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THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. III.

AUGUST, 1845.

No. 8.

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

BY E. L. C.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

SCENE.—A harvest field—Reapers busy at work—Two young girls apart from the rest, talking in a low tone as they bind their sheaves.

SUSANNE, (speaking gaily.)

How bright this morn!

 Methinks the cloudless sky

Ne'er wore so rich a blue, nor laughed the sun
So joyously before: I ken not why;

Hut in her gala dress, Nature seems clad,
And every sound, from the wild throatie
Whistling in the brake, to the quick stroke
Of the sharp sickle 'mid the golden wheat,
Is full of mirth, and as it greets mine ear,
My heart with rapture dances in my breast.

FLORINE.

It hath no care, Susanne, no anxious thought
To cloud its joy, and cast a dark'ning shade
O'er its bright hopes. He, whom thou fondly lov'st,
Oft by thy side, partakes thy rustic toil,
And cheers thee with his smile; and when at eve,
On the green lawn the merry dance begins,
His hand it is that softly clasps thine own,
As with light foot thou tread'st its mazy rings,
Or wearied sit'st, led by his tender care,
On the cool turf to rest.

SUSANNE.

 Thou too art loved.

FLORINE.

But dost not love again! And on this day
When light thy heart lies in thy gladsome breast,
Mine hath a double grief to weigh it down;
For twelve months since, aye, twelve this very morn,
I sat with Leon 'neath the spreading trees,
On yon green knoll, and heard his low breathed tale
Of tender love; heard it with downcast eye
And blushing cheek, that told my heart's deep joy.
'Twas such a morn as this—so bright the sky,
So soft the breeze, so musical the birds,

So sweetly flowed the clear brook's murmuring wave,
So richly lay the shadows on the field,
Checkered with golden sunshine, quivering bright
Among the ripened grain!

SUSANNE.

 He left thee soon!

FLORINE.

Too soon, alas! Ere time with certainty
Had stamped our bliss, he followed to the wars
Our noble lord, and bravely fighting, fell!
Woe's me! that I a widow's name should bear,
Ere yet the bridal garland bound my brow
With blossoms white! withered those blossoms lie,
Like the bright hopes, whose transient beauty, they
In token flowers expressed. Flowers now, and hopes
Are perished all! strewing with faded leaves
His cold and silent grave! (Weeps.)

SUSANNE.

 Nay, nurture not

This deep and cankerous grief, nor mourn with tears
The loved and lost, since thou hast pledged anew
Thy virgin truth to one who long hath wooed
With steadfast heart, and now rejoices
To have won thy love.

FLORINE.

 That hath he not!

Full well he knows my love is with the dead,
Ne'er to be wakened into life again,
By pleading eye or tongue. This hand he craves,
And this alone I give—*not* even this
But for my mother's sake; her earnest eye,
Filled with imporing tears, that silent asks
If I, her pallid cheek, her wasting frame
Can calmly see, pining with want and care,
Yet selfishly withhold one little word,
Whose easy utterance, so to her it seems,
Shall change our state from poverty to ease,
And gild with peace, her life's declining day.

SUSANNE.

Ah, good Florine! sure thou wilt comfort find
Even in her joy, though none direct to thee,
Flow from thy generous act. Yet well, methinks,
Doth Gaston love thee, and he hath a heart
Generous and good, and such an open hand,
As scatters freely unto all who need,
Even as the winds in their kind industry
Shake from the bearded wheat the ripening grain
For the wild songsters of the fields and groves,
And from the loaded sheaves, the loosened ear,
For the poor gleaner, who with patient toil
Follows the groaning wain.

FLOLINE.

Ay, rumour saith
He hath a liberal hand, but what of this?
In our low cottage I am most content,
And eat the bread which hardly I have earned,
With grateful heart. Content at least, I am,
As one may be, who sees the goodly pearl
That made her wealth, snatched from her sight, for aye.
Nought ever can atone for this sore loss,
And only to bring peace to my fond mother,
And an ample store of worldly comfort
To her sinking age, do I consent
To bear the name of wife, without the lures
And the affections sweet, which cluster round,
And hallow that dear name.

SUSANNE.

Though wanting now,
They may, perchance, awake, when thou dost fill
A sphere of duty in thy husband's home.
Ned must it be the chosen of one's youth,
With tears to mourn; yet as through busy years
We onward pass, the tried and faithful love
Of one true heart, is 'mid life's desert waste,
A fount perpetual, gushing to refresh
The weary soul.

FLOLINE.

I know not what of truth
Thy words contain; heaven grant they prove not false;
But I must dare the trial, for my word
Is passed, and cannot be recalled.

SUSANNE.

'Tis well.
So will I hope; and three days hence thou'lt plight
Thy marriage vows?

FLOLINE, (haughtily.)

Nay, not so soon! ah, no!
He asks it, but in vain; for ere a week,
Didst thou not say the baron would return,
After long absence, from the distant wars,
To seek his home again?

SUSANNE.

Such, from her lord
The tidings were, received but yestereve,
By the good baroness, and great the joy
Throughout the castle and the whole domain,
At the glad news.

FLOLINE.

I may not share this joy,
For Leon comes not with the warlike train,
And welcome tones, embracing arms, fond eyes,

Greeting each loved one with affection sweet,
Will to my heart in sad and tender signs,
Speak of the absent, who went gaily forth,
Ne'er to re-tread his native vale again.

SUSANNE.

Dwell not on this; it is to cloud thy life
With ceaseless grief. New duties and new hopes
Will comfort bring, and in a peaceful home
Affection learn to dwell. Nay, look not sad!
Thou art o'er wearied, and the noontide sun
Shines with a scorching heat; but cool the shade
Of yon bright branching oak, and soft the turf
Beneath its verdant boughs; there let us sit
And rest awhile, ere we our toil resume.

They walk away, arm in arm, and as they cross the field towards the oak, Susanne espies Gaston and Lewis, another way, sitting in earnest discourse under a hedge. Making a signal for Florine to proceed alone, she starts forward to surprise them, but when on the point of discovering herself, she hears Gaston say,

I must prevail, must wed her ere this week
He past and gone, or all will be betrayed;
When startled by the import of the words, she conceals herself behind a stack of sheaves to listen further.

LEWIS, (speaks in reply.)

She's hard to please, for thou hast woo'd her long;
Methinks the prize will scarce repay thy pains
When it is won.

GASTON.

I've vowed to triumph,
For I long have loved, and borne her coldness
With a patient heart. Yet when another
She preferred to me, my pride was touched,
And with most earnest will, I constant strove
To blight my rival's hopes—but all in vain,
Till his departure for the distant wars
Left me to work my purpose. Thou hast learned,
Or else I now were mute; how I have sped;
Spreading a rumour of young Leon's death,
Which all believe; for 'mong the slain he lay,
Left by his comrades on the battle field,
Where they with conquering swords the foe pursued
To Saragossa's gate. But still he lived,
Though gashed with fearful wounds, a corpse he
seemed,
And with returning sense he slowly crept
To a low cottage near, and found the aid
From friendly hands he earnestly implored.
There, months he dwelt, by those kind peasants nursed,
Feeble and maimed, yet gaining day by day,
Both strength and health, which with a lover's haste
He quickly used, to write his dear Florine
The tidings of his fate. Letters came oft,
Which I as oft suppressed, at first with fear,
But having dared the deed, I bolder grew,
And on the ruin of my rival's hopes
Upraised mine own.

LEWIS.

But now thou fear'st their fall,
And well thou may'st, since with the baron
Leon homeward comes.

GASTON.

So hath he writ,
And I must make my own ere he appear,
His pillared bride, else all my labour

Hath been spent in vain.

See here! may yonder
Have I cast my vest, and in it crushed,
The letter lies concealed, which yesternorn
Revealed this startling news.

As he speaks, Susanne looks stealthily around her, and seeing the garment lying on the grass a few paces from her, she snatches it up unperceived, and runs away with it towards the place where Florine is awaiting her.

SCENE, as in the plate.—The two girls sitting under a broad oak.—Florine holds an open letter in her hand.—Susanne leans against her shoulder while she reads as if to screen her from observation.—Gaston and Lewis are seen in the distance, still in earnest talk.

SUSANNE, (glances furtively towards them as she speaks.)

Fear naught, Florine;
I will keep watch while thou dost read the lines;
They heed us not, for still they hold discourse
Of their dark plot. Little doth Gaston wot,
How cunningly he's trapped in his own snare.

FLORINE.

Ah! wicked wretch! and he so seeming fair!
So smooth of speech, so full of gentle words
And loving acts! But his reward is won,—
I fear him not, since these dear lines are mine,
Writ by my Leon's hand;—dear words of love, (presses
the letter to her lips.)

Sweet, sweet they are, filling my weary heart
With joy and peace. Ah! soon he will be here,
Perchance this eve, this bright and blessed eve
To claim his bride, to live henceforth for her,
For home and love! Saith he not this? See here, (showing
her the letter.)

Ay, read it for thyself. Dear, kind Susanne!
To thee I owe it, that I now behold
Those precious words.

SUSANNE.

Of Gaston's truth, Florine,
Long hath my mind harboured a secret doubt,
Which grew of late, because he shunned me oft,
Seeing, perchance, that I distrusted him,
For guilt is cowardly, and though it triumph,
Ne'er can know true peace. But yonder, look!
That cloud of dust, and banners floating free,
And music too,—a martial train!

She points towards the distant high road which skirts the field, along which are seen advancing a small band of soldiers, their arms glittering brightly in the sunshine.

FLORINE, (with agitation.)

He comes!

The baron comes; and Leon—ah! my heart,
Hope not in vain,—it cannot be—oh! no,
He whom but now I deemed among the dead,
Oh! is it so, that I shall see him soon,
Constant and true, and warm with breathing life?

SUSANNE.

Why should'st thou not? To greet them, let us haste:
See, see they halt beneath those spreading trees

That skirt the road, and many press around
With fond embrace, and grasp of cordial hand,
To welcome back, brother and son and friend.
I have a cousin there, and thou, Florine,
A lover dear, whom thou dost pine to see.
Nay, wox not pale, and pritties tremble not
Like the green leaf that shivers in the breeze;
Lean on my arm, and let us heste away.

They are moving away, when looking towards the place, where Gaston had been sitting, they see him with a terrified air, concealing himself behind a tree, while he scans the distant band of soldiers, when Susanne stops, and taking up the stolen vest, throws it towards him, as she passes by, at the same time holding up the abstracted letter, she says in a reproachful tone:

There is thy vest, deceiver, that thou art!
But of thy wickedness I keep thy proof,
Nor wish for thee a sorer punishment,
Than that which now o'ertakes thee, in the shame
Of thy discovered guilt. Haste thee, begone!
See, Leon comes, he hath espied Florine,
And hither hastes with love's impatient speed.
Depart, nor dare his wrath!

Gaston hesitates a moment, and then with a look of angry mortification and disappointment, he turns away and quits the field in an opposite direction. Florine looks after him a moment with a sorrowful expression, and murmurs in a low voice:

I pity thee,

Ay, pity and forgive, like as thou art,
For sore thy chastisement,—my harvest, joy!

She quits her friend as she speaks, and runs forward to meet Leon, who has approached very near. He receives her with open arms; Susanne steals off unperceived, and the lovers walk slowly away by themselves.

CHARADE.

BY A. L.

What from the flowers
The bee devours,—
What from the rane does flow,—
Or what tann slips,
From woman's lips,
My first will serve to show.

My neck's the seat
Of love and hate,
Of sorrow and of joy;
It is, in short,
Ofttimes a fort,
Which Cupid's darts destroy.

If any fair,
Of beauty rare,
My meaning can unravel;
I hope she may,
Without delay,
Get for her pains my whole.

THE GIRL'S CHOICE.*

BY E. M. M.

A BRIGHT day and the kindness of friends restored cheerfulness to the heart of our poor heroine, who, after breakfast, joined the ladies round the social work table, while the gentlemen took their guns and strolled out into the fields. Clara read aloud from an interesting book, and the time thus employed, flew so fast that one o'clock chimed to the astonishment of all. A servant at the same moment entered to announce a visitor, Miss Felicia Sykes. Clara cast a playful look of dismay on her mother as the lady came into the room, flounced up to the knees in fashion's extreme, and exclaiming:

"My dear Lady Woodford, I am so happy to see you. Ah! Miss Clara! charming as ever! La, my dear! how do you preserve your color so beautifully? I wish you would tell me."

"Simply by keeping early hours and avoiding heated rooms," replied Lady Woodford, smiling.

"Would that I could do the same," rejoined the maiden; "but, courted as I am, it is impossible. I have five engagements for this week, only think of that, and a dinner party at my own house next week."

"Poor lady, how I pity you," said Lady Woodford, laughing.

"Spare your pity, my dear, for those who need it; I have come with a case to-day which you will say merits your warmest sympathy. A poor family living in the Hilders lane, have been burnt out, consisting of a husband, a wife, and six small children; they are completely destitute, and have no claims on the parish as they are strangers."

"I have heard of them from my son," replied Lady Woodford; "and a most unworthy pair they are; both drunkards, idle, and forever fighting and quarrelling with each other. On the night their cottage was destroyed, they were sitting up playing cards, when some dispute arising, the woman seized a can of spirits, and dashed it on the fire, which caused the disaster. After such an account, I do not feel justified in assisting them; but the unfortunate children being really objects of compassion, we have considered. Sir Henry, at my request, removed them from the evil example of such parents, placing

the two eldest ones at school, and the little ones with an old dame in the village."

"Well, really this is provoking! Who would have imagined they were such wretches?" returned Miss Sykes. "I heard of their distress from my maid, and sent them money and clothes, which no doubt will be sold for drink; but I have still another case, my dear, that probably you are not aware of, though I confess you are always before me in every act of charity."

Miss Sykes drew a paper from her pocket, as she spoke. While she is laying it before the consideration of Lady Woodford, we will introduce her more fully to our readers.

She was the only child of a Lady Sykes, who lived at Bath, and who, conceiving for her daughter the most unnatural aversion, probably because she thought her vulgar, and felt ashamed of her in those circles of folly and fashion to which she herself was devoted, she separated from her mother so soon as she became of age, and set up a handsome establishment of her own; she was certainly a very eccentric person, though not ill disposed. On the contrary, she was charitable to the poor and kind to her servants; her principal peculiarities were a contempt, or a pretended contempt, for the lords of the creation, and a habit of speaking her mind too freely to people, and thereby giving them offence. In person she was more odd-looking than plain, increased probably by her dressing in the extreme of fashion, however *outré* that fashion might be. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, her money had attracted many admirers, whose protestations of love she treated with the utmost scorn. To an Irish fox hunting baronet, who had run out his fortune in riot and dissipation, and who was more importunate than the rest, she replied: "That she felt grateful for his preference, but as she was neither fond of drinking, hunting, nor horse racing, and preferred spending her money to having it spent for her, she begged to decline the honor he intended to confer upon her." To a widower with six children, who generously told her she might retain five thousand pounds in her own hands, if she settled the rest upon him, she said: "That she was obliged to him

for his consideration, but she intended to retain the whole; she had no wish to purchase children, who she thought horrid bores." The last offer was from a Mr. Huggins, a London merchant, and a highly respectable man, but whose name proved an insuperable objection. "Huggins, how vulgar! Hug! how shocking! never should it be hers." In these prejudices, Miss Felicia Sykes continued to the present time, enjoying her single blessedness, and vowing to preserve it in spite of the unhappy swains who continued to sigh for her comfortable establishment, and to pore over her father's will at Doctor's Commons.

She did not possess many real friends, for people were afraid of her blunt remarks and severe censures; which to say the truth, were only levelled at those who richly deserved them. Her favourite expression of "La, my dear!" her volubility, and her various strange attitudes, betrayed vulgarity, yet with all these, there was a worth and honesty in her character that merited respect. Soon after her arrival in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, she had made the acquaintance of Lady Woodford at some charitable meeting, much to her gratification, as she knew that she was inaccessible and visited but a few select friends. Her society could not suit the refined and quiet tastes of the ladies at the Abbey, yet were they civil and polite, from kindness of heart and that genuine good breeding which ever accompanies high polish.

When Miss Sykes had told her second tale of woe, she turned her inquiring eyes on Katherine, who was quietly pursuing her work, wondering who she could be. "Some person of consequence or she would not be here," thought the maiden; "I must find out her name."

"There have been some late arrivals at Canterbury," she continued, aloud, to lady Woodford. "Has your ladyship seen any of them yet?"

"No, indeed," replied Lady Woodford, "nor have I even heard of them."

"La, my dear! not heard that the —— Regiment has replaced that slow, stupid set who were here last winter."

"I am aware of that," returned Lady Woodford, a little stiffly, while Katherine smiled.

Well, my dear, there are a few ladies; I called on a Mrs. Bruce the other day, and was so amused by the decorations in her sitting room; such military contrivances, I thought I should have died laughing; a splendid ottoman composed of an old packing case, cushioned with blankets and covered with chimz, a large deal box turned into a book case, over which was thrown a shawl of some foreign description."

"And pray, Miss Sykes, how did you disco-

ver all this?" inquired Clara, while Katherine laughed.

"La, my dear! I lifted up the covers, to be sure, as the lady was not in the room; she nearly caught me doing so. Such a little quiet looking homely body."

"Mrs. Bruce is a friend of yours, Mrs. Warburton, is she not?" inquired Lady Woodford, still more stiffly.

"A very dear one," replied Katherine, warmly, while Miss Sykes repeated:

"Warburton! Warburton! Why that was the name of the handsome young man who was flirting at the ball last night with Lady Marley."

Katherine now looked distressed, when Lady Woodford, to prevent any further unpleasant remarks, said:

"Perhaps, Miss Sykes, I ought to have introduced Mrs. Warburton to you at first, the lady of Captain Warburton."

"La! and was he really a married man?" almost screamed Miss Sykes. "I don't think Lady Marley knew it, or she would not have sat so long with him in the corner, or have allowed him to squeeze her hand so tenderly; and with such a pretty wife of his own, too! what abominable creatures men are,—how thankful I am that I have nothing to do with them. I would not even keep a puppy dog, lest he should prove unfaithful. My dear, I shall have great pleasure in calling upon you; pray, where do you reside?" she continued, to Katherine, whose confusion and distress had increased even to tears.

"At present Mrs. Warburton is staying with us," replied Lady Woodford, much annoyed, and in her most formal manner. "And we do not intend to part with her so long as she will indulge us by remaining."

"Then I think her decidedly wrong," retorted the maiden, nothing daunted by the gathering coldness of her ladyship. "With a young, attractive and gay husband, she ought to remain at home to take care of him. Follow my advice, my dear," rising and nodding to Katherine; "if you knew men folk as I do, you would; believe me, not one is to be trusted, no not one. Good bye, I hope to see you soon again, and improve my acquaintance with you, for you look a very sweet creature. Good morning, Lady Woodford; that frown is not becoming, my dear, it will never awe me into silence when I feel it my duty to speak. Ah! I am glad to see you smile. If I meet your caro this evening, Mrs. Warburton, I shall tell him he is found out. Adieu!" And with these words she tripped out of the room, and ascending her carriage, desired her servant to drive to Lady Marley's.

"What a strange character," said our heroine, as the door closed; "and yet with all her oddities, I really think she means well."

"You are right, my love," replied Lady Woodford. "Where she takes a fancy, she is exceedingly kind, but she makes many enemies by her blunt and unpleasant remarks: while we revere the truth, we should be careful not to wound the feelings of others. But you are looking pale; a walk with Clara will do you both good, the day is so beautiful."

Willingly Katherine assented to the proposal, and in a few minutes the two friends sallied out, their spirits rising with the vivifying effects of the fragrant air. As they struck into the plantation that divided the grounds of the Abbey from the fields, they perceived Sir Henry and Captain Beauchamp slowly advancing. The heightened colour and slight tremor in the voice of Clara, proclaimed the new feelings which were beginning to spring up in her breast for this truly interesting young man, as she noticed the delighted expression on his countenance, and felt the warm pressure of his hand on their meeting.

"Whither are you bound, fair ladies?" inquired Sir Henry. "Why, Clara, you look amazed; what has happened?"

"We are just escaped from Miss Felicia Sykes," replied Clara, smiling, "and are come to recover ourselves in the open air."

"Miss Felicia Sykes, the man hater," repeated Sir Henry. "Poor things! I pity you, and am almost tempted to give you the pleasure of our escort to recompense you. What say you, Beauchamp, are you inclined for more walking, or shall we return to the house?"

"For more walking, certainly, in such society," he returned, offering his arm to Clara. "Which way shall we go?"

"Into the green lane, where perhaps we may meet Mrs. Atherly, who promised to come early," she said; and into the lane they struck, followed by Sir Henry and Katherine.

Upon what subjects Captain Beauchamp and Clara conversed while thus they walked together we have no right to inquire; both were admirers of nature, and beheld and praised God in all His works. Often they paused to admire, and called upon their companions to admire with them. The hedges were full of the sweet briars, the rose and the May blossoms; fragrance was in the air, and melody from the song of birds, while the distant whistle of the plough boy and the merry sheep bell, all lent interest to the summer scene. A small thatched roof cottage stood at the extremity of the lane. Here Captain Beauchamp and Clara stopped to look at a pretty child who sat on the step of the door eating his bread and

milk, a large shaggy dog by his side wistfully gazing in his face; suddenly the animal turned, and seeing the strangers, rushed forward with a fierce bark, and seized Captain Beauchamp by the arm. The scream of Clara brought the owner of the cottage in haste to his rescue, who striking the dog with a large cudgel, at length made him let go his hold, but not before his teeth had penetrated the flesh.

"Oh! I fear he has hurt you very much," exclaimed Clara, in an agony, Sir Henry and Katherine participating in her alarm.

"It is nothing, I assure you; pray do not distress yourselves," replied Captain Beauchamp, addressing himself particularly to Clara. The cottager, who was a labourer on the estate, expressed great sorrow for the accident, saying he had never known his dog to attack a gentleman before. Sir Henry advised his friend to have his arm examined and bathed with warm water. To satisfy the anxiety expressed for him, he complied, when they all entered the cottage. On withdrawing his coat, blood appeared on the shirt sleeve; this added to the fears of poor Clara, whose pale cheek told more than she dared to express in words. When Sir Henry had bared his arm, the small punctures in the flesh were discovered.

"What a frightful wound," said Captain Beauchamp, laughing, and turning to Clara; but on perceiving tears in her eyes, his countenance changed, and he gazed on her in tender admiration. Nor was Katherine wanting in solicitude for one who had invariably stood her friend; she ran to the woman of the cottage to ask for a little warm milk and water, holding the basin herself, while Sir Henry bathed the wound. Clara, unable to conceal her alarm, now asked the owner of the dog if he had any reason to think him mad.

"Ja! bless you, Miss Woodford, not the least," he replied. "Don't take on so; the dog is no more mad than you are."

