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FLORENCE; OR, WIT AND WISDOM.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FLORENCE was now entirely busied in preparations for her approaching nuptials, which were to be celebrated within a month; and in the new and more interesting topics which engrossed her, almost forgot the event of Nina's secret minature, whose discovery we recorded in our last chapter. Each day beheld some new addition to her splendid wardrobe arriving, or some costly gift from her betrothed, and she lived in a perfect whirl of pleasure and gratified vanity. One morning Fanchette had been unusually busy in conveying parcels and packages to her young lady's dressing room, and Florence herself had paid more than one hurried visit to it. In the afternoon she sought out Nina, and in a mysterious tone requested the latter to accompany her for a few moments to her apartment.

"Now, Nina," she exclaimed, closing the door, "prepare yourself! you will see that long-looked for, long-talked of object, my wedding dress." So saying, she drew her to a recess, where, extended on a couch, lay the splendid robe she had spoken of, in all its costly richness. "Is it not superb, Nina?—will I not look dazzling in it? The lace trimmings alone cost a sum which would make a very good dower for another bride. And now, look here!" and she raised the light covering from another white robe, of simple, though exquisite beauty. "This is for you; you are to be my first bridesmaid. The duke of Wilton's daughter, who is a distant cousin of lord St. Albans, has been soliciting the office, but she is a conceited creature, full of the dignity of her lofty descent. I would prefer you; besides, Sidney is very solicitous, in fact determined that you shall be elected. Clinton, of course, will be your cavalier. Is not the dress pretty? I had it made simple, purposely to suit your taste. Now, here is lord St. Albans' gift." She turned to the table, and took from it a casket containing a set of pearls, of great value and beauty. "How well they will look in your jetty hair! Let me try them. Wait, I will fasten the clasp. Turn to the mirror now, and say, are they not charmingly becoming?" Nina complied, but smilingly shook her head, murmuring:

"I fear they only render a plain face still plainer. In gratitude, though, to his lordship, I will thankfully accept his beautiful gifts."

"Yes, and wear them too, Nina. It will be a sort of apprenticeship to the future grandeur awaiting you, to the time fast approaching, when diamonds will flash amid your tresses. You have no longer your old excuse of poverty and dependance to bring forward, betrothed as you now are to one of our highest, wealthiest gentlemen."

"True, Florence, but, even yet, there is uncertainty," returned Nina, the strange expression of melancholy, peculiar to her, suddenly clouding her full dark eyes. "Death, sickness, inconstancy,—oh! many things may intervene—and I have endeavoured, from the first moment this brilliant future opened upon me, to school my heart to meet with sorrow, perhaps disappointment."

"But, my dear girl, where is the use of anticipating grief? 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' You see, I have Scripture for my creed; or, if you prefer it, I'll give you a quotation in your favorite language: 'The present belongs to the wise, *l'avenir est aux fous.*' Tell me, though, Nina, how can the exacting, fasti-

* Continued from page 365.

dious Clinton, tolerate your singular style of dressing, your obstinate rejection of all ornament? I overheard a sort of lover-like dispute between you, concerning the wearing of that gem of an emerald bracelet, like the countess of Warburton's, which he wrote expressly to Paris to procure for you. How on earth did you contrive to carry your point with your lordly suitor?"

"By gentleness and submission alone. I told him, if he insisted upon it, I would unhesitatingly obey, even though it was an act contrary to my taste and feelings. With his usual kindness he immediately withdrew his request, and permitted me to pursue my own path in peace."

"And peacefully indeed you do pursue it. I would be almost tempted to believe your love is anything but true love, it flows so smooth. See, Sydney and I have had half a dozen of eternal separations and farewells, besides innumerable lover's quarrels. But mercy on us! there is seven striking, and I forgot to tell you that our respective suitors and a few other young friends, are expected here this evening. How very careless of me! Aunt Mary charged me this morning to tell you, but I was so taken up with my dress; it entirely escaped my memory. If we hurry through we can be ready in time. We had better commence at once."

She was right, and thanks to their double diligence, they were both prepared to attend Miss Murray's first summons to the drawing room. Florence's bright smiles, however, were soon somewhat clouded, for guest after guest arrived, whilst the one she most wished for came not. As soon as Clinton made his appearance, she asked him about the earl. The latter had charged him with earnest apologies for his absence, but some awkward business with his agent, who had just arrived from the country, rendered it impossible for him to leave home that evening. The intelligence did not tend to make her either amiable or agreeable, and he gladly left her to seek out Nina, who, at all seasons and at all times, had a quiet smile to greet him. The evening passed cheerfully enough, notwithstanding Florence's dissatisfied mood, and already some of the guests were thinking of leaving, when the genius of discord unfortunately drew Clinton's attention upon her, as she sat silent and wearied in the recess of one of the windows. Taking a chair near her, he gaily exclaimed: "Your spirits seem overcast to-night, Miss Fitz-Hardinge. Is it because the chosen one is absent?"

"No, but because so many stupid people are present," was the peevish reply.

"In my own name, and that of the assembled company, I return you a thousand thanks, fair lady," and he bowed low; "but, how could we be otherwise than dull, when Miss Fitz-Hardinge withdraws the light of her smiles from us?"

"Miss Fitz-Hardinge values her smiles too highly to lavish them on all who seek them," Florence coldly rejoined. The haughtiness, not to say insolence, of her manner, could not but promptly act on Clinton's irritable nature, though he contented himself with simply saying:

"Well, 'tis a deprivation we must learn to bear as best we may. The most brilliant planets are sometimes subject to eclipse."

"Yes, but they are certainly more tolerable than those which are in a state of perpetual cloudiness. Do you know any one belonging to the latter class, Mr. Clinton?" A sudden suspicion that she hinted at Nina, brought the angry blood in a rapid tide to his cheek; but she had mentioned no name, he might be mistaken, and he therefore calmly rejoined.

"There is also another order whose lustre, though never very brilliant, shines always with pure unwavering light. The latter, I think, are far superior to the shewier meteors which bewilder us one moment with their overpowering radiance, and the next, leave us in utter darkness."

"Your metaphor is even plainer than mine was, Mr. Clinton; but remember, even if my smiles are not always at your disposal, you have no claim to them. Content yourself with those of Miss Aleyn, which shine ever with so unwavering a light." A certain curve of the speaker's delicate lip, a scornful inflexion in her tones, kindled at once what she called "the fiery spark" of Clinton's character, into a blaze, and with a glowing cheek he rejoined:

"Yes, Miss Aleyn's smiles should satisfy me, for they are at least sincere, and not lavished alike on all who choose to offer incense to her vanity."

"If she restricted herself to smiling on the latter, I fear her smiles would be few and far between," said Florence with an insulting laugh. This was too much, and he passionately retorted:

"Better is one smile from her truthful unsullied lips, than the sweetest glances of a saloon full of artful flirts, or, to give them their self-imposed and highly prized title, ball-room belles."

"Thank you, Mr. Clinton! Without any stretch of imagination, I may suppose that you include myself in the class you have just so flatteringly eulogized. I would be certain, however, if my interpretation of your words is correct."

"You may interpret them how and when you like: they will bear any interpretation you choose to put upon them, Miss Fitz-Hardinge."

"Yes, even that of my being an artful flirt, *alias* a ball-room belle—so be it; but, permit me to hint that art and hypocrisy are not entirely confined to ball-room belles. They are also, and not unfrequently, the characteristics of a certain class of demure, saint-like young ladies, who, though they would not wear a ringlet, no, nor a jewel, so great in their abhorrence of worldly vanity, scruple not to deceive their nearest and dearest friends—to laugh at the holiest ties."

"Silence, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, do not dare to impugn Miss Aleyn's candour and truth, for 'tis at her, of course, your bitter taunts are levelled. Pardon me, if I say, her known worth and uprightness place her beyond the reach of even your disparaging remarks. In Miss Aleyn's simple word, I would place more reliance than in the most solemn asseverations of others."

"You would," said Florence derisively. "Ask her, then, whose miniature she wears so carefully chained round her neck, pressed to her heart both night and day. If she denies it, tell her Florence Fitz-Hardinge had it in her hands, aye, and examined it at her leisure. True, the portrait is that of a young and handsome gentleman, but she has only to give you her word that all is right, and you will of course enquire no more. Here is a splendid opportunity for you to display the implicit faith and confidence you have just so eloquently expressed." The effect of this cruel speech on her listener, was perfectly startling. He sprang to his feet, his cheek pale as death, his eyes actually blazing with passion, and in a low hissing voice, strangely different to his late impetuous accents, exclaimed:

"I dare not tell you, Miss Fitz Hardinge, that you have lied, but you have uttered words which must be retracted or explained at once. You stir not from this spot till you finish what you have begun." His companion, alarmed at the fearful change in his demeanour, foreseeing already some of the consequences of her heartless recklessness, was silent, fearing farther speech would only make matters worse. "Do you hear me, Florence, will you refuse to explain or allay the hellish doubts you have so willingly evoked?"

"For Heaven's sake! Mr. Clinton, do not let us have a scene," she exclaimed, shrinking back from his fierce, menacing look. "This is no time or place for explanations."

"You are right, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, though you should have remembered that ere you gave cause for them; I shall leave you, though, as my presence blanches your cheek so strangely. Elsewhere, I may obtain the information I seek from you, in vain," and compressing his bloodless lips he turned disdainfully from her, and strode into the next apartment. Florence, trembling with agitation, had to mask her emotion under a careless smile, and quiet with frivolous talk, the curiosity and doubts of the few who had noticed her singularly energetic dialogue with Clinton. Meanwhile, the latter with a brow dark as night, strode from room to room in quest of Nina, but his search was unavailing, and he was on the point of abandoning it, when a light in the conservatory attracted his attension. As a last resource he entered and he was successful, for at the upper end, bending over some rare blossom which he himself had given her, stood Nina, whom a violent headache had driven from the heat and noise of the saloons to the conservatory's cool precincts. Intent on her occupation she heard not her lover approach, and not even when he stood beside her, was she conscious of his presence. For a moment as his glance wandered over her small child-like figure, the little hands that tended so caressingly the flower, his own gift; a thousand memories of her past gentleness and devotion, of her constancy and truth rushed upon him. The dark shadow, passed from his brow, from his heart, and he was almost on the point of throwing himself at her feet to confess his doubts and solicit her forgiveness, when she moved, and the light of the lamp flashed brightly on the small chain to which Florenee had intimated the miniature was attached. A viper coiled around her neck could not have changed more suddenly the whole expression of his being. Again his form regained its stern erectness, his brow its angry gloom.

"Nina!" he suddenly ejaculated; "I have something to say to you!"

Startled by his sudden unexpected address, she sprang round with a faint cry, and gazed tremblingly upon him.

"Do you hear me?" he continued, with increasing sternness; "I have some questions to ask you—are you prepared to answer them?"

Still he obtained no answer from his listener—Nina was too terrified for that. She who had learned to tremble at an impatient look upon her lover's face, was it wonderful that thought and speech forsook her, as she met the fierce dark gaze bent upon her. Her colour varying from deathly paleness to deepest crimson, her heart beating with wild rapidity, she stood leaning for support against the window sill. Her agitation, her manifest terror, so remarkable in one usually calm and self-possessed, seemed to him unfailing proofs of her gailt—and his brow still darker, his tones still sterner, he continued:

"Answer me, Nina Aleyn! refute the tale that

has been whispered to me, to-night. 'Tis worse than death to doubt you."

"Of what am I accused?" she at length, faltered.

"Of what are you accused! If your own guilty heart has not already told you, I will. You are accused then, of hypocrisy, ingratitude, and the basest falsehood—of wearing the miniature of one lover, while you are betrothed to another."

"Of wearing the miniature of one lover," murmured Nina, with a bewildered air.

"Yes! and of cherishing it too," he added, his exasperation increasing with the mention of his wrongs. "Florence asserted that she had held it in her very hands, and worthless as she is, she dared not have invented so maddening a falsehood. Shew me that miniature, then—quick, at once," and he pointed to the small chain, glittering conspicuously on Nina's dark robe. Her trembling fingers had scarcely time to disentangle it from her dress, when he tore it from her grasp, and with a countenance whose stormy violence no description could render, surveyed the youthful and nobly handsome features it represented—"Traitress!" he muttered, between his closed teeth, "this, then, is the likeness you cherish, whilst mine is thrown aside in some forgotten nook, looked upon only to smile at the idiotcy of the poor fool who gave it."

"Percival! you wrong me much," at length, faltered Nina, recovering in some degree from her stupified terror. "Hear me, I entreat, I implore of you! Innocent I am, of even one thought that could wrong you. That miniature is Henri Gesner, my childhood's friend, my foster-brother."

"Your Swiss lover, you mean," interrupted Clinton, with a bitter laugh. "Girl, girl! do you take me for a fool, to seek to blind me with such a tale! Had this picture, which you love so well, been old and plain, I might have believed you—yes! even though it has been your fondest companion—even though it has been worn next your heart night and day, in preference to that of your affianced husband. But, no! it bears your condemnation in its own devilish beauty—in your guilty face. Look here, how I credit your vain words," and he dashed the miniature on the ground, and crushed it to atoms beneath his feet. Nina, who had recoiled like a frightened deer from his fierce anger, stood pale and silent a few paces from him, trembling in every limb.

Having exhausted his vengeance on the portrait, he turned towards her, exclaiming:

"Aye! thus would I treat the accursed original, were he here. But you need not look so terrified, so corpse-like. False, worthless as you have proved, do you think for one moment I could harm *you?* True," he continued, in accents of bitter mockery; "true! I may not have the gentleness, the confiding affection, or the thousand perfect qualities with which you have doubtless invested your cherished *Henri*—but still, fierce, impetuous as I am, it is to be hoped you need have no actual fears for the safety of your life at my hands. You forget perhaps, too, Miss Aleyn, that you are now sole mistress of your own actions and affections,—that Percival Clinton has no longer the right to direct the one or engross the other."

"I do not forget it, Mr. Clinton," and Nina's voice, though low, was firmer and more distinct than before. "It was unnecessary for you to remind me of it, for a traitress, a base, unprincipled woman, as you have termed me, could never become your wife. I deem it my duty, however, in justice to myself, to tell you ere I leave you, that the portrait—"

"Silence, Nina! silence on that topic," sternly interrupted Clinton, almost fearing to trust himself to the strange influence of her quiet convincing tones. "Degrade yourself not lower in my estimation, by heaping falsehood upon falsehood. I have loved you deeply, passionately, but not blindly—and no vows, no protestations on your part—no power on earth can ever make you in my eyes what you once were. Speak, if you will! but not of that—speak, if you have any palliation of your guilt to offer—any reason why we should not part for ever."

"None, whatever, Mr. Clinton," calmly rejoined Nina, turning her countenance, which had been partly averted during the two or three preceding moments, full upon him. Though still deadly pale, every other trace of emotion or fear had vanished from it, and in the same low, but composed accents, she continued:

"After what has passed between us, I need not say, my anxiety for an eternal separation equals your own. Though you have wronged me, by insulting suspicions, and bitter words—though you have disdainfully refused me the poor privilege of uttering one word in my own defence—still, I may say, from my heart, I bear you no anger or ill-will. What has passed, has only shewed me my vain folly in daring to dream even for a moment, that happiness might be derived from a union between two so widely, so strangely opposed as we are, in rank, fortune, and every other respect. 'Tis better we should part." And with her customary calm step, she left the conservatory.

Clinton stood gazing after her a moment—a look of restless, uneasy doubt resting on his pale

features, and involuntarily he murmured: "My God! if she should be innocent," but the expression of anxiety quickly faded from his countenance, and he scornfully muttered—"Let her not dupe me again—once is enough. Oh! what a consummate, clever hypocrite. And yet, that child-like brow, those deep truthful eyes, so convincing in their calm earnestness. How hard to believe that guile and falsehood dwell with them. Oh! I would have believed, loved, trusted her again, but for this damning proof of her duplicity!" and again he spurned the likeness with his foot. "How coldly, too, she left me, ingrate as she is! I who have worshipped her with such constancy, such devotion—no, I will never look on her more, and never, oh! never, will I be so mad, so infatuated as to waste my affections again on one of her worthless sex." And with a brow full of gloom and bitterness, he passed out into the gardens and sought his own solitary home.

CHAPTER XIX.

If the thoughts of Percival Clinton were dark and cheerlees, what were those of Nina Aleyn? Like one in a dream, she re-entered the house and ascended to her own room. With the same strange, unnatural calmness, she seated herself, her eyes fixed on the ground, and no expression lighting up or varying the statue-like immoveability of her features. At length her fixed, vacant look, slowly changed to one of hopeless agonized despair, and her convulsed lips murmured: "'Tis then no dream! Truth, fearful truth; my heart has dreaded, feared it long, and it has come at last. I am again the friendless outcast; but, oh! more wretched than ever, for I have thoughts and memories that will haunt, will torture me through life. Oh! Florence, Florence!" she passionately ejaculated, clasping her hands whilst her countenance beamed with strange light. "Ever my trial, my scourge, my curse! What had I done to thee, that thou shouldst persecute me thus? How hard for this crushed, wounded heart to forgive thee, and yet, my God, Thou hast willed it thus, and shall I dare to murmur. Have I not prayed to Thee, that it might be so, rather than thy grace should pass away? Oh! have mercy, have pity on me, and give me strength to bear this new and terrible cross, Thou hast laid upon me."

But Nina, though strong in faith and confidence, was mortal, and hour after hour was told by the clock, whilst she still knelt there, absorbed in her sorrow, her repining, her agony. Suddenly, unexpectedly, however, another youthful figure knelt beside her, and gently endeavoured to raise her head from the couch on which it was bowed, whilst the soft voice of Florence whispered:

"Tell me, Nina, for God's sake! what has happened? Anything between you and Clinton?"

Nina involuntarily shrank from her touch, but she made no reply, beyond thrusting back her dark hair, and fixing her eyes strongly, steadily on the speaker.

"Nina, Nina," exclaimed the latter, turning very pale, shocked by the fearful traces of mental suffering, that death-like countenance revealed. "I fear something dreadful has happened between you and Percival. Tell me all, I implore you?"

"I need scarcely inform you," slowly rejoined Nina, still keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon her. "I need scarcely inform you, who have been the principal, the willing agent in bringing it about, that Percival Clinton and I are parted forever."

"Oh! do not say forever! I will speak, write to him, appeal to his generosity—you will join me."

"Never, Florence, never! Were he to sue tomorrow for a reconciliation, deeply, fondly as this weak heart yet clings to him, I would refuse it. Words have passed between us, which render it impossible for me ever to become his wife; for I, so late the object of his love and tenderness, am but now, in his eyes, as he himself has told me, a base and worthless thing, an object of contempt, if not hatred. No, we are parted irrevocably, eternally; and now, that you have witnessed my misery, assured yourself of its duration and extent, I entreat you to leave me—your presence awakens unholy feelings, which I must stifle."

Pale and trembling, Florence had listened to her in silence; a dim foreshadowing of the consequences that might result to herself, dawning upon her, and filling her heart with vague, undefined fear; but at length she rejoined:

"I have injured you then, Nina, deeply, perhaps irreparably; but will you believe me, if I tell you it was not done in deliberate malice? Alas! a moment's anger, a moment's thoughtlessness, wrought it all, and if you are innocent, my fault is dark indeed."

"Yes, Florence, I am innocent. That miniature was my foster brother's, and I told Percival so; but in his deep indignation he would not listen to me. That foster brother was handsome, manly, such as the picture represents him, when I first entered on this world of sorrow, and ere I had attained my twelfth year, he was taken from earth, leaving, however, a deep and undying impression in the heart of the girl he had tended

and loved with the purest fraternal affection—the girl whose mind he had rescued from total ignorance, and striven to cultivate at the expense of his every leisure moment, and even of more important pursuits. To explain to you the deep affection with which I regarded him, to say it was a sister's clinging, devoted love, combined with a feeling of unbounded confidence, and reverential respect for his superiority in mind and age, and everything—is superfluous. That miniature he gave me on his dying bed, and he made me promise,—a promise, oh! how willingly given, to wear and love it for his sake—such was my connexion with Henri Gesner,—such the relation in which he stood to me. Judge, then, if you or Percival wronged me, when you so cruelly taxed me with infidelity. But, perhaps, you put no faith in my words; perhaps, like Clinton himself, you look on them as a shameless falsehood; it is, however, indifferent to me. I have fulfilled my duty to myself, and now again, I ask, I beg of you to leave me."

"Not before you have pardoned me, Nina. Tell me that you will bear no enmity to me—that the past will be forgiven and forgotten, and I will go."

It was a dark and trying hour to Nina, and for a moment she was silent. The tempter was whispering at her heart "that Florence was still, as she had ever been, her worst, her cruellest enemy." Faithfully the busy fiend recounted all the wrongs, the insults, she had heaped upon her, from the hour they had first met; calling up in vivid contrast her own forgiving gentleness, her uncomplaining patience, reminding her that, unprovoked and uninjured, she had blasted her every hope of earthly happiness, and the demon whispered: "Spurn her from you—bid her begone, and never darken your sight again. Heap curses like coals of fire on her guilty head."

