," she said; "I know thine esteem and affection for her, and after what she hath suffered for me, she would have been to me as a sister; she will be a daughter to thee, in the place of one—whom thou hast loved only too dearly! Promise me!" she continued, turning towards Lauretta; "promise that thou wilt ever attend her with the duty and reverence of a child!"

"Yes! ah, yes!" she replied; "I will not abandon her till death;—I will leave all—all for her!"

Beatrice would have thanked her, but her strength at the moment failed her, and she remained for a space as if insensible. Then, opening her eyes, she turned them towards the casement, through which the sunbeams were streaming brightly, and faintly murmured—"O my beloved mountains! Would that I could see ye once more!"

Her mother bent down her head to catch the sounds, and she continued in broken and feeble accents—"Lay me in the churchyard at Limonta—in the tomb where lie the ashes of my poor brother—where we have so often prayed and wept together. Let me rest beside him—thou

will return alone to weep over us both. And the poor Limontines—they too will drop a tear as they pass. Salute them all for me;—and forget not poor Martha—she too hath a child in that holy ground."

The countess, more by signs than with her voice, suffocated as it was by emotion, assured her that all her wishes would be fulfilled, to which she replied with a look of gratitude.

The Benedictine, seeing that her last moments drew nigh, now commenced the prayers of the church for the dying. The rest knelt around the couch, sipping, as best they might, their tears and sobs. Beatrice, now by a low articulation, now by a gentle and resigned inclination of her head, showed that she took a fervent part in the devotions, while her countenance, placid and serene, gave testimony of peace within, and of a foretaste, even amidst the pangs of death, of the joys of futurity.

All at once the sacred calm that reigned around was broken by the sound of hasty footsteps ascending the staircase. All eyes were turned towards the entrance; Dame Margarita rose and accosted two persons who presented themselves there: and after the interchange of a few words, one of these remained motionless on the threshold, while the other, rushing into the chamber, threw himself on his knees beside the couch, and buried his face in his hands. Ermelinda, the count, and Lauretta at once recognised Ottorino; the others had little hesitation in doing the same. The young cavalier had that moment arrived from Binseo, in company with that man in whose name he was imprisoned, and who had himself broken off the bolts of his dungeon.

The dying girl, struck by the sudden confusion, languidly opened her eyes, and without noticing the cavalier, enquired—"Who is it?"

"Give thanks to God!" exclaimed the confessor, moved even to tears at the sight of the strong man thus bowed down in agony; "thou hast drunk the cup of bitterness from his hands in peace; receive now with gratitude the joy He bestows!"

"What! Ottorino?" she exclaimed, pronouncing with an effort that beloved name.

"Yes! 'tis thine husband!" answered the priest, and advising to the young noble, he raised him to his feet, and conducted him beside her. Beatrice turned on him her eyes, sparkling with momentary brilliancy, and extended to him her left hand, wan and emaciated, which he distractedly covered with kisses. A moment after, she withdrew her hand, and after pointing to it with the other, looked anxiously towards her mother, and endeavoured, but in vain, to give utterance to some words.

"She would speak," exclaimed the monk, divining her wishes, "she would speak of the nuptial ring, which she hath committed to her mother, and which she wishes thee to receive from her."

A smile of assent animated the sweet face of Beatrice, while the countess, drawing the ring from her finger, gave it to Ottorino, who exclaimed, as he fervently kissed it—"It will go with me to the grave!"

"She hath left as her last entreaty," pursued the Benedictine, "that thou forego every thought of revenge for her misfortunes. Vengeance pertaineth to the Lord alone!"

She kept her eyes anxiously fixed on the agitated countenance of her husband, who remained in silence with his head bent on his bosom; but the confessor approached and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Promise!" he said, in a grave and severe tone; "promise it to this thy dying spouse, who now, on the threshold between life and death—between time and eternity, demands it as a favor—imposes it as a duty, in the name of that God in whose presence she is so shortly to appear!"

"Yes! yes! I do promise!" replied Ottorino, while his frame shook with strong emotion, and he gave way to an uncontrollable burst of tears. Beatrice thanked him with a look full of angelic sweetness, then raised her eyes to heaven with an expression that showed she had nothing further to desire in this world.

The Benedictine resumed the interrupted services, while all the rest again knelt around. During a momentary pause, when all else was silent, the sound of stifled sobs that seemed to come from the adjoining chamber, struck the ear of the almost senseless Beatrice. She languidly cast a glance of enquiry towards her mother; but she, unable to utter a word, covered her face with her hands and remained silent. The confessor, however, bending over the couch, whispered low—"Let us offer up our prayers for him, too!"—"Tis Marco Visconti!" and the dying girl meekly bowed her head in token of assent.

She never raised it more. When next they looked, her gentle spirit had left this lower world.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Marco rushed hastily from the chamber of death, and Ottorino followed him closely, moved, even amidst the anguish of that fatal hour, by a compassionate solicitude for his kinsman; and feeling, too, the necessity of some active exertion to withdraw his mind from the mournful scene.

The chief traversed with hasty steps several galleries, and opening a small iron-bound door, ascended a winding staircase till he reached the platform on the top of the turret to which it led.

He cast his eyes on the vast mist-covered plain around, and on the lurid masses of cloud that obscured the sun, then, leaning with folded arms against a battlement, he remained silent and motionless. His eyes were fixed and tearless, his countenance severe and stern, and over his ample forehead passed from time to time a rapid and convulsive contraction, the shadow, as it were, of the dark thoughts that occupied his mind. He had stood thus for some time, ere he was aware of the presence of Ottorino, who stood near, regarding him with a look of compassion and affection.

"Why—why hast thou left her?" he asked of the latter, slowly and mournfully.

"She is in the care of her parents," replied the other, in a like tone.

"True—true!" rejoined Marco; "'tis not for us to sit and weep when work is to be done. Descend, Ottorino! seek out the judge and tell him to send Pelagrua hither. And do thou return with him—it glads me to have thee near."

The young noble appeared to hesitate for a moment, and Marco at once divined the cause.

"Go fearlessly!" he said, "my remnant of life is not mine to throw away, whilst a debt of blood remains unpaid. When anguish shall be paid with anguish, when — But no! Marco Visconti will never die the death of a despairing heathen!"

Ottorino departed without remonstrance, and his kinsman resumed his former position.

After the interview which Lodrisio and Pelagrua had with Beatrice, as before narrated, they soon found that all their machinations were vain to induce her to change her plighted faith: and seeing her strength vanishing day by day, they came to the cold-blooded and infamous resolution of quitting themselves of her, as an incumbrance worse than useless. Accordingly, on the very night that Marco arrived at Milan, and at the very time while he was conversing with Ermelinda, the castellan forcibly carried the wife of Ottorino and her handmaid to the vaults of the castle, and left them there, to die of cold and famine.

Having accomplished his work of atrocity—either to stifle the pangs of conscience, or perhaps to prove to himself how little he was moved by it—he issued by the postern-gate and proceeded to a great festival held that night at the neighbouring village of Fallavechia. Returning from this in the morning he was seized by some of Marco's men-at-arms and conducted before the judge of the castle, to whose interrogations he at first replied in a high and haughty tone; but when he learned that the Visconte had been at Rosate, and was now gone to liberate Ottorino, and that Beatrice had been discovered in her dungeon, he gave himself up as entirely lost.

At the command of Ottorino, two guards now conducted him up the staircase. 'Slowly and unwillingly he ascended, turning at every step to beseech Ottorino, who followed close behind; that he would save him from the fury of his master. When he was at last brought out on the platform he threw himself on his knees before Marco, with blanched cheeks, trembling limbs and chattering teeth.

"Mercy! mercy!" he stammered out, "twas with no evil intent—but Lodrisio—Lodrisio forced me to it.—Pardon me, gracious sir! pardon me, and I will tell all that I can—much that it imports you to know —"

The Visconte, casting at him a glance of wrath and abhorrence, turned away without listening, and began to turn over a bundle of papers brought by one of the men-at-arms from the judge. When he had looked at two or three, he raised his head, and commanded the guards to withdraw.

"These are thy letters," he then said to Ottorino, handing him the packet; "they were found in that poor girl's chamber."

He now turned to Pelagrua, who, still groveling at his feet, ceased not his groans and cries for mercy.

"Rise, wretch!" he exclaimed in a stern voice, and the castellan slowly obeyed.

The blood of the lord of Rosate boiled in his veins at the sight of that countenance, where even the expression of the most abject fear could not conceal its natural malignant ferocity. He paced to and fro on the platform till he became somewhat calmer; then, pausing opposite Pelagrua, he asked—"When was Lodrisio here?"

Ere an answer could be framed, Ottorino approached, holding out the papers he had just received—

"These letters are not mine!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with indignation; "they are false and cruel forgeries."

"Whose are they then?" fiercely asked Marco, snatching them from his hand, and addressing the trembling Pelagrua.

"It was —" he stammered out, "it was to obey thee—to serve thee better—that I did it."

At this avowal the Visconte lost all command of himself.

"Monster of wickedness!" he cried, in a voice almost inarticulate with passion, at the same time dealing the castellan such a buffet, that the unfortunate wretch, staggering backwards, stumbled over the low parapet that guarded an embrasure, and fell headlong to the foot of the tower, where his lifeless body was shortly after found by the men-at-arms, transfixed on one of the sharp stakes that were planted along the edge of the moat.

Without casting a glance after him, Marco descended to his chamber, where he shut himself up alone, not even permitting Ottorino to follow him. Here he remained till late at night, gathering all the papers from his scrutoires, burning many, replacing some unaltered, and adding notes to others. He then wrote several letters, and finished by inditing his testament, in which, after providing a large pension to the widow of Pelagrus, and leaving many legacies to his esquires, pages and others of his numerous retinue, he appointed Ottorino his heir.

At midnight he sent for the old Benedictine to confess him; after which, throwing himself on a couch, he slept calmly for about two hours. Awaking from his short slumber, he started up, and for some time sat in deep thought. He would fain have mounted at once for Milan, but it still wanted some hours of sunrise; and opening a side door that led to a small terrace, he paced to and fro there till dawn; intent, amidst the darkness and universal silence, on a dim light, a low murmur of prayer and weeping, that issued from a chamber in the opposite tower.

In the mean time Lodrisio, who was still at Milan, alarmed at the non-appearance of the messenger sent to Rosate, despatched several spies in the same direction, who soon brought back tidings of what had befallen there. His letter in the hands of the Visconte, his courier confined, Beatrice found in the subterraneous dungeon, and afterwards dead, Ottorino placed at liberty, the castellan questioned and slain by Marco himself—all was made known to him; and he became at once aware that all his machinations were discovered, and that neither excuse nor subterfuge would avail to save him from his dreaded chief, enraged by such cruelty and perfidy. He was personally brave, even to rashness—indeed one of the most valiant cavaliers of the time;—yet he knew well that he could not stand for a moment before the lance of Marco, and he knew also, that were the Visconte thus to challenge him to public combat, matters must be revealed which would cover him with infamy, even if successful, for the rest of his life.

Thus driven to desperation, to avoid the consequence of one act of treachery, he designed and executed another, if possible, still more vile and detestable. He wrote to Azo Visconti, revealing all the plots of Marco to deprive him of his Vicariate, representing his own humble contrition for the share he had had in them, and enclosing, as incontestible proofs of his allegations, a number of letters and other documents which were in his charge.

"Marco will be at the palace ere noon tomorrow," he concluded; "deal with him as ya will!"