Captain Beauchamp smiled, while Clara, abashed, shrank behind him and spoke no more till Sir Henry had completed his operation by tying the injured arm in a sling, and proposed their returning to the Abbey instead of continuing their walk. Clara then proceeded with her brother, leaving Captain Beauchamp to attend Katherine. After walking on in silence a few minutes, she turned to Sir Henry, saying:

"I hope I did not show too much anxiety about Captain Beauchamp; what did the man mean by my 'taking on so?' now don't laugh or you will make me angry."

"I cannot help it, sweet sister," replied Sir

Henry; "why even now, you are trembling like a leaf, you little foolish thing."

"I thought the dog might be mad, and then how dreadful would be the consequence! You really think he is not, Henry?" And the terror expressed on her beautiful countenance told how much she felt.

"No, dear, do not make yourself unhappy," returned Sir Henry, affectionately pressing her hand; "but to relieve your mind, I will call at the cottage to-morrow and see the animal again."

Clara thanked him with her eyes, when they turned to wait for their companions, who soon came up, and with the brother and sister, re-entered the grounds of the Abbey.

Mr. and Mrs. Atherly did not arrive till just before dinner, some duty having detained the minister. The addition of their society proved very agreeable to our little party, Mr. Atherly being a highly gifted and accomplished man, as well as a deeply pious Christian; in his youth he had ardently desired to become a missionary, but many hindrances, added to a delicate constitution, satisfied him that this was not the line of duty marked out for him by his Heavenly Father. At the present time, he had the care of a very extensive parish, the Rector being an old man, and unable to give him much assistance. In Mrs. Atherly he possessed a valuable aid, who lightened his duties and strengthened his hands by her activity, her good sense, and her cheerful readiness to perform all that was in her power in the cause of Christ. The death of an only child had been their first heavy affliction; this event had led to their intimacy with the family at Woodford Abbey, and to the sincere affection felt by Mrs. Atherly for Clara, who had been as a young sister to her during the whole trying time of doubt, suspense and bereavement. Two years had passed since this mournful event, and the pious parents were resigned, and satisfied that all had been wisely ordered. Still the blank in their little home at times was keenly felt, especially by the mother, when a book, a toy, a flower, would recall recollections of the happy, happy past. Any one who had experienced sorrow soon found their way to the heart of Katherine; she had not been many hours in the society of Mrs. Atherly, when an interest for her sprang up in her breast which never after lessened. Suited as the party were to each other, the evening passed most swiftly and delightfully in rational and improving conversation. Now it was that Clara discovered more and more the intellectual powers and sound piety of Captain Beauchamp, whose every word was worthy of attention. Mr. Atherly seemed equally pleased

with him for that true nobility he displayed in confessing whose he was and whom he wished to serve. This he did upon all occasions, fearlessly braving the ridicule of some, the evident dislike of others, by whom he was considered proud and self-sufficient, because he withdrew himself from their ways, their amusements and their vices. Among other subjects of discussion, Sir Henry led to that one most momentous, the necessity of regeneration, or the new birth.

"I cannot conceive how it should ever be disputed by any person who reads his Bible," he remarked, "and yet I was lately asked if I believed in the doctrine; I confess I was astonished."

"To those whom God has mercifully enlightened, man's ignorance assuredly seems wonderful," replied Mrs. Atherly; "but it is his contentment under this ignorance, and his indifference to know more, that keeps him so. I always think that the first step in religious knowledge, is an inquiring mind which will not suffer him to rest until he seeks and finds."

"What are your opinions with respect to regeneration at baptism?" inquired Captain Beauchamp.

"That if the beautiful prayers offered at the time were accompanied by faith, and a hearty desire that the child should indeed become a member of Christ, an answer would, doubtless, be received. For the lack of these, many a blessing is lost; how often have I been grieved to listen to the solemn vows made by sponsors in the infant's name, to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, when the next hour sees them yielding to their influence; and in the entertainments prepared to celebrate the occasion, clearly showing that with their lips they had drawn near to God, while their hearts were far from him; can such offerings be acceptable?"

Mr. Atherly now turned to the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, where Nicodemus comes to our Lord by night. This he read and expounded in a clear and simple manner, enlarging upon the subject of the new birth, or in other words, that total change in the heart, the will and the affections, which is produced by the power of the Holy Spirit working in us. He explained that by nature we are sinners all, unfitted for the joys of heaven, until thus we are newly created and made children of adoption and grace.

"This blessed change may be discovered," he proceeded, "when we see one who had walked carelessly and thoughtlessly in the sinner's paths, withdrawing from all he had loved before, the wild companions, their pursuits, their pleasures now hateful to him, while the holy ordinances of God, once his contempt, now are his greatest delight. Can there be a more cheering object, one

over whom saints and angels must rejoice ; a Christian not only in name and profession, but in heart, in word, in deed."

A few more remarks on the subject were made, when Mr. Atherly, turning to Captain Beauchamp, inquired :

"Have you many pious soldiers among you? or rather let me ask, are means taken to make them so?"

"I grieve to say we have not many, neither is there much encouragement given to forward religion in the army," replied Captain Beauchamp. "There is a dangerous error gone forth, that true piety and a good soldier seldom exist together."

"Can this be possible? From what cause has so fatal an error arisen?"

"Doubtless from ignorance in what true piety consists. The idea frequently entertained by moral and sensible men is, that religion would enfeeble the mind of the soldier and unfit him for his duties. The outward observances are strictly attended to; he is marched to church regularly, and each man must have his Bible and Prayer-book; beyond these nothing is done."

"But surely some means must be taken for his moral improvement, can you tell me of any?"

"Yes; rewards are held out to him, such as good conduct pay, and good conduct stripes."

"And have they been found to answer the desired effect?"

"Decidedly not."

"You are right, such inducements may produce decent and orderly behaviour, but they cannot change the heart; religion alone has the power to renew the evil nature of man, and to guide his principles upon a plan as totally different from any that the world can frame, as light from darkness."

"There are many pious officers who would gladly interest themselves in the soldiers' religious improvement," rejoined Captain Beauchamp. "Every barrack has, or ought to have, a school room for the children of the regiment; in this might be held weekly meetings devoted entirely to this object, when those men who wished it, might be encouraged to study their Bibles, ask questions, and to give their own views; in this way how much good might be done. I, with one or two others, proposed this to our commanding officer, but it was considered an improper interference with the duties of a clergyman, and consequently not allowed."

"To preach as a layman might be attended with inconvenience and even error," returned Mr. Atherly; "but a few christians meeting together for the sake of religious conversation, should ever

receive encouragement, and such, I imagine, was your intention."

"Undoubtedly it was, and several of our men warmly entered into our proposal until it was negatived, but we must look for better times," he continued, smiling; "religion has certainly spread in the army, and when once it is discovered, that fidelity to God produces fidelity to every other duty, more pains will be taken to make the soldier a christian in reality, when now he is only one in name."

The hour of eleven now striking, Lady Woodford rose to ring the bell, when the servants entered for family prayers, which closed the evening. On the little party separating, Mrs. Atherly, who had noticed that the attention of Katherine had been peculiarly arrested by the words of her husband, addressed her most affectionately, and said, how much pleasure she should have in improving an acquaintance so pleasantly begun.

"We do not visit many of the military," she observed, "as we are too distant and keep no carriage; but occasionally we have made some valuable friends among them; a youthful convert always interests us." And she warmly pressed the hand of our heroine as she spoke.

"What a happy evening I have passed, and what a sweet woman is Mrs. Atherly," said Katherine to Clara, who had accompanied her to her chamber. "How fortunate you are to live among such good and pious friends. I felt to-night as if I were already at the gates of heaven. Oh! that I was really there, for this is a weary, weary world."

"Do not look so sad, sweet Katherine," replied Clara, encircling her with her arms. "Many are the trials of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him from them all; in your dear child I trust you may be blessed."

"I scarcely dare expect it," returned Katherine, hanging sorrowfully over the sleeping child. "I who proved so ungrateful a daughter, who caused so much misery in my childhood's home." Here she paused, deeply affected.

"God only requires our repentance, when he is ever ready to forgive," rejoined Clara. "Look more hopefully forward, dear friend, trust him and all will yet be well."

Cordially these interesting young women commended each other to the protection of heaven, and then separated, Clara retiring to her chamber, where she usually sat for an hour ere she sought her pillow, in communing with her own heart and retracing all the occurrences of the day, to see how far she had neglected or performed her duty. Could the worldly-minded

lovers of pleasure behold the true Christian thus employed, how would they wonder at the self-reproaches, the deep regret experienced for faults which they never dream of as being theirs. How every vain and foolish thought that has passed through the mind is lamented, how every impatient expression, or feeling of anger, or discontent, is condemned and repented of. Clara knew that as a fallen creature she was full of sin, that to God's grace alone was she indebted for all the good she performed. This made her humble, and dependent, and full of charity towards the failings of others. In comparing herself with Katherine, she might have thought, "How superior am I; never did I disobey my parents or bring on them affliction by my misconduct; I have always been to them a dutiful and obedient daughter, performing my duties to the utmost of my power; surely God must love me and reward me for my works." But no, this would have been the proud Pharisee; in the spirit of the Publican, she deplored her own weakness and constant proneness to err, entreating the Lord to shield her from temptation, and from all the assaults of her spiritual enemy, to make her a better Christian, a better child to her inestimable parent, and more fitted for the Kingdom of Heaven. After this necessary duty, which we affectionately recommend to all our young friends, Clara sought her couch, strengthened and comforted, and at peace with all the world.

The next day Captain Beauchamp was obliged to return to his duty, but at the request of Lady Woodford and Sir Henry, he promised to visit the Abbey as often as he felt disposed. The eyes of Clara expressed pleasure as he did so, for the two days spent in his society had to her been very happy ones. Could she have read his thoughts, and perhaps she did, as he pressed her hand on taking leave, she would have seen how entirely he shared in hers, how much he admired and esteemed her.

"And what am I to say to Warburton?" he asked, turning to Katherine.

"Will you kindly give him this note, and also this to Mrs. Bruce?" she replied, placing them in his hand.

He smiled benevolently upon her, then addressing himself particularly to old Lady Woodford, who Sir Henry playfully avowed had fallen in love with him, he left the room, and accompanied by his friend, rode back to Canterbury.

A fortnight passed, during which time Captain Beauchamp had been a frequent visitor, either coming with a book for Clara or a message for Katherine. One morning he brought a note from Mrs. Bruce to the latter, containing an urgent desire for her return home, but without

stating her reasons. Katherine in surprise inquired if Warburton were ill.

"I never saw him looking better," replied Captain Beauchamp; "and he begged me to tell you not to hurry home on his account while you were so happy with your friends."

"What then ought I to do? you see Mrs. Bruce's advice," said Katherine, anxiously.

"You are always safe in following that," returned Captain Beauchamp, moving away, and evidently wishing to avoid further questions.

When Katherine announced her intention to return home, to Lady Woodford, that kind friend expressed regret, yet thought her quite right in so doing.

"You must come to us again, my love," she said, "when I hope we may induce Captain Warburton to accompany you."

Katherine with tears thanked her for all her kindness. The only peace she had known since her marriage, had been during her brief stay at the Abbey, and it was with unfeigned sorrow that she prepared to leave its beautiful shades, its sylvan groves, above all the Christian friends who had invested every scene with a double charm; and to return to the care, the unkindness, the loneliness, which she too well knew awaited her in her own humble abode.

Captain Warburton was absent when Lady Woodford's carriage set her down at the wicket gate; how small, how mean everything appeared in her sight, in comparison with the splendid mansion she had quitted.

"But that would not cost me a tear," she murmured; "if my affection were only returned by the one dearest to me on earth; a wilderness would become a paradise to me then."

She entered her bed-chamber with her infant, which she had to hush asleep and attend to herself. Her mother's and her brother's forms rose up before her imagination, and added to the melancholy of the moment.

"This must not be," said the young wife, struggling against the feelings that oppressed her. "If Neville finds me so sad he will be angry." But long had Katherine to await his return, and when at length he did come, his welcome was forced and cold. He had not expected her so soon, and he had formed some pleasant engagements which her presence might interrupt.

"I thought you were to have staid at the Abbey another week; so Beauchamp told me," he said, throwing down his cap and gloves on the table, while a frown contracted his brow.

"Lady Woodford kindly wished me to do so, but ——" Here poor Katherine paused, no willing to confess why she had not complied.

"Perhaps you thought I was too happy without you, too free from care," rejoined the unfeeling young man, walking over to the window, and beginning to whistle an air. The heart of Katherine beat tumultuously, but she checked her rising indignation and remained silent. "Have you seen the termination of your father's amiable conduct towards you?" inquired her husband, taking up a newspaper and pointing to a paragraph which announced the marriage of Mr. Atherston to a Miss Blackburn at Tours.

"Can it be possible? And so soon after my dearest mother's death!" exclaimed Katherine, bursting into tears.

"Very possible, and if he had wished to seal my ruin and your misery, he could not have taken a more effectual way of doing so. Now all hopes from him are at an end." Captain Warburton paused a while and then added: "Had he but performed a kinder part, had he shown some consideration for his daughter, I might have been a better man—a better husband; but he has made me desperate, and has taught me to curse the day that I ever entered his doors."

This was uttered with great vehemence.

"Oh! Neville, 'eville, recall those bitter words; do not quite break my heart!" cried Katherine, rushing towards him and trying to take his hand. "I could bear any thing but the loss of your affection."

"Could you bear to starve or beg your bread from door to door?" asked her husband, in a hoarse and unnatural voice.

"Surely this need never be the case; God will not so forsake us unless we provoke him by our ingratitude; we have many friends; let us not aggravate our trials by recrimination. Could I have foreseen the result of my disobedience to my parents; never would you have been burthened with one so unfortunate."

And the sobs of Katherine were truly distressing; they seemed even to soften Captain Warburton, for his stern countenance began to relax, and he drew her towards him, but spoke not. Oh! how it comforted her to experience even this slight proof of a lingering attachment, flickering and uncertain though it was; on his bosom she rested her aching head, still weeping.

"There, there, that is enough, foolish girl," at length he said, kissing her. "A sense of my situation and your father's obduracy for the moment, maddened me, but I have no right to punish you for the sins of another. My poor Katherine! how different would have been your lot had you never known me."

"Believe me when I say, I would not change it for the wealth of worlds, were you only thus kind always," returned Katherine, raising her

eyes, now beaming with tenderness, to his; their expression touched his heart; again and again he folded her in his embrace, then hurried from the room to conceal those kindlier and better feelings that were springing up in his breast. Katherine watched him as he left the house, with a longing, lingering gaze.

"Beautiful and beloved being," she ejaculated; "how in one instant have you the power to console me for months of coldness and unkindness. Yes, yes, he still loves me," she added, kneeling down and clasping her hands. "Oh! my Father, cast not out my prayers for this dear object; make him only thine, and for the rest, thy will be done."

Katherine now roused herself to the performance of her domestic duties, first decorating her room with the flowers she had brought from the Abbey, then giving orders to a very indifferent and untidy maid about dinner; these over, she sat down with her work by the side of her sleeping infant, her thoughts wandering from her husband to the dear friends she had quitted, and all the happiness she had enjoyed while under their Christian roof.

As the day passed away, she wondered why Neville returned not. At a late hour Bridget brought in a note which, she said, had just been given her by an orderly from the barracks; it was from Captain Warburton, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR KATE,

"I forgot to mention that I dine at the mess to-day, having an engagement in the evening; do not sit up for me, as I shall be so late that probably I may sleep here.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"NEVILLE WARBURTON."

Poor Katherine sighed heavily, as she turned to her servant, saying:

"Bridget, your master will not dine at home, and I do not care about any; I am not hungry."

"Lá, now, how provoking; I have roasted such a lovely surloin of beef," replied Bridget; "well it cannot be helped, that's certain; but master might have staid at home with you one day at least. I suppose he is going to my Lady Murley's as usual. Such a grand lady; I saw her one day riding a white horse, master was with her, and they looked so happy, so merry like."

Katherine started as the woman went on chatting, every word she uttered causing indescribable pain and mortification. By an effort she concealed her feelings, merely inquiring if the orderly who had brought the note were still waiting.

"Yes, ma'am, he is," replied Bridget.

"Then ask him to take back one to Mrs. Bruce; I will ring when it is ready."

Bridget left the room, when Katherine, pressing her hands convulsively together, exclaimed:

"God have mercy on me and teach me patience; now I understand why Mrs. Bruce wished me to return. Neville has formed some new and dangerous intimacy. Alas! unfortunate that I am, go where I may, sorrow follows me like a dark cloud; but I deserve it all, I deserve it all."

In much agitation she wrote a few lines to Mrs. Bruce, requesting to see her on the morrow. By the time she had sealed and despatched it, the shades of evening were drawing near, and obscuring every object "Gloomy as my thoughts," said the unhappy young wife, sitting down by the window. "Oh! my Father, try me in any way but this. To lose the affections of my husband, to see them given to another, would indeed be a heavier grief than I could bear."

Unguarded words, uttered in a moment of strong excitement, since the cup offered by our Heavenly Physician is the one chosen in wisdom; its bitterness has been experienced by him who drank it to the dregs for our sakes, and shall we murmur when we are only called upon to taste it for our own?

At an early hour on the following day, Mrs. Bruce came to Katherine, who embraced her with much affection as she flew towards her, saying:

"How kind this is of you; I am quite ashamed to give you so much trouble, but when I wrote my note last evening I felt so unhappy that indeed I longed to see you. I hope your walk has not tired you."

And she placed an easy chair for her friend, who replied:

"Not in the least, my love; the morning is so fine that I quite enjoyed it; but you tell me you were unhappy last evening; what occasioned this, my child?"

"A few words uttered by Bridget about Lady Marley and Neville," returned Katherine, blushing deeply. "I thought they explained why you wished me to return home; who is this Lady Marley?"

"She is a beautiful young woman, my dear, married to an old man, whose title and wealth were, I fear, the only temptations," returned Mrs. Bruce.

"And is Neville so very intimate at their house?" asked Katherine with hesitation.

Mrs. Bruce gazed on our heroine a few moments, and perceiving her troubled countenance, said:

"My dear girl, it is not for your peace to ask such questions, if even I were inclined to answer them. I wrote to urge your return home, be-

cause I felt it my duty to do so; beyond this I have no right to go; all I would advise is circumspection in you; I well know how difficult it is to command strong feelings; nay, how impossible, without Divine help, for this I feel assured you constantly pray, therefore be of good courage, faint not, and God will in his own time reward you."

"Tell me only this!" implored Katherine; "have you any reason to suppose that Neville is attached to Lady Marley? Oh! do not conceal from me all that you know."

Truth was engraven on the heart of Mrs. Bruce, and to prevaricate she considered equal to the sin of lying, but to perform the part of a tale-bearer—a mischief-maker, was foreign to her principles.

"Katherine," she replied, very gravely; "you must not probe me thus, but attend to my advice; try to make the home of your husband as happy and as cheerful to him as possible, concealing from him all your little domestic annoyances, and never reproaching him for his repeated absences; for your sake I have studied his character and disposition; they are peculiar, yet under all his apparent coldness and neglect, I am convinced there exists in his breast a strong affection for you; which you may increase or lose as you conduct yourself under your trying circumstances."

"Oh! if I only thought so," said Katherine, clasping her hands, "what strength would it give me to proceed on my weary way."

"Then do think so, my child; but let not this idol stand between you and your God; as you value your eternal happiness, remember also that he has a soul to be saved; let this reflection make you less anxious to retain his love than to become the means of his conversion. To assist this, be forbearing and patient towards his faults, and doubly watchful over yourself."

With the deepest respect did Katherine listen to the maternal admonitions of her friend, who after some further conversation on the subject, announced to her that Mr. Bruce had at length made up his mind to retire from the army, and that they were going to reside in Scotland.

"The only regret I shall experience will be in parting from you, dear Katherine," she continued; "but so long as you remain at Canterbury, I shall have the comfort to know that you are near good and kind friends."

Katherine expressed sincere sorrow at the thoughts of losing one for whom she felt the affection of a child, but knowing that it had long been the wish of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce to withdraw from the bustle of military life, she could not be so selfish as to repine.

"At the throne of grace we can always meet

in spirit," said the amiable lady as she folded her in her arms; "and by letter we may communicate each other's wishes and feelings. I consider it also a sacred trust my having taken upon me the vows of sponsor to your sweet child; her spiritual welfare will always be an object of deep interest to me, and should I live so long, I hope to watch over her education, and to induce you to spare her to me sometimes, unless more powerful friends arise to claim that privilege when I am parted from you," she added, pensively. "Another void will be felt at my heart; your extraordinary likeness to my own sainted Laura first made you dear to me; but now for your own sake I love you. Oh! that I could shield you from every approaching shadow that may darken your path, but He who loves you infinitely more than I, will not suffer one to come upon you that might be withheld with safety."

There was something so unusually affectionate and tender in the manner of Mrs. Bruce, that Katherine was exceedingly touched by it; probably it might have been owing to the prospect of so soon leaving the poor girl without the consolation of her friendship, but no doubt she foresaw the troubles that awaited her in the increasing reckless habits of her husband, and her heart wept for her. When both had rallied their spirits a little, Katherine said:

"I met a lady at the Abbey, a Miss Sykes, rather a singular person, who promised to call on me; am I safe in making her acquaintance?"

"Certainly, my love, she is eccentric and not very refined, but I believe her to be capable of much kindness and generosity; she has made enemies by speaking her mind to persons too freely, yet is liked by others for her plain and honest dealings; she would not flatter for worlds, what she thinks she says sometimes a little too bluntly. But I see Captain Warburton coming up the hill," added Mrs. Bruce, rising. "I will leave you to welcome him alone, and pray let it be with smiles."

Most difficult was it for poor Katherine to obey this last injunction, particularly as no kind greeting, no regrets for his long absence awaited her. He entered the house, speaking angrily to his servant, and using language, which to the ear of a Christian must ever prove distressing. After addressing a few words to her in answer to her salutation, he said:

"Lady Marley intends calling on you to-day; I beg you will remain at home to receive her."

"Certainly, as you wish it," replied Katherine, her heart throbbing at the name. "She is a bride, is she not?"

This question was asked merely to induce a conversation.

"Yes, and thrown away upon a man more than double her age."

"Why do you call it being thrown away—is not her husband kind to her?"

Captain Warburton looked sharply at his wife as she said this, and then replied:

"He is devoted to her, as all must be who know her."

"Then I cannot pity her; a woman is blessed that possesses the affections of her husband."

"Yes, of the husband she loves, not otherwise," returned Captain Warburton, burying his face in the vase of flowers that stood on the table. "How sweet these are, Kate," he added, in a softer tone; "where did you get them?"

"At Woodford Abbey. Oh! how I wish you had been there with me, Neville; so many charming people."

"And yet you left them to return here."

"To return to you, I did."

There was the slightest reproach conveyed in her tone of voice as Katherine said this; she meant it not, but her husband felt it.

"Poor girl, and I left you alone all day. Katherine, I am surprised that you continue to care for me," he said.

Katherine was going to reply, when Morris entered with some message for his master, whose attention being once diverted, returned not again to her.