Another voice though, spoke then, one to which the young girl had ever listened, softy urging: "And thou too, weak child of earth, art frail, and sinful—forgive thy erring fellow creature, as thou wouldst thy God should forgive thee."

It conquered; and, Nina, turning to her companion with a countenance plain in its feature still, but beautiful, sublime in its expression of heavenly charity, murmured: "Florence, from my soul, I forgive you; and my earnest prayer will be that your heart may never know the agony which has tortured mine, to-night." And Nina, who had shrank with abhorrence on Florence's entrance, from even her touch, now led her to the door, and pressing a gentle kiss on her pale cheek, kindly bade her "Good night!" Florence, too agitated to speak, replied only by tears, which fell, alas! the truth must be told, for herself, as well as for the one she had so deeply injured. As the door closed upon her, Nina bowed her knee, and, raising her eyes to heaven, gratefully murmured: "My God! I thank Thee that Thou hast given me strength to do it. Yes, from my soul I forgive her, and pray Thee to bless and protect her too." And the intercourse of that pure forgiving heart with its Creator was now blessed, consoling, indeed, for no shadow of resentment, or earthly passion, marred its holiness.

Florence immediately sought her own room, and, without ringing for her maid, cast herself, dressed as she was, on her couch. Anxiety for herself, regret for Nina, banished repose from her pillow; but, worn out with excitement, she fell into a deep and dreamless sleep, just as the first faint flush of morning tinted the sky. The day was far advanced when she at length awoke with a strange feeling of giddiness and oppression. Starting up, she rang the bell, and Fanchette instantly made her appearance.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she ejaculated, starting back, and raising up her hands and eyes in horrified astonishment, "*Mademoiselle* has slept in her beautiful dress! her new dress that cost two guineas a yard. 'Tis all crushed, good for nothing now."

"Silence, Fanchette, your chattering wearies me," was the petulant reprimand. "Quick, off with this dress, and get me another. Did any one call here to-day—was any message left for me?"

"Yes, *Mademoiselle*, there is a note for you; it came a short time ago."

"A note, bring it quick!" and Florence felt her heart bound with fearful violence, and then as it were stand still; "Whence this idle terror? What folly! My nerves are in a shocking state."

Fanchette, swift in her motions, speedily re-entered with a note or rather letter, whose address Florence instantly recognized as the hand-writing of lord St. Albans. Again her heart wildly bounded, and, fearing that the girl might observe her singular agitation, she dismissed her, forbidding her to return till she was summoned.

"Now, for my fate," murmured Florence with bloodless lips, as she broke the seal; "but, no, I cannot," and she laid the letter down, and pressed her hands upon her eyes. A long interval followed, and, then, with a sickly smile, she murmured: "I am a perfect child, to-day. 'Tis nothing more than a long lecture, a threat or two, and then absolution. I must commence." The first sentence, the first line was a death to her; but no sign of emotion, except a quick gasping inspiration, a sudden convulsive movement of the white

fingers which tightened rigidly on the paper, escaped her.

We will give the letter word for word:—

"When you receive this, Florence, you will be already prepared to learn that 'tis the last time you will ever hear from me, directly or indirectly. After last night's events, your own heart must have warned you of the truth that on this earth we never can meet again, unless as perfect strangers. I will not discuss now the justice or harshness of this decision, nor will I reproach you with all the evil you have wrought, for 'tis a privilege that is no longer mine. I leave it to your own heart to punish you for all the misery you have inflicted on two beings who never injured you in aught, to avenge the blighted manhood of the warm-hearted, high-principled Percival Clinton, and the ruined hopes, perhaps the broken heart, of the harmless, gentle Nina Aleyn. Oh! Florence, Florence! were I the only sufferer you might again be forgiven? Again might I put my trust in you, for 'tis now, in the hour of our eternal farewell, that I feel how closely my heart has twined itself around your own. That may not, cannot be. After what has passed, never could I trust you, never enjoy one moment's happiness in your smiles; the remembrance of all you have done and might do again, for your vows and promises are traced on sand, would ever haunt me, poison my domestic happiness, and sooner or later change my love into hatred. Aye, Florence! bitter hatred. This thought is the barrier which rises between us, a barrier more impassable even than the solemn vow I made to the unfortunate friend of my boyhood, when he came to me in his wretchedness, asking for the peace I could not give to his tortured heart. Reckless, despairing, he has left home and friends to seek in foreign lands, death or the oblivion he so madly covets. He is your first victim. Of the fate of the other I know nothing. May God help her! and send her, in her loneliness and sorrow, some angel of mercy to whisper peace and consolation. Now, for myself, when this is given to you, I will already be out of London, and ere four days have passed I will have left England, to return to it only when your memory, your very name, will be effaced from my heart, for then, and only then, can I hope to enjoy repose and happiness. I had commenced this last address to you, intending that it should be cold and measured,—that no passionate word, or regret, might reveal my agonized, tortured, feelings; but you have been too dear to me once, Florence, for that; and every secret struggle of my soul has been laid bare to your gaze, even as if I loved you still. I know not if it will add to your remorse, God knows I do not wish it, for if you have a woman's heart, a woman's feelings, your remorse must be already wild, bitter enough. Farewell, then, and that the suffering and despair, with which you have darkened the earthly lot of others, may never overshadow your own, is the fervent, the heartfelt prayer, of

SYDNEY ST. ALBANS.

To the end, the very end of that stunning letter, did Florence read, and then, with an hysterical laugh, which contrasted fearfully with her ashy convulsed features, fell back rigid on her couch. Hour after hour passed on, and still she lay in her fearful stupor, deprived of that help her critical situation so imperiously demanded. At length, Miss Murray, surprised by the long delay of her two young friends, neither of whom had as yet made their appearance, though the dinner hour was long past, ascended to Florence's apartment. The outer one was vacant, but reassured by the thought that her niece had merely overslept herself, she passed into the inner chamber. A glance at the seemingly lifeless form on the couch, at the open letter which she drew from the icy fingers, told her all, and she sank on a seat, as heart-struck, as miserable, as the wretched Florence herself.

"Florence, my child, my darling!" she passionately ejaculated, losing in that moment all her habitual coldness of manner. "Awake! you have here, at least, one fond heart to repose on. Oh! my God! have mercy upon her, restore her to my old age, and I will bless Thee for every other trial it may please Thee to send me. I must be calm though, 'tis my only hope." Concealing the letter in her bosom, she loudly rang the bell, and in answer to the enquiries of the servants who quickly crowded around her, briefly said "their young lady had been attacked by a sudden illness, the consequence of over exertion and imprudent exposure to cold the preceding night." The family physician arrived immediately with the messenger who had been sent in search of him. His glance became very grave as it rested on the unconscious patient, and dismissing from the room the domestics, who were only in the way, he succeeded, after great difficulty, in restoring her to consciousness. Finally, she unclosed her eyes, and looked around with a confused, bewildered air.

"Are you better now, my child?" tenderly asked Miss Murray.

"Better! have I been ill? Oh! yes, I feel ill, ill here," and she pressed her hand with an expression of intense pain, to her forehead. "But,

tell me, aunt," and her look brightened. "Did not Sydney send me a letter, a sealed letter, and I could not open it? Do you know what was in it—what did he say? and she fixed her eyes now startling in their deep earnestness, on Miss Murray's face. The physician made a rapid sign to the latter, which she instantly comprehended, and in a calm tone, rejoined:

"Yes, my dear Florence, I took the liberty of opening it. He wrote to say he was going out of town for a few days."

"Going out of town. Oh! I am so glad—his presence, his very name, oppresses me. Do not talk any more of him, aunt Mary. Strange! it pains me;" and she sank back on her couch, her former look of dreamy stupor again clouding her half closed eyes. The physician passed his hand in silence over the brow which throbbed so wildly beneath his pressure; then turning to Miss Murray, he gravely exclaimed: "'Tis a dangerous case, I fear, but she has youth, and a naturally good constitution, on her side. We need not then despair. Pardon me, but does not her illness originate in mental suffering?"

"It does, indeed, doctor," sorrowfully rejoined Miss Murray. "In sudden overwhelming sorrow, and bitter disappointment; but tell me, what do you fear for her?"

"I anticipate delirious fever of the most alarming sort, but we will know ere long."

The sequel proved his conjecture was correct, and Florence was soon moaning and tossing in the restless insanity of disease. Five heavy, hopeless days, passed over, still she was hovering between life and death, and still her fevered thoughts ever clung with wild, and life-wearing pertinacity, to the sad events that had immediately preceded her prostration on a bed of sickness. What suffering her restless ravings inflicted on the heart of the gentle and devoted woman, who watched ever so unwearingly at her side. The period of her own youth, with all its changing dreams, had passed for ever, and the calm tranquillity of reflection and riper years had taught her to value at their price, the hopes and fears which agitate so restlessly the human heart; but her sympathy and her pity for suffering were still as warm as ever, and each frenzied appeal of the poor patient to her incensed lover, each cry of her tortured heart, found an echo in her inmost soul. Florence seemed endowed with some fearful sort of foresight, so clearly and faithfully did she picture in her imaginings the universal scorn that awaited her when the mocking world would learn her sad tale. That idea seemed to have stamped itself deeper on her brain than any other, to agonise her more than even the loss of her lover himself, and if at times her restless thoughts pictured to her Percival Clinton, an isolated, hopeless exile, in a distant land, Nina Aleyn dying of a broken heart, or St. Albans reproaching and abjuring her for ever, it was more often the fancied sneer of contempt, the outstretched finger of ridicule pointing derisively at her, which tortured her heart. A crisis was now fast approaching, and the physician endeavoured to prepare Miss Murray for whatever might happen, but that was a task almost beyond his power. It was not alone the affection for the being she had loved and tended from infancy as her own child—it was not the loneliness and isolation that awaited her, if that dear one should be taken away, which rendered her grief so despairing; no, it was a fearful question which had arisen in her heart during the still watches of the night whilst listening to the incoherent ravings of the young and giddy girl, whose thoughts in sickness, alas! as in health, were all of this earth. That question which had chilled the blood in her veins, and made her implore with a cry of agony, that God would take her own life instead, was—"Is Florence fit to *die?*" and like a pursuing phantom, it haunted her night and day, banishing piety and resignation, rendering the dread of approaching death still bitterer.

One night, whilst Miss Murray was seeking some article in Florence's secretary, lord St. Albans' portrait, which was magnificently set in diamonds, attracted her attention; she wistfully raised it, and gazed for a long time on the gentle, faultless features. "Alas!" she murmured, as tears dimmed her sight; "it was an evil day for Florence, that she ever met thee—yet, ever gentle and faithful, thou wert not to blame." A slight movement on the part of the patient startled her; she turned, and saw the eyes of the latter fixed dimly and dreamily on the portrait. Fearful for the consequences, Miss Murray hastily concealed it, and bending over Florence, asked if she wished for anything—

"No! only tell dear Sydney, he may come tomorrow. I am too much tired now to see him."

Her eyes gradually closed, and she was soon buried in a deep healing sleep. After some hours' beneficial repose, she awoke, and looking dreamily round the room, murmured—

"Are you there, aunt Mary?"

"Yes, darling; how do you feel?"

"Better! oh! much better! I have seen Sydney since, and he smiled on me so gently and kindly, so different to the dark stern glance with which he has of late regarded me. It did me so much good, but I cannot well remember now all he said, I will try and think of it that I may tell

you," and again her eyes closed and she slept. From that hour her convalescence, though slow, was assured, and Miss Murray's devotion was rewarded by the certainty that her patient would soon be restored to life and health.

A few words now about Nina Aleyn. A conversation which we will transcribe for our readers, and which passed between Miss Murray and Florence about a fortnight after the evening which had operated so beneficial a change in the condition of the latter, will at once put them in possession of everything important relating to our other heroine. Florence was lying on her couch, her eyes closed, whilst her aunt, seated at her side, scarcely dared to turn the leaves of the book with which she strove to enliven the heavy weariness of the sick room, lest their rustling might disturb the sleeper. Suddenly the latter raised herself on her arm, and exclaimed:

"Tell me, aunt Mary, how long have I been ill?"

"About three weeks, my child," and Miss Murray gently adjusted her pillows to support her in an upright posture, her heart beating with secret joy, for it was almost the first indication of consciousness or interest in external objects, which Florence had as yet given since the commencement of her illness.

"Three weeks," she murmured.

"Now, dear aunt, tell me, I conjure you, without falsehood or equivocation, what has become of lord St. Albans? Do not fear to agitate me,--you see I am calm, quite calm."

"My darling Florence, you had better not distress yourself with such subjects. You are too weak yet."

"Oh! no; suspense is worse than certainty. Speak, speak, I am prepared to hear all, everything."

"Well, my child, as he mentioned in his letter, he has gone abroad. St. Albans' castle is shut up, and his town residence advertised for sale. Young Clinton left a few days before him, after disposing of all his property at a great sacrifice."

"And Nina?" ejaculated Florence, convulsively closing her hands, but articulating with singular distinctness.

"Alas! for her, poor child!" said Miss Murray, averting her head to hide the tears which gushed to her eyes. "Feeling she could know neither peace nor happiness in our stranger land, she has returned to her early home."

"Say, did she forgive me, did she ask to see me, ere she went?"

"Yes, my child, and her last evening was spent at your bedside, though you were insensible to the tears she shed over your sufferings, or the cares she lavished upon you."

"And did she take it much to heart, aunt Mary? did affliction overwhelm and prostrate her as it has done to me?"

Miss Murray was silent a moment, and then, even at the risk of adding to the depression of her young companion, she replied:

"Florence, Nina sorrowed as a christian; yet, even despite her resignation and her patience, the tale of suffering is as plainly stamped on her face, as on yours. Yet, to me, she uttered no complaint, no murmur, whatever; she only entreated me to permit her to depart from a home and a country which recent events have rendered insupportable to her. You ask if she grieved as much as you have done. Well! the roof she returned to, is poor, and inhospitable; the guardian of her youth a cold and loveless woman, and her husband a rude tyrant. Judge, then, if the regret which has driven her to such an alternative, is deep or not. She accompanied the Honorable Mrs. Morris, who was married a few weeks since, on her bridal tour to Switzerland, less as a companion, than a ward, for Mrs. Morris, who has promised to deliver her up safely to her former guardian, the instant they arrive, has assured me, she will treat her with the affection and care of a sister. You remember she took quite a fancy to Nina during the couple of times she happened to meet her here."

"'Tis well for her," whispered Florence; "she is out of reach of my cruelty and unkindness."

After a moment she added, with a smile, sadder in its sickly misery than the most passionate lamentations.

"To-morrow was to have been my wedding day. Ah! aunt Mary, will it not be a sad one?"

Miss Murray could not command her voice sufficiently to reply, and Florence covered her face with her hands; but the bright drops slowly trickling through the white fingers, told that memory and sorrow were busy at her heart. Suddenly she turned to Miss Murray, and in quick gasping accents, sobbed:

"Take me away, aunt Mary, from here. Take me abroad, any where; I care not whither, so that I may lay down my weary head, sheltered, shielded, from public mockery and scorn. We must go to-morrow, to-day, it will kill me to stop longer here—here, 'mid scenes where every object recalls to me all I have lost, all I have madly thrown away. Oh! my heart is breaking!"

"Florence, my child, I implore you to be calm. This agitation will bring on a relapse. Yes, we will go abroad, when you like; but you are too weak yet. I will prepare everything; no strangers, not even our most intimate friends, will be admitted to see you on any account, and when you are

strong enough to undertake the journey, we will go wherever you wish."

Florence, somewhat calmed, suffered her aunt to adjust her head on her pillows, and draw the curtains, when she soon sobbed herself to sleep.

CHAPTER XX.

THE news of lord St. Albans' sudden departure, almost on the eve of his marriage, and Florence's dangerous illness, had spread far and wide, and the world, with its usual quick-sightedness, immediately divined the truth. The double flight of Nina Aleyn, and Percival Clinton, involved the most experienced gossips in an ocean of doubt and anxiety. Many a cause was assigned, many an opinion hazarded, which left them in the end as far as ever from the truth. The mystery involving the fate of the latter personages, however, was almost disregarded in the general exultation which the downfall of the feared and hated Miss Fitz-Hardinge excited. Their joy was equalled only by their curiosity, and each day beheld fresh parties of morning visitors thronging Miss Murray's saloons. The latter received them with her usual dignified politeness, spoke of Florence's illness feelingly, but simply; in short, opposed to their insatiable curiosity, the impenetrable veil of her calm lady-like reserve. Some, however, went so far as to ask "if it were indeed true that the Earl of St. Albans had gone abroad, and that, too, without the consent or knowledge of Miss Fitz-Hardinge?" To these inquiries, Miss Murray tranquilly replied "that it was quite true his lordship had gone abroad, but Miss Fitz-Hardinge was perfectly acquainted with the fact at the time."

The absolute seclusion in which Florence lived, the sedulous care with which Miss Murray avoided every topic which might awaken painful thoughts, and the vigilance with which she guarded from her charge every jest or *on dit* of the day, concerning herself, tended greatly to restore her mental as well as physical strength. Hearing nothing but soothing words and tones, her self-love, that very sensitive part of her nature, was left to recover in peace from the terrible shock it had received, and youth, with a good constitution, did the rest. It was well indeed for Florence that she mixed not as before in the crowded halls of fashion, for she would have been an aim for every shaft, for every cruel jest.

The very day after the earl's departure, a mysterious announcement, the work probably of some of her numerous enemies, appeared in a fashionable morning paper, hinting "that the intended alliance between a noble lord and a certain fair lady, famed as much for the keenness of her wit as for the beauty of her person, had been broken off, owing to the unbounded freedom the latter had given to that dangerous weapon her tongue.

"The unrelenting lover, after disposing of his town mansion, and making other arrangements which seemed to indicate a protracted absence, had gone abroad, leaving his whilome lady-love to weep over the loss of a coronet and title, and to learn, in neglect and solitude, in the mockery of the many, the compassion of the few, that there are cases in which woman best shews her wisdom by suppressing her wit."

Had the sensitive Florence, so nervously alive to any thing in the shape of ridicule, but looked on that paragraph, it would have almost killed her; but neither it nor any other obnoxious paper ever penetrated her apartment, guarded as it was by Miss Murray's watchful solicitude.

About a week after their long conversation concerning Nina, they set out for Somerset, in which picturesque county the estate Florence inherited from her mother was situate. The step was prudent, as well as suitable, for in the absolute seclusion of Murray Lodge the repose and peace her weary spirit sighed for, awaited her. The day after their departure, the closed shutters and placarded window of Miss Murray's fashionable mansion, in Belgrave Square, announced that it was now vacant, and that the *belle* and beauty, Florence Fitz-Hardinge "had," to use the word of a titled wit: "retired from public life."

After a wearisome and to her interminable journey, Florence at length arrived at her future home. Everything had been prepared by the fore-thought of Miss Murray, who had sent her servants in advance, and when she wearily ascended the wide dark stair-case to the room destined for her use, she found everything arranged with comfort and elegance. Rich ample curtains adorned the tall narrow casements, while pictures of taste and value were hung around the walls, concealing in part the quaint devices and rude carving of the oaken pannels.

"How do you like your room, dear Florence?" inquired Miss Murray, as she anxiously watched her niece's pale cheek and listless air.

"Very much, thanks, dear aunt, for all your kindness; but if you would leave me, I will try to sleep as I feel fatigued. You need not send Fanchette; I do not require her."

"Then, good night, my child, and do not rise to-morrow at all. May your repose be long and refreshing;" and, affectionately kissing her pale brow, she left the room.

"Sleep!" murmured Florence with a bitter smile, "does she think I can sleep? Would my heart, my torturing memories, my misery, allow me? Oh! for a spell that would blot the fearful, the ever haunting past, from life's page!"

She rose, fastened the iron clasp upon the door, and approached the window. The view from it was sombre enough. Dark masses of trees, black dells and hollows, the frowning peaks of the Mendip Hills, so stern and forbidding beneath that strange heavy sky. Over head, the moon wildly hurried through piles of inky clouds, ever and anon emerging, and casting a lurid spectral light on the dark earth beneath.

"All is gloom, in unison with my own heart," murmured Florence as she moodily gazed upon the scene before her. "Yes, typical of my deeds as well as thoughts. Nina, Percival, where are ye, and, you, Sydney, my first, my only love!"

She was silent a moment, her eyes still fixed on the black clouds obstructing the moon's passage, which, momentarily, became more dense, till they formed an impenetrable veil shrouding her every ray.

"Darker, darker still, shadowing forth my future fate."