He despatched the packet; left orders with his attendants to tell Marco Visconti, should he come in search of him, that he had gone to the palace to confer with the vicar; and mounting his steed, he galloped through the Porta Giovia, and never left the saddle till he found himself out of the Milanese territory.

A few hours after, Marco entered Milan in the opposite direction at full gallop, followed by Ottorino and a squire. The first he sent on to his palace to await his coming, and proceeded with the latter to the abode of Lodrisio, his heart burning with the desire of vengeance. Deceived by the false message left for him there, he turned at once, as the traitor had foreseen, to the palace of the Vicar, where, as the reader knows, they were prepared for his coming.

Leaving his squire in the outer hall, he advanced alone through several lonely and deserted chambers, till he encountered two attendants who seemed to await him, of whom he enquired for the object of his search.

"He is within there!" answered one, running obsequiously to open a small door at the end of the apartment.

Marco entered without suspicion, and found himself in a large chamber which seemed untenanted. But scarcely had he crossed the threshold, when the door was violently shut behind him; the noise of bolts and chains showed that it was securely fastened, and at the same time there issued from various lurking-places eight men-at-arms, in complete mail, who rushed from every side to assault him. Though taken thus at unawares by such overwhelming odds, it was not in the nature of Marco to yield without resistance.

"Treachorous assassins!" was his only exclamation, as, placing his back against the wall, he drew his sword.

Twice the trenchant blade swept round, and two of his assailants fell mortally wounded, one in the throat, the other in the side; but the rest quickly pressed around, some seizing his right arm, one wresting the weapon from his grasp, others claspng his legs to overthrow him. He brought his left hand in search of his dagger, but that too had been removed. Seeing that all hope was now lost, he yet determined not to die unavenged. With a powerful effort he shook his right arm free, and raising high his gauntleted hand, brought it down with such resistless force on the helmet of one who had just buried his dagger in his bosom, that the wretched assassin was hurled lifeless to the ground, like an ox felled by the butcher's axe. But again overpowered, the Visconte was draggel, bleeding and mangled, to an open window, whence he was cast violently into the street. The once mighty chief lay for a few moments

crushed and senseless on the pavement, and then—expired.

Throughout Milan, Lombardy and all Italy many different versions were spread of the fate of this great captain. The story of his unfortunate love was mixed up, as may well be believed, with that of his violent death. That reported by the creatures of the Viciar was, that Marco having slain Beatrice through jealousy, had in a fit of remorse poignarded himself with his own hand, and thrown himself from the window of the palace; and this version was adopted by several contemporary writers, either too careless or too timid to search out the truth. Azario, however, one of these chroniclers, allows "That the manner of his death was indeed uncertain—that many things were reported which never took place, and many happened which were never reported."

But out of Lombardy, where the terror of the Visconti did not prevail, none doubted that Marco had been assassinated by order of his nephew and brothers. Giovanni Villani, the famous historian—to say nothing of others,—Giovanni Villani, who had known Marco personally, and had been one of the Florentine commissioners to treat with him for the purchase of Lucca, openly charges his kinsmen with the deed. His concluding words give a sufficient reason for the obscurity and contradiction to be found in the pages of the chroniclers on this point:

"When the murder of Messer Marco became known, the Milanese in general were much grieved at the infamous deed; but none dared openly to speak of it through fear of their rulers."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE Count and Countess del Balzo left Rosate with the remains of their daughter, on the morning after her death, and were joined, on the way to Limonta, by those of their household who had been left at Milan, a messenger having been sent to them the night before. These last had left the city before the arrival of Marco, and none of the party knew aught of his melancholy fate, till they rested for the evening at the village of Seveso. The rumour was at first disbelieved, and Lupo and Ambrose were demonstrating to the host how impossible it was that such could be the case, when a courier from Rosate overtook them, who had been despatched after them, immediately on the arrival of the fatal news. He confirmed with tears, the death of his lord; then, requesting a private interview with Ermelinda, he placed in her hands a letter addressed to her,

which had been found, he said, in the chamber of the Visconte. It was some hours after he had left her, ere the countess issued from the apartment.

Lupo at once took horse and galloped off to Milan, in search of Ottorino, lest he should require his aid. The rest remained as if stunned by the tidings; but all was as nothing to the terror and stupefaction of the count. In fact, the intimate friendship with Marco, of which he had formerly boasted, would have rendered sufficiently anxious any one, even though not naturally so timid as he was, now that the chief was entrapped and slain by a powerful and vindictive foe.

But the count's fears were vain; he reached Limonta and remained there unmolested. Azario himself terrified at the extent of the plot he had discovered, and fearful lest harsh measures should still excite the threatened storm, left unharmed not only the Count del Balzo, whose insignificance might in any case have protected him, but even the most powerful and violent partisans of his late uncle.

The overtures of the Viciar Imperial for reconciliation with the Church were shortly brought to a successful issue. The Pope, already disposed in favour of the Lord of Milan, from the resistance he had given to the Emperor, showed no credence to the reports which accused him of the assassination of his kinsman, and absolving himself and his family from their excommunication, he annulled the interdict which had so long rested on the city and the district. This reconciliation was celebrated throughout the country with great joy and feasting. The priests who had been driven out of Lombardy by the Ghibellines, now returned; and amongst others, Astolfo da Lampugnano, the former Abbot of St. Ambrose, being restored to his ancient office, regained all the possessions of the Abbey, Limonta among the rest. As soon as he reached Milan, he wrote a long letter to the Messere of the parish, thanking him and all the Limontines for their fidelity to him in his exile; expressing his concern and compassion for the sufferings they had endured on that behalf from his temporary successor, to whom he spared not the accustomed epithets of schismatic, heretic, sorcerer, and son of the devil; and in fine—what was of more importance—granting them several exemptions and privileges, in recompense for their disasters.

The worthy mountaineers re-opened with great solemnity their chapel of St. Bernard. The bell, breaking its long silence, was sounded unceasingly for three days and three nights, the peasants pressing on each other in such crowds to have the honour of ringing it, that some in their impatience mounted the roof, and began to hammer

* *De cuius morte certum ignoratur... Multa dicebantur, quin non sciebant, et multa sciebant, quia non dicebantur.*

—Petri Azari Cronicon: Cap. vii.

at it with sticks and stones. Rustic arches of triumph were planted on all the highways around, and processions daily made for a week. At the end of that time a high mass was celebrated, according to the rites of their Church, for the souls of those who had died during the continuance of the interdict; after which they all proceeded to the churchyard, where, kneeling beside the graves, they told their beads in silence.

Amidst the thronging memories of domestic affliction—of lost relatives and friends, the eyes of all were turned towards a tomb, on which, but a few days before, a marble slab had been fixed, bearing on its white and polished surface a name dear to the hearts of all. Martha, having finished her prayers, rose from the earth that covered the remains of her beloved Arrigozzo, and, leaving the cemetery, bent over the marble as she passed, and kissed it with affectionate reverence; the wife of the falconer, and then all the women of Limonta, one after another, imitated her example. *Ermelinda and Lauretta alone withdrew without that tender ceremony; but as the shades of evening fell around, they descended alone from the castle, to weep over the tomb, which was thenceforth the termination of their daily excursions.*

Lupo took no part in these solemnities. He had departed with Ottorino some days before for Spain.

Beatrice dead and Marco slain, the young cavalier had no tie to keep him in Lombardy. The very idea of treading the same soil as the villain Lodrisio, who had deprived him of both, caused his blood to boil in his veins. He would willingly have sought him out, defied him to mortal combat, and never rested till one or other had fallen; but he had promised his dying wife to lay aside all purpose of revenge; this promise was sacred, and to be able to maintain it, he had to fly from Italy. The Italian noble was eagerly welcomed by the King of Castile, Alfonso XI., who was then endeavouring to drive the Moors from his hereditary dominions. Not only did the young knight highly distinguish himself in the war against the infidels, but his squire also displayed such prowess, that when Ottorino was slain a year or two after, while leading the assault at the taking of Montillo, the gallant bearing of Lupo so took the heart of the king that he was preferred to his own service. He continued to rise in the royal favour, and in the year 1330, having mainly contributed by his exertions to the success of the Spaniards at the bloody battle of Salado, he was knighted on the field by Alfonso himself, at the same time conferring on him domains suitable to his new rank.

Another personage of our story appeared at

Limonta shortly after the removal of the interdict—Tremacoldo, the minstrel. He was received by the countess with a kindness and consideration worthy of all he had done and suffered for her poor Beatrice, and finding that he would accept no recompense in gold or lands, she gave him, according to her former promise, a letter of recommendation to the Apostolic Legate, Bertrand del Poggetto. With this he proceeded to Bologna where the Legate then abode, and soon returning with a complete absolution from the excommunication he had incurred in the exercise of his prohibited pursuit, he threw off his cap and bells, and parti-coloured garments, resumed the round hood and fur-embroidered robe, and from a minstrel became once more a canon. Though he lived beyond his eightieth year, he could never entirely quit himself of his love for the joyous science; his lute was ever at hand to amuse a superior or gratify a friend.

Ermelinda died at Limonta two years after the loss of her daughter, mourned sincerely and reverentially by all the country round. In arranging her seruitore after her decease, the last letter of Marco was found in a drawer, tied up with a small chain of gold; none knew whence this chain had come or what was its purport, save the wife of the falconer and her daughter Lauretta, and they kept their knowledge to themselves.

The Count del Balzo lived many years after. Azo died and his uncle Luchino succeeded to the Lordship of Milan; he survived him—he survived even his successor Giovanni. Marco Visconti by this time was only spoken of as an historical personage, a great military leader and valiant hero; his name was always mentioned with reverence and admiration, and the count took care to claim his share of the praises bestowed on his memory. Was the name of Marco uttered in his hearing? The utterer, unless he could make his escape, was doomed to listen to an almost interminable harangue, of which the Visconte was the ostensible—but the Count del Balzo the real—hero. Marco was certainly a great man! and he had been his counsellor, his strictest friend, the soul of all his undertakings!

"If he had but given ear to me!" he would sometimes say in a tone of mystery; "Had he but taken my advice in that last affair!—But there are certain matters which are best kept silent even at this distance of time."

And puffing out his cheeks, he would pass his hand across his forehead with an air that signified what mighty secrets were contained within! And Lodrisio—the treacherous author of so much evil? Of him, history records as follows:

He roamed in exile for several years through various parts of Italy, until in 1338 he succeeded,

by the aid of the famous Scaliger, in gathering round him a body of three thousand five hundred cavaliers, besides foot soldiers. With this force, which was called *The Company of St. George*, and which was increased on the way by a number of robbers and banditti, attracted to his standard by the prospect of plunder, he invaded Lombardy, putting everything to fire and sword. In the neighbourhood of Parabiago he was encountered by Luchino Visconti, and in a bloody engagement, which took its name from the town near which it was fought, was completely discomfited. Most of his followers were left slain or wounded on the field. He himself, with many others, fell alive into the hands of the victor, and his life was spared, with a humanity only too rare in these times. He was confined, together with his two sons, in the fortress of St. Colombano, where he remained till the year 1318, when they were all liberated by Giovanni Visconti, who then ruled in Milan. After various other turns of fortune, he died at a good old age in Milan, on the 5th of April, 1364. He was buried with great pomp and solemnity; Bernabo, the then Lord of Milan, put off, in his honour, a splendid tournament appointed to be held at that time, and the princes, counts, barons and knights who had flocked to the festival, had to wait, with what patience they might, till the body of this traitor and villain was laid in the earth.