True to her promise, Lady Marley called in the course of the day. Katherine could not meet her with cordiality; her cheek flushed, and she slightly trembled as she hid her hand in the offered one of her visitor, who evidently did not expect to see so elegant or beautiful a creature, for she started and gazed for an instant in surprise; then recovering herself, said in the blandest tone:

"My dear Mrs. Warburton, I am so happy to make your acquaintance, I hope we shall be great friends and be very often together; don't you think we shall suit each other?" turning to Captain Warburton, who had led her from her carriage.

"I think we shall," he replied, smiling.

"Saucy one, I did not mean you," returned the lady, looking down, but evidently pleased at the admiration with which he was surveying her.

She was certainly very handsome, if fine dark eyes and hair, a brilliant complexion and a good figure could make her so; still with all these advantages, there was a want of grace and feminine softness, that diminished her beauty very considerably. Her dress was of the most extravagant description, but in good taste, for in truth it formed the principal study of her life, aided

by her maid, whose flatteries assisted in keeping her in good humour with herself and with every body else. As the daughter of a country apothecary, her education had been very limited, her father thinking that her beauty was quite sufficient to make her fortune, and so it proved; for Sir James Marley, while staying at Clifton for change of air after a fit of the gout, became so enamoured on beholding her, that without pausing to discover whether she possessed a single quality that could add to his happiness, he made proposals, which, in spite of his being thirty years older than herself, were instantly accepted; and from the girl without a shilling, she at once became the mistress of a very handsome establishment, and money without control. Beyond being extremely vain, frivolous and fond of pleasure, Lady Marley was not an unamiable person, consequently her husband idolized her, and indulged her in every whim and fancy, changing the habits of years to suit her youthful tastes. His home now became the resort of all the gay, the young and the fashionable; nothing was talked of but the dinners of Sir James Marley, the beauty of his lady, her delightful balls, her concerts, her vivacity, her dress. Oh! what a dull day was the Sabbath, when no party could take place. It is true these votaries of pleasure went twice to church to beguile a portion of it, their thoughts dwelling on the last evening, and looking forward to the next, but still the hours, how long, how wearisome; what a relief when the day of rest, that day given as a blessing to man by his merciful Creator, was over.

Lady Marley aimed at being thought clever; she was passionately fond of reading, but her studies unfortunately were confined to the light and injurious novels of Bulwer, of Eugene Sue, and their contemporaries. From these she gained false notions of good and evil, and sentiments the most dangerous for one so weak and easily led; faithless wives were described as the most charming beings, while the injured husbands were ever described as contemptible and detestible tyrants. In her idea, therefore, to be false, was another term for being very romantic, and a heroine. Such was the woman who stood before Katherine and claimed her friendship, but after all she had heard, our heroine could not reciprocate her warm expressions of eternal regard. Perhaps no two beings could form a greater contrast, the one a child of this world, the other a child of God.

"How happy you must be in this sweet little cottage," said her ladyship, running over to the window; "but if I lived here I should plant jasmines and honeysuckles and roses round the lattice; why do you not cultivate them?"

"We are such birds of passage that we should not remain long enough to enjoy them," replied Katherine. "Indeed I have so much else to occupy me that I could not spare the time, fond as I am of flowers."

"What a pity! You should make Captain Warburton keep your garden in order for you."

"Do you ever make Sir James do what you wish?" inquired Captain Warburton, smiling.

"To be sure I do, and he is all the happier; men should never be allowed to have their own way; if we yield in one point, our sovereignty is at an end; don't you think so, Mrs. Warburton."

"We have no right to rule," replied Katherine, softly.

"Oh! I see you are one of those meek wives who think it pretty to obey."

"I vowed to do so at the altar."

"Did you? then you were very silly, I omitted the horrid word. Captain Warburton, do you consider all vows as binding?"

"Not all," was his laconic reply, and casting on her a glance full of meaning.

Katherine looked annoyed, and felt the rising of jealousy within her breast. To her relief, Captain Beauchamp at the instant was announced, who, after addressing a few words to Captain Warburton, approached her, saying:

"I am going out to the Abbey, and called to ask if you had any commands. Miss Woodford mentioned a book which you promised to send her; shall I take it?"

"Oh! yes, here it is, placing a small volume in his hand. "And pray tell her that I hope to see her soon; it already appears an age since we parted yesterday."

Captain Beauchamp looked at her intently as she said this, and marked the distress depicted on her countenance; he pressed her hand warmly, promising to convey her message, then nodding to Captain Warburton, and without looking at Lady Marley, whose eyes were fixed upon him, he hurried away, remounted his horse and galloped off.

"Who is that very handsome young man? I never saw him before," said the lady, rather disappointed that he had not noticed her.

"Captain Beauchamp," replied Katherine, "a great friend of ours."

"Of yours rather," retorted Captain Warburton, biting his lips. "I am not fond of your suits."

"Saint! what do you mean? I hope he is not religious; it would be such a pity," observed Lady Marley.

"Surely you are not in earnest, Lady Marley," said Katherine, with unfeigned surprise. "A pity to be religious, to love God, to obey His

commands, to prepare for heaven ; for what are we sent into this world of trials if not for this high purpose?"

"To enjoy ourselves as much as possible while we are young, and to be grave and stupid and devout if you will, when we are old."

"A very good answer; I quite agree with you," returned Captain Warburton, laughing.

"But do we never see the young die?" asked Katherine, a little sadly, for at the moment she thought of her sweet brother Ern

"Certainly we do, yet why make ourselves miserable by thinking of such things? Let us be happy and enjoy life while we may, and cast old care to the winds; don't you think I am right?" looking up at Captain Warburton with a bewitching smile.

"Decidedly so," he replied. "Can you be otherwise?"

The heart of Lady Marley fluttered with pleasure, while that of poor Katherine experienced a pang. The husband of her young affections showing a decided preference for another in her presence, and what was far more sad, agreeing with sentiments that clearly showed the darkness of his own soul.

"I could stay with you forever, but I must be going," said the thoughtless woman, rising. "I promised to call for a friend to take her to Madame Lorraine's. My principal errand to you, Mrs. Warburton, was to request that you and Captain Warburton would favour Sir James and myself with your company at dinner on Wednesday, when we expect a few friends."

"You are very kind," replied Katherine, with some little dignity; "but I so seldom go any where, that for myself, I must decline."

"Nay, now that is very unkind," returned Lady Marley, in her blandest manner. "Sir James will be so disappointed; Captain Warburton, cannot you prevail?"

"Mrs. Warburton usually does as she pleases, and so do I," he returned, carelessly; "we are seldom agreed in any thing."

"If you wish me to go, Neville, I will do so," said Katherine, a tear standing in her eye.

"I have no wish on the subject; pray act as you like best."

Katherine felt piqued, and turning to Lady Marley, said:

"Then I will change my mind if you will allow me, and accompany Captain Warburton on Wednesday."

"There is a dear creature, I am so happy," replied the lady, smiling most sweetly. "My carriage shall call for you a few minutes before seven. Adieu."

And pressing the reluctant hand half held out

to her, she glided from the room, leaning on the arm of Captain Warburton.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SONG OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MRS. HOODIE.

AN IMPROMPTU ON BEING UNEXPECTEDLY DEFEATED IN A GAME OF CHESS.

Aye, you have won your game at chess,
I tried my utmost skill, O!
The end, alas! I could not guess,
Thus to beat my fill, O!
As silent as two mice we were,
No whispered word we said, O!
Save that which often meets the ear,
How badly that was played, O!

Of overhaste and oversight,
Complaints they were not small, O!
Without such aids from morn till night,
We ne'er should win at all, O!
The dullness of my stupid play,
Gives me no care nor sorrow,
For you who win the game to-day,
May lose again tomorrow.

Our game of life is full as vain,
Our bravest hopes defeated, O!
And every point we strive to gain,
Too quickly is checkmated, O!
And should the field world befriend,
Ah! we may find too late, O!
Its brightest promises may end
In but a poor stale-mate, O!

Greenwich, 1819.

SONG.

'Tis sweet upon th' impassion'd wave
To hear the voice of music stealing,
And while the dark winds wildly rave,
To catch the genuine soul of feeling!
While all around, the ether blue
Its dim majestic beam is shedding,
And roseate tints of heavenly hue
Are through the midnight darkness spreading!

So is it, when the thrill of love
Through every burning pulse is flowing;
And, like the foliage of the grove,
A holy light on all bestowing!
O! never from this fever'd heart
Shall dreams on wings of gold be flying;
But even when life itself shall part,
I'll think on thee, sweet maid, though dying!

* When a person is stalemated at chess, it is technically termed, defeating himself.

ALONZO CANO.

H. T. D. F.

"BEAUTIFUL, most beautiful—it could not have been better. What grace and proportion in the figure, what thought in the forehead, what firmness, and what power of endurance in the mouth, united with such a heavenly smile! Oh! this St. Antonio was a noble saint, almost as handsome as a heathen god; and by Santiago! Cano has made the marble all but speak; but I fear he will charge me a large sum for it, and he has completed it so rapidly that it will remunerate him well; I will not give him all he asks."

Such were the exclamations that burst from the lips of a Spanish counsellor, who stood in the studio of Alonzo Cano, gazing at a graceful statue of St. Antonio de Padua, which was just completed. The studio itself seemed the home of the fine arts; it was hung with paintings of the most exquisite finish. Here a beautiful Madonna, clasping in her arms the infant Saviour—there a Claude Lorraine, rich in the varied hues of its glowing sunset; here again, ripe fruit, the golden orange, the luscious fig, the ruby pomagranate, and the dark green olive; and there, flowers fresh as if just plucked from the gardens of Seville, while a bird, poised on the wing, seemed ready to nestle among their beautiful petals. In each corner of the room were casts of the celebrated statues which this Michael Angelo of Spain had made for the church of Lebija; and on tables around the room, were cork models, perfectly finished, of the public buildings designed and executed by this wonderful man, who, with a rare combination, united all the qualities necessary to a painter, sculptor and architect.

While the counsellor was looking at the statue, the artist entered the room, and respectfully approaching him, said:

"How like you my work, Senhor? Is it what you desired—have I given you the expression you wished for your favorite saint?"

"Aye, aye, it is well; I can find no fault with it; but you have completed in a marvellously short time; I came in to see its progress, without a thought of finding it finished. Methinks the saint himself must have aided you, and when you were resting, wrought with his own holy hand upon the marble."

"Nay, Senhor, I was fortunate in the concep-

tion; the very first model I made satisfied me; I had studied the saint's character, till I found no difficulty in giving the lofty, yet subdued expression, which belonged to him, and as the chief obstacle which the sculptor has to encounter, is in making the model accord with the ideal in his own mind, when I had once satisfied myself with the expression, I wrought out the marble with ease, and proceeded rapidly, and it is now, as you see, all completed; but the pedestal which I intend to ornament with a *bas-relievo* of the temptations of the good saint, when he was for a brief space given over to the trial of his faith and strength by the beautiful *diabesse*."

"What price have you put upon your work, Senhor Cano? How much have I to pay before I can become possessor of this beautiful piece of art, for such I am willing to acknowledge it?"

"I cannot value it at less than two hundred and fifty pistoles; the marble in itself is a most exquisite piece, unveined as you see, and pure as the snows of Jura; it is rarely I can obtain such a block. And the work, Senhor! but of that I will not speak; you can do justice to it."

"Two hundred and fifty pistoles!! By Santiago! Senhor Artist! your charge is unreasonable. Two hundred and fifty pistoles for twenty-five days work, for it is scarce thirty days since I engaged it; the price, methinks, should be in proportion to the labour, and by your own acknowledgment, it has been no trouble to you."

"As you will, Senhor Estador," replied the artist, in a cold, haughty tone. "My work will not long remain upon my hands, and if the proud blood which flows in your veins, does not burn with shame at the slight you would thus cast upon the works of genius, I would retain it forever, rather than aught of mine should ever pass into the possession of one whose ignoble soul cannot appreciate the productions of inborn genius, and who would wish to pay for such creations as proceed from the inspiration of God in the same ratio as he pays his lacquey, or his water-carrier; shame, shame!!"

"But, Senhor Cano," replied the counsellor, in a deprecating voice; "consider even at a hundred pistoles, you will be paid far better than I, one of the dignitaries of the nation, a counsel-

lor of the king, Holy Mother bless him! My talents are as great in one way, at least so his Most Gracious Majesty is pleased to say, as yours, and yet I receive but seventy-five pistoles the month."

"Dog of a Jew!" burst forth the indignant Cano. "Wretch, to talk to me of your talents! *Madre de Dios!* what are they? but to fawn around the king to counsel him to do what you think he most prefers, to trample upon honour, justice and virtue, to close your eyes to all right and wrong, to lose every feeling in the one anxious desire to keep his Majesty's favour, and the paltry sum of seventy-five pistoles. No! Santiago defend, and St. Antonio forgive me! you shall never possess this statue," and snatching up a large mallet used by sculptors in shaping out their blocks, Cano threw it with such force against the statue, that it fell from its pedestal, and was broken into a thousand pieces. The startled counsellor paused, not to look at the destruction, but terrified at the act of impiety; and thinking that he who hesitated not to destroy the image of a saint, would have no scruple in annihilating a lawyer, fled from the studio, leaving the indignant artist pale with rage, and yet gazing upon the broken statue with a look of sorrow; he already regretted the burst of passion which had led him to destroy the work of his own hand. Taking up the broken limbs of the mutilated statue, the tears filled his eyes, and with the softened look of a father gazing upon his dying child, he vainly tried to unite the broken fragments.

"Ah! fool that I was," murmured he; "but he provoked me beyond endurance, to talk of his talents, and of the short time it had taken me to work out this beautiful ideal of his musty old saint. Could he not remember that I had been more than forty years learning this glorious art, which draws out from the cold, shapeless stone, the lineaments of beauty, which informs it almost with life, till it looks as if it were among us a living, moving being? Ah, divine sculpture! I worship thee—to thee will I devote the rest of my life,—on thee will I build the fame which is to be carried down to ages still unborn! And yet thy sister art, beautiful painting, with her glowing, life-like hues, her pencil dipped in nature's colours! I cannot relinquish her; methinks she is more suited to the present time, to the genius of our religion, to the glow of the present life, to the hopes of the future, which christianity has given us; how appropriately can she group out the saints and martyrs, how can she spread out before us the future. With her ever varying histories she beckons us on, on, leading the thoughts beyond the present, while sculpture in her quiet beauty, keep us stationary; methinks she may be considered the embodiment of the heathen

age, with its cold religion, its unfeeling gods, its hopeless, aimless future; it is calm and quiet, not suggestive; no quick coming fancies rush into the mind while contemplating an exquisite specimen of sculpture, but repose creeps upon one, and dreamy reverie, while painting suggests action, quickens the life blood, and becomes spur and rein to the flagging thought. Aye, the past ages appreciated sculpture, but the coming will call for painting."

The entrance of some persons into the studio, broke the train of the artist's reflections, and prevented his deciding to which of the rival arts he should finally give the preference.

"Ah, good Sanchica, I know all you say is right; I am wrong to listen to his fascinating words, but it is such happiness to me, I so worship his genius; when I look upon his pictures, when I hear his name uttered with praise by every lip, can I choose but love him? when, too, I feel that I for the last year, at least, have been his inspiration! Ah! chide me not, kind mother! it is enough that I know I can never be united to him, and realizing this fully as I do, it cannot be a sin to indulge my affection."

"Ah! Donna Maria, you little know the danger you run, and the hopeless misery you will thus bring upon yourself; 'tis true you are aware Don Cano is bound by other ties, and that you can never be his wife, but do you not see that very fact makes it wrong in you to love him? Every expression of your artless attachment, strengthens his feelings of dislike to his wife, and may, if he does not well control himself, lead him to some desperate deed, which would end in the utter ruin of both of you; you have so far kept yourself unsullied, and I pray you, as you value your highest peace, to end this intimacy, which can only produce harm. Were your good mother living, she would better know how to advise you, but if my words have any weight, I should counsel you to enter the convent of Santa Maria, and to seek within its sacred walls, the rest and retirement you require. In its quiet seclusion, you would soon overcome this fatal passion, which now darkens your days."

"Oh! speak not of it, mia Sanchica. To go where I could never hear him speak, where I could never see the glorious productions of his pencil, and his chisel! Ah, no! fear not for me, good Donna. I ask for no more than he can rightly give me. When any new idea enters his mind, I am the first to whom he unfolds it,—to me he shows the just finished picture, the perfect model, and if I approve, he is satisfied. Ah! leave me this joy."

"Ah! my child, thou well knowest I must sub-

mit to thee, though confided to my care by thy dying parents; I have no authority over thee, and I can refuse thee nothing; but a feeling that something sad and terrible is hanging over us, presses upon me, I cannot shake it off, and it seems to me connected with this artist. Would to the Holy Mother we had never seen him; life has been changed with thee since the fatal day when he rescued thee from the enraged bull that had escaped from the matadores."

"Oh! speak not of that; but do I not owe him my life, and can I help loving him? But hark! I hear him." As she spoke, a few low notes were played on the guitar just below the window where she was sitting, and the quick changing color of the young girl, shewed the depth of feeling which they called forth. "Go, good Sanctica, bring him here, I will not walk in the garden to-night, and do thou remain just without my door; he loves not the presence of any one." With a sad and lingering step the kind-hearted duenna left the room, and soon returned, bringing with her the artist Cano.

He threw himself on a cushion at the feet of the young girl, and pressing her hand to his lips, he said:

"Oh! Maria, this repays me for all my trials; I have just had such a scene with my wife. She accused me of loving another, and her jealousy is fully roused: to find out the object of my regard; I confessed to her I did love one too pure and good for me to have an unworthy thought connected with her, one who was my good angel, my inspiration. I will not shock you by telling all she said; I left her in anger, and would to the saints I could never see her again. It was a boyish infatuation that led me to marry her."

"Oh! talk not to me of her, Alonzo," said Maria, tears filling her eyes. "Sanctica has just been telling me how wrong it is in me to permit your love, and she wishes me to retire to a convent, that we may forget each other; I cannot myself feel that it is wrong to love you, but if it makes your wife unhappy, it must be."

A cloud darkened the fine features of the artist; he rose and walked across the room, as if with a great effort to compose himself; then stopping before the poor girl, who trembled at the sight of his emotion.

"Forgive me if your words cause me great suffering. I cannot quietly hear you speak of this sacrificing to a false idea, my happiness, and I believe yours too; all I ask is to be allowed sometimes to see you, to pour out my pent up feelings, to receive the comfort of your sympathy and the inspiration of your presence; but now let us turn to other themes. What do you think of this design?" It was a sketch of Esther

before Ahasuerus, and was intended for the palace of the king. The painter had dexterously placed the features of the Spanish Monarch upon the eastern potentate, a delicate piece of flattery highly acceptable,—while in the lovely Jewess, bending trembling before her lord, might have been traced more of the lineaments of the poor girl at his side, than those of the proud Jewish race.

This sketch led them to other subjects, and Maria soon forgot the painful theme which at first engrossed her, and as they discoursed of music, painting and sculpture, and he sang to her some ballads of his own composing, the hours glided rapidly away, till Sanctica, entering the apartment, said it was growing late, and quite time that the Senhor returned to his own home. With a heavy heart Alonzo Cano left Maria de Sandoval to return to his neglected home; he paused under her window to sing a parting serenade.

Lo'rd of my heart, adieu!
God keep thee in his care!
Receive this parting sigh,
Believe this parting prayer,
And do not e'er forget the few
Bright hours we've known. Adieu, adieu!

Remember vanished joys,
Let memory softly dwell
On one who thinks of thee,
With thoughts too deep to tell,
On one whose love has steadfast grown,
E'en though alone. Adieu, adieu.

Let gentle dreams arise,
When thou art far from me,
Of all those happy hours
That I have shared with thee;
Think of me still as when we two
Mingled our thoughts. Adieu, adieu!

Think of the heart of love
That ever springs to meet
Thy slightest wish, and deemed
No earthly joy so sweet
As when on spirit wings it flew
To be with thine. Adieu, adieu!

Though dark with many a fault,
That self same heart may be,
It hath one spot unstained:
It never erred to thee!
These are no idle words nor new,
Thou know'st their truth.

Adieu, adieu!

After pouring out his feelings in this parting song, Cano wandered to the banks of the beautiful Gaudalquivir, watching the lovely ripple of the gentle stream, as it glowed silvery-hued under the reflection of the full-orbed moon; the soothing influences of the scene led him to analyze his own position and feeling. It was near morning ere he turned his steps again to his own home,

and it was with a chastened and subdued heart, and a determination better to fulfil the duty he owed to the wife of his early choice; he thought with deep regret of the bitter words he had uttered at parting from her, and with a firm resolve to atone to her for them, he stood upon his own threshold. All was dark and silent within, when he entered, he found the bronze lamp that usually lighted the hall, had either gone out or been extinguished; he groped his way to his own room, still all was darkness, except where a few straggling rays of the moon pierced through the jalousies. A chill crept over him, he knew not why.

"Juanna! Juanna! Signora," he said; "why do you not speak to me?" He approached the bed where his wife was sleeping; no answer was returned; again he called in a tone of agony. "Juanna! Juanna! forgive me, speak to me. By the Holy Virgin, I implore you, speak to me." His mind became intensely excited as he thus called in the darkness and silence, and received no reply. "Madre de Dios, help me!" he exclaimed, as he put out his hand to rouse, if possible, his wife from her heavy slumber. The rays of light were just sufficient to point out her motionless figure upon the bed; he stretched forth his hand, touched an icy cold face, and with a shriek of terror, fell to the ground.

He remained for a long time in this state of unconsciousness, and when he awoke from it the first rays of the sun streamed in. He could not for a moment recall where he was or what had occurred, though a dull weight of dread and horror pressed upon him; he raised his hand to his head, and was shocked to find it covered with blood; he stood up and looked towards the bed, and the whole fearful truth rushed upon his mind. There lay his wife, stark and cold, covered with her own blood, which welled from a deep wound in the heart. Terrified and horror-stricken, he knew not what to do; his first fearful thought was, that in the paroxysm of jealousy in which he left her the day before, she must have committed the fatal deed herself, and the bitterest remorse filled his heart; but on looking about, he could find no weapon with which she could have inflicted the wound. The mysterious silence which reigned in the house, now for the first time struck him as peculiar, and surprised to hear none of the usual sounds of morning preparation, he went out of the room to find his servants, that he might give the alarm to them, but he could see no one; on entering the dining hall, he found many of the most valuable articles of plate, and some pictures which he valued highly, had been carried away; the truth then flashed upon his mind, that during his ab-

sence, his servants must have murdered their mistress to obtain her jewels, and then fled, taking with them all they could collect of value in the house.

Cano felt the necessity of giving immediate notice to the officers of justice, that means might be taken to pursue the fugitives; he therefore opened his door, and calling to some passers by, he requested them to inform the Alcalde of the horrible outrage committed. The house was soon surrounded by an eager mob, but the half-distracted Cano was almost unconscious of what passed around him. The Alcalde and his officers of justice soon arrived; they took notes of all they saw, and tried to draw from Cano some account of the catastrophe; he could throw no light upon it, and his hurried and confused manner, excited the suspicions of the officers; reports of the unhappy manner in which Cano and his wife lived, and even of the bitter quarrel which took place the day before, circulated from lip to lip, till they reached the ears of the Alcalde, who turning to the unhappy artist, said:

"There seem to be reports and rumours most unfavourable to thee, and till we can find out the truth, it becomes my duty, though most reluctantly, to put thee under arrest."

