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(ORIGINAL.)

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY E. L. C.

[Scene at Jerusalem. An apartment in the palace of Herod. The king reclining on a couch. Marianne enters from a balcony, and seeing him, starts, and endeavours to retreat, but he hastily addresses her.]

HEROD.

Ha! my fair dove, thou'rt caught—so fly me not!
Come, rest thee here, where this soft perfum'd
breeze,
Like thy own breath, fans with its wings my cheek,
And this pure fount throws up its crystal stream,
Bright as thy glance—then, in its marble shell,
Falls with a murmur soft as thy dear voice.
Come, my own love—sit on this purple couch,
And let my head, as on a bank of flowers,
Lie on thy lap—whilst thou, with those sweet eyes,
Dost read my soul, and see thereon engraved
The love no words can speak—deep love for thee,
My beautiful, my fair, my cherished one!

MARIANNE.

Alas! I fear a darker tale, than that
Which told of love, in any gentle thought,
Would meet my gaze, could I in truth behold
Thy naked soul, stripp'd of all false disguise,
And bar'd to view, as now exposed it lies
Before thy Maker's sight. Would'st thou not shrink,
Could I indeed peruse all the dark deeds,
And darker purposes, that with a pen,
Whose point is dipp'd in blood, are written there?

HEROD.

This is no hour, nor am I in a mood
For taunts like these. How perfect would'st thou be,
But for this bitter taint, which thou dost owe
To her who bore thee! Yet, it boots not much,
For, spite of it, I love thee with a strength
Before whose might, all other passions bow—
Though they no pigmies are. Dost't move thy
scorn
To hear me thus confess myself thy slave?

Or is it, that thou dost indeed detest,
More than thou once did'st love, thy wedded lord!

MARIANNE.

And if I do—where shall be found the cause
For this great change?—look for it in thyself!
Since well thou know'st, when first thou sought'st
my love,
With what a free and willing heart I gave
My young affections to thine earnest suit.
How did I cling to thee—how watch thy look,
And feel a jealous pang, if e'er it roved,
To other face than mine! I lived in thee,
My very being was absorb'd in thine,
And to my doting love thou seemed a god,
Till from my eyes thou tore th' enchanted veil,
And shewed thyself a man—nay, less than man—
A monster in his shape!

HEROD,

(starting from the couch, and advancing sternly to-
ward her.)

Thou dost forget I am thy king, methinks,
To beard me with such words! The lion's paw
Cannot be safely toy'd with! Know'st thou that?

MARIANNE.

I dread it not! nor do I aught forget—
All is remember'd—all that thou hast done
For me and mine—all writ in burning lines
On my soul's tablets! List and I will read,
How, in a mirthful hour, lured by thy wiles,
My fair young brother met a cruel death
Beneath the whelming waves, he sought in sport,
Whilst thou, thine aim achieved, thy purpose won,
To thrust him from thy path—that noble boy—

The last fair scion of his princely house—
 Look'd calmly on, and mark'd his agonies
 With cruel joy, thyself, in thought, secure,
 Now that, in thy fell swoop, thou'dst boldly clutch'd
 The soaring eaglet, whose proud flight thou fear'd.

HEROD, (*with increasing anger.*)

Now, by my crown, and by the God I serve,
 But for the foolish love, that makes me still
 Dote on thy beauty with impassion'd heart,
 These baseless calumnies should work thee death !

MARIANNE.

Thy love, said'st thou !

If only that defends me from thy wrath,
 Where will my safeguard be, when these poor
 charms

Shall yield to envious time's corroding touch ?
 For thine's an earthly passion, fed by thoughts
 Gross as itself, and transient as thy youth.
 What knowest thou of that ethereal fire,
 Kindled in virtuous hearts by God's own hand,
 And burning ever with an upward flame,
 Bright and unwar'ring as the sun's pure light.
 Not in thy soul—

HEROD, (*interrupting her.*)

Nay, Marianne, thou dost wrong me much !
 No soul exists without some quick'ning spark
 Of the divine, to raise it o'er the brute.
 And if in mine dwells one ethereal thought,
 It shapes itself in love, strong and intense,
 Aye, and enduring as my endless life,
 For thee, my wife, the mother of my babes,
 The chosen partner of my heart and throne.

MARIANNE.

Fair words, forsooth—yet by thy acts I judge—
 And that spake not of love which bade thee shed
 The virtuous Joseph's blood—thy faithful friend—
 And all, because a slanderous tongue awoke
 Thy jealous fears—casting reproach on him,
 But ill deserv'd, and with foul calumny
 Dishonouring me, thy chaste and wedded wife.
 Nay, prithee speak not yet—I still would ask,
 If that was love, which doom'd me too to death,
 Should aught but good befall thee from the hand
 Of Antony, when summon'd to defend
 Thy forfeit life, against the fearful charge
 Of my poor brother's fate ? Thy cheek grows pale,
 And well it may—but yet I have not done.
 Who stain'd his hands with good Hyrcanus' blood,
 My aged grandsire ? Mild and pure old man,
 Whose silver'd head, the weight of fourscore years
 Had bow'd to earth—and who, with patient hope,
 Waited his summons hence, in God's good time.
 Yet with rash, impious haste, thou snapt the thread,
 The frail and worn-out thread, of his poor life—
 He whom thou should'st have cherish'd—of that race,

That proud, illustrious race, from whom have sprung
 High-priests to serve the altar, and crown'd kings,
 Worthy to hold the sceptre, which they sway'd.
 These are strong proofs of love—stronger than
 words—

Though thou dost bind each syllable with oaths !

HEROD.

Nay, I entreat thee, peace !

Peace, if thou would'st not turn to bitterness
 The love of a true heart. Aye, true to thee,
 Though against others it may oft have sinned.
 Yet not to that extent thou fain would'st urge—
 Of thy young brother's death—nought I can say
 Will win a patient hearing from thine ear.
 But for Hyrcanus, thou dost know full well
 Of his intrigues with Malchus—our sworn foe,
 The Arabian king. He, and thy mother too,
 Whose restless soul,—

MARIANNE, (*sternly.*)

Speak not of her !

A weary bondage hast thou made her life !
 What with thy spies, thy guards, thy stern com-
 mands,

She is the veriest slave who owns thy rule.
 Aye, as a proof of thy regard for her,
 Thy fond true love for me—say, did'st thou not,
 When last for Rhodes thou sailed—thou and thy
 train,

To meet imperial Cæsar, leave us both
 Imprison'd in yonder fortress, round whose base,
 The everlasting waves of ocean dash,
 Mingling discordant with the clanging sound
 Of bolts and bars, fit music for the wretch
 Whose life is forfeit to his country's laws—
 But for thy queen ! for her who was a queen !
 Shame to thy manhood, for the dastard act !
 Shame, deeper shame, that thou should'st still pre-
 sume

To prate of love to her thou hast abused,
 The helpless victim of thy lawless power !

HEROD.

'Tis vain to stem thy wrath with soothing words,
 Or reason's stronger aid. Fierce as it burns,
 I almost think, thy mother speaks in thee.
 'Tis Alexandra's voice, her flashing eye,
 Her look of proud command. Scarce can I trace
 My Marianne in this altered form,
 That hurls defiance from her queenly brow
 On him she once adored. Yet well she knows
 That for her safety, Herod placed his queen
 In Alexandria's fortress. Peace was there,
 And faithful friends were round her, to protect,
 And many joys were garner'd there for her,
 That dwelt not in his home. Say I not right ?
 Smile on me, sweet, and I will all forget,
 All but my love, that, like a potent spell,

Enchains my heart, and bows me to thy will,
 Bids me forgive thy words of bitterness,
 Thy deep distrust, thy coldness and thy scorn,
 And fills my soul with one impassion'd thought
 Wherein thy image only is enshrined.
 Turn not away with that disdainful look—
 Art thou a woman, and canst not be mov'd
 With borage such as mine? Cast not away
 A pearl of price—and such, a husband's love.
 Ne'er has it wander'd, ne'er been false to thee—
 Still, in all dangers, and in fearful storms,
 Has turned to thee, as to the beacon light
 Of its best hopes, its guide to peace and joy,
 From hurrying thoughts, and all the vexing cares
 Of kingly state. Then, dearest, spurn me not—
 But yield thy hand to mine, and let that cheek
 Lie pillowed on my breast, its rightful bed,
 And let me banquet on these fragrant lips,
 And hear that melting voice, in love's fond tone,
 Call on my name, as in our early days
 Of wedded love.

(While he is speaking, Salome, the king's sister, enters unperceived at a distant door, and remains concealed by a projecting pillar, from observation.)

MARIANNE,

(starting with abhorrence from Herod's offered embrace.)

Nay, touch me not! there's blood upon thy hand!
 And ne'er again shall mine be linked with it
 In kindly grasp! Not false to me, said'st thou?
 Thou hast been false in every cruel wrong
 Heaped on my friends. In every deathly blow
 Struck at their hearts, thou'st pierced my own, and
 turned

its gentle thoughts, its fond and warm desires,
 To bitter hatred, lasting and intense.
 Henceforth, 'twixt thee and me, come no glad word—
 No ray of sunny joy shine on our path—
 But chilling silence and distrustful gloom,
 Brood o'er our hearts, and disunite our hopes.
 Herod, this must be so—'tis fate's decree—
 Then never seek to change my changeless mind,
 And by unmanly pleas, force me to say,
 What I would have unsaid. 'Tis hard to speak
 To those we once have loved, of hate and scorn!

HEROD.

Enough! enough!

Enough! enough! and in the tones
 Of thy calm voice, full of unmeasur'd hate.
 Aye, this is vengeance more than I deserve,
 E'en for my deeds—since 'tis my fearful doom
 To love thee still, to dote upon thy looks,
 And languish for thy presence, as the child
 For its fond mother's arms. Whence comes this
 fire.

This deep absorbing passion, that consumes
 With a fierce flame my soul? Know'st thou from
 whence?

I fain would render bitter hate for hate,
 And deep disdain for all thy cruel scorn,
 But that those eyes melt my most stern resolves,
 And crowd my heart, when it would shut thee out,
 With passionate thoughts, that frame themselves in
 words,
 Would shame a woman's tongue.

SALOME,

(advancing towards them, and casting a look of angry defiance on Marianne, addresses Herod.)

And would forever fix disgrace on thine,
 But for the wicked spell by which thou'rt bound,
 Wrought by this sorceress, to enslave thy soul
 In her accursed chains. Think'st thou thy love,
 Thy madness, let me say, would still endure,
 Spite of her proud disdain, her bitter taunts,
 Her baseless calumnies, and broken faith,
 Wert thou not plied with drugs of devilish power,
 That bind thee as with adamantine chains,
 In slavery worse than death—and make it vain,
 Though she doth spurn thee, to withstand her
 charms,
 Or burst her cruel thrall!

HEROD.

Ha! say'st thou so! and whence thy knowledge
 gained?

Accuse her not unjustly—give me proof—
 And by my crown, if this be true, she dies!
 A spell, forsooth! 'tis that which fires my brain!

(Turning sternly to Marianne,)

Madam, if this be true, thou know'st thy fate—
 Tremble! and be prepared!

MARIANNE, (with calm dignity.)

I tremble not!

Fear is for those whose hearts can frame, whose
 tongues

Can utter lies. The guiltless know it not.

SALOME.

Heed not her boasts!

I would withdraw the veil that blinds thine eyes,
 That thou may'st see her, odious as she is—
 Like one of those fair palaces, which stand
 Upon the dead sea's bank—all bright without,
 But fill'd with unclean beasts—the brooding owl,
 Dark bat with leathern wing, and slimy snake,
 That there abide, and make their loathsome nests.
 I slander not—and if thou doubt'st my word,
 Summon thy page, Demetrius—he will tell
 Of bribes received, and of a subtle drug,
 Poured in thy cup, by the command of her,
 Thy spotless wife, to make thee mad with love,

That she may use thee for her wicked ends,
And work the ruin of thy hated house—
Herself to reign supreme.

MARIANNE, (*addressing Herod.*)

Believ'st thou this ?

Say, have I sought to work upon thy love ?
Mad as it was, I turned it to no use,
Made it subserve no purpose of mine own,
But with frank speech, avowed, as now I do,
My deep abhorrence of thy fearful crimes—
Shrank from thy blood-stained hand, and coldly
turn'd

A callous ear to thy entreating words.
A mean revenge prompts my accuser's tongue,
And with fell purpose, has she seized the hour
Of sharp contention betwixt me and thee,
To ripen her dark plot. Haughty I am,
Proud of my lineage high, and spotless name,
And oft, at times, when she has chaf'd my blood
With insult rude, and contumelious word,
I have reproach'd her with her low descent,
And said 'twas hard—and so in truth it is—
For the proud eagle to forsake her nest,
And dwell with meaner birds. For this alone,
This, my unguarded speech, she seeks my life—
Seeks what is nothing worth—not e'en to me—
For secret foes are in my daily path,
And it is wet with drops of precious blood,
Shed from those hearts, which nature knit to mine,
In tenderest bonds of amity and love.
Yet, before Him who reads our secret thoughts,
I here deny all knowledge of the crime
With which I'm charg'd. I am not skill'd
In drugs, or spells, or any potent charms
Of sovereign power. Could I have used them,
'Twould have been to save dear friends from harm,
Myself from enmity, and bitter hate.
As for the page—I know him but by name—
He's of thy train, lately returned from Rhodes—
One of those Gauls who Cleopatra served,
So have I learn'd—and, doubtless, school'd by her
To fraud and wicked arts. I have said all—
And with a tongue of truth—all I can say,
To save my threaten'd life. More words were vain ;
Therefore I would begone. My mother's heart
Years to behold my children—let me go,
And, if it is to seek their last embrace,
May God forgive the souls, stain'd with my blood !

(*As she attempts to retire, Herod throws himself
before her.*)

HEROD.

Speak, Marianne, yet one little word !
Only one word, to say thou lov'st me still,
And all shall be forgiv'n ! This tale shall die,
And I will hug the spell, if it be one,

Which binds my soul to thine, and makes thy love,
The brightness of my life !

SALOME, (*with eager haste.*)

I tell thee thou art mad, degraded, lost !
Summon thy page forthwith, or try the rack
On her most faithful slave, Eurotedas—
He doubtless knows her guilt, and will confess,
When wheels and pulleys shall have strained his
nerves,
And forced him to the act. Till then, I pray,
Proffer not life to her who stands accused,
And who, methinks, from her proud look and air,
Will scorn it on thy terms.

HEROD.

Sister, I pray thee, peace !

Speak, Marianne—shall we all forget,
And love, as once we did ? If life has charms,
It can be bought by casting off thy hate,
And putting on that robe of wedded love,
Which should adorn a wife.

MARIANNE.

Herod, the robe is rent, and threadbare worn,
And cannot be renewed, e'en as the dress
Which we cast off today, and don again,
When on the morrow it has been repaired.
And as for life—but for my children's sake,
I'd crave it not—and on the terms thou nam'st—
If on those only it can still be mine—
I stand as one just ready for the grave.
Herod, my love is withered, root and branch !
'Twas thou did'st shed the mildew o'er its leaves,
And o'er its glory cast a fearful blight.
Nor genial shower, nor sun, nor early dew,
Can ever more revive it from the dust,
Or cause it to send forth those verdant shoots
Of hope, affection, joy, that once adorn'd
Its young and vig'rous stem. And now farewell.
I leave my fate with thee—'twere worse than vain
To utter one appeal to her false heart.
But for thyself, I warn thee to beware,
If thou dost ever covet peace of mind,
How thou dost yet again imbrue thy hands
In guiltless blood !

(*As she precipitately retires, Herod rushes after,
and endeavours to detain her. But when she eludes
his purpose, he pauses on the threshold, in a paroxysm
of anger and disappointment.*)

HEROD.

This is too much !

She spurns me, and prefers death to my love !
Yet I adore her still ! With frenzied heart,
Dote on her charms ! A spell ? It must be so !
Some magic potion mix'd by cunning hands,
Works in my brain, and fires my soul with love !

Summon Demetrius—and that slave of hers,
 Eurotedas—both shall be tortur'd, even
 To the death, till all is told. And then for her!
 Oh God! shall I destroy those matchless charms?
 Quench in the darkness of eternal night,
 The lambent glories of those radiant eyes?
 Crush from that bounding heart its life and joy,
 And give that perfect form to the cold grave,
 Now in its morning hour, when hope is young,
 And the glad soul is bound by tend'rest ties
 To earthly loves? Aye, yes! but not to mine—
 Then she *shall die!*—but no—and yet—

SALOME.

Nay, brother, cease!

This is the very lunacy of love,
 To mutter thus, and start, and cry aloud,
 And cling to one who spurns thee from her heart,
 As though thy very life was bound in hers,
 And the same stroke which bade her pulses cease,
 Should stop thy flutt'ring breath. Is she not false?
 The blood of Joseph was unjustly shed,
 If she be true.

HEROD.

Peace! peace, I shall go mad!

Haste, send Demetrius hither—yet not here—
 I must go forth—I pant for air, and room.
 In yon broad walk, beneath those gloomy firs,
 I shall be found—and there I'll question him.
 (*He rushes through an open door into the garden.*)

SALOME, (*looking after him with a smile.*)

Poor fool! I'd lend thee pity if I could,
 But 'twould avail thee nought. She surely dies!
 A sweet revenge for all her biting words,
 And the proud boasts, with which she raised herself
 O'er those of humbler birth. She's wrought her
 fate
 By her own haughtiness. Her mother, too,
 The scornful Alexandra—she must die!
 But more of her anon—I must away,
 And school Demetrius how to play his part.

(*Exit Salome.*)

SCENE—*An outer court of the palace. Publius,
 a Roman, and Zoilus, an officer of Herod's guard.*

ZOILUS.

Nobly she died!

Without a struggling sigh, a changing cheek,
 Or any sign of woman's weakness shewn,
 Or mortal's fear. But for the tear, that dimm'd
 Her glorious eye, and, like a diamond, gemm'd
 Its long dark lash, as calm she turn'd, and look'd
 Her last sad look upon the gather'd crowd—
 One might have thought, no earthly passion mov'd
 Her tranquil soul. But when the fatal axe

Sever'd that beauteous head, a shout went up,
 A bursting shout, that seem'd to rend the heavens,
 And then the multitude, as with one voice,
 Cried, "Shame to Herod!" and, with sudden rush,
 Press'd toward the palace, with intent, it seem'd,
 To raze it to the ground. Scarce with their swords,
 The soldiers kept them back, and still'd the strife,
 So mov'd were they by Marianne's charms,
 So melted by her fate.

PUBLIUS.

I marvel not!

'Twould move the stones to tears, and casts a stain,
 Time will not wash away, on Herod's name.
 Were my old master, Antony, alive,
 He would come on with all his myrmidons,
 To strike a blow for Marianne's fame,
 And teach thy plebeian king, not with light cause,
 To spill illustrious blood.

ZOILUS.

He has been smitten by a stronger hand
 Than even Antony's—by that of heaven.
 Madness is on him—for the love he bore
 His beauteous queen, pass'd sober reason's bound,
 And when impell'd by jealousy, maddened
 By her deep scorn, he doomed her to the axe,
 Repentance came with satisfied revenge,
 And craz'd his brain. They strive to hide his state,
 And have convey'd him to some distant spot,
 To hunt, 'tis said—but rumour bruits abroad
 Tales of his frenzied acts, and wild despair,
 Which win a touch of pity from the hearts,
 That censure most his cruelty and crime.

PUBLIUS.

May the gods aid him!

Yet for sin like his, I doubt me if they do.
 I once beheld thy fair and perish'd queen—
 And he who should have cherish'd this bright flow'r,
 Must be a wretch, that, in a fit of rage,
 Could crop it from its stalk—and well deserves
 The sorest penalty that may befall.
 Farewell! I must begone. The wind blows fresh—
 And if a favouring gale, we sail this eve—
 Bound hence for Crete. (*Exeunt*)

Montreal, February, 1839.

IGNORANCE.

It is impossible to make people understand their
 ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it,
 and, therefore, he that can perceive it, hath it not.—
Bishop Taylor.

JUSTICE.

A just man hateth the evil, but not the evil-doer.
 —*Sir P. Sidney.*

THE LATE MRS. M'LEAM. (L. E. L.)

—
 "A star has left the kindling sky,
 A lovely brilliant light; —
 How many planets are on high,
 But *that* has left the night!"

The last poem of "L. E. L."

—
 THE good, the gentle "L. E. L." is dead! No more will her harp be struck by the fairy fingers which were used to produce from them most exquisite music; no more will those lips that have breathed impassioned lays of tenderness and love sing of the heart's affections.

• • • • •
 Letitia Elizabeth Landon was born either in 1801, or 1805, we are not aware of the precise year. She was about sixteen or seventeen when her first poetical effusions appeared in the columns of the Literary Gazette, and the verses which then flowed from her pen are, in our opinion, superior to her productions in after years, inasmuch as they possess more originality and truthfulness of feeling. Her later works are things of art. When she was sixteen, she wrote as she felt; but at twenty-six she wrote as she had learnt. She had made herself mistress of the German language, and studied Goethe, because she was told Goethe was great. So he is; but how different is his greatness from the greatness of "L. E. L." Goethe gives us a notion of the greatness, the immensity, and grandeur of creation; "L. E. L." of its calmness and quiet. The writings of Goethe are of the sublime; the writings of Miss Landon are of the beautiful.

Miss Landon was born in Hans Place, Chelsea, one of the dullest and most unromantic of "genteel" localities in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. She was of the old Herefordshire family of Tedstone Delamere. Her father was, at his outset in life, a midshipman, but afterwards became an army agent; and died while yet a young man. Her uncle was head of Worcester College and Dean of Exeter, and a notice of his death appeared in the same paper that communicated to the public the loss of "L. E. L." In her childhood she used to compose long stories, and repeat them to her brother, and it was, moreover, her habit to walk about the grounds of Trevor Park, and lay awake half the night reciting her verses aloud. At length some of these verses found their way into the Literary Gazette, and they attracted much attention. "The Improvisatrice" was then published, and obtained for her a very high reputation. "The Troubadour," "The Golden Violet," and "The Vow of the Peacock," subsequently appeared.

Miss Landon was small and delicately formed; her figure was exquisitely moulded, and her countenance was so full of expression that although her features were by no means regular, she was always

considered handsome. Her conversation was brilliant and witty. Like many persons of genius, her spirits were either too high or too low. "I write poetry," was her own remark, "with far more ease than I do prose, and with far greater rapidity. In prose I often stop and hesitate for a word; in poetry, never. Poetry always carries me out of myself; I forget everything in the world but the subject which has interested my imagination. It is the most subtle and insinuating of pleasures; but, like all pleasures, it is dearly bought. It is always succeeded by extreme depression of spirits, and an overpowering sense of bodily fatigue. Mine has been a successful career; and I hope I am earnestly grateful for the encouragement I have received, and the friends I have made, but my life has convinced me that a public career must be a painful one to a woman. The envy and the notoriety carry with them a bitterness which predominates over the praise." Miss Landon met with fewer enemies, we believe, than any other writer of her time; even those who thought lightly of her genius, nevertheless respected the delicacy and purity of her character.

Her marriage with Mr. George Maclean, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle, took place on the 21st of June, 1833, and a few days after that event she embarked with her husband for that fatal shore, which is the grave of so many valuable lives. After a voyage of much pain and wretchedness to herself, she arrived in safety; entered immediately upon the discharge of the embarrassing and most difficult duties belonging to her station; devoted her nights and days subsequently to a dangerous and exhausting attendance upon the sick-bed of her husband; and on the morning of the 15th of October, died from the effects of poison, which she is conjectured to have swallowed mistakenly, in too large a quantity, while labouring under a paroxysm of pain. Such is, simply, and in the fewest possible words, her tragic and pitiable story. No tale in history or fiction was ever half so touching as her's. Into what gloomy vision of her wild imagination, thronged as it was with melancholy images, were there ever so many sorrows crowded.—*World of Fashion.*

TRUTH.

I believe that nature herself has constituted truth as the supreme Deity, which is to be adored by mankind, and that she has given it greater force than any of the rest: for, being opposed as she is on all sides, and appearances of truth so often passing for the thing itself, in behalf of plausible falsehoods—yet, by her wonderful operation, she insinuates herself into the minds of men, sometimes exerting her strength immediately, and sometimes lying hid in darkness for a length of time, but at last she struggles through it, and appears triumphant over falsehood.—*Polybius.*

AUNT MARY'S NOTE BOOK.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.