Such an end to such a life, however inconsistent with our idea of what is called poetic justice, is strictly an historical fact. Let those—if such there be—whom such a conclusion may displease, bear in mind, that Providence ordereth nothing unreasonably, however inscrutable such reasons may for the present seem: and that to wish every one rewarded in this life according to what appear to us his deserts, is presumptuous and arrogant. Nay worse! it is to suppose that we have more discernment than Him who hath decreed all things—it is a denial of the great and simple truth, that Virtue, though her roots be planted here below, flourishes and bears fruit in perfection only on high.

SYMPATHY.

It is by this passion we enter into the concerns of others, that we are moved as they are moved, and are never permitted to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in many respects as he is as affected.—*Burke*.

REFLECTIONS OF CONFUCIUS.

HUMAN LIFE.

ONE day being struck at the sight of lightning, and not having recovered from the shock which a clap of thunder produced, I cried with a sigh, "What is this frail existence? I have been now forty years in the world, and when I review that space of time, it is but a wide blank. To me it is a dream, during which I find myself in a thousand different states, and possessed with a multitude of ideas that vanish like a vapor.

"I behold nothing grand and real in this life, but a vast sea and a large river—the sea of sorrows and troubles—a sea infinitely wide, whose shores are not seen. The river is that of our desires, whose depth can never be fathomed. Man is like a wretched bark, shattered with the waves.

"Let us change the allegory. This world is a fire of so singular a nature, that although we may be composed of brass or iron, we cannot long resist its power, but must fall and perish. Why should we be busy in purchasing estates, soliciting for situations and grasping for fame?"

HAPPINESS.

A MIND undisturbed by crimes, and a body free from diseases, constitute the principal felicity of life. Innocence is the happiness of the mind, upon which the happiness of the body is dependent. *But after this life what habitation will be assigned to the dead? Whatever may be the place, when any of my friends express anxiety about our condition in that unknown region, I answer without hesitation, that all will be well with those who have been careful in this life to perform their duty: but for those who have employed their time in upbraiding other men, perhaps without sparing their own brothers, they shall be confined to insufferable torments, which they shall not escape by renouncing before their death the honours of the world, and retiring into the deserts as some have practised.*

AVARICE.

A MICH covetous Honzo had made a collection of a great many jewels, which he watched very narrowly. Another Bonzo, older than he, begged to have a sight of them for some time, after which he said, "I thank you for your jewels." "Why thank me?" answered the other, "I did not give you them." "But I had the pleasure of seeing them," replied the guest, "and that is all the advantage you reap from them excepting the trouble of watching them."

AN imaginary illness is real to the person—an imaginary honour real to the possessor.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

No. VI.

POOR POETS—SAVAGE—DERMODY.

SAVAGE is commonly connected with Chatterton, but except in the accident of their poverty, I could never, for my own part, find out any resemblance. As a man, Chatterton was of austere demeanour, and as a poet he was of the highest powers; but Savage as a man was extremely social, and as a poet was not greatly beyond mediocrity. Chatterton died rather than ask relief: Savage did not, indeed, *solicit* relief—he *commanded* it. All beings, however, have their use in God's creation. Savage has had his. He has been made an occasion for a piece of most beautiful and eloquent composition. Some men owe their fame to being the subject of a great biographer; and others to being the biographers of great subjects. Boswell has become famous in his *Life of Johnson*; and Savage has gained celebrity by the finely written record which has been left of him by Johnson. Nothing is more evident in this composition, than the fact, that feelings of private friendship and a remembrance of common misfortune broke the scourge of criticism. The poems of Savage may have merit; but they assuredly have not that merit which could propitiate the maligner of Milton, and the depreciator of Gray. Savage was the outcast of society, and Johnson, with the rough benignity of his nature, took him to his heart: precisely on a principle similar to that which caused him to carry a sick and unfortunate girl, through Fleet Street, to a refuge.

"The Wanderer" of Savage is a very remarkable production; the more remarkable when we consider the circumstances in which it was composed. Stanzas of it were often written upon cobblers' stalls, and sometimes whole passages were indited in a pauper-lodging. One remarkable quality of the poem is the extreme purity, and moral elevation of sentiment, contrasted with his own practical conduct. The following lines are worthy of notice because Dr. Johnson quotes them:

To fly all public care, all vernal strife;
To try the still compared with active life;
To prove by these, the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That even calamity, by thought refined,
Inspires and adorns the thinking mind.

And again:

By woe, the soul to daring action swells,
By woe, in plaintless patience it excels—
From patience, prudent, clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge through the course of things;
Thence hope is formed; thence fortitude, success,
Renown: whate'er men covet or possess.

"The Bastard," another poem of his, is eulogised by the same stern critic. On the first publication it created a mighty rout. His unnatural mother, who published her own shame, and detested with a kind of hellish madness, the poor wretch who sprung from that shame, was seared by it wherever she went: it was before her everywhere, as a sentence of terror and damnation. It was quoted in her hearing, it was left open for her reading; and the young man whom she first rejected and then tried to hang, became her own moral executioner. The following lines have always affected me: they touch a chord of sorrow, most musical and most melancholy:

No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained.

If Johnson's estimate of Savage is an error, it is an error on the right side. It may be indulgent, but the unfortunate require indulgence. It may be merciful, but it is the criminal who have need of mercy. In some of his criticisms, Johnson has been nefariously unjust; but his charity, in the *Life of Savage*, covers a multitude of sins. "For his life or his writings," he says, "none who consider his fortune will think an apology either necessary or difficult. If he was not always sufficiently instructed in his subject, his knowledge was at least greater than could have been obtained by others in the same state. If his works were sometimes unfinished, accuracy cannot reasonably be expected from a man oppressed with want, which he has no hope of relieving, but by speedy publication. The insolence and resentment of which he is accused, were not easily to be avoided by a great mind irritated by perpetual hardships, and constrained hourly to return the spurs of contempt, and repress the insolence of prosperity;—and vanity may surely be readily pardoned in him to whom life afforded

no other comfort than barren praises and the consciousness of deserving them." One of his latest and greatest faults was that of keeping the Bristol merchants out of their comfortable beds with most eloquent and glorious talking; but the sin was surely not so grave, that for a mere trifle he should be left to die in a Bristol gaol.

Similar to Savage in some respects, different in others, was the Irish versifier, Dermody. He was one of those precocious spirits that at first excite astonishment—that are praised and pulled and glorified—that disappoint those who patronise them—that are idolised by those who bring them forward to desert them—that are wondered at for a while and deserted forever. Dermody as a boy was marvellous; Dermody as a man was not remarkable. His life is written by a good natured person of the name of Raymond, who, with a benevolent generosity that does him honor, often relieved his sufferings and allayed his hunger. I speak now of general recollections and impressions, which the reading of that life has left upon my mind. Dermody was an Irishman, and, as well as well as I can remember, he was the son of a drunken schoolmaster in Clare or Kerry. This schoolmaster did not treat his son well, but if he gave him scanty food, he crammed him plentifully with Greek and Latin. He was put into the Latin. Accidence when he was but four years of age, and he ran away from his father when he was scarcely eleven. He accompanied a carrier to Dublin, and in the city's mass, he lost his conductor. He was found at a book-stall, reading Greek authors with a fixed interest, a queer compound of the careless boy and the well-trained scholar. He was first employed by an old man who sold second-hand books in a cellar, to indoctrinate his son in Latin. Dermody was then promoted to a shop above ground, to sell books to the students of the University, and to criticise them as he sold. From this he was taken by the pedantic and the wealthy; handed about from party to party, as the newest prodigy; taught to drink much and to sit long—and when at last incorrigible in the vices into which his patrons had initiated him, he was turned adrift upon the world. Merit sometimes droops and dies for the want of encouragement, but this was not the case with Dermody. Lady Moira, when he was utterly deserted, held out to him a most generous attention. She placed him with an able man to complete his education. Dermody, instead of minding his studies, dwindled his time away in the village tavern—and in writing verses on the village tailor and the village barber. The Lady Patroness at last disgusted, dismissed him, with a small sum of donation and a great deal of advice. Subsequently, he procur-

ed an Ensign's commission, and, to his honor it must be said, that in war he conducted himself with the bravery of a soldier, and in peace with the propriety of a gentleman. Having sold his commission, he was again thrown on the world, and after some alternations of poverty and extravagance, he closed his career in a solitary hut in England. Two friends found him here in a dying state. "He had scarce power left," his biographer says, "to express the grateful sentiments which their visit inspired. The words faltered on his parched lips; his eyes became filled with tears, and being unable to utter the strong feelings which laboured in his breast, he sunk again into the melancholy position in which they had discovered him, and continued silent for a considerable time."

The deserted appearance of the house, better calculated indeed, for the retreat of robbers, than the abode of a dying person, gave his situation the last touches of tragic misery. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "for this friendly visit; I thought I had given the whole world, and you in particular, cause to forget me." The caution was needless; his past sins were buried in the recollection of present wretchedness, and he had little to dread from the chidings of those who had now to perform only the few last offices of friendship. When his disorder allowed him to enter for a moment into conversation, he assumed a spirit, which, though faint, was yet mingled with the eccentricity that had on almost every occasion marked his character, and which was equally observable on trivial as on important matters. A violent fit of coughing having attacked him—"That hollow cough," said he, "rings out my knell." The comforts which his situation required and admitted, were procured for him. His two friends had arranged for him a pleasant lodging on the most delightful part of Sydenham Common; whither, with a careful nurse, he was to be removed on the following day. Money was given for all his immediate wants, and his benefactors, intending to call the next morning, had hoped for him some declining hours of calm transition to the grave. That same evening, however, Dermody expired, when he was twenty-seven years and six months of age.

Anecdotes are told of Dermody which possess considerable interest. Many of these are wonderful, and some of them are truly affecting. While a mere lad he translated a great part of Anacreon, with a fidelity that satisfied the austere scholars, and with a fervor that might have been responded to by the warmest poet. Yet this youth of brilliant abilities by a thoughtless extravagance, subjected himself to the necessity of begging subscriptions for his poems, and to the hu-

milition of being dismissed from the doors of those from whom he supplicated assistance. He has been found, at times, exhausted in a garret, weary from hopeless excursions, and his bleeding feet lacerated to the bone. A story is recorded of him which merits repetition for its extreme beauty. The first night on which he had left his father, he walked until he was weary. He then cast his eye around him for some hut, where he might have a chance of rest. Seeing a light a little distance off, he made for it. On entering a miserable dwelling he beheld a corpse on some shapeless boards, with a lone and haggard woman leaning over it. He had but two shillings in his pocket, he gave the poor woman one; he went a small distance onward, repented, returned and gave her the other. Stopping for a while at an old church, as he continued his journey, he composed a poem, of which the following verses are a portion:

Here where the pale grass struggles with each wind,
Pregnant with forms, the turf, unchecked lies;
Here the fat abbey sleeps, in ease reclined,
And here the meek monk folds his modest eyes.
The nun more chaste than holed snow
Mingles with the dust below,
Nor envious turns away;
Lo! to the taper's tremulous ray,
White veiled shades their frames disclose,
Vests of lily, cheeks of rose;
In dim fancy's vision seen
Alive, awake, they rush between.