Stupified by the additional calamity, Cano made no attempt to defend himself, but silently obeyed, though in bitter anguish, the orders of the Alcalde to follow him.

Slowly did the days pass over the head of the suffering artist, in the dark and damp dungeon to which he had been consigned to await his trial, and dark was the prospect of the future; his house had been searched and his papers read, and among them had been found letters from Maria de Sandoval, expressive of her affection, and one from him to her, in which he had spoken most freely of his weariness of the bonds which connected him with his wife. These were considered damning proofs against him, and even the warmest of his friends dared hardly hope he would escape the worst penalty of the law. Every effort had been made to discover the Italian servant who had lived for a long time with Cano, but she had disappeared the night of the murder; it was ascertained, that the afternoon before, he had told many persons of the quarrel of his master and the Signora, which he had accidentally overheard, and it was supposed by those who did not believe in the artist's guilt, that the Italian had chosen this time for the robbery and murder, from the fact that as he had made it well known that a difficulty had occurred, his master would be suspected of having done the deed in a moment of frenzied anger.

The day of trial came. Pale and haggard, droop-

ing not so much with the weight of the chains that bound him, as the sorrow that had blanched his cheek and whitened his hair, Alonzo Cano stood before his judges; no one could have recognized in him the noble artist, full of inspiration, whose thoughts were winged with beautiful conceptions, and before whose genius all had bowed in homage. As he entered the tribunal of justice, he raised his eyes but once, but that glance sent the colour to his cheek, and hope to his palsied heart, for he met the encouraging look of his warm friend and earliest patron, the Marquis of Olivarez, who though not one of his judges, possessed the greatest influence with the king. The usual formalities of the law were gone through; the noble artist maintained his innocence of the crime preferred against him, but which he was powerless to refute, for he had no witness to call upon; the deed had been committed in the darkness of the night; no eye had witnessed his going from or coming to his own home, and he was found on the spot, stained with the blood of the unfortunate victim; the flight of the servant was the only favourable circumstance, but there were many ready to prove that the man had said, he would no longer live where there was so little harmony, where the master was so unkind to the wife, so that it went but little in favour of the accused. With the deepest sorrow, Cano heard his attachment to Marie de Sandoval, alleged as the cause of the murder. He was shocked at the false colour given to his connection with her; his letters, which were to him so sacred, as the outpourings of what he, by a train of false reasoning, had led himself to believe was a pure and holy affection, were read in the open court, to be the mock and jeer of the gaping crowd. Borne down by the evidence, which by his crafty accusers, (among them the chief was the counsellor he had so deeply offended) was made to appear most formidable; Cano offered no defence; he sternly refused to say any thing, except that he was "not guilty."

To this the chief judge replied, that if he would not voluntarily confess his crime, torture must be resorted to force the truth from him. Olivarez, who had listened with intense interest to the progress of the cause, now sprang forward.

"What is this?" said he; "shall it be said that the greatest ornament of his country, he who painted the altar piece for Santa Maria, who carved the fair statues for Lebija, who has filled the palace with specimens of his art, that rival the fairest works of the Italian artist, at whose creative word has arisen the majestic cathedral of St. Iago, whose chisel has furnished the noblest ornaments which grace the palace of our hidu-

goes, from the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules, shall it be said that such a man is subjected by his ungrateful country to the trial by torture for a crime of which there exists no proof, and at which his very nature must revolt. Shall that hand which so wielded the sceptre of the arts, be racked, its sinews stretched, its bones compressed, to confess a crime of which he evidently is not guilty. Shame upon you for the cowardly thought."

"Signor Marquess," replied the judge as Olivarez ceased speaking. "We are all aware of your interest in the prisoner, and we are grieved in any manner to go adverse to your wishes; we would you could prove your friend's innocence of the crime laid to him, but if you cannot, justice must have its way; he does not even attempt to disprove it; if not guilty, why does he not say where he was at the time of the murder? His steps have been traced early in the morning to the house of the person to whom the letters, so condemnatory of himself, are addressed; but he left there at an early hour to return home, and nothing more is heard of him till in the morning he is found stained with the blood of the unfortunate victim, and his manner throughout has been that of a guilty person; but we do not wish to condemn without proof, and it is with the hope of receiving that proof, we shall try him by the torture; but in consideration of what you have alleged, his right hand, which indeed has wrought such wonderful works, shall be spared."

Olivarez could ill brook this opposition to his will; he fancied the determination of the judge to carry the law to the utmost, arose in part from the wish to annoy him, for he had so long been the favourite of the king, he had become unpopular; drawing his cloak around him, he strode from the room, determined to obtain from the affections of his monarch, what the law denied him. As soon as he had gone out, the judge gave a signal to the guards on each side of the unhappy Cano; they seized and carried him into the adjoining room. It was a dark and gloomy apartment; heavy iron shutters shut out the light and air of heaven, two little gratings only as ventilators being open; the walls were hung with black, and four large wax candles at the head and foot of the room, just revealed that horrible instrument of torture, the rack. Cano was taken by the flame coloured robe myrmidons, who stood by it, and stretched upon its hard frame; his limbs, with the exception of the right arm, which, in pursuance of the orders of the judge, was left free, were closely bound down. Before commencing the torture, he was asked if he would confess his guilt.

"Never will I, to save this poor body from physical suffering, prove so traitor to myself," was his reply.

The wheel of the infernal machine was turned, the strained cords cracked, and the tension seemed more than human frame could endure; he threw his right arm up and down in the struggle of bitter agony, but he uttered not a groan.

"Will you now confess your guilt, sinful, obstinate man?" said a Jesuit, in a deep, low voice. "Confess it, and Holy Mother Church will forgive and enfold you in her arms of love and mercy."

"Never," again repeated the gasping Cano. "Better die, than procure a brief prolongation of existence by a falsehood."

Again at a signal from the priest, the wheel was turned, the unhappy man could no longer endure his agony in silence, a deep groan burst from his parched lips, and he fainted from intensity of anguish. The wheel was relaxed, and with a refinement of torture, restoratives were administered to him, wine and cordials, which soon revived the fainting spirit.

"Will you now confess?" again said the priest.

"Never; I tell you never!" and at the word the torture was again resumed.

Again the unhappy man fainted, and this time they were obliged to remove him; his crushed and bruised limbs were unbound, and he was lifted from the rack and placed upon a straw pallet, which was in a corner of the room. Restoratives were again given him, but when consciousness returned, he was found too weak to be again submitted to the torture, and he was remanded back to his dungeon. The judge passed sentence of death upon him, which was to be executed as soon as he was sufficiently restored. But, fortunately, for the honour of Spain, the interest of Olivarez was not exerted in vain; the king granted a pardon to the artist, and ordered him to be immediately released from the prison, and placed where he could be comfortably taken care of.

But it was very long before Alonzo Cano recovered from the shock his constitution had received, and when he did, life had no longer any charms for him; Maria de Sandoval had retired to a nunnery, and was removed far from him; the picture of his murdered wife was ever before him, stirring up feelings of the deepest remorse, for his quickened conscience told him, that had he been true to her, the fatal catastrophe could never have occurred; he would have been by her side to guard her from all harm; and this feeling so

pressed upon him, that he could no longer find any pleasure in the pursuance of his tastes; the arts deserted him to take up their abode with a happier, a more peaceful heart.

SUCH were some of the principal events in the life of Alonzo Cano, the most varied genius that Spain has ever known; his brilliancy of colouring, harmony and proportion, were unsurpassed even by Murillo or Velasquez, and for dignity and grace, his statues are still unequalled. He was indeed the Michel Angelo of Spain, and though he had not the grandeur of conception which distinguished the Italian artist, he was but little behind him in the execution of his work. He was born in Grenada in 1608; his taste soon developed itself in the figures he formed from clay, and the models he cut from cork trees. When quite young, he saw some paintings by Pacheco, who was then at the height of his reputation; fired with enthusiasm by them the young Cano obtained permission to study under him, but it was not long before the student eclipsed his master. Orders both for painting and sculpture pressed upon him; he completed two statues for the church of Lebija, which attracted the attention of Olivarez, then minister to the king; he sought out the young artist, engaged him to paint several pictures for his palace, and soon introduced him to the notice of the king, who took him into favour, appointed him royal painter, made him director-general of public works, and preceptor to the young Prince, Belthazar. He took up his abode at Madrid, and executed for the palace, some of its most admired paintings; he was at the very height of his prosperity, when the unfortunate event of the murder of his wife took place. After in vain striving to return to his profession, he relinquished it entirely, and passed the remainder of his days in a convent, striving by good deeds to atone for the wrong he had committed. He had one striking peculiarity, though not so rare in those days, of an intense hatred to the Jews; he could not endure to be brought into contact with them in any way. His temper was hasty and passionate, but he was of a kindly nature, and all Spain honoured him.

T. D. F.

FROM THE GREEK.

A blooming youth lies buried here,
Euphemius, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With every muse, and every grace:
About the married state to prove,
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER IV.

WHICH SHEWETH THE FOLLY OF WAITING FOR DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

EARLY next morning, so early that few of the inhabitants of the village were out of their beds, Dr. Beaumont slipped out of his back door, and entered the churchyard adjoining his premises, through the garden gate. Ho was followed by Mrs. Orms, in a new silk gown, a close straw hat, trimmed with white ribbons, and a smart new cap, which she sat up all night to trim. There was *nothing fine or bride-like* in her appearance, save a demure, self-complacent smirk, which she tried to control by keeping her eyes fixed upon her new morocco shoes, and mincing as she walked. Sally, the housemaid, brought up the rear in her Sunday finery, laughing in her sleeve, and taking off the venerable couple, first imitating the hobbling gait of the one, then the affected airs of the other, and longing for an opportunity to divulge the mighty secret with which she had been only a few minutes before entrusted.

The poor old doctor looked as if he had committed a capital offence, and was anxious to conceal himself from public observation; and Sally noticed to a friend afterwards, "that master sighed as if his heart would break, and his hand trembled as if he had a fit of the palsy, when he opened the church door." "To be sure it was all up with him then. He looked like a lamb going to the slaughter, and Mrs. Orms as fierce as if she were sharpening the knife for the butcher. And then, Mr. Robland, the curate, did stare so at the bride, and smile so roguish to himself, as if he thought the grey mare was likely to prove the better horse, that Sally could scarcely keep from laughing out before them all.

But repentance, if indeed he did repent of his folly, came too late. The nuptial knot was tied, and the happy bridegroom and bride returned by the same private road. The former, to doze away the tedious day in his arm-chair, the latter, to take possession of the house, and overhaul all her husband's private treasures, which she now considered as her own.

The sun was sinking beneath the waves on the evening of the same day, when two merry, laughing, lovely girls were seen pacing to and fro along the road which fronted Mrs. Harford's pretty lawn and cottage, eagerly looking for the arrival of the London mail, which nightly passed their dwelling.

"I expected him last night," said Rose to her companion, "but he did not come. He will certainly be here this evening, Ellen, as you are here to welcome him."

"Perhaps not," said Ellen Telford, with a low sigh, which told more than words, the state of her mind. "I dare not hope to see him so soon."

"Then he will surely come," said Rose; "whenever I anticipate an event as certain, then am I sure to be disappointed, but when I doubt and fear, I am always agreeably surprised by the realization of that which I dreaded would never take place; life is full of these strange contradictions."

"I wish your theory may prove true in my case, dear Rose. I love George, and I know that he loves me, but I fear that circumstances will prevent our union. Had your brother chosen any profession but the army, time and industry would have made him independent. But, Rose, this old uncle of yours may live for years, and I hate waiting for dead men's shoes."

Rose blushed deeply; she knew too well upon what a footing her imprudent letter had placed the family with her uncle, and she half determined to make a confidant of Ellen, and tell her all about it.

"You seem thoughtful, Rose?"

"Yes, I was thinking upon a subject which has given me much pain, which indeed concerns us all."

"The mail is coming!" cried Ellen, retreating within the lawn, and interrupting Rose in her premeditated confession. "I hear it descending the hill—I dare not go forward to meet it, for fear he should not be there, and then the passengers would laugh at my disappointment. Run, dear Rose; you are not his sweetheart, they will not laugh at you." And poor Ellen bowed her neck, flushing face, upon her hands as she leaned

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upon the top of the gate to listen for the sound of the wheels, but the beating of her heart prevented her. The coach whirled rapidly on. It stopped. Ellen scarcely breathed. There was a joyful greeting, but she did not hear it until the coach dashed on, and a manly arm encircled her slender figure, and a manly voice whispered in her ear.

"My Ellen!—What! not one smile?"

Then were the tearful eyes raised, swimming in rapture, and the white arms clasped about the beloved neck, and the whispered welcome kissed away before it could be spoken, and the happy three, returning, all too happy to speak, to the house where the kind mother and more sober sister, awaited the smiling group in the door way; and Ellen ran away with Rose to hide her tears and her smiles, in the solitude of Rosamond's chamber, while the son answered all the anxious enquiries of the fond mother and the sage Caroline.

"And how is dear old uncle?" said George Harford, when they all re-assembled to tea. "I have brought a fine fresh salmon for him, and a rich pine apple, which I got as a present from a brother officer, whose family are in the West Indies. I wish, Rosy, you would send them across by Betty, with my compliments."

"Do, dear Rose," cried Mrs. Harford. "Who knows but that this timely present may prove a peace offering."

"A peaceoffering!" reiterated George. "I hope you have not affronted the old gentleman during my absence, or what will become of Nell and me?"

"You must trust to your own resources," said Caroline, cheerfully, "and less to the capricious will of another. I believe that it will prove the best thing that ever happened to us. This quarrel with uncle, if we use it aright——"

"Caroline is such a philosopher," returned George, "that she would rather toil for a shilling than enjoy the benefit which it confers, gratis. I am not one of the operatives—I hate trouble."

"And I hate dependence," said Caroline, pointedly. "I have serious thoughts of attempting to get my own living."

"In what way?" asked George, with a frown.

"As a governess."

"A very independent situation that, Caroline!"

"Not in one sense of the word, brother, but certainly in the other. I should have to suffer, doubtless, from the restraint imposed upon all who have to submit their own, to the will of another. But no situation in life is exempt from care and anxiety; while in the steady performance of duty, I should feel a proud-conscious-

ness of acting right, and should have the satisfaction of assisting my dear mother and supporting myself."

"Yes, this is all very well, but you should consider the respectability of the family. I should not like it to be said that I had a sister a governess."

"But, George, I should not attend to your foolish scruples. I don't expect a fortune from my uncle, and I must provide for old age in the season of youth."

"Phoo! such a pretty girl!" said George, glancing at her with some degree of pride; "you will certainly marry."

"I am very particular," returned Caroline, gravely. "I have seen few men with whom I could spend my days; and unless I am fortunate enough to meet a kindred spirit, I shall be happiest single. I hate matrimonial speculations. They fill the world with sorrow and misery—with worldly, godless parents, and disobedient, unnatural children."

At this moment Rosamond returned. She held up her hands, but was too much excited to speak.

"What's the matter, Rose?" asked Mrs. Harford, in alarm. "Is your uncle dead?"

"Not dead," said Rose, sinking into her chair, and bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter; "but married! Yes, married to old Polly Grams! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Impossible! You are joking, Rose?"

"Quite serious, mamma. It is true. Indeed it is. He was married at six o'clock this morning, by Mr. Robland, the curate. I had it from Sally, who was the old creature's bridesmaid, and one of the witnesses. Mrs. Beaumont!—my worshipful aunt. Ha! ha! ha! I cannot help laughing when I think of it. That fine salmon, too; it will first furnish the bridal supper. Ha! ha! ha!"

In spite of Rosamond's mistimed mirth, there were blank faces and significant looks, which passed between the more reflective part of the community; and even sage Caroline, with all her good resolutions and philosophical resignation, appeared a little touched at the mortifying intelligence.

"It is nothing to laugh at, Rose," said George, sternly. "This is the result of your folly. Ellen, alas! for us."

Ellen looked down with the tears in her eyes, and said nothing; but she thought that if this untoward event affected Rose as it did her, she would be the last to laugh at it. She almost felt inclined to dislike Rose for her levity.

Poor Rose! The thing was so unlooked for, so ridiculous, that she could not restrain her inclina-

tion to mirth, but she made one effort to excuse herself.

"Well, good folks," she cried, "don't lay all the blame upon me, for I feel convinced that uncle would have married Mrs. Orams, had we continued to flatter him and present him with turtries and salmon"—here she glanced slyly at George—"until his dying day. For my part, I have a great mind to step across and wish him joy, and demand a blessing."

"I always prophesied this marriage," said Caroline.

"And secretly wished it to come to pass," said George, tartly, "to prove your superior sagacity."

"What an old fool!" said Mrs. Harford.

"He is to be pitied," said Ellen.

"He deserves to be punished," said George.

"I hope he may," said Rose. "That horrible old woman!—I will never call her aunt, nor him uncle, again."

"This is a serious misfortune to us all," continued George. "I had hoped, that when my health was fully established for foreign service, my uncle, who I am sure *was* fond of me, would have assisted me in purchasing my promotion. Without money and influence, I may remain a poor lieutenant for years, and must give up the blessed prospect of a speedy union with my sweet Ellen."

"Do not think of me, George; the consciousness of deserving your love, is enough to render me happy."

"Poor comfort that, Nell. Caroline, you are a sensible girl, what is to be done?"

"Much, brother, if you are willing to make the sacrifice."

"Let us hear what it is."

"To leave your native country and settle in the Canadas."

"Madness! What did my uncle William do with himself when he settled in that quarrelsome, turbulent colony?"

"That was before my day," returned Caroline, laughing. "Uncle William was an old bachelor, much given to self-indulgence and the pleasures of the table. He quarrelled with my father, and in a sulky fit, took himself off to Canada. It is now more than thirty years ago, and Canada in 1812 and Canada in 1842, are very different places. What was then an unutilized waste, is now a great and rising country, daily increasing in wealth, population and commercial advantage. It would be no great hardship now, to a well-educated Englishman, to purchase a cleared farm in the neighbourhood of a flourishing town, where his own language is spoken, and he may live under the protection of the British

government and British laws; but poor uncle took up a large grant of wild land, many miles from the nearest settlement, and commenced clearing at a great expense and with little profit to himself. Disappointment followed upon disappointment. His property soon melted like the winter snows; he took to drinking, and died of a broken heart. But why should this be your fate, my brother? You are young and strong, and have a loving partner to cheer and stimulate you to exert all your powers for your mutual benefit. You have two hundred pounds left to you by this very uncle, My little legacy bequeathed to me by my aunt, I will throw into the common stock, nor shall you want for a warm and affectionate heart to assist you both, and lighten the first toils of your settlement. I will myself accompany you, and do all in my power to help you."

"Dear, generous Caroline!" cried both, seizing a hand of the now animated Caroline, and pressing it to their lips. "We did not expect this from you."

"Your plan is worth consideration," said George. "I begin to feel pleased with it."

"And I," said Ellen. "We should carry the grand essentials to happiness with us—those whom we love."

"And what would become of us?" asked Rose, pouting. "I would rather starve under the hedge-rows of England, than be a queen in Canada."

"You shall remain behind, Rosy, and take care of dear mamma," said George; "and we will write to you very often, and amuse you with our adventures. Caroline, I am quite in love with your scheme. Will your mother part with you, Ellen?"

"She has so many to provide for, George, she will scarcely miss me. If you should make up your mind to go, I shall throw no impediment in the way; I shall only be too happy to accompany you."

"Say no more upon this distressing subject to-night," said Mrs. Harford, rising. "It will be a hard thing for me to part with my dear children."

CHAPTER V.

HISTORIES AND CONFESSIONS.

THE news of the doctor's marriage soon spread all over the village. It was the general theme of conversation with all the gossips in the neighbourhood. Some blamed the doctor and pitied the poor Harfords, now doubly poor in their estimation, while many laughed at the whole affair, and secretly enjoyed the disappointment of a family, whom they hated for their superior edu-

cation and personal advantages. "Those girls need not hold their heads so high," said one kind friend to another. "When the mother dies, they will not have a farthing. After all the airs they gave themselves, I wonder what will become of them." The old man was quite right to please himself. Of course he will leave all his money to his wife. She will be a very rich woman. I think I shall call upon them to-morrow." This is but the common way of the world, but it is not the less bitter to those who are called upon to endure it, because it is of every-day occurrence.

Poor Rose felt these slighting observations very keenly, for there were not wanting those who took a malicious pleasure in repeating to both parties, the ill-natured remarks of others; and many of the tales thus told, and the speeches thus made, were the outpourings of their own malevolent hearts, palmed upon their neighbours, as: "I heard a person say the other day, Miss Rose, of course no friend to your family, that your uncle had just treated you all as you deserved—that family sneaks were generally disappointed in their speculations,—that your uncle well knew that you were only courting him for his money." Now this cruel speech had been made by the very person who retailed it to Rosamond Harford, to see what effect her ill-natured remarks would produce, and to repeat to her uncle any impatient reply which might be extorted from his angry niece.

One family, however, stood firm by the Harfords in this great crisis of their fortune. Mr. Burnham was a friend to both parties, and he hoped gradually to bring about a reconciliation. A few days after the doctor's marriage, the Miss Harfords were invited to spend the day at Mr. Burnham's residence. The lawyer had no family, and he felt a deep interest in the two beautiful girls and their brother, and was particularly desirous of shewing them attention at a time when every family in the neighbourhood joined in slighting them. Rosamond had not seen Edward since her uncle's marriage, and she was certain that he would console her for what, after all, might be considered by some as only an imaginary loss.

Caroline thought it more than probable that Rosamond would be disappointed, but this time she said nothing. Miss Telford was not acquainted with the Burnhams, and George preferred staying at home with her and his mother, to joining his sisters in their visit. Rosamond took unusual pains with her toilet that day, as if she expected the loss of fortune would be more than compensated by her personal charms.

"Really, Rose, you look delightfully to-day," said Caroline, who, in spite of their petty difficul-

ties, loved her tenderly, and was very proud of her beauty. "That simple muslin dress becomes you amazingly, and the sprig of jasmine in your hair is a proper emblem of youth and innocence. I wonder who we shall meet at Mr. Burnham's. None of our sympathizing friends, I hope, or they will mar all the pleasures of the visit."

"We shall only see those who really love us, and feel for our disappointment," said Rose. "Clement Cotterel told me that he wished much to introduce his sister to me. She is but a farmer's daughter, but I am told that she is a very superior girl. What a nice husband, Caroline, Clement Cotterel would make for you."

"And why for me, Rosamond?"

"Because he is so grave and prudent. You seem cut out for each other."

"He is a very superior young man," said Caroline. "I should think myself very fortunate in attracting his attention, but I know that he is attracted elsewhere, and as I feel deeply interested in his success, I sincerely wish that he may obtain the object of his affections."