She turned gloomily away, and approached the wide deep hearth, in which a bright fire blazed, for the evening was damp and chilly. She stood for a moment beside it, cast a quick enquiring glance round the room, and then drew a miniature from her bosom. It was Lord St. Albans. With quivering lips she surveyed it, dwelling on every feature long and lingeringly, for she had resolved that gaze should be her last. She had drawn it forth to sacrifice it, and to sacrifice with it, if she could, the remembrance of the too dear being it imaged. "Sydney!" she faltered; "how like him! His dark expressive eyes, his sweet soft smile. What I have lost, good God! what I have lost! I must not dwell on the past though, 'twould madden me. 'Tis for the last time;" and she pressed a passionate kiss on the portrait, then, as if fearing for her own firmness of purpose, she hastily cast it into the flames.

"Thus may perish," she whispered, with passionate energy, as the miniature flashed out 'mid the flames, each feature for a second fully revealed, and then sank beneath the fiery ashes. "Thus may perish, all love and remembrance of Sydney St. Albans."

The wish was fulfilled, and when Florence and her former lover met again, after long years of separation, they met as perfect strangers, changed alike in heart and feeling. Such were the consequences to Florence Fitz-Hardinge, of her own reckless folly, and uncurbed failings; nor had the misery she had wrought for others been less irreparable. Percival Clinton and Nina Aleyn never met on earth again. When time and change had erased from his heart nearly every painful remembrance, he visited England; but the country of his birth was distasteful to him, and he left it again to live and die in some sunnier land. No sworn and holy hermit ever kept with truer faith, his vow to turn from woman's smile, than Clinton did. In vain the graceful daughters of Spain and merry France turned their fascinating glances upon the handsome, but cold hearted, young Englishman; in vain his English friends wrote letter upon letter, entreating him to return and dwell among them, vaunting the sweetness of character, the artlessness of some Miss Ponsonby or Howard, friends of his early youth, or extolling the talents and beauty of some lady Mary or lady Adelaide. Such passages only called forth a contemptuous smile, or impatient ejaculation, and turned him with double eagerness to the manly sports that now formed the all engrossing pleasure of his existence.

Nina returned with a sorrowing heart to her early home; but the well remembered haunts of her childhood brought no smile to her pale lips, and the bright pageant of her London life, which had flashed like a dream athwart her monotonous lot, had left a dark shadow behind, which no change of scene, or subsequent event, could obliterate.

Thus ends the first part of Florence's history. Those who feel a farther interest in her fate, who have traced with us the sad results of her allowing one darling passion, however excusable, to obtain a mastery over her, will find in the second part of her career, her character more fully developed; they will learn, too, if the bitter lesson she had received, impressed her with the necessity of stifling the serpent she had cherished in her heart, or, if her folly, like that of many others, lasted, alas! even unto the end.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS A SIGH?

What is a sigh?—A sunny thought
  Of childhood, clouded by a care;
A hope to disappointment wrought;
  A lover's wish; a sinner's prayer;
Man's heritage; an inward fight,
  Prolong'd beyond the spirit's power;
A breath which bears the soul to light,
  When sadly closes life's dark hour!

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

CHAPTER I.

Among the powerful chieftains of bonny Scotland, in the happy olden days--those days of chivalry and valor, when heroic bravery, and deeds of gallant daring, were the passport to a name immortalized in their country's annals, few were more noted than Robert McDonald, Earl of Glenelvin; his life had been one of honor, for no dark cloud obscured his name, and glory had wreathed a garland for his brow, more brilliant than his lordly coronet. In his early youth he had spent several years beneath the banner of the cross in eastern lands; there had honor claimed him as her favourite, and there had he worn a noble wreath of fame; and since his return to the land of his nativity, no hand had been more valiant in the service of his country than his own. Glenelvin castle, the residence of the earl, was situated in the most delightful part of Ayrshire; about half a mile to the westward, the blue waves of the Frith of Clyde, danced merrily in the sunbeams, or, lashed into fury by the rushing tempest, broke rudely on the shore. The extensive grounds pertaining to the castle, stretched far away to the northward, until they were terminated by the verdant banks of the gentle Ayr; while to the southward, at some distance from the castle walls, the Doon, "the bonny Doon," rushed onward, as if in haste to mingle its waters with the neighbouring ocean. Far to the east, the prospect was bounded by the dark summits of the Lowther hills, while northward, at the distance of a few short miles, glittered the proud spires of the town of Ayr, destined within a few short years, to become the theatre of great events, performed in the immortal days of Wallace and of Bruce.

The castle itself, a noble edifice, which had already, during the lapse of two centuries, withstood the ravages of time without yielding to its power, was built after the fashion of those days, to serve as a defence in the petty wars, which in former times, were almost constantly carried on between the border countries. Its thick and high wall, which seemed to bid defiance to the most powerful assailant, was surrounded by a deep moat, nearly filled with water; and access to the castle could only be obtained by means of a heavy drawbridge.

But although so formidable in the time of war, it was nevertheless a delightful abode in the time of peace. A large and well kept garden, where flourished rich and fragrant flowers, as well as a great variety af plants and shrubs, was enclosed within the walls. Shaded walks screened from the rays of the summer sun, and winter's chilling blast, with delightful arbors, twined with roses and columbine, added beauteous features to the rural scene. The well cultivated grounds of Glenelvin amply repaid the labourers' toil, and all were kept in the most perfect order, which at that early day was a rare occurrence. Verdant foliage decked the lofty and noble trees which had proudly braved the storms of ages. Bright was the vestment of the gentle hills, where the flocks of the peasantry grazed in peace, and gathered a rich feast from the fresh herbage. All around felt the radiant influence of the good Earl's arrangements, and all his dependants were blessed and happy. Within the castle mirth and hospitality reigned triumphant, and the earl, though time, in its onward flight, had left upon him traces of its power, was ever ready to join the merry dance, or, recalling the adventures of his youth, recount the achievements which had entwined the laurel wreath around his noble brow.

The countess was a lady, possessed of more than ordinary loveliness; and indeed, none throughout old Scotia's realm could vie with her, save Emergard, the beautiful queen of Alexander the Third, the monarch of the land. And many who gazed upon her, dared to think, that had the crown rested on her brow, the countess of Glenelvin would have been the fairest lady of the age.

Six goodly sons, and one fair daughter, had once composed the household circle; but two of the former were now fighting the battles of the cross, beneath the banner of Robert Bruce, the heir presumptive to Scotland's throne, on the plains of Palestine. Three had fallen in the border skirmishes, and one only, a youth who

had not yet attained to his nineteenth birthday, and the young Isabella, a true Scotch beauty of sixteen years, now cheered the paternal home. But the martial trains of Bruce and his royal confederate, Edward of England, were beginning to weary of the Crusader's life, and some, from various pretences, had already evacuated the Holy Land, and the fond parents, with joyous hearts, now anticipated the return of their gallant sons. Nor were they coming alone; Gustavus de Lindendorf, the only son of a powerful German baron, and Francis d'Auvergue, a youthful knight, sole heir to the duke of Avignon, having contracted a strong friendship for the Scottish brothers, had proposed that on their homeward journey, the four should spend a month with Gustavus at Lindendorf in the south of Germany, and then proceeding to France, visit the castle of Avignon, and from thence continue their route to Scotland, where, the brothers had assured them, that a joyous welcome and pleasant season awaited them at the bonny halls of Glenelvin.

Need we say what were the feelings of the youthful warriors, as they pursued their homeward way, and hastening onward, borne lightly on the airy wing of fancy, they once more revelled amid the scenes sacred to memory, and childhood's dear delights? Six years, with all their vicissitudes, had rolled away. The parents they had left in the full vigour of middle life were now verging to hoary age; the sisters each had left, bright, blooming, happy children, had ere now, ripened into early womanhood; time had wrought many changes in each domestic circle. But a feeling of peculiar sadness thrilled the hearts of the brothers, as they remembered, that three of their own number no longer cheered the parents' hearts, or gave life to the enjoyments of the household hearth, and they longed to embrace again the parents who must now doubly regret their absence.

CHAPTER II.

From trifles light as air,
Come strife and bitterness.

Hospitable indeed was the reception of the youthful warriors at Lindendorf. Fondly did the anxious parents clasp to their hearts the young Gustavus, the pride of their ancient home, the heir to their estates and name; the guardian for posterity of their honors. And the fair Josepha, with what timid awe, mingled with a look of deep affection, did she approach the mail-clad warrior, whom her young memory cherished only as a graceful youth, and as she returned the kind, although not quite so affectionate pressure of his hand, fall weeping, the tears of varied emotions, into the arms of her only brother.

"This is too childish, Josepha," he said rather impatiently, as he led her to a seat. "Our warrior guests will think but lightly of such manifest weakness; I had hoped to find that time had given to you more firmness of mind, than to yield to every trifle."

Wounded affection struggled with pride in the heart of the lady Josepha; but she regained calmness, sufficient to give a smile of welcome to her brother's friends. She was a lovely girl; meek and gentle, but with a kind and affectionate heart.

"Well, by our blessed lady!" remarked Robert McDonald, the eldest of the brothers, "if my own little sister, whom I left a mere child of ten years, has grown such a beauty as the lady Josepha de Lindendorf, I much fear she will not be long in taking by storm the hearts of our two gallant friends! What say you, my lord Gustavus? resign to me the lovely Josepha, and I pledge a soldier's honor, that if so it please you, the hand of Isabella McDonald shall be yours."

"Nay, nay, my lord Robert, that were unjust," cried the merry Francis of Avignon. "If such compact were ratified, wherewith would my lord Malcolm reward me for my own sweet sister, Antoinette d'Auvergne? I have determined that he shall be my brother; Antoinette shall be his bride; and by a promise he some time since made me, the hand of the lady Isabella is already mine."

"But you forget that I am the elder brother, and consequently my right to dispose of my sister supersedes his."

"But if you are the elder brother, he is the more valiant knight; and superior prowess more than counterbalances the rights of promogeniture! What say you lord Malcolm, is it not so?"

"Yes," replied Malcolm; "you know we were ever in the foremost ranks on the field of battle, while our two friends were often found in the rear divisions; thus, as the nobler knights, we claim the fairest prizes. Already am I half in love with Antoinette d'Auvergne; let Gustavus look to himself—Isabella shall be thine!"

A dark frown had gathered on the brow of Robert, while anger lit up the eye of Gustavus; but each emotion was suppressed, and they entered warmly into a dispute respecting the fair Scottish maid. The pretentions of Gustavus being supported by Robert, while Malcolm became the champion of Francis.

Thus days passed on, and what was at the first

but an idle jest, grew at length to be a subject of serious debate. The Lady Josepha had entwined herself around the heart of Robert, and as his passion for the sister increased, his partiality for the brother grew in proportion, until the most ardent desire of his soul, next to his own happiness, was too see his sister the bride of Gustavus de Lindendorf. And Gustavus, of an ardent temperament, and a will that brooked no contradiction, had determined to win the Scottish maid, whom, as yet, he had never seen; and he already regarded with the jealous eye of rivalry, the lorly Francis, whom for long years he had loved as a cherished friend.

Lord Malcolm had long since learned, that of the two whom he had loved almost with a brother's love, Francis possessed far more of real worth, and he wisely considered that if his sister were ever to become the bride of either, which seemed not very unlikely, he would wish for her own sake, that Francis might be the object of her choice. And Francis, although he thought the whole a jest, still, often introduced the subject, and maintained his own pretentions to the hand of Isabella, merely for the pastime which he derived from the discussion; until where all had been as one man, their sentiments, their thoughts, their feelings all the same, arose two adverse parties, each regarding the other with distrust.

And thus it is,—from trifles light as air, come dissensions, which result in broken confidence, and alienated friendship, while hearts which beat in unison, are severed and thrown far asunder. How oft has the ambition of the monarch, who aspired to add new territories to his own, by usurping the rights of others, laid thousands of his faithful subjects, whose loyal hearts thrilled in quick obedience to the sovereign's call, in the soldier's gory grave, dried up the resources of the realm; involved in debt their subjects, and entailed miseries upon their people, not to be done away with in long anxious years, even if they do not forfeit their sovereignty, and reduce their dominions to the state of subordinate provinces; and this, all because, their ambition rested not with their own dominions. Equally, though less extensive evils, often arise from slight differences between those who once were firmly bound by the tie of friendship. Oft has the assassin's steel lacerated the heart of him once loved as a brother; now changed from the well loved friend to the hated enemy.

Our soldiers of the cross had left Palestine with no shades of partiality resting on their mutual regard, now they found two adverse parties, for though the debates were carried on in good nature, and seemed but an empty jest to Malcolm and Francis, still they loved argument, and lost no opportunity of provoking a dispute. But the time allotted for their stay at Lindendorf at length expired, and they prepared to continue their journey to Avignon, where the parents of Francis were anxiously awaiting the arrival of their son, and his sisters were impatiently counting the moments of his delay; and bidding farewell to the proud castle of Lindendorf, and its hospitalities, they proceeded to the Gallic home of Francis d'Auvergne. The dearest hopes of Lord Robert M'Donald were realized, for he was now the accepted lover of the lady Josepha de Lindendorf; and although the parting moment brought its regrets, the thought that ere long that fair young girl would be his own sweet bride, banished care from his heart; and although naturally reserved and thoughtful, anticipation of the happiness which awaited him in his union with one so well beloved, raised his spirits far above their usual tone, and before they reached Avignon he was the life of that little band, even gayer than the lively Francis, whose thoughts were absorbed in the memories of that home he was so soon to visit, after his long weary absence.

CHAPTER III.

'Tis nature's tribute; richer far,
Than costly pearl, or diamond rare.

Superbly decorated were the noble saloons of one of Gallia's ducal palaces; merrily pealed the bells from the lofty turrets, and all was gaiety and joy. The happy peasantry of the surrounding country had forsaken their homes; old men whose hoary locks waved lightly in the gentle winds; stout yeomen, in all the vigor of middle life; youths in all the strength of early manhood; together with aged matrons, and portly dames; while the village maidens, radiant of health and loveliness, clad in their neat white garments, with no ornaments save their waving ringlets, and the rosebuds their own hands had cultivated, each bearing a neat basket filled with the rarest flowers, were there; while a merry group of children who on this glad day were set free from all restraint, were enjoying their noisy gambols in a neighbouring field. Why all this assemblage of happy smiling faces, and glad hearts? Reader, the noble Francis of Avignon, the flower of Gallia's youthful sons, would on this day gladden again his childhood's home, and every thought of him was linked with a kind remembrance. The old had not forgotten the bright-eyed boy whose timely intercession had oft restored the offender to the favor of the

duke; whose generosity had oft relieved the needy; and whose young name was never spoken, unconnected with the blessings of the poor. The young cherished the memory of their companion, who though far above them in rank, had oft shared their homely sports, and infused into their rustic manner much of the graceful elegance of his own. The love of all who once had known him had long been his; and all looked up to him as the future guardian of their welfare, when the ducal coronet should rest upon his brow.

One group, one lovely group, of that assemblage, we have left unnoticed. There too were the lovely sisters of Francis, plain and simply arranged, and scarcely to be distinguished from the peasant girls gathered near them. Many a smile was bestowed on the gay Antoinette d'Auvergne, who although not quite a beauty, possessed prominently the power to please. Blooming in the freshness of seventeen summers with cheeks that rivalled the rosebud's tints, jetty ringlets, and laughing black eyes, from which shone forth the noble feelings of the soul within, none could behold her, and leave the tribute of admiration so justly hers, unpaid.

But now as she stood, the sweetest flower amid that throng of rural loveliness, emotion had paled the roses of her cheek, and although no pearly drop fell from her eyes, their lustre was dimmed, by the moisture, sacred to affection, which had gathered in them. On one side stood a girl of fourteen years, pale as the drooping lily, and with her other hand she restrained the manifest impatience of a fairy-like little creature, the very image of herself, who, in all the happiness of early childhood, seemed desirous to escape from the thraldom, and join the busy band not far away.

Suddenly each voice was hushed, and a wild shout rent the air, as the approaching cavalcade were discerned descending the eminence above the village. Nearer, and nearer they came; the noble Francis d'Auvergne riding between the father, who had gone forth to meet his guests, and his own chosen friend, Lord Malcolm, while at a short distance behind came Robert McDonald, and Gustavus de Lindendorf, conversing in a low tone, on some subject of much apparent interest.

They reached the throng, and the rich flowers of the peasant girls, sweet offerings of pure and unsophisticated hearts, were showered on their path. At once Francis sprang from his horse, and Antoinette, rushing forward with a cry of joy, was clasped to the heart of her brother. Oh! it was a meeting full of fond confiding love, and Gustavus, as he looked upon the scene, felt his heart swell with the dark emotion of envy. No such manifestations of welcome from a train of happy peasantry, had hailed his return, for all remembered that his voice seldom addressed them in notes of kindness. To them he was the haughty youth, who gave promise of becoming the oppressive lord. Not so had the fair Josepha gone out to welcome him; for in their young intercourse he had been the tyrant, rather than the brother, and much he grieved that his friends should note the difference; and from that moment he ceased to regard Francis with his former friendship.

While only acquainted with him as a companion of the battle-field, while he knew him only as the valiant warrior, he found nought to excite feelings of dislike; for, equally brave, with the most courageous veteran, with less of that compassion for the vanquished, which constitutes the soldier's brightest characteristic, he had gathered profusely of the laurel wreath. 'Tis true he often wished the form of the young son of France were less graceful, that his dark locks were less glossy, and that his black eyes shone with a less sparkling light; but vain of his own person he had hitherto thought but little of this. But now, when he witnessed the joy of the peasantry at his return, and knew it was not the warrior's triumph, but the tribute of happy hearts paid to a deserving object, the last spark of his once warm friendship was utterly extinguished.

Nothing could exceed the hospitality of Avignon. The duke, the duchess, Francis d'Auvergne, and his sisters, seemed to vie with each other in their attention to their guests, and nothing was omitted which could enhance their pleasure. But although each fresh instance of kindness excited the envy of Gustavus, yet he disguised his growing dislike, and all seemed as in former days, before jealousy had aroused the vindictive feelings of his soul. And thus the time allotted to their visit went on, like one bright joyous day, and when it was done, they bade farewell to Avignon and its hospitable inmates, and proceeded on their journey.

CHAPTER IV.

Well Scotia may thy children love
Thy home, all fairer haunts above,
Where tamer beauties smile.

The last rays of the summer sun tinged the blue summits of the distant mountains, as the young crusaders ascended the eminence on which stood the castle of Glenelvin. All nature seemed hushed in silence, save the gentle warbling of the wild bird's evening song, and the murmured cadence

of the water fall. Not a zephyr fanned the air, or played among the branches of the sylvan grove. None came forth to welcome them, for though hourly expected, the day of their coming was uncertain, and it was not until they reached the draw-bridge, and the merry Malcolm blew a loud blast, that the inmates of the castle were apprised of their arrival. Then, indeed, all was happiness and joy, and right kind was the greeting extended to them, and hospitable the reception of the way-worn travellers. And Gustavus, who rejoiced in the quiet reception, felt that although no pompous ceremonials, no brilliant display of welcome, hailed the return of the McDonalds to their home, that the simple effusions of the heart's best feelings, manifested by Scotia's children, the pure affection which spoke in the fervent pressure of the hand, was far more ardent than the ostentatious display of the reception in France. There were no assembled peasantry to greet with loud acclamation the returning sons of their well loved chief. Here, no parade of expression to testify to the deep emotions of the soul. All was that quiet, unobtrusive kindness, which the sons of Albion so abundantly possess, and which finds its way at once to the heart.

Oh! how joyous were the hearts of the brothers, as they trod once more the ancient halls of the spacious abode of their ancestors; here had their fathers lived, here had they died; here were the parents whom they so fondly loved; here the young brother, who had escaped the fate of war; and here the fair young sister, whom they loved with all their souls' devotion; here towered the grove, in which, in childhood they had sported; here the verdant hills, upon whose towers they had delighted to pursue their youthful pastime; here was each scene, dear to the fondest memories. But deeper still the thrilling thought, this was their own dear native land—the land so dear to every Scottish heart. Yes, 'twas the land the swords of their fathers had defended; the land for which brave hearts had poured out the vital tide, on the field of strife; the land where honor had wreathed its chaplet around their own ancestral name; the land in which they had long been strangers, but from which they determined to wander forth no more.

Days passed on, and the once warm friends, were friends no longer. The rivalry of love had banished each kindly feeling from the hearts of Francis d'Auvergne and Gustavus de Lindendorf—for the charms of the Lady Isabella had captivated the affections of each, and it was with feelings, but too nearly allied to hate, that Gustavus regarded his more successful rival, for bitterly did the conviction come to his heart, that the love of the fair Scottish girl was given to his former friend. In vain did Robert interpose in favor of Gustavus; Malcolm was equally the friend of Francis, and his lively manner and merry heart, had won more largely of his sister's love, than the serious reserve of Robert could possibly do.