The poem closes with such sweet and solemn verses as these:

Near pebbled beds, where rivulets play,
And linger in the beams of day;
'Mid soils by kneeling martyrs worn,
Embrowned with many a horrid thorn:
* * * * *
Went the solemn bell to flow
In silver notes, prolonging slow,
Tides of matchless melody.
* * * * *
Yes, let them slumber here at last,
Their tyrannies...their sufferings past,
And lend a venerable dread
To the lone abbey's rocking head.

The manner in which he sometimes describes his condition, is at once amusing and affecting. Here is an instance:

In a cold empty garret, contented I sit,
With no sparks to warm me, but sparks of old wit:
On a crazy black stool, doleful ditties I sing,
And, poor as a beggar, am blest as a king.
Then why should I envy the great folks and proud,
Since God has given me what he took from the crowd?
My pen is my sceptre, my night-cap my crown,
All circled with laurels, so comely and brown.
Nor am I so powerless as people may think,
For to! like all kings, I can spill floods of...ink;
Fight armies of mice, tear huge spiders at will,
And murder whole fleets with the point of my quill!

A reference to Otway, Chatterton, and Savage, is not ungraceful:

Sweet as the shepherd's pipe, my Otway sung,
And pity melted on his soothing tongue,
Yet, mark his need, too dreadful to be told,
Death clad in scorn, in penury, and cold,
His meek, imploring eyes, forever close,
The Muse alone, poor partner of his woes.
Sweet Chatterton, preferred, in early prime,
The steepest paths of noblest verse to climb,
By felons spurned, illustriously died,
And viewed this cursed epitome of pride,
Ill-fated Savage! what could manhood bear
Of cruel want, of agony severe...
Of patient care, that springs a silent mine,
What could it suffer...what that was not thine?

And thus, he most pathetically speaks of himself:

"Me, hapless youth, the fury-troubles tear,
Me from the Muses' rosy bosom wren:
Dim streams my glance o'er sorrow's dreary scene...
Dark to my sight Parussian charms appear!
Damp each bold ardor, each enthusiast fire,
Sad-weeping o'er my song all-pensive laid,
Or, imply roused from lethargies of woe;
Still, by new forms more terrible, dismayed,
Harsh-featured penury and cares combined,
Tearing with tiger-teeth my tortured mind.

I close these desultory scraps from one who longed for fame but lived for folly, with a short poem entitled an "Ode to Frenzy":

Stabbed by the murderous arts of men,
My heart still o'p'd with many a wound,
I pour the agonising strain,
And view thee with deliriums round:
Thy choicest tortures now prepare...
O Frenzy! free me from despair!

Thy visionary darkness shrouds
The tender brain in rayless clouds;
Thy slow and subtle poison steals
Till abdicated Reason reels...
Then rising wild in moody trance
Quick, thy pale-visaged fiends advance.

I burn, I throb, my pulses beat,
I feel thy rankling arrows now...
They tremble in my bleeding brow...
And pierce reflection in his filmy seat;
In heights of pain my heart is lost
And all the meaner sorrows lost.

Who now will fear the puny sting of woe?
Who start, disordered, at the phantom Death?
I mock the childish tears that trickling flow,
I smile at pangs, my softest pang beneath;
The canker grief, that silent eats, be thine...
The noble ecstasy---be mine.

The hurried step---the pregnant pause severe...
The spectred flash of sense---the hideous smile...
The frozen stare---Revenge's thrilling tear...
The awful start, sharp look and mischief's secret wile;
These are the proud demoniac marks I claim,
Since grief and feeling are the same;
Then all thy racks sublime prepare,
And free me---Frenzy, from Despair!

THE ENVIOUS ARTIST.

BY E. L. G.

"Base envy withers at another's joy
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

OF all the evil passions which make their dwelling place in the human soul, marring the divine image impressed upon it, changing its sweet affections and its noble impulses to hate and bitterness, and kindling in its secret cells an ever-burning and consuming fire, there is none more fearful and more dark than that of envy. It is the master passion which the great bard has represented, as moving Satan to destroy the bliss of Paradise, and it mingled with an unrighteous love of mummion, in the breast of the arch traitor, whose name of immortal infamy, is inscribed upon the history of that dark transaction which gave our blessed Lord to the hands of his murderers. It is the skeleton in many a wretched home,—the upas tree in the fair garden of friendship, poisoning with its deadly breath the moral atmosphere around it, and destroying with the mildew from its branches, every plant of beauty and of fragrance that springs up within their fatal shadow.

Many a fond hope has been blighted by its demon power,—true friendship has it broken, warm affections chilled, trusting hearts repulsed—it has withered the flowers of genius, darkened the early dawn of joys that promised to expand into the radiance of full and perfect day, and pointed with the saddest moral, many a melancholy tale of individual life and suffering. These thoughts have naturally suggested themselves, from reflecting on the history of two brother artists of the sixteenth century, whose works and whose genius were the boast and glory of their age, but the beauty of whose lives was marred by the cherished indulgence of this unworthy passion, which reigned supreme in the breast of one, and rendered subservient to its selfish and ignoble cravings, every good feeling and high aspiration of his better and nobler nature.

At the period referred to the art of painting, which the great masters of the preceding age had raised to such a height of perfection, was sunk into the lowest stages of degeneracy, when Ludovico Carracci, the son of a butcher of Bol-

ogna, but who from his early years had devoted himself to the study of the art, conceived the thought of founding a school for its renovation from the degradation into which it had fallen. In his youth, he had been pronounced fit only to grind the colours it was his desire to use, but as his mind developed, its true powers became apparent, and it was found, that though seemingly sluggish in its conceptions, it was only so through the depth and profundity, which forbade it to be dazzled by effect, or to attempt by rapid action, aught which long and careful study had not well matured. Therefore was he slow to give utterance to beautiful ideas, till they had become as actual realities to his soul.

Unsatisfied with the limited study of those works of art contained within his native city, he travelled abroad to inspect with a critical and admiring eye, the productions of the greatest masters, every detail of style, of coloring, of expression, he keenly marked, and they furnished the key, by which his penetrating mind unlocked the storehouse of the artist's conceptions, and gained possession of his thoughts, deriving thence the power to execute those works, which have placed his name in the same galaxy where that of Titian, and of his own impassioned teachers, Tintoretto, and Fontana, shine. It was Ludovico's aim to catch from the paintings of those masters whom he made his study, every peculiarity worthy of perpetuation, and combine with them a close observation of nature, giving to the whole as he impressed them on his own glowing canvass, the hue of his individual genius. Avoiding thus, the stigma which some were inclined to cast upon his school—that it was one of mere imitation, that it created no new era in the art, but only preserved by fresh and happy combinations, the peculiar traits and excellences of the old masters,—a stigma utterly unjust,—since his was no servile imitation, but a graceful and beautiful mingling into one school the charms of all, making his own, a model for all,—or as an acute writer has more happily

expressed it, "he pressed the sweets from all the flowers; or, melting together all his rich materials, formed one Corinthian brass."

Upon these principles Ludovico founded his celebrated *accademia*, emphatically styled *degli incamminata*,—the opening a new way, for through its influence and teachings he fondly trusted to effect a thorough renovation of the noble, and now degraded art to which he had dedicated his genius. But where should he find minds competent to aid him in the executing of this great and dazzling project? he had long looked around for them in vain, when on his return from Florence, he discovered in two young relatives, whose origin was as humble as his own, those, whom his profound discernment told him possessed the genius of that genius, which, when properly developed, would make them able coadjutors in carrying out to perfection the plan of his long cherished ideal. These were Agostino and Annibale Carracci, the former pursuing the vocation of a goldsmith, the latter occupied beside his father upon the humble board of a tailor.

Agostino was a philosopher and a poet, a man of science and literature, whose gifted mind, enchanting conversation and elegant manners, unimpaired, notwithstanding the meanness of his birth, with the slightest degree of vulgarity, had rendered him a favorite with the noble and refined, the friend and companion of the scholar and the genius. The delicate and beautiful artistry of the goldsmith formed his employment, but with it he combined a skill in engraving, which, when he afterwards became the disciple of Ludovico, and lent his rare invention, his fine taste, and the varied powers of his rich and cultivated intellect, to the support of his kinsman's school, he carried to such perfection, that with a bold and skillful hand, he often corrected the faulty outlines of the great masters who were a study to the pupils, till his own exquisite engravings were not unfrequently pronounced more perfect than their originals.

Annibale, though not the least renowned of the three Carracci, yet wanted the noble nature of Agostino; his was a bitter and sarcastic spirit, unloving, and by few indeed, beloved. And hence arose the misery and the dissensions which forever disturbed the peace of the brothers, and introduced into a school, which beautiful and harmonious thoughts only should have been permitted to enter, that spirit of discord and jealousy, whose presence falls like a blight upon the noble aspirations of genius. Conscious of his own powers, the suspicious Annibale yet imagined that others failed to appreciate them, and he demanded homage of all, though he forebore to render to any the praise which was their due, and secretly

envied those whose excellence he could not gain-say. Quick to perceive, and rapid in execution, he disdained the more tardy movements of Agostino's mind, which was too fastidious easily to satisfy itself, but loved to mature and develop to the highest degree of perfection, every form of ideal beauty before embodying it upon the canvass. This deliberation, which the passionate Annibale could never bring himself to imitate, he affected to despise, through the fear that it might lead his brother to higher results, than it was in his power to attain. His style was, perhaps, the most eloquent and noble, and his pieces possess a lightness, a grace, a softness of colouring and outline, which form their peculiar characteristics. But his invention, compared to that of Agostino's, was meagre—for his mind, though powerful and active, was not enriched by the erudition that opened such stores of thought and imagery to his brother, who was in truth his better genius, the noble inspirer of those beautiful conceptions which breathe a living soul into the works of his pencil.

Opposite as were the brothers in the constitution of their minds and temper, the penetrating eye of Ludovico saw in each, qualities essential to the fulfilment of his project. In the elegant works of Agostino, his prophetic vision beheld the promise of an artist such as that age had not yet known; and with equal sagacity, he detected beneath the rough exterior of the sullen Annibale, and amid the rude ignorance of his unlettered mind, the germs of that genius which, when developed, caused him to be acknowledged by many of his own time, as well as in succeeding periods, the greatest of the Carracci. Sanguine also in the hope that their union in the love and pursuit of a noble art, would subdue every discordant feeling existing between them, and bind them in the close and loving bonds of true brotherhood, he won them from their less lofty callings, and sent them to reside for a time at Parma and at Venice, that they might there enjoy the advantages of suitable instruction, and imbibe, as he had done, the spirit of the great masters, from the constant and severe study of their works.

And there, under the teachings of the ablest artists, and surrounded by works of exquisite grace and beauty, grow the love of painting, like a new life in their souls, blending harmoniously with the pure and elegant tastes of Agostino, and eloquently responding to the faultless ideals of beauty that glowed within him, and which he now saw embodied with a breathing grace, by the matchless pencils of Raphael, of Correggio, and of Titian, and multiplied in endless and beautiful forms by the vivacious or philosophic

masters of the Venetian and the Lombard schools. Even Annibale's obdurate nature seemed softened and subdued by the spirit of that glorious art amidst whose most noble productions he breathed and moved. It elevated and purified a mind, habitually envious and sarcastic; and, for a time, as he engaged with his brother in the pursuit of a common and lofty attainment, he ceased to see in him a rival, and often, as they sat side by side, each transferring to his own canvass, the, as yet, dim shadow of some perfect Raphael or Correggio, he permitted so many gleams of fraternal affection to shine out through the gloom of his bitter and sullen nature, that the gentle Agostino, longing ardently for some response to the sentiment which warmed his own heart, secretly blessed the omens, which promised to gladden with fraternal sympathy and love, his future life.