Our travellers set out at an early hour on the following morning. The Earl watched the carriage which contained Amy, as it drove out at the court yard, until it was shut from his view by the broad avenue of trees; then turning to Mr. Martyn, he said, gloomily:

"We have suffered an angel to leave us; I much question our wisdom in so doing. By heavens, Martyn! her tears, and innocent expressions of sorrow, both last evening and when going away, have nearly unmanned me; had I not pledged my word to my mother, I would have caught her to my heart, and bid her stay for ever. Why should we lose two years of happiness?—surely life's page is brief enough."

"Blondeville, you will not repent having acceded to the wishes of the Countess," replied Mr. Martyn; "it would have been cruel to breathe a word beyond the kindness of a brother, to one of her tender age—to wed her, madness. How you delight in her perfectly natural and undisguised expressions of affection; all these would be instantly checked, and that beautiful simplicity, so suited to her years, and that beautiful simplicity, so suited to her years, destroyed, were she to view you in any other light than the one she now does. The loss of her sweet society we shall both feel—for she has been to me as a loved child; and to guide so gentle, so pure minded a being, in religion's paths, I have felt to be a high privilege, and one which I had long prayed might be mine. Yes," he continued, musing, "in disposition and talent, she is the counterpart of her mother—her beauty is that of her fathers. Ah, my friend, you lament but the postponement of happiness—how would you bear to see the cup dashed from your lips forever; go, Harold, and be thankful. Yet let me again warn you—kneel to no earthly idol."

He then retired to the privacy of his study, while the Earl, restless and unsettled, ordered his horse. He rode some distance, scarcely heeding the path he followed, until an inclination to visit the spot where he had first beheld Amy, proved a stimulus, and he galloped forward in the direction of the woods. The sun had scarcely power to penetrate the umbrageous foliage of the trees, and the scene presented a gloomy aspect, as he entered its confines. On drawing near the mossy bank so well re-

membered, he was startled on beholding it occupied by a female—but oh, how unlike the one he had last seen there. Her garb denoted that she belonged to the gipsy tribe, and as she turned her face towards him on his approach, he almost shrank from its forbidding expression, while his horse showed some dislike at passing her. She leant forward on her crutch, and uttered a short discordant laugh, which jarred unpleasantly on his ear. A ragged child was near her, gathering sticks.

"My lord is abroad early this morning," said the crone; "who comes he hither to seek, and wherefore casts he such lowering looks?—did he expect to find a fairer one than I, on the green sward?—ha, ha, ha; listen to my song." And she wildly chanted the following:—

"The dove she has flown from her happy rest;
She seeks a home in the falcon's nest;
My lord may look out from his castle in vain—
For the dove she will not return again."

"Cease your foreboding raven's croak," exclaimed the Earl, rendered impatient by his prancing steed, and angry at so unpleasing an interruption to his meditations. "Away, old hag, else I will have you taken up for trespassing."

"Aye, that is the way you nobles speak to the aged, and the poor, and the miserable," replied the gipsy, as she rose from the bank and stood before him. "Pampered as you are in your princely abodes, and every wish gratified ere expressed, how can you sympathize with the gnawing hunger, with the hearth made desolate, or the broken heart?—spur on your proud steed, and trample me in the dust; and as you glance around you as far as the eye can reach, say, 'behold, all is mine—wherefore should the beggar dare set her foot to pollute the soil;' but boast not thyself," she added bitterly, "the day *must* come, when six feet of earth will be thine inheritance, as well as mine."

"Why speak so severely?" replied the Earl, struck by her words, and commiserating her miserable appearance, bent double, as she was, by age, and clad in the meanest habiliments; "God forbid that the poor or the unfortunate should ever be driven from my doors; surely you have never sought relief at the castle in vain?"

"It matters not," returned the gipsy, folding her old tattered cloak around her; "they may cast forth their broken bread, to appease my craving hunger—but can they bind up the broken and afflicted spirit, or bring back the lost one to my widowed home? Look on me, Earl, in the pride of thy youth and manly beauty; thine eagle eye scans me as an object of loathing and disgust, even while it seems to pity; you think a wretch like me *cannot* be loved, but it was only last evening," and her voice faltered, and sunk into a hoarse whisper, "that *one* hung on my bosom, and kissed my withered brow, and sobbed as he folded me in his arms, and bade me farewell. Oh God! and I shall never behold him more." And the unfortunate creature, supporting herself on her crutch, burst into a flood of tears, while the child, throwing down the sticks she had been gathering, ran towards her, saying:

"Don't cry, granny—don't cry; daddy will come back again."

It was not in the nature of Lord Blondville to behold such a scene unmoved.

"Tell me your grief," he said, in a tone of the deepest feeling; "who is gone, and how can I aid you?"

"Your aid comes too late," sobbed the mendicant. "My son, my only son, is he who I mourn—he was taken up for deer-stealing, with others, and is under sentence of transportation for life; two of them have been respited, but he who was less to blame than they, being friendless, had none to speak for him, and they have bereaved a widowed mother of her last hope—have torn the strong ivy from around the withered old trunk, which the first biting blast must rend in twain, and leave a dishonoured wreck."

"What is your son's name, and where is he confined?" enquired the Earl, his fine countenance glowing with emotion. "Old woman, he shall not be taken from you, if word of mine can save him."

She wildly clasped her hands together, as she fell before him on her knees.

"Phaniel Harman—in the town jail," was all she could articulate.

"I know him—farewell, granny," said the Earl, throwing down a piece of gold, and waving his hand, as he put spurs to his horse, and galloped off, with the rapidity of lightning, on his errand of mercy.

The Falcon's Nest, the name of Lady Blondville's residence, was situated on a rocky eminence, from which it looked proudly down on the valley beneath, whereon were scattered numerous hamlets belonging to the peasantry. It was a handsome pile; but, from its elevated situation, at some distance it appeared to stand alone, and the first view which caught the eye of Amy, struck a chill on her heart; but this was removed as they drove through the cultivated grounds up to the entrance. Her reception from both the Ladies Clarendon was kind,

and even affectionate, and their delight on again beholding the Countess, and their beloved young brother so recently recovered from his dangerous illness, showed the warmth of their feelings. The evening was damp and chill, although only in the commencement of September, and a cheerful fire blazed on the hearth of the handsome saloon, which was a welcome sight to the travellers. Amy looked with interest on the two sisters; they appeared some years older than the Earl, and certainly did not inherit the same remarkably handsome face and form; but there was all the grace and elegance which usually belongs to high birth, and which amply compensated. In Lady Emily particularly, so much sweetness, so much affability was apparent, that Amy seemed drawn towards her at once, as to a congenial being. From some spual weakness, she was habitually an invalid; and on their entrance, appeared reclining on a couch. Arthur ran towards her, throwing his arms round her, and saying:

"Dear, dear Emmy, I have brought you a new sister, who you must love very dearly indeed. Harold says you must."

"I think I shall hardly need the injunction," replied Lady Emily, smiling, and continuing to gaze in admiration on the beautiful girl of whom she had heard so much. "The affectionate kindness you experienced from Lady Amanda insures her a place in my heart."

Mrs. Somerville felt much gratified at the manner in which both herself and her young charge were welcomed; and now that the corroding anxiety which had disturbed her peace for years, was entirely removed by the death of Father Anselm, she felt a sensation of returning happiness, she had long been a stranger to; and the acquisition gained by their introduction to so charming a family, was most fully appreciated, for the sake of this dear child, whose hitherto very secluded and unsettled mode of life had been a serious disadvantage in many respects, which she was now anxious to repair. Lady Blondville already felt for Amy the affection of a mother, and had held many interesting conversations with Mrs. Somerville respecting her. She did not, however, touch on the subject of the Earl's attachment; but the penetration of Mrs. Somerville required it not. She had noticed it soon after her return, and the discovery made her very happy; but she kept the knowledge fast locked in the recesses of her heart, leaving the result in the all-wise hands of a gracious Providence.

A fine full length portrait of Lord Blondville was one of the most attractive objects in the room where they were assembled. It was a speaking likeness, and the eyes of Amy constantly turned towards it, even while answering the questions addressed to her by Lady Emily, who smilingly noticed her abstraction.

"That is very like Harold, is it not?" she said, "and was only finished last year; but I suppose you have seen quite enough of family portraits at the castle—good Mrs. Bennet seldom spares those who have the patience to listen to her."

"Oh, I love every thing in the castle," returned Amy, with enthusiasm, while tears filled her eyes: "it is a spot full of happiness, full of peace."

"The natural result arising from the Christian spirit which reigns there," said Lady Emily, in a soft, low tone, and with a heightened colour; "my brother is very fortunate in possessing so valuable a friend as Mr. Martyn; indeed we all (under heaven) owe him much, and, perhaps, I more than any—for he has taught me to cull happiness from what at first I considered an affliction." Here she paused, and then continued, while a sweet smile illumined her countenance: "I shall not be able to accompany you in your rambles or amusements; but whenever you are disposed for a quiet hour, I hope you will make me your companion."

"Such an inducement will indeed so dispose me frequently," replied Amy, her interest increasing for the amiable invalid; "I feel already as if I had known you for years, from having heard your name so often and so fondly mentioned."

The following day was devoted to viewing the place, which well repaid the curiosity of the visitors. Each of the young ladies had an apartment appropriated to themselves alone; Lady Emily's adjoined her bed-chamber, and the opposite character of the two sisters might be traced in the difference of their arrangements. In Lady Matilda's, every elegance of the modern fashionable boudoir, were collected: exquisite little porcelain vases on rosewood or marble tables, a very small collection of beautifully bound books, damask drapery, and pink muslin curtains, looking-glasses and bijouterie in every corner. Lady Emily's, on the contrary, was simple, plain, yet most tasteful: on a table were piled a number of books; a basket, filled with work, stood near it; a choice collection of plants appeared to be the only favourite decoration, except a few miniatures of her most valued friends—amongst them was one of Mr. Martyn; the windows, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, opened on the terrace; her couch was drawn towards one, and her bible lay open beside it. All around possessed an air of such calm repose, that Amy was enchanted.

"I suppose Arthur is your pupil, from these," she said, taking up one of the books, which were for children.

"He has been one, certainly," replied Lady Emily, "but those are not his. You know," she continued softly, "that I am unable to go abroad among our poor people, and as I felt anxious to be of some use, I have instituted a small school, which is superintended by one or two of my young friends. Once a week, a few of the children at a time come

to me for examination, and to receive prizes for good conduct: when mamma is kind enough to give them a treat of tea and cakes, in the servants' hall."

The good works of Lady Emily were not confined to these alone. Many in the extensive neighbourhood where she dwelt, had cause to bless her; quiet and unobtrusive in manner, she was little known in society, save by a few; while Lady Matilda's more dazzling qualities were courted and admired by all.

Amy was next shown the apartments exclusively considered Lord Blondville's and Mr. Martyn's. She looked on every object around them with peculiar interest, as they seemed to carry her back to the happy abode she had so lately quitted. Those which were given up to herself and Mrs. Somerville, adjoined Lady Blondville's, and were cheerful and full of comfort; though not possessing the same charm, in her estimation, that her boudoir at the castle had held. She felt, indeed, most grateful for the many blessings which had been lately showered upon her, and for the valued friends who surrounded her; yet still there was a want, a blank to be filled, which she could not comprehend. Was it the mild and improving converse of her guardian she missed, or the engaging cheerfulness and pleasing attentions of Lord Blondville. Both she thought of with feelings of the deepest regard, but the last was ever before her—in her walks, in her musings, and in her dreams. Poor Amy!

One of the favourite amusements of Lady Matilda was equestrian exercise; and Mrs. Somerville, thinking it might tend to strengthen the nerves of her young charge, proposed that she should learn to ride. At first, Amy showed great timidity, and would only venture to mount Arthur's pony, led by Vernon, the old and attached servant of the family; but, by degrees, she gained more courage, and was at length induced to accompany Lady Matilda in her long excursions, which proved highly beneficial to both her health and spirits. She soon found, however, that the society of the latter was unsuited to her. Their tastes, their minds, were totally dissimilar; there was occasionally a hauteur, and a turn for satire, from which the gentle Amy shrank; nor could their conversation amalgamate—since those things which filled her heart with pious love and joy, were viewed with comparative coldness by Lady Matilda. Yet, as the sister of Lord Blondville, it was impossible not to regard her. The hours which she spent in Lady Emily's pleasant room were her happiest—for she found in her cultivated mind all the talent of her sister, combined with the far higher attainment of genuine heart-felt religion; and the devoted affection with which she loved to speak of her brother Harold, was ever a grateful theme to Amy, who listened with eager attention to the slightest circumstance where he had borne a part. The name of Mr. Martyn, too, was frequently dwelt upon, and always, by Lady Emily, with a slight tremour in

her voice, and a heightened colour. Mrs. Somerville would sometimes beg admission into this sanctuary, but she had become so great a favourite with Lady Blondville, that her mornings were generally spent in her society. Dear Arthur continued the pet of all; the strong affection he had evinced for Amy from the first, had not in the slightest degree diminished, but as he now attended the Reverend Mr. Graham, whose residence was within a mile of the Falcon's Nest, and where he was preparing for the ordeal of a public school, she saw much less of him. It formed part of an amiable plan of Lady Blondville's, to introduce Amy gradually into society. She felt that the mode of life Mrs. Somerville had been obliged to adopt with her charge, had been in some respects prejudicial to one of her rank,—that the total separation from those of her own age and station, might have given her false notions of her acquirements or abilities, or at least have prevented her learning that most humbling of all lessons, the knowledge of self.

"That I would preserve the dear child from the taint of gay and frivolous society, with its thousand evils, you cannot for a moment doubt," she would say, "but I firmly believe that the most unamiable passions of our nature may be cherished and indulged as easily in the cell of an anchorite, as in the world—hours for meditation are necessary and proper for all, when we reflect how responsible we are for every action, at the highest tribunal, and I cannot conceive any madness greater in rational beings than that constant whirl of dissipation, which destroys health, renders our devotions cold and languid, and are so directly opposed to every characteristic of a true Christian."

Mrs. Somerville perfectly coincided in these opinions, and felt much rejoiced that her beloved Amy would be presented to so select a circle as composed Lady Blondville's acquaintance—under such favourable auspices, she could not forbear feeling a degree of pride, when she beheld the sensation this beautiful girl called forth wherever she appeared. She was noticed and admired by all for her simply graceful manner, so devoid of affectation, and she soon made many valuable friends by her gentle unobtrusive piety, which was discovered more in her actions, than by her words, for she seldom expressed her sentiments on this momentous subject, except to those with whom she was familiarly associated, lest she might be led into saying more than she really felt, and thereby deceiving both herself and others. She had now ample means of doing good, and in the course of her rides and walks, she frequently became the almoner of Lady Emily, and had thus an opportunity of discovering objects worthy of her bounty. She could never prevail on Lady Matilda to enter with her the abodes of the poor, as she feared the contagion of disease, from their impure air—but with Mrs. Somerville she en-

joyed the happy privilege of soothing, by her kindness, many a bed of suffering, or affording consolation to many a sorrowing heart. She had become much endeared to Lady Emily; occasionally the amiable invalid was confined to her room, when Amy would remain her companion, to read to her, or render those little attentions so grateful and so soothing in such seasons. She took an active part in her school, and watched over her plants and flowers, which flourished under her fostering hand. All that depression and unnatural nervous alarm which had at first pained Lord Blondville, were entirely removed, and she could now join in dear Arthur's merry laugh, (no longer a strange sound to her,) and thrill the heart of Mrs. Somerville and that of the faithful Ursula, as they listened to her innocent gaiety.

Time passed—the summer was gone, autumn had shed her leaves, and already had November crept in—in one more month Lord Blondville and Mr. Martyn were expected at the Falcon's Nest. What happiness in the idea—Amy strove that it should not engross too much of her thoughts, but she found the task difficult.

"Alas, dearest mamma," she would say to Mrs. Somerville, who was the repository of every thought, of every feeling, "can I be the same as in those days when my bible was my sole pleasure, and when no image would steal into my thoughts, in hours sacred to higher duties; you know not how it pains me."

"Yes, my child, you are indeed the same," replied Mrs. Somerville, tenderly embracing her, "had you remained until now secluded, there would have been no temptation to resist, and consequently you might have imagined yourself stronger than you are, but happily this was not permitted, and you are now assured that your strength is from God alone, that of yourself you cannot even think a good thought, or perform one duty aright without His all sufficient grace. You know *where* to obtain this, and that it is never denied when asked in sincerity of heart; yet let me affectionately warn you, my precious Amy, that the happiness which flows from human sources, ever carries in its stream pain and disappointment, and that *none* are pure, *none* are perfect, save that well of living water which springeth up unto everlasting life."

One morning, ere the party had separated after breakfast, during which Lady Matilda had been studying the contents of a newspaper; she suddenly uttered an exclamation, at the same time saying:

"I find Harold is staying at Sir Charles Courteney's, and the Morning Post announces that it is confidently reported in the fashionable circles, that the talented young Earl of Blondville has it in contemplation to lead shortly to the hymeneal altar the accomplished sister of Sir Charles Courteney, at whose residence, the Rook's Nest, the noble Earl is at

present on a visit.' What think you of that, sister Emmy?"

Amy involuntarily started, while Lady Emily instantly replied:

"Why, I think that the paragraph has been inserted by Harriet herself, she is so fond of notoriety."

"What an uncharitable idea," said Lady Matilda, indignantly, "I could scarcely have conceived you capable of forming it."

"I am sorry it appears in that light," returned her sister, meekly, "but Harriet Courtenay is so unlike the one I would imagine as the chosen of Harold, that I was surprised into it."

"Your brother mentioned he was going to the Rook's Nest, in his last letter," observed the Countess, "but merely *en route*, for he intended to be at home the first week in this month, and you know Sir Charles and Harriet are coming here on the 20th."

"Dear Harriet, how I love her," said Lady Matilda, rising, "I do not know any thing that would afford me more happiness, than her becoming my sister."

"You have only to acquire the name of Lady Matilda Courtenay, and your wish will be accomplished," returned her sister, laughing, "in no other way will you see it, depend."

Lady Matilda nodded gaily as she left the room, but made no answer.

"Do you really think it untrue," said Amy, after she had been sitting for some time silent in Lady Emily's boudoir, where she had, as usual, retired with her.

"Think what untrue, dear?" replied Lady Emily, laying down the book she had been reading, and gazing in her face; but the moment she perceived the colour rush to the cheek of the sensitive girl, and the slight confusion in her manner, she became aware of what was passing in her mind, and putting her arm affectionately round her, she replied:

"Yes, dear Amy, perfectly untrue, I know it of a certainty."

Amy smiled, as she fondly returned the caress, and brushed away a tear, when no more passed on the subject.

Amongst the little girls who attended Lady Emily's school, was one who particularly interested her, named Susan Grey; she was the child of very ignorant and bad parents, who it had taken some trouble to persuade that there was any use in her being taught to read, they had always done very well without it, and why could not she; but by the temptation of a few little presents to the dame, Susan was at length permitted to take advantage of Lady Emily's kindness. She was not remarkably clever, but mild and docile, and there was a subdued manner and bowed spirit, which told a tale of harsh treatment at home, although she never complained. Mr. Martyn, in his visit at the Falcon's Nest, had

taken much pains with her, and the efforts of this truly pious minister, had been peculiarly blessed by his Divine Master, for Susan early showed a fondness for her bible, and a deep interest in its study; every Saturday she visited Lady Emily in her boudoir, when she would either read aloud to her, repeat hymns, or occupy herself with needle-work.

One day she was sitting with her work resting on her knee, when occasionally she would steal a look at Lady Emily, who was talking to Amy, and then with a gentle sigh, bend her eyes again on her employment. Something seemed passing in her mind, which she had not the courage to express; at length she attracted the notice of Amy, who was very fond of her.

"I am sure Susan, there is something you wish to ask Lady Emily, is there not?" she said, taking the little girl's hand.

"Yes, there is," whispered the child, while her cheek crimsoned, and her voice faltered.

"What is it Susan?" enquired Lady Emily, in her own soft voice, and smiling kindly.

Susan struggled within herself, and then, after much hesitation replied:

"It is a great favour ma'am."

"A favour, poor child," returned Lady Emily, "any that *you* would ask, is granted ere expressed, tell me what you wish."

Thus encouraged, Susan looked up eagerly, her eyes sparkling with animation, as she said:

"Last evening mother let me read her a whole chapter from the bible, and when I had finished, she told me she liked it; I then said, 'oh mother, if you would only go to church, you would often hear such beautiful words.' 'How can I go to church child,' she replied, 'when I have no gown fit to appear in.'"

Here Susan paused, and again looked down.

"Ah, I see it now, dear Susan, you wish your mother to have a new gown to go to church in," returned Lady Emily, "your pious desire shall be gratified, she shall have one, and you shall make it for her if you like."

"Oh, dear lady," cried Susan, clasping her hands joyfully, "how good, how kind," and she kissed the hand extended towards her, while a tear of gratitude fell upon it. The next day, a neat and appropriate one was accordingly selected by Lady Emily's maid, and arranged for Susan to commence on the following Saturday. Lady Emily watched the delight which the child seemed to take in this task, with interest; she wished her to be assisted in order that it might the sooner be completed, but Susan expressed a desire to do it all herself, and that nothing might be said about it to her mother, until she carried it home to surprise her.

And now the day had arrived that Sir Charles Courtenay and his sister were expected at the Falcon's Nest. Amy could not not help feeling anxious to see

Miss Courtenay; the associations connected with the name were certainly not pleasing, and she strove to check a feeling of prejudice which she knew to be improper and unchristian, and it was with this resolution she descended to the saloon that evening, when she was presented by the Countess to her guests, who had arrived about two hours previously. She gazed eagerly in the face of Miss Courtenay, who gave an involuntary start on first beholding her, but checked it instantly, as she coldly returned her salutation. Not so Sir Charles; his eyes were rivetted on her lovely features, and as she floated before him with her swan-like neck and graceful form, they followed her in perfect admiration.

"Is she not a beautiful creature," said the Countess, in a low tone, on observing his fixed attention.

"She is an angel," he replied, "my dreams never even conceived such surpassing loveliness; why Blondville never prepared me for any thing like this."

"That was scarcely fair," returned Lady Blondville, smiling, "you must place a double guard on your heart to repair his negligence."

"She would conquer them all by one look," cried Sir Charles, "see how entirely unconscious she appears. Lady Blondville, I must beg you to tell me her story, I never could obtain it from Harold, and I know there is some romance attached to it."

"You shall hear it certainly, but here comes my darling Arthur, is he not much grown since last you were here."

The noble boy bounded in as she spoke, first running up to greet Sir Charles and his sister, and then throwing himself on a low stool at Amy's feet, who had drawn towards the couch occupied by Lady Emily.

"Charming, divine, upon my soul," continued Sir Charles, gazing abstractedly towards the group.

Amy at that moment was bending over the boy, eagerly recounting something which appeared to amuse him, for he was laughing merrily, while with one arm round her neck, he had drawn her face close towards his own, to listen.

"Do tell me, Lady Blondville," continued Sir Charles, "she has a large fortune, has she not?"

"I fear not, for your sake," replied Lady Blondville, laughing, "allow me to present you to my friend, Mrs. Somerville;" (who had just entered the room.)

Sir Charles bowed, and then walked towards Lady Emily, making most kind enquiries after her health, in a tone of tenderness, habitual to him, but which some believed a little assumed, and not really felt. He was rather handsome, with fine hair, and fine teeth, which he was fond of displaying. He had moved a great deal in society, and had travelled much, which gave an ease and a polish to his ad-

dress. His valet affirmed that he could occasionally be very cross indeed—had been seen several times in a violent passion, when one or two words had escaped him approaching to malediction—but then who would go to a valet for his master's character?

His sister, Miss Courtenay, was a few years his junior, and a favourite in fashionable society, without being handsome; her appearance was pleasing, she dressed beautifully, she waltzed beautifully, and had the neatest, smallest foot which was constantly put forth for admiration, while her manners were lively and agreeable. She played with grace and execution on the harp, and was an adept in all those little manœuvres which could bring into notice her various attractions; but why so minute in our description, are there not many Miss Courtenay's? She was the great friend of Lady Matilda, and with her brother paid an annual visit of several weeks at the Falcon's Nest, in regard for the intimacy which had formerly subsisted between their mutual parents.

If Sir Charles had at first been attracted by the beauty of Amy, how was he charmed when a few days made him more acquainted; and had it not been for the eternal enquiry whether she was not heiress to the Duke's splendid estates, his admiration might have been considered perfectly disinterested. He joined her with his sister and Lady Matilda in all their rides and walks, and was so assiduous in his attentions, that Miss Courtenay, after a time, rallied him upon them.