The lovely girl, still but a child, shrank instinctively from the proffered love of Gustavus, as if the purity of her heart feared to come in contact with passions dark as his, and in a moment of disappointed rage, he swore she should never be his rival's bride. The parents of Isabella had refused to influence their daughter's choice, as the pretentions of the suitors were equal, and the rank of each such as would reflect honor on the alliance. But they rejoiced that Francis was the chosen one, for they believed him worthy of their child—while the dark passions of Gustavus, often but slightly concealed, would have made them tremble for the happiness of one so gentle, had he succeeded in gaining her affection. But now events occurred, which served to elevate Francis high in the favor of the earl, while the deep regard of Robert for Gustavus was almost shaken.

Success having attended the victorious arms of Haquin, fifth king of Norway, in his many wars on the Continent, and wishing to add new laurels to his already brilliant wreath of fame, he with an army of twenty thousand men, made a descent on the western isles; and so rapid were his movements, that ere the king of Scotland could concentrate his forces, and get in readiness to oppose him, the islands of Bute and Arran had yielded to his sway, and he was preparing to invade old Albion's shores.

Among the nobles dearest to the monarch's heart, Glenelvin's earl held a prominent place, and in the first moment of danger, a trusty messanger was despatched, to summon him with all the aid he could command, to meet Alexander, and join in resisting the common foe. The loyal heart of the warlike earl needed not a second summons, while the lords Robert and Malcolm rejoiced that they had arrived in time to wield their swords in the service of their country, and Francis, at the first mention of the threatened invasion, declared his intention to assist his friends in repelling the enemy.

"And you, Gustavus, may we not rely on your assistance?" asked Robert, who wished his favorite to improve this chance to distinguish himself in the favor of the earl.

"No," he replied; "I cannot be thought to have sufficient interest in the affairs of the Scottish king to endanger my life in his cause;

and as my visit here is no longer agreeable to myself, or desirable to others, I shall make immediate preparations for returning to Germany."

In vain Robert attempted to shake his resolution; anxious that Gustavus should gain the hand of his sister, and knowing that this must in some measure depend on the will of the earl, he earnestly desired that his father should witness the firm courage of his friend. All would not do. Gustavus made immediate preparations for returning to Germany, and in two days he bade farewell to Scotland, and set out on his return to his home.

CHAPTER V.

It was the first of August, 1263, a day for ever immortalized in Scotland's annals, that the proud, and hitherto victorious Norwegian, drew up his powerful army on the field of Largs, in the sight of the little band of hardy Scotchmen there congregated to oppose him. For many years those fierce followers of Haquin had been led by Norse, the impetuous leader of Norway's warriors, and where he led, none had ever hesitated to follow. With anxious awe Alexander the Third surveyed first his own position which had been chosen well and wisely, where his small, but determined army of 8000 men were posted, and then fixed his eye on the legions of Haquin, which more than doubled his own. There in all the proud confidence of superior strength had they fixed their tents, to await the coming day, which might possibly render old Caledonia an appendage to the Norwegian crown. Alexander was well aware of his weakness; the peace which the country had for some time past enjoyed, had been so suddenly interrupted, that he was in no state to meet a victorious hostile power; many of the chieftains whom he had summoned to his aid, had not arrived, or had disregarded the summons, and as his eye rested on the verdant plain, so soon to be stained by the purple gore, a tear stole over his manly cheek, and a deep sigh escaped from his heart, for bitterly did the conviction come to the monarch's heart, that in a few short hours the fate of his kingdom might be the mournful fate of a conquered nation, and his happy subjects bondmen to the usurper. That night, no soft repose visited the couch of Alexander; the coming contest had banished sleep from his pillow, and oft as the weary hours of that anxious night wore on, did he rise from his couch and pace the narrow bounds of the royal tent, until the perturbation of his mind had partially subsided, and then would he return to rest, only to give way to bitter thoughts, until that thought became insupportable, and again springing from his bed, he would seek in physical exertion a relief from care.

The morning dawned, and with its first faint ray Alexander left his tent, and walked forth beneath the arcadian arch of heaven; the large stars were still glittering in their silvery lustre, and the pale line of light which marked the rising dawn, together with the balmy breath of the early morn, shed a hallowed influence over the monarch's heart. Hope, which had nearly expired, now revived, and fervently did the soul of Alexander ascend in prayer to Heaven. The camp of Haquin was in commotion, and his numerous followers seemed in earnest preparation to go forth to meet their opponents. Alexander turned to survey again his means of resisting that torrent of foreign power, fast hastening to his destruction, and disposed of his men in order of battle. All was cheerful, willing, obedience, for each felt that the fate of the sovereign involved his own.

Upon a gentle eminence, covered with shrubs, were placed the small band of archers, a firm determined few, who with bent bows and throbing hearts, awaited the attack of the Norwegians. Below were stationed the main body of the forces, formed in a compact body, ready to receive the first shock of the enemy's attack; and here, with the cool firmness of determined heroism, did Alexander await the approach of Haquin, knowing that on the contest the temporary fate of his kingdom depended, for should Haquin drive the Scots from their position, and establish himself in the country, his power was too great soon to yield to the efforts of the Scots to dislodge him, and all Scotland might soon be overrun by his victorious legions.

By the side of the monarch stood the valiant earl of Mars, then in the pride of vigorous manhood, he, who in a good old age, in the days of Wallace, fell nobly in his country's defence, with fame's proud wreath encircling his venerable brow. Here too were many gallant chieftains of the land, leading on their followers, and endeavouring to infuse into their hearts, the hope which animated not their own. But one whose place should have been amid that noble band was absent; for Glenelvin's earl, with his noble train of valiant followers, had not yet arrived, and deeply the sovereign felt the absence of one he loved so well.

But now the warlike train of Haquin is advancing, led by his impetuous chief, the haughty, and invincible Norse, and every heart in the Scottish phalanx beat with quick emotion. Every sabre started from its scabbard, as if to be in

readiness to strike the foe; but no confusion, no symptom of fear was there, all was calmness and determination, to check the course of the conqueror, or perish on the field of Largs.

Furious was the onset of the Norwegians, and heroic the resistance of the Scots. Though many fell before the weapons of the foeman, the little phalanx remained firm and unmoved, with drawn pikes, ready to receive the furious charge; and still as the enemy with new vigor rushed on them, they but met the shock with more undaunted determination. The archers, under cover of the brushwood, which covered the hill, did much execution in the compact ranks of the assailants, and more than one advancing column was thinned of its numbers by the unseen hands, which winged the instrument of death. But, although the forces of Alexander fought with the determination of men who feel that their all is at stake, yet, the monarch saw with pain his own numbers fast diminish, while the far superior force of Haquin, enabled him to attack at the same time, each division of the Scots. Fierce, terrible and obstinate, was the contest. On, and onward, still rushed the Norwegians, bearing down with irresistible impetuosity on the opposing power, whose diminished numbers now but faintly resisted their opponents; when suddently the attention of Alexander was called to a new movement in the ranks of the enemy. The Norwegian cavalry were drawn off from the contest, and formed in a line, which the next moment was sweeping round, to attack the archers, and dislodge them from their station on the eminence. In a moment the command was issued, which sent out the Scottish horsemen to intercept them, and soon they were in fearful strife.

The Norwegian infantry paused for one moment to witness the contest, and in that moment the Scots rallied their enfeebled forces, in order to receive them, when at the very time when victory seemed setting its seal on the banner of Haquin, and hope had nearly fled from every Scotchman's heart, a wild shout rent the air, and the earl of Glenelvin, sustained by his three gallant sons, and Francis of Avignon, and followed by a numerous train of hardy men, rushed through the opposing ranks, and gained the side of the Scottish monarch. The legions of Haquin paused in dismay, as the joyous shouts of the Scots rang on the air in peals of welcome, and in that all important moment, the followers of Glenelvin fiercely charged on their columns, and many a valiant Norwegian was numbered with the dead. Again they rallied, and deeper grew the fatal contest; but at the crisis which seemed about to mark the subjugation of "Old Caledonia's Land," the Norwegian general, the valiant and lordly Norse, fell, pierced with many wounds, and was with the utmost difficulty borne from the field of carnage. His fall spread consternation through the Norwegian ranks. The Scots pursued the advantage thus gained, and in a maddened fury, Haquin saw his hitherto invincible warriors turn to fly.

In vain he placed himself at their head, and waved his royal standard high in the air; in vain he called upon them to return to the attack, and revenge the fall of their well loved leader; in vain he admonished them by their former victories, by their loyalty to their sovereign, by their love for their country, and by every consideration dear to the patriot's heart, to return to the contest; it would not do! The man, to whose voice they had for twenty years yielded obedience, whose hand had led them to the blood-stained field, no longer wielded the conquering sword; in the monarch, to whom as faithful subjects they were truly devoted, they recognized not the leader whom they had long since learned to love and obey, and thus expostulation and entreaties were alike in vain. The victory was complete, and the retreating fugitives fled in wild confusion. They succeeded in gaining the coast by various routes, from whence their vessels transported them to the Orkneys; but here the weakness of their leader compelled them to remain, and ere many days had passed, the hand of disease was laid on the warlike Haquin. Mental excitement, and disappointed ambition, brought on him a fatal illness, which ended in his death. The mighty warrior died, and with him were buried those vast ambitious projects, which but for his defeat on the field of Largs, might have rendered Norway, instead of a nominal appendage to the Swedish crown, one of the most powerful realms of Northern Europe.

(To be continued.)

THE FOREST CHILD.

Ay! deck thy brow with the wildwood flowers,
And garland thy raven hair!
Lighter beats no heart 'mid the white man's bowers,
Tho' the faces seem more fair.

And many a maiden, with jewels deck'd,
Might sigh for thy freedom wild,
Where no gushing forth of the heart is check'd,
Nor joy of the Forest Child!

Thou art free as the bounding fawn, to roam,
Or gaze in the sunny stream—
But come not near the white man's home,
Lest he waken thy guileless dream.

ON THE DOCTRINE OF SOCIAL UNITY.

No. I.

BY THE REV. A. H. BURWELL.

A CHIEF object aimed at in the Essay on the Philosophy of Human Perfection and Happiness, and in that on the Ultimate Destination of the Earth, is the exhibition of the entire agreement between the Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation. The reasonableness of this may be seen in the fact that they are both from the same author. He that created all things, made man to be, under Himself, the ruler of all things. It is then meet that He should reveal His will to man, touching, first, man's duty to him; secondly, his duty to his fellow men; and thirdly, his duty, as ruler over the inferior creation. The theory of all practical religion may be said to be comprehended under these three heads. All knowledge of mere natural things would therefore properly fall under the third head. And whatever of order is discernible in the natural world, should be regarded as but a part of one universal order.

The creation must be, before it can be known to man; and natural things are the proper preparation for, and introduction to, spiritual things. "First, the natural; then, the spiritual."

Our Lord used earthly things, as a medium for teaching heavenly things. The whole Mosaic economy was given for the same end. If in ruling and using the creatures, we should, in so far, know them as God knows them, the study of nature should be in the light of Revelation. Not that the Bible should be the naturalist's text-book. Yet it says, concerning the husbandman, (Isaiah xxviii, 26): "For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him."

And it is also said, that He made the sun, moon and stars, "for signs," as well as for seasons. The student should continually see the Author of Nature as the Author of Revelation also; as the Source of all order; the Head of all polity; and the Judge of all conduct. This method of study is indicated from the first. God brought to Adam all beasts and fowls, "to see what he would call them," and Solomon spake, in the wisdom of God, "of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of fowls, and of beasts, and of creeping things and of fishes." We should aim to look upon the inferior creation in the right of Revelation; so that while we are dealing in natural history, and natural philosophy, we might be something more than mere naturalists and philosophers; and be led to see that every department of what is called human learning, is also a department in divinity, though it be an inferior department. The writer fully believes that God employed Newton, specially to unfold the laws of the material universe. Why should we not study the Workman in his works? But how can we do this as Christians, unless we stand in His light, while looking at them? If His "eternal power and Godhead," may be "understood by the things that are made," may we not find the order of the universe to be a procession from Himself, and as it were, a very type of the order ordained for the moral government of the world?

The following Essays on the Doctrine of Social Unity are intended as an exemplification of this general principle. They are not meant to be Theological in the common acceptation of the term; but rather to shew the wonderful agreement and parallelism traceable between true philosophy and Revelation; between the visible material world, and the moral world, which is equally of His creation. The remark may be extended to the pure abstract sciences. If the Essays are Theological, they are meant equally to be philosophical and literary; and hence more properly adapted to the pages of a Literary Miscellany.

Unity is found in the combination of individuals, so that, by the proper management of parts, or individuals, out of multitude and complexity, systematically bound together, there shall be one consistent whole. Certain elementary principles must, of necessity, be acted upon in the construction of any unity, and in the performance of any action, in order to the rightness and goodness of either. And this requires a certain necessary order, in the parts of a whole, and their

mutual relations, and the functions to which they are appointed.

Every constitutional form; every art and science; every piece of machinery; every body corporate; every animal body, may be considered as a unity regulated by certain first principles, and capable of certain functions; which functions can only be discharged by the application and use of such first principles. And these may be found in any member of a body, or in any part of a complexity. The constant operations of nature furnish a constant development of first principles in action; and by them we may see that, in the divine appointment, the laws of nature are immutable; and ordinarily one member in a body cannot perform the functions for which God made others.

Let us illustrate by familiar examples. Thus, in literature, the alphabet, including the power of letters, is a first principle; and the formation of syllables and words, and sentences, are also first principles. The parts of speech; the inflections of nouns and verbs; the structure of sentences; the moods and tenses; all these involve first principles; and the highest efforts in literature are made by the scrupulous application of them, according to their place and order. And the more exact one is in their observance, either in speaking or writing, the more plain and intelligible he is. These principles are the foundations of all literature, and are in themselves unchangeable. For immutability is stamped upon all first principles. The meaning of a verb can never be conveyed by the use of a noun; and an arithmetical problem cannot be solved by the rules of a grammar.

Arithmetic has its first principles in the four common rules; and the whole round of arithmetical science is but the infinite application of them; and without them you cannot even count your fingers. So mathematics and astronomy have their elementary principles; and every operator in them merely applies and uses the elements he has committed to memory.

These may be regarded as laws of nature; though they are not the laws impressed upon material nature. They seem to correspond, in their places, to the laws of the material universe in their places; and in all the practice of life, the two classes of laws seem to be unavoidably applied, and used in conjunction. Our acquaintance with material nature, by means of the senses, commences first; but all practice requiring in us a certain acquaintance with the laws of nature, and at the same time the intellectual world forces us into acquaintance with its mysteries; as for instance, speech, in the most meagre language, compels us to be, in some measure, practical grammarians.

The practice of every art—all the common business of life, must be done, to be successful, in accordance with the laws of nature, which reign over all the forms of matter. In whatever is rightly done, these laws must be implicitly obeyed. We may break them if we choose, but we cannot do it with impunity. We cannot make those laws, nor yet suspend them. We may forcibly counteract them, and in some sense, and in some cases, suspend or interfere with their operation; but we cannot suspend or destroy them. As for instance we cannot deprive a stone of its weight, nor any matter of its gravity. In the common operations of life, we continually *practice* the various laws of nature: or we practice mechanics, or mensuration, or observe the laws of optics, or of gravitation, or of mathematics, or of solids and fluids, and all these things. Certain laws must be observed, or perhaps obeyed, in the doing of every thing that is done. By observing the laws of matter, of gravitation, of forces, &c., with perhaps other laws, those of mechanics, for instance, we can, within certain limits, dispose of matter as we please.

Every corporation, or constituted body, must have its elementary principles. And these are immutable; for change of principles implies change of constitution. The development and action of every principle, is by means of the substantive thing, or person, or part, in which it is embodied.

Principles, as mere abstractions, are valueless, and powerless. They must be embodied, or they cannot act; and if they do not act, they must remain unknown to us. By their action only, can they be known. We can have no idea of motion without seeing a body in motion. So also of force. And as there must be a subject by which any action is exhibited, so there must be a motive power, which is neither that by which action becomes the subject of observation, nor that to which it is directed. So a constituted body as a whole, or its parts as parts of a whole, or as having mutual relations, action and functions, should all be under the regulation of principles, in themselves immutable, and also under the control of one central motion, and directing power, And this power must be itself under the control of a commensurate intelligence, one in itself. This brings us to an ultimate point, which is this: that every unity, composed of parts, more or fewer, and more or less involving complexity, must be based upon one primary unit, which has the power of reaching all, controlling and regulating them, holding them in their appointed

places, giving them respective functions, and by them doing whatever may be done.

Let us instance the British constitution. The constitution itself is not an abstraction, and cannot be put on paper. It may be written about, but it cannot be written. The constitution is the standing together of a whole people, divided under several heads into as many parts, but held together in one body, each part of which has a standing relation to the others, and functions and duties to be discharged towards the others, which the parts cannot interchangeably perform. Its united action is made up of an infinity of subordinate action; subordinate, not in respect of magnitude, but of subordination to the head regulating power. The constitution is seen in the living body; and the action of a living body is, as regards itself, its own healthy sustentation in life. A dead body cannot act, while a living body must act by the life within it, and must continue to act, in order to continue alive. Self preservation is the proper end and object of the action of all creatures. A nation must act as a nation in its corporate capacity, or it must cease to be a nation; and all its action should end in the general care and preservation of every part of it, great and small. This is illustrated by the fact of an individual human body. It is made up of many members, one for this function and another for that; and the human constitution is the orderly standing together of every member of the human body. Each part is essential to the whole, and has a function to perform for the whole, which no other can perform. A man cannot see by his hands and feet, nor walk upon his eyes and ears. "All members have not the same office," for "God hath set the members every one of them in the body, as it pleased Him...And the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you...There should be no schism in the body; but the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." And why? They are "members one of another." It is so in the natural body; and this illustration is given to shew that it is so also in the political body. The British nation stands, let us assume, in king, lords, commons, clergy. They make up the national body. Each has a duty to perform, in and for the body, which can be performed by no other member; and if any should attempt it, he would not be caring for the body, but working to its injury. And as "there should be no schism in the body," no cutting off, or treating any member as useless, each member's anxiety should be as much to watch over the good of all its fellow members as of its own. And indeed the usurping either of the place or functions of any other, or in any way diminishing, or fettering it, would in reality be a suicidal act. If the hand should rise against the eyes, and pluck them out, would the condition of the hand be bettered thereby?

It is assumed above, that laws are in themselves immutable; and that first principles may be the exhibition of such a law. Thus, the human body has exactly as many limbs, members, bones, muscles, parts, and the same economy, positions and uses for them, that it had, when God created it in the person of Adam. It was, under an explicitly declared law, propagated "after its kind:" and hence, by the help of the doctrine of the resurrection, and the ultimate destruction of Death, we are able to assert that the laws and economy of the human body, as referred to above, are for eternity. God is immutable and unchangeable: with Him is no "shadow of turning." And we ought to look to His works, as affording testimony of the immutability of His character: for "the things that are made," testify to "His eternal power and Godhead."

Now a unit, not unity, is said to be, not a number, but the root of numbers. Hence before there can be a unity there must be a unit out of which numbers originate. Unity is the consequence of union between individual units, and stands in their combination, they being bound together and held in one.

Philosophers trace all things to one Source, one Being, one Power, who "is before all things, and by whom all things consist," or stand together. There are those who also find in one Source the archetype and pattern of all things; not merely as standing in the forms of unrealized ideas and unwrought purposes; but as in the Divinity itself, in its form or mode of existence and operation. Thus, that the abstract Divine Nature is the unit, or root of plurality; and the three Persons in the Godhead the unity. And it may be remarked, that three lines are the fewest that can enclose a space; three angles the fewest that any superficial figure or surface can have; and three legs the fewest that a chair or stool can stand upon. It is further remarkable, that such a stool, will stand firm upon an irregular surface, or each foot reach the ground, whether it be even or uneven; which is not true with a greater number.

But this unity in the Divine nature is not a combination of pre-existent, independent, unconnected individuals; is no result of any act of combining; is the fruit of no mutual league, nor

of any super-directing power. Divines treat it as an uncaused unity; self-subsistent and self-subsisting; no one member of it being before the other in the order of time, nor the effect of an antecedent cause, nor of a substance different from them all. But the unity is one of essential being, which is because the Divine nature is, which nature stands essentially in three Persons, co-equal and co-eternal.

This is what "is before all things." And it shews that unity in plurality is the order of nature and essential to all action, as it is the source of all relations. This is shewn in the fact of creation. He that is before all things took counsel, saying, "Let us make man in our image;" shewing unity and concert in action. Creation was the work of Three in One. Here is the formal archetype of all action. Nothing is alone, and nothing can act alone. All action is under conditions, relations, and laws, and must be immutably the same if repeated under the same conditions. And the creature *made* in God's image must *act* in God's image. Even the fall does not reverse this fact; for action is action, let the motive be good or bad.