One morning as they sat thus together, some words of praise which Agostino lavished upon the outline of a picture commenced by his brother, drew forth from the pleased and selfish Annibale, such an unusual manifestation of tender regard, in return, that Agostino, in the grateful warmth of his noble and loving heart, grasped suddenly the hand of Annibale, exclaiming earnestly:

"My brother, the divine art which is so dear to us, has united our souls—let us prove our gratitude by devoting our lives to the service of this glorious mistress—from this hour let us know none beside—we will renounce every tie save that which binds us to each other and to her."

"So be it!" responded Annibale, with unwonted enthusiasm, while a glow like the last rosy smile of the setting sun, lighted up his dark features with momentary joy and beauty. "So be it! and in token thereof, let us exchange the rings we wear. Yet, no—for mine is but a plain circlet of gold, while thine is of rare workmanship, and set with gems of price."

"What matters it, my brother! Earth, no nor the fathomless caves of ocean, hold no gems so precious to me as thy love. Grant me but that, with thy plain ring, and the gift will be of far dearer value to me than aught else thou couldst bestow. Let the tokens we exchange be the sign of our hearts' perpetual union, their marriage to our chosen mistress, and though one were but of common dress, and the other encircled by brilliants, each should be to us but the sacred symbol of a double and a holy union, that should give them equal value in our eyes."

"It shall be as thou sayest, Agostino—and fitting to be so, perchance, since the two rings may serve as emblems of us twain—thine elaborately wrought, and rich with foreign adornments, attracting by its splendour, the regards of the

tasteful and the elegant—while mine,"—and its wonted smile of scorn chased the momentary blandness from his lip—"while mine is passed by unheeded, unless chance throws it into the scale of the goldsmith, and betrays by its weight of bullion, its true and intrinsic value."

"Thou art right, my Annibale," exclaimed the generous Agostino; "and none who read us rightly would gainsay, that in these reside more sterling qualities than grace the mind of thy less gifted brother. Yet let us each in our different degree press on to excellence—press on in love—without envy, but fired with a noble emulation—cherishing pure and high aspirations, and rejoicing in the achievement of glory—not for ourselves, but that we have won it for the mistress of our love."

As he spoke he placed his own rich and glittering ring upon the finger of Annibale, and received the plain circlet of gold upon his own; and then, arm in arm, the brothers walked forth towards the house of Paul Cagliari, or Veronese, as he is usually called, from Verona, the place of his birth—one of the noblest masters of their art, and the pride of the Venetian school. They found him in his studio, and at his easel, giving, with his free and rapid pencil, brilliant touches to one of the most splendid achievements of his genius—"The Marriage at Cana,"—which was at that time, day by day growing into marvellous beauty beneath his hand—and which yet adorns the refectory of a convent in the once wealthy city of the Adriatic. Gems and cameos, and antiques of all descriptions, and of the most beautiful forms, were scattered throughout the apartment, casts of ancient statues filled the vacant spaces, the walls glowed with Correggios and with Titians, and the tables were covered with beautiful sketches and engravings, among which were mingled a few of the fine etchings of Albert Durer and Parmesan.

But amid objects of art equally rare and exquisite, one living form, alone, rivetted the admiring gaze of the brothers. This was a young girl, of matchless and transcendent beauty, who, with downcast eyes, and deepening blushes, called forth by their earnest observation, sat opposite the artist, a breathing model for one of the loveliest figures of his great masterpiece. The painter marked the surprise with which they regarded the girl, and, suspending his employment, said, as, looking with concern towards her, he met the imploring glance of her suddenly uplifted eye:

"Depart if thou wilt, Antonia; tomorrow will complete all that I require of thee."

With a slight but graceful gesture of acknowledgment, and the faintest, yet softest and most

beautiful smile, the young creature glided from her seat, and disappeared through a door leading from the studio to the interior of the artist's dwelling.

"Saw you ever so perfect a Madonna?" asked Paul, as he watched the eager gaze of delight, with which Agostino followed the girl's retreating figure. "I have spent much time," he continued, "in seeking the highest and purest models of beauty for this my favorite piece, and now, at least, you will acknowledge I have not sought in vain."

"But where upon the earth," asked Agostino, "found you this miracle of loveliness, who, as I see by this graceful outline, is destined to become immortal upon the glowing canvass of Cagliari?"

"In one of my evening strolls through the vineyards in the outskirts of the city, I found her among a group of peasants, whom she was aiding to gather in the ripened vintage. I singled her from her companions at a glance, and when I accosted her, she replied with a graceful and ingenuous simplicity that heightened my interest, and led me to enquire into her history—she told it without reserve. Her father had died at the commencement of the season, and the small vineyard with the little cottage in its midst, was the only heritage of herself and mother. To increase their income, she wrought various fancy articles which the nuns of St. Ursula disposed of for her with the manufactures of their convent, and the revenues arising from this source, supplied all the comforts which her mother's feeble state of health rendered necessary. From that day she became a study to me, as are all outward forms of beauty, and under pretence of purchasing the fruits of her vineyard, I strolled thither almost every evening, and while I sat upon the bench beneath the old fig tree at her door, eating the delicious grapes which she brought me, I feasted my eyes upon her loveliness, as familiarised to my presence, she poured forth in wild gushes of melody her untutored songs, and moved around me with the unrestrained and graceful freedom of a child.

"The style of her beauty, so chaste, so serene, so spiritual, filled me with an earnest wish to obtain sittings from her for the figure of the blessed Mary, which occupies so prominent a position among the multitude that are crowded on this immense canvass. At first she shrank with instinctive modesty from my proposal, but when I urged it, the fear of offending me by a refusal, rather than the proffer of a very considerable remuneration, induced her to consent, but on condition only that she should not be exposed to the gaze and remarks of casual observers. Your early entrance this morning surprised us, and when I saw her young heart fluttering through

fear and shame, at the observation she attracted, I remembered my promise, and in pity to her youth and modesty, gave her freedom for today."

There was nothing striking in this brief and simple detail, and yet a secret, and till now untouched chord of Agostino's warm and susceptible heart, responded to every word the great artist uttered. The beauty of the girl bewitched his imagination, and filled his soul with new and sweet emotions, while her modesty charmed him, and her innocence and her youth awakened his interest and pity. He remained absent and abstracted even when his gifted teacher quitting the momentary subject of interest, turned to those immediately connected with his art, and discoursed eloquently of the rise and progress of the Venitian school of painting, from the period of its foundation by the early Greek artist Theophanes, to that of its two great masters, Giorgione and Titian, the former of whom was remarkable for the warmth and truth of his portraits, while the latter was great in every department of his art; he, it was, who first discovered the use of transparent colours in painting, and who was so renowned for the heavenly softness of his tints, as also for his grace and his expression.

Annibale remarked with chagrin his brother's unusual abstraction,—he addressed him several times unheard, and in an interval of their master's discourse he endeavoured to draw his attention to an exquisite mosaic of Giatto's, representing the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, but with the same ill success—when vexed and irritated he threw the gem upon the table with an impatient air, that at once recalled the dreaming artist to the harsh realities of life. The entrance of Gabriel Cagliari with his brother, and several pupils of their father, was the signal for a general devotion to study, and in a few minutes all were intent, beneath the guidance of one master mind, in executing the various tasks allotted to them. And among them all, none labored with greater earnestness, or with a higher craving for perfection, than the ardent Agostino—closing his heart to the vision of the young Antonia's beauty, he gave his whole soul to the study of a Correggio whose peculiar characteristics he wished to make his own, by skilfully blending them with the conceptions of his individual genius.

From that day, however, a change seemed to come over the mind of Agostino. He still cherished an ardent enthusiasm for his art, but it betrayed itself less openly, and seemed indeed to glow less steadily than before. There were times, in which, when kindled by some rare form of external beauty, it would burst forth with all its wonted fervour, yet often Annibale marked him standing before some matchless chef d'œuvre

of painting or sculpture, with an air as abstracted, and an eye as cold and passionless, as if it gazed only on the untouched canvass, or the rude marble of the quarry which waited yet the inspiration of the master's mind, to stamp it with the impress of his genius. Hour after hour too, as they sat together at their studies, Agostino, contrary to his former wont, would suffer to pass in unbroken silence; and seldom now, was he the companion of his brother in their evening sail upon the Lagune, which had ever been to them a season of free and confidential enjoyment,—for then, as in their quiet gondola they floated over the smooth waters, and gazed up through the transparent depths of that beautiful Italian sky to “heaven's high empyrean,” the soul of the reserved and sullen Annibale seemed almost to soften into gentleness beneath its matchless beauty, and to blend lovingly, and as it seldom did at other moments, with the more graceful and benign spirit of his brother.

But now his proud and jealous nature deeply resented the change he marked in Agostino—yet he deigned not to question him as to its cause—nor was there need, since it was made but too apparent in the thousand sketches of one lovely face which the enamoured Agostino multiplied in every subject that his pencil touched—his angels ever wore the features of the peasant girl Antonia, and his Madonnas, in their meek and heavenly beauty, gazed from his glowing canvass with her eyes of love. Many a word of withering scorn fell from the biting tongue of Annibale, and all were heard in silent and patient gentleness by his conscious brother. Wider each day grew the breach between them; again jealousy usurped the place of kindlier feelings in Annibale's breast, and his envy was continually fed by the frequently superior success of Agostino in their art, and by the notice which his refined manners and elegant mind won for him from the great, whom they were in the habit of meeting at the house of Paul Veronese—many of whom sought his intimate companionship and honored him with their lasting friendship.

Annibale affected to despise as effeminate, the varied accomplishments of his brother. His captivating manners, and the tasteful elegance which always distinguished him in dress, were subjects of his especial scorn and ridicule; particularly if in the presence of any of his noble friends he could by an ill-natured jest, or scornful word, inflict pain or mortification upon Agostino, it was a secret source of pleasure and of triumph to his embittered heart.

One day as he came forth from the church of St. Mark, he encountered his brother in the portico, walking arm-in-arm, and pleasantly con-

versing with the young Count Friuli. Coldly returning the salutation which they gaily gave him, he passed moodily along, and obeying the sudden impulse of an envious thought, he paused at the extremity of the colonnade, and leaning against one of its massy pillars, drew forth his crayons, and extracting a leaf from his tablets, sketched with the rapid touch which characterised his genius, and true to the life, the figure of his humble father, seated upon his tailor's board, in the act of threading a needle, while near by, stood his mother, a faultless likeness, cutting from a piece of cloth the sleeves of the garment on which her husband was at work.

“This will sting him!” he muttered, as having finished, he held it with a smile of malicious triumph for an instant up before him, then walking towards the spot where Agostino still lingered with his friend, he said carelessly as he approached them—

“We who are married to our art, count,” and he glanced with a derisive sneer at Agostino as he spoke, “must obey, whenever they impel us, the promptings of her genius—see, what they have but now suggested to me!” and he held the sketch for a moment before the count, then thrusting it into Agostino's hand,—“fair brother,” he said, “if thou dost recognise in these rude lines the humble portraits of those from whom we spring, it may be that my unstudied draft shall read thee a timely lesson, since thou seemest not to remember among thy jewelled associates, that the dung-hill cock was never designed to soar to the nest of the skylark.”

“Go to, ill-bred youth,” said the fiery noble as Annibale turned away with a malicious laugh, “mate, if it so pleaseth thee, with thine own barnyard fowls, but know, that true genius wears ever the eagle's plumage, and soars up unblenching in the bright blaze of the noontide sun!”