Amy received his regards very quiescently; he did not interest her, neither was his conversation pleasing to her; but her kind heart and guileless nature, frequently made her appear to listen with attention, when in truth, her thoughts were wandering far away. His sister she strove to like, but her advances were always met by coldness, and an assumption of superiority which chilled her—nor could she bear to hear Lord Blondville's name so constantly alluded to, as it was by Miss Courtenay, or his delightful visit at the Rook's Nest; his gaiety while there, his waltzing with herself so frequently mentioned—why she scarcely knew, and would sometimes make the self enquiry, since it pained her; but in truth Miss Courtenay had always indulged a latent hope of one day being more nearly allied to the Earl's noble family, till she beheld Amy, and heard her story, when she immediately viewed her as a powerful rival, and hated her in consequence, striving to mortify her in every possible way. Mrs. Somerville saw all that was passing, but very sensibly kept it to herself; watching at the same time over her beloved charge with maternal solicitude.

The winter this year promised to be unusually severe; already there had fallen much snow, which put a stop to the riding parties. The billiard room then became a favourite resort; thither Amy would

sometimes be induced to accompany the rest, when Miss Courtenay would insist upon her learning, and that Charles should teach her; but Amy proved an idle heedless scholar, and received many a rebuke.

"How distract you appear, Lady Amanda," said Miss Courtenay one morning, when listless and forgetful she stood with the cue in her hand, until Sir Charles approached to guide it on the table, "you were all life, all spirits, when we first came, but of late you are grown quite sentimental. Charles, your pupil does you little credit—pray make her more attentive—surely the poor girl must be in love."

"In love," repeated Lady Matilda, "Amy is too serious to be in love with any thing, save teaching ragged children to read."

Amy's soft blue eye turned reproachfully on her, as she uttered this in a sarcastic tone, when the recollection of her devoted conduct towards Arthur smiting her, she pressed her hand, as she added, "forgive me, I had forgotten."

Amy smiled, then begging her to finish the game for her, she left the room, and proceeded towards Lady Emily's boudoir. On entering, she found her engaged reading a letter, with little Susan sitting by her, working diligently at the gown she was so anxious to give her mother. On looking at the child, she noticed a bruise on her shoulder.

"Why, Susan, who has done this, who has hurt you," asked Amy.

"She did not mean to hurt me so much, ma'am," replied Susan, without looking up.

"Ah! could it have been your mother, poor child, and yet you still take such pleasure in working for her?"

"I take more," returned Susan; "I vexed her by wishing to read to her when she was busy, and, in her haste, she threw something at me; but she was very sorry when she saw how it hurt me—and I am sure, if she only goes to church, she will soon leave off getting into a passion. I shall try, therefore, and work very hard to finish her gown by next week."

"Will you let me help you, Susan, for you can never do it all in one day?"

Susan hesitated, and then replied: "You are very kind, ma'am, but it would not be all my work then—and that is what I wish."

Lady Emily now laid down her letter, saying:

"Will your mother let you come again next Wednesday, which is a half holiday?—you could then finish it by Saturday easily."

"Oh, I dare say she would," replied the happy little girl; "thank you, ma'am"—and she went on plying her needle with redoubled alacrity; while Lady Emily, turning to Amy, said:

"Do you know that Harold is coming to us next Thursday?"

"Is it, can it be possible?" exclaimed Amy, clasping her hands joyfully—"I thought he would not arrive until Christmas."

"He comes earlier than he intended—hear what he says about it," returned Lady Emily, selecting a passage from the letter:

"I found the old castle looking so dull on my return, every thing bright and beautiful vanished, and, in their place, withered leaves whirling over my head, and the winds moaning through the deserted branches of the trees, that, after a week or two, I thought it was useless to remain grumbling over the fire with Martyn, who has become as silent as an owl—and so we proceed to Devon next week, and shall reach you certainly by Thursday.' Now does not this rejoice your heart, my little sister?"

"It is indeed delightful," said Amy, as the letter was again refolded, "and how quickly has the time passed since I came here—who would believe that three months have flown since I left Blondeville castle."

"Time does indeed flit away," returned Lady Emily, gently sighing; "and yet, brief as life is, we are continually looking forward to some imaginary happiness, which must consume still more ere it arrives; the present scarcely ever satisfies—there is a constant longing, and waiting, and watching—a love of change, inherent in our nature, which powerfully expresses that this is not our rest—that, as immortal beings destined to a brighter home, our souls pant, as we proceed, for joys beyond any we can meet with here. Susan, your song would not be inapposite to what I mean—sing it, my child."

The child rose, and, standing before her amiable protectress, sang, in a low, plaintive voice, the following:

On summer eve, when I have roamed
O'er fields and lanes so gay,
And heard the merry song of birds,
And watched them soar away;
I've marked them hop from bough to bough,
Then seek a nobler flight—
Upward they bound through liquid air,
Far, far beyond the sight.
Then have I wished that I could be
A little bird, so blest—
To change the hopes, the cares of earth,
For heaven's eternal rest.

Lady Emily affectionately kissed the child, and, in after days, those simple words would often recur to her remembrance in the silence of her room.

There was great joy throughout the house when it was known that the Earl was so soon expected—for he was perfectly idolised by every one in it, but to none did it afford such intense happiness as to Amy. She was standing, gazing on his picture, in the saloon, where she happened to be alone, the day previous to the one on which he was to arrive, when Vernon, the old servant, entered to arrange the fire. He looked at her for some little time, and then said, smiling:

"That is a fine likeness of my young lord, God bless him, for one of the kindest and best. I remember I used to think he never would meet any one deserving of him; but, praised be His name, I have lived to see my error."

"Indeed!" replied Amy, slightly confused, "who can have had the power to make so favourable a change in your opinion?"

"She who can feel for the wants and miseries of others," replied the old man, fervently—"she who is as good as she is beautiful—who has been sent as a blessing from above, to confer happiness on a noble house—such is the Lady Amanda de Manfredonia."

"Good, kind Vernon, I deserve not all this praise," returned Amy, affected by his words.

"Yes, my dear young lady, you do, and may God so reward you; you will forgive an old man's freedom, who has danced the original of that picture on his knee many a time before you were born, and a noble child he was."

Amy pressed his withered hand, while a tear stood in her eye. She felt more gratified at that moment than if she had won a diadem.

This day was spent in the delightful anticipation of the morrow. There had been a heavy fall of snow during the morning, which precluded any of the party from leaving the house; but various amusements were at their command within. Miss Courtenay was the chief promoter even to a game at battledore in the old hall, much to the delight of Amy and young Arthur, whose joyous laugh resounded above all.

Susan came not to her appointment, as she promised; doubtless her mother would not spare her. Lady Emily felt sorry, as she knew the disappointment it would prove to the little girl herself, and she had wished her to share in the general happiness at the Falcon's Nest.

The following proved one of those clear, bright, frosty days, so rare and so prized in England—the robins came flocking to be fed at the windows—a cheerful fire blazed on the ample hearth of the breakfast parlour—comfort, with elegance, appeared in every corner. Arthur threw open the sash, to place the usual supply of crumbs for his favourites.

"Now really, my young friend," said Sir Charles, shivering, "we could dispense with that arrangement."

"Do not mind it one moment, for the sake of the dear robins," replied Arthur; "I cannot bear to see them hungry, when I am surrounded by plenty."

"Your philanthropy may be good, but it has a chilling influence on others," returned Sir Charles, and as he spoke he drove the birds away, and shut the window.

"Harold would not have done that," said Arthur, indignantly.

"Harold is Arthur's model," added the Countess.

smiling, "we must pardon his partiality; but what do you propose doing this promising day?"

"If we can enlist our forces, we intend taking a long walk," replied Lady Matilda; "Amy, are you so disposed?"

Amy readily assented, and the hour was fixed; but in the course of the morning, so many visitors called, that our pedestrians did not set out until much later than they had intended. It was still fine, however, and they were all too cheerful and too happy to heed whether the sun shone or not.

Miss Courtenay contrived that Amy should be left to the care of her brother, whose arm was always proffered, and frequently accepted with reluctance. They had walked a considerable distance, when Lady Matilda, looking at her watch, exclaimed at the lateness of the hour, and proposed their returning:

"I should wish to reach home before the arrival of my brother," she said, "and it is now past four o'clock."

As they drew near the cottages belonging to the peasantry, within a mile of the Falcon's Nest, Amy suddenly recollected Susan Grey, and on looking towards the one where she dwelt, she perceived the shutters were closed; she paused before it, saying:

"I fear some one must be ill here—do let me inquire; I will not detain you a moment."

"Amy, what a tiresome creature you are," replied Lady Matilda; "we are already much later than I wished—I cannot wait for you indeed."

Amy again pleaded; when Miss Courtenay obligingly said:

"I am sure, Charles will be delighted to wait for you; Matilda and I will stroll slowly on, and you can soon overtake us."

"I shall be most happy, charmed," repeated Sir Charles, pressing his hands affectedly together, and bowing over them.

"Thank you a thousand times," said Amy, raising the latch; "I will rejoin you immediately."

But on entering the cottage, a different scene presented itself to what she had expected. Mrs. Grey, the mother of Susan, was sitting in a chair, her apron over her face, and rocking herself, apparently in the extremity of some powerful emotion, for she was sobbing loud and bitterly. Her husband appeared at some distance, his head resting on the table, his arms folded, but silent—motionless. A strange woman was moving stealthily across the room, engaged in some little domestic offices; she was also in tears.

"Alas, what has happened?" enquired Amy; "where is Susan, and why did she not come to Lady Emily yesterday?"

"Susan will never come again," replied the woman, brushing her hand across her eyes—"the dear lamb is gone for ever."

Amy uttered an exclamation of grief, and sank down on the nearest seat :

"I beseech you, tell me what can have caused such a lamentable catastrophe," she said, bursting into tears.

The woman drew close to her, and, in a low tone of voice, replied :

"I must not let *them* hear me, my lady ; they are in sorrow enough, and good cause have they for it. Yesterday morning, Susan asked her mother's permission to go to the Falcon's Nest ; she said it was for something very particular. Her mother told her she could not spare her, as she wanted her to carry a basket of eggs to the town. Susan looked sadly disappointed, and begged hard for one hour ; when her mother became impatient, and struck her, calling her idle and many cruel names ; and that, if she only went to school to learn disobedience, she had better stay at home. Susan meekly replied :

"Dear mother, I did not mean to be disobedient—I beg your pardon ; give me the basket, I will carry it with pleasure." Dame Grey was softened by this reply, for truly does scripture say that a soft answer turneth away wrath ; and she told her if she made haste back, she might still have time to go to Lady Emily. The child accordingly set out, and wandered some way, until the snow-storm came on—when, in her alarm, she missed the right track. It appears she enquired from many persons the road, but none took the trouble to guide her. The last place where she was seen alive was in a farm-yard, where she had gone for shelter ; from this she was driven out by a large mastiff—when, faint and weary, she laid herself down, with no one near to take pity on her—no door ready to receive her. And this morning she was found by her own father, who had gone out to seek for her, laying quite dead, with her little basket by her side."

The redoubled sobs of Mrs. Grey, when the woman ceased speaking, showed that this tale of woe had reached her ears ; while Amy was so painfully distressed at its recital, that the sudden change from the buoyant, happy feelings with which she had entered the cottage, to the reverse, quite overwhelmed her ; she felt a pang at her heart which drove the colour from her cheek—she gasped—she tried to speak, but she was unable. The woman became alarmed, and threw open the cottage door, to admit the air. Sir Charles was standing outside, apparently in no pleasant mood, for he was stamping his feet, and endeavouring, by various means, to keep himself warm, occasionally muttering invectives against wayward girls and their visits of charity.

"The young lady is ill, sir, pray step in," said the woman, on perceiving him.

Sir Charles threw up his hands and eyes.

"Never will I promise to wait outside a cottage door again on a winter's day, particularly for a young

lady who has been disinherited by her father," were his thoughts on entering.

Amy, in the meantime, had struggled with her feelings ; she felt that the intrusion of strangers, in such an hour of sorrow, was improper.

"I will not stay to add to your trouble," she said to the woman ; "do all you can to comfort these unhappy parents, who I will see when they are more composed ; in the meantime, pray take this," and she placed her purse in the woman's hand, "it may be wanting."

"God bless your ladyship," she replied, courtseying, "but would you not like to step in here, and see the dear child for the last time—she looks so sweet, so calm ?"

"Oh, no, no, not now—I could not bear it," cried Amy, covering her face, and hastening from the cottage, followed by Sir Charles, to whom, as they walked slowly home, she related the story of poor Susan, begging him not to mention it, as she would not like to distress Lady Emily on the day of her brother's arrival.

"A most unfortunate occurrence indeed," replied Sir Charles, tenderly—"I vow, a most unpleasant thing to happen—but see, it is getting quite dusk, and has become extremely cold, and I confess I have no fancy that we should be so lost in the snow—shall we hasten our steps, Signora ?"

Amy tried to redouble her speed ; she thought if Lord Blondville or Mr. Martyn had been her companions, how different would have been their sympathy in such a heart-rending case, and she spoke no more until they reached the entrance door at the Falcon's Nest, which was opened for them by Vernon. On entering, she perceived Mr. Martyn, walking up and down the hall. She flew towards him, throwing herself into his extended arms, and exclaiming :

"Oh, my own dearest papa, thank God you are come ; but where is *he*—are you not both here ?"

"Yes, my child," replied Mr. Martyn, "Blondville is gone to his room—it is late ; is it usual for you to take these late walks, Amy ?" and the tone of his voice was grave, if not sad.

"Oh no ; indeed," she returned, while tears rose to her eyes ; "I cannot tell you now what detained me, but you shall know tomorrow."

"You seem agitated and fatigued," continued Mr. Martyn, "you had better retire, my dear child. I only waited here to see you for a moment when you came in," and he led her to the foot of the staircase, and shook his head mournfully as he saw her slowly ascending :

"And is *that* hope to be withered also," he said, clasping his hands together, "and yet thy will, and not mine be done."

Amy found Mrs. Somerville impatiently awaiting her in her own room :

"My dear Amy," were her first words on her entrance, "I never felt inclined to be angry with you before—what can have detained you so late? the other ladies returned some time ago."

"Ah, dearest mamma, do not blame me," replied Amy, sorrowfully, "it was a sad cause; but pray, Ursula, help me off with these wraps, for I am tired."

"You do, indeed, look fatigued, my child," said Ursula, assisting her, "where have you been?"

Amy then related her visit to Dame Grey's cottage, and the fate of poor little Susan. Mrs. Somerville and Ursula looked at each other when she paused, while tears streamed down her cheeks.

"My own darling child, said the former, embracing her, "I need not indeed have blamed you—what a melancholy occurrence; yet grieve not thus, Amy—reflect on the happy state of that sweet babe, who has exchanged a life of poverty and cruel usage, for one of eternal bliss—and who knows but that her death may be the means of leading her parents to repentance."

"I thought of that myself," replied the weeping Amy, "and yet I cannot express the pain I felt, particularly when I remembered how very happy we all were yesterday, even at the time she must have been wandering alone and unfriended in the storm, and had not where to lay her innocent head."

"Let your thoughts rather turn to the fold she now inhabits, my child, and to the kind Shepherd who has carried her safely thither; come smile, my own Amy," continued Mrs. Somerville, "else our dear friends who have arrived this day will think you are not pleased to see them."

Amy *did* smile, but the light spirit of the morning had fled—she no longer felt gay. She allowed herself to be dressed without taking any interest in what had been selected by the woman's pride and affection of Mrs. Somerville, who was anxious that her beloved child should appear to the best advantage; and while Ursula braided with more than usual care, her luxuriant tresses, her thoughts were absorbed by far different objects.

"Shall I wait for you, mamma," she said, hesitatingly, when at length she was released from the duties of the toilet. "I have not yet seen them both—and strangers are, I believe, coming to dine today."

"Then hasten down before their arrival, my child," replied Mrs. Somerville, smiling, "I will follow you immediately."

And Amy, with a heightened colour, and a step agitated from some powerful emotion, descended to the door of the saloon. Here she paused; in another instant she would be in the presence of one whose image had been the too engrossing object of her thoughts for months, and she had not courage to turn the lock. At length, she gently unclosed it,

and entered the room with a palpitating heart. Lord Blondville was standing before the fire, talking to two strange gentlemen, and, apparently, the conversation was of an interesting nature, for his fine countenance was lit up with animation, yet of a grave, almost stern character, unusual to him. He glanced his eyes quickly in the direction of the door as it opened, and instantly came forward, on perceiving the timid approach of Amy; but there was no change in the expression of his features—no smile; he touched her hand coldly, spoke one or two words, and then turned away. Amy stood for one moment as if paralyzed; her soft and eloquent blue eye dilated as she gazed in astonishment upon him, but he avoided its encounter—when she, recollecting what was due to herself, with a mingled feeling of wounded pride, of disappointment and of heart-felt agony, moved to the most distant part of the room, and sat down by a table, covered over with prints and splendid albums, upon which she appeared to give her whole attention. She had heard the question from one of the strangers, addressed to the Earl, of "Who is that magnificent creature?" but it fell coldly on her ear. "He has forgotten me," were the words which seemed like a blight to wither every feeling of happiness, and all else was indifferent to her. The Countess was the only other lady present, and she was conversing with Mr. Martyn and Sir Charles Courtenay. Lady Emily never made her appearance when there was a dinner party, until the evening, and Amy missed the support her presence would have been to her. Could she have done so with propriety, willingly would she have returned to her own room—but her trial was not yet ended.

Lady Matilda and Miss Courtenay now entered together. Amy marked the instant effect it had on the Earl, who, gaily approaching them, said: "We have met before, fair ladies; how am I to requite the kind courtesy which induced you to welcome me at the gates?"

"Flatter not yourself that we waited there purposely for you," replied Miss Courtenay laughing; "We were looking out for our stray party, wondering why they came not; but it appears we might have watched long, had you not opportunely arrived to relieve our guard."

The Earl looked involuntarily towards Amy, as she uttered this, half playfully; but she appeared engrossed by a large folio, while one hand shaded her eyes from the vivid glare of the lamp. Mrs. Somerville at the same time entered. Lord Blondville immediately went forward to receive her with all his wonted cordiality, and led her towards the couch occupied by the Countess, where he remained talking to her. A few more guests soon afterwards arriving, dinner was announced, and Amy was conducted into the room by Sir Charles Courtenay.

Most heavily did this ceremony pass to her, and earnestly did she wish it over. She continued almost silent during the whole time, until her companion led his conversation to the scene she had witnessed at the cottage, which, he did with his usual affectation of sympathy and tenderness of manner—this at once gained her attention. Miss Courtenay appeared in charming spirits, seated between the two gentlemen Amy had noticed, on her first entrance; and whose names Sir Charles informed her were Lord Rosemount, and the Honorable Colonel D'Arcey. She looked for Mr. Martyn, who, she perceived, was near the Countess, but from the foot of the table she most sedulously kept her eyes. She was talking so earnestly upon the subject of poor little Susan, that she did not at first observe Lady Blondville rise from table; she deeply blushed and felt particularly vexed as she noticed Miss Courtenay turn towards Lady Matilda and smile. In leaving the room, she had to pass the Earl, and in doing so encountered his dark eyes fixed upon her, while the firm compression of his lip gave to his whole countenance an expression so severe that she shrank from it dismayed, and felt, oh, how thankful, when the door was closed upon her. In the saloon she found Lady Emily and Arthur; the boy flew forward with his usual affection to meet her, and she clasped her arms round him, with difficulty restraining a gush of tears.

"Are you as happy as you expected to be this day, dearest Amy?" enquired Lady Emily, taking her hand, and looking anxiously in her face.

"Oh, no, no, nor may I ever dream of happiness again."

"My dear girl, you surprise me; sit down by me, and tell me what you can possibly mean—and yet, I fear I may guess; pray compose yourself, or you will attract the invidious observation of others."

Amy obeyed, while Arthur still clung to her fondly, saying:

"Poor Amy is not well—she is tired—that cross Sir Charles Courtenay kept her out too long."

"May I ask how it happened that you were so late home today, dear Amy?" enquired Lady Emily, in the kindest tone.

"Not tonight, dear Emily—tomorrow you shall hear what has made this wished-for day the most miserable one of my life—spare me now, I beseech you."

The folding doors to the music-room were now thrown open, and it was brilliantly lighted. The rest of the ladies adjourned there, after speaking to Lady Emily. Mrs. Somerville had watched her young charge during dinner, but, unconscious that she had any new cause for the deep depression she remarked, she attributed it to the one alone, and, therefore, hoped it might be dispelled during the evening. The Countess appeared graver than usu-

al, and occasionally cast an anxious glance towards her; but her chief attention was, of course, engrossed by her guests.

Miss Courtenay was performing a brilliant piece on the harp, when the gentlemen entered, at a late hour, most of whom advanced towards Lady Emily; and conversed with her till they were attracted by the music. The Earl addressed a few words of affection to her as she caught his hand; but when she would have detained him, he broke away. Mr. Martyn alone lingered, and drew his chair near the couch:

"I have come to you," he said, smiling, "to hear your report upon my adopted child—tell me, has society spoiled her, or is she still my own dear Amy?"

"If being one of the most gentle, sweet creatures in the world, gives her that privilege," replied Lady Emily, pressing Amy's hand in hers, "she has still a right to it. I know not how it is, but she wins all hearts—even old Vernon's has been taken by surprise; and you know," she continued, smiling, "how difficult he is to please."

"The opinion of an old and faithful servant carries some weight in my estimation," returned Mr. Martyn, much gratified, "and I can assure you, that of Vernon is not to be despised—the old man is very acute in his observations."

At this moment Lady Matilda commenced playing a beautiful waltz, Miss Courtenay having risen from the harp, amidst the plaudits of all. The young lady started, and looked innocently round her, then began to dance, throwing herself into various graceful attitudes, until she approached the spot where the Earl was standing. Here she paused, and pleadingly turned her eyes upon him; and the appeal to his gallantry was irresistible—he instantly stepped forward, while she, with a pretty look of childish helplessness, laid her crossed hands on his shoulder, and suffered him to bear her lightly round the room. Both danced admirably, and every eye was upon them. An indescribable pang shot through the heart of Amy, as she watched their movements, though no mean envy assailed her; it was the gaiety with which Lord Blondville addressed his fair partner which most pained her. At length, panting and fatigued, Miss Courtenay threw herself into a chair, the Earl remaining by her side.

"Lord Blondville must be very fond of dancing, is he not?" asked Amy.

"Who—my brother?" replied Lady Emily, carelessly—"no, I do not think he is—but he feels it right, in my mother's house, to make it agreeable to her guests; even Mr. Martyn, with all his gravity, could scarcely have resisted such an invitation to waltz," and she smiled.

"I fear the day for my running after butterflies has passed," said Mr. Martyn, returning her smile; "but had it not, I scarcely think yonder pretty fatterer would have tempted me to the chase. Amy,

dearest," he continued, after looking at her silently for a moment, "you are not so blooming as you were with us at the castle."

Amy gazed mournfully upon him, but felt unable to reply.

"Had you beheld her this morning, you would have thought differently," returned Lady Emily; "something has, I fear, occurred since then to distress her—she was in the gayest spirits before she set out to walk; but see, Harold is approaching, with Colonel d'Arcey."

Amy looked up, and perceived their eyes directed towards herself.

"Lady Amanda," said Lord Blondville, as they drew near, "Colonel d'Arcey requests to be introduced to you."

Amy bowed, while the colour rushed back to her cheek, to her neck, her brow.

"I had the honour to meet the Duke de Manfredonia at the house of Mr. George Denison, some time ago," said Colonel d'Arcey—"has he returned to Italy?"

"He has," replied the agitated girl—"he left England a few months ago."

"And he had the courage to leave you?"

"My father conceived he had a higher duty to perform than any he owed to me; therefore he was right—this is my father *now*," and she laid her hand gently on Mr. Martyn's arm, who pressed it affectionately.

Colonel d'Arcey gazed on her lovely countenance with much interest, while the touching melody of her voice particularly struck him:

"And can you really prefer the cold, foggy atmosphere of this sea-girl isle, to your own sunny land?" he enquired.

"Oh, much every way," replied Amy, with enthusiasm: "it is not country, or beauty, or sunshine which attaches us, but the dear associations which are linked in our memories—Italy is the land of my birth, but England is my *home*, since it contains *all* from whom I have received kindness."

"What a lovely being is this," said Colonel d'Arcey, in a low whisper to the Earl; but *his* face was turned away.