But the relations of order cannot be shown by equality. There is an order in the Godhead which exhibits greater and less, superior and inferior, headship and subordination. As to order, the sender must be greater than the sent; for equals cannot send each other, because they are equal to one another. This fact we see in the out-actings of the Godhead. "The head of Christ is God," notwithstanding their perfect equality as to person and substance. Our Lord said that the Father who sent Him is greater than He. This were impossible, except in the fact of the eternal unbeginning order among the Persons of the Godhead. The Son obeys the Father, not because He is inferior as to Person and Essence; but because of the necessary order and subordination in the Godhead. If it were not so, God could give no example of obedience to men; for a Person of the Godhead cannot act out what is not in God from eternity. And if the Three Persons in the Trinity were in all respects equal, there would be no Trinity, but three independent Gods, and neither example nor principles could be furnished by them in support of the fact of human government. We see in the Trinity the fact of consociality, and in it a reason why God could seek to "have His delights with the sons of men;" or a reason why he could be a Creator: for on the Unitarian scheme He would be essentially solitary, and therefore could not do violence to Himself in seeking to have companions. For if God is unchangeable in His character and dispositions, being alone from all eternity, He must continue alone to all eternity; and in the attribute of love could never go forth from Himself in the outward act of creation for the end of companionship. But the subordinate Son, standing eternally in filial obedience, comes forth, first in creation, and then in the incarnation, in the form of a servant, under the eternal law of obedience; by which acting the human race becomes united to God through the Person standing eternally in the love of a son to the obedience of a subject. And here we find a foundation for the facts of paternity and government among men.

But man in one sense is a unit, though not in all senses. As one person he is so; but yet his person is threefold, and even manifold. He is composed of three principal parts, "spirit, soul, and body," (1 Thes. v. 23.) These all concur in every action of the man. There is also the fourfoldness of the will, the imagination, the intellect, and the affections, beside the fivefoldness of the five senses. And the enumeration might be extended, shewing unity in a human person, unity in plurality, and complexity without confusion. And human action must be the result of these, acting in concert, under a combining, controlling power, under the regulation of a central will: though the action of some of the human faculties is not dependent on the will; as that of seeing.

But of none of these parts of a man can it be said that one is older than another,—afore or after in point of time; though in point of order, which is the essence of unity, some must be so. For unity stands under headship and subordination, the parts clustering round the central principle, power or will. Man was made in God's image; and the *age* of any part of our faculty is not measured comparatively with the others, nor by its degree of development and perfection. All parts are radically and essentially of the same age. Yet among the parts of a man there are as striking distinctions as there are among the persons of the Godhead; part of which are the distinctions of Order.

Headship and order and subordination are first and primarily in the Creator, and *consist*, or stand together, in the unity of three Persons in the one Godhead. Hence they come forth from God, and are embodied and manifested in the works of creation, and in the actings of the creatures. Headship is seen in the Father; subordination and obedience in the Son, who ever does the Father's will; and the power in the unity of both in the Spirit proceeding from both as the efficient agent, or "finger of God."

Unity among the creatures is after the similitude of that which is "before the world was;" though it is not self-existent, but comes by the act of an exterior power. The manner of it we find in the commencement of human history. Human nature was essentially and fully created in the person of Adam; and Eve, as created in him, was afterwards brought out of him a *modification* of the same nature, and the constitution of it in a separate person. But this was not the constitution of the two into a unity of persons to make them one being. We are shewn that it did not. Nor yet did their affections and will make them one, however strong in mutual reciprocation these might have been; but it was the after act of the Creator, following up the previous fitness and necessity of their being made one in the unity of marriage. And He bound them into unity in the act of making the man, "the head of the woman," and placing her in subordination; making him to her as an external law, as God is an external law to the man.

This unity was not effected by merging the personality of one into that of the other, and so destroying it; but by putting one person under the headship and rule of the other, fully preserving the personality and responsibility of the inferior in all their distinctness. And here we may see the origin of human society; the thing itself indicating unity in plurality; for "how can two walk together except they be agreed?" And that they might agree, being in some sense persons independent of each other, one was made head and ruler, and the other was bound to obey. And so the two in unity became the source and fountain of the body politic. Before this state and condition were provided, the procreation of human creatures was not permitted. Why? The prophet saith that "He sought a godly seed," and therefore "made them one," (Mal. ii. 15.) This demonstrates that godliness is made dependent on unity; and so He provided it as the only true family compact,--His own ordinance,—His own constituted polity under headship, dominion and rule in the administration of law. By this provision, when the first two human creatures were brought into each other's presence, they were by Him that "brought the woman unto the man," immediately bound into a unity. Into this same unity, thus provided beforehand to receive him, was the first born human person received. He had no claim in the matter, and could have none. He was not left to stand alone a solitary unit, but became a member of the unity by being born of his parents; and nothing but violence and wrong, the transgression of the law and the breach of the order of God, could make him otherwise. It was made the only possible way of life and blessing to him; the container and disposer of all his privileges; the only home of all his interests and affections. And so also of the fact of his continuance in the unity, and being at one in heart, mind and will with this law of his being, written by the finger of God, and embodied in the economy of the unity which received him into its bosom as he came into the world a helpless, worthless thing. It was the merciful provision of the Creator and Sovereign Lord,--the Lawgiver and Provider—who did not leave His creatures in their essential helplessness, but prepared for them the means of a happy existence under the holy ordinance of the family unity. In this we see Him as the Head over all, as He is called "the Head of every man." And as a head implies a body, and a body, not being "one member but many," implies membership under the head, and connexion with it, this plan manifests a scheme for uniting men to their Creator, and to one another, and making them one with Him and with one another.

Thus we see that unity cannot stand except in and under headship and authority. Headship stands contrasted with membership; and membership implies and exhibits the unity of individuals by union with the head and with one another. Headship, as to power and order, implies inferiority; as the members are under the head (seen literally in the human person;) but it implies no disadvantage, nothing injurious to the subordinated members. On the contrary, subjection is the true position for every creature, its sole and only chance of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This is the more apparent if we look to the whole period of its existence—the entire continuance of its being. This is why the church teaches us that God's service is "perfect freedom." By union with the Head we are made one by incorporation with the source and container of "all fulness,"—of all power, and wisdom, and goodness, and riches and blessing within the creation. And as the children partake of whatever belongs to the fathers; so in all this "fulness" the members are made partakers by their union with the Head. They become heirs; and the father lays up for the children, and not for himself as apart from them. It is his happiness to enjoy it with them. So the Gospel declares, saying: "all things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." And it teaches only what was in the beginning, even before the foundation of the world; not as a purpose only, but as a fact standing for ever

in the union of the Holy Trinity—"All thine are mine, and mine are thine."

We see further that Fatherhood is an essential element of unity. God the Father is the head and source and central power of all unity; and His Fatherhood is an essential fact in the Divine existence. He is the Father because He is; for He saith of himself—"I am that I am." Hence He conferred Fatherhood upon the first man; and man was made in His image. Adam was made the head and father of the race, which was all contained in him. And they were not brought out of their father to be cut off from him as their head and bond of union in fraternal fellowship, but to abide therein. Fatherhood is therefore shewn to be a principal element in unity. Out of it flow not only individuals, but all privileges and blessings, all relationships, and all duties and obligations. To be within the reach of any good, we must be members of a unity, united to a head, and abiding in a body. "The branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine." The members and body must perish if severed from the head. Indeed a body cannot be complete without its head.

Fatherhood points to family, declares it. No family consists in mere fraternity. Brethren, as they come of fatherhood, so without fatherhood they cannot be brethren, nor abide in any unity. Family was before creation; and it stood in fatherhood. The relation of parent and child was in God between the persons of the Father and the Son. This was to be shewn in the creatures; and so man made in God's image, was at once built up into a family. In a true catholic sense, then, there cannot be two human families; for that would destroy the unity of the human race. The race was made to be one; and this we see by one being set over it for ever. Its oneness is not by sameness of nature merely, between individuals having one common origin and one common form, but also by being united in one body corporate under one common head: "For the Head of every man is Christ." And the divine Word speaks even of there being but "one family in heaven and in earth," all named after Christ, this one Head, and subordinated to Him as their Lord and King. The universal family is made up of lesser families bound into one great community; as the lesser ones are composed of smaller divisions and individuals bound together by the same law of unity; standing in headship; and looking up to the One Head. "There shall be One Lord, and His name one in all the earth."

I think it is Macaulay, who, in a political essay, denies the paternal character of government, but asserts the fraternity of—the political brotherhood, of all those whom we rightly call subjects. But how will this great philosopher obtain brotherhood without the originating source of fatherhood? So true it is that the wise of this world cannot see the archetype of all things in God, nor trace up to Him their true order.

We may see this law of unity carried out in the material universe. For instance: it is asserted and exemplified in the universal law of gravitation. The solar system may be likened to a family bound together in unity by this law. And as law is a nullity unless it stands in a person having the power of administration, which is a central power; so the sun, as the centre of the system, is the chief place of residence of the law and power of gravity in it; and he is, as it were, the sole administrator of that law to all the planets moving round him. They are all one family depending on the one central head, whose actual power unremittingly exerted keeps them all within the unity and order of the system. And yet we see as it were inferior families within it also. Some of the planets are heads of unity and administrators of the common law of gravity to inferior planets moving obediently round them. But these never dream of being independent of Father Sun, or imagine they could live at all unless in the most implicit obedience to him as their common centre and head. They also all move in his light, are bright by his shining, and warm in the glowing splendour of his beams. They dwell, as it were, "in the light of his countenance," without which no form of life could be found among them.

But the planets have an individual form of action apparently not dependent on the sun. They turn continually *on themselves*, as if self moved; and their turning has not its origin in the law of gravity which binds them to the central orb; though perhaps all planetary motion is in some way connected with it. And the planets must turn on themselves or they cannot enjoy the blessings flowing from the light and heat of the sun. But this motion on their own axes is perfectly unimpeded by the gravitation of the sun. It also in no way interferes with that power. They moreover, have a force in themselves beside that of rotation, namely, that by which they move forward. This is not derived from the sun, and by it they would fly away, and lose all his benificence, did he not seize upon them by the power of gravitation, and so restrain and govern them as to bend their course around himself, and keep them steadfast within their appro-

priate sphere. This we see is not to destroy the self moving power within them, but so to bring it under government in the unity of the system as to make it possible for them to reap advantage from his benign influences. And should the central power destroy the self-moving power in the planets, it would be just as fatal to them as if it were left to itself; for they would fall into his body and be lost. And this would destroy the system, unity and all, quite as effectually as if the bond of mutual attraction were dissolved, and each one allowed to run away at random, as if in itself sufficient for itself.

Is there not deep instruction for man in these "things that are made?" Is he not, as the planets are bound to the sun by the law of gravity, everlastingly bound to the "One Lawgiver?" Are not men also bound by His law to one another as the planets are affected by a corresponding law among themselves? Is not man as free in His service to turn continually upon his own activity as a planet is to turn on its own axis? Does not his freedom consist in being kept in his own place, and enabled to discharge his own duty in cheerfulness and contentment? Does not his salvation thus depend upon working it out "with fear and trembling," while kept in the unity God has provided for him, and prevented from running wild to his own destruction." Does God draw man to Himself so as to destroy free agency, personality, liberty, or accountability? Is man's moral freedom taken away or secured to him by this divine economy? Does not this economy set man in his proper sphere, place and distance as a creature, while he is bound to and made one with the Creator forever? We find two forces in operation in the solar system, the force of gravity, by which the planets are drawn towards the sun, and the force of their forward motion, by which they would fly away from it. But between these there is no contradiction, no conflict. The planet retains precisely its mean velocity and rotary motion while drawn towards the sun by the power of gravity; and its mean distance is also as exactly preserved. These are preserved in a two-fold way; by the force of the forward motion; and by the force of gravity acting at right angles with it, and producing orbitular motion. One force prevents it falling into the sun, and the other prevents it from going farther from him; while the freedom of forward motion is wholly uninterrupted. Between these two forces there can be no contradiction, and so they balance each other in uniformity and regularity. And just so is the absolute freedom of man's moral agency preserved. Within certain limits and for certain purposes he is perfectly free to turn upon himself and act from his own will beneficially. This of itself would tend away from God: but he is kept within his proper sphere by the power and law of God acting, not in contradiction to him that obeys God, nor as a law which cannot be resisted,—which would destroy free agency and individual personality,—but to enable, uphold, and sustain in the position both of moral freedom and obedience. And here is a sufficient answer to the *fatalism* taught by some.

In thus drawing illustration from material nature, this point must by no means be lost sight of, which is: that the law of gravity pervades in common both sun and planets. If it were not so they could not be drawn by it towards each other. Their attraction is mutual, because the power of it is alike in both; and one predominates over the other only because it is greater. Take the power from one, and between it and the other there can be no attraction. This, as far as it can be, is an illustration of a certain community and mutuality between God and man. "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "We love Him because he first loved us." "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit," or one in spirit with Him. "God, over all, through all, and in you all." "There is one body and one spirit." "I will put my spirit within them—I will write my law in their hearts." "It is God that worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure." Comment on these texts is needless. The reader will easily see their bearing on the general subject of Social Unity, the centre and the common principle of which, so to call it, is the Creator and Lord of all.

TO LAURA.

The fading leaves are falling now,
The fields survive their flowers;
Ere long will come the whirling snow,
And winter's gloomy hours:
E'en thus my life is ebbing fast,
My heart outlives its joy;
And soon will come the scythe-winged blast
That hastens to destroy.

But spring will soon restore each leaf;
The flowers will smile again,
And earth forget her transient grief
In summer's gentle reign:
So may my heart to heavenly towers
The grave-gloom spring above;
And roam, 'mid joy's delicious flowers,
With *thee* in endless love.

THE SETTLER'S SONG.

BY A SCOTCHMAN AND A SOLDIER.

The Moon was up, the forest trees
Bent lightly to the gentle breeze.
It was a sweet, romantic spot,
The glen where stood old Simon's cot:
There, while I musing trudg'd along,
I paus'd to hear the settler's song,
Who was a poet in his way,
And had compos'd this simple lay.

"There's ae sweet spot I lang to see—
A bonny, simple, hamely spot—
An' oh! it's very dear to me,
An' aften am I thinkin' o't;
For though I've been sae lang awa'
That now my locks are growin' gray,
My early hame, that humble ha',
I min' as weel as yesterday.

"Its snaw-white wa's, amang the knowes,
Look'd aye sae cozie, neat, an' clean;
Enchanting were its fairy howes,
Its siller burn, an' flow'ry green;
An' though that splendour hadna lent
Her gaudy han' to mak' it braw,
The happiest o' my days were spent
Beneath its humble roof o' straw.

"'Twas there affection sweet an' mild,
Spak' kindly frae a mither's e'e;
A father on his bairnies smil'd,—
A kinder father couldna be;
A brither and a sister dear
Shar'd a' my little joys an' waes,—
Where'er I stray'd they still were near,
Beside the burn or 'mang the braes.

"Our simple joys an' blameless mirth
Kenn'd little o' remorse or care;
Contentment smil'd around our hearth,
An' crown'd ilk earthly comfort there;
An' if we couldna boast o' wealth,
'Neath poverty we didna mourn;
We had that best o' blessings, health,
An' gear enough to do our turn.

"At times our labour might be hard,
But aft it was a sweet employ;
Each season had its ain reward,
An' brought to us a feast o' joy.
When Spring cam' smilin' up the glen,
Like bloomin' maid in flow'ry claes,
O! how the young heart bounded then
To meet her on the sunny braes.

"Soon as the laverock soaring rose,
An' offer'd up his morning lay,
Nature awoke frae sweet repose,
An' welcom'd in the vernal day;
The lammies rac'd alang the plain,
Where daisies grew beneath their feet;
The linties warbl'd o'er their strain,
In melodies sae mild an' sweet;

"The blackbird's rich an' mellow voice
Swell'd through the hollow, bushy glen;
The mavis seem'd to say, 'Rejoice,
For bonny Spring is come again';
The ploughman whistl'd at his toil;
The milkmaid charm'd him wi' her sang;
While rural pleasure, wi' a smile,
Invited love to join the thrang.

"When darkness spreads the veil o' night,
An' busy fancy rules the min',
In dreams I visit wi' delight
The fav'rite scenes o' auld langsyne:
I see the hills an' heather blue,
The broomy knowes an' flow'ry braes,
Where closely pass me in review
The dear, lov'd freens o' ither days.

"I aften meet the happy thrang
Wha to the parish church repair,
An' join them in the sacred sang
That sweetly fills the house o' prayer.
The shiftin' scene will change anew:
I weep beside a mither's grave;
Or partin' freens have said 'Adieu,'
An' I am on the Western wave.

"Is there a man on this broad earth
Wi' heart o' ice an' soul sae chill,
Wha can forget his place o' birth;
Its scenes o' river, vale, an' hill;
The cot where first a father smil'd,
Where last he saw a mither's tear;
The freens wha lov'd him when a child;
An' a' that mak's ane's country dear!

"If such were found amang our race,
The Indian savage, fierce an' wild,
Would shun an' mark him wi' disgrace,
Nor Nature own him as her child.
However far in youth we roam
O'er foreign shore, o'er foreign wave,
In after years we sigh for home,
If only but to find a grave.

"O! but I lang to see ance mair
The spot where stood my early hame,
Although I'd be a stranger there,
Wi' few to recollect my name;
To muse in solitude a while,
An' drop affection's holy tear,
Close by yon auld cathedral pile,
Where rest the freens I lov'd sae dear."

The simple laureate of the glen,
Whose years might be three score and ten,
Had left his country when a child,
And settled in the forest wild;
There, with his skill and active toil,
Had made the lonely desert smile—
For far and near, as could be seen,
His fields were dress'd in richest green—
And plenty fill'd his ample store,—
The old man scarcely wish'd for more,
But oft he sigh'd, in mem'ry's dream,
For Scotland and his early hame.

THE CIRCASSIAN LOVERS.

A STORY OF RUSSIAN TYRANNY.

"I HAVE not a kopeck, and Jamesa is on the hills," said old Zoe, as she wrung her hands and rocked her head from side to side, and looked at the Russian tax-gatherer in unutterable suffering and perplexity.

"You have robes in the guest-house, and there are two mares with their foals in the paddock yonder," answered a surly, insolent-looking soldier, perfectly indifferent to Zoe's wailing; "so we won't trouble your coffers, nor wait for Jamesa's return."

"The tribute is only two sheep in the score, or a money equivalent," said the old woman quickly; "you would not surely take the horse creatures and the furniture of the divan for what Jamesa's tribute comes to?"

"The transfer is to Jamesa's advantage," said the official, coolly; "you see he has a hundred score of sheep, which makes him owe the emperor ten score; mutton, horns, and wool. Money is heavy, especially the price of ten score of sheep in kopecks, so that we would be burdened with its weight to Kleti, or retarded in the valleys by the slow pace of the ewes and lambs. But the mares will carry both us and the clothes, and Jamesa can borrow more if he needs them."

"One hundred score of sheep!" exclaimed Zoe, rocking backward and forward, and turning her eyes upward as she clasped her hands together convulsively; "oh, the consciences of these Russians! the poor youth has scarcely five score, and yet they make his absence a pretext to rob him of his only wealth—his horses and his robes."

"Take care that we do not take your ears with us, you Tcherkessian rebel," said the Russian, as with the utmost coolness he began to collect the robes and arms which were suspended from the long ox-horns that garnished the walls of Jamesa's lodge. "Ay, and put a bridle on your tongue, lest we be constrained to cut it from your head, and give it to the dogs to eat."

Zoe looked at the stony agent of the czar with astonishment, and fear that he would carry his threat into execution kept her silent for a few seconds; but she saw him, without the least compunction, take possession of all her own and Jamesa's garments; she heard him order his subordinates to catch the mares which grazed in the beautiful paddock which Jamesa had fenced for them; and, being a woman of generous sympathies and a goodly proportion of the chivalry of her sex, she forgot all her hazards, and opened the battery of her voice and wrath upon the brutal tribute-gatherer. "You have built your forts and lodges at Kleti and Anapa," she cried, "and you have made yourselves masters of Nefil and Vastoghai; you say that you have come to protect us and to be our friends—such friends as the eagles of Noghai Huskha are to the lambs of Elbruz, or your red-haired tribe proved to the cringing Mengrelians; you are robbers and cowards, for you dare not go into the mountains of Notwatsh to meet the men of Circassia, but you crawl tremblingly through the valleys and rob from women and children.'

"Peace, hag!" exclaimed the passionate Russ, as he sprung upon the excited old woman and caught her by the throat; "I will crush thy venomous spirit out of thy mouth if thou sayest another word."

"And I will trample thy cowardly one from all thy body, thou wretch!" exclaimed Jamesa, as he bounded into his lodge, caught the Russian in his arms, and throwing him on the ground, placed his foot upon his neck.