But Annibale was already beyond the sound of words, which, had they fallen on his ear would have extorted a sharp and cutting reply from his lips. Striding hastily on, he soon gained his own dwelling; but scarcely had he seated himself within it, when Agostino entered also. His demeanor was gentle and benign, yet somewhat more serious than usual—for though his pride was not in the slightest degree wounded by the taunt of Annibale, his affectionate nature felt the unkindness of his conduct, and mourned that he should have exposed to another the ebullitions of his unamiable and envious nature.

“My brother,” he said, calmly yet earnestly, “may I ask, how I have been so unfortunate as to incur your deep displeasure?—how I have wholly forfeited your love, and awakened in your heart an intense hatred which perpetually be-

trays itself, and makes me the constant object of your scorn and bitterness?"

Annibale turned upon him a countenance dark with the lowering gloom of nurtured jealousy and hate, and replied in a tone of harsh unfeeling mockery:

"And what matters it to the elegant Agostino, the courted, the admired, whose place is at the tables of the great, whom the learned and the noble approach with the incense of flattery, and on whom beauty lavishes her smiles; what matters it to him, the bland speech or the sullen mood of the rugged Annibale, whose soul, like the unwrought diamond, is despised because art hath not brought forth its lustre from the deep en-crustings of earth in which nature hath enveloped it?"

"Remember, Annibale, we are brothers," said Agostino with gentle earnestness; "a holy tie unites us, and can you doubt the cravings of my heart for your love—your sympathy? Nay, formed we not some brief months since a solemn compact——"

"Name it not!" interrupted Annibale, with sudden vehemence, "since it is you, who have voluntarily broken your pledged faith—forsaken the brother who would have clung to you, the mistress who would have bestowed on you an earthly immortality, to lie supinely on the silken couches of luxury, and weave idle verses for those minions of wealth, who would spurn you, could you not minister by your ill-used talents to their pleasure."

"Annibale, you accuse me wrongfully——"

"Nay, then," again interposed the impetuous artist—"I do not so, when I say that you waste away time, each moment of which is a golden sand in the hour-glass of your life, in the arms of a low-born peasant, whose beauty has bewitched your heart, and quenched in it those noble aspirations, without which great and glorious attainments never can be won."

"Again I say, my brother, you accuse me wrongfully,—and that you do so, let the products of my pencil testify. What excellence or progress, they manifest in design, in coloring, or conception, I leave for others to declare, averring only, that they have received my undivided thoughts, for never have I given to other, and it may be lighter enjoyments, the hours which should have been dedicated to the study of my art alone. Do me but justice, Annibale, and confess thus much—I ask no more,—and then let us still press on with undivided hearts in the career which points us to a glorious goal."

"There can exist no true union between tastes and pursuits so diverse as are ours," answered Annibale moodily;—"But, forsake the glittering triflers whose companionship you so prefer to

mine, and renounce the shameful tie which leads you day by day, and duly as the eve returns, to sigh at the feet of the peasant girl Antonia, and these token rings which we once so solemnly exchanged, shall no longer shine as baubles to the eye, but be to our hearts in very deed, the symbols of a true love, a noble ambition, and an earnest purpose to remain wedded only to the art we have embraced."

"Annibale, you demand of me too much," said his brother, seriously. "The triflers of whom you speak are the poets, the painters, the musicians of the age,—men less distinguished by noble birth and princely wealth, than by those rare gifts of mind, which render their society a privilege, and permit one to feel, even while in bondage to the flesh, that he holds communion with an essence from the skies. And for Antonia—I cannot cast her from me—she has given me the first pure offering of her young and trusting heart—the offering of as true and fond a love, as ever woman rendered to her chosen lord."

"It is easy now to speak of truth and faith," said Annibale with a gathering frown; "but when the dew has vanished from the flower its sweetness will be gone, and then the noble Agostino may find it easy to throw the worthless thing away."

"Nay," said Agostino, and a deep and burning flush crimsoned his cheek and brow, "deem me not so base my brother,—when its early dew and bloom are fled, still will that sweet flower be precious to my heart, and then, and ever, shall it be fondly cherished there. Annibale, forgive me that dreading to incur your anger, I have long concealed what now I must confess—yet tremblingly, for fear of your displeasure—I am wedded to Antonia!"

"Traitor and perjured!" exclaimed Annibale, stamping with impotent rage upon the floor, as the words burst passionately from his quivering lips. "Basely have you deceived me—and thus," and plucking Agostino's brilliant ring from his finger, he threw it impetuously away—"thus, I cast from me the token of a union which your falsehood has forever broken. Take it, and deck with the bauble the hand which you have chosen to clasp instead of mine—mine, which would have led you lovingly on in the path to immortality. Go—henceforth we are divided—you have found one on whom to concentrate your heart's affection; but mine shall be lavished on a nobler object—hope and aspiration shall point to that one alone, and I shall have toiled and prayed in vain, if hereafter the world say not: 'see how far the sullen, the unloved, the unlettered Annibale, transcends the specious, the graceful, the admired and polished Agostino!'"

He went out abruptly as he ceased speaking, leaving his brother transfixed with sorrow and amazement at the blind excess of his ungovernable passion. For a few minutes he stood revolving sadly the scene which had just transpired, and then he walked forth to seek the cottage of Antonia, leaving the discarded ring lying, where Annibale in his rage had spurned it. The moody artist finding it untouched on his re-entrance, deigned to pluck it from the floor and deposit it in a dark corner of his cabinet, but it was never again seen to sparkle on his finger, though Agostino wore that of Annibale's till the day of his death, having with his own hand engraved on its inner circle the words "*Charity and Love.*"

Within a year after Agostino's union with the beautiful and gentle Antonia, he was deprived of her by death. He had loved her tenderly and truly, and his grief for her loss was deep and absorbing. But the son whom she gave him with her dying breath, was yet a precious link between him and the living world, and the new and strong affection which the infant awakened in his bereaved heart, gave birth to hopes and purposes that stretched into, and brightened the far future, centering all, in the welfare and destiny of his child. The boy, whom he called Antonio, was left during his early childhood to the charge of his maternal grandmother, but as he advanced in years his father spared neither pains nor expense upon his education. When very young he evinced a love for painting which was assiduously cultivated by Agostino, who placed him with able masters to learn the first principles of the art, and afterwards received him in the school at Bologna; yet his progress was ever inconsiderable, and though he attained some merit as an artist, his talents never raised him above mediocrity. He is generally supposed to have been a natural son of Agostino.

Shortly subsequent to the death of Antonia, the brothers quitted Venice and repaired to Parma, where they spent a year in the prosecution of their studies, and then returning to Bologna, established in conjunction with their kinsman Ludovico, their long contemplated académie. It was founded on a liberal and magnificent plan, and furnished with every appliance, essential for the progress of their pupils, and for the expansion and elevation of their ideas relative to the noble pursuit which was their study. Notwithstanding the opposition made to it by many, the school formed a new era in the art, which it rescued from the lowest degradation, restored to a pure style, and invested with renovated splendour—while by the beauty and excellence of their productions, the three Caraccis soon effectually silenced the cavils

of their enemies, and overcame every objection that had been urged against them.

Though so strictly united, each one preserved his own distinctive attributes and merits. Ludovico was profound and grand—Agostino was remarkable for his elegance, and for the richness and variety of his invention—while Annibale was admired for his vigor, his freshness and his grace. Yet when, as was sometimes their wont, the three combined their labours in the execution of one piece, so harmoniously did their separate characteristics unite and blend, that the work stood forth as the effort of a single pencil, and even their own followers disputed to which of the Caraccis to ascribe it. It was Annibale's constant endeavor to rival his brother and Ludovico. He could not bear to hear their praises, even though they came not in competition with his own. He had never forgiven Agostino for his marriage, never shown him a gleam of kindness or affection since, but viewed with constantly increasing envy, the excellence of his attainments, and coveted the honours which they brought him. In truth, this evil, and master passion of his mind, continually nurtured, had obtained complete ascendancy over him, and when on one occasion the prize of superiority was adjudged to a picture of Agostino's, it exhibited itself in so violent a manner, that his noble brother, in order to pacify and conciliate him, threw by his pallet, and gave his attention almost exclusively to the art of engraving, which he carried to an exquisite degree of perfection.

Even towards his pupils, Annibale exhibited the most unworthy jealousy. If any among them betrayed marks of a superior genius, he failed not to repress by coldness and silence his ardent aspirations; while on another, less promising, he would not hesitate to bestow tokens of his favor and approval. Thus, that famous school of painting, where the future masters of the art met for instruction, and by study and observation developed their various tastes and their different degrees of genius, was often dishonored by unworthy rivalries, and through the influence and example of that debasing passion which dwelt in the breast of Annibale, made the scene of shameful bickerings and dispute. Agostino's life was embittered by it, and he sometimes thought seriously of withdrawing himself wholly from the companionship of Annibale, and taking up his abode in some distant city, where he could devote himself in peace to the pursuit of his art. But strange as it may seem, the brothers could not live apart—Agostino's affection for the wayward Annibale, was earnest and sincere; nor could the envious sneers, and bitter taunts which continually wounded him, wholly alienate his generous heart from

the offender. Annibale also, felt that he should lose half the glory he claimed, were Agostino to quit his side, for well was he aware, though he would have repelled with scorn the insinuation from another, that his paintings would fail in expression, and in consistency of design, without the aid of his brother's beautiful conceptions, supplied from those rich, and varied sources of erudition, which were as sealed fountains to his mind.

One day the académie had been thrown open for a periodical exhibition, and was thronged as usual, with visitors, the learned and the noble, as well as those, who came but to gaze and admire—and all listened with rapt attention, while Agostino discoursed to his pupils on the study of architecture and perspective in combination with their art, and from the field of nature, and the exhaustless stores of history and fable, suggested subjects worthy to employ their pencils. Annibale stood apart, wearing on his sullen features such a look of dark and withering envy as a great artist of the present day has given to the traitor Judas, while through a group of faithful disciples he watches his master performing his mighty works in the temple. The same lowering scowl was upon his darkened brow, as he looked upon the noble countenance and graceful figure of his gifted brother, and heard the rich tones of his voice giving utterance to his fine thoughts in language of thrilling eloquence. Around him were clustered the most distinguished of his pupils,—the timid and shrinking Dominichino, to whose beautiful drawings, Ludovico, ignorant to whom they belonged, had thrice adjudged the prize of superior excellence—and when the young artist was at last compelled to acknowledge them, he did so with a downcast eye, and a check glowing with modest shame at the applause he had never hoped to win. And though he afterwards became one of the greatest masters of the Italian school, this almost womanly timidity followed him through life. Yet so rich and so truthful was his expression of character, that a celebrated writer of his own country has said of him, "He drew the soul and coloured life." Beside him was the youthful Guido, whose early and uncommon excellence awakened an emotion of jealousy even in the gentle breast of his master, Ludovico. Exquisite and beautiful were the touches of his graceful pencil, and so heavenly in features and expression, were his groups of infant figures, that it was said of him by one, "His faces came from Paradise." There too was Albani, whose works breathe such perfect and serene pleasure, that he was styled the Amereon of painting, with Guercino, Areturi, and others whose names shine brightly in that galaxy of artists which adorned the close of the sixteenth century.