"Who is she? Do tell me, Caroline."

"No, no, I shall not tell my secret in order to gratify your idle curiosity. She ought to be a good, sensible girl, for no other can be worthy of Clement Cotterel."

"Well,—I like Clement very well; but he is not dashing enough to please me. Yet I should like to know what sort of a girl he is in love with."

"This much I will tell you, Rose—that she is well known to you, and the very reverse of himself. Come, are you ready, are you not tired of looking in the glass? We shall be too late for dinner, and Mrs. Burnham is particular, and loves punctuality."

The two girls had to walk to the end of the village. It was a glorious midsummer day. The sea lay glittering in the sun in the distance. The gardens which skirted their path on either side of the road, were rich with summer fruit and flowers; and the breezes that swept through them, came back laden with delicious odours. The hedges were full of honeysuckles and wild roses, and Rosamond, as blithe as any bird, sung aloud in the very joy of her heart:

O come to the meadows; I'll show you where
Primrose and violet blow,
And the hawthorn spreads her blossoms fair,
White as the driven snow.
I'll show you where the daisies dot
With silver stars the lea,
The orchids, and forget-me-not,
The flower of memory!

The gold cup and the meadow sweet,
That love the river's side,
The reed that bows the wave to meet,
And sighs above the tide;
The stately flag that gaily rears
Aloft its yellow crest;
The lily, in whose cup the tears
Of morn delight to rest.

The first in Nature's dainty wreath,
We'll eull the briar-rose,
The crow-foot and the purple heath,
And pink that sweetly blows;
The harebell with its airy flowers,
Shall deck my true love's breast:
Of all that bud in woodland bowers,
I love the harebell best.

I'll pull the bony golden broom,
To bind thy flowing hair;
For thee the oghantno shall bloom,
Whose fragrance fills the air.
We'll sit beside your wounded knoll,
And hear the blackbird sing,
And fancy in his merry troll,
The joyous voice of spring.

"Well, 'tis a long ditty, Caroline, and I'll sing no more of it this day, for here we are, opposite Uncle's house, and the very sight of the dear old church and the pretty garden, takes away all my voice. To think that that vulgar Mary Orms has driven us from such a paradise, is enough to damp the highest spirits. And there is the bride herself, sitting at the open window with a fan in her hand, dressed in a crimson silk gown. Oh! ye poppies and sunflowers! hide your diminished heads. Shrink—shrink into the shade, and blushing yet deeper, acknowledge yourselves outdone."

"Shall we call?" said Caroline, with a mischievous smile, and laying her hand upon the garden gate. "I am sure it is time that we both paid our respects to our new aunt."

"If you could demean yourself in such a manner, Caroline, I would never speak to you again."

"Nonsense! will you let Mary Orms have it all her own way? I have an object of mine own to answer by this visit. So good day, Rose; I shall join you in a few minutes at Mrs. Burnham's."

Rose was lost in rage and astonishment, but so greatly was her curiosity excited, that she could scarcely refrain from following her sister to the house. She peeped over the corner of the shrub-bound fence, until she saw the servant admit Caroline, and then went on her way wondering.

Mrs. Burnham received her young guest with her usual kindness, and inquired for Caroline, and instead of sympathizing in Rosamond's indignation, she expressed herself much pleased with her sister's conduct. While they were yet

talking about it, the servant announced Miss Cotterel; and a very sensible, but plain looking girl, dressed with the utmost simplicity and scrupulous neatness, entered the room. After the introduction was over, and the two girls found themselves seated side by side at the drawing-room table, Rosamond tried to attract her companion's attention by turning over the pages of a splendid scrap book, full of beautiful sketches and prints.

"These are very pretty," she said. "I don't know who they are by, but I know the scenes which they represent. Do you draw, Miss Cotterel?"

"A little," said Annice, blushing. "These sketches that you are pleased to admire, were done by me three years ago; I can draw much better now. I am really ashamed of such rough things. Mrs. Burnham must restore me these, and I will replace them with better."

Rose was surprised that her sister's daughter, and one who seemed so diffident, should be able to draw so well. She had received what her neighbours termed, a first rate education; but her drawings, although she had a taste for the art, were inferior to these.

"By whom were you taught?" she asked. "Have you been at a first rate school?"

"I never was within the doors of a school in my life. My father has a great objection to boarding-school educations. I had an aunt—a dear, good aunt, whom I loved equally with my mother. She had been educated for a governess, and whilst her health lasted, taught in several noble families. She returned to us with a broken constitution, and the last years of her valuable life were devoted to the education of Clement and me. It was from her that my brother gained his musical skill, and the taste for literature that has raised him above his humble station. If you knew, Miss Harford, how much we both owe to this dear, excellent woman, you would be able to appreciate the deep grief that we both feel, that she is lost to us forever. No, not for ever," she continued, correcting herself. "We shall, I hope, meet again; for she early led us to embrace the same blessed faith that made her so happy and contented here, and rendered her death-bed a scene of patient resignation and holy trust. I have heard foolish girls despise old maids, but if all old maids were like aunt Anne, I should prefer being one, and consider the approbrious epithet, a title of honour."

"You and Caroline must be friends—great friends," said Rose; "for she does not care for admirers, and talks in raptures of a state of single blessedness. For my part, I am willing to relinquish to you both, all the advantages of such

a cheerless state. You may enjoy your solitary fire sides, your cats and monkeys, and Sunday schools and prayer meetings; I would rather preside over a crowded table, and be saluted by the squalling of a dozen children, than dream away my time, and rest in such dull, cold decencies for ever."

Amice Cottrel laughed heartily at the rebemence of Rosamond's manner, and told her that she had no doubt of her sincerity, and wished that she might be the mistress of a plentiful house, and possess the luxury of a large family of children.

"All in good time," said Mrs. Burnham. "But I would rather see dear Rose the wife of a good man, than a rich one, as her cheerful and industrious habits are more suited to a quiet country home than to the great world. Its heartless show and hollow friendships would break a warm, generous heart like hers."

"Oh! I should like to visit London so much," said Rose.

"And return deeply disappointed, to enjoy with double zest, the more innocent and rational amusements of the country," returned the matron. "It is, however, a natural wish that all young people entertain. They long to go to London to see a little of the great world, which they picture to themselves as a perfect paradise, and their admiring friends as little less than ministering angels. I could make you laugh, Rose Harford, and heartily too, if I were to give you a slight sketch of my first visit to London."

"Oh! do, dear Mrs. Burnham, pray do!" exclaimed both the girls in a breath.

"By the way of a moral lecture, I will grant your request," said she, laughing to herself, as the far-off past came floating up the broad stream of memory, bringing along with it all the airy and distorted dreams framed by those twin handmaids of youth, Hope and Vanity.

"My father was the poor, proud representative of a noble, but ruined family. All that remained to him of the ancient power and splendor of his ancestors, was one small estate, the very least of all their vast possessions. But my good father was as vain of his acreless hall, and his old name, as other men are of their wealth and political importance; and he brought up me and my six brothers and sisters with the most exaggerated ideas of our consequence. My mother was his second wife, for he had been the husband of two. She married him when he was advanced in life, and brought some money into the family, which his reckless generosity and extravagant propensities soon dissipated, and left him as poor as ever.

"My dear mother's family connexions were

the very reverse of her husband's. They were a vulgar, avaricious, money getting set, who laughed at their sister for uniting her destiny with a poor gentleman; My father's hatred to those people was intense; and after a few years he dropped all intercourse with them, even by letter: so that, although we had numerous uncles and aunts on this side of the house, we younger branches of the family were unknown to them all. Things continued in this state until my father died, and my mother was left to struggle on with a large family, and very limited means. My eldest sister, who was a clever, sensible woman, proposed keeping a boarding school; but the foolish pride of the rest rejected this rational proposal with contempt. Hoping to obtain some assistance in her trying circumstances, my mother, for the first time in twenty years, wrote to her father, imploring his advice and assistance. But time, and her long silence, had so estranged the heart of the old man from his child, that he replied to her application with a cold and contemptuous refusal. Some months elapsed, when the post one day brought my mother a letter from her married sister. (The two others were old maids) who was the wife of a rich ship broker and insurer, inviting me to spend the winter with her in London. She spoke at length of the unnatural estrangement which had for so many years separated the families, and said that she was willing to forget and forgive the past, if my mother would send up Rachel. (for so she heard I was called) as a peace offering, and if she liked me, in all probability she would adopt me into the family, and provide for me for the future. This offer, in our circumstances, seemed too good to be slighted. I, in particular, was all joy and anticipation. In vain my mother prepared me for disappointment, by telling me that her sister Mary was, from all that she could recollect of her, a very unamiable girl; and though she hoped that time had made many favourable changes in her character and disposition, she warned me not to expect too much from her. Nay, she went so far as to say, that if it were not for her present difficulties, she would by no means consent to part with me; but as she hoped that my presence might make an impression upon my grandfather in her behalf, she was anxious I should try my fortune.

"I was a romantic girl, brought up in the deepest seclusion, and having had free access to my father's library, had read all the novels and romances of the last century. I was a perfect female Quixotte, and fancied I was a second beauty, who had only to be seen to be admired—that my wit was irresistible; that, in short, I was as clever as I was good and fair. You smile,

girls, and well you may. I could laugh at such follies myself, now; but if you examine closely your own hearts, you will find them possessed by much of the same spirit."

"I will plead guilty to the charge," said Rosamond; "for I fancied just now, that I had only to go to London to be followed and admired."

"Such might be the case," returned the matron, glancing kindly at the lovely girl; "but beauty and talent are so common in that vast emporium, in whose crowded marts are to be found all that adorns and dignifies, and all that debases the human species, that a person must be eminently talented and beautiful, to attract public attention. Girls brought up in large towns and cities, are perfectly aware of this. The experience of every day impresses it forcibly upon the mind; but the country girl, who has scarcely seen a female out of her own family superior to herself, imagines that all perfections dwell in her own person, and cannot be convinced of her error until she is taught it through a thousand humiliating lessons. It took my elder sisters a week to prepare my scanty, unfashionable wardrobe. As to me, I was too much in the clouds to work. I wandered about the groves and gardens that surrounded the house, in a dream of anticipated delight; holding long conversations with imaginary lovers, whom I accepted and rejected at my will.

"At length the day came that was fixed upon for my departure. It was the first of November, a day never to be forgotten by me. A dull, heavy, dark, misty day; gloom within, and a blinding sea-mist without. I rose as soon as I could distinguish the first wan streaks of returning light; and although the mail did not pass through the village before seven in the evening, I commenced packing my trunk before it was well day. My mother and sisters joked me about all this; but it was a matter of serious importance to me, and I gave myself up, heart and soul, to the work. Breakfast came, but I was too much excited to eat. After packing, I had nothing else to do, and I thought the long, weary hours would never move onward. Yet, in spite of all this hurry and anxiety to be off, when the hour of separation really arrived, my heart quite failed me, and I clung around my mother's neck as though I should never see her again, and wept as if my heart would break. My sister saw me do this to the coach. It poured with rain, and our dresses and umbrellas were nearly wet through before we reached the inn. We were at least an hour too soon, and were shown into the neat sandal parlour of the Angel inn to dry our wet garments and wait for its arrival. A traveller was seated before the fire with his feet upon the

fender and the poker in his hand, with which he occasionally gave a vigorous stir to the already blazing coals, until every object in the room was distinctly revealed in the ruddy light. Sometimes he whistled and hummed a tune, or suspended these operations to stare at us. His presence was everything but agreeable. He broke into a thousand delightful reveries, and knocked several air built castles to the ground. I wished him and his bottle green coat, and large gilt buttons and poker in the mines of Cornwall. He was the most unsentimental person I ever beheld. There were a variety of pictures suspended by way of ornament around the walls of the white-washed room. The history of the Prodigal Son; the four quarters of the globe, represented by four very questionable looking women, who served in the double capacity of emblems of the seasons of the year. My sister and I tried to pass away the time by examining the countenances of these full blown worthies; upon which our bottle green traveller started from his seat, following us from picture to picture, exclaiming in genuine cockney:

"Beautiful that, I wot. A queer spoony that are prodigal son. I never knew that the claps in them days wore buckskin breeches. Lor, vot a hugley vitch that Mistress Hafrien is. Her lion yawning has if he would break his jaws."

"My sister, who was a very pretty girl, turned to the fire to conceal the smile which, in spite of all her aristocratic pride, curved her dimpled mouth, while our tormentor, having broken the ice, as he conceived, of our frigid silence, by the sound of his own harmonious voice, thus addressed her:

"A vet morning this. Hare you for London, Miss?"

"My sister coldly bowed in assent.

"Sorry for that, Miss. Hi'm for Yarmouth. Should wasty have enjoyed yer company on the road. Hi'm halways bin my proper helements ven talking care of the females."

"The sound of the coachman's horn broke off his conversation, and he rushed to the door to welcome its arrival, and relieved us for ever from the impertinence of his presence.

"My heart beat audibly, and my tears were flowing fast down my cheeks as the coachman's round butly head was thrust into the room, and the abrupt announcement of 'The coach is ready,' told us that we must part. It was the first time in my life that I had ever left home, and the pang of separation came upon me with an intensity I had not expected, whilst indulging in my romantic speculations. They were imaginary. This was real. My sister busied herself in wrapping my cloak round me to hide her own

emotion. The cold, raw air rushed through the open door, and chilled me to the heart. The rattling of the harness, the trampling of the horses, the hasty tread of busy feet, the splashing of the heavy rain upon the pavement, and above all, the black darkness of the night, all combined to upset me. At last I tore myself away, and suffered the guard to place me in the coach. The lights in the door way still shewed me the fine countenance of my sister bathed in tears, and I gazed upon no other object till the cry of 'all right' sounded in my ears, and the coach dashed on into the thick darkness, and I threw myself back into my corner to dream of home, and weep for the first ten miles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY FATHER'S SWORD.

My Father's Sword! thou battle blade,
The blood-red rust is on thee now,
And the iron grasp—that well could clasp
Thy trusty hilt—is mouldering low.
Yet when Britannia's flag, unfurled,
Wav'd proudly o'er Nelson's Lord,
Thy blade has gleam'd o'er half the world,
In many a fight, my Father's Sword!

Ha! oft upon the foeman's steel,
That blade has crashed, and elashed, I ween,
When war's dread thunder shook the keel,
Beneath the shock of battle keen.
Aye! when the blood-stain'd decks have rung
Beneath the fierce command to board!
Forth from the scabbard thou hast sprung,
A lightning flash, my Father's Sword!

'Tis well those warlike days are past,
(Perhaps 'twere well they ne'er had been,)
And smiling peace sits throned at last,
On the blue wave, and fair terraces,
And who would wish such scenes recall,
Or war's wild pageantry restor'd?
The trump hangs harmless on the wall,
The son has sheathed his Father's Sword.

A brighter day on nature dawns,
The morning of those blessed years,
When ocean's shores, and earth's fair lawns,
Shall blush no more in blood and tears;
But, as the sacred record bears,
The sons of men, with one accord,
To pruned hooks, and slitting shares,
Shall each transform his Father's Sword.

My Father's Sword! rest in thy sheath,
Alas, his son's degenerate hand
Would ne'er have won the victor's wreath,
By wielding of his father's brand.
Yet time has been, ambition bred
My brain, with war's romance instor'd,
Ah! then my youthful heart aspired
To win, and wear, my Father's Sword.

But true! those waking dreams are o'er—
The warrior's name attracts not now,
And fame, the syren, charms no more.
I'd rather bind one aching brow,
Or bleeding heart, than win the crown,
Successful fears of arms afford.
Farewell! farewell! to thee, renown—
Rest, rest in peace, my Father's Sword.

THE LARK AND THE ROOK.

A FABLE.

"Lo! hear the gentle lark!"—*Shakspeare.*

Once on a time—no matter where—
A Lark took such a fancy to the air,
That though he often gaz'd beneath,
Watching the breezy down; or heath,
Yet very, very seldom he was found
To perch upon the ground.

Hour after hour,
Through ev'ry change of weather hard or soft,
Through sun and shade, and wind and shower,
Still fluttering aloft;
In silence now, and now in song,
Up, up in cloudland all day long.
On weary wing, yet with unceasing flight,
Like to those Birds of Paradise, so rare,
Fabled to live, and love, and feed in air,
But never to alight.

It caus'd, of course, much speculation
Among the feather'd generation:
Who tried to guess the riddle that was in it—
The robin puzzled at it, and the wren,
The swallows, cock and hen,
The wagtail and the linner,
The yellowhammer, and the fitch as well—
The sparrow ask'd the tit, who couldn't tell.
The jay, the pie—but all were in the dark,
Till out of patience with the common doubt,
The Rook at last resolv'd to worm it out,
And thus accosted the mysterious Lark:—

"Friend, prithee, tell me why
You keep this constant hovering so high,
As if you had some castle in the air,
That you are always poisoning there,
A speck against the sky—
Neglectful of each old familiar feature
Of Earth that nurs'd you in your callow state—
You think you're only soaring at heaven's gate,
Whereas you're flying in the face of Nature!"

"Friend," said the Lark, with melancholy tone,
And in each little eye a dewdrop shone,
"No creature of my kind was ever fonder
Of that dear spot of earth
Which gave it birth—
And I was nestled in the furrow yonder!
Sweet is the twinkle of the dewy heath,
And sweet that thymy down I watch beneath,
Saluted often with a loving sonnet:
But Man, vile Man, have spread so thick a scurf
Of dirt and infamy about the Turf,
I do not like to settle on it!"

MORAL.

Alas! how Nobles of another race
Appointed to the bright and lofty way,
Too willingly descend to haunt a place
Polluted by the deeds of Birds of Prey!

THE VIOLINIST.

BY E. L. G.

And even, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a whirling bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie,
The hidden soul of harmony.

MILTON.

"We shall find him in the summer house, I trow," said Pietro Tartini to his wife, a comely and gentle looking dame, as drawing her arm through his, he led her from the shaded verandah of their dwelling, down a few steps into a flowery garden, and onward, through smooth valleys, bordered by gay parterres, towards the little building he had named. It was a rustic temple, simple and unpretending, but its rough walls were so thickly covered with climbing vines, that it resembled rather some green and lovely hower of fairy land.

As they approached it, strains of delicious music floated through the living drapery that curtained the open windows, but the harmony seemed to produce no soothing effect upon Pietro, for as it greeted his ears, an ominous cloud darkened his brow, and he muttered in a low, growling tone:

"Curses on that eternal violin! I wish to heaven the vile thing of wood and catgut were at the bottom of yonder ocean, for not all the schools of Padua will make the boy delight in learning, till it is fairly wrested from his grasp."

"But he touches it with such rare skill, dear husband," said the gentle Pauline; "and from his cradle he hath loved it so fondly; that it were cruelty to force it from him. List, now! to those wild, yet tender tones. Go they not to thy heart, breathing as they do, a melody so plaintive and so fond?"

As she spoke, strains that might have softened a sterner heart than that of Pietro's, so full were they of impassioned grief and tenderness, flowed from that little instrument, which is so wonderful in the hands of a master, and stirred up in those that listened, emotions that betrayed themselves in moistened eyes, and imposed a silence

that remained unbroken as they continued their walk towards the summer house. Having reached it, they ascended between balustrades wreathed with vines, the short flight of steps which led to the apartment where the young violinist sat alone.

It was a small octagon room, simple, yet containing such objects as a poet and musician might be supposed to love; flowers loading the air with fragrance, casts from exquisite originals, with a few pictures, whose glowing beauty lent life and colouring to the plaster walls. The evening breeze played gently among the thick vines that garlanded the windows, through one of which was visible the broad and lovely Adriatic, blazing at this sunset hour with every hue of radiance that painted the overarching sky with glory. Innumerable white sails studded its surface, and ever and anon, the song of the passing voyager was wafted to the ear, blending its untutored melody with the thrilling strains which the cunning touch of the rapt musician drew from the strings of his instrument.

For rapt indeed he seemed, and in a spell which the step of the intruders failed to break. With his head thrown back, the collar of his dress unfastened, and revealing his white throat, fair and beautiful as that of a young girl's, the light breeze, as with loving fingers, softly stirring the rich brown curls that clustered around his brow, and his deep blue eyes upraised with passionate, yet melancholy enthusiasm, to the gorgeous sky,—Guiseppe Tartini half sat, and half reclined upon a cushioned seat before the window, clasping with enamored hand his precious violin, from which he drew forth such sounds as expressed in melting strains, the emotions of his sensitive and overflowing heart.

The elder Tartini stood for a moment silent upon the threshold of the little chamber, struggling to subdue the softened feelings which the plaintive music awakened in his paternal heart, but Pauline stepped quietly across the floor, and laying her hand lightly upon the shoulder of her son, she said in an accent of reproachful tenderness:

"Thou wilt leave us to-morrow, my child, and is it right in thee thus to deprive us of thy last hours?"

The youth looked vaguely towards her, as though unable immediately to recall his soul from the world of harmony in which it had been revelling; but at the sight of his mother's tender face, of her loving eyes filled with tears, and bent earnestly upon him, he cast aside his violin, and rising, pressed her fondly in his arms, murmuring while he printed a warm kiss upon her cheek:

"Forgive me, my mother; my last hours, as also my last thoughts, shall be thine; but I saw thee busied with my father, and I stole hither to utter my last farewell to yonder kindling sky—to that blue ocean in whose buoyant waves I have sported like one of its own sea gods since my arm had strength to breast its billows—to those aerial mountains, amid whose shadowy summits my youthful fancy found an enchanted home—to this cool breeze, these hanging vines, this earthly paradise which here surrounds me. Baptized are all with high and holy associations—for here my life first dawned into consciousness, and here amid home affections and nature's sweetest influences, hath my soul day by day expanded into a nobler life, and into a fuller and more perfect conception of God and His glorious creations. To-morrow, as thou knowest, I commence my exile, and —"

"Ay, to-morrow!" interrupted the mother, sadly. "To-morrow I shall not see thee, and desolate will be the home which thou hast so long made glad with thy presence."

She rested her face upon Giuseppe's bosom as she spoke, and he felt it wet with the tears she had no longer power to restrain. Pietro made an impatient step towards them.

"Thou art a good wife, Pauline, but a foolish mother," he said. "or thou wouldst say to thy son, 'thou art no longer a sapling drawing strength and nourishment from the parent root, but a sturdy tree, whose trunk must now be my support, and beneath whose green branches my age must seek a grateful and protecting shade.' This wouldst thou say to him, and more; thou wouldst bid him cast away all enervating thoughts, and go forth in his manhood to gird on that armour of knowledge and of science that shall give him might and power when he enters

the great arena of life, and which, used aright, shall cause his name to be enrolled among those who shine as the lights and benefactors of mankind."

"Many times, dear husband, have my lips uttered these very thoughts to our son, as he himself will tell thee. Ay, out of the fulness of my affection, I have given him both warning word and earnest counsel, for fond as is my mother's heart, there is a pride mingled with its fondness, which yearns to see him attain that wisdom and excellence which may be his, if he give earnest heed to the counsels of those to whose guidance we are about to intrust him. But now the parting hour draws nigh, and I would fain embalm it with remembrances only of tenderness and love."