Miss Courtenay, hanging on her brother's arm, now joined the group:

"Lady Amanda," she said, "Charles has come to plead for one song—you must not refuse him; and I am come to challenge Lord Blondville to a game at chess. Will you accept it?" she continued, in a winning tone.

"Most happily," he replied, though he still lingered.

"I fear I am taking you from greater attractions—if so, say me nay," added Miss Courtenay, smiling.

"My word is given," returned the Earl, and he led her to the table, where they both sat down.

Sir Charles then entreated Amy to allow him to conduct her to the instrument.

"Oh, no, no, not tonight," she replied, pressing her hand over her eyes, "indeed I cannot."

"Sweet nightingale, 'most musical, most melancholy,' we may not be refused," urged Sir Charles: "come, you have never yet denied me."

Colonel d'Arcey joined his earnest entreaties, and the distressed girl reluctantly allowed them to lead her to the piano forte. Mrs. Somerville, observing her extreme unwillingness, drew near to encourage her, while a circle was formed round her.

"If I might have been spared this trial I should have felt thankful," she uttered, in a tone scarcely audible, to Mrs. Somerville. Sir Charles, who was leaning over the back of her chair, whispered softly in her ear:

"My heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Alice Grey."

These words of the old ballad, so unfeelingly repeated at such a moment, touched the tenderest chord in Amy's heart. She burst into a flood of tears, and, throwing her arms round Mrs. Somerville, exclaimed:

"Mamma, take me away, I can bear no more."

Mrs. Somerville, much agitated, hurried with her across the room, amidst the astonished gaze of the whole group. Some one kindly hastened to open the door—Amy saw not who, nor was she sensible to any thing until she found herself once more in the quiet of her own room. Here she threw herself on her knees before a large chair, and continued sobbing violently.

"Amy, my dearest child," said Mrs. Somerville, hanging tenderly over her, "this grief is surely ill-timed on such a day. I have seen you bear up against far heavier trials with more fortitude."

"Never," cried Amy, in a voice choked from emotion; "I never had to contend with any thing like the feelings I have suffered today."

"Amy, what mean you?—the death of a little girl, in no way related to you, cannot occasion a display of sorrow like this; there is a want of resignation to the Divine will, which, in you, surprises me."

"Oh, mamma, it is not all for poor Susan," said the agonized girl, raising her head, and fixing her tearful eyes on Mrs. Somerville; "even her sweet, pale image was forgotten in the deeper grief of other thoughts; did you not mark—but no, you were not in the room when *he* met me as an utter stranger—no look, no smile of recognition; did you not notice the cold, stern gaze he fixed upon me, on passing him in the dining-room? Has he spoken to me once during the evening, save in the frigid manner of one who had never before seen me; yet, to others

he could wear a smile—he could talk gaily, and even dance.”

“Amy, my precious child, you astonish me,” replied Mrs. Somerville, “and I think you have allowed fancy to distress you unnecessarily. Men are not as we are—they sedulously guard against any display of their tenderest feelings; in a party of strangers, what could you expect?”

“Had he only called me Amy—had I met but one kind smile—but no, he has forgotten me—and I deserve it, bitterly deserve it. Mamma, when you lately warned me that the hopes centered alone in earthly things carried pain and disappointment in their stream, I thought you might be mistaken, and that I knew of one, which could turn all into enchantment around me; that hope has been my dream night and day. Mamma, I have closed my bible to think of him; now, tell me if the humbling punishment I have experienced is not just. When I recall the heartfelt peace, the happiness I used to derive from the study of that blessed book, and compare it with the wandering state of my mind for some time past, I am overwhelmed by sorrow for my base ingratitude to my Saviour; but never, never again shall it be so—I will cast forth every remembrance I have cherished, as I now do that worthless ornament which has been pressing on my brow until it aches to agony;” and as she spoke, she unclasped the band of pearls which had encircled her head, and threw it on the ground.

Mrs. Somerville’s fullest sympathy as a woman was called forth. She felt that reasoning, in such a moment, would be ill-timed, and she allowed her to indulge her feelings until they gradually subsided into a calmer state; she then said to her:

“Amy, I will not dare tell you that you have not been to blame, nay, seriously so—let me rather return thanks to God that you are awakened to a sense of the extreme sinfulness of suffering any object to steal your heart from its best treasures; at the same time, I will strive to comfort you by suggesting the idea, that the Earl’s estranged manner must have arisen from some unknown cause, which, when explained, will satisfy you both; for had you beheld his distressed countenance when he opened the door to permit your retreat, you would have thought him any thing but indifferent. Calm yourself in prayer, my child—repose your grief and your anxieties on one who never turns away—who, having felt our infirmities, and sustained the burden of our sins, (though sinless himself,) is ever ready to forgive the truly contrite and repentant heart. Yes, my child, think of that dear Saviour, and compare His love with the wayward, capricious love of man; remember all his sufferings for you, until your chastened spirit acknowledges that whatever usurps an undue influence over you, and interferes with your higher duties to God, must produce results the most baleful, and fraught with pain.”

Amy’s tears still continued to flow, but not in the same violence. Mrs. Somerville had succeeded in raising her, and placing her gently in the chair, with her beautiful head resting on the bosom of this valued guide of her youth, whose mild reasoning soothed, while it re-awakened hope. Her hands were clasped, and she seemed mentally imploring for that grace and strength which only could bring back those peaceful feelings and holy thoughts upon which her truest happiness was based.

An hour thus passed, when Ursula and Annetta were summoned to assist her, ere she retired for the night. The rich pale pink satin dress, which had been selected with so much care by Mrs. Somerville, was now thrown carelessly aside, and a loose muslin robe substituted, while Annetta unbraided the luxuriant tresses, which fell, like a long black pall, over her pale, lovely features. There was something, at that moment, so unearthly in her appearance, that Mrs. Somerville heavily sighed; as she gazed upon her, her thoughts reverted to her angelic mother:

“Alas,” she said mentally, “while I preach to her, have not I been making an idol?”

Annetta saw there was something wrong, and, for a time, she continued her task in silence; but, unable to withstand the temptation to talk, she at length said:

“I cannot conceive what is the matter with every one tonight—they either appear cross, or sad, or sorry. Mr. Lewis, Sir Charles Courtenay’s servant, came into Mrs. Clement’s, the housekeeper’s, room, saying that his master was in such a passion before dinner, because he was cold, and his face blue with the frost; he covered it over with pomade, which he was forgetting to remove, when Mr. Lewis, in the most polite manner, approached him with a napkin, just as he had reached the head of the staircase, in his impatience and hurry, he slid down the whole flight, meeting the Countess on his return. Mr. Lewis made us all laugh most heartily, while imitating his master’s low bows, with his polished face, as the Countess smilingly passed him. And then again, to see Gasper taking off Miss Courtenay waltzing with Lord Eltonville; he was handing round coffee at the time, and, though he looks so quiet, nothing escapes him—he put himself into attitude, dancing up to Mrs. Clements, who is one of the most prim old maids in the world, looking in her face so beseechingly, while she frowned, and drew herself up, her very cap appearing to stand more erect, in anger at the insult to her dignity; when, unfortunately, in pointing out his toe, it came in contact with one of her favourite china dishes, filled with jelly, which fell down, and broke in pieces. Poor Gasper was obliged to make good his retreat, to escape the good lady’s fury, tumbling over Vernon, who at that moment was entering with a tray full of glass, and who has been as testy and cross since dinner as possible. ‘Whom will you

leave off these monkey tricks?" said I, assisting Gasper to rise; "the first time I beheld you was in the character of a Charlatan, and methinks you have retained it ever since."—"That is better than the one of a saucy waiting-maid, Mademoiselle Annetta," he replied, marching out as stately as if he had been my lord himself."

"Annetta, when will you learn to restrain that silly tongue of yours?" said Ursula—"I prithece, peace with such idle folly."

"Folly it may be, dame Ursula," replied Annetta; "but see, it has brought a smile to the lips of my sweet young lady, and that was all I wanted."

And the affectionate girl stooped to kiss the fair brow from which she had been parting the long ringlets.

A gentle knock was now heard at the door. Annetta flew to unclose it, when the Countess entered. Amy rose in some confusion, her hair still streaming over her shoulders.

"My dear child, I am come to enquire how you are," said Lady Blondeville; "I could not go to rest in peace without seeing you."

"You are very kind—I am much better," returned Amy; "and, I trust, tomorrow I shall be quite well."

"Are you equal to returning with me to my room?" enquired the Countess, gazing anxiously upon her; "I would wish earnestly to speak a few words to you."

Amy hesitated in some trepidation.

"You need not fear, my child," continued Lady Blondeville, "I am not going to confess you, and I am alone—I will not detain you many minutes; nay, come even as you are," and she put her arm round her to lead her away.

"Go, Amy dearest," said Mrs. Somerville—"Lady Blondeville is indeed most kind."

A large unoccupied bed-chamber divided the apartments of the Countess from those of Mrs. Somerville; they crossed this, and entered the one beyond, where Lady Blondeville slept. The crimson damask curtains were closely drawn, and a cheerful fire, with a couch drawn near to it, gave an air of great comfort; a silver lamp stood on the table, and beside it lay a large open bible. Amy gazed timidly round her, as the light shed a feeble ray on the magnificent canopied bed, and then turned towards the Countess, whose tall, commanding figure, and full, dark eye, as it rested on her, looked so like the Earl's; but Amy, timid and gentle though she was, shrank not from its scrutiny, which was long and very grave, yet without the slightest severity; at length, laying her hand on her shoulder, Lady Blondeville said:

"Amy, you are indeed a beautiful being—truth is stamped, with heaven's own impression, on that fair, open brow. Come this way, my child," and she led her towards a deep recess, lighted by a large gothic

window of stained glass, over which fell a gauze drape. The Countess cautiously raised this, when the object which presented itself was the sleeping figure of Lord Arthur, his smooth round cheek glowing with health, and radiant in the noble beauty of his race. Lady Blondeville pressed her finger on her lip, as Amy made an involuntary movement of affection towards him:

"Disturb him not," she said, as she held her back, and continued gazing with the yearning love of a mother on her heart's treasure. "Amy," she continued, "each night that I look upon that slumbering boy, is your image present to my fancy with his, as I first beheld it, when in a dying state he lay supported in your arms; in that dread hour were you made, by a gracious God, the instrument of his preservation, at the risk of your own life—say, can I ever forget such devotion; oh, no, no, from that night I love I loved you as my own, and have united your name with those of my children, on my knees at the throne of grace—judge then the interest I take in all that concerns your welfare and happiness, and the distress I have felt to behold yours this day; nay, start not, my dear Amy, or tremble thus, I am not going to probe you; sit down here," and she drew towards the couch, and placed the agitated girl by her side. "This morning," continued Lady Blondeville, "you seemed all gaiety, all happiness, but when we met again in the evening, I should have scarcely known you for the same. I was told that you were in tears when you returned from your walk. Now, as I would assuredly question one of my own daughters, dare I venture to ask you what called them forth, why you lingered with Sir Charles Courtenay, and how his conversation could have had the power to so affect you."

"Dearest Lady Blondeville, I fear not to answer any question you may put to me," replied Amy, ingenuously looking up, while her voice faltered; "the cause of my remaining absent so long, was a sad one, and would have been told you before, only I feared it might reach the ears of Lady Emily, and I did not wish to cast a shadow over her happiness on a day like this," and with much feeling and a renewal of her tears, she narrated the sad fate of poor little Susan Grey. The Countess listened to her with the deepest attention, and when she ceased speaking, she strained her affectionately in her embrace, saying:

"My beloved girl, while I weep for the parents who have thus been deprived of a dear child, in so distressing a way, I rejoice from my heart at the removal of an anxiety I heavily felt, when I imagined that Sir Charles could have sufficient influence to cause you sorrow. Alas, Amy, you have not yet learnt the bitter task of concealing your feelings, and of wearing under a smile, troubled thoughts—this is to come."

At this moment the door was slowly opened, and the figure of Lord Blondeville appeared; he started

on beholding Amy, while she, uttering a faint scream, clung to the Countess, who immediately said :

"Harold, I cannot admit you tonight, you perceive how I am engaged. Nay, enter not, I entreat, I desire, I command."

He lingered, with his eyes fixed on the interesting form of the lovely girl, whose pale cheek rested on the bosom of his mother—hers were closed, while her long black hair completely enveloped her—she was violently agitated.

"Amy is not very ill, I trust," he enquired, in that well known deep-toned voice, which thrilled on her heart.

"No, my son, she is better, much better, all will be well tomorrow ; good night, God bless you."

"God bless you," repeated the Earl, with emotion, as he retired, and again reclosed the door.

"And now, my child, I will say good night to you," said the Countess, rising, "for you look in need of sleep," and again she led Amy to the door of her own apartment, when pressing her lips tenderly on her forehead, she opened it for her, and returned immediately to her own.

Devoutly did Amy kneel in prayer when she found herself once more alone. What were the petitions she offered, none knew, save the merciful Being to whom they were addressed, but as she rose from her knees, a holy calm irradiated her countenance, which told more than volumes could express, that the truest peace of a Christian, consists in communion with God—that, like heaven's bright arch, amid the storm, prayer sustains hope, increases faith, removes fear, and when breathed through the influence of the Holy Spirit, brings light where there was no light to the darkened and distressed soul.

It was with a feeling of thankfulness that Mrs. Somerville, after watching by the side of her precious charge a considerable time, at last beheld her sink into a sweet and profound slumber.

Amy did not awake until a late hour on the following morning, when the remembrance of the one gone, seemed almost as a dream to her confused thoughts, and she started with a feeling of pain when the stern reality by degrees lost its visionary character; but she was perfectly composed. Ursula persuaded her to take breakfast in her own room, as the party had been assembled down stairs some time, and it would have required more courage than she possessed to join them. After this, she adjourned to Lady Emily's boudoir, who she found had not yet left her apartment. On casting her eyes around, they fell on Susan's basket of work, folded as she had last left it, in the pride of her young heart. Amy sighed and turned away ; she sat down on the couch and employed herself in looking over the contents of a small casket, which appeared of some value, from the interest she seemed to take in their examination. She was thus en-

gaged, and completely absorbed, when suddenly the Earl, accompanied by her old friend Lion, entered the room.

"I beg your pardon," he said, hurriedly, while his fine face instantly became flushed, "I thought Emily had been here."

Amy's look of astonishment and a few inaudible words, alone expressed that she heard him. The moment the dog perceived her, he rushed towards her, evincing the utmost joy on again seeing her, while the door in the same instant closed. Amy threw her arms round the faithful animal, and burying her beautiful face in his shaggy neck, burst into tears, as she exclaimed :

"Dear old Lion, companion of my only happy hours, you at least have not forgotten me."

"Amy," said a voice near her.

She started up, and discovered that the Earl had not left the room, as she supposed, but was standing by her side. She felt painfully confused, but instantly rose with dignity.

"Your sister has not yet come in from her room, Lord Blondville, I will tell her you are here if you please."

"Not now, Amy," he replied, taking her hand as she would have passed him, "stay I beseech you—sit down again, and feel that you are in the presence of the same Harold, whose society in former days you did not shrink from thus," and he gently replaced her on the couch, while he remained standing before her. "Amy," he continued, after gazing a few minutes on the trembling girl, "you will forgive my fault, when you reflect on its cause ; can you conceive the pain and disappointment I felt on my arrival yesterday, after hastening my journey purposely on your account, to learn, when I enquired for you, that you were walking, and alone, with Sir Charles Courtenay ; the manner, too, in which it was mentioned to me—so carelessly, as if it were a natural and frequent occurrence—added yet another bitterness, particularly when I remembered that you never would accompany me in your walks at the castle, unless Mr. Martyn were with us. It was a hard trial to me to meet you as I did, and to perceive the unaccountable depression which was visible on your first entrance into the room last evening ; do not interrupt me," he continued, when Amy would have spoken, "I know it all now, for I returned to my mother's apartment after you left her, when she recounted the interview she had had with you, and most severely did I then reproach myself, for having so materially added to your distress. I trust such another day as yesterday we may never pass again ; Amy, do you echo that wish ?" and he took her hand and pressed it between both his.

Amy fixed her eloquent and tearful eyes upon him, as she replied :

"It was indeed a sorrowful day to me, but in you

I beheld nothing, save cold stern looks, which were changed for smiles whenever you addressed others. If you *believed* that I had forgotten all your kindness, and the many dear associations connected with Blondville Castle, I can no longer be surprised, but that you *could* believe it seems marvellous."

"Amy, dearest, your gentle reproach is my punishment, for it keenly touches me," returned the Earl, now sitting down by her, "and could you only have witnessed the struggles I endured to disguise my feelings all last evening, you would have known how deeply I shared in all yours."

"And yet you could dance," said Amy, faintly smiling.

"Even so, Amy, so well can we conceal, under the mask of indifference, our private thoughts; with us it is the *"viso sciolto pensieri stretti,"* while yours are undisguised, as they are pure and innocent. Is not this the case, my own beloved?"

"It is a new lesson which you have taught me," replied Amy, her eyes bending beneath his admiring gaze, "but I knew not that you could prove so severe a master."

"Then forget it Amy, and let the remembrance of yesterday be erased for ever from your mind."

"Not so, since I trust I have gleaned much profit from its trials, and as we are taught to forgive those who are only made the instruments in Divine hands, to chasten us for our good, so do I from my heart forgive you for every pang you inflicted," and with a look the most angelic, she placed her hand in his, while he, unable to conceal his emotion, turned away, and walked towards the window.

When again he resumed his seat by her side, the open casket on the table attracted his notice.

"What treasures have you here, Amy," he enquired, taking it up, "what little book is this?"

It was a small bible, beautifully bound in velvet, with a gold clasp, upon which was engraved the name of 'Agnes.' The Earl took it from its case, and unclasped it; the leaves were much worn, and marked in many places, while numerous pictures enriched its pages, although defaced and torn.

"That was the valued companion of my childhood," replied Amy, "and my only book for five long years, it was concealed in my dress by day, and under my pillow at night; you know not how dear it is to me."

The Earl looked over it with considerable interest.

"Are these all your own pencil marks," he asked.

"Not all, many of them were my mamma Manfredonia's, to whom it belonged."

"Amy, do you know I have a fancy for this little book," said Lord Blondville, after giving it much attention, "will you bestow it on me?"

"Ah, how you pain me by your request," she replied, "since I may not comply with it—it was

given to mamma by Mr. Martyn, before she married, and I know she valued it more than any thing she possessed; when she was dying, she placed it in Mrs. Somerville's hands for me, with a desire that I never would part with it. I wish you had asked me for any thing else, for there is nothing but this tiny book which I would refuse you."

"Do you promise that, dearest?" returned the Earl, smiling at her eagerness.

"Yes, indeed, I do."

"From which of these pretty hands did I extract the thorn—do you remember?" and he pressed them both.

"From this—I remember well"

"Then, Amy, may I claim it as mine—will you give me this instead of the book?"

Amy started, and became in an instant violently agitated, while the colour mounted to her cheek.

"Oh, I meant not that—I am not prepared—pray, pray spare me," and she strove to disengage herself.

"Amy, my own darling, be composed, and listen to me," said the Earl, gently detaining her, and gazing earnestly and affectionately on her lovely face—"if my lesson of yesterday stamped me as a severe mentor, do you forget all those which you used to listen to with such pleasure?—no, I see you do not—the remembrance of those days are, to me, full of the most delightful associations. Before I beheld you, I felt there was a want—a blank to be filled up; which none but one like you could have effected; your extraordinary beauty, I confess it was, which first charmed me—but even this faded before the deeper feelings which your gentle, innocent and most engaging manners inspired, dictated, as they were, by a mind imbued with a love of all that was good, and pure, and holy. Yes, Amy, my beloved, qualities like these can alone rivet our affections—which they never fail to do, unless we are lost to every right feeling, by the constant contamination of sin. Now, tell me, dearest, would you wish those days to return?—would you be happy to wander again over the grounds of the old castle, with Mr. Martyn as your guide and friend, Harold your protector and your fond companion, and Arthur your play-fellow? Yes, yes, I read it in that dear smile—look at me, my own Amy, and answer me."

Amy raised her dark blue eyes, and fixed them on the Earl, whose countenance was now animated with an expression the most noble and exalted; she clasped her hands together, while, in a tone solemn and full of pathos, she replied:

"Harold, you have taken me by surprise, and to answer you, tries my courage to the uttermost—yet I will not deny you the response which my heart dictates: with you, and you *alone*, it would be happiness to wander in a desert where no sun ever shone—where no other footstep ever strayed—where all was dark around us, save the light kindled by the decreeing love, to guide us both to heaven"—and

overcome by the fortitude it had required to utter this, she fell, almost fainting, into the arms so ready to receive her.

Some little time passed ere either were sufficiently composed to speak again. The Earl was the first to recover himself, for he feared the strong agitation she still displayed might injure her delicate frame. He gazed anxiously on her, as her head rested on his shoulder :

"Amy, my beloved," he said, "where is the colour I used to see on this beautiful cheek—who has blanched it thus?"

Amy looked at him half reproachfully :

"I have performed my promise," she replied, "and now I claim one from you—never cast on me the cold, stern countenance you did yesterday, even were I really to deserve it—tell me of my fault, and I will amend it; but oh! Harold, spare me from any thing approaching to anger."

"I promise most faithfully," said the Earl, bending over her; "and thus do I seal it. Amy," he continued, "when I beheld you last night reposing on the bosom of my mother, you looked so unlike any thing belonging to this earth, that I almost expected to see you expand a pair of wings, and fly away. I shall never forget the agony of that moment—but it has passed, and all now before us is full of happiness."

"Build not too much on that supposition, Harold," said Amy, with sweet solemnity—"remember, nothing is certain; let us not, therefore, anchor our hopes in a deceitful harbour, where they may be wrecked, but rather let us raise them above the risk of storms, to those joys which are eternal and unchangeable."

"You shall help me to do so, my fair mistress," replied the Earl, playfully passing his hand over her lovely face; "but, forgive me, if today my ears are closed against your warning. Nay, shake not your head, my Amy—you know I can be serious; but let me continue my inspection of your casket," he added, gaily—"I am determined I will discover all your secrets: what is in this packet, so neatly tied? may I open it?"

"No, no, indeed no—you will think me so foolish."

But the ribbon was already loosened, and the paper unfolded—when a dried flower was all that repaid his curiosity; but in its withered petals he discovered the water-lily which he had gathered for her; he reclosed it again immediately :

"Amy," he said, tenderly, "I will seek for no more—this tells me all I would wish to know, and reproaches me more for my doubts than whole volumes could have done."

Lion, who had been laying at their feet, now rose, and gave a whine of impatience, at the same time yawning, and turning a sidelong glance towards

them, so irresistibly comic, that neither could forbear laughing.

"You are a rude dog," said the Earl, pushing him with his foot: "away, sir, you have not a spark of sentiment in you."

Amy fondly stroked his head :

"How nearly was he sacrificed in flying to my rescue," she rejoined, "such fidelity as that can never be forgotten," and she removed the hair, to look at the wound he had received from the boatman's knife.

While doing so, footsteps were heard approaching, when the door was unclosed, and Lady Matilda, with Miss Courtenay, made their appearance; both started on beholding the Earl and Amy together.

"Harold," exclaimed his sister, "are you aware that the gentlemen are all waiting for you in the hall?—but I beg your pardon, I fear we have intruded most unseasonably."

"Not at all, fair ladies," replied the Earl rising; I had, indeed, forgotten all about my engagement. Amy, dearest," he continued, nodding affectionately to her; "keep Lion back from following me, and take care of him till I return."

As he spoke he hurried from the room. Amy was glad to give her attention to the struggling animal, to conceal her confusion.

"I think Lord Blondville might have left you a more delicate employment than holding his ferocious dog," said Miss Courtenay. Amy looked up at her smiling, but was struck by the expression of countenance she met, displaying as it did—envy, anger and malevolence.

"From that bright colour, I trust we may pronounce you recovered, Amy," remarked Lady Matilda; "you were like a ghost, last night. Poor girl, I was sorry when I heard what caused your distress," and she pressed her hand warmly.

"What an odious cap this is," remarked Miss Courtenay, turning to examine herself at a glass—"How could Tilney persuade me to wear it this morning?"

"What—did it fail in gaining admiration at breakfast," replied Lady Matilda, laughing; "how unfortunate; yet I can assure you it is very becoming, so do not look so unhappy. I saw Lord Rosemount's eyes upon it several times."

"Stupid little wretch, I care not," returned Miss Courtenay; "but do let us leave this horrid room. Who would have green curtains—what a frightful shade they cast." And she looked at Amy.