To all these, and many eager listeners beside, Agostino continued to discourse of themes connected with his art, descending now upon the merit of some fine painting, or the beauties of some ancient statue, till, to illustrate a remark, he seized upon the group of the Laocoon, and dilated with resistless eloquence, upon its faultless proportions and its marvellous conception. Annibale writhed in jealous agony, as he listened unwillingly to his brother's words, and marked the spell of enchantment in which he wrapped the breathless and admiring audience. Scarcely could he restrain his impatience till the speaker paused; but then, and when all present, thrilled by Agostino's vivid description of the group, seemed to shrink as though around their own limbs they felt the wreathing serpents twine in their crushing embrace, Annibale strode forward towards the place occupied by his brother, on whom, from beneath his dark brows he cast a look of fire, then snatching up his crayons, with a bold and rapid hand, and in the sight of all present he sketched upon the wall the wonderful group which they had just heard described with such graphic and poetic beauty. Casting the crayons from him as he finished, he pointed significantly towards the figures, which had sprung suddenly to view, as though there had been magic in his touch, and with a look and accent of ineffable disdain, exclaimed, "Poets paint with words, but painters only with their pencils!" and immediately withdrew amid the low murmur of wonder and applause which arose like the sound of one voice from the lips of the assembly.

"He is right," said the generous Agostino,— "Annibale's is the true power, and this wonderful offspring of his genius embodies all that I have labored so long and vainly to express to you in words!"

Yet neither the homage, which on this and every other occasion, Agostino rendered to the assumed, not less than to the real superiority, where it existed, of his brother, nor the sacrifices which he continually made of personal fame and talent to his exacting jealousy, availed to ameliorate his harsh and bitter temper, or to awaken in him any permanent sentiment of gratitude, or true affection. Something, however like cordiality appeared in Annibale's demeanour, when in conjunction with Agostino, he accepted an invitation from the Duke of Farnese, to paint the gallery of his palace; and accordingly the brothers repaired together to Rome, to engage in the great work, which had they left no other legacy to the world, would alone establish their claim to the immortality, which has been decreed to their genius. For some time they labored at their new task in unbroken harmony, giving life and beauty by their

creative touch to the bare and unsightly walls, and gratifying the admirers of the separate masters, by copying successfully the grace of Raphael, the power and grandeur of Michael Angelo, the delicacy of Correggio, and the brilliancy of Paul Veronese, and adapting each, to the character of their various subjects and designs.

Some persons praised most the genius of Annibale, others preferred that of Agostino, and as these comparisons became frequent, they failed not to reach the ears of the artists, and again the smouldering fires of envy blazed forth anew in Annibale's breast. Every word of commendation lavished on his brother fed the flame, and drew from him unmerited censure, and ill-natured invectives against the beautiful products of Agostino's pencil. If he could not deny them elegance, they wanted grandeur; if he allowed them vigor, still they were deficient in grace, and so on, till wounded to the heart by his brother's unkind and envious hostility, Agostino prepared to retire, and leave the completion of the Farnesian gallery solely to Annibale. The proposal was accepted with apparent unwillingness, but in reality, with secret pleasure—and they separated. Had they remained united, had the rich mind of Agostino continued to lend its noble conceptions, its fine sensibilities, and extensive erudition, to the vigor, the softness, the freedom of Annibale, their task would have been beautifully perfected,—but it was left to the completion of one alone, and an acute writer has remarked of the princely gallery, that "It is a work of uniform vigor of execution which nothing can equal but its imbecility and incongruity of conception."

On quitting Rome, Agostino repaired to Parma, where he for some time devoted himself assiduously to his art, no longer annoyed by the jealous envils of Annibale. But his life was embittered by the recollection of their past differences, and by the alienation of a brother, whom, notwithstanding the injustice he had received from him, he still loved with the most generous and entire affection,—and, at length, worn out by regret, and mortification, he died in the very prime of his days, and while engaged upon a large picture which wanted only one figure to render it complete—but which, even in its unfinished state, bore the impress of that genius, which had it not been continually thwarted by the baneful influence of another's evil passion, would have proclaimed him the greatest of the Caraccis.

Annibale too, laboured on through the remainder of his life in melancholy loneliness of heart—consumed with secret grief for the loss of his brother, and tormented with bitter self-reproach for the indulgence of that evil temper which had been the curse of his existence, which had poi-

soned every pure source of enjoyment, rendered the achievements of his genius but a cause of disension and of hate, and alienated from him, not only the friends whom he esteemed, but the generous brother, who had suffered and forgiven so many wrongs, and who he now felt to be dearer to him than the praise and homage which he had so much coveted, but which, since it had become undividedly his own, he could no longer enjoy. He survived Agostino nine years, and then with a blighted heart sank into the grave—for, added to the secret self-upbraidings and regrets that had so long preyed upon his health, and undermined his happiness, he was filled with grief and mortification at the ingratitude shown him by the Cardinal Farnese, who in return for the years of toil and labour which he had spent in the completion of his princely gallery, proffered, instead of the wealth and honours which should have been lavished on him in grateful profusion, but cold thanks, and the pitiful sum of five hundred gold scudi. It was a fatal wound to his pride, to his hopes, to his ambition, and after a brief and painful struggle, in which it has been said reason became disordered by the mental anguish he endured, he died—and they buried him beside Raphael, in the Pantheon at Rome—thus rendering a touching and eloquent tribute to his genius, in shewing that they deemed him worthy to share the last resting-place of that immortal master.

MUTUAL HEARTS.

Two mutual hearts are like the rills,
In solitude when single,
That wander from the moorland hills
In river streams to mingle;
And then along the fertile vale,
Their banks with blossoms painted,
They heave their billows to the gale,
Entroubled and untainted.

Two mutual hearts are like the stars
That aid each others' shining,
When gates of day the evening bars,
And roses are declining;
And through the long and lonesome night
That spreads its pall of sadness,
They mingle their ethereal light,
To fill the world with gladness.

Two mutual hearts are like the flowers
That twine themselves together,
When morning sends the drenching showers,
Or evening comes to wither;
And though they fall—as fall they must—
They will not, cannot sever,
But sink together to the dust,
Together lie for ever.

In forming a judgment, let your hearts be void of fore-taken opinions.

SAM HORTON'S LAST TRIP.

BY CALDWELL.

CHAPTER I.

In the month of January, 18—, towards the close of a splendid Canadian winter's day, two men, dressed in the unpretending *étouffe-du-pays*, were returning homewards after their daily labour. The more prominent figure of the two might have seen fifty years; his stature, though somewhat lessened by a slight stoop, was above the ordinary scale of mankind. His broad shoulders, long arms, and muscular neck, revealed by the loose collar of his red shirt, gave promise of more than common strength, while his high forehead, decisive cast of countenance, and quick, bold eye, were symbols of a mind as active and powerful as his almost Herculean frame. His companion, in whom might be traced some slight likeness to him, was a young man of four or five and twenty, over whose rather agreeable features a shade of melancholy had settled, the cause of which will be developed in the course of our tale.

"So, Ephraim," said the elder of the two, whom we shall call Samuel Horton, "this is the trouble that has been making you look so down this while back—but why not tell me before? eh, lad?"

"Well, uncle, they say old folks don't feel for us in a scrape of this kind, and I just thought to stick to it, and maybe I could work my way through in time; but now there's no time to be lost, though what to do I don't know."

"Oh! we'll manage it, never fear, boy, and as you can't get the girl without the cash, why I must make one more trip, although I did think never to make another."

"Then let me go with you," said Ephraim, eagerly; "and if you have luck, uncle, you will make two people happy."

"Say three, boy; say three; and you can go with me us its the last time; so start for O—, tomorrow; hire a man to take you across, get your eye on a couple of good teams and wait at Nathan Brown's till I come over to you."

With many expressions of gratitude, Ephraim Johnson parted from his uncle that evening, and the old man turned into his warm bed, muttering sundry ejaculations anything but complimentary to those setting themselves against his nephew's

"lovescrape," as he called it, intermingled with an occasional groan at the length of time the "old woman," took to arrange her domestic affairs, in readiness to resign herself to the arms of Morpheus and the hardy old smuggler Sam Horton, where, leaving the worthy couple to their repose, we will take a view of the geography of the scene of our tale, which is necessary to a thorough understanding of smuggler Sam's movements.

The town of O—, to which he had directed his nephew to proceed, was in the United States, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and exactly opposite one of somewhat less magnitude on the Canadian side. The farm of Samuel Horton was about twenty miles in the interior, and the road leading to it struck off from the river about six miles above the town of P—, on the British side. The ice was at this time perfectly good, and the road upward branched off at the side of the river, and just at the entrance to the town. After this slight explanation we will proceed.

CHAPTER II.

Two days after the conversation we have recorded, the sturdy form of Samuel Horton might have been seen about sunset at a store in the town of O—, carrying out bags of what the initiated might declare to be tea; but which bore every appearance of being respectable bags of grain. Ephraim Johnson was there also, and two double sleighs with each a "span" of *leggy* looking horses harnessed to it, were soon loaded and ready for a start.

"Now, Ephraim," said old Sam, "put your teams under the shed and give them a feed, and start in three hours from this minute. I have given the rascally custom-house officer a hint of what I'm up to; but he won't trouble you; so good bye, and take care of yourself, boy." So saying, he walked off, and in an hour or so was trotting quietly across the ice, by the light of the moon, his sleigh heavily loaded with bags, drawn by a pair of powerful looking greys, and whistling as unconcernedly as if nothing depended upon his exertions and ingenuity.

Let us look now towards the town of P—, where preparations were made with no small de-

gree of care to receive the most successful smuggler the St. Lawrence had ever borne on its bosom.

Close under the shade of the wharf, a little above the cross-road, sat the excise officer himself, in a light "cutter," accompanied by a man, who, in stature and bulk, was equal if not superior to the smuggler. Apparently selected for his strength alone, this man formed a striking contrast to the small crafty looking little man beside him; but contrast as they were, they, together, were formidable and fit antagonists for Samuel Horton. There was the head to plan, and well instructed it was in all the tricks and doubles practiced by the smugglers, and there was a hand, and a powerful one, to execute. Two double sleighs were stationed, one below the cross road, and one a little further up the street leading into the town, each with two men and a driver, and the whole party wrapped in shawls and furs, awaited the arrival of the smuggler in silence.

"Hist! I hear him," said the officer; "now, Tim, have your hands about you."

"Never fear me, your honor; his capers won't be no use to the villain if I get my hand on him."

There *was* the smuggler, sure enough, coming steadily along at a brisk trot, and he was already within fifty yards of the party, without apparently being aware of the danger he was running into. He arrived at the road, branching up the river into which he half turned his horses, and pulled up, as he seemed earnestly to scan the dark shadows of the wharves and houses before him. There was a pause of intense interest, when the smugglers as if something had awakened his suspicions, moved his horses a few paces further up the road till he was nearly abreast of the officer. As soon as he had again stopped, the excise man, fearing his prey would get beyond his reach, dashed at him, shouting "After him, men!" and the smuggler at almost the same instant applied his whip to his gallant greys, and darted up the river at a pace that for some time kept his pursuers at a respectful distance.

On they went, the law-breaker and the law-defenders, and a goodly race it was, and for a goodly stake. Sam Horton's horses were famed through the country for speed and bottom, and the excise man had obtained the swiftest horse in P—— for that express occasion. On they went at a fiery gallop. The smuggler and the cutter, having distanced the other sleighs, had the race all to themselves, but the weight of the smuggler's load or the superior bottom of the excise man's horse, began to tell, for the distance between them was fast decreasing. The cutter was already close to the sleigh, when the officer called upon Sam to stop; but he only answered by lashing his horses and giving them an encour-

aging exclamation. Seeing it was the determination of the smuggler to persist to the last, the excise man now urging his horse to his utmost speed, succeeded in getting abreast of the smuggler, who even when his adversary was at his side did not deign to look round.