"It shall be as thou sayest, good wife, since thou art not oftentimes in the wrong, nor yet apt to grow unreasonably, when by chance thou winnest the triumph of thine own will," said Pietro, touched by her emotion. "And so, Giuseppe, the word more of counsel that I may have for thee, shall be given to thy private ear, and till the moon dips the end of her crescent in the Adriatic, we shall sit together before this open window, mingling our own low and pleasant converse with the voice of the cool sea-breeze as it whispers to the night blowing flowers that open their fragrant bosoms to his enanored kiss.

"Ah, my father, thou art ever kind," said the youth, "so kind, that it will indeed grieve me not to deserve thy love. I would fain do so, and constrained by this desire alone, have I yielded to thy wish in turning my thoughts to the study of jurisprudence. That it hath no charms for me, thou well knowest, and that thou may'st not chide me if I fail to attain that eminence where thy aspiring love longs to behold me, thou wilt not be angry if I say to thee, even on this farewell eve, that one divine strain of Corelli's, one thrilling touch of Veracini's, awakens in me a rapture unknown to the subtlest casuists of the schools, and to become the pupil, perchance the competitor, of these wonderful masters, is an object more tempting to my ambition, than to sit crowned with oracular wisdom, first among the robed law-givers of the land."

Giuseppe's fine face was in a glow of enthusiasm as he uttered these words, and they had scarcely fallen from his lips, when a nightingale, as if in approval of his sentiments, broke forth beneath the window in a song of soul-stirring melody, which thrilled the inmost spirit of the young musician with delight.

"Seraphic bird," he said; "thou dost understand and answer the emotion which I strive, so vainly to express. But I will speak to thee in thine own divine language, whose eloquence asks

not the aid of words," and with the most exquisite skill he taught the flying bow to touch the strings of his instrument, producing with wonderful variations, and a harmony even more delicious, the very strain, with which the lovely warbler from her flowery covert had just ravished the ear. At the entrancing sounds, the night-ingale for an instant suspended her song, only to break forth again when Guiseppe ceased, into louder and still more extatic melody.

It was, indeed, a regular duet to which Pauline, who loved music almost as dearly as did her son, listened in silent wonder and delight. Pietro's face, however, expressed more of annoyance than of pleasure, and though he strove to preserve her complacence, he could not avoid a somewhat testy tone, as he said :

"At another time, Guiseppe, thy folly might chafe me, but it shall not be so now; for thy mother's sake, I will not suffer any cloud to darken these last hours before thy departure. Soothed am I, likewise, by the almost certain assurance, that embracing, as thou art about to do, higher objects and nobler studies, thou wilt soon feel thy soul elevated by them, and learn to regard the songs and sonatas that now enrapture thee, but as the lighter recreations of thy leisure hours, subservient to graver and more abstruse thoughts, and unworthy to become the serious pursuit of a life which was bestowed for more exalted purposes, and far more glorious attainments.

"There is, there can be nothing more glorious, my father," said the youth, ardently, "than to speak through the harmonious combinations of delicious sounds to the living soul of man. Is not music the language of heaven? Nay, hath not the Almighty hand so hung the spheres, that their very motions produce celestial melody? By its divine power all that is spiritual and godlike in humanity may be awakened, and the soul, linked as by a golden chain to the purity and harmony of heaven!"

"Thou art but a boy, Guiseppe, and so filled with a boy's vagaries and untamed enthusiasm," said his father, with a serious smile. "But I will wait patiently to see what change will be wrought in thee when one year shall have passed away, and then when thou shalt sit with thy mother and me beside this window, if thou dost not lavish more of this self same ardour upon the wisdom of ancient pandects and modern digests, than upon Veracini and his concerts, I will own myself a false soothsayer, and leave thee to twang thy fiddle bow for the rest of thy life."

"Remember this, my father! Mother, dear, thou art a witness to his promise, which surely I shall claim," said the youth, triumphantly; "for the love of music is innate in my soul, and it has

grown and strengthened with me since my birth, till it hath become a passion so absorbing, that no hope of worldly wealth or honour, could ever tempt me to forego it for any other pursuit. In that alone can I ever attain excellence, and it is for thy sake only, that I have promised, and will earnestly strive to bend my mind to those studies which I am almost certain to find most barren and un congenial to my tastes."

"Thou art a good lad, Guiseppe, for the cheerfulness with which thou dost yield thyself to my wishes," said Pietro; "and I cannot doubt of thy success if thou dost sincerely strive to excel in the vocation to which I have destined thee. But whether failure or success is to be the issue of thy endeavours, time must determine,—at all events, it may profit thee to go forth for a while from the paternal roof; it will give manliness to thy mind and thy manners, to mingle with the world, and a year's residence in the famed city of Padua, cannot be to thee *aught other* than a season of pleasant and profitable enjoyment."

"If worldly wisdom may be esteemed profitable, my father," said the youth, "doubtless I may there attain it; but as for enjoyment, I find all of that which I desire in my own happy home—in the exquisite scenery amid which it is cradled, and in the companionship of my violin, from whose strings I draw forth melodies which express, as no language hath power to do, the deep and inutterable emotions of my soul."

"Thou canst not give them verbal expression, my son," said Pietro; "because thou hast not yet learned by intercourse with others, to frame into fitting words, the thoughts that stir, crude and unformed within thee. When thou shalt have drank from the deep fountains of classic lore, and listened to the eloquence of minds that bask in the sunlight of knowledge, thou wilt awaken to a new and diviner life, and become conscious of those wonderful capacities which now lie wrapped in the dormant sleep of ignorance."

Guiseppe remained silent for a few moments, absorbed, as it seemed, in some pleasant thought, for a smile played upon his lips, and his fingers involuntarily ran over the strings of his instrument, yet without producing any sound; then lifting up his sunny eyes, he said :

"My father, dost thou remember the day when thou tookest me with thee to Venice, and in the church of St. Giovanni, we heard that wonderful performer, who by his divine music, wafted the listening spirit upward and onward, even to the opening gates of paradise, and held in breathless and adoring silence, the vast multitude that thronged the spacious courts of the temple? Then, when that marvellous solo of Veracini's ravished my ear, then a new life dawned upon

my soul, pure thoughts awoke, and high aspirations sprung up within it, which if thy son be ever able to attain, even thy paternal pride may be more than satisfied with his success."

"I will not question thee as to the nature of these aspirations now, Guiseppe," said his father. "It is enough that thou hast promised with earnest endeavour to pursue the course I have marked out for thee, and when thou hast heard the wise doctors of Padua discourse of science and of knowledge, it will be time enough to unfold to me thy secret thoughts and thy settled purposes for the future."

"So be it, my father," replied the youth, "and till then this precious instrument shall be the companion only of my leisure hours, and they shall be few, in comparison with those given to the graver studies of the law."

"I appreciate thy willingness to fulfil my desires," said Pietro, "and if after hearty effort thou failest of success, I will not let my disappointment weaken the love I bear thee, one iota. But see, while we have been prating here, thy mother hath spread her table with ripe grapes and figs, pomegranates, too, with bursting rinds, and honey from her own hives, whiter and sweeter than the bees of Hybla ever made. Let us gather around the board which she blesses with her eyes of love, and when our simple meal is ended, we will sit beside thee and look forth upon the moonlight water, while thou dost repeat that wild and tender solo, with which thou wert beguiling thy solitude when we entered. For I love well thy music, Guiseppe, as thou knowest, and only when it obtains over thee the mastery, do I check thy too abundant ardor."

The youth looked upon his father with a grateful smile, and then those three, bound together by one strong band of love, sat down to the tempting board, on which Pauline had heaped the richest products of her garden, reserved especially for this last supper to be partaken with her son. It was a pleasant meal, pleasant yet sad, for farewells between those fond parents and that only child, were to be uttered with the coming morn, and though cheerful words were spoken, yet at the thought of the approaching parting, a shadow would oftentimes flit over the father's brow, or sadden the moist eyes of the mother, as they rested on the youthful face of her darling.

Guiseppe, too, felt his soul heavy within him, and as he met the loving glances of those who had watched with never wearying love his childhood and his youth, as he looked for the last time on every dear and familiar object around him,—on friends and home, on scenes of beauty that had never palled upon his eye, and which were linked with the exquisite harmonies upon which his

soul had fed—harmonies in which he was no more to indulge—nay, which he was henceforth to renounce for a severe and hated science; he could scarcely constrain himself to appear cheerful and unembarrassed till the repast was ended. But he did so, and by the strong power of affection, summoned bright smiles to his lips, and gay words to his tongue, while his heart, beneath its outward disguise, was almost ready to burst with its overcharged emotion.

Seizing the first favourable moment to retire from the table, he took his violin, and bending over it to hide the unbidden moisture that dimmed his eyes, he broke forth, after a short prelude, into a strain exceeding every former effort of his skill. So clear and exquisite were the tones he elicited, so eloquent their expression, so varied and so sweet the sounds, that the very soul of Pauline, and even that of the sterner Pietro, hung entranced upon the melody. It was, indeed, a thrilling and impassioned burst of genius, in which the ardent youth had given most eloquent utterance to the deep feelings which no language could express, and his flushed cheek, his kindling and uplifted eye, betrayed the enthusiasm which rendered him capable of producing and enjoying such celestial harmony.

When he ceased, Pietro pointed in silence to the moon, whose slender crescent just appeared above the heaving billows, and unwilling to betray how much he was moved by the music, he turned, and without further word, walked from the apartment. But the tender mother threw her arms around her son, and kissed him with tears. It was the last time for many months that she should listen to those strains, or that she should sit with her heart's treasure in that favourite place, the scene of their evening gatherings, and grief at the thought, overcame all her fortitude. Guiseppe tenderly caressed her, and while he spoke to her with hope of his success, with cheerfulness of his return, he led her gently down the steps, and round by every well loved spot in the garden, back to the house which his father had preceded them.

The following morning saw Guiseppe at an early hour on his way to Padua, filled with what heart-breaking thoughts and sorrowful regrets, it were vain to say. After a prosperous journey, he reached the far-famed city, and was duly established as a student in its renowned university. For a time, the novelty of everything, that surrounded him, and the duties of the course upon which he had entered, dissipated the ennui which had begun to paralyze him, and softened the chagrin which had arisen from his reluctance to commence a dry and uncongenial study. This

reluctance, stimulated by the example of his fellow students, and also by his promise to his father, he resolved to overcome, and he laboured most assiduously to do so, but still without, in the least degree, conquering his aversion to the course of mental toil and discipline to which he found himself subjected. Yet manfully he struggled against this aversion, turning resolutely from the art he loved, least it should regain more than its wonted dominion over him, and refusing, even during the hours allotted for recreation, to touch his violin, which since he left Pirano, he had but once withdrawn from the case in which, under safe lock and key, it lay encoined.

Thus, much time, which by its pleasant aid would have passed too rapidly away, hung wearily upon his hands, but yet, though he had formed few acquaintances, he was not without some agreeable resources. For to a mind constituted like his, painting and sculpture, as well as poetry and music, presented attractions of no common kind, and refined and luxurious Padua possessed in her rare collections many exquisite *chef d'œuvres* of art, which were the subjects of his untiring study and delight; statuary from the chisels of the world's great masters, and paintings from the studios of those, whose magic pencils stamped the lifeless canvass with the glowing hues of their own immortal genius. Amid such objects, the impassioned nature of Guiseppe found food for its deep longings; in contemplating these, his imagination quickened, his conceptions became purer, his aspirations loftier, his intellect daily ripened and expanded, and the love of the beautiful and the perfect became an intense desire in his soul.

In harmony with these inward developments, increased his natural passion for music, and soon wherever its sound was heard, whether in the gloom of the vaulted cathedral, or beneath the dome of the theatre, there was he seen, a rapt and breathless listener. Daily, his firm resolve to bend his mind to study, became weaker; the genius of harmony had again touched his spirit with her potent wand, and by degrees his instrument forsook its ease, and responded ravislingly to his enamoured touch. His surpassing skill, rarely as he manifested it in the presence of others, soon gained him reputation among his fellow students; and a single tone of his violin was the signal for crowds to gather in his apartments to listen to his wonderful performance.

Nor was his fame confined to the walls of the university, but went abroad, awaking in numerous circles, general interest and curiosity. Many noble amateurs of the city honoured him with invitations to their soirées musicales, but he shunned the splendour and publicity of such a debut, and

turned resolutely from many a stately palace, the portals of which were held open by patrician hands for him to enter. Once only, at a small fête given by a noble lady, whose son was his friend and fellow student, was Guiseppe won to attend, and lend his aid to the musical entertainment of the evening, on which occasion he carried away the palm from every other performer.

Nay, such an éclat did he then add to his already brilliant reputation, that he was afterwards solicited in a courteous letter from the Bishop of Padua, a rich and haughty prelate, to bestow upon his niece, Donna Ianthé, instructions in that divine art in which he so greatly excelled. This proposition, however, Guiseppe respectfully but promptly declined, little aware at the time what a golden opportunity for ripening the seeds of future sweet springing hopes, he was casting away by his refusal. Thus day by day, while his aversion to the barren field of jurisprudence, whose first barrier he had scarcely passed, deepened into repugnance, the master passion of his soul obtained more than its wonted supremacy. Yet he did not, irksome as they were, neglect his studies, because the deep sentiment of filial affection which he cherished, made him desirous, if possible; to fulfil the expectations of his parents, but he no longer scrupled to devote those hours allotted for recreation to the enjoyment of his beloved and long neglected instrument.

With renewed delight he again touched his chords, wandering away in solitary places, that, undisturbed, his spirit might drink in the harmonies which his hand, as by a magic touch, awakened. One quiet nook there was upon the banks of the Brenta, which he made his favourite haunt, not only on account of its own sequestered loveliness, but because it appeared wholly unfrequented, quite isolated, as it were, from the world. Spreading trees and interlacing vines enclosed a small area of emerald turf, so smooth and bright, one could almost have imagined it had been expressly prepared for the revels of Oberon and his elfin court. It was vocal with the songs of of a thousand birds, whose liquid strains blended harmoniously with the flowing waves that sparkled and flashed through the leafy screen, as they glided swiftly on their course. In this lovely temple of nature, the genius of Guiseppe found new inspiration, and there he tasted a rapture scarcely less intoxicating, than that which he had often experienced in the little garden house which overlooked the queenly Adriatic in his native Pirano.

Hither, one bright and beautiful morning, when a holiday gave him freedom from his studies, he bent his steps, starting early from his couch to seek the shade and silence for which he languish-

ed. His soul, like a finely strung instrument, felt its chords jarred by the rude contacts of daily life, and with sweet and dreamy music floating in his ears, he threw himself upon the green sward, and awoke upon his instrument such sounds as made the wild warblers of the wood suspend their songs to listen. Hour after hour passed on unconsciously, yet there he lay, his delicate touch giving instinctive utterance to the indwelling harmony of his spirit, while his ardent upward eye, piercing the network of overarching boughs, fixed its gaze upon the cloudless azure of the sky with an intensity, and fervour, that seemed to ask for inspiration from that fount of glory and of light.

And thus reclining, the melodies of nature blending deliciously with those his art created, a calm languor stole imperceptibly over the young enthusiast's senses, and lulled them gently into a deep, unbroken slumber. But while thus insensible to surrounding objects, the mind within passed not in its ever active and mysterious operations, and a train of wild images passed before it, growing, perchance, out of the dreamy thoughts and occupation of the preceding hours.

As he slept, he fancied himself striving to execute the solo, which as performed by Verucini in the church of St. Giovanni, had so transported him with rapture, and he thought that, as its last note died away, the devil suddenly appeared before him, and saluting him with reverence, offered to serve him for one year, on condition that during that time he would impart to him his own skill on the violin. Giuseppe readily yielded to this proposition, and the compact was finished; but previously to giving his new and strange attendant a first lesson, the youth inquired if he could play at all upon the instrument, upon which Satan modestly replied, "that probably he might be able to pick out a tune, as he had often made the attempt." When, brandishing the bow for a moment above the chords, he commenced playing with a bold and rapid stroke, and at once executed a splendid sonata, so strange and wildly beautiful, that in the whole course of his life, as Giuseppe often said afterward, he had never heard or imagined anything so exquisite.

He listened in breathless amazement till the unearthly performer ceased, and then in violent emotion he awoke. Trembling in every limb, his heart beating tumultuously, and the perspiration standing in large drops upon his brow, he looked eagerly around to descry the demon of his dream, if dream it could have been, whose strange impression was stamped so vividly upon his mind. But all was still and calm—the birds had ceased their songs, and sat screening themselves from the noontide heat beneath the softly whispering

leaves, which seemed to hold low converse with the murmuring waves that broke in gentle ripples on the grassy shore. No trace of cloven hoof or scorching eye, was seen to mar the quiet beauty of the sylvan temple, and with the music of that divine sonata ringing in his ears, he seized the violin and strove to recall the ravishing strains.

Again and again he repeated them, but never attaining the perfection he desired, and many times in despair of success, he was on the point of dashing his instrument into a thousand pieces, but still he persevered, and unsatisfied as he was with the resemblance his performance bore to its wonderful original, he yet could not deny to himself, that it was more splendid and striking than anything he had ever produced, and in remembrance of the strange and mysterious manner of its communication, he called it the "Sonata del Diavolo," which name it ever after retained.*

Time sped on, but Giuseppe remained insensible to its lapse, forgetful even, that the clear and thrilling tones of his violin, so unlike the low melodies which in this spot it was his habit to elicit from it, might reach some distant ear, and draw unbidden listeners to his retreat, till in the reiterated execution of a difficult bar, he was startled by a sonorous "bravo!" and turning quickly round, he saw a handsome boy in the dress of a page, holding back the drooping boughs that swept the green turf, and regarding him with a face in which curiosity and admiration were ludicrously blended. Giuseppe both indignant and surprised at this unwelcome intrusion, turned with a look of haughty inquiry towards the stranger, who retreating a step at the glance, but still grasping the uplifted branch, said in an apologetic tone:

"I prithee pardon, signor; but it was thy marvellous music that drew me hither—we have heard it often before, yet knew not whence it came, for it seemed, as it were, in the air; but this morning thou hast made it so audible, that I had only to follow the sound along yon winding path to find thee in this pretty alcove."

"I wished not to be within ear-shot of any, nor dreamed I, that in this sequestered spot I could be so," said Giuseppe, coldly.

"Thou knowest little of thy locality, then," answered the page; "since this very spot, which thou hast appropriated for thine orchestra, forms a part of the private domain belonging to the country palace of his reverence, the Lord Bishop

* Mozart says, in speaking of this singular production, "Thine, and the wonderful flights of modern performers, have deprived this sonata of any thing diabolical which it once possessed, but it has great fire and originality, and contains difficulties of no common magnitude, even at the present day."

of Padua, whose livery I, his unworthy servant, have the honour to wear."

"Is it possible thou speakest truth?" said Giuseppe, in a tone of chagrin. "But," he added, quickly, "I was an ass to hope for solitude in any place within the environs of Padua. By the mass, there is more of undisturbed quiet to be enjoyed in the busy little seaport of Pirano, than within a league of this old city, that like a seething cauldron, overflows its brim, and disturbs the whole neighbourhood with its effervescence. But I will away, Sir Page, before I am driven from these lordly domains, and if thy master be chafed by my intrusion, thou may'st say to him, it was through ignorance that I offended, and that the sin shall not be again repeated," and with a flushed cheek and impatient hand, the sensitive musician slung the instrument in its case, and turned to depart.

"Nay, signor, thou art over hasty," said the page, earnestly, as letting the green branches fall from his hand, he stepped forward into the little area where Giuseppe stood. "My information was not given to chide thy intrusion, but only to excuse my own upon thy privacy, by giving thee to understand that thou wert in close vicinity to music-loving ears. Thou art ignorant, perchance, that the lord bishop is a patron of the divine art, and most of his household are skilled on various instruments, so that with such melody as thou dost make, thou wilt be welcome, sit where thou chooseth, on the domain of his reverence; for it is his pleasure to render honour to all of thy calling, who give proof of such excellence as thou hast attained."

"He hath taste, then, and discernment, this lordly bishop whom thou dost serve, and so I yield him all due respect," said Giuseppe. "But I am already too much enamoured of my art, which it is forbidden me to practise, as I have done of late, to the neglect of graver studies; and so, though the good bishop leave me master of this lovely temple, I may not worship in it, but strive to drown, in the subtle learning of the schools, the voice of that heavenly inspiration which speaks in celestial accents to my soul."

"I trust thou wilt not so despise the glorious gift with which thou art endowed, signor," said the page. "Seldom, indeed, have I heard such enchanting melody as thine, and to-morrow will I bend hitherward my steps, hoping thou wilt not do thyself and others so much wrong, as to carry into execution the purpose thou hast just now named."

"I know not," said Giuseppe, "what I may, but only what I should do, for the path of my duty is too plain to be mistaken, and if I would follow it, I must avoid this spot, for the temple

dwells here, and while sleeping in the shade yonder, he came to me, and taught me that entrancing music which attracted thee to listen."

"Thou art mad, surely," said the page, glancing round with a look of terror that made Giuseppe smile. "But it matters not to me whether angel of light or prince of darkness taught thee so divine a strain—I wear a relic of the true cross," and he devoutly kissed a small silken bag which he plucked from his bosom; "and guarded by its blessed power, I will defy both Satan and his legions, to hear once more that ravishing sonata."

"Thou dost deserve to hear it, and thou shalt," said Giuseppe. "since thou hast a soul so capable of enjoying it. Therefore, on the morrow I will be here at sunset, and if the shadows of twilight do not make a coward of thee, I will strive to play to thee so well, that even the devil himself shall have no cause to be ashamed of his pupil. But now, farewell; there are clouds gathering yonder, and I must hasten back to the city before the shower falls."

"I will show thee a shorter and a pleasanter path, which thou mayest traverse in safety when thou wilt," said the page, as Giuseppe was turning from him. "It leads this way, and will bring thee through fragrant shrubberies and shaded groves to the very suburb of Padua; as I return to the palace, I will point it out to thee, so that thou canst not go astray."

Giuseppe readily accepted his guidance, and issuing together from their retreat, they struck into a narrow path which became gradually broader as it wound onward through cultivated grounds, whose graceful undulations were beautifully diversified by wood and stream. It terminated at a fairy lake, from whose borders the eye caught a glimpse of the lordly palace, with its marble walls and glistening colonnades, gleaming forth from amid the luxuriant foliage in which it was embosomed. From the end of this small sheet of water, several paths diverged in different directions, and pointing to one of them, the page bade Giuseppe follow it, till it brought him to a ruined tower that stood alone on the skirt of a chestnut grove, through which he would shortly pass, and from whence he would descry the city lying immediately before him.

Giuseppe promised to observe his directions, and the sound of a hunting horn being at that moment heard, the page bade his new friend a hurried farewell, and turning his steps towards the palace, bounded over a hedge of myrtle, and disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEAVES

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN IDLER,

No. III.

BY CLARENCE ORMAND.