"Harold did not think so, at least," said Lady Matilda, provokingly; "and you know his taste is perfection. But come to my boudoir, and see if my rose coloured drapery can restore your smiles," and drawing the arm of her friend within her own, they left the room; while Lady Emily, in the same moment, entered from her bed-chamber. Amy went

forward to meet her, and was received in her embrace, tears bedewing her cheeks.

"From my heart do I sympathise in your happiness, this morning, my sweet Amy," said this amiable young woman; "I heard the voice of my brother, and I would not enter to disturb you. His words reached me not, but I can conjecture their import, and may the hopes of both be fully realised."

"Dear, dear Emily, how kind, how considerate," replied Amy affectionately, returning her caress; but there is no joy without its shadow—you have not heard *all*," and she paused, dreading to unfold the tale of Susan Gray."

"Yes, my dear girl, I have heard all," returned Lady Emily, pressing her hand over her eyes. "My best of mothers came to me at an early hour this morning, and gently informed me of the loss of my little pet child. You need not have withheld it from me, yesterday, my Amy, when much additional pain would have been spared you; for how can I regret the dear lamb, when her earthly lot promised so little. Murray," she continued to the maid who now entered, "carry that basket of work to dame Gray's cottage, and tell her all I desired you; I am anxious to touch her heart by every possible means, while it is softened, and I think that must tend to do so. You are surprised to see me so undisturbed, Amy, but added to the strength I have obtained in prayer, are repeated disappointments, and the blight of many hopes, which have been salutary lessons, and have led me to place my happiness on things beyond the reach of mortality."

"You remind me more of my dear guardian than any one I know," said Amy, "how I wish."

"Amy, forbear," quickly interrupted Lady Emily, "or you will inflict a wound you little intend. Whose is this interesting miniature?" she continued, after a brief pause, and sitting down on the couch lately occupied by Lord Blondville, and upon which still lay the open casket.

"It is my mother," replied Amy, "taken in her early youth, and, I have been told, was a faithful likeness."

"What mind, what amiability are here portrayed," said Lady Emily, gazing with interest on the delicate lineaments; "it is not like you, and yet the same pensive expression which I have occasionally remarked in you, is here most sweetly traced. Oh, no—such a creature as this could never be forgotten," and she gently laid it down, adding, "has Mr. Martyn ever seen it?"

"Oh yes, frequently, when I was at the castle."

"And did he not show much emotion?"

"No, he would view it with interest, but most calmly—once, I think, a tear fell upon it, but he brushed it away hastily, ere he returned it to me."

"His mind is indeed most happily regulated," returned Lady Emily, "nor do I think our link has

power to bind the thoughts of that holy man to earth, save the one which attaches him to you and Harold; he conversed with me a long time about you both, after you left the room last night; he was much distressed on your account, and at the depression he observed in you all the evening."

"Emily, there is one thing I should much like to know," said Amy—"can you tell me who persuaded your brother to believe that my walks with Sir Charles Courtenay, alone, were not unusual?"

"It was from Miss Courtenay that he first learnt you were absent, on his arrival—but I think, or wish to think, that, in his disappointment and impatience, he misunderstood her as to its being not unusual—for, when he entered this room to see me, he was considerably agitated, nor could I calm him—he would not stay to listen to me, but instantly retired to his own. Yes, good and kind as this dear brother is, Amy, yet impatience is his fault, and I cannot think you were under the same roof with him for so many weeks, without discovering this. All his actions are from impulse, happily the noble generosity of his nature counteracts the evil this might prove, and the mild, well timed expostulations of Mr. Martyn, never fail in their influence over him. Beloved Harold," she affectionately continued, "he is indeed a fine noble minded being, nor is there one, save yourself, to whom I could behold him united, with the same heartfelt peace and satisfaction, since your deep and sincere piety, your gentleness and yielding disposition will so beautifully blend and harmonise with his more lively qualities."

How differently did the evening of this day pass to the preceding one. Amy confided to her beloved Mrs. Somerville the interview she had held with Lord Blondville, and received her warm congratulations, and the reception she experienced from the estimable Countess when they met, was such as to most truly gratify her feelings, since it convinced her that she fully shared in the wishes of her son, and gave her entire concurrence.

With what a happy heart, and light boyant step did she descend to the saloon when the party were assembled before dinner. At the foot of the staircase she was met by the Earl and Mr. Martyn, who were walking together in the hall. She held out a hand to each, but inclined towards her guardian, who tenderly folding her to his bosom, said:

"This is for 'Auld Lang Syne,' is it not, my beloved child?" then placing the hand he held, in one of the Earl's, he pressed them in both his, uttering at the same time this benediction:

"May the Almighty God bless you both, and shed the rich mercies of his grace abundantly upon you, leading you safely through the snares and temptations of this life, to the eternal mansions of glory, in a better one to come. And now," he con-

tinued, in a lighter tone, "let me lead you forward, for I want our friends to see you in all your smiles."

"Stay yet one moment," said the Earl, drawing a small packet from his bosom, which he hastily unfolded, and displayed a magnificent gold bracelet, richly worked, and the clasp brilliantly studded with diamonds. "Amy," he added, placing it on her arm, "this is to remind you of your promise, and of him to whom this dear hand henceforth belongs, when you retire to your room at night, open the clasp by this little spring."

"Oh, I needed not this to remind me, Harold," replied Amy, the colour mantling on her cheek, as her eyes met his affectionate and admiring gaze, "but, as your gift, it will indeed be prized; how exquisitely beautiful," and she continued lost in admiration, while examining it with all the delight of a young girl; until, recollecting herself, she looked up, and beheld the benignant smile with which both the Earl and Mr. Martyn were watching her:

"Forgive me for detaining you," she said; "I was forgetting," and, accepting an arm of each, the happy Amy entered the saloon.

No strangers were present today, except Lord Rosemount and Colonel d'Arcey, who were on a visit for a few days. Lord Blondeville led Amy towards the Countess, by whom was standing the beloved Arthur; the moment his favourite drew near, the child seized her hand, when his eyes became attracted by the bracelet; he held it up, exclaiming:

"Dear Amy, I never saw this before—who gave it to you?—how it sparkles."

The Earl gently strove to disengage her from him, but his attention, riveted by this new object, would not be diverted, and, in examining the clasp, he touched the spring, when it flew open, and displayed a miniature of Lord Blondeville, set round with brilliants:

"Why, here is Harold, I declare," cried the delighted and astonished boy—"how like it is—only look, Colonel d'Arcey."

Amy was indeed taken by surprise, and turned, confused and half distressed, towards the Earl, on whose face the colour had mounted in a tide of crimson.

"And why not, Harold, my child?" said Lady Blondeville, at once relieving the embarrassment she saw; "see, here is its companion, which your brother has had made at my request, and which I hope Amy will wear for my sake," and she presented a similar bracelet, studded with rubies, and containing an excellent likeness of Arthur, to the now agitated girl, who, bending down, unable to utter one word, was pressed to her maternal bosom with fond affection.

"Oh, how delightful!" cried Arthur, dancing joyously round her, "you have now got us both, dearest Amy—tell me, which of us do you like the

best?" and he held her hands together to compare them.

"It would be difficult to like any thing more than you, my darling," said Amy, hiding her burning face on his shoulder, as she stooped to caress him. At the same time, Lady Blondeville, turning to Colonel d'Arcey, who had viewed this scene with interest, whispered:

"You will not be surprised at the love we all feel for that dear girl, when I tell you, that, at the peril of her own life, she was the means, (through a gracious Providence,) of saving my precious Arthur."

"That circumstance must indeed prove an additional cause," replied Colonel d'Arcey, in the same low tone; "but, without so powerful an incentive, I never beheld a creature I could so readily have taken with me through life's journey."

"And would you know what makes her to differ from the many you are in the habit of meeting in the gay world," returned Lady Blondeville—"my answer is, religion—that magic word casts a halo round her fair young form, which stamps her a child of God."

"I am really quite affected by all this," said Miss Courtenay, who was sitting near, with Lady Matilda—"I wish I had my vinegarrette."

But she met no corresponding light reply from Lady Matilda, as the penetrating, dark eye of the Earl, at that moment, was resting upon her.

The voice of Amy was again heard this night, in all its melody; nor was the harp of Miss Courtenay silent, since there were still those present who she wished to please; and, although Lord Rosemount, insignificant in appearance and insipid in conversation, could ill replace the handsome Earl, yet, a coronet, united to a large fortune, were tempting foundations upon which to erect airy castles.

"My own dear father, said Amy, who, at a late hour, had retired apart from the cheerful group, with Mr. Martyn, "tell me how I may regulate this vast tide of happiness, which has today rushed on me—for I was unprepared to meet it, and I dread lest it should carry me away from those higher, holier duties which are so essential to my peace."

"My child," replied Mr. Martyn, "the first preservative against a danger is to be aware that one exists—and as your eyes are not closed against this knowledge, and you know where to seek for strength, you cannot be overpowered; the same Almighty Father who has brought you through so many afflictive trials, will not desert you in the more dangerous one of prosperity."

"Thank you, dear guardian," returned Amy, taking his hand, "how I delight to listen to you; and when I think I shall always now be near you, without the dread I used to feel of being torn from you, can I be too grateful?"

Warmly was Amy clasped in the embrace of Mrs.

Somerville, when again they were restored to the privacy of their own room, while tears of joy were shed over her :

"This has indeed been a day replete with felicity to us both, my precious Amy," she exclaimed, "the first without alloy I have passed for years. May we strive to be more deserving, and never forget the blessed source from whence it has arisen—let us, on our knees, my child, return thanks that our sorrows have thus been changed into happiness unspeakable."

The afflicted parents of poor little Susan Gray, it will readily be supposed, were not forgotten; they received the utmost kindness and sympathy from the whole family at the Falcon's Nest, and her funeral was attended by all the children belonging to Lady Emily's school, to whom Mr. Martyn addressed a most touching discourse, which drew floods of tears from their softened hearts—mildly and feelingly did he descant upon the uncertainty of life, even in the earliest youth, and how blessed to be found in the performance of our Christian duties, when called to appear in the presence of our Saviour.

It was with considerable interest that the repentant father and mother of Susan were seen, on the Sunday following, entering the church together, with trembling steps; Dame Gray attired in the dress her departed child had taken so much pleasure in making for that very purpose—nor were they ever known to be absent, on the return of each Sabbath, from that day.

Amy's birthday passed, and the Christmas week arrived, bringing, with its graver thoughts, the pleasant associations annexed to that sacred season.

Christmas Day! how much is connected with that endeared term—endeared from our earliest childhood—long before we knew its vital importance to our eternal welfare: the cheerful family circle—the green holly—the mistletoe—the merry, youthful voices—all find their way to our hearts, linked, as they are, in our memories, with many beloved ones gone—many beloved ones divided by distance. Oh, it is indeed a day replete with every recollection that calls forth our gratitude to God, and our benevolent feelings for man, since it has united us in the one divine and sacred chain of Christianity—forever hallowed be its name!

The knowledge of Lord Blondville's intended union with the Lady Amanda, caused great rejoicings throughout the household of the Countess; even Mrs. Clements, the cross old housekeeper, was so far melted by its announcement, that, after some little maiden coyness, she permitted Gasper to lead her under the mistletoe in the servants' hall, and danced with Vernon to the merry air of "I'm o'er young to marry yet," played by some wandering minstrel. On the same auspicious night, Annetta was won over by Gasper, to promise that, on the marriage of her dear young lady, she would reward his fidelity

by tendering him her hand, provided he would allow her to talk as much as she liked for the rest of her life.

Soon after these festivities, the stranger guests took their leave, Miss Courtenay making it a request to Amy, that she might be called upon to officiate as one of her bridesmaids—a request which was most readily granted, to the delight of the young lady, who reflected that one wedding was not unlikely to prove the basis of a second.

The period fixed for this happy event was the ensuing summer. The Countess had earnestly wished that two years might have intervened ere the fates of these beloved objects were united; but she felt that it would be unwise to press the authority of a mother too far on her son, who had already conceded so much to her advice—and she very sensibly awarded her entire consent and approval, although so young a Countess as Amy had never before worn the coronet in the Earl's noble family.

Lord Blondville remained at the Falcon's Nest, in all the enjoyment of rides and walks, and social evenings, with the beloved Amy and his amiable family, until the opening of parliament, when he was obliged to be in town. A depression, for which he could scarcely account, overshadowed him on taking leave of her. Mr. Martyn observing it, rallied him, as he perceived that it added to the distress of Amy.

"You will no doubt laugh at the weakness I am going to plead guilty to," said the Earl afterwards to him—"but at the moment I gazed on her angel face, so like a being of a brighter world, the voice of the old crone in the woods came to my remembrance, and her foreboding words rang in my ears like a knell."

"Harold, Harold, yield not to such thoughts, which will cramp your energies, and are essentially wrong and improper," replied Mr. Martyn, gravely—"the winds are in the hollow of his hand"—the sea may not pass the boundary of his will—nor is the knowledge of what shall be, ever committed to sinful man, save what is necessary for his own salvation."

On the approach of spring, Mrs. Somerville removed, with her interesting charge, to a delightful residence she had taken, within a walk of the Falcon's Nest, called "the Wilderness." Here the pursuits of Amy were such as to open and strengthen her mind, and to lead her to a deeper knowledge of all that would tend to prepare her for the responsible station she was destined to fill—and (what was of infinitely more importance,) for that period when the coronet and all its pageantry would be laid in the dust, as worthless, and the spirit would soar to those joys which "eye hath not seen, or heart conceived." Not a trace of care was now visible on her fair young brow; she received constant letters

from her beloved Harold, and read, with affectionate pride, in the public prints, the able, manly and eloquent speeches he poured forth in the House.

Arthur was still her endeared companion in his leisure hours, and one of their favourite amusements was the flower garden, in which they toiled together, when the sweet voice of Amy was heard singing melodiously as she turned over the fresh earth with her light spade, nor were the words of her song lost in the breeze, for echo gave them back and enabled us to record them down here :

“Ye little birds so sweet and gay,
Oh carol in the month of May,
Ye genial showers and sunshine bring
The lovely flowerets of the spring ;
The scented violet on the gale,
The rose, the pink, the primrose pale—
The cooing of the gentle dove,
All speak to me of love, young love.

The murmur of yon sparkling rill,
The bleating sheep upon the hill,
The plough boy's whistle thro' the dell,
The hawthorn sweet, the mountain bell,
The woodman's echo on mine ear,
Remind me of those hours so dear—
The earth, the air, below, above,
All speak to me of love, young love.”

It was on one of the most beautiful and bright summer mornings, when nature shone in all her charms, and every shrub and plant sent forth their fragrance on the passing gale, that a scene of peculiar interest presented itself in the court-yard of Blondeville Castle. All the favourite domestics and retainers in the Earl's family were collected, and were apparently watching the opening of the chapel doors, within which a ceremony at that moment was being performed, of solemn and deep importance. Not a voice was heard ; all stood bareheaded and almost motionless, so eager and intense was the interest they displayed. Presently the doors were thrown back, when acclamations loud and joyous rent the air of “Long live our noble lord—long live his lovely lady.” The splendid procession moving down the aisle of the chapel and descending the steps, was indeed imposing and magnificent. Six beautiful little girls—children of the noble guests invited for the occasion—were strewing flowers in the path of the bride, who, leaning on the arm of her youthful husband, appeared trembling with agitation, the rich white satin robe and coronal of orange blossoms, contrasted well with her long raven tresses. Her soft blue eye sought the ground, but there was a placid smile upon her lip which told of happiness, not to be expressed ; the graceful veil had fallen back, which fully displayed her matchless beauty to the admiring gaze of all. On the fine

countenance of Lord Blondeville might be traced the various emotions of a noble mind, under powerful feelings. His eagle glance scanned the crowd, as he repeatedly bowed his head in acknowledgment of their reiterated applause, and then would turn in softened tenderness on the gentle being who clung to him for support. The bridesmaids followed, amongst whom were Lady Matilda and Miss Courtenay. The Countess, deeply affected, next appeared, leaning on the arm of Colonel d'Arcey. Mrs. Somerville on that of Mr. Denison. Arthur, the beloved Arthur, it was difficult in such a moment to restrain into due decorum. He would run towards Amy and clasp his arms round her ; nor was he awed by the smiling reproofs of the Earl, while she, gazing on him in fond affection, would bend low her head to receive his innocent caress. Mr. Martyn, on whose pale interesting features were strongly depicted the high wrought feelings of the pious minister of God, who had just been officiating in a ceremony, solemn and most touching, was the last to leave the chapel, and follow the procession towards the grand entrance of the castle. Just as they had reached this, and were passing under a temporary triumphal arch, adorned with wreaths of flowers, an aged gipsy woman, supported by a young man of swarthy appearance, pressed through the throng and wildly chanted these words :

“The dove has flown from her happy rest,
She seeks a home in the Falcon's Nest.
My lord may look out from his castle in vain,
For the dove she will not return again,
Till twelve pale moons have shed their light,
To gladden the hours of murky night ;
Then shall the loved one, stand by thy side,
In holy church, and become thy bride.”

“Ah, you are a wise prophetess, old mother,” said the Earl, who had started at the sound of her well remembered voice ; “you never utter your oracles until their fulfilment.”

“God bless my noble Lord and his fair young bride,” returned the old woman, clasping her withered hands ; “and may the heart which felt for the widow, in her distress, and brought back the son to her aged arms, never plead in vain in the hour of need.”

“Enough, enough dame,” said the Earl, waving his hand ; “Phaniel, lead your mother round to the buttery ; she will find good cheer there.”

“Will my beautiful lady deign to receive this first from the hands of the old Gipsy,” she returned, holding forth a small piece of silver, singularly stamped with grotesque figures, to Amy ; “it is a talisman against evil.”

Amy immediately accepted it, at the same time saying, in her own silvery soft tones : “I thank you for your remembrance, and I shall preserve it—but

my talisman against evil is prayer, and my trust in God alone."

Lord Blondeville pressed the hand of his beloved as she spoke, when again they moved on, and entered the hall of the castle. Mrs. Bennett, Ursula, Annetta, and the female domestics received them with low curtsies and respectful greetings. Amy cast one look of affection on her faithful Ursula, ere she ascended the staircase to the drawing room, where every luxury and magnificence were presented to the eye. Here she was met by Lady Emily, who unable to be present at the ceremony, now fondly clasped her in her sisterly embrace, shedding tears of love and chastened joy. The windows were all thrown open, the balconies were filled with the most delicious flowers, while the groves resounded with the song of birds. Amy gazed upon the scene, her young heart powerfully affected; the Earl seemed scarcely less so—he led her towards the spot which commanded a view of the fountain, apart from the observation of all. Here he folded her again and again to his heart, exclaiming:

"Now am I indeed repaid for the months of anxiety I have endured in waiting for this day. Amy, I have had fearful thoughts—I have fancied I so little deserved the rich blessing I now call mine, that it would be taken from me. You must help me, dearest, to render thanks where they are due—is it not happiness to be again here together," he continued, as her tearful eyes were fixed affectionately upon him; "and here too forever. Nay hold not up that dear warning finger, I cannot heed it to day," and he playfully lowered it.

"*Non si puo aver le rose, senza le spine,*" said Amy, smiling.

"Ah, say you so, my own beloved—at least may no thorn ever wound you, which your faithful Harold would be unable to remove. May our first meeting prove symbolical of our future lives."

"Amen," responded Amy, as he again conducted her into the room, to take her station at the splendid banquet.

And now the strangers were departed, and none surrounded Amy save those who were most beloved. Mr. Martyn had been unusually moved by the ceremony of the morning, but after one hour spent in the solitude of his study, he came forth calm and tranquil as ever. The blessing he breathed, as the youthful Countess knelt to receive it, proceeded from his heart, and was the pious aspiration of a Christian, whose spirit looked beyond the present scene to that brighter world, where his best hopes were garnered—his treasure laid. Yet benignantly did he smile on the happy forms floating before him, for no morose gloom attached itself to his religion, which was serenely cheerful, and therefore true; the only earthly hope he had indulged, was the union of the two beings dearest to him. This was now accomplished, and the child of Agnes, as

the wife of the noble Harold, he felt would be cherished and loved as she deserved—while he would still be near to watch over both, and guard them against the perils of prosperity, and from forgetting, in the things of time, those belonging to eternity.

Nor was the wish of good Mrs. Bennett ungratified—for the stranger who may have the curiosity to visit Blondeville Castle, will be shown in the picture gallery of that splendid edifice, a most exquisitely finished portrait of the Confided.

(Conclusion)

(ORIGINAL.)

HOME.

Written on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The shadows of dawn from bright Phœbus retiring,
Awake all creation from slumber and rest,
While on the St. Lawrence, serene and inspiring,
I view the green isles that repose on his breast.

Transported I gaze on the bright scene before me,
Where nature smiles sweet through her varied charms,
Till the fond recollections of childhood come o'er me,
And all the fair prospect of beauty disarms.

O'er the scenes I have left, my fond memory still wanders,
And fancy revisits wherever I roam,
And my heart feels a pang of bereavement, and ponders
On all the endearments I left with my home.

O where is that Briton so dead to all feeling,
Though fortunes bright beams on his destiny smile,
(When his heart its most secret desires revealing)
Will sigh not again for his own native Isle.

For the name of his country is dear to the stranger,
Where'er he may wander, whatever his doom,
Though by troubles assail'd and surrounded by danger,
His heart like the needle still turns to his home.

Roll on, mighty river, roll on to the ocean,
And bear my fond sighs o'er the evergreen sea,
That encircles my country in playful commotion—
Thus Scotia I still am united to thee.

G. R.

POPULAR IGNORANCE.

IT is only in the ignorance of the people, and in their consequent imbecility, that governments or demagogues can find the means of mischief.—Prof. Austin on Jurisprudence.

(ORIGINAL.)

A NIGHT AT OUR DIVAN.

SCENE—Somewhere in Notre Dame Street—A room rather smokey—Tables covered with glasses, tumblers, cigars, meerschaums, &c. &c.

HOUR—ELEVEN, P. M.

Red coats—green coats—blue coats—yellow coats—pelisses (not ladies')—black coats—buffalo coats—cum multis aliis.

President—Darby Baxter, Esquire.

Bravo—capital song.

Peter Pencil, Esquire—(After a pause of some quarter of an hour)—Yes, that is rather a good song.

President—Hallo! Pencil, are you awake at last?

Pencil—Awake! why, do you intend to insinuate that I have been asleep?

President—Asleep! I'll not swear that you were asleep, but I intend to say that you have not spoken a single word for an hour past.

Pencil—Well, what of that! I was ruminating—I was thinking of the miseries of Lent being kept in winter—I wonder if an act of parliament could not alter it? I think we ought to take legal advice upon it immediately.

President—Oh! certainly, legal advice by all means.

Dr. Peptic—No; I bar that; no lawyers in the case; I hate lawyers. If I had my will, I'd abolish them. If I were in the Court Martial, I'd turn them out.

Pencil—Stop, stop doctor! I don't agree with you at all. I rather likes 'em, as old Prosy says; they are very useful at times, particularly when B. 45 of the Police swears—that one's driving over six miles an hour!

Sir Barnaby—Ha! ha! Pencil can't bear B. 45. I hate him too, and all the police. So help me Davy, if I catch one of them drunk, I'll scrag him and take him to the Station House. If I find one of them dozy in his beat, I'll forthwith to the great Vidocq of Little Pedlington, and such a speech I'll make that ———

President—He'll laugh at you, and wake the policeman!

Sir Barnaby—No, I beg your pardon, Darby; Vidocq has a great regard for us all, for he picks us out as examples for others!

President—Ha! ha! not bad for Barnaby. But

look at Pencil; why he's asleep again. I vote we fine him.

Pencil—Fine away; I say I'm not asleep! I'm meditating—I never sleep—I close my eyes when I go to bed and I ruminate all night between a pair of sheets. I'm all day pondering—I'm always thinking! If I ride, I think—if I walk, I think—if I eat, I gulph down a thought with every mouthful.

Dr. Peptic—And if you are with a lady, Pencil?

Pencil—Why, she talks for us both, and I have all the time to myself to think.

Sir Barnaby—I say, Pencil, were you ever in love?

Pencil—In love!! I'm always in love: I'm never free from love; I'm either falling in love, running in love or catching love.

Peter—Yes! Walter is the boy for falling in love.

Pencil d'ye recollect the two girls in Bath?

Pencil—Tush; hold your tongue, Peter, none of your quiz.

Omnes—(Vociferously)—Out with it Peter! out with it! Don't mind him!