"Now, Tim," shouted the excise man, and the man, making a spring out of the cutter, succeeded in getting on the loaded sleigh behind the smuggler.

"Hurrah!" shouted he, "we have him!" but his triumph was short; now was the time for action, and well did Sam use it. Dropping his reins, and turning half round, (but without stopping his horses) as the Irishman sprung at him, he bent his head without rising, and seizing him with both arms round the legs, he jerked him over the side of the sleigh head-foremost upon the ice, with such violence as to render him completely senseless; then raising his heavy whip, he struck the excise man's horse, which had fallen slightly behind, a blow on the head that prostrated him beside his former barthen. Almost frantic with the excitement of the chase, and his disappointment, the excise man got his horse up, and again started in pursuit of the smuggler, leaving his man to be picked up by the other sleighs as they came up. He soon overtook him; but, having now attained the land where the road was narrow, and the snow deep, it was almost impossible to pass, or even to get abreast of him, and he was again travelling at a good round trot. Again the officer hailed him to stop; but no notice whatever was taken of his summons, and exasperated by the pertinacity of the smuggler, he, as a last resource, drew a pistol from his pocket, and ordered him to stop or he would "bring him up with a vengeance." But Sam Horton was not the man to be intimidated by such a threat.

"You know me," said he, turning round at last, "and if you shoot my horse, why, I am counted a pretty good shot out our way; and if you want to speak to me, I am going to stop at the Corners, five miles on, and no man living shall stop me before that."

So saying, he turned on his load, and did not even deign to look in what manner his antagonist had received his very significant speech. Twice did the officer raise the deadly weapon, and cover the flank of one of Sam's gallant greys, when he got a fair sight, at a turn of the road; but Sam Horton was well known to be a daring and determined man; and one who had but struck a horse of his with a switch, was taken home with a broken jaw, from a blow of his stalwart fist; and now that the stake was great, and his blood was up, there was no saying what length his passion might carry him, so thinking it most prudent to

await their arrival at the Corners, he shewed no further disposition to arrest his progress. By the time they arrived at the tavern, the party had been increased by the coming up of the two sleighs, which had been left far behind at the headlong commencement of the chase, but had overtaken them, owing to the more moderate pace at which the last few miles had been passed over. A loud shout of triumph was uttered by the party, as they saw the formerly invincible smuggler drive quietly into the shed. The officer proceeded to make a formal seizure of the team and load of tea, without troubling himself to examine it, while Sam coolly busied himself in fastening his horses, and providing them with some hay and a covering, which, from their heated state, they greatly needed. He did not speak till one of the men, clapping him on the back, asked "when he was going to give them another chance?" when, turning with an ambiguous smile towards the load, he answered:

"Better see what you've got this time, lad."

"What's that?" exclaimed the officer, his suspicions aroused by the remark which followed the apathy of the smuggler, and, springing to the sleigh, he tore open the nearest bag, and thrust in his hand, but instantly drew it out again with a deep oath:

"By heavens, men! we are done completely—it is nothing but chopped straw! Empty all the bags, and see if there is nothing else in them."

The bags were instantly thrown out and emptied on the snow, but not a grain of the contraband article was there. The officer and men looked at one another with blank countenances for an instant. At length one of the men remarked: "He'll have other teams coming on with the tea—we had better go back."

"Sam is not the man to make any mistake," said the exciseman. "I'll warrant the tea to be as safe as being within stone walls can make it, before this. But there is no harm in trying." So saying, he turned his horse, and, followed by the two sleighs, drove rapidly back in the direction of P. But long before he got there, every trace of the tea was completely lost, and Ephraim Johnson went to rest with a lighter heart than had been his for many a day.

The proceeds of Sam Horton's last trip proved more abundant than even the sanguine mind of the young man had anticipated, and before a month had elapsed, a large and merry party were assembled to grace the wedding of Ephraim Johnson and the girl of his heart.

At the time I am writing, Sam Horton is still enjoying a hale old age, and may be seen any cold winter's evening, by the fireside of his nephew, with three or four rosy little cherubs

climbing about him; and highly honoured and loved is the old man, the source of their happiness, by that happy family; but although Ephraim takes every opportunity of impressing upon their little minds the obligations they are under to the old man and the reverence they owe him, both uncle and nephew studiously avoid entering into the particulars of the story, for they endeavour to inculcate in the minds of the children the duty of obedience to the laws of their country, as well as of their God, as the infraction of either, which indeed implies both, if persisted in would inevitably lead not only to temporal but eternal ruin; and by this means they would prevent any bad effect being produced upon their minds, if they should chance to hear in later days, of "Sam Horton's last trip."

SONG OF THE DYING.

Far, far away, in some green wood,
Oh make my place of rest!
Some silent, sunless solitude,
By mortal feet unprest—

There would I have my tomb,
Where a wild fount ceaseless springeth,
And a lone bird sadly singeth,
And a cypress earthward flingeth
Its sad and sacred gloom.

Seek not to learn the pangs I felt,
Or whence I waste away,
Even as the night-born snow-wreaths melt
Before the blaze of day.

It were no tale for you—
I could not bear ungrrieving,
That all I mourn in leaving
Was fancy's fond deceiving.
My death must prove it true!

Oh Joyous swells the mountain lake,
Beneath the soft wind's play!
The mists disperse, the billows wake,
And bound in flight away.

But the wind soon sinks to rest—
And the dull winds backward creeping,
Dissolve in endless weeping,
And the wave lies dimly sleeping,
By no kind breeze cared.

So woke the heart where love had breathed,
His soul, so sleeps it now—
And life, like flowers by infants wreathed,
Fades fast, I scarce feel how.
Yet do not mourn for me!
The long grass o'er me sighing,
The shrill blast round me crying,
And the brook in murmurs dying,
My only requiem be!

There is nothing of which men are more liberal than of their good advice, be their stock of it ever so small.

A LEAF THAT REMINDS OF THEE.

POETRY AND MUSIC BY S. LOVER, ESQUIRE.

ANDANTE APASSIONATA.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The middle and bottom staves are joined by a brace on the left and represent the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes, and several slurs. The music begins with a few rests in the vocal line.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features the same three-staff structure. The piano accompaniment continues with intricate rhythmic patterns. A dynamic marking of *Cres.* (Crescendo) is placed above the piano part in the second measure of this system. The vocal line has a few notes with slurs.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features the same three-staff structure. The piano accompaniment continues with intricate rhythmic patterns. Dynamic markings of *Ritard.* (Ritardando) and *Dim.* (Diminuendo) are placed above the piano part. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

How sweet is the hour we give, When fan - cy may wan - der

free; To the friends who in mem' - ry live, For then I re - mem - ber

thee. Then wing'd like the dove from the ark, My

heart o'er a storm - y sea, Brings back to my lone - ly

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system features a vocal line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "bark A leaf that re - minds of thee." Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The second system continues the piano accompaniment, showing more complex rhythmic patterns and dynamics like *mf* and *ff*.

SECOND VERSE.

But still does the sky look dark,
 The waters still deep and wide,
 Oh! when will my lonely bark,
 On the peaceful shore abide?
 But thro' the future far
 Dark tho' my course may be,
 Still thou art my guiding star,
 My heart still turns to thee.

THIRD VERSE.

When I see thy friends I smile,
 I sigh when I hear thy name,
 But they cannot tell the while,
 Whence the smile or the sadness came.
 Vainly the world may seek,
 The cause of my sighs to know;
 The breeze that stirs the stream,
 It knows not the depth below.

COLONIAL AND HOME LIBRARY.

THE recent change in the Copyright Law, which threatened to create in Canada a literary dearth, has not been without some good effects. The English publishers, who up to the present time, have acted upon the belief that only the very wealthy wished to read, have begun to discover that by making their prices more reasonable and moderate, they might possibly make their profits greater, by reducing the expense of buying books, and, as a necessary consequence, increasing the number of purchasers. Acting on this assumption, Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street, London, purposes publishing a series of valuable works, under the title of the "Colonial and Home Library," at prices within the compass of the means of the middling classes—a project which has met with considerable favor in the Mother Country, and which, if carried out with liberality and enterprise, cannot fail to meet with extensive encouragement in the Colonies.

The projector has issued a prospectus, setting forth in a clear and satisfactory manner, the objects he has in view. "In order," he says, "that the highly intelligent and educated population of our Colonies may not suffer from the withdrawal of their accustomed supplies of books, and with a view to obviate the complaint that a check might in consequence be raised to their intellectual advancement, Mr. Murray has determined to publish a series of attractive and useful works, by approved authors, at a rate which shall place them within reach of the means not only of the colonists, but also of a large portion of the less wealthy classes at home, who will thus benefit by the widening of the market for our literature: and the 'Colonial Library' will consequently be so conducted that it may claim to be considered as a 'Library for the Empire.' Owing to the very low price placed upon the numbers of this series, the undertaking can succeed only if it meets with strenuous support from the Colonial Government at home and abroad in giving effect to the law, and in supporting the just rights of British genius, industry, and manufactures, by preventing illicit importation of foreign reprints. It is also necessary for its progress and success that it be favoured with the patronage of the reading public in all parts of the British dominions; and the chief aim and object of the publisher will be to render it worthy of their countenance.

"Mr. Murray's 'Colonial Library' will furnish the settler in the backwoods of America, and the occupant of the remotest cantonments of our Indian dominions, with the resources of recreation and instruction, at a moderate price, together with many new books within a short period of

their appearance in England; while the student and lover of literature at home, who has hitherto been content with the loan of a book from a book-club, or has been compelled to wait for its tardy perusal from the shelves of a circulating library, or perhaps has satisfied his curiosity by the scanty extracts in magazines or reviews, may now become possessed of the work itself, at the moment of its publication, and at a cost of little beyond that entailed by either of the methods above-mentioned. He may at the same time lay up a permanent library in a condensed and portable form.

"It will no doubt prove a source of satisfaction to the lovers of English literature in the Colonies to know that they are enjoying the intellectual gratification of the works of native authors without doing wrong or injury to those authors' interests."

Already several books, published as parts of the "Colonial and Home Library," have reached this country. They are got up in a highly respectable style, suitable for preservation, and are incomparably superior to the best of the cheap American reprints. Every person who wishes to form a collection of useful books, at a moderate cost, should make himself acquainted with the character of the books and their prices, by which he will learn at how cheap a rate he may provide himself with every variety of written instruction and entertainment.

VIEWS OF MONTREAL.

Messrs. ANMOUR & RAMSAY have in course of publication a series of handsome Lithographic Views of Montreal, the first part of which has already appeared. The Views are finely drawn by Mr. Duncan, and the Lithography is well executed by Mr. Matthews. The work reflects credit upon the city, and, we are happy to hear, is likely to be extensively patronised.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

THE plate in the present number, it will be noticed, is that which should have accompanied the story of "The Lovers' Quarrel," in the Garland for October. It is an exquisite illustration of the scene where "Childie Willal" and the Lady Sibel exchange the miniatures which each had given to the other, as a pledge of love and constancy.

Those of the subscribers to the Garland who have the volume bound at the close of the year, will have to instruct the binder to transpose the plate, in order that it may accompany the tale it is designed to illustrate.