You would have gone to many councils on the hills, and to many harvest-feasts upon the plains of Circassia, before you would have beheld a nobler looking youth than Jamesa; yet there was something anomalous in his character after all. Eight and twenty glowing summers and an equal number of cold winters had passed over the head of the young man, and although few in the valley or on the mountains of Nefil could manage the steed or use the rifle with him, he had never been an active or prominent agent in the wars. He lived close upon the Kuban, and had often been the victim of plunder and destruction, but he seemed to possess a patience superior to Russian malignity, and an attachment to his native home which was strong enough to outlive his possession of one blade of its grass. His father had been slain by a band of soldiers from Kleti; his aged mother had died from exposure

on a winter night, when all the villages of Nefil were razed and burned down by the same agency; and his brothers had gone to the south to fight against the hated Moscovs; but Jamesa had again and again repaired his ruined home, collected a few sheep, and with old Zoe and a few shilts of his tribe he was still content to dwell in Nefil. The face of Jamesa was peculiarly soft, and his features wore an expression of composure which some people might have construed into an indication of either indecision or insensibility, yet he wore his little round sheepskin cap rather jauntily, and his tunic and wide brown trousers were so fashioned as to show off to the best advantage his tall and handsome form. He was spare but muscular, and few could wrestle with him or carry such a load of wood from the hills of Vastoghai; yet he was so modest and so retiring that the young maidens laughed at him, and the young men pretended to pity him as they called him a soulless fellow. But Wusu, the Snowflake, who dwelt in the valley of Vastoghai with her little brother Ozban, the Storm, knew that Jamesa had a heart full of strong and warm attachments; and the Russian, who lay beneath his feet, felt that he was a man of fierce energy and reckless courage when roused.

"You are a coward," said Jamesa at last, addressing the prostrate soldier, while an expression of the direst contempt overspread his flushed face; "I dishonour the foot of a brave man by defiling it with the contagion of thy body. Rise!" The Russian gathered himself to his feet at the authoritative mandate, and looking furtively around him and then timidly at Jamesa, whose scimitar was in his hand, he awaited his sentence in silence.

"Go tell thy master at Kleti," said the angry mountaineer, "that he is a thief, and that thou art his brother. I have never paid tribute, I will never pay tribute; and now I am determined to exact restitution for the losses which I have already borne through you and your robber master. You will find your subalterns on the march to Kleti, with a Circassian escort with them; go, and be thankful that you do so, if not in peace, at least in safety."

That evening the flocks, steeds, goods, and few retainers who dwelt in Nefil with their poor vork Jamesa, were all on their way to the deep defiles and rocky barriers of the southern mountains, for well did Jamesa know, when his fit of passion had subsided, that the vengeance of the commandant was as certain as it would be speedy. His herdsmen and friends had set upon a party of the representatives of the czar and had driven them away, and he himself had violently assaulted their leader; so that when the fugitive Tcherkesses looked back from the hills to the valleys, and saw the flames of their blazing homes rise high and wildly in the bosom of the night, they sighed, but they were not surprised.

The spell that had so long bound Jamesa to his native valley had neither been weakened nor removed, though his connexion with it was ruptured at last; and though his passions had caused him to forsake his home, his prudence, while it counselled flight, almost censured his precipitancy.

To those cognizant of Circassian customs and education, Jamesa's celibacy and pertinacious adhesiveness to locality will not appear strange. He had whispered to Wusu, who of course was of a stranger fraternity, that he would make for her a bower of myrtle and hawthorn in Nefil, and that fifty sheep and oxen would scarcely pay her ransom, while a horse would not be able to carry the stuffs which he would present to the pshes and vorks of Vastoghai when he took her home. Wusu had smiled when the bashful Jamesa had made his profers, but it was not in scorn; fifty sheep and oxen, with cloths of Stamboul, and two steeds of Arabistan, were a splendid estimate of the value of the daughter of a vork; so that Wusu was proud to be so highly esteemed, and she pledged her word on the purity of her name, to wed no other man save Jamesa. The course of true love, like the course of everything else but rapine, and oppression, and desolation, was disturbed by Russian influence, and Jamesa was fated to find a horde of invaders time after time, spoil his home, dash the cup of hope repeatedly from his lips, and leave him too often a poor and almost hopeless lover. But Wusu, instead of fretting, rather the more admired the constancy of Jamesa for his trials, and if it had been seemly in a maiden of her caste to have told him so, and of him to have taken a wife from her kindred without an equivalent, she would have shared his lodge and poverty, and would have sung to him until she had dispelled every frown from his soft and handsome but sometimes gloomy face.

The fort of Kleti stands by the waters of the Kuban, a few miles above its junction with the lake Keziltash, which is, properly speaking, a portion of the Black Sea. Around this embattled fort the homes of colonists, traders, and speculators had been built, transforming the meadow upon which it stood into a busy little town, and rendering it an important entrepot for the merchandise brought from the southern provinces of Russia to the fort and settlement of Kopil, and then conveyed across the Kuban for sale at the fairs which were often held in the

subdued valleys of northern Circassia. One of the richest and most important personages whom the czar's protection and encouragement had induced to build their homes at Kleti was Hamed, a Turk, who had fled from Constantinople to save his neck from a bowstring and his carcass from a sack, but who, contriving to bring with him a goodly purse of gold, traded in salt and manufactured goods, and lived, if not in safety, at least without the dread of any one save the dauntless Tcherkesses. The commander or governor of Kleti was one of those needy unscrupulous wretches who almost universally constitute the agents of the emperor; uncertain of the tenor of his office, and fearful lest he should be superseded before he became rich, he robbed and plundered the flocks and herds of the mountaineers with insatiable rapacity, and seizing upon the maidens and youths, sold them, through Hamed's agency, to the Turkish smugglers who landed goods on the Circassian coast, despite the ukase of Nicholas and the lubberly look-out of his fleet. Nirkoff received a consideration for shutting his eyes to the trade of the Moslems, and he found in them willing agents when he had fair young Circassians to send to the market at Stamboul, so that, instead of acting for his government, he acted, no matter whether wisely or well, very diligently and undividedly for himself.

"Jamesa has rebelled at last, has he?" cried Nirkoff, with a sneer, as the discomfited party told their tale; "and he has called me thief, and threatened me, has he? ha, ha! the silly coward that he is, does he think that I do not know how to tame him? Go, Warok, take a hundred men, burn the hogsties of Nefil, and as the valley of Vastoghai has several surplus damsels, in consequence of their mates swallowing Russian musket-balls, bring a few hither, especially that Wusu, whom fame reports so beautiful."

The valley of Vastoghai was attacked that evening, when all the people who dwelt in it had sunk to sleep, and Wusu and several others were captured. In the confusion and noise of the evening attack Ozban contrived to escape; he was either too young to think of rescuing his sister, or he was prudent enough to subdue his desire to attempt doing so. He saw Wusu, however, mounted before a man whom he suspected by his dress to be Hamed, and following the robbers with all the speed and energy of a young mountaineer, he beheld a portion of the prisoners lodged in the fort of Kleti, while several of the most beautiful maidens, among whom was Wusu, were conveyed to the house of Hamed—the former to be sent across the Kuban as an evidence of the vigilance and honesty of the commandant, Nirkoff; the latter to await the felucca of the Turkish contrabandists, that they might be sold for his particular advantage. Ozban turned his face towards the south-east, and with the speed of the antelope made for the nearest friendly village; the horses, heavily clogged, were grazing in the little enclosure, and he without hesitation caught and mounted one of the fleetest. Agitated with fear, and almost beside himself concerning the abduction and destiny intended for his sister, he urged the horse to its utmost speed, and dashed onward like the storm, from which he derived his name, for the home of Jamesa in Nefil. There he was greeted by sable desolation and the silence of death; ruin had preceded him to the pastoral home of his friend, and he looked around in bewilderment on smouldering ashes where he had hoped to find sympathy and succour. "Whether shall I turn?" exclaimed the agitated boy, in tones of eager expectancy; "where can Jamesa have gone?" The steed, that had stood with its head inclined towards the earth for some time, at this instant suddenly tossed its forelock on high and pricked up its ears, and as Ozban bent on the sagacious creature's neck and listened, he heard the cadence of one of the war-songs of his people come pealing on the night breeze from the mountains. A tremor passed over the frame of the youth, as if he had been electrified, when the deep tones of the warriors, mellowed by distance, fell upon his ear; and then his eyes shone like the stars above him when his sense resolved the meaning of the sound, and shouting, "Sons of the Adijhe, flash your red sabres in the faces of the trembling Moscovs!" he struck the gallant horse, and, scouring up the valley, boldly approached the fastness of the mountains. In a comparatively short period the boy Ozban stood amongst a group of his manly and picturesque countrymen. A fire, supplied by withered shrubs and fragments of decayed ash boughs, threw a strong and flickering light upon the tall athletic men who bivouacked around it, revealing the diverse colours of their picturesque garments and the character of their arms, while it exaggerated into gigantic proportions their reclining or flitting forms. Several of the shepherds who had escaped from the sack of the Vastoghai were already here, muttering vengeance on Nirkoff and his myrmidons, and inflaming the wrath of their compatriots with recitations of their fathers' wrongs and of their deeds of retaliation; but Ozban passed them all without noticing any of them, and placed himself silently beside Jamesa, who sat upon a rock with his hand supporting his head. "You know it,

Jamesa," said the boy, in the ear of the warrior.

"Ozban, son of Mafoo, and brother of the Snowflake," whispered Jamesa, without altering his position, "tell me where they have imprisoned thy sister?"

"In the house of the Moslem who sells salt and cloth to the Tcherkesses on the Kuban and who sends our brothers and sisters to be slaves at Stamboul," answered the boy, in the same suppressed tone.

It is only when the cold and obdurate pebble is struck by some hard antagonistic substance that the fire-flashes of its essence sparkle forth to illume its own nature, and to rouse the wonder of those who had never dreamed of the light and heat that were hidden beneath its lustreless surface. Jamesa, the cold and phlegmatic; he who in derision had been called by his comrades the "tame;" he who had suffered and plodded on in his hopeless existence as a shepherd, had suddenly become transformed in nature. He rose from his recumbent position, and drew his tall form up to its full height with a dignity and look of firmness that impressed his companions with wonder. A steel plated casque covered his head instead of his sheepskin shako; hazirs, or steel tubes full of powder, were arranged upon his breast; a chain corslet supplied the place of his tunic of linseywolsey, and stockings of brown wool fitted tightly to his spare but muscular limbs; a long carbine was slung upon his left shoulder, and in his belt were his bent scimitar and dagger.

"Brothers," he said, "I have slept too long in the valley while the Moscovs were crushing my people; I am awake now, however, and Nirkoff must know of it. Rouse the Tcherkesses of the mountains, and meet me two nights hence at the grave of fair-haired Ardan, who sleeps by the ruined church on the borders of the Lake Keziltash. I am the son of Indar-Oku, and I feel my father speaking in me at last."

"At the grave of Ardan, and with well-tempered swords, we will meet you," responded all the warriors simultaneously; then they drew their swords, kissed them, and looking upward again, sheathed their gleaming weapons and settled into silence.

Next morning a poor Circassian lad, lame and ragged, but with an eye that belied the assumed stupidity of his countenance, limped through the little settlement of Kleti. A rope of plaited grass was slung over his shoulder, and two little baskets full of trout were suspended upon it, one hanging behind, the other before him. He was a handsome athletic boy, and would have brought a goodly price at Stamboul, but his left leg was a bad match to its dexter companion, and a rude crutch had to assist him in his locomotion, so that Hamed and Nirkoff would have wasted little upon a slave so useless save the stroke of a knife or a bullet perhaps. "Buy my mountain trout, brave Russians," cried the boy, in discordant querulous tones; "oh, give a few kopecks to the poor lame Tcherkess!" The indifferent looks that were thrown upon him by the lazy military, who began to saunter about the alleys of the irregularly constructed town, and the careless glances that were cast upon him by the civilians, showed that his presence created neither pity nor wonder. He kept bawling his merchandise, however, and limping onward, till he arrived at the door of Hamed's dwelling, where sitting down as if greatly fatigued with walking, he shouted more loudly than before, "Buy my mountain trout."

"Go away, you lazy fish-seller," exclaimed an old woman, opening the door and eyeing the boy angrily; "go away to the fort and don't disturb people; General Nirkoff will [illegible] your trout and pay you handsomely for them."

"Ah, madam," said the boy, softly, "I am weary, and the fort is distant. General Nirkoff might pay me handsomely," he continued, looking timidly up, and modulating his tones to the softest and most deferential cadence they could assume; "but he is not so good a judge of trout as thou art, I am certain; nor would his handsome payment equal the handsome hand that will dole me a few kopecks for this, and this, and this."

As he spoke, the face of the duenna relaxed into a smile, and when he drew out the silvery fishes and laid them out before her eyes, she quickly lifted them up, beckoned him into the house, and closed the door.

"Lady," said the child, hesitatingly, after he had been seated a few seconds, and had looked indifferently around him; "now I bethink me, I will not take money for the trouts. Will you fill one of my baskets with Stamboul salt, and all my fishes shall be thine? They have none in the valleys to the east."

"Alack, my dear," said the garrulous dame, in affected sorrow, "how unlucky! I have not a pile till to-night."

"Then I will come for it to-morrow," said the lad, quickly.

"Not for two days," said the old dame, in a whisper. "Rameth lands his cargo to-night, one hour after sundown, by the fane of Keziltash, and he departs not till the same hour to-morrow night, with the felucca and the slaves; so let it be two days before thou comest."

"Ah! mother, how happy they are that are handsome enough to be taken to beautiful Stamboul, where the streets are strewed with gold and diamonds," said the boy, in affected wonder. "Ah, how happy they must be who are taken there!"

The old crone laughed, patted him on the head, and called him a silly child; then lowering her voice, she said, in low rapid tones, as if afraid to be heard—"Ay, boy, there is a girl in the harem of Hamed who might grace the seraglio of the Grand Turk. Nirkoff asks two thousand dollars for her, and Hamed has paid the money; she will be a bargain at four thousand, and Rameth will take her away and bring back that sum for her, or I am no judge of beauty."

"Well, mother, I will come in two days for the salt," said the boy, rising quickly.

"In two days, my little man;" and she opened the door cautiously, gave egress to the fish-seller, and then quickly shut it behind him.

Next evening, the moonbeams were streaming through the broken crumbling walls of the ruin which stood upon the borders of the lake. It had been built, according to tradition, by a colony of Armenians, who had fled from Turkish oppression, and had settled upon this spot, and traded with the Tartars of Crimea. They had been extirpated, however, by a band of mountaineers from Notwatsh, whose chief, "the fair-haired Ardan," had fallen in the attack, and from that circumstance the spot had become classic ground to the tradition-loving Circassians. The walls of the building had crumbled to within a very few feet of the ground, and the trees and shrubs that clung around it and curtained its little subterranean cells invested the ruin with a dull sepulchral aspect which awed even the smugglers, as they hid their contraband goods within its dark cavernous shades.

It was to this ruin that Jamesa led his band; for the information which Ozban had received while disguised as a fish-seller, pointed it out as the rendezvous of the agents of Nirkoff and Hamed. The eager and courageous Circassians had not lain long concealed amongst the underwood which grew so plentifully around the solitary pile, when the sound of voices was heard, and two poplars that seemed to grow on the very verge of the water moved slowly from their places, disclosing to the cautious Jamesa the disguised masts of a felucca, which now sought a convenient place for the embarkation of passengers. The Turkish mariners busied themselves in arranging the cordage and sails of their little vessel, and seemed quite indifferent to everything else, even to the conversation of Rameth and Hamed, who, each holding a band of Wusu, were absorbed in the discussion of their own speculations. Hamed and Rameth were men of widely dissimilar temperaments, and it was easily to be observed that in physical strength and activity there was a great disparity between them. The agent was muscular, prompt, and cruel; the seaman was of a phlegmatic cast of the body, and of a slow turn of mind; yet he was prudent and doggedly brave, and in his nefarious and hazardous calling he had acquired the fame of unimpeachable integrity.

"You will bring me her worth in brown silk and gold and silver lace," said Hamed; "for I sell most of these to her finery-loving sisters on the mountains."

"Three thousand dollars worth is all I will promise thee, Hamed," replied the other, slowly. "The risk of running here is greater than it used to be, you see, and the blockade is stricter; and another thing, the Franks are persuading the vicegerent of the prophet that this traffic—this selling of infidels is sinful."

"Bah! Rameth, you are growing covetous as you are growing old," answered Hamed quickly. "You will gain a thousand dollars by the maiden at my price, so let us say four thousand."

Rameth was in the act of shaking his head in contradiction to this appeal, when he suddenly uttered a scream, sprung up into the air, and then fell dead at the feet of Wusu. The sharp reports of the Circassian rifles now mingled with the shouts of those who plied them; but as Jamesa sprung sword in hand towards Hamed, no one of his companions followed him, for Hamed was the only one, save Wusu, that the ambuscade had left alive. The maiden had been a shield to the Turkish agent, and he knew this well as he clasped her in his arms, and hurried with her into the skiff. He had been spared the contents of a rifle, not that he might be taken alive, but lest harm should come to the girl, whom he threw violently into the bottom of the bark, and pushed vigorously out from the shore. Hamed was strong, and possessed of that quality of brute courage which becomes a passion in meanly selfish minds when it is called into action by the desire to defend what they esteem their property. To lose Wusu was to lose his wealth, which he valued as his life, and only in parting life would he part with his slave.

Jamesa, his equal in daring and physical strength, was impelled to rescue Wusu by one of the strongest of human incentives; so that, when Hamed pushed off from the shore, the lover holding his scimitar with his teeth, dashed into

the water, and swam rapidly after the fugitive Turk. It was but a few moments and the Circassian's left hand was upon the stern of the boat, while the sword of the implacable Hamed flashed in the moonbeams over his head. The captive maiden beheld the movements of the agent with a beating heart, for well did she know whose was the hand that grasped the bows of the bark. But she was a Circassian, who had lived too much a life of troublous action to be paralysed by the imminency of Jamesa's danger; so springing upon Hamed, she pushed him aside, and allowed her lover time to pull himself on board. The Turk recoiled before the impetuous onset of the girl, and almost fell as he placed his foot upon the corpse of one of the boatmen. But he recovered himself in a moment; his keen blade flashed in the broken rays of the moon for an instant, and then the headless trunk of Wusu sank with extended arms towards Jamesa. Uttering a cry of horror and agony, the mountaineer sprang like a tiger upon the merchant, who, laughing in derision, leaped into the sea. For some time there was a wild commotion of the waters around the rocking vessel, a fearful muttering and gurgling sound, and then the Circassian, throwing himself into the skiff, and dragging the body of Hamed behind him, pushed the boat with its bloody freight towards the shore.

The girl's corpse was conveyed to the mountains, and buried according to the forms and amid the silence of her people. There was not a tear shed as the flowers were showered upon her grave, nor was the voice of a warrior heard to bemoan her fate; but Jamesa and Ozban grasped each other's hands over her green narrow couch, and vowed that they would never live at peace with Turk or Moscov more.

These are no imaginative details of Russian turpitude and Circassian suffering; they are but faint shadows of barbaric aggression, and that reaction which cruelty and injustice educe from rude primitive natures. Jamesa and Ozban have driven their foaming steeds into the very hearts of the czar's ranks, and shouted the name of Wusu a hundred times in Russian fort and village; and the settlements on the Kuban know no more fearless freebooters nor more terrible warriors than the son of Indar-Oku and the Storm, who are always seen side by side upon steeds of the jettiest hue, frightening the boors during the hay-harvest, and cutting down the soldiers who are sent to protect them. Oh, war and slavery! who can tell how many warm and generous natures ye have perverted, and how many bright and glowing spirits ye have blighted and cooled! Must the rocks of the Caucasus ever echo the shout of battle, and its green valleys, so formed for temples of peace, ever be desolated and deserted, that the wolf of St. Petersburg may satisfy his lust of power and batten on the bones of liberty? Must the poor weary Tcherkesses, who have flashed the red scimitar for a hundred years, never know "how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who bring glad tidings of peace?"

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. R. L. LUSHER.

BY L. L.

Has the arrow of death found its way to thy heart,
And the life-blood congealed in the fount where it rose?
Oh! if talent or worth might foil death's poisoned dart,
Thou had'st not been laid where his victims repose.

If the grave's gloomy sovereign extending his sway,
Can linger to triumph o'er conquest achieved;
Well might the grim tyrant with thee for a prey,
Exult o'er the tribute his prowess received.

Must I think of thee now, as the guest of the tomb,
Pale captive consigned to that dreary abode;
No! for faith sheds a light on the depth of its gloom,
And shews me that thou art at home with thy God.

I'll think of thee now, 'mid the glorified throng,
I see thee in silence, extatic, adored;
I hear thee, the song of the ransom'd prolong:—
Unto Him who has loved us, be praise evermore.

Yet fond recollection will often restore thee,
Meek pastor, fulfilling thy errand of love;
Oh! in heaven-taught eloquence, few were before thee,
When teaching the way to the kingdom above.