I KNOW of no occupation so well calculated to bring vividly to recollection past events, as that of looking over compositions which were written at some long past period. Insensibly, as we read, the tone of our minds becomes the same, whether it be mirthful or melancholy, as that under whose influence we composed what now occupies our attention. We feel while thus engaged, as though transported back to that time, and though the productions be of small merit, yet they are hallowed by their associations, and it is with reluctance we yield them up to the "devouring flame"—if their destruction has been determined upon. I have ever been a rambler and like the man in the play, am naturally disposed "to vent my thoughts on paper." I have thus accumulated a mass of manuscripts (though by far a larger portion has been destroyed) the contemplation of which suggested the above thoughts.

Whatever has once given us pain or pleasure is remembered long, and often reverted to, as we pass onward in Life's journey. Every one has treasured up in his memory, a thousand little incidents, never to be revealed, to which he recurs as to some fascinating vision, whenever a dismal, listless, or unsocial hour calls up a musing spirit, and turns the mind upon the past. Life reviewed through the vistas of the past seems as an unsubstantial dream, or any thing rather than stern reality. On every side we see the memorials of the affection of friends; but they also are gone—the counsels of age, the instructions of wisdom by which our very minds were formed, are remembered; but where are they from whom we received all these benefits! These dreams have passed, and in one grave-yard and another, the small grassy mound and the white marble tablet, bearing feeble witness to their worth, are all that remain to us. But it is among the melancholy ruins of by-gone times that we gather the richest stores for the future. 'Tis there 'mid the crumbling ruins of monuments once so mighty, that man feels his insignificance. The fallen seems to rebuke him—"Presumptuous man! feel thy weakness." Among the dearest pleasures of memory is the recollection of absent friends. It affords a pleasure to visit spots consecrated by mutual friendship. The past seems like a drama, already performed, to exhibit the mutations of matter, and the uncertainty of human affairs. Nothing in creation seems to have been

formed to resist the mighty and wondrous revolutions of time. Where are the once mighty cities of the East—Babylon, Palmyra, or Tyre? Where are their gilded domes, and the once mighty chiefs that dwelt within their proud walls? All gone. "Thus fades and perishes man."

To a contemplative mind, the hour of twilight is dearer than any other. The solemn calm of earth is rendered more striking as gradually the glorious crimson tints of the western sky fade away.

How sweet at twilight hour to stray
Far from the bustle of man away;
And in some still retired glade
Recline beneath the cooling shade.
Oh! then I own calm twilight's power,
As there I muse on childhood's hour.

When the minstrel or poet touches certain chords of his lyre, the heart beats responsive to them. So in like manner, in nature there are certain scenes which are calculated to awaken feelings of the most tender and thrilling emotion in the heart, communicated as they are by associations most dear to man. Such are the scenes of early life—such the scenes consecrated by friendship. A thousand memories cling round each hill and dell; not a rock, not a tree, not in fine, not the most minute object in the scenery escapes the memory. But in these reminiscences there is always

"A sweet and blessed memory
Of mingled joy and pain."

Alas! how true! the memories of our earlier years are not all pleasant. On viewing any of these objects, so vividly impressed upon the memory, what a flood of tender recollections are awakened. But the memory is all that remains, and though we may long for the pleasures that gave such a charm to youth's golden age, yet when they are attained, they give us not the same pleasure.

POPULAR ERRORS.

It is an error to suppose that because you silence a man you convince him, or because he declines to answer you that he lacks the power. It is an error to fancy that because a woman looks at you she is in love with you, or because she sighs when you are by that she is dying for you; sighing is a well-bred modification of yawning, and as often betrays weariness or anxiety; or solicitude. It is an error to imagine that because a man smiles on you he is your friend, or because he covets your society that he cares a fig about you; smiles and professions are now the cheapest things in the market, except patriotism.

THE PEARL-FISHER:

A TALE OF THE BUCCANEERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMMANUEL GONZALES.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

XLIII.

THE CARAVEL.

FRAY EUSEBIO uttered an exclamation of joy, as he recognised, in the commander of the caravel, who advanced to meet them as they reached the deck, the same *alferez* who had accompanied him, a short time before, to the tent of the Leopard. As a reward for his bold conduct and unexpected success on that occasion, he had been placed in command of this vessel, to protect the trading galleons against the filibusters.

The monk, who knew the deadly hatred which the captain bore towards the Brethren of the Coast, quickly advanced to offer him his hand, which the other warmly pressed, casting at the same time a piercing look at Margaret and Donna Carmen. The latter, pale and cold as marble, her hair dishevelled, her eyelids closed, attracted all eyes as she was borne along. The rough sailors pressed round her, awkwardly enough to be sure, but with genuine emotion, for each at sight of her, thought of his wife, his sister, or his bride, who anxiously awaited his return to port. Some almost thought her an apparition of the *Madonna*, so pure and celestial was the expression of her noble countenance. But Captain Esteban was an ambitious and resolute man, whose inflexible will never allowed itself to be swayed by such feelings.

"Who are these women?" he asked in a cold, stern accent.

"The elder," replied Fray Eusebio in the same tone, "is a kind of sorceress who serves as spy to the filibusters."

An exclamation of horror issued from the lips of the listeners; the sailors shrank back, and the goblets of water, which had been offered on all sides to the *Seigneuresse*, were hurriedly withdrawn.

"And the girl, Fray Eusebio?" inquired the captain.

"I do not know her," replied the monk, catching the eye of Margaret fixed upon him. "I was a prisoner among the pirates after the pillage of

Raneheria, and, to secure my flight, accompanied these two women. This is all I know of her."

"Thanks, Fray Eusebio!" said Margaret in a low tone, as Captain Esteban turned aside to give some orders to his men. "Thanks for your generosity, I can now meet my fate with tranquillity."

"I have kept my promise, Margaret!" he replied. "But," added he, motioning carelessly towards the captain, "you may perhaps find that you have thanked me too soon."

Don Esteban now turned round, and abruptly approached the *Seigneuresse*.

"Fray Eusebio was correct?" he said enquiringly. "Thou art the spy of these filibusters?"

"Why should I belie a man whose word ought to be sacred?" answered the *Seigneuresse* with haughty irony.

"Hast thou nothing to say, in thy defence?" pursued Don Esteban.

"Nothing," was the short answer.

"And thou knowest the fate which awaits thee?" he continued.

"The same as would have befallen yourself at Tortuga or Porto de la Paca," she calmly replied. "Are not you a Spaniard—nay more, a Spanish officer? And I—an I not she whom the Brethren of the Coast call their mother, who binds up their gaping wounds, and watches by their dying couch? What is there in common between the *Seigneuresse* and Captain Esteban? I have no diamonds on my withered fingers to tempt the avarice of a Spaniard; my tear-dimmed eyes dart no glances to captivate his fancy; my voice has lost that soft and searching tone that might once have moved his iron heart. Nor, had I such tones, would I care to use them, Don Esteban! My voice would rather be spent in malediction than entreaty, for I regard the Spaniards with a hatred as intense as is my affection for the brave Brethren of the Coast, the avengers of the poor Indians."

An angry murmur ran through the crowded mass of sailors, but was checked by a sign from the captain.

"Thou dost not fear death then?" he resumed.

"Death!" she repeated sadly. "Long, long, have I sought it as a blessing—long have I braved it amid a thousand dangers. I have soothed the dying hours of those struck with contagious and mortal disease; but my withered frame remained unharmed. I have tended the wounded, amidst the terrors of the battle-field; but the winged balls flew harmless by. What matter then your threats of death—I care not for them!"

"And hast thou nothing to regret in this world?" persisted the captain. "Is every link broken that bound thee here?"

The eye of Margaret seemed to gaze on vacancy, and unconscious of all around, she murmured to herself:

"Ah! I had hoped to see him before I died. How blessed I should have been to touch his forehead with my lips, were it even in sleep—to hear the sound of his voice, did it even address me as a stranger, as a wandering beggar!"

"You see how patient I am!" said the captain to Fray Eusebio.

Margaret, with a start, recovered her consciousness, and after a moments pause, she said calmly,

"I am ready, captain!"

"Thou hast cast in thy lot with the filibusters," said Don Esteban, "and must abide the filibuster's fate."

"I look for nought else, captain!" was the reply.

"As we have no executioner on board the caravel," he continued, with a demoniac smile, "I must beg thee to execute thine own sentence. Thinkest thou the waves that now begin to ripple around us, a winding sheet sufficiently splendid for a spy?"

Margaret answered not, but with no sign of emotion, advanced towards the open gangway, after imprinting a last kiss on the lips of the still senseless Donna Carmen.

"Of what use is this barren revenge?" asked Fray Eusebio of the captain in a whisper.

"What else can we do, father?" replied Don Esteban, "the woman is stubborn and we can gain nothing from her."

"With one word you can break her courage," answered the monk, and he added a few words in a low tone.

The captain inclined his head in token of approbation.

"Bring back that woman, Pedro!" he cried. "Sanchez! bring me four bullets."

"Yes! I am more humane than thou hast fancied," replied he to the enquiring look of the Seigneuresse. "We do not wish to turn an act

of justice into a savage amusement, by seeing thee struggling with death before our eyes;—with these bullets to thy feet thou wilt soon be out of pain. I have a further claim upon thy gratitude—thou shalt have a companion—"

"A companion!" she repeated in astonishment.

"Yes!" resumed he with cool indifference; "you can both take the dive together—"

"Both!" again repeated Margaret. "I—I do not understand you, Don Esteban!"

"By Our Lady of the Pillar!" cried the Spaniard, "thou seemest to love this fainting fair one so much, that 'twere pity to cause thee the pain of parting. You shall therefore make the voyage in company."

At this menace, even the Spanish sailors were moved by a feeling of horror. As for Margaret, by a sudden effort she suppressed the cry of anguish ready to burst from her lips, but from the convulsion of her features, Esteban saw that his stroke had told. Yet with unnatural calmness she addressed him:

"You cannot be in earnest, captain! When you condemn me to death I do not complain: I am your enemy and only undergo the fate of war. But this girl is a Spaniard, one of your own nation; you owe her succour and protection, and dare not harm her. I repeat, she is a Spaniard."

"A Spaniard," replied Don Esteban incredulously, "whom thou lovest and protectest—thou, our enemy, as but now thou hast proclaimed thyself. To deserve thy tenderness she must have renounced her nation and must therefore share thy punishment."

"I swear to you, captain!" urged Margaret with clasped hands and pleading voice, "that she is one of yourselves—one who bears to the Brethren of the Coast as great a hatred as your own—"

"But Fray Eusebio has said he knew her not," interrupted the captain—"You heard him in silence, and thus confirmed the truth of his words."

The Seigneuresse now comprehended the duplicity of the monk; she turned to him and said, in a low choking voice;

"Such revenge would be infamous, Fray Eusebio! Proclaim the truth!"

"The truth!" replied the monk, in the same whispering tones; "would that be the mode to save the girl? I cannot announce Donna Carmen de Zarates save as the murderess of my brother. I can only rescue her from the hands of Captain Esteban, to place her in those of the Governor of Hispaniola."

"Heaven aid us!" murmured Margaret despairingly; "for there is no help in man."

XLIV.

CAPTAIN ESTEBAN.

THE sailors at this moment brought on deck the bullets and the iron chains by which they were to be attached.

"Begin with the girl!" ordered the captain.

The *Seigneuresse* with a bound placed herself before Donna Carmen, with glaring eyes and clenched hands.

"Advance if ye dare, base cowards!" she exclaimed in a menacing voice, adding in a lower tone—"Be not afraid, Carmen! I am here to defend thee."

The sailors hesitated for a few moments, but a reproach on their cowardice from the captain again sent them forward. As they approached, Margaret cast a despairing look around; no pitying countenance met her gaze, and her energy dissolved in a flood of tears. She threw herself beside Carmen, who was now slowly reviving, and cast her arms around her as if to shelter her from her persecutors.

"Ah! thou wilt execrate me when thou knowest all, Carmen!" she cried, in broken accents. "Tis I that have caused thy death—I who have involved thee in my own mishap. Thou—so young, so fair, so amiable—art thou destined to so frightful a death! What!" she exclaimed, as the sailors endeavoured to loose the maiden from her grasp; "can nothing move you, Don Esteban?"

"Nothing!" he replied shortly.

"Will not my death suffice? How will it infringe your duty that you suffer a poor girl to live, whose only crime is being loved by me?"

The captain stamped impatiently.

"It was I who reared her," continued the *Seigneuresse* pleadingly. "Her mother was dead—I had no longer a child, and I could not help regarding her as my daughter. Was it not natural, my good captain? And yet to think that for this she must die! Alas! I have ever brought misfortune on those I loved."

"Cease this babbling," interrupted the captain, who was moved in spite of himself: "Be quick, my men, and do as I have commanded you."

The sailors succeeded in detaching Donna Carmen from the arms of the *Seigneuresse*, who exclaimed in an almost inaudible voice.

"Farwell all hope! And yet, Fray Eusebio! Don Esteban! is there no way of saving her?"

"None!" answered the captain harshly.

She sunk on the ground, completely overwhelmed, and Don Esteban, seeing her plunged in this half-inconscious state, and regarding vacantly the sailors who were preparing the bullets

for the feet of Donna Carmen, muttered, as if hesitatingly, but loud enough to catch her ear:

"And yet—strictly speaking—one might possibly—. Does not this poor woman move you to pity, Fray Eusebio?"

Margaret roused herself at this, her eyes glistening with eager emotion.

"Ah! good Don Esteban!" she exclaimed; "have you found a way to spare her?"

"I am perhaps wrong to be so indulgent," continued the captain, addressing the monk; "but I wish much to give this woman a chance of saving her companion."

"You do not jest?" said Margaret. "No! no! you could not be so cruel. Speak! tell me by what sacrifice I can ransom her life!"

"Enough—I will do it," said the captain, as if speaking to himself. "Well, my old sorecess!" he added: "You must return to Porto de la Paça, and announce to the Brethren of the Coast, that thou hast seen a Spanish vessel off Capo Gracia à Dios. It is nothing but the truth."

"Is that all?" cried Margaret, inspired with new hope. "Is there not some snare in this?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Don Esteban. "Are you not entirely in my power? What need have I to lay snares for you? Do you consent?"

She looked fixedly at him, as if she still doubted, and would have penetrated his inmost thought.

"Come—your answer?" he resumed. "Tell them that thou hast seen here a Spanish vessel, a galleon loaded with ingots and pistres. Thou shalt tell them this and nothing more. Repeat my words."

The *Seigneuresse* cast a rapid but searching glance around the vessel, and replied:

"Yes, captain! I shall tell them that I have seen off Capo Gracia à Dios, a stout caravel, mounting seventy oars, and manned with two hundred bold seamen."

"No! no!" interrupted Don Esteban. "Not so! A galleon laden for Cadiz."

"A galleon!" she replied, shaking her head with an incredulous air; "a galleon charged with arms, powder and bullets—a galleon, fitted with six pederoses, besides three heavy guns on the fore-castle!"

"Not so!" again interrupted the captain; "but a galleon charged with pistres and specie—dost thou not understand, old wretch?"

"But," she remonstrated, pointing to the yawning muzzles of the guns, "I am not blind; I only say what I see."

"But thou shouldst not see aught," replied Don Esteban. "This is a galleon, I tell thee! The scurry has reduced our force two thirds; and we might easily be taken by a mere handful of

adventurers. There is immense booty to be gained, and at little risk. This is what thou must tell them."

"This is a lie—a base, treacherous lie, which you would exact! If they believe me, the unhappy men would fall into a fatal snare."

"What matters it to thee, fool!" said Don Esteban, rashly. "We would fain meet these terrible Brethren; revenge our former defeats, or furnish them with the fairest opportunity of again displaying their courage. Wilt thou aid us, or not?"

"A treacherous ambushade like this—never! never!" replied Margaret, indignantly.

"Attach the bullets to the feet of that girl," said the captain, turning to his men.

Poor Carmen shuddered as they drew near in obedience to this order.

"Help, my good Adelaide! help!" she faintly exclaimed.

The Seigneresse would have darted to her side, but the iron hand of the captain kept her fast. Unable to resist the appeal, she turned trembling towards him, and promised complete obedience to his commands, adding sorrowfully:

"Heaven, that reads the human heart, pardon me for this!"

"Let down the boat," ordered the captain, and then addressing Margaret: "Thou shalt now be conducted ashore by four worthy black-visaged seniors, who will not betray us in case of surprise, for they do not understand two words of Spanish. They will land thee as near as possible to Porto de la Paca."

"Come, Carmen, come!" said the Seigneresse, raising her in her arms. "Thou art saved—we will land at Porto de la Paca."

"Never! never!" murmured Carmen. "I cannot forget Michel le Basque. If we are free, let us return to Rancheria!"

"This girl remains with us," said the captain, abruptly. "Embrace her and bid her adieu. It depends upon thyself to see her again shortly."

"Remains with you?" exclaimed the surprised Seigneresse.

"Certainly!" replied Don Esteban. "If she be, as you declare, a Spaniard, it is more natural that she should remain with her countrymen than return amidst the enemies of her nation."

"But, worthy captain! —" she began.

"But, worthy Seigneresse!" interrupted he, sternly; "shouldst thou deceive us—shouldst thou change a single word of my message—shouldst thou inspire us with the least suspicion, the bullets shall still be attached to these small feet."

"What demon has suggested this?" exclaimed Margaret, in despair, glancing at Fray Eusebio

as she spoke. "But chance may thwart the best combined schemes, Don Esteban! The slibustiers may not believe me, in spite of all the hypocrisy I can command. And have I not said that I love this girl as a daughter?"

"She is therefore the best hostage we could have for thy fidelity," replied the captain. "Prove thine affection for her by serving us truly; for, I repeat, a word from thy mouth may destroy or save her!"

Margaret made no answer, but allowed herself to be carried to the boat, where she was hid on some mats, almost insensible. The four negroes rowed vigorously, and the boat rapidly increased its distance from the caravel, anxiously watched by the ambitious captain and the vindictive Fray Eusebio.

XLV.

TREACHERY.

EARLY on the following day the Seigneresse was landed at a short distance from Porto de la Paca.

The morning was fair and lovely: the first rays of the sun just lighted up the clumps of palm-trees that crowned the distant hills. The adventurers, as we have said, had, with the aid of Admiral Blake, recovered the island of Tortuga, and there remained at Porto de la Paca but a small number of the slibustiers and buccaneers. The fires already kindled here and there, to cook the morning meal, indicated the location of their huts, embosomed, for the most part, amid small clumps of tamarind and guava trees.

Margaret, as she saw the Spanish bark gradually disappear, and found herself again amid these well-known scenes, felt as if awakening from some nightmare vision. She eagerly inhaled the perfume of the dew-laden flowers, walked here and there to assure herself that she was really free, but paused suddenly at the recollection of the fearful promise she had given. A thousand insensate projects rushed through her mind. She would arow all to the Brethren of the Coast, guide them against the Spaniards, and return in triumph with her beloved Carmen. But a moment's reflection convinced her of the folly of this. At the first suspicion, would not Don Esteban execute the conditional decree of death he had pronounced against the unhappy girl? Margaret wrung her hands in rage and despair.

"And yet to think," she murmured, as the light of the fires struggled through the increasing dawn, and the songs of the attendants fell upon her ear—"to think that, if I obey the Spaniard, these habitations will be all deserted;

the joyous song shall no more be heard, but the silence of death prevail!"

At last she approached gently to a group of adventurers who had just left their hammocks, and were now tossing off a cup of hollands. She trembled as she recognised them, and—whether it were the effect of the doubtful glimmer of the dawn, or a wandering of her excited fancy—it seemed as if she were separated from them by a sort of transparent veil, a barrier which she could not overpass. Her feet seemed fixed to the ground; her voice died away in her throat, and she hid her forehead in her trembling hands, fearing lest the joyous companions should read her treason there.

At this moment Pitrians perceived her.

"Hurrah! comrades! here is Margaret!" he cried. "Come away, mother! there is always room for you amongst us."

The Seigneusse moved not; the tears rose to her eyes, but by a vigorous effort she repressed them.

"What is the matter?" resumed Pitrians. "She is as gay as a starless night and as lively as a thunder-storm."

"Whence can she have come with such a woo-begone countenance as that!" exclaimed Jean David.

"Whence do I come! whence do I come!" she muttered with a shudder. "Can they have guessed it already?"

"Why! she looks a very ghost," said Pitrians.

"Leave her alone! she is in one of her black clouds," interposed the Leopard. "You know she loves not such pleasantry."

"Come! a cup of hollands, Seigneusse!" said Pitrians, advancing towards her; "it will warm your heart."

He raised the goblet to her lips, but she gazed on him with so grave and sad an expression, that he recoiled in surprise.

"Something has really grieved you, mother?" he enquired in a tone of kindly sympathy.

"I am sad, because a presentiment forewarns me that many of your brethren shall soon perish."

These words escaped her almost in spite of herself; and yet she half hoped that they might be thus warned to avoid the danger that she knew awaited them.

"No more of these prophecies, Margaret!" returned the Leopard; "they only serve to weaken the soul. Rather wish us a good opportunity for a prize. For some time the scoundrels have been on their guard, and we can find neither hutto nor galleon to capture."

"Two days shall not pass, Leopard! without much bloodshed," she said gloomily.

"What mean ye, Margaret? Speak more clearly," replied the Leopard.

"I have learned good news by the way," she replied, her cheeks growing yet more pallid as she spoke.

"Good news!" repeated the adventurers, rising and surrounding the Seigneusse.

Before continuing, Margaret cast a hurried glance around.

"Where is—where is Michel le Basque?" she asked.

"He went out a-hunting the day of the earthquake," replied Jean David, "and Baptiste, the negro, the only one of the party who has returned, thinks he must have perished."

"Then Joachim Montbars has not returned?" she again enquired.

"No!" was the reply. "Baptiste could tell us nothing of him."

Margaret breathed more freely. Should her treachery involve that generous young man, to whom she felt bound by some inexplicable sympathy, she could sincerely have resolved upon it, even to save her beloved Carmen.

"But your news, Margaret!" urged Pitrians.

"Well, my children!" she resumed with more freedom, "yesterday evening a galleon doubled Cape Gracia à Dios, and is now creeping slowly along the coast, on account of some damage she has met with."

"A galleon! are you certain, Margaret?" cried Pitrians joyfully. "Thunder and lightning! did you say a galleon?"

"I should rather have said," replied Margaret with hesitation, "that to escape you the better, the Spaniards have laden with specie one of their large caravels."

"A caravel!" repeated Pitrians with an air of regret: "I doubt there are not enough of us to attack it."

These words inspired the Seigneusse with some fear as to the success of her enterprise. Her thoughts reverted to Carmen, and she continued coldly, but with an accent of irony;

"Not enough of you, Pitrians! This is the first time I have heard you speak so. But reassure yourself—this terrible caravel is damaged. She encountered a dreadful tempest which has forced her to return to port; the scurvy has carried off two-thirds of her crew; they have lost their sails, and can only proceed by rowing. Their pedereros were thrown overboard during the storm, as well as most of their ammunition, and unless they load their fore-castle guns with bags of dollars they can scarcely defend themselves. Now, do you think yourselves numerous enough!"