Pencil—(Getting upon the table)—Stop your roaring, and pray be only fair. If you will have the story, let me tell it, at least, as being the party concerned; I am supposed to recollect it best.

President—Yes, that's nothing but fair. So, Pencil, out with the story of your affections.

Pencil—(Coming off the table and replenishing his glass)—Why, I think it is the doctor, (the great doctor, I mean,) who says that a man falls in love as he falls down stairs, by accident—but as in my case, some of these little accidents are very far from agreeable. If I were to publish a tale of my fate, in this instance, I should call it

"A LITTLE TOO MUCH LOVE."

I was just eighteen years of age when I was first introduced to a young lady at Bath. She was pretty, and had a very pretty name—Agnes Harcourt. I always liked the name Agnes, and never liked it more than when associated with Miss Harcourt. She had such a pretty little hand, and such a pretty little foot and ankle, and she talked, walked and danced so prettily—I never see a good female waltzer, that I do not recall her to my mind, as I first saw her at the rooms, ———. Miss Harcourt's old go-

vernor I was well acquainted with, and I was by him invited to pass a few days at his house. You may imagine I did not refuse the invitation. I must tell you, that at this time I knew that her cousin, Ned Vernon—a chum of mine—was paying great attention to Agnes; in fact, he made me his confidant. The few days passed delightfully. Agnes was very lively, and so was I, and we had always time to enjoy each other's society. By degrees, I found myself becoming deeply impassioned with Miss Harcourt, and more than once was I tempted to ascertain whether I stood any chance with Ned Vernon; but honour always stopped my mouth. "What!" says old conscience to me, "be his confidant, and steal away her affections? It won't do, Master Walter Pencil—you must be off, to save your credit." "Agreed, good conscience," answered I—(mind you, I was in a ruminating fit)—"I will be off tomorrow to Cheltenham." This resolve I determined to announce to Agnes that night.

I don't know how it was, but I drank a little too deeply that day, and, on my entry into the drawing-room, felt, I must say, rather feverish. There I found Miss Harcourt and several of her friends, one of whom I was shortly after introduced to. Her name, Louisa Burton—rather a largeish style of woman, but showy—sang extremely well, and very conversational. More of her anon. It was after a delicious waltz, that Agnes and I were seated in a window, enjoying a cool evening breeze—not such a north-west breeze as we enjoy here in winter, but a regular poetical breeze—quite the breeze for the moment and place. Now's my time, thought I—so here goes:

"I am sorry to say, Miss Harcourt, that I am compelled to leave your delightful home tomorrow, at day-break."

I watched her countenance narrowly, and, to my half horror, half delight, saw a complete change; she hastily answered:

"Why—so soon, Mr. Pencil, and so suddenly! I trust that you have heard no ill tidings."

"None—but my leave will soon expire, and I must go to Cheltenham; but, Miss Harcourt, I am about to take a great liberty, which I trust you will excuse, as nothing but the interest I feel in your welfare, and that of a friend, whose fate must be decided by your determination, would induce me to address you upon a subject of so delicate a nature." I then spoke in most favourable terms of Edward Vernon, and represented his affections for her, and that, should she listen to his wish, he would be more steady than he had been of late—for Ned was a wild fellow, at best.

Agnes listened with attention, but cut me short by saying:

"Mr. Pencil, I feel grateful for the kind interest you have expressed in my happiness, but I pray of you to induce Edward Vernon to place his affections

elsewhere, as I can never be his wife. I love him as a brother, but circumstances must prevent our ever being more nearly related than we now are."

"Miss Harcourt, will you excuse that my anxiety for a friend should make me so impertinent as to ask what those circumstances may be?"

"Our minds, Mr. Pencil, are not, in the first place, formed alike, and——"

"Your affections are otherwise engaged. Strange, that both Edward and your father are ignorant of such being the case."

Here a thought flashed across my mind, which was confirmed on seeing her in tears. What was afterwards said is of no consequence; but that night I went to bed, engaged to Agnes, and over 'head and ears' in love. I did *not* go to Cheltenham next morning!

To my application for his daughter's hand, Mr. Harcourt answered, that he had no objection to the match, save on account of my age; and that if Agnes and myself continued to be of the same mind, we might be united as soon as I should attain the age of majority. Edward, quite resigned to his fate, became my confidant, and, at the end of a year, I returned, on leave, to Bath. There I walked, and rode, and danced, and sung with Agnes, and our time was delightfully spent—till Fortune chose, in one of her freaks, to kick the beam, and down tumbled my splendid fabric. I had dined with some brother officers, and we had drank most freely—so much so that I was quite intoxicated when I went into the drawing-room, at Mr. Harcourt's. The lights and music, and the waltzers, in no way assisted to restore my steadiness. With some difficulty I found Agnes, who, with her cousin, Miss Daly, was seated at the farther end of the room, and when, with unsteady step and hiccoughing address, I asked her to dance, she quietly refused, and rising, quitted her seat, with her cousin, and walked off, leaving my lordship most stupidly stupified. My cursed temper broke out, and, like all drunken men, conceiving myself injured, I became furious, and instantly engaged a lady to dance, who did not perceive my state, from being a stranger to me. I attempted to waltz, but, before I had made three turns, fell down, cut my head against the wainscoting of the room, and was carried off in a state of insensibility. When I revived, I found my arm bandaged, and a surgeon in the act of bleeding me. I thought I saw Agnes, but she vanished, and I lay all night in a dreadful state, with racking pains in my head, and devoutly cursing my folly.

I did not see Agnes the next day, and, on calling at Mr. Harcourt's the following morning, I perceived her at a window; but she left as soon as I came to the door. Guess my astonishment, when the servant denied her being at home.

"Go up to Miss Harcourt, and say that I am here."

"I assure you, sir, that she is not at home."

Convinced that she had directed that I should not be admitted, I went home determined to write to her—but subsequently thought that I would await a note from her.

A week passed by. Mr. Harcourt, who had gone to London to the Parliament, had not returned, and no note from Agnes—no word. She was never seen out. You know my obstinate disposition, and will not wonder when you hear that I resolved to write to Mr. Harcourt, and express my astonishment at his daughter's treatment of me. This I did, and that night I went to Mr. Burton's. I must mention, that, during the week, I took refuge from my thoughts in flirting with Louisa Burton. I found her an amiable girl, very conversational, as I have said, and very musical. I dote on music, as you are all aware. As usual with me then, I drank wine that day, until I became highly exhilarated—and as usual, I was flirting with Miss Burton. She rallied me about Agnes. I declared that our acquaintance was merely commonplace. She praised Agnes' beauty. I declared hers to be superior. At last, in my nonsensical way, I roundly stated:

"I assure you, Miss Burton, that there is not a girl on the face of the earth in whom I have a greater interest than yourself."

I meant this *en badinage*, but I fear that my language must have appeared otherwise. The answer I received, almost in a whisper, was:

"Can I believe you?"

What could I say? There was a poser!

"I assure you, from my soul, it is a true expression of my feelings!"

She turned her head, which had been averted, towards me. I saw love imprinted on her countenance. I—(what man could do otherwise, full of wine, sitting on a sofa with a fine woman, avowing her love for him?)—threw my arms round her waist—her head fell upon my bosom—I imprinted one kiss on her lips. Agnes was forgotten, and I was engaged to Louisa Burton!

It would be difficult to imagine the state of my feelings when I awoke the following morning, sobered to a sense of my situation. Engaged to two at the same moment! How could I be extricated from this unfortunate predicament? I could not bring myself to give up all hopes of Agnes—and to desert Louisa, after the avowal of her devoted affection for me, would be dishonourable. In fact, I was almost distracted—nor was my mind at all quieted by the reception of a little *couleur de rose* note from Louisa, appointing an hour for our promenade. Go I must—and I did go; and my feelings were more distressed than ever, by finding that I had excited the warmest attachment in Louisa, whose artless description of the progress of her love drove daggers into me. In this state, matters remained for about five or six days, during which no tidings were heard by me of Agnes.

I was too obstinately proud to call at her father's house, and I did not dare to ask Louisa if she had seen her. My suspense was soon at an end, as, to my joy, I had scarcely risen from my bed one morning, when I walked Ned Vernon, (who had been to London.) After announcing his having just arrived, he presented me with a letter from Miss Harcourt, dated the *very morning of my visit* to her house, and couched in these words:

MY DEAREST WALTER,

I have received a letter from my Aunt Wedgwood, who is extremely ill; and she begs that I will go to Cheltenham, to pass a week with her. I shall, most likely, leave tomorrow morning; and, as my Aunt is too weakly to bear society, I intend to punish you for the pain you caused me last night, by banishing you from my sight for one week; when, if you will meet me at Cheltenham, all shall be forgiven, upon condition of your never sinning in like manner again. Do not attempt to see me today, for I am resolved to deny myself to you—although I punish myself by so doing. I send this letter to Edward, under cover for you.

Yours, Dearest Walter,

Devotedly,

AGNES.

P.S.—I will not forbid your writing to me—Edward will give you the address.

The letter dropped from my hands. Ned saw something was wrong.

"What, in the name of all that's horrible, is the matter with you, Walter?"

"Where did you get this letter, Edward, and when?"

"That is one way of answering my question. Why, I found it in my room, under cover from Agnes to me."

"The date of your note?"

"I have it here—the 6th! My stars, here's a pretty business! Why, it is dated the very day I left for London—the morning after you made such a precious kick-up at my uncle's! Oh, I see how it is—I left at day-break, and the note was sent afterwards—that's all!"

"That's all! Death and the devil! Ned, I'm ruined by this cursed mistake. What am I to do?"

I here related all to Vernon, not even disguising my engagement to Louisa. He listened very gravely; and having heard all, admitting that I had, to use his own words, "made a famous twistification of the whole affair," suggested the propriety of my leaving Bath for a few days, with notes for Agnes, (who had returned the night before,) and Louisa, giving some pretended cause for my temporary absence, and explaining the mistake to Agnes, until something could be arranged, so that the engagement might be broken off with Miss Burton, with as little pain to her feelings as possible. For Louisa, he said he entertained the greatest affection, and he had

previously intended to seek her hand. I could have hugged Vernon for his plan, which appeared, at first, to me, to be impossible to fail; and having written the notes, we ordered postmen, as Ned was to accompany me on the first day's journey, and off we went. I had wished to see Agnes before I departed, but Ned prevented me. The next day I parted from Vernon, and having arrived at Brighton, I remained there for two days, anxiously awaiting a letter from him. It came at last, with "in very great haste" written most legibly above the address. I tore it open, and guess my feelings when I read:

MY DEAR WALTER,

The game is up and the devil to pay. The very day we left Bath, Agnes was taken very ill, and sent for Louisa Burton to nurse her, and in a fit of confidence told her of your engagement, in order, I suppose, to have some kind friend to whom she might make known the pain which your misdeeds had caused her. Louisa, of course, like all high-minded romantic young ladies, returned her friends confidence. Your "villainous baseness," as no doubt they called it, was exposed, and to cap the climax, the two cursed notes came in at the same instant, Louisa's having been sent from her father's! Such a row as there must have been! Agnes forgot her illness and came down to dinner. I felt frightened to death for fear Louisa might suspect that I knew anything about the affair. Both damsels looked highly indignant—and such whispering before we sat down to dinner!—I could scarcely keep my countenance, and at last, to try the matter, I said:

"By the bye, Agnes, did you get a note today from Pencil? I left him on his way to Brighton!"

"Did you, then I trust that we shall be relieved from the penalty of seeing him at Bath again, and I must require, Edward, that his name shall never more be mentioned before me. An act of baseness has been committed by him, which I shall communicate to you hereafter, and which will separate us forever."

My mouth was stopped, and though I have since explained the whole affair to Agnes, she will not believe a word of what I say—so that you must make up your mind to receive your congé immediately, as I gave her your address this morning. I shall write you again.

Yours, ever faithfully,

E. VERNON.

Mem.—I shall instantly make up to Louisa, now's my time, whilst she is enraged with you!

E. V.

The congé came written by both ladies.

SIR,

The baseness which has characterized your conduct towards us both, has most effectually removed

from our hearts, any favourable impression previously conceived by us. We beg, therefore, that all further intercourse between us, may from this moment cease.

AGNES HARCOURT,
LOUISA BURTON.

Accompanying this, what was my mortification on opening the packet, to find duplicate lockets, *pensez-à-moi*-rings, and about a quarter of a pound of my beautiful auburn hair, which had been bestowed upon the ladies at their particular request, by me! Furious with passion and disappointment, I ordered horses, joined the dépôt, and there ends my double engagement.

Sir Barnaby—But, Pencil, what became of the ladies?

Pencil—Ned Vernon was true to his promise—married Louisa, and lives very happily.

President—And Miss Harcourt?

Pencil—I saw her last year; she is the wife of Colonel Kinnaird, and has two little Agneses and three little Williamases, all running about her, with pin-a-fores and frills—whilst from the change in her figure, I never would have recognised in the matronly so much *en bon point*—my little delicate Agnes Harcourt—pon my conscience I shouldn't—but I suppose that you are all tired of my story, so

President—Agreed.

But that song must remain for another time, as I was forced to attend to more important duties, than listen to staves at two o'clock in the morning—so I left the Divan.

Yours, good Editor,

Au revoir,

PAUL PLAYFAIR.

Little Pedlington, — street, }
Monday Morning, March 11, 1839. }

AVARICE.

HE comes with stealthy step and restless eye,

Meagre and wan—a living skeleton—

To where his god, his golden treasures lie,

He comes to feast (his only meal) thereon:

'Rich! rich!' he cries—'I am as Croesus rich!'

Poor, poor he is!—not Lazarus more poor;

Envy him not, thou houseless, wandering wretch,

Who beg'st for charity from door to door;

It is gaunt Avarice! If he could feed

His famished body through his greedy eye,

Or carry to the grave his gold—indeed!

Envied on earth he'd live, and envied die;

But he is like the wave which covers o'er

Gems unenjoyed, it leaves, in ebbing from the shore

Knickerbocker.

(ORIGINAL.)

A SECOND CHAPTER FROM AN UNPUBLISHED CONTINUATION OF "WACOUSTA,"
OR "THE PROPHECY," ENTITLED
"THE SETTLER;" OR, "THE PROPHECY FULFILLED."

BY THE AUTHOR.

A FEW days after the adventure detailed in our last chapter, the American party, consisting of Major and Miss Montgomerie and the daughters of the Governor, with their several attendants, embarked in the schooner, to the command of which Gerald had been promoted. The destination of the whole was the American port of Buffalo, situate at the further extremity of the Lake, nearly opposite to the fort of Erie; and thither our hero, perfectly recovered from the effect of his accident, received instructions to repair without loss of time, land his charge, and immediately rejoin the flotilla at Amherstburg.

However pleasing the first, the latter part of the order was by no means so strictly in consonance with the views and feelings of the new commander, as might have been expected from a young and enterprising spirit; but he justified his absence of zeal to himself in the fact that there was no positive service to perform, no duty in which he could have an opportunity of signalizing himself, or rendering a benefit to his country.

If, however, the limited period allotted for the execution of his duty, was a source of much disappointment to Gerald, such was not the effect produced by it on his brother, to whom it gave promise of a speedy termination of an attachment which he had all along regarded with reprobation, and a concern, amounting almost to dread. We have seen that Harry Grantham, on the occasion of his brother's disaster at the picnic, had been wound up into an enthusiasm of gratitude, which had nearly weaned him from his original aversion; but this feeling had not outlived the day on which the occurrence took place. Nay, on the very next morning, he had had a long private conversation with Gerald, in regard to Miss Montgomerie, which, terminating, as it did, in a partial coolness, had only tended to make him dislike the person who had caused it still more. It was, therefore, not without secret delight that he overheard the order for the instant return of the schooner, which, although conveyed by the Commodore in the mildest manner, was yet so firm and deci-

ded as to admit neither of doubt nor dispute. While the dangerous American continued a resident at Detroit, there was every reason to fear that the attachment of his infatuated brother, sed by opportunity, would lead him to the commission of some irrevocable act of imprudence; whereas, on the contrary, when she had departed, there was every probability that continued absence, added to the stirring incidents of war, which might be expected shortly to ensue, would prove effectual in restoring the tone of Gerald's mind. There was, consequently, much to please him in the order for departure. Miss Montgomerie, once landed within the American lines, and his brother returned to his duty, the anxious soldier had no doubt that the feelings of the latter would resume their wonted channel, and that in his desire to render himself worthy of glory, to whom he had been originally devoted, he would forget, at least for a season, all that was connected with love.

It was a beautiful autumnal morning, when the schooner weighed anchor from Detroit. Several of the officers of the garrison had accompanied the ladies on board, and having made fast their sailing boat to the stern, loitered on deck with the intention of descending the river a few miles and then beating up against the current. The whole party were thus assembled, conversing together, and watching the movements of the sailors, when a boat, in which were several armed men, encircling a huge raw-boned individual, habited in the fashion of an American backwoodsman, approached the vessel. This was no other than the traitor Desborough, who, it will be recollected, was detained and confined in prison at the surrender of Detroit. He had been put upon his trial for the murder of Mr. Grantham, but had been acquitted through want of evidence to convict, his own original admission being negatived by a subsequent declaration that he had only made it through a spirit of bravado and revenge. Still, as the charges of desertion and treason had been substantiated against him, he was, by order of the commandant of Amherstburg, destined for Fort Erie, in the

schooner conveying the American party to Buffalo, with a view to his being sent on to the Lower Province, there to be disposed of as the General commanding in chief should deem fit.

The mien of the settler, as he now stepped over the vessel's side, partook of the mingled cunning and ferocity by which he had formerly been distinguished. While preparations were being made for his reception and security below deck, he bent his sinister yet bold glance on each of the little group in succession, as if he would have read in their countenances the probable fate that awaited himself. The last who fell under his scrutiny was Miss Montgomerie, on whom his eye had scarcely rested, when the insolent indifference of his manner seemed to give place at once to a feeling of interest, while the action and expression of the man was that of one who labors to recall some long lost recollection. Miss Montgomerie, in her turn, had had her attention forcibly arrested by the settler, from the moment of his first coming in sight, and, like him, she seemed to be taxing her memory with some bygone incident. There was intelligence enough in the glance of both to show that an insensible interest had been created, and yet neither gave the slightest indication, by word, of what was passing in the mind.

"Well, Mister Jeremiah Desborough," said Middlemore, first breaking the silence, and, in the taunting mode of address he usually adopted towards the settler, "I reckon as how you'll shoot no wild ducks this season, on the Sandusky river—not likely to be much troubled with your small bores now."

The Yankee gazed at him a moment in silence, evidently ransacking his brain for something sufficiently insolent to offer in return. At length, he drew his hat slouchingly over one side of his head, folded his arms across his chest, and squirting a torrent of tobacco juice from his capacious jaws, exclaimed, in his drawing voice :

"I guess, Mister Officer, as how you're mighty cute upon a fallen man—but tarnation seize me, if I don't expect you'll find some one cuter still afore long. The sogers all say," he continued, with a low, cunning laugh, "as how you're a bit of a wit, and fond of a play upon words like. If so, I'll jist try you a little at your own game, and tell you that I had a thousand to one rather be troubled with my small bores than with such a confounded great bore as you are; and now, you may pit that down, as something good, in your pun-book, when you please, and ax me no more questions."

Long and fitful was the laughter that burst from Villiers and Molineux, at this bitter retort upon their companion, which they vowed should be repeated at the mess table of either garrison, whenever he again attempted one of his execrables.

Desborough took courage at the license conveyed by this pleasantry, and pursued, winking familiarly

to Captain Molineux, while he, at the same time, nodded to Middlemore.

"Mighty little time, I calculate, had he to think of aggravatin'," when I gripped him down at Hartley's pint, that day. If it hadn't been for that old heathen scoundrel of a horseman, my poor boy Phil, as the Ingians killed, and me, I reckon, would have sent him and young Grantham to crack their puns upon the fishes of the lake. How frightened they were, surely."

"Silence, fellow!" thundered Gerald Grantham, who now came up from the hold, whither he had been to examine the fastenings prepared for his prisoner—"How dare you open your lips here?" then pointing towards the steps he had just quitted—"descend, sir!"

Never did human countenance exhibit marks of greater rage than Desborough's at that moment. His eyes seemed about to start from their sockets—the large veins of his neck and brow swelled almost to bursting, and while his lips were compressed with violence, his nervous fingers played, as with convulsive anxiety to clutch themselves around the throat of the officer; every thing, in short, marked the effort it cost him to restrain himself within such bounds as his natural cunning and prudence dictated. Still, he neither spoke nor moved.

"Descend, sir, instantly!" repeated Gerald, "or, by Heaven, I will have you thrown in without further ceremony—descend this moment!"

The settler advanced, placed one foot upon the ladder, then turned his eye steadfastly upon the officer. Every one present shuddered to behold its expression—it was that of fierce, inextinguishable hatred.

"By —, you will pay me one day or t'other for this, I reckon," he uttered, in a hoarse and fearful whisper—"every dog has his day—it will be Jeremiah Desborough's turn next."

"What! do you presume to threaten, villain?" vociferated Gerald, now excited beyond all bounds: "here, men, gag me this fellow—tie him neck and heels, and throw him into the hold, as you would a bag of ballast."

Several men, with Sambo at their head, advanced for the purpose of executing the command of their officer, when the eldest daughter of the Governor, who had witnessed the whole scene, suddenly approached the latter, and interceded warmly for a repeal of the punishment. Miss Montgomerie, also, who had been a silent observer, glanced significantly towards the settler. What her look implied, no one was quick enough to detect; but its effect on the Yankee was evident—for, without uttering another syllable, or waiting to be again directed, he moved slowly and sullenly down the steps that led to his place of confinement.

Whatever the impressions produced upon the

minds of the several spectators by this incident, they were not expressed. No comment was made, nor was further allusion had to the settler. Other topics of conversation were introduced, and it was not until the officers, having bid them a final and cordial adieu, had again taken to their boats, on their way back to Detroit, that the ladies quitted the deck, for the cabin which had been prepared for them.

The short voyage across the lake was performed without incident. From the moment of the departure of the officers, an air of dulness and abstraction, originating, in a great degree, in the unpleasantry of separation—anticipated and past—pervaded the little party. Sensitive and amiable as were the daughters of the American Governor, it was not to be supposed they parted without regret from men in whose society they had recently spent so many agreeable hours, and for two of whom they had insensibly formed preferences. Not, however, that that parting was to be considered final, for both Molineux and Villiers had promised to avail themselves of the first days of peace, to procure leave of absence, and revisit them in their native State. The feeling of disappointment acknowledged by the sisters, was much more perceptible in Gerald Grantham and Miss Montgomerie, both of whom became more thoughtful and abstracted, as the period of separation drew nearer.

It was about ten o'clock on the evening immediately preceding that on which they expected to gain their destination, that, as Gerald leaned ruminating over the side of the schooner, then going at the slow rate of two knots an hour, he fancied he heard voices, in a subdued tone, ascending apparently from that quarter of the vessel in which Desborough was confined. He listened attentively for a few moments, but even the slight gurgling of the water, as it was thrown from the prow, prevented further recognition. Deeming it possible that the sounds might not proceed from the place of confinement of the settler, but from the cabin which it adjoined, and with which it communicated, he was for a short time undecided whether or not he should disturb the party already retired to rest, by descending and passing into the room occupied by his prisoner. Anxiety to satisfy himself that the latter was secure, determined him, and he had already planted a foot on the companion-ladder, when his further descent was arrested by Miss Montgomerie, who appeared emerging from the opening, bonneted and cloaked, as with a view of continuing on deck.

"What! you, dearest Matilda?" he asked, delightfully—"I thought you had long since retired to rest."

"To rest, Gerald!—can you, then, imagine mine is a soul to slumber, when I know that tomorrow we part—perhaps for ever?"

"No, by Heaven! not for ever," energetically re-

turned the sailor, seizing and carrying the white hand that pressed his own, to his lips—"be but faithful to me, my own Matilda—love me but with one half the ardor with which my soul glows for you, and the moment duty can be sacrificed to affection, you may expect again to see me."

"Duty!" repeated the American, with something like reproach in her tone—"must the happiness of her you profess so ardently to love, be, then, sacrificed to a mere cold sense of duty? But you are right—you have *your* duty to perform, and I have *mine*. Tomorrow we separate, and for ever."

"No, Matilda—not for ever, unless, indeed, such be your determination. You may find the task to forget an easy one—I never can. Hope—heart—life—happiness—all are centered in you. Were it not that honour demands my service to my country, I would fly with you tomorrow, delighted to encounter every difficulty fortune might oppose, if, by successfully combating these, I should establish a deeper claim on your affection. Oh, Matilda!" continued the impassioned youth, "never did I feel more than at this moment, how devotedly I could be your slave for ever."