I'll remember thee still, as the brightest and best,
And when life's pulse shall cease, and this spirit be free;
If permitted to enter the home of the blest,
Methinks, that with rapture, again I'll meet thee.

Three Rivers, September, 1849.

THE QUEEN AT EU.

What echoes hither from my home? The roar
Of navies, prelude to a noble scene!
The Deep exults aloud! for England's Queen
Is out upon her waves, that never bore
A richer burden to the Norman shore;
Where Albion's royal flag—how often seen
Waving a sign of terror! floats serene
O'er our White Rose, beside the Tricolor.
—Well may'st thou boast, gray King! to harbour now
This Sovereign Flower:—nor deem she only wears
Fresh womanhood, and state, and wide command;
For England's very heart, and pride, and prayers,
Rest like a glory on that fair young brow—
The Cynosure of Earth descends to bless thy hand!

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SUSAN ANSTEY.*

BY H. B. M.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DWELLING ON THE HILL.

We are now—about a week after the cotton riots mentioned in the last chapter—in view of the dwelling of Miss Wilmorth—a handsome white villa, situated on a high hill, rising nearly perpendicularly above the river. It is a transparent autumnal afternoon, and two ladies are seated in the portico of the mansion, under the shadows of rose trees and shumarchs, which bathed them in a delightful coolness. One was old, the other young; but from the remarkable likeness between them, one could not fail to detect at a glance, mother and daughter. Alike, yet so unlike:—the features of the face and outlines of the figure so exactly similar, yet the impression which each conveyed upon an observer, and consequent idea remaining on his mind of their respective characters, so entirely different. We cannot profess much faith in the usual favorite methods of judging human character at sight by certain external indications. Phrenology, in all civilized communities, has been "used up" many years ago, and so completely laughed out of countenance by the scientific world, and those who have the best right to lead public opinion in such matters, that we are disposed to regard its prevalence in certain provincial circles, as rather a suspicious indication with respect to our progress in the forward march of intellect. It is one of the far-off recollections of our very early days, to see gentlemen with shorn foreheads looking very wise in the examination of surrounding heads, and corresponding display of their own; and we were certainly not a little surprised to see lately a Canadian statement of the old worn out theorems and dogmas of Gall and Spurzheim advanced with as much gravity and appearance of originality, as if the expositor were entitled to the credit of some new and startling discovery. We have little less charity for physiognomy, that is after the Lavater method, where a certain fashioning of the nose indicates a certain fashioning of the intellect; or the form of the lips and chin a corresponding configuration of the heart and affections. The idea of taking the dimensions of a human soul, that mysterious and unfathomable essence, created in the image of the Infinite, fashioned for immortality, and with thoughts that wander through eternity—the idea of taking *its* dimensions by lines and inches of certain craniological instruments, appears to us as pathetic and pitiable a thing as was ever perpetrated in the whole history of quackery and folly. But that there is a world of meaning in *expression*, to indicate character, we have little doubt. Certain passions and states of feeling have corresponding expressions of the countenance, of the powerful and speaking effects of which all those who have witnessed good theatrical representations are well aware. The peculiar emotions and conditions of mind most prevalent in the character of an individual must thus communicate the corresponding habitual expression to the features. Hence we have what is named an intellectual expression, a sweet expression, or the contrary; and which those who are skilful in the observation of such things are so seldom liable to misapprehend. And a first glance is the most favourable for attaining a correct judgment—the mind of the observer then being unbiassed by any previous impression, or familiarity with the features of the individual. I know an intelligent person who tells me he usually forms an impression of a character thus at first sight; and so correct does he generally find this primary idea, that if disposed to alter it, and imagine himself mistaken on a slight and partial knowledge of the person, he unfailingly, after a more thorough acquaintance, finds a return to his original impression necessary. But besides this habitual expression conveyed to a countenance from its habitual emotions, there is, I am inclined to think, something in the manner, general cast of the features, particularly the eyes, not less acquired than natural, which indicates the peculiar spiritual condition of a person, but which is to be judged of rather by the impression it conveys, than by any rules, such as the phrenological, laid down regarding it. Indeed, from its peculiarly subtle nature, it precludes all rules, and is perhaps even more to be *felt* than in so many words described. Why a certain place is pleasing or displeasing to you, perhaps you could not tell. Why in one eye there is a world of intelli-

* Continued from page 374.

gence and sweetness, and in another the contrary, you can by no means account for; independent as it is of form, colour, or the more arbitrary characteristics of beauty. But that the countenance is the mirror of the soul, who will deny?—and that, by means of it, spirit reveals itself to spirit, in a manner not the less real and truthful, because perhaps too mysteriously, to be accurately described.

Now as all this digression was indulged in, for the purpose of showing how Miss Wilmorth and her mother resembled each other so strongly, yet the impression which each conveyed was so entirely opposite. So striking indeed was this resemblance, that one might have fancied the latter was the former grown old. Both handsome, with the same regularity of features, and fine dark grey eyes, you wondered when you gazed, why you felt so differently affected to each. The face of the daughter was full of sensibility, candour and affection, with that colourlessness of complexion not so much paleness as purity,—"*non è palidezza ma candore*,"—which is calculated to reflect every shade of feeling. It exhibited but one blemish, less perhaps a blemish than a marvel, in one so young; namely a slight cast of melancholy, which was the prevalent expression of her features when in repose, and which she was always ready to assume except when under the excitement of conversation or amusement. Except that her habitual cheerfulness and animated flow of spirits forbade the idea, one would have imagined her to be a person under the influence of some secret sorrow. The mother had no touch of melancholy—there was scarcely enough of softness in her for that; but she had a hard, cold, unhappy eye, which besides possessed that disagreeable furtive peculiarity, commonly ascribed as the characteristic of an evil conscience—that of never being able to meet the eye of another, or look a fellow creature steadily in the face. She had a restless fire in those eyes of her's, in strange contrast to the placidity of her daughter's, which gave one an idea of a predisposition to insanity. Flurried and nervous, she seemed ill at ease in conversation, and sometimes gave evidence of a mind wandering elsewhere than on the subject presented to her attention. In short, in associating with her one remained in that uncertain and uneasy state, as in the presence of one with whom there was connected some mystery, and which we *felt* rather than could divine. Yet was there one amiable trait which every one could not fail to recognise; that was her affection for her daughter, beyond even the proverbial intensity of a mother's. It was almost painful to behold; she could scarcely bear her out of her sight. Every change of the other's countenance was reflected in hers, and that with a delicacy and abandonment of self, more believed of a lover's than of any other's sentiment; as if her interest could be obtrusive, or her affection, in its great strength, burdensome to the other.

"I am glad," said she, in continuation of a conversation they had just been pursuing, "I am glad you are not going to leave me next week, though I could say nothing against such a short visit."

"I invited Miss Anstey, you know, and could not go. But why not have told me you did not wish it—you know I feel happier nowhere than at home."

"That will not do though," said Mrs. Wilmorth; "I feel that I tax your youth too much for the sake of my own heart's loneliness, when it should be basking in more genial companionship; for this reason I wish you oftener away, love, than you care to leave me; and yet when you are gone I have a thousand fears that you are hurt, or ill, or unhappy; and what should I do in losing you? you are all I have in the world."

"To feel thus, dear mother," said Annie, "and turn our love into an occasion of anxiety and trouble, is like extracting gall and worm-wood from the flowers of God's sweetest blessings."

A scornful incredulous smile passed over the features of the woman at this speech.

"Perhaps it is better she should think thus," muttered she; "I have gained little by the wisdom of my philosophy."

"What do you say, mother?" enquired Annie.

"Only thinking what sad helpless puppets we are, and that our joys and our griefs are so little in our own power."

"Heaven is over all, mother, and dispenses them to us better than we could allot for ourselves."

"Oh! yes," returned she; "let us receive these dispensations as they fall. We feel that there is a fate in all things. Even I deny not that; though the thought is poor consolation in the anticipation of those misfortunes which we are so sensitive to feel, yet so powerless to avert."

"It were wrong to anticipate, mother; we should be prepared for sorrows, not anticipate them."

"Fate is officious in that way sometimes. To some eyes she casts her shadows before; and, do you know, I think we are sometimes endowed with a supernatural foresight, as concerns those objects which are dearest to us." The woman's eyes began to assume a strange expression, but Annie appeared in no way surprised, perhaps she was accustomed to such sallies. "What,"

continued she, "if in those presentiments which I have so seldom known to fail—in those warning midnight sounds which fall so ominously on our ear, when material life is wrapped in the silence of sleep—in these somnambulistic visions so alien from our ordinary dreams, when the eye of the inner life looks abroad upon the unseen world—what if there be but a momentary lifting up of that curtain which conceals the spectacle of the future, in its everlasting circuit of arrangements, though with mechanism concealed from us—no less painted by fingers of Destiny than the Drama of the Past. I am led to this," she continued, "by another of those strange dreams of mine I can relate to you, and which leave so deep an impression. Methinks the very depth of the impression is an indication of their importance."

"It is now my turn to foretell," said Annie laughingly. "I can foretell that the dream is about me,—it is so natural."

"You are right, love! Whom should I think of, or dream of, but you? But it was very strange. I thought I saw you asleep in the arm-chair in your room. It was drawn close to the window near the flower-stand where you keep your plants. I watched you for a little, and, by degrees, the impression came over me that it was the strangest sort of sleep I had ever seen. Your face grew every moment more colourless, your features more fixed, and, oh! fate, I thought you were dying. To fly to you was impossible, for I felt enchained as if by a spell. On looking round piteously for help, I saw, what I had not noticed till now, a female—and if I should see her face a thousand years hence I should recognize it—standing in a fold of the window-curtain, with her eyes fastened upon you like those of a snake; and I thought that it was by means of some magnetic and mysterious influence thus exerted upon you, that you were thrown into this horrible condition. Methought that her purpose was to seize that beautiful, rare rose-tree on your window, which you love so much; and that she was exerting this influence upon your faculties in order to effect her purpose. Making sad supplications for her to desist or withdraw, 'It is the flower of her life that I must, and will have,' said she; and at the same moment I remarked that you were stone-dead. Suddenly screaming, I awoke; and it was not till I had glided up to your bed-chamber and saw you in your ordinary, quiet, healthful sleep, that I felt totally re-assured."

They were here joined by an elderly gentleman, who had come by the road leading from the city, and greeted them with the warmth and familiarity proper either to relationship or great intimacy; probably the former, for there was certainly a resemblance, though slight, between him and Miss Wilmorth. He was a gentlemanly-looking person, tall and silver-haired, with an expression of mingled benevolence and sagacity.

"I have brought you a small packet to-day," said he, addressing himself to Miss Wilmorth. "It is a little present which I hope you may find profitable."

"You are always so kind, dear, good Mr. Harvey," said Annie, opening the parcel, which she found was an exceedingly handsome miniature pocket Bible, having written on the fly-leaf, "To Annie Wilmorth, from her friend Mr. Harvey."

Mrs. Wilmorth looked at it carelessly for a moment. "A beautiful *bijou!*" said she, and returned it to her daughter.

It was strange, the tenderness with which the old man regarded Annie, and the kindness with which he addressed her,—it was almost parental; but perhaps the natural manner of a benevolent old man to one so gentle and so good as Annie Wilmorth.

"I believe you expect visitors this afternoon," said he at length: never mind me,—I will go home. Of course, as usual, I don't care about being here."

"Yes, and here they are," exclaimed Annie, jumping up with animation, while Mr. Harvey instantly retreated in the direction of the town; "I hear a carriage coming."

In a few moments, Susan Anstey, accompanied by Mr. Underwood, alighted and mounted the steps of the portico. Mrs. Wilmorth was introduced to Miss Anstey, and received her with much courtesy.

"Beware!" whispered Mrs. Wilmorth to Annie, as the latter accompanied her guest to a disrobing chamber—"Beware! that is the face which I saw in my dream!"

CHAPTER VII.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

MISS ANSTEY found the family of her entertainers to consist of two persons, besides Annie Wilmorth—namely, her father and mother, the former of whom, however, she never saw. She remarked it as strange too, that the father was never mentioned; though Mr. Harvey was often spoken of. She noticed, however, a rather decrepid looking personage, frequently engaged in gardening operations; but taking him for the gardener, she never observed him particularly. One day, while sitting in the verandah with Annie, she saw him gathering fruit beneath a fine looking peach tree.

"Let us go," said she, "and get some peaches." To her surprise, Miss Wilmorth suddenly seized her arm, and led her off in another direction. She never saw the supposed gardener again.

On the fifth day after her arrival, when they had become very intimate, and very friendly—five days is a vast era in the date of a girl's friendship—Annie said that she had sent to invite some company for the evening; "And how," said she, "shall we amuse ourselves. Dancing is not orthodox—romping is vulgar—and to entrust you with a secret, the art of conversation is not a *forte* in these parts. What shall we do?"

"I suppose you will have no music again," rejoined Susan.

"Heaven forbid."

"Who are you going to have?"

"Oh! the Danneworth girls, and Mary Grey, and Miss Twankey, Sybella Boxer and young Towerlevin—they are engaged, it would not do to separate them—and all the *beaux* and all the *belles*—in short, all the old set."

"Surely, George Underwood?" said Miss Anstey.

"Oh! yes: surely he."

"Annie!" said Miss Anstey, and she looked at her friend with a soft timid gaze, that was peculiar to her. You will forgive me? I think I have made a discovery: you think oftener of George Underwood than comports with the tranquillity of a young maiden's heart! Am I not right?"

Miss Wilmorth made no reply, but blushed excessively:

"Enough of it for the present," said Susan, changing the subject, seeing that it pained her: "let us now take into contemplation this matter of amusement for the evening. Have you any good fortune tellers lying about?"

"Yes; but we are all sick of that."

"Suppose, then, we attempt some *tableaux vivants*."

"*Tableaux vivants!* a happy thought; and now, then, shall you and I set to work and compose them?"

"I—a poor unfertile brain?" said Susan; "positively, I do not know one that I can think of."

"Now that I recollect," said Miss Wilmorth, "there is a *portfolio* of drawings up stairs, somewhere, which will assist us materially. I have not seen them for some time, but we shall doubtless be able to discover them;" and she ran away in search of them.

After a considerable time of absence, she returned with the prize—a large, old fashioned portfolio, fastened by strong locked clasps.

"Here is a dilemma," said Miss Anstey; "there is no key—no! that would be too much to expect of the destinies, but I shall be a match for them," and seizing a penknife, she ripped up the leather back of the port-folio in an instant.

"What have we here?" said Miss Anstey, looking upon a set of beautiful sketches in oils and in chalk, and in every imaginable form, and which appeared to have been executed by an artist's hand. She was a little of a connoisseur, and gazed upon them with wonder and admiration.

"Have you seen any to suit us?" enquired Miss Wilmorth of Susan, who was for the present more engaged in thinking of their beauty, than of the purpose they were designed to serve.

"They are all so beautiful!" said she.

"You think so—they were done, I believe, by my father. He was a sort of an amateur artist in his youth, and travelled in foreign lands."

Miss Anstey stopped to think for an instant—it was the first time she had ever heard Annie talk of her father. After some time spent in consultation, they set apart seven or eight pictures to serve as copies for the *tableaux vivants*, and then occupied themselves in preparing the necessary costumes, till it was nearly time for their friends to arrive.

They began to appear about eight. It was a bright moonlight night, serenely sweet, after the fervour of a September day; and doors and windows opened, amid flowers, and in shrubberies, and in arbors, the guests wandered "at their own sweet will," diverting themselves, till it was time for the grand scene of the *tableaux* to open. Miss Wilmorth and Susan were, of course, to be the principal performers. "But who," said Miss Wilmorth, as they retired to robe themselves for the exhibition, "shall we choose for the third—there are three figures in all the pictures."

"Oh! somebody dark and tall, and fitted to masquerade as a man. Mary Danneworth will do." And the three slipped away, unobserved together.

Very soon the first *tableau* was announced—the folding doors opened, and the spectators, including Mrs. Wilmorth, in the adjoining room. Every body has seen *tableaux vivants*, and I need scarcely describe what they are. A large contrivance is fitted up to represent a picture-frame, into which some persons go in proper costume, and attitudinize as pictures. When the light is thrown in a particular manner, the effect is exactly that of pictures, large as life. Miss Wilmorth, Susan Anstey, and Miss Danneworth, were the figures about to be grouped, and the first *tableau* on which the folding doors opened, was called,

"The Reluctant Bride." It delineated to the life, costume and attitudes perfect, a young woman, pale and trembling with aversion, and even disgust, on her face, kneeling at the altar, beside a dark looking man, who held a ring in the act to put it on her finger. An old stern looking person, in the guise of her parent, was giving her hand into the keeping of the other.

The doors closed for a few moments, and opened upon the second *tableau;* it was called, "Unhappy Wedlock." A woman seated with her face leaning on her hands in the very extremity of abandonment and despondency; a man seated a little backward, with his head lying on his arm, in an attitude of exhausted rage.

No. 3 was "Jealousy." A lady standing beside a young man, with her hand clasped in his, and the enraged husband of the former picture, gazing at them from behind the concealment of some shrubbery, with an expression of dislike and revenge.

No. 4 was "Desertion." It was a woman bending in an imploring attitude, to a defiant looking man, in travelling costume, as just about to abandon her.

No. 5 was called, "The Widow Won:" And consisted of a lady, attired as a widow, standing beside an eager, joyous looking young man, who, after unbinding the widow's fillet from her brow, was clasping thereon a bridal wreath.

No. 6 was "The Unwelcome Return." It was a man and woman, with a child seated between them, apparently suddenly surprised by the apparition of a man who appears at the back part of the picture, and throws them all into an attitude of fright and dismay.

No. 7 was "Adjudication." It consisted of a woman between two men, before an ermined dispenser of the law. She is adjudged to the older and sterner of the two, who seems about to lead her away.

So ended the *tableaux;* though the costume and composition were perfect, yet the subjects were disagreeable, and left a gloom over the company rather than otherwise. It was remarked of Mrs. Wilmorth, who had stood leaning against the recess of a window, with her whole attention wrapped up in the spectacle, and talking to none, that her face suddenly flushed, then became pale, and she hurriedly made her way towards the door. But tottering, she seized hold of a chair, and had it not been for Underwood, who observed and hastened to her assistance, she would probably have fallen on the floor.

"Shall I call Miss Wilmorth?" said he, in conducting her, by her own desire, into one of the back rooms.

"Oh! by no means," said she; "it is merely a slight giddiness which I am accustomed to on changing my position suddenly. I am now quite well, and since no one seems to have observed it, I shall beg of you to say nothing of it to Annie. Let her finish entertaining her friends, and I shall not be missed."

As she really appeared quite recovered, Underwood returned to the company in the large room, whom he found in extacies of enjoyment. The supper passed over—the mottoes went their rounds,—Philœpenas were bargained for—and now it was time to go.

"Do you know, I think I shall take advantage of Mr. Underwood's escort, and walk home to-night," said Susan Anstey to Miss Wilmorth.

"Nonsense! you shall not—till to-morrow."

Susan looked beseechingly.

"Well, if you really must go, I will give you a dispensation, though quite against my feelings—you will come soon again——"

"Certainly!"

With "Good night" they parted.

"Where is Mrs. Wilmorth?" said Annie to a servant, as soon as they had all gone.

"Gone to her own room, Miss. She has been calling for you for some time."

Annie flew up stairs; she found her mother undressed in her arm chair, and looking very ill.

"What is the matter, dear mamma?" said she in a tone of anxiety; "has anything happened to distress you?"

"Oh! no; I am not ill; but what have you done with that Miss Anstey?"

"She has gone home."

"Thank heaven!" said Mrs. Wilmorth; "it was forewarned to me ere I saw her that she was to bring misfortune to this house, and evil for you and me."

"Impossible, mother—the sweetest girl you can fancy—believe me, these are idle dreams."

"You knew nothing, then, of these pictures; you were no party in the plot."

"I do not understand you, mother," returned Annie, in some surprise.

"I see, it is nothing—but that girl. She is a foreigner, is she not?"

"English, I believe—"

"No matter; you look fatigued. Go to bed, now, love."

"Can I do nothing for you?"

"No! if I want you through the night, I shall call you. God bless you!" and they parted for the night.

(To be continued.)

LOVE AND PRIDE.

"Why did she love him?—Curious fool, be still!
Is human love the growth of human will?"

"It is very strange," said Caroline St. Clair, starting suddenly from her seat, and pacing her room with hurried steps; "It is very strange I cannot learn to love Lord Frederick Fitzmaurice; the perfection of everything we could wish for, as everybody says; handsome, rich, talented, amiable!—and it is equally strange, and alas! not less true, that I cannot *help* loving Charles Moray, whom nobody seems to think has anything particular to recommend him. It is true his strange manner is rather against him; but then, though he seems cold, and almost indifferent to other people, he is never so to me; and this, in my vain eyes, is just an additional reason for liking him.