She paused breathless, whilst the adventurers shouted—"Hurrah! a prize! a prize!"

"You are cold, good mother!" said the Leopard kindly, pressing her icy hands in his own.

"Keep your mind easy, Margaret!" added Pitrians, "we shall soon be alongside this caravel, and your share of the booty shall not be forgotten."

"My share!" she repeated in an under tone—"My share!"

Her share! how dearly would it be purchased! Her treachery presented itself more vividly than ever to her mind. These adventurers, so fierce to others, had such confidence in her; they looked upon her as their mother, their guardian angel. And it was this very confidence which was now leading them to destruction!

"Yes!" she repeated with a bitter smile; "my share shall not be forgotten."

An hour after this the adventurers embarked on board four boats, being all that M. du Rossey had left at Porto de la Yuca. They numbered only forty, but the troop of the Leopard and Pitrians was composed of the picked men of the association. Three of these boats dispersed, like fishermen pursuing their avocation, with orders gradually to form a large circle round the caravel; the fourth, under the command of Pitrians, remained a little behind the rest, as a reinforcement. The Leopard ordered such of the companions as were not employed in rowing, to lie flat at the bottom of the boats, as much of their success depended on a sudden and unexpected attack.

The caravel, on the other hand, having taken fifty *lanceros* on board at Cape Gracia à Dios, had continued under way all night. Thus, at the end of two hours, the Leopard, whose barque was coasting along, half hid among the projecting mangoes, discovered the vessel by the aid of his telescope. As she drew near he examined her attentively, whilst Margaret, standing by his side, anxiously watched the expression of his countenance.

"You were right, mother!" he said, turning to her with an air of satisfaction; "the caravel has lost her wings, and creeps along like a wounded snail. The deck is completely deserted—she looks like a floating hospital. We shall have an easy prize of it, Margaret! and you shall have a double portion."

At this moment the increasing agony and remorse of the Seigneuresse almost brought a confession to her lips. She felt happy in thinking that there was still time to speak. Queen-like, she could by a single word save the lives of all these men, condemned to death by her deed. But whilst she thus reflected, the Leopard had again examined the caravel, and suddenly exclaimed:

"If I am not deceived, Margaret, I see upon the deck the flutter of female drapery. Have we amazons to dispute the prize with us? Or do they think themselves so safe from danger that they make the deck of their caravel a promenade for ladies? You did not tell us of this addition to their force," he added with a smile.

"He smiles, unhappy man!" she thought; "he smiles—and death so near! Indeed," she added aloud, "I had forgotten. Yes! it is, I believe, the daughter of the captain—Don Esteban."

"You jest, surely," replied the Leopard. "Don Esteban is a young man."

"A young man!" she repeated. "Pardon me, Leopard! You know that at times my memory wanders. The daughter of the captain! what a fool I was! It is his sister who is returning to Spain—to Cadiz."

"'Tis strange," interrupted the Leopard; "her only attendants are two sailors, whose eyes never seem to quit her."

"Two sailors!" echoed Margaret.

"Quite a new style of cavaliers, mother! One would rather fancy them two turnkeys watching a prisoner."

A slight shudder ran through the frame of the Seigneuresse, but she made no answer.

XI.VL

THE CONFLICT.

FROM this moment the fate of the filibustiers was decided. Margaret recalled the days of Carmen's childhood, when she cradled the little creature on her knees; she remembered how Carmen, when recovering from a severe fever, would never lay her burning head upon the pillow, unless soothed by the mill of her good Adelaide, and unless her eyes were closed by her tender kiss. From that time she remained silent and motionless. The voice of remorse was stifled in her heart; she made not the least effort to avert the approaching destruction of the buccaniers.

"We must board the caravel, Margaret," said the Leopard; "let us put you ashore that you may not run needless risk."

Margaret pressed his hand in silence, and stepped ashore among the thick mangoes. The boat put off, and the Seigneuresse, kneeling down, seemed engaged in prayer, only interrupted by broken sobs, and by the troubled glance which she from time to time cast over the sea.

The caravel took no notice of the approaching boats. She appeared to be dismayed, for the Spaniards had laid the light masts on the chandeliers, a kind of iron fork placed on the middle of the deck. All was still on board; the figures

previously seen, had disappeared—there was not even a dog to bark at them.

"The lazy runnions!" cried the Leopard. "The Spaniard must have his *siesta* whate'er be-tide!"

"We shall see them," replied his attendant, Balthasar, with a smile, "hold the side-ladders for us to mount on board."

"This calm is unnatural," said his master, his countenance becoming overcast.

"Of what are you thinking, master?" asked the attendant, after a pause.

"Did you not remark the sad and embarrassed air of the *Seignresse*?" returned the Leopard. "What should she fear from such an encounter as this would seem to promise?"

"Bah! the old witch loves us so much," said Balthasar. "It is natural, too, master! The good Margaret looks upon us as her family, and her heart is moved at the thought that the whole of our party will probably not return. We would feel as much for her; should danger threaten her, I am sure there is not one of us but would risk his neck to save her!"

The old buccaneer was still fixedly regarding the caravel.

"Away with all presentiments!" he cried at last. "You are right, Balthasar; these are but old women's fancies. Let us attend to our duty—and the more so that the caravel has roused itself, and seems willing to say two words to us in passing."

In fact, a few sailors now appeared grouped on the deck. Orders issued from the speaking trumpet of the captain, and two or three bullets immediately ricocheted along near them, as if warning the audacious fishermen to keep their distance. The filibusters remained silently crouched down, and with Balthasar at the helm, the boat advanced rapidly towards the caravel, which however, seemed little disturbed by their approach. Glancing around, the Leopard saw that the other two boats were quickly approaching. Forgetting all his anxiety, he thought only of the approaching combat, and finding himself alongside the Spanish vessel, he uttered the cry of "Boarders, away!"

The shout was echoed by his companions, who rose, fusil in hand, and opened so close a fire that the few men on deck immediately dispersed, seeking shelter where best they could. The Leopard, who would have held himself disgraced had any one set foot on an enemy's deck before him, leaped on board, and was followed by his companions, brandishing their boarding-axes. No resistance was offered, and most of them threw down their fusils to prepare for the plunder they expected.

What, then, was their astonishment, when all at once a pile of planks, that rose in the middle of the vessel round the *chandeliers* we have mentioned, was thrown down with a loud crash, and gave to view the muzzles of six pedereros turned upon them, and the muskets of a hundred soldiers and sailors pointed at their breasts. In the midst of this troop stood Don Esteban.

"Surrender, pirates!" he shouted, waving his sword on high.

The Leopard had never known fear. He did not recoil, like many of his men, but he stood motionless with surprise.

"Joachim, at least, is not here," was his first rapid thought at this moment. "Have at the scoundrels!" he cried, in a voice of thunder, as he leaped on the barricade of planks that separated him from the Spaniards, a cutlass in one hand and a pistol in the other.

The Spaniards fired; the pedereros showered their iron contents among the filibusters; eight of his companions fell round the Leopard. At this moment the crew of the other two boats leaped on board, but there also streamed from below new troops of soldiers and seamen, till then concealed.

"We must no longer look to conquer, but to die nobly!" cried the Leopard, as he saw his faithful attendant, Balthasar, struck down by his side.

He was himself wounded at the same instant in the left arm, and letting himself fall on the corpses of his brethren, he lay as if death-struck. The day was gained by the Spaniards, but a group of adventurers still fought desperately on the other side of the deck, and attracted all the attention of the conquerors.

The Leopard profited by this circumstance. His face stained with the blood of his companions, his eyes half closed, he dragged himself from body to body towards the ladder leading down to the powder room. When he reached it, he raised himself up with a dark smile, and looked round to ascertain if any of the enemy were near. About two paces from him, close beside the open gangway, he saw a woman—a pale, terrified, trembling girl, but still very lovely in spite of all. It was like some resplendent vision in the midst of the streams of blood, the rattle of musketry and the groans of the dying. The poor girl uttered a cry of alarm at sight of the grim and threatening figure that rose almost at her feet, and the Leopard at once recognized her.

"Donna Carmen here!" he muttered. "Ah! now I understand it all! We have been betrayed. Margaret! Margaret! what hast thou done with those who called thee their mother! It was for thee, unhappy girl!" he continued aloud,

seizing her by the arm; "it was for thee that so many brave adventurers have been sacrificed! But the treacherous deed shall not save thee."

Donna Carmen had lost all power of speech, or look, or thought; she listened to the words of the implacable buccaneer, without in the least understanding them. In the mean time, the sailor who had been charged to watch over her, and who had gone a minute or two before to assist in the conflict, was recalled by the cry she had uttered. He rushed forward, much surprised at the sight of a buccaneer still alive, in that part of the vessel, but as he advanced, a pistol shot from the Leopard stretched him lifeless on the deck.

The buccaneer drew from his belt a long keen knife, and was about to plunge it in the bosom of the hapless girl, when a cry of horror from a well-known voice fell on his ear and arrested his arm. It was followed by these words, pronounced in heart-rending accents—

"Spare her! oh! spare her!"

The Leopard cast a rapid glance on the sea, and saw the fourth boat almost alongside the vessel, with his nephew Joachim standing at the stern beside Pitrius.

He had reached Porto de la Paen only in time to leap on board this boat, as it was shoving off from the shore.

"Joachim! must he too perish?" he exclaimed with a gesture of rage and despair. "Oh! Margaret! could you not have spared him? Keep off! keep off!" he cried, "we are lost here and you can do no good."

"We will rescue or perish with you!" answered Pitrius, while Joachim, with an eager gesture, made ready to leap on board.

"There is but one way," thought the Leopard, "to hinder his coming hither and to save him in spite of himself."

"He raised high the young Spaniard in his nervous arms, exclaiming—

"Look, Joachim! Behold the fair one for whom thou becomest the attendant of Michel lo Basque!"

"Spare her! spare her!" murmured Joachim.

"Behold the Spaniard for whom the bravest Brethren of the Coast have been led into this trap!" And he launched her slight form into the waves, adding, "Be this an expiation!" But he thought within himself, "The sea will save them both, whilst in a few moments the planks of this vessel shall be scattered like dust before the wind."

A hasty look showed him that Joachim, as he anticipated, had plunged after Donna Carmen, and throwing himself down the ladder, he cast a lighted match on some powder that lay on the

floor of the magazine. He then rushed on deck and shouted—

"Look to yourselves, ye Spanish scoundrels! The magazine is on fire!"

Scarcely had he finished, when a thundering noise was heard, and the broken fragments of the vessel were scattered high in the air, amid the crashing of timber, the seething of the agitated water, the despairing cries of scorched and wounded men.

At present we have only to do with the Leopard, whose extraordinary escape might be regarded as impossible, did we not find it so positively stated by Olexmelin, in his "History of the Adventurers."

The buccaneer chief was carried so high by the explosion as to be oven above the fragments of the timber, and thus alone, by his own account, to escape the fate of those who were crushed to atoms amid the wreck. He fell almost senseless into the sea, where instinctively striking out, he caught hold of a plank that floated near. Supporting himself on this, he recovered sufficiently in a few minutes to look around him. Several Spaniards were clinging to various portions of the wreck, among whom he recognized Don Esteban, who, although both his legs had been blown off, had still managed to clutch convulsively a fragment of the mast. As the buccaneer gazed, however, the nerves of the Spanish captain gradually relaxed, and after a last effort to maintain his grasp, he sank slowly beneath the blood-tinged waves.

In a short time the Leopard was able to paddle himself slowly towards the shore, which at length he reached, faint and exhausted. His first thought was of his nephew, and he cast an anxious look over the sea. He then for the first time noticed a large Spanish barque that had followed the caravan at some little distance, in case of assistance being required, and was soon satisfied that Donna Carmen and Joachim, as well as some of the adventurers from Pitrius' boat, had been picked up by this vessel, and were safe on board.

"Now, then, for the Seigneuresse!" he exclaimed, as he disappeared among the mango trees. "We must have some explanation of this fatal adventure."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON A FLOWER-PIECE BY VARELOT.

When famed Varetot this little wonder drew;
Flora vouchsafed the glowing work to view;
Finding the painter's silence at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade.

THE MUSIC OF EARTH.

Oh! Earth has many a thrilling chord,
And many a beauteous tone,
In sweet and ceaseless accents pour'd,
By land and sea, and hower and board,
Thro' each age floating on.

There's music on the balmy breeze
That fans the fragrant groves of Ind',
Where songs of birds from flow'ry trees,
And many a fountain's melodies,
Hang on the sleepy wind.

There are sweet tones by the Caffre's home,
On Afric's bare and burning sand;
And where Earth's boreal children roam,
And Ocean 'neath an icy dome,
Roars round their desert land.

There is music on the crested deep.
While the warring billows roar;
And in the murmurs of their sleep
While playful ripples lave the steep
And solitary shore.

And living lips their treasures pour,
By lordly hall, and lowly hearth;
And tender tones wake every hour,
Then die away as heretofore,
O'er all the beauteous Earth.

They die away without a trace—
They live and die within a span;
For there can be no home for bliss,
Where there is no abiding place,
No lasting rest for man.

The mar'ner sings upon the sea,
And soon the wave forgets his song;
And the streamlet, dancing joyously,
Forgets the wee bird's melody,
That cheer'd its course along.

And Earth remembers now no more
The glad hearts of the olden time;
Nor song, nor laugh, that thrilled of yore,
Nor tones that died by sea and shore,
Through every age and clime.

Sweet harps lie rent in other days,
And many a minstrel's hand is cold;
And many a song, in beauty's praise,
Hath pass'd from 'mong our earthly lays,
With the lovely ones of old.

The lyra that Israel's wand'ers strung,
Upon the lonely desert plain;
And the sacred hallelujahs sing,
That round old Sinai's mountain rung,
Can ne'er be heard again.

Nor do the streams of Babylon
Remember captive Judah's sigh;
Or her sweet lyre's melodious tone
Wind-wake "the willow trees upon,"
To mourn captivity.

The pride of Thebes hath passed away,
And Mora's hour of might is gone,
And slavish Copts stalk dreamless by
Each mighty Memphis cemetery—
Their fathers—and unknown!

The whirlwinds of the desert ride
Round Tadmor's ancient halls of fame;
And the dark Tiber's classic tide,
Hath sung the dirge of Roman pride:
And Greece has but a name.

Then weep not that love's whispers die
Upon the lover's throbbing breast;
And that the laugh and mirthful lay,
That gladden'd many an ancient day,
On the wind's wings have pass'd.

They perish, like the flowers of Earth—
They're gone with all their smiles and tears:
They're gone, with those who gave them birth—
Gone with the love, the joy, the mirth,
And the fair of other years.

And still the fleeting moments pour
Their joys like sunbeams on the soul;
And still we drink the glorious show'r,
And love it all as heretofore—
The sweet, the beautiful.

W. F.

LAUGH, LASSIE, LAUGH.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MARY, A GIRL OF SIXTEEN.

BY MAURICE O'QUILL.

LACON, lassie, laugh! thou'rt sweet and gay,
Thy brow is soft, thine eye is bright;
Smiles round thy lips merrily play,
And thy young heart bounds quick and light.
Upon thee bursts life's beauteous spring,
And flowers fair e'er meet thy hand;
Thy cheek's caressed by zephyr's wing,
As gaily 'scapes time's gliding sand.

Laugh, lassie, laugh! thou'rt youthful now—
A time will be when ruthless years
Will furrow deep thy gentle brow,
And dim thine eyes that know not tears,
They'll turn to gray thy golden hair,
And fade the hues that tinge thy cheek;
They'll bend thy form, all grace and fair,
And chill thine heart so warm and meek.

Laugh, lassie, laugh! now dawns life's morn—
'Tis upon thee as on a flower
That gently blows ere it is torn
From its its slight stem by storms that lower.
The path thou'lt tread, to thy young eye
Seems gaily strewn with garlands sweet;
But lightly tread—'tis all a lie!
For cruel thorns the flowers secrete.

Laugh, lassie, laugh! I love them well,
The gleeful notes of thy gay voice—
Of happiness they plainly tell,
And of a heart that knows not vice.
May thy fresh lips, those blooming flowers,
Part but in joy, as when I chanced
To list thee laugh in gladsome hours,
And by thy side stood long entranced.

Montreal, July, 1845.

CEASE MY HEART!

A MELODY—BY VON WEIBER.

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

Cease my

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a whole note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a C4 chord, followed by a series of chords and moving lines.

heart this sad des - pond - ing, Soon thy sor - rows will be

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "heart this sad des - pond - ing, Soon thy sor - rows will be". The piano accompaniment continues with complex chordal textures and moving lines.

o'er; Thou hast wan - der'd like the bil - low, But to

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "o'er; Thou hast wan - der'd like the bil - low, But to". The piano accompaniment continues with complex chordal textures and moving lines.

break on for - eign shore, but to break on foreign shore.

colla voce.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with the instruction 'colla voce.' The third system shows the vocal line concluding with a double bar line.

II.

Long and vainly hast thou languish'd,
For the home beyond the Main;
For the orange tinted vallies,
And the purple hills of Spain.

III.

Vain, alas! thy fever'd longing;
Sooner through night's purple donee,
May'st thou reach yon Isle of radiance,
Than thy citron girdled home.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

A sear leaf hung on an oak tree high—
It fluttered and bent as the breeze flew by—
And it shook with a sad and a quivering tone,
As the wild wind passed with a mournful moan.
It hung not long, for there came at last,
And swept by in anger, a sharp cold blast;
It struck the leaf with its chilly breath,
And, withered, it lay on the fading heath.
I passed, as it smitten and dying lay,
And hurried along on my careless way;
But I seemed to hear, in a tone of grief,
The voice of the blasted and withered leaf.

Away! Away!

The spring has departed, the summer has gone,
The autumn winds sigh, and the winter comes on,
And I pass away.

On the bright day,

I have slept on the bough of the oak-tree high,
Fanned by the soft zephyrs which murmured by,
As they passed away.

To the sweet lay

Of the gay forest bird have I listened long,
To the melody pure of his wild night song:
But he passed away.

In sportive play

Have I danced to the sound of the summer breeze,
When it stirred the tops of the forest trees;
Then it passed away.

In bright array

Of emerald gurb have I lustily hung,
And through the free air have I merrily swung,
The live long day.

Alas! away

The summer has passed with her robe of flowers,
And her sun-lit glee, and her joyful hours;
She has passed away.

The dreary day

Of autumn sad, with its poisoned breath,
Has come in the changing hues of death,
To bear us away.

Stay! mortal, stay!

Thou art basking perchance in the sunbeams now,
But the light shall be clouded on pleasure's brow;
It shall pass away.

Be wise to-day;

Thou too shalt fade as the autumn leaf;
Thy days shall be counted as few and brief;
Thou shalt pass away.

OUR TABLE.

VIEWS OF CANADA AND THE COLONISTS: EMBRACING THE EXPERIENCE OF A RESIDENCE; VIEWS OF THE PRESENT STATE, PROGRESS, AND PROSPECTS OF THE COLONY; WITH DETAILED AND PRACTICAL INFORMATION FOR INTENDING EMIGRANTS. BY A FOUR YEARS' RESIDENT.

WE have very rarely seen a book so well adapted as the handsome little volume before us, to the particular end which the author had in view. It is the fruit of four years of experience and observation, candidly and clearly expressed, and will, if carefully read by the emigrant to this country, be of the greatest possible service to him. The author has entered into the heart of his subject, and, apparently determined to make the exposition of the truth his aim, he has suffered nothing to divert him from his course. He has "extenuated nothing, nor set down aught in malice," or without the fullest consideration.

Aware of the importance of this colony, and fully appreciating its capabilities, he has taken care to speak of it in no exaggerated terms of praise, but has given expression to carefully digested views of "things as they are," without being in any way biased in his judgment by the very favorable opinion he evidently entertains of it. His book is one, therefore, which we have no hesitation in recommending to the Canadian public, generally, and in particular to those who have, or expect to have, friends from the old country coming out to join them.

As a fair specimen as well of the style of the writer, as of the candour with which he has given expression to his opinions, we quote the following passage:

"In leaving the subject of education, one is led to make the remark, how singular it is, that, in a country so purely agricultural as Canada, which may fitly enough be compared to one great farm, the trades and professions being but the employed agents of the farmers, there is not in one of its educational institutions means provided for any instruction either in the theory or practice of agriculture." The obvious consequence is, that this important art suffers—and it is indeed far behind in Canada—and being more carried on at hap-hazard than otherwise, its legitimate dignity is greatly lost in mere drudgery, uninformed and prejudiced. People, whose circumstances will at all allow it, are led to give their sons what is termed a liberal education, which most frequently means, spending some years upon Latin and Greek, and their being able, in most cases, in after-life, to decline *pena*, and conjugate *amv*, instead of much more hon-

ourably, as well as interestingly, employing those most precious years to investigate the properties of the hidden wealth, which a bounteous Providence has scattered around them for their benefit and pleasure, and their country's prosperity—in its soils and appliances, plants, flowers, forests, rocks and minerals. Geology and agricultural chemistry, with their stores of wonders and wealth-producing facts, the ever-interesting and healthful details of rural husbandry, enlightened by science, are all as yet overlooked, where we might most expect they would hold prominent station. It may be, and every friend of Canada may well wish, that the day will arrive soon, when professorships of agriculture will be considered indispensable in the Universities; model farms become common in every district, and those elements be taught in the schools, which the future farmer will carry through life, to dignify and make honourable, as well as more prosperous, the occupation on which depends the permanent welfare of this country. We may then see farming, in a great measure, relieved from being so mere a drudgery, and the ambition which over-crowds the towns with unsuccessful lawyers, doctors, and shopkeepers, be more naturally and successfully directed to the pursuit of an enlightened agriculture, healthful and interesting, as it is calculated to be honourable and dignified, and on which so much of the future existence of the country, as either wealthy, happy, or great, most surely ultimately depends."

The above, it will be seen, treats of a subject which cannot be too prominently brought before the public, as it is one with which the prosperity of the Colony is intimately associated. Much has been said on the same subject by the able and enthusiastic Editor of the Canadian Agricultural Journal—hitherto, it is to be regretted, without effect. But surely there are none who at the present day will hesitate to acknowledge that the want here complained of is a very grievous one; and could the attention of the people and the Government be thoroughly attracted to it, it would not be long before a remedy was applied. In the meantime, as having a deep interest in the welfare of the Canadian people, we cordially thank the author for the forcible manner in which he has given expression to his views—confident as we are that their justice will be acknowledged by all enlightened and thinking men.

Accompanying the volume, which is very handsomely printed by Black of Edinburgh, there is a beautiful map of Canada, which must be of essential value to the traveller, as well to all who take an interest in Canadian matters. The author, for the pains he has taken, deserves the thanks of his fellow-Colonists,—for he is again a resident among us. We shall be glad to hear that his work is generally read, and we are satisfied that all who read it will join with us in recommending it to others.

* We believe that in the College at Chambly, there has recently been an important step taken towards the removal of this reproach. In that excellent institution, we are given to understand, agriculture is one of the branches in which the pupils are instructed.—E. L. G.