At the commencement of this conversation, Miss Montgomerie had gently led her lover towards the outer gangway of the vessel, over which they both now leaned. As Gerald made the last passionate avowal of his tenderness, a ray of triumphant expression, clearly visible in the light of the setting moon, passed over the features of the American.

"Gerald," she implored earnestly—"oh, repeat me that avowal. Again tell me that you will be the slave of your Matilda, in *all* things—Gerald, swear most solemnly to me that you will—my every hope of happiness depends upon it."

How could he refuse, to such a pleader, the repetition of his spontaneous vow? Already were his lips opened to swear, before the high Heaven, that, in all things earthly, he would obey her will, when he was interrupted by a well known voice, hastily exclaiming:

"Who a debbel dat dere?"

Scarcely had these words been uttered, when they were followed apparently by a blow, then a bound, and then the falling of a human body upon the deck. Gently disengaging his companion, who had cling to him with an air of alarm, Gerald turned to discover the cause of the interruption. To his surprise, he beheld Sambo, whose post of duty was at the helm, lying extended on the deck, apparently dead, while, at the same moment, a sudden plunge was heard, as of a heavy body falling overboard. The first impulse of the officer was to seize the helm, with a view to right the vessel, already swerving from her course; the second, to awaken the crew, who were buried in sleep on the fore-castle. These, with the habitual promptitude of their nature, speedily obeyed his call, and a light being brought, Ge-

raid, confiding the helm to one of his best men, proceeded to examine the condition of Sambo.

It was evident that the aged negro had been stunned, but whether from the effect of apoplexy, or violence offered him, it was impossible to decide. No external wound was visible, and yet his breathing was that of one who had received some severe bodily injury. In a few minutes, however, he recovered his recollection, and the words he uttered, as he gazed wildly around, and addressed his master, were sufficient to explain the whole affair:

"Damn him deebel, Massa GERALD, he get safe off, him bilkain."

"Ha, Desborough! it is, then, as I suspected—quick, put the helm about—two of the lightest and most active into my canoe, and follow in pursuit. The fellow is making for the shore, no doubt. Now then, my lads," as two of the crew sprang into the canoe that had been instantly lowered, "fifty dollars between you, recollect, if you bring him back."

Although there needed no greater spur to exertion, than a desire both to please their officer, and to acquit themselves of a duty, the sum offered was not without its proper weight. In an instant, the canoe was seen scudding along the surface of the water, towards the shore, and, at intervals, as the anxious Gerald listened, he fancied he could distinguish the exertions of the fugitive swimmer from those made by the paddles of his pursuers. For a time all was silent, when, at length, a deriding laugh came over the surface of the lake, that too plainly told, the settler had reached the shore, and was beyond all chance of capture. In the bitterness of his disappointment, and heedless of the pleasure his change of purpose had procured him, Gerald could not help cursing his folly, in having suffered himself to be diverted from his original intention of descending to the place of confinement of the prisoner. Had this been done, all might have been well. He had now no doubt that the voices had proceeded from thence, and he was resolved, as soon as the absent men came on board, to institute a strict inquiry into the affair.

No sooner, therefore, had the canoe returned from the unsuccessful trip, than all hands were summoned and questioned, under a threat of severe punishment, to whoever should be found prevaricating, as to the manner of the prisoner's escape. Each positively denied having in any way violated the order which enjoined that no communication should take place between the prisoner and the crew, to whom indeed all access was denied, with the exception of Sambo, entrusted with the duty of carrying the former his meals. The denial of the men was so straight forward and clear, that Gerald knew not what to believe, and yet it was evident that the sounds he had heard, proceeded from human voices. Determined to satisfy himself, his first care was to descend between decks, preceded by his boatswain, with a lantern. At the sternmost ex-

tremity of the little vessel there was a small room, used for stores, but which, empty on this trip, had been converted into a cell for Desborough. This was usually entered from the cabin, but in order to avoid inconvenience to the ladies, a door had been effected in the bulk heads, the key of which was kept by Sambo. On inspection, this door was found hermetically closed, so that it became evident if the key had not been purloined from its keeper, the escape of Desborough must have been accomplished through the cabin. Moreover, there was no opening of any description to be found, through which a knife might be passed to enable him to sever the boards which confined his feet. Close to the partition, were swung the hammock's of two men, who had been somewhat dilatory in obeying the summons on deck, and between whom it was not impossible the conversation he had detected had been carried on. On re-ascending, he again questioned these men, but they most solemnly assured him they had not spoken either together or to others, within the last two hours, having fallen fast asleep on being relieved from their watch. Search was now made in the pockets of Sambo, whose injury had been found to be a violent blow given on the back of the ear, and whose recovery from the stupefaction it had produced was yet imperfect. The key being found, all suspicion of participation was removed from the crew, who could only have communicated from their own quarter of the vessel, and they were accordingly dismissed; one half, comprising the first watch, to their hammocks, the remainder to their original station on the fore-castle. The next care of the young commander was to inspect the cabin, and institute a strict scrutiny as to the manner in which the escape had been effected. The door that opened into the now untenanted prison, stood between the companion ladder and the recess occupied by the daughters of the Governor. To his surprise, Gerald found it locked, and the key, that usually remained in a niche near the door, removed. On turning to search for it, he also noticed, for the first time, that the lamp, suspended from a beam in the centre of the cabin, had been extinguished. Struck by these remarkable circumstances, a suspicion, which he would have given much not to have entertained, forced itself upon his mind—As a first measure, and that there might be no doubt whatever on the subject, he broke open the door. As he expected, it was empty.—Upon a small table lay the remains of the settler's last meal, but neither knife nor fork, both which articles had been interdicted, were to be found. At the foot of the chair on which he had evidently been seated, for the purpose of freeing himself, lay the heavy cords that had bound his ankles. These had been severed in two places, and, as was discovered on close examination, by the application of some sharp and deli-

ate cutting instrument. No where, however, was this visible. It was evident to Gerald that assistance had been afforded from some one within the cabin, and who that some one was, he scarcely doubted. With this impression fully formed, he reentered from the prison, and standing near the curtained berth occupied by the daughters of the Governor, questioned as to whether they were aware that his prisoner Desborough had escaped. Both expressed surprise in so natural a manner, that Gerald knew not what to think, but when they added that they had not heard the slightest noise—nor had spoken themselves, nor heard others speak, confessing moreover ignorance that the lamp even had been extinguished, he felt suspicion converted into certainty. It was impossible, he conceived, that a door, which stood only two paces from the bed, could be locked and unlocked without their hearing it—neither was it probable that Desborough would have thought of thus needlessly securing the place of his late detention. Such an idea might occur to the aider, but not to the fugitive himself, to whom every moment must be of the highest importance. Who then could have assisted him? Not Major Montgomerie, for he slept in the after part of the cabin—not Miss Montgomerie, for she was upon deck—Moreover, had not one of those, he had so much reason to suspect, interceded for the fellow, only on the preceding day.

Such was the reasoning of Gerald, as he passed rapidly in review the several probabilities—but, although annoyed beyond measure at the escape of the villain, and incapable of believing other than that the daughters of the Governor had connived thereat, his was too gallant a nature to make such a charge, even by implication, against them. He was aware of the strong spirit of nationality existing every where among subjects of the United States, and he had no doubt, that in liberating their countryman, they had acted under an erroneous impression of duty. Although extremely angry he made no comment whatever on the subject, but contenting himself with wishing his charge a less than usually cordial good night, left them to their repose, and once more quitted the cabin.

During the whole of this examination, Miss Montgomerie had continued on deck. Gerald found her leaning over the gangway, at which he had left her, gazing intently on the water, through which the schooner was now gliding at an increased rate. From the moment of his being compelled to quit her side, to inquire into the cause of Sambo's exclamation and rapidly succeeding fall, he had not had an opportunity of again approaching her. Feeling that some apology was due, he hastened to make one; but, vexed and irritated as he was at the escape of the settler, his disappointment imparted to his manner a degree of restraint, and there was less of ardor in his address than he had latterly been in the

habit of exhibiting. Miss Montgomerie remarked it, and sighed.

"I have been reflecting," she said, "on the little dependance that is to be placed upon the most flattering illusions of human existence—and here are you come to afford me a painful and veritable illustration of my theory."

"How, dearest Matilda! what mean you?" asked the officer, again warmed into tenderness by the presence of the fascinating being.

"Can you ask, Gerald?" and her voice assumed a tone of melancholy reproach—"recol but your manner—your language—your devotedness of soul, not an hour since—compare these with your present coldness, and then wonder that I should have reason for regret, if you can."

"Nay, Matilda, that coldness arose not from any change in my feelings towards yourself—I was piqued, disappointed, even angry, at the extraordinary escape of my prisoner, and could not sufficiently play the hypocrite to disguise my annoyance."

"Yet, what had I to do with the man's escape, that his offence should be visited upon me?" she demanded, quickly.

"Can you not find some excuse for my vexation, knowing, as you do, that the wretch was a vile assassin—a man whose hands have been imbrued in the blood of my own father?"

"Was he not acquitted of the charge?"

"He was—but only from lack of evidence to convict; yet, although acquitted by the law, not surer is fate than that he is an assassin."

"You hold assassins in great horror," remarked the American, thoughtfully—"you are right—it is but natural."

"In horror, said you?—aye, in such loathing, that language can supply no term to express it."

"And yet, you once attempted an assassination yourself. Nay, do not start, and look the image of astonishment. Have you not told me that you fired into the hut, on the night of your mysterious adventure? What right had you, if we argue the question on its real merit, to attempt the life of a being who had never injured you?"

"What right, Matilda?—every right, human and divine. I sought but to save a victim from the hands of a midnight murderer."

"And, to effect this, scrupled not to become a midnight murderer yourself!"

"And is it thus you interpret my conduct, Matilda?"—the voice of Gerald spoke bitter reproach—"can you compare the act of that man with mine, and hold me no more blameless than himself?"

"Nay, I did not say I blamed you," she returned, gaily—"but the fact is, you had left me so long to ruminate here alone, that I have fallen into a mood argumentative, or philosophical—whichever you may be pleased to term it, and I am willing to maintain my position, that you might, by possibility, have been

more guilty than the culprit at whom you aimed, had your shot destroyed him."

The light tone in which Matilda spoke dispelled the seriousness that had begun to shadow the brow of the young commander—"And pray how do you make this good?" he asked.

"Suppose, for instance, the slumberer you preserved had been a being of crime, through whom the hopes, the happiness, the peace of mind, and, above all, the fair fame of the other had been cruelly and irrevocably blasted. Let us imagine he had destroyed some dear friend or relative of him with whose vengeance you beheld him threatened."

"Could that be—"

"Or," interrupted the American, in the same careless tone, "that he had betrayed a wife."

"If so—"

"Or sacrificed a beloved sister."

"Such a man—"

"Or, what is worse, infinitely worse, sought to put the finishing stroke to his villainy, by affixing to the name and conduct of his victim every ignominy and disgrace which can attach to insulted humanity."

"Matilda," eagerly exclaimed the youth, advancing close to her, and gazing into her dark eyes, "you are drawing a picture."

"No, Gerald," she replied, calmly, "I am merely supposing a case. Could you find no excuse for a man acting under a sense of so much injury?—would you still call him an assassin, if, with such provocation, he sought to destroy the hated life of one who had thus injured him?"

Gerald paused, apparently bewildered.

"Tell me, dearest Gerald," and her fair and beautiful hand caught and pressed his—"would you still bestow upon one so injured the degrading epithet of assassin?"

"An assassin!—most undoubtedly I would. But why this question, Matilda?"

The features of the American assumed a changed expression; she dropped the hand she had taken the instant before, and said, disappointedly:

"I find, then, my philosophy is totally at fault."

"Wherein, Matilda?" anxiously asked Gerald.

"In this, that I have not been able to make you a convert to my opinions."

"And these are—" again questioned Gerald, his every pulse throbbing with intense emotion.

"Not to pronounce too harshly on the conduct of others, seeing that we ourselves may stand in much need of lenity of judgment. There might have existed motives for the action of him whom you designate as an assassin, quite as powerful as those which led to your interference, and quite as easily justified to himself."

"But, dearest Matilda—"

"Nay, I have done—I close at once my argument and my philosophy. The humour is past, and I shall no longer attempt to make the worse appear

the better cause. I dare say you thought me in earnest," she added, with slight sarcasm, "but a philosophical disquisition between two lovers on the eve of parting for ever, was too novel and piquant a seduction to be resisted."

That "parting for ever" was sufficient to drive all philosophy utterly away from our hero.

"For ever, did you say, Matilda?—no, not for ever; yet, how coldly do you allude to a separation, which, although I trust it will be only temporary, is a source of the deepest vexation to me. You did not manifest this indifference in the early part of our conversation this evening."

"And if there be a change," emphatically yet tenderly returned the beautiful American; "am I the only one changed. Is your manner now what it was then. Do you already forget at what a moment that conversation was interrupted?"

Gerald did not forget, and again, as they leaned over the vessel's side, his arm was passed around the waist of his companion.

The hour, the scene, the very rippling of the water—all contributed to lend a character of excitement to the feelings of Gerald.

Filled with tenderness and admiration for the fascinating being who reposed thus confidently on his shoulder, he scarcely dared to move, lest in so doing he should destroy the fabric of his happiness.

"First watch there, hilloa! rouse up, and be dead to you. It's two o'clock."

Both Gerald and Matilda, although long and silently watching the progress of the vessel, had forgotten there was any such being as a steersman to direct her.

"Good Heaven, can it be so late?" whispered the American, gliding from her lover; "if my uncle be awake, he will certainly chide me for my imprudence. Good night, dearest," and drawing her cloak more closely around her shoulders, she quietly crossed the deck, and disappeared through the opening to the cabin.

"What the devil's this?" said the relieving steersman, as, rubbing his heavy eyes with one hand, he stooped and raised with the other something from the deck against which he had kicked, in his advance to take the helm; "why, I'm blest if it isn't the apron off old Sally here. Have you been fingering Sall's apron, Bill?"

"Not I, faith," growled the party addressed, "I've enough to do to steer the craft without thinking of meddling with Sall's apron at this time o' night."

"I should like to know who it is that has exposed the old gal to the night air in this here manner," still muttered the other, holding up the object in question to his closer scrutiny; "it was only this morning I gave her a pair of bran new apron strings, and helped to dress her myself. If she doesn't hang fire after this, I'm a Dutchman, that's all."

"What signifies jawing, Tom Fluke. I suppose the

got unknivered in the skrimmage after the Yankee ; but bear a hand, and kiver her, unless you wish a fellow to stay here all night."

Old Sal, our readers must know, was no other than the long twenty-four pounder, that had formerly belonged to Gerald's gun-boat, and which, now removed to his own command, lay a midships, and, mounted on a pivot, constituted the whole battery of the schooner. The apron was the leaden covering protecting the touch-hole, which, having unaccountably fallen off, had encountered the heavy foot of Tom Fluke, in his advance along the deck.

The apron was at length replaced. Tom Fluke took the helm, and his companion departed, as he said, to have a comfortable snooze.

Gerald, who had been an amused listener of the preceding dialogue, soon followed, first inquiring into the condition of his faithful Sambo, who, on examination, was found to have been only stunned by the violence of the blow he had received. This, Gerald doubted not, had been given with the view of better facilitating Desborough's escape, by throwing the schooner out of her course, and occasioning a consequent confusion among the crew, which might have the effect of distracting their attention for a time from himself.

What the fearful results of that escape were, and what influence they had over the fulfilment of the curse and prophecy of Ellen Halloway, at the moment of her falling into the arms of Wacousta, will be seen later.

ADDRESSED TO

Yes, gentle fair one, let thy sorrow flow
 In trickling showers down thy pallid cheek,
 Keen is thine anguish, bitter is thy woe,
 And softest sympathy thy griefs bespeak.
 Yet yield not up thy soul to dark despair,
 Nor weep as one whose only hope is dead,
 Oh, rouse thy faith, lift up thy drooping head,
 And see a brighter, better hope appear.
 Christ is that hope—sure help in time of need,
 He comes to bid conflicting cares depart,
 To heal and not to break the bruised reed ;
 Then bow thee, lady, humbly kiss the rod—
 The hand that chastens, is the hand of God.

THE ALMOND.

THE medicinal properties of the bitter almond are considerable ; but it should be administered by professional persons only, being a powerful poison when taken in too large a dose. The kernels of sweet almonds are of considerable use in the arts ; the oil obtained from them is used by draughtsmen in tracing drawing on common letter paper. It may be interesting to some of our fair readers to be informed that Maccassar oil is merely of almonds, co-

loured with alkanet root ; and the no less celebrated Russia oil is the same, rendered milky by a small quantity of ammonia or potash, and scented with oil of roses. Gowland's Lotion, Milk of Roses, Caledonian Cream, Kalydor, &c., &c., are nothing more than a solution of oxy muriate of mercury in almond emulsion, with solution of sugar of lead, or white oxide of bismuth. Perhaps the inventors of these popular and fashionable cosmetics are indebted to Pliny for the first idea, as he states that a decoction of the roots of the bitter almond tree supple the skin, prevents wrinkles, and gives a fresh, cheerful colour to the countenance. Another very important virtue is ascribed to the fruit of the bitter almond, namely, to prevent or relieve intoxication. Plutarch relates that Drusus' physician, who was the greatest Bacchanalian of his age, took at every cup five bitter almonds, to allay the heat and fumes of the wine, owing to which he never became intoxicated.—*The Orchard, by C. Mackintosh.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN.

She stood 'mong strangers. Not to haughty Tyre,
 Nor to Sidonia's soft and balmy clime,
 Owed she her birth. But from Phenicia's coast,
 Full of confiding faith, she hither came,
 To seek for one, most lovely and beloved,
 The master's aid. Full oft her ear had heard,
 How with an outstretch'd hand, He healed the sick,
 By power Divine—the loathsome leper cleansed,—
 With new-born vigor, strung the cripple's limbs,—
 Loos'd from his chains, the long imprision'd tongue,
 Unseal'd the avenue of airy sound,—
 Four'd on the sightless orb in darkness veil'd,
 Glad forms of light and joy,—and from the grave,
 Summon'd its tenant forth, to share again
 The thronging thoughts, the rainbow-tinted hopes,
 That cluster round the path of busy life.
 These wonders wrought, had reached her list'ning
 ear,
 But not that greater work of grace and love,
 Achieved by Him, the founder of our faith,
 Which opened heaven to man's beclouded eye,
 And rais'd to life, from spiritual death,
 His priceless soul.

Yet, by the same allur'd
 Of wondrous deed, and still more wondrous word,
 And urg'd by that deep love, whose holy flame
 Burns in a mother's breast with quenchless light,
 That Gentile woman, sought the Saviour's feet.
 There now she humbly knelt, clasping his knees,
 And gazing upward with a kindling glance,
 Upon his face divine. With head thrown back,
 And pale and quivering lip, she earnest plead
 For one more dear than life—and as her eye

Drank in the glories of that beaming brow,
Her doubting heart glow'd with strong faith and
love,

And burning words, such as a mother's heart
Alone may prompt, flowed eager from her tongue.
With passionate tears, and agony intense,
She prayed him chase, with his all powerful hand,
The demon from her child, and give her back,
Freed from such fearful thralldom, to her arms,
That clasp'd in her, their all of earthly bliss.
Her words, her broken sobs, fell not in vain
Upon that pitying ear.

Slowly he turned,
The Saviour of the world, with serious look,
Yet full of tender love, and scann'd the form
Of the low suppliant, prostrate at his feet.
A moment's space, and the great Teacher's eye
Dwelt on that kneeling one, and as he mark'd
Her foreign garb, and heard her foreign speech,
He knew her for a stranger to the soil,
An alien to the faith his precepts taught ;
He coldly answer'd, yet with a glowing heart,
Which heav'nly pity, and compassion warn'd,—
"Woman, 'tis right the children should be fed,
Ere we to others give. It were not meet
To take their dole of bread, and cast to dogs,
While they are left to starve."

Still closer clung
That wretched mother to the Master's feet,
Quaffing with eager ear, his low breath'd words,—
Her throbbing heart, by his majestic mien,
Hushed to deep awe, yet kindling as she gaz'd,
With a pure love ; intenser, holier e'en,
Than nature own'd—till, with rapt look,
In tone subdued, but firm, she made reply—
"Yea, master, yet the crouching dogs that lie
Beneath the board, eat of the children's crumbs,
And are refresh'd,—e'en by the scattered fragments
Of a feast too rich for them to share."
A heavenly light beam'd from the Saviour's eyes,
As with majestic grace, he stooped to raise
That trusting, trembling mother from the earth.
"Well hast thou spoken, daughter,"—thus he said
In accents calm and gentle as his soul,—
"And, for thy words, so full of fervent faith,
Of holy love, and hur e hope, depart ;
Thy prayer is granted ; henceforth from the spell
Of evil demon, shall thy child be free,
And live to bless thee, with a daughter's love."
None e'er could know, with what ecstatic joy
Swell'd that glad mother's heart, at words like these,
From lips that knew not guile,—knew but to bless,
And purify mankind, with precepts high,
And wisdom from above.

She turned, she fled
Far from the city's hum, to a lone cot

Euried 'mid lofty screens of cedar tall,
And branching alium, and the fragrant boughs,
Of that balm-dropping tree, known to the East,—
There, she had left, safe in that quiet nest,
Her heart's rich treasure, torn by madd'ning pain,
And toss'd, and tortur'd, by the vexing fiend.
She saw her now, in her pale loveliness,
Stretched on her couch, languid, yet full of joy,
Her azure eye, as glad it turned to hail
Her coming step, bright with the soul-lit flame,
Kindled at reason's re-illumin'd lamp.
And as the mother cast her clasping arms
Around her child, and strain'd her to her breast,
And heard those lips, which long had utter'd naught
Save the wild, fearful cry of the possess'd,—
Repeat in gentle tones, fond words of love,
And breathe her name, in accents soft and clear,—
She felt, in truth, that He who wrought this deed,
Was God's own Son,—and from that blessed hour,
Baptized into the faith He came to teach,
She lov'd, believ'd, ador'd,—and in his name,
Knew all her sins forgiven.

E. L. C.

Montreal.

I remember once being in company with Theodore Hook, and my saying to him that I believed there were many English singers at the Italian Opera, who had assumed foreign names, in order to be well received ; that I had heard of a teacher of the guitar, who was so unfortunate as to have the name of Buggins. Now what romantic young lady would take lessons from him—the thing was impossible. He reflected awhile, when a bright thought occurred. He had cards printed, stating that "instructions on the guitar, lucidly illustrated, would be given by Signor Ruggin." Scholars immediately flocked in, and the man made a fortune. "I have no doubt of it," readily replied Theodore Hook, "depend upon it, that Tambourine's real name is Tom Brown."

A FEE-LEK.

A surgeon and lawyer had very little good feeling towards each other, and the following occurrence took place :—"If," asked the surgeon, "a neighbour's dog destroy my ducks, can I recover damages by law ?" "Certainly," replied the lawyer, "you can recover. Pray what are the circumstances ?" "Why, sir, your dog, last night, destroyed two of my ducks." Indeed ! then you certainly can recover the damages ; what is the amount ? I'll instantly discharge it. "Four shillings and sixpence," chuckled the surgeon. "And my fee for attending and advising you is 6s. 8d." responded the attorney, "and unless you immediately pay the same, my conduct will be *suit-able*."—*The Honest Lawyer.*

CAPTURE OF THE PASHA'S HAREM.

BY LIEUT. COL. ODELL.

In 1823, the Greeks, in one of their marauding expeditions, captured the entire Harem of the celebrated Cherchid pasha. The instant this affair was made known to Sir Frederick Adam, he sent to negotiate with the captors for their prize, and ransomed them for 10,000 dollars. With the kindest and most delicate attention, Sir Frederick had a house fitted up expressly for the reception of these fair infidels, and had them conveyed to Corfu, and landed in the night unseen by the curious inhabitants. During their residence, the strictest privacy was observed with regard to them: not an individual in the island was allowed to see them, except Lady Adam, and a very few of the ladies of the garrison.

Sir Frederick lost no time in communicating with the pasha, and informed him of all he had done, and the scrupulous care which had been observed respecting the privacy of the ladies of his Harem. The pasha returned the most profuse acknowledgements to Sir Frederick for his kindness and attention, stating the satisfaction he should have in paying the ransom, and requesting Sir Frederick to oblige him by sending them to Lepanto as speedily as possible. Sir Frederick Adam engaged the first merchant brig he was able, and had her fitted up for the reception of its fair freight with such care, that none of the people on board could, by any possibility, catch a glimpse of their passengers. Many of these interesting creatures had ingratiated themselves wonderfully with the ladies, who were allowed to visit them, by their entire artlessness and unsophisticated notions of the world and its ways. One was the favourite of the pasha, and was said to possess great influence over him. She was a native of Circassia, and was called Fatima, and possessed a greater profusion of ornament and rich clothing than the others. Lady Adam described her as the most decidedly beautiful creature she had ever beheld. She had large dark eyes, with a peculiarly soft and pleasing expression, which could not fail to interest any one who looked upon her: her eyelashes were very long and black: her complexion was of the purest white, and her teeth like ivory. She was not more than eighteen years of age, and Lady Adam could not refrain from tears at parting with one so young and so beautiful, about to be secluded forever from a world which she might, under happier circumstances, have adorned.

When the brig was ready for their reception, they were put on board without having been seen by a single individual, excepting the ladies already mentioned, Capt. Anderson, in the Redpole, acted as convoy, and Capt. Gilbert. A. D. C. was sent from Sir Frederick Adam with despatches for the pasha, and to receive the ransom money. I had been

cruising for some time with Anderson, and therefore accompanied him.

We had a most delightful trip from Corfu up the Gulf of Lepanto, where we had orders to deliver up our interesting charge. Some of the Turkish authorities, charged with the orders of his highness, the pasha, were there to receive them. They reiterated the pasha's acknowledgements for the kindness and care with which the ladies had been treated; and the ransom money was told into buckets of water to prevent contagion. The beautiful Fatima, at parting, left two handsome shawls as a remembrance, one for Capt. Anderson, and the other for Captain Gilbert. They were conveyed from the brig so closely enveloped, that not even a figure was discernible; and on their landing were surrounded by a troop of blacks, or guards of the Harem, and conveyed in closed litters to the town.

The Redpole then sailed for Zante, whither Sir Frederick and Lady Adam had gone, to whom the captain gave an account of his mission; and truly delighted they were to hear that their *protégées* had been so kindly received. Of our return to Corfu, the following most distressing intelligence awaited us. Scarcely had the two vessels sailed from the Gulf of Lepanto, when the ruthless monster of a pasha, placing no faith in the honour of British officers, and deaf to all remonstrance, caused the whole of these unfortunate creatures, the beautiful and interesting Fatima among the rest, to be tied in sacks, and drowned in the waters of the Gulf! The horror and indignation with which this shocking intelligence was received at Corfu can hardly be described. Not a man but would have gladly volunteered to have burnt Lepanto to the ground, and have hung the dog of a pasha by his own beard. But we were powerless; we had no right to interfere, and were to smother our indignation as we best could. There was many a wet eye in Corfu for the fate of poor Fatima and her luckless companions. But judgment speedily overtook the perpetrator of this most wanton deed of butchery, though it is strange how noble were the last moments of this man of blood!

By some means Cherchid Pasha had incurred the suspicion of the Porte. There is but one way among the Turks of explaining these matters. A Tartar shortly arrived at the head-quarters of the pasha, bearing the imperial firman and the fatal bowstring. The pasha no sooner read the fatal scroll than he kissed it, and bowed his forehead to the earth in token of reverence and submission.

"Do your instructions forbid me to use poison instead of submitting to the bowstring?" calmly asked the pasha of the Tartar.

"His highness may use his own pleasure," answered the Tartar. "I have with me a potent mixture, which, with his highness' permission, I will prepare."

The pasha then called together all his officers and his household. He was attired in his most splendid robes, and received them in his state divan, as though in the plenitude of his power. The fatal messenger stood by his side. In one hand he held a golden goblet, all enriched with precious stones, and in the other he held the imperial firman! "I have sent for you," he said, addressing them in a firm voice,—"I have sent for you all, to show you by my example that it is the duty of a Mussulman to die at the command of his superior, as well as to live for his service and honour. The sultan, our master, has no further occasion for his servant, and has sent him this firman. It remains for me only to obey. I might, it is true, resist, surrounded as I am by guards and friends. But no: I respect the will of God and our blessed prophet, through the word of his successor. I value not life in comparison with duty; and I pray you all to profit by my example." With a firm and unflinching hand he carried the poisoned goblet to his lips and drank it to the dregs, then shaking his head, as one who has had a nauseous draught, he handed the cup to the Tartar, and said—"Keep it; your potion is bitter indeed; present my duty to our master, and say that his servant died as he lived, faithful and true. And you," he added, turning to those who stood dismayed around him, "If ever it should arrive that any of you should have to undergo—the same—trial," his voice faltered, and his face became deadly pale—"remember—Cherchid Pasha!—Allah—Acbar—God's will be—" but before he could finish the sentence, his head fell upon his breast, and he fell back upon the cushions of his divan and expired.

The Tartar took a bag from his girdle, and with a knife separated the head from the body: the blood staining the jewelled velvets. The head he deposited carefully in the bag, tied it round his waist, and in a few minutes was on his fleet steed on the road to Constantinople.

LOT'S WIFE.

Mr. Coleman, in his agricultural address last week, illustrated the folly of modern female education, by an anecdote. A young man, who had for a long time remained in that useless state designated by "a half pair of scissors," at last seriously determined he would procure him a wife. He got the "refusal" of one who was beautiful and fashionably accomplished, and took her upon trial to his home. Soon learning, that she knew nothing, either how to darn a stocking, or boil a potato, or roast a bit of beef, he returned her to her father's house, as having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. A suit was commenced by the good lady, but the husband alleged that she was not "up to the sample," and of course the obligation to retain the commodity was

not binding. The jury inflicted a fine of a few dollars, but he would have given a fortune rather than not to be liberated from such an irksome engagement. "As well might the farmer have the original Venus de Medicis placed in his kitchen," said the orator, "as some of the modern fashionable women. Indeed," continued he, "it would be much better to have Lot's wife standing there, she might answer one useful purpose; she might salt his bacon!"—*American paper.*

(ORIGINAL.)

A LAY FOR BEYOND SEA.

'Tis sweet to stray 'mong ruins gray,
 When o'er the mouldering wa's,
 The moonbeams play, wi' siller ray,
 O'er turrets, tours and ha's;
 Where gallant knight, and ladye bright,
 Wad list to minstrel's sang;
 While to warlike lays o' former days
 The echoing castle rang.

In thrilling lay, the minstrel gray,
 Would mourn o'er battles lost;
 Where the tyrant throng, in numbers strong,
 O'erwhelmed fair freedom's fong;
 And then he'd tell, how many fell
 Beneath th' avenging brand,
 Of stalwart knight, in stormy fight,
 'Gainst foes of "Auld Scotland."

And dark would grow the proud knight's brow,
 And the fire flash frae his e'e,
 To hear how right to tyrant might
 Was forced to bend the knee;
 But grim he'd smile, and the dame the while
 Wad weep for joy to hear,
 How the meteor glave, of patriot brave,
 Carved out oppression's bier.

And, oh, how sweet the dawn to greet,
 When the gowden god o' day,
 Wi' a gush o' light, through the pall o' night,
 Bursts upward on his way;
 When flowrets spring, and woodlands ring,
 To the lark's bright morning lay;
 An' like jewels rare, on ladye fair,
 The dew-drops deck ilk spray.

Nor moon's pale horn, nor dawning morn,
 Such soothing joy can yield,
 As when mem'ry kind, o'er the exile's mind,
 His magic power does wield;
 Oh! then, I ween, in heavenly sheen
 His bygone years are drear,
 And the cares o' life, wi' their jarring strife,
 For a time are hushed to rest.

Montreal, March, 1839.

A young officer, who was anxious to enter the pale of matrimony, asked another already blessed with a wife and four children, whether it would be possible for him to exist as a married man on five hundred a year. "Faith I cannot tell you," replied his friend, "since I never had it to try."

A lady was boasting to an old gentleman, of her daughter being so good a linguist that she could speak in no less than seven different languages. "Can she so, madam," replied the comical old gentleman, "then she has seven different ways of expressing her folly."

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

IN the state of the world at which we are now arrived, with the mighty printing press in perpetual operation, every where like another power of nature, it is not to be apprehended that any important movement in human affairs can happen, at least in the civilised parts of the earth, without an account of it being immediately drawn up, and so multiplied and dispersed, that it cannot fail to go down to posterity. Without any regular machinery established and kept at work for that purpose, the transmission of a knowledge of every thing worth noting that takes place to all future generations is now secured more effectually than it ever was in those times when public functionaries used to be employed, in many countries, to chronicle occurrences as they arose, expressly for the information of after-ages.—Such were the pontifical annalists of ancient Rome, and the keepers of the monastic registers in the middle ages among ourselves, and in other countries in Christendom. How meagre and valueless are the best of the records that have come down to us thus compiled by authority, compared with our newspapers, which do not even contemplate as at all coming within their design the preservation and handing down to other times of the intelligence collected in them, but limit themselves to the single object of its mere promulgation and immediate diffusion.—*Pictorial History of England.*

RELIGION.

IT fares with religion as with a shuttlecock, which is stricken from one to another, and rests with none. The rich apprehend it to have been designed for the poor; and the poor, in their turn, think it calculated chiefly for the rich. An old acquaintance of mine, who omitted no opportunity of doing good, discoursed with the barber who shaved him, on his manner of spending the Sabbath, which was not quite as it should be, and the necessity of his having more religion than he seemed at present possessed of. The barber, proceeding in his work of lathering, replied, "that he had tolerably well for a barber; as, in his

opinion, one third of the religion necessary to save a gentleman would do to save a barber."—*Bishop Horne.*

APPEARANCES.

IN fruit most tempting, ashes hidden lie;
In richest flowers lives not the sweetest breath;
In berries are, most beauteous to the eye,
Poisons imperguate, in whose taste is death;
The sweetest song-bird's plumage is not gay,
But birds which sing not are most fair to see,
Yet from the beautiful we turn away,
To list the song-bird's dulcet melody!
So homely virtue sometimes lowly lies,
By brazen vice's gaudy lustre seen;
But vice discerned, in ermine we despise;
And virtue known, we honor as a queen.
From fruit, flower, bird, from all the inference is,
We may mistake, full oft, APPEARANCES.

Knickerbocker.

THE DUKE.

ON the return of the expedition from Hanover, Major General Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the command of a brigade of infantry, stationed at Hastings, in the Sussex district, to the discipline, manoeuvre, and minute details of which he paid the most scrupulous attention. An intimate friend having remarked in familiar terms to him, when at Hastings, how he, having commanded armies of 40,000 men in the field—having received the thanks of parliament for his victories—and having been made a Knight of the Bath, should submit to be reduced to the command of a brigade of infantry? "For this plain reason," was his answer, "I am *nimmukewallah*, as we say in the East; that is, I have ate of the King's salt, and, therefore, I conceive it my duty to serve with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness, when and wherever the King or his government may think proper to employ me." This maxim has the more force from there being officers in the army who, unfortunately for them, having declined subordinate employ, from flattering themselves with superior pretensions, have repeated their decision during their professional lives; and it is for this reason that the compiler has presumed to draw the attention of those who may hereafter be placed in similar circumstances, to the great military principle, as well as to the example, of the Duke of Wellington.—*Curwood's Despatches of the Duke of Wellington.*

WANT OF PUBLIC SPIRIT.

IT would be a happy thing if such as have real capacities for public service were employed in works of general use: but because a thing is every body's business, it is no body's business; this is for want of public spirit.—*Addison.*

(ORIGINAL.)

MILITARY WALTZ.

COMPOSED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY MR. W. H. WARREN,
OF THIS CITY, WHO HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO SUPERINTEND THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass clef staff joined by a brace. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef staff starts with a tremolo marking and contains a sequence of notes. The second system continues the melodic line in the treble and accompaniment in the bass. The third system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a tremolo accompaniment. The fourth system includes a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a tremolo accompaniment. The score concludes with a double bar line and a final chord in the bass staff.

pia > *p* >

Tremolo

Tremolo

pia

Tremolo

pia

8va.....

Dolce

Segue

cres cen . . do for

Coda

D.C. \$ *pia* *ffmo*

Finish with Coda.

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

The sunshine of the heart be mine,
 Which beams a charm around ;
 Where'er it sheds its ray divine
 Is all enchanted ground !
 No fiend of care !
 May enter there,
 Though Fate employ her art :
 Her darkest powers all bow to thine,
 Bright sunshine of the heart !

Beneath the splendour of thy ray
 How lovely all is made ;
 Bright fountains in the desert play,
 And palm-trees cast there shade ;
 Thy morning light
 Is rosy bright,
 And when thy beams depart,
 Still glows with charms thy latest ray,
 Sweet sunshine of the heart !

OUR TABLE.

I ask not from what land he came,
Nor where his youth was nursed—
If pure the stream, what matters it
The spot from whence it burst!

THE love of country is one of the most godlike sentiments which elevate and ennoble the human heart, covering, as with a robe of charity, many of the frailties of poor humanity. It is to this feeling the world is indebted for the loftiest deeds which grace its history—it is this which has taught the weak to endure almost beyond the power of mortal courage—which has linked together the good and brave through long years of danger and of toil, making the common cares of life light and unheeded as thistle-down borne on the careering wind.

In a country such as this, there can, of necessity, be but a comparatively small portion of patriotism, as a sentiment. Gathered together from every clime, the associations of our youth are far away, and the tales of our fathers are in other and distant lands, and there has the "heart's first love" been lavished. It is there we turn in our most cherished dreams of home. True, this is the less perceptible to the vast majority of the inhabitants of British America, that they yet pay their homage to the same sovereign, and that they yet live under the banner which guards the tombs of their sires. Nor can it ever be said of us, that the duty of patriotism has not been well fulfilled. Though all had owned their birthplace in the soil, they could not more freely have offered their lives to defend it. Their devoted loyalty and dutiful patriotism have, in this, well and justly won for our countrymen the admiration of the world.

It is, however, matter of deep regret, that when apparently safe from any common foe, dissensions creep in amongst us, sometimes almost shaking society to its base. The people of some particular country, or the votaries of some particular creed, become subject to distrust, and evil prejudices are engendered, which, inspiring the real enemy, by feeding them with hopes founded upon our disunion, threaten us with dangers which can only be averted by our again forgetting our various shades of difference, and rallying, like brethren, around our common flag—and, when thus united, we are more than a match for any and every foe. Wherefore, then, should disunion be permitted to rear among us her serpent-head, and, by her cunning, to render victory doubtful, where force will ever, as it has hitherto done, utterly and signally fail.

We have, indeed, much pleasure in the remembrance, that, in the day of peril, the denizens of every country, and the followers of every creed, were alike eager to fill the post of danger. There was no questioning then, "Of what clime art thou?" but the highest in the land stood in the ranks beside

his humblest fellow, with willing heart and strong arm, to strike a blow for *home*. Neither was this generous feeling responded to only by the children of "our own green isles." Even they whose childhood had been cherished under the "star-spangled banner," forgot all save that their grandsires had been, as their children were, dependent upon the impenetrable axis of chivalry and truth—the sky-towering pennon of earth and ocean's queen—and scorning the lawless plunderers, who, degrading the hal- lowed name of liberty, came to spoil the "land we live in," they emulated the daring pride of the native defenders of Britain's flag, and prepared to meet the invaders upon the very threshold of the soil.

Here was an exemplification of the duty of patriotism, but without opposition to the sentiment—for no American could have supposed that, in battling with outcasts, he opposed his country; and did the clarion summon Britain and her child to battle, our American brethren might not so readily seek the field. We could scarcely ask it of them—for difficult it must be, even in a just cause, to strike against our country; but, judging from recent events, we might assuredly rely upon them to form defensive armies, able and willing to repel aggression—ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with neighbours and friends, for the defence of the crown and laws, under which they have prospered, and of the firesides where dwell, in happiness and peace, the wives and families they love.

America is too young to possess the generous nobility which belongs to Britain, and her people know not of the high souled feelings nursed among those whose history is full of lofty grandeur. They date their glory from the revolution; and, unless among the heroes of that event, they look in vain for aught of which, as a nation, they can be proud. Unlike Britain, which, inured to war and victory, and confident in her own strength, can forget, whenever the sword is sheathed, all save the noble traits of her enemy, America engendered, during her doubtful wars, many prejudices, which are not yet sufficiently covered with the healing balm of time, to permit the descendants of those who bled to view the origin of the strife with an unjaundiced eye; and painfully conscious of an inferiority which few dare to own, there never has been a general cordiality in the friendship of the now powerful offspring towards her once gentle and indulgent mother. This enmity is, however, evidently forced and unnatural. There is in every American heart, a latent feeling of veneration and esteem for Britain, which, although often crushed over with a paltry jealousy, is readily warmed into life, by the benevolence of our Government and people, when citizens of the Union become naturalized subjects of the Crown. Their narrow prejudices vanish, when they experience the real freedom guaranteed by the laws of the Empire and of her colonies. Nay, even the *pride of ancestry*

assists to awaken up the slumbering feelings, which are strengthened by the confiding devotedness of those among whom they live, until, at last, becoming incorporated with the nation, they learn to hold their adopted country in the first place of their esteem, although the sentiment of patriotism may, in some instances, forbid that they should wage offensive warfare against their birthplace. Interest, too, binds them to their adopted country. Their property and their wealth are there, and there are their children born. Bound by so many ties, therefore, surely no danger is incurred by extending the hospitality offered by our Government to strangers, to citizens of the Union who wish to reside amongst us.

The sentiment of loyalty, too, may be, and often is, unknown to them. But its duty is fulfilled, and their children and their children's children will have no such foe to the most fervent affection for their sovereign—even their father land is Britain, and they will learn to cherish it, even as their father's would have done the "star and stripe," had they lived under it, although their sires in turn might have been born under the red-cross of Britain.

The whole of what we write seems however to be based upon the assumption that good citizens are useful only in war. But peace has her duties, and industrious emigrants from whatever land, are the true source of our colonial prosperity. True, we would much rather that they came from the ocean isles, imbued with the fond affections which Britons ever cherish for their sovereign. They are at least equally valuable as citizens in peace, and may be more confidently reckoned upon in war, and of themselves, they have no home feelings to contend with, when the sword is drawn.

These remarks have been called for from circumstances connected with a powerful and splendid article contained in the last number of the *Garland*, from the pen of one of the best authors of modern times. The character of "Jeremiah Desborough" is sketched by a master hand, and is a faithful picture of a large class of settlers in Canada, previous to the last war, but we would not that a conclusion should be drawn from it, that *all*, or even any respectable portion of our American fellow subjects should therefore be now looked upon with distrust, tending, as such a feeling would doubtless do, to produce results such as that which it deprecated.

Our path is one of peace. We would not willingly wound the feelings of any one. It matters not to us where any man may own his birthplace—we would bid him cherish it as the

"Brightest spot in memory's waste."

There is no feeling more hallowed. The very poetry of life is in the sacred remembrances of the past. Let them be cherished—and, oh! let each, extending to the other the same forbearance, remember nothing save that they are now the subjects of one mighty

empire, which, from its justice, as well as gentleness and generosity, well deserves the love of every faithful heart. Let us forget every subject that can disunite, and use every energy to advance the general and common weal, and with it our own prosperity, happiness and peace.

HOME AS FOUND—BY COOPER.

THIS is a continuation of the "Homeward Bound," which we briefly noticed in our first number. It has been long upon "our table," but has hitherto remained unread—except a few of its most piquant passages. As a satire upon the customs of our neighbours, it would almost seem to out-Trollope Trollope. It is full of pungent satire upon the pretensions of America to refinement and taste, and powerfully develops the many follies into which the inhabitants of the republic are led by their extravagant notions of democracy and liberty. The great quantity of original matter with which we have been furnished for our present number, prevents our extracting, as we intended, some of the richest scenes in this clever and amusing work.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY—BY BOZ.

THIS interesting tale becomes yet more interesting as it progresses, exhibiting some of the most mirth-moving scenes we have ever laughed over—and we like to laugh. Some of the characters, we must indeed own, resemble caricatures more than real portraits; nevertheless, there is about them a richness of humour, it would be impossible to surpass. The illustrations are in the best style of the inimitable Cruickshank, and exhibit the ideas of the author to the life. This book needs no recommendation to those who have read the previous tales by "Boz;" and who has not?

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.

THIS book has now been for some time upon our table. As a biography of the "mighty wizard," it could not have been more ably written, and is full of letters, which show the amiability and penetration of his character, if possible, more vividly than his inimitable works. No library should be without a copy of this book, to accompany the volumes of the "Author of Waverley."

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

THIS is a New York monthly, and boasts some of the highest names in the Union among its contributors, Mrs. Sigourney being one of its regular correspondents. The rapid increase as well in the quality as quantity of the periodical literature of the United States, speaks well for the taste of the people generally, in reading useful and entertaining works.

THE NEW YORK ALBION.

As a valuable *melange* of literature and news, this journal is unsurpassed in America. The best articles in the English magazines are invariably transplanted into the pages of the *Albion* almost as soon as they appear; and several numbers annually are embellished with splendid engravings on steel. It cannot be too warmly recommended to the public.

AGAIN we have to express our thanks for the generosity which has been extended towards us. The rapid increase in the circulation of the *Garland* has so far exceeded our anticipations, that we have found it will be absolutely necessary to republish the numbers for December, January and February. This we have already commenced, trusting to a continuance of the kindness we have already experienced. It will, however, be a work of time, and we will be obliged to throw ourselves upon the indulgence of those who favour us with their names, until the numbers are published, when subscribers will be supplied from the commencement. In announcing this, we will be excused should we acknowledge our honest pride at the comparative success which has thus far crowned our labours. Our study will be to render the magazine even more deserving of encouragement; and as experience points out our defects, endeavouring quietly to remedy them, while we advance in years and knowledge.

WE take the present opportunity of returning thanks for the encouraging notices which have been taken of the *Garland*, by the cotemporary press. Aware, as we are, of the many matters of higher import which occupy the attention of our Editorial friends, we cannot but feel flattered that they have found time to peruse our pages, and that their contents have been so generally met with expressions of encouragement and approval.

OUR pages are again enriched with an extract from the "Sequel to Wacousta." This requires no comment—the general reader is already well aware of the celebrity of its author, who has long stood prominently forward among the modern novelists of England. In the present chapter, the plot is partially developed, and a clue given to the incidents which form the leading features of the work. We confidently trust that the book may soon issue entire from the press, doubting not that it will meet with the ready circulation which its genuine and intrinsic value deserves.

In the chapter headed "Jeremiah Desborough," which appeared in our last, several errors occurred, the article having been put in type hurriedly, towards the close of the month. The reader is, of course, aware that these errors are purely typographical.

WE have occupied a very large space in the present number with the conclusion of "The Confided." For this no apology is due—we are certain that no one will regret its extent. The characters in this beautiful tale are painted with a simplicity and truth which stamp the authoress as one who has well observed mankind, and who can well pourtray "its weals and woes, its wrecks and storms," and in doing so, "point a moral and adorn a tale," so as to render it alike entertaining and valuable to the tasteful and general reader. Our thanks are due to her, and they are paid with cordiality and truth.

Our readers will find a beautiful sketch from the pen of E. L. C. This pen produces some of the sweetest things we have ever seen. "Mary of England" will be commenced in our number for May.

WE are under many obligations for the favours we have received in the shape of contributions, in prose and poetry, to the pages of the *Garland*; and if some of them occasionally remain unnoticed, we trust that none of our correspondents will look upon themselves as overlooked; as we find it necessary to publish the magazine a few days before the close of the month, in order that the numbers may be delivered, properly finished, and with punctuality.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"—." has been received. The first piece will be found in a preceding page.

"The Story of a Dreamer" has been received. We cannot yet offer an opinion upon it. It is written in such a confounded scrawl, that we can scarcely read it in a sufficiently connected manner to judge of its real value.

"H. M. S.," from Coteau du Lac, has come to hand. We shall give it in our next, if we can find room for it.

"Dick Spot" is again postponed. So many valuable contributors have lent their aid, that it becomes rather difficult to select among the original articles with which we are furnished.

"G. R." is inserted.

"Jeremy" is declined.

"Peleg" is not of a character fit for the pages of a work professing to be purely literary.

"Dennis" has too much school-boy sentimentalism. It will be returned on application at the office of the publisher.

"The Omnibus" is unsuited for the *Garland*. It will be returned when called for.

"Janus," although pithy and well written, is necessarily declined. No subject calculated to invite controversy will be admitted into the pages of the *Garland*.