"'The sun shines bright when all's awake,
On earth and o'er the deep;
I like the moon which shines on me
When all the world's asleep!'

"Still, though they are much too indulgent to press it, I know my father and mother wish me to marry Lord Frederick, and that consideration ought to outweigh my wayward predilection for Charles. I also know that could my proud father see his darling daughter's heart laid bare before him—did he but suspect the passion she is cherishing there—it would bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave: and this consideration *ought*—not only to make me hate that passion, but feel indifferent to its object: and yet," she continued, and she shook her head mournfully as she spoke, "I *cannot* subdue it; it has gained a place in my very soul, too strong, my conscience tells me, for any human affection to hold there, and I must submit to its control. Still my family need not fear"—and unconsciously she walked more proudly through the room,—"If Caroline St. Clair cannot make passion yield to principle, she will at least be the only sufferer herself; if she cannot make her father and mother happy by marrying Lord Frederick, the object of their choice, she will not make them miserable by uniting herself to any one against their inclinations. No, no! mine alone be the misery, the proper penalty of encouraging a love which my reason tells me to be wrong. But," she continued, after a pause, "*my* unhappiness will not be the only fruit of that encouragement; at least, if Charles loves me as I love him, he will be miserable too, when he finds that our love is hopeless, and can only be indulged in at the expense of my father's curse; and to be the cause of misery to Charles is more than I could bear. Oh!" she passionately exclaimed, throwing herself on a sofa, and burying her face in her hands; "better marry Lord Frederick than this! It may be still time to save Charles; he has never said he loves me,—perhaps he does not; and were I another's, his better principle would soon enable him to get over any little predilection he may now feel for me. Though I cannot *love* Lord Frederick, I could at least be a good wife. I think I know what constitutes that. I would endure everything, try everything, in sickness I would watch over him, in sorrow sympathise with him, and were he joyous, I would *try* to smile with him: but then, and she shuddered as the idea came over her,—"should a thought of Charles steal across me, how I should hate myself! Oh! how *could* I, with my affections fixed on another, look into my *husband's* face, and *smile?* No, no, no, *that* were impossible! And yet what to do? the post hour approaches, and my father says I must write definitively to Lord Frederick to-day. Oh! for one friend in the wide world whose opinion I *might* ask, whose advice I could follow! But," she exclaimed, as a sudden idea seemed to strike her, "I have such a friend; one whose advice I have often asked and always followed—and that friend is Charles. Yes, I am resolved what to do; I know he is in the library just now; I will go to him, tell him of Lord Frederick's unfortunate fancy for me, my family's more unfortunate wishes on the subject, and ask him what I am to do. I shall discover whether he loves me or not—if he does, no power on earth shall induce me to accept Lord Frederick—if he does not, for my father and mother's sake, I will sacrifice myself, and marry him."

So reasoned Caroline, the only child of Sir John and Lady St. Clair, and having arrived at this extraordinary conclusion, to the library she forthwith proceeded.—She found Charles Moray

reading, and laying her hand gently on his shoulder, apologised for interrupting his studies.

"You never interrupt me, Caroline," he replied, "you know you do not; so sit down, and tell me what you want.

"Your advice, dear Charles; it is rather on a strange subject, but there is no other unprejudiced person to whom I can apply."

"My best advice you shall have; but do not be too sure I am unprejudiced; for I fear the best of us are only so when we take no interest in the point in question; and this you know, Caroline, is not very likely to be the case when you are my client."

Caroline blushed slightly at the implied compliment, and seating herself in a window opposite, so that she could study his expression without herself being exposed to a like scrutiny, she began to state her case.

He listened with deep attention, nor could Caroline discover the slightest emotion which betrayed anything beyond the brotherly regard he had always expressed for her, until she came to that part of her narrative which touched on her own indifference: "And now Charles," she concluded—"here is the puzzling part of the affair; I do *not* love Lord Frederick, I feel I never can." When he heard this declaration a deep flush of pleasure suffused his usually pale countenance, and as Caroline caught the gratified expression which sparkled in his dark eyes, she felt almost certain he loved her. It was however but for a moment he allowed his feelings to get the better of him, for instantly resuming his former quiet manner, he replied to Caroline's repeated question as to what she was to do, with the most perfect calmness. "Why, if you neither do love him, nor ever can, I should say, you ought not to accept of him; but I can scarce think it possible for any one to know Lord Frederick and not to like him. He is one of the most perfect characters I ever met with; and when you call to mind your father and mother's wish to see you settle, their strong prepossession in his favour, and how well he merits their high opinion, I should think you would not find it very difficult to comply with their wishes."

"From all which I think it would appear, Charles, that you recommend me to marry him now, upon the chance of being able to like him afterwards. Well, as it is *your* advice, I shall make the experiment;" and Caroline rose to leave the room.

"Nay, Caroline," interrupted Charles, "stay a little; I don't think what I said quite amounted to that. It would indeed be a fearful experiment, and one I should not feel justified in recommending to any one, far less to you, in whom I feel so deeply interested. What I meant to say was, that if you knew Lord Frederick better, you would probably like him better; and I was going to suggest you should ask a longer delay before finally deciding."

"That would scarcely be honourable, Charles," replied Caroline, "because I feel convinced time can make no alteration in my feelings towards him; and I respect myself and him too much to trifle with him. If I marry him it must be to study resignation to my fate, not with the prospect of bettering it; and therefore, if it is to be done, perhaps the sooner I begin my hard lesson the easier I shall find it."

There was a tone of melancholy in the voice in which Caroline uttered this last sentence which nearly proved too much for Charles' philosophy. He longed to throw himself at her feet, and there breathe out the confession of a love he had felt for her for years—a love at least as ardent, as exclusive as her own; but he was so well aware Sir John would consider him no fit match for his beautiful and talented daughter, that he had kept this secret of his heart locked up from every human eye, and *now* he felt was not the time to disclose it. "If," he thought, "of her own free will and accord she refuses Lord Frederick, then with a quiet conscience may I continue to love her; but if, from any hint of mine, she were induced to come to that determination, never again should I know what peace was. I know he is every way more worthy of her than I am; and Heaven forbid that my own selfish wishes should ever interfere with the chance of her happiness!" By thus reasoning with his better feelings, Charles was enabled to resist a temptation which had nearly proved too much for him; and assuring Caroline of his total inability to give an opinion on so difficult a subject, he begged of her to be guided by her own good sense.

"And is this the result?" she said, with a bitter smile; "is this the result of all your researches after that knowledge of the world on which you so much pride yourself, Charles? Had you spent those years you have devoted to the study of strangers in foreign lands, at *home*,—you would at least have known more of its feelings and affections—you would perhaps have known that at this moment I am the creature in the world the least likely to be guided by *my own good sense*."

"Perhaps I might, Caroline," he replied, with a tone of deeply wounded feeling; "but, as it is, you must see my inability to speak on a subject I so little understand. What indeed can a cold

philosophising inquirer into the *outward* customs of *foreigners*, know of the *inward* feelings of the *heart* and *home*?"

And yet, thought Caroline, as a smile of triumph passed over her countenance, never did I feel so convinced of his knowledge of both as at this moment. And it was with a resolved step she left the library, and with a lightened heart she wrote a polite refusal to Lord Frederick.

It is now time to say a little about Charles Moray. He was the orphan son of an intimate friend of Sir John St. Clair, whose ward he was, and to whose guardianship he had been committed when still a child. Sir John instantly took him to his own home, and ever since had acted the part of a parent towards him. He was possessed of a small, but what is generally termed an independent fortune, and was now on a visit of a few months to his guardian, previous to his taking up his residence on his own estate in Scotland. He was aware of Lord Frederick's attachment to Caroline, and had been endeavouring, ever since his return from the continent, to school himself into seeing her become the wife of another with some degree of patience; but now that he had heard her declare her indifference to him, he once more allowed himself to love her; and week after week stole away leaving no trace behind except the record of their increased affection. Still, when Caroline did pause to think—when, for a few moments she awakened from the dream which had taken possession of her, she was not happy. Her conscience told her she had preferred her own gratification to that of her indulgent parents; that she was encouraging passion at the expense of principle; and there was a certain indistinct anticipation of retribution which would often steal upon her in the silence of the night, and send the blood mantling to her forehead, though there was no human eye there to witness it. And Charles, too, had his hours of reflection and self accusation. It is strange how natural sophistry seems to the mind of man; and how often, by its false reasoning, we try to reconcile our conscience to what we *know* to be wrong! But the still small voice will not always be silenced; and though Charles said to himself, and said truly, he had never tried to win Caroline's affections, and had never told her that he loved her, still he knew that he *had* won that confiding heart, and that latterly he had taken no pains to conceal how completely that love was returned.

About this time a distant cousin of the St. Clairs came to pay them a visit. She was young, beautiful, and accomplished; but though her manner seemed artless, and her heart warm, she was in fact cold, worldly, selfish, and vain. Caroline had not known Nora Vivian long enough to find out her true character, and welcomed her to Clair Park with unaffected pleasure. Had she known—could she have anticipated the viper she was taking to her bosom, how different would have been her greeting! Miss Vivian had had much intercourse with the world, and profited thereby; and she had not been long in the house with Charles and Caroline before she discovered the attachment which subsisted between them, and determined, "*pour passer le temps*," as she expressed it in a letter to a chosen spirit, to interrupt the course of their "innocent affection." This was the one object of her actions by day, and thoughts by night; and for some time she could scarcely conceal how much her vanity was mortified by the slow progress she made in her heartless scheme. Caroline was so confident in her own affection, so confiding in Charles', that no hint Nora could give, distinct or implied, ever gave her a moment's uneasiness; and then, though always polite, Charles' manner toward her was so cold, so distant, that she felt her very pride concerned in winning him from Caroline.

"One smile from that piece of indifference," she said to herself one day, as she sat musing how she was to proceed, "would be worth more in my eyes than the adulation of a multitude—but how to obtain it? I see, I must alter my plans; and as I cannot rouse her suspicions, I must try and work upon his vanity. I will attract to myself by imperceptible degrees, and in a manner which no polite person can refuse, all those little attentions which now are so exclusively her own—she will *feel* this and resent it. The vanity of woman has passed into a proverb, but my experience proves that of man to be greater; therefore, while Charles Moray's pride is hurt by Caroline's reproachful manner, I will minister to his vanity by a thousand numberless attentions, which, in that hour of mortified affection, will be to him like sunrise to the benighted traveller."

We will not stop to follow Miss Vivian through the crooked path she thus marked out for herself: suffice it to say, she had drawn her conclusions from but too intimate a knowledge of the human heart, and the truth and accuracy of her calculations were but too well proved by the result.

By an appearance of great helplessness and dependence upon Mr. Moray's assistance and support, which she knew would gratify his pride, and which she knew well how to assume, Nora soon managed to usurp almost the whole of his attention. If they rode, she was nervous, and

though it was dreadfully selfish to steal him from *dear, dear* Caroline, still, if he would ride alongside of her horse, she would feel secure. If they walked, she was sure to feel fatigued almost immediately, and compelled to take the arm Charles was so polite as to offer. In the house it was the same thing: if she sung, Charles must take second: she was foolishly timid and never could sing alone: if she played, he must turn the pages; in short, he was for ever by her side; and so well did she play her part, that, at first, he fancied that, without a great breach of politeness, he could not act otherwise. By degrees, however, his politeness assumed a much warmer character; he neglected Caroline almost entirely, and at last, much to his own surprise, found himself desperately in love with Miss Vivian. It is human nature to *feel* neglect, and to resent it; and Caroline did sometimes feel mortified to see all the attention, once so exclusively her own, bestowed upon another, but she did not resent it: perhaps, at times unconsciously, her manner towards him was colder than it used to be, but that was but a passing feeling of wounded vanity; she was too strong in the strength of her own attachment, to allow anything of a serious suspicion of his to enter her mind. Things, however, could not long continue in this state, and at last her eyes were destined to be opened.

Charles had promised to accompany her to a village a few miles off, to assist her in fixing on a site for a cottage Sir John was anxious to have built for an old servant. She walked into the drawing room one beautiful forenoon, and asked him if he was ready to accompany her, adding, she feared the distance was too great for Nora to walk.

To this, Nora instantly assented, but Charles made no reply, and upon Caroline turning towards him, she was surprised to see him standing irresolute in the middle of the room. She smiled confidently on him, and again asked him if he was ready to accompany her.

"If to-morrow would do as well, Caroline," he replied, with some confusion—"I should be delighted to escort you—but I have just promised Miss Vivian to stay at home and practise the duet we were trying over last night."

"Strange," thought Caroline, "to prefer practising a duet with Nora to walking with me!" but adding aloud, "Very well, Charles, though it is too far for me to walk alone, I can easily ride there."

She left the room; before she had proceeded many steps, she remembered she had forgotten to order her horses, and returned to the drawing room to do so: she gently re-opened the door, and found Charles leaning over Nora at the piano, his arm, unforbidden, thrown resting round her waist. They started at her approach, a cold shudder came over Caroline, and, scarcely believing she saw aright, she fixed her eyes on those of Charles—they sank beneath her searching glance, and in conscious flush of guilt which burned on his brow, she read the truth. Caroline was a creature of impulse, as we have seen; she was sensitive too, to a painful degree, but she was also proud; as the truth first flashed upon her, she thought she must have died on the spot; there was a sickness of heart—an annihilation of all she cared about, of all that made life dear to her, which nearly struck her to the ground; but pride came to her aid, and raising her eyes from the carpet, and fixing upon Charles a smile "more terrible in its reproachlessness than Gorgon hideousness," she said, with a quietness almost unnatural,

"I had forgotton to order my horses—will you ring, and do it for me?"

And then, without giving him time to answer, she walked composedly out of the room, and before Charles had time to collect his tempestuous feelings, he saw her dash past the window on her beautiful pet, Selim.

Poor Caroline's ride was a sad one; there was the agonizing feeling of misplaced affection, of outraged confidence; and that still small voice, which in her happier hours had only *whispered* blame for preferring her own happiness to that of her father and mother, had now increased into an accusation too loud for any sophism to silence. Her brain was on fire, and giving the reins to her horse, she sought, by bodily exertion, to calm the fever which raged within; but it would not do—and checking Selim to a walk, she bent her head on his mane and wept bitterly. "And has it come to this?" she at last passionately exclaimed, as she slowly raised her head, and threw back the long dark ringlets which clustered down her burning cheeks—"has it come to this—to tears? and does Caroline St. Clair weep because she could not make her passion yield to principle, and because a just and retributive God has now made the object of her idolatry the instrument of his vengeance? I know—" she continued, as she raised her tearful eyes to the clear smiling sky; "I know if I have inclined my heart to any evil way, *thou* wilt not hear me—but now, now in this hour of agony, when I pray to thee for strength to tear that evil from my soul, thou wilt not refuse thine aid to thine offending, but suffering child—Oh, give me strength patiently to endure what I have but too well deserved. Enable me to veil from every eye, especially from *his*, the desolation

he has caused; and do *thou* enable me not only to endure, but to smile upon, misfortune, even as thine own clear sky smiles upon a world of wickedness."

Thus did poor Caroline try to strengthen herself for the trial she felt awaiting her, but she had received a blow from which she never recovered, and though she struggled on, and even smiled on those around, hers was not the quiet smile of happiness; it was too bright; too like the lightning's flash to speak of peace within; and those who were well versed in the mind's deep philosophy, might have traced its meteoric brightness home to the cloud from which it emanated; its brightness might have dazzled, but could not *hide* from them the darkness of its origin.

Caroline's one aim and object now seemed to be to conceal, from all around her, the grief that was destroying her. There were times, indeed, when she almost wished Charles knew the agony she endured, that something might bring home to his truant heart the blackness of his ingratitude; but she chased the wish from her heart, as something too lowering, too humbling to gain admittance there. "Never, never," she exclaimed, striking her beating heart, "shall *he* see the havoc he has committed here; perhaps the time may come when a little experience may make him *feel* how he has outraged a heart which trusted him, confided in him, loved him as no woman will ever do again, but never shall he hear this from my reproaches. No, though the struggle may hasten a death which has already begun, I will be to him, in appearance at least, the same as I have ever been." And Caroline acted up to her resolves, with a firmness scarcely credible. She read to her father, drove with her mother, walked and rode with Nora and Charles as before: she omitted no kindness, neglected no attention, and, if she ever gave way to her feelings, it was in the silent solitude of her own chamber, or on the neck of her faithful Selim.

It is strange how blind are those around us to the change from health to sickness, if it be but gradual! How, day by day, the cheek may pale, the eye grow dim, the strength decay, and none remark the change! And so it was with Caroline: none saw her heart was breaking: none saw that she was dying; till she sank exhausted beyond the chance of recovery. Several months previous to this, Nora left Clair Park, and was very soon followed by the deluded Charles, who went to lay his heart, his fortune, and his fate at her tiny feet. She started with well-feigned surprise, and then having begged him to rise, with a politeness which chilled him, she proceeded with the utmost coolness to inform him that his case was hopeless; that she had been engaged for some time before she had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and that she was to be married to his fortunate rival next week. This was retribution; but Charles' cup was not yet full. Nora saw the wound she had inflicted, and with a heartlessness which but too well accorded with the rest of her behaviour, she determined to probe still more deeply, and concluded her reply to Charles by saying, she never could sufficiently express her regret at the mistake which had occurred, but that really she could not understand how it had arisen, for that, as far as she herself was concerned, she could honestly declare her regard for Mr. Moray had never amounted to anything beyond that friendship which their *country* intimacy seemed to her completely to justify, but which she would not have suffered herself to indulge in, had she not seen or fancied she saw an attachment subsisting between himself and Caroline St. Clair, strong enough to defy every danger.

Charles' eyes were now opened, but it was too late, and he hurried to the continent, in solitude to brood over that disappointment, which he *felt* he but too well deserved. One day, as he sat musing in his room and gazing listlessly on the Lake of Geneva, which lay stretched in beauty before him, his servant brought him a letter. "From home, sir," said he, as he laid it on the table, and left the apartment. The word *home* sounded strangely in Charles' ear—

"I have no home now," he mentally exclaimed, as he took the letter up.

"I once had a home, and friends, but *now!* I am an isolated being with none to care for me, not worthy of being cared about:"—and he opened the letter with a degree of apathy that seemed strange in one so young. It was from his guardian, Sir John St. Clair, informing him, in all the agony of a fond father's heart, of Caroline's illness. "Come to us, dear Charles,"—the broken-hearted old man concluded,—"come to us in this our night of gloom; we are indeed in need of a friend, and no where, I am sure, could we find so sincere a one as yourself." This was indeed a severe blow to Charles; he, in a manner the murderer of Caroline, to be written to by her father in this trusting, this confiding manner! —it was too much almost for human nature to bear. "I will at least go," he exclaimed, in the torture of a self-accusing conscience, "and view the wretchedness my heartless vanity has occassioned." He rang the bell, and gave orders for his instant departure, nor did he halt by night or by day, until he reached his destination. How often in the course of that journey did the thoughts

of all that had passed come over him, till his heart burned and his brain maddened! How often did he vow that if Caroline were but spared, a life of devotion should prove the sincerity of his repentance, the devotedness of his again doating heart! But vain were his vows, vain his repentance!

He reached Clair Park on a beautiful autumn afternoon; the setting sunbeams fell redly on the oaks and elms which clothed the richly wooded park, already clad in all the varied hues of October; and glittered on the Gothic windows of the old hall in waving masses of burnished gold.

All looked so like what he had often seen it before, that Charles tried to persuade himself his fears were exaggerated; but as the post-boy slowly walked his horses up a steep part of the approach, the low moaning of the wind sounded mournfully in his ears, and a shower of dead leaves which it wafted into the carriage window checked his rising hopes.

A beam of pleasure passed over Sir John St. Clair's countenance as his young friend entered his room, but a melancholy shake of the head was his only reply to Charles' inquiries after Caroline; he expressed his wish to see her; but Sir John seemed to doubt if she had sufficient strength left to bear the agitation of the interview; he said, however, she was aware he was coming, and that he would send to inform her of his arrival.

Gently and with many fears did Lady St. Clair communicate this piece of intelligence to her dying daughter, for during the anxious watchings of many a long night and day something like a suspicion of the truth had dawned upon her. But, contrary to her expectation, Caroline seemed quite pleased to hear that Charles was in the house. "He will comfort you, mother, when I am gone," she said; "thank God, I can now die tranquilly!"

"He is anxious to see you, Caroline; may I tell him to come?" asked Lady St. Clair. The hectic flush, which a moment before had burned on Caroline's cheek, died suddenly away when she heard her mother's question, and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance as her head sank back on the sofa on which she was reclining; at last she slowly raised it again, and pressing her forehead against her mother's hand, who was leaning alarmedly over her, she said faintly—

"See him! Oh no!—I have loved him too much, mother,—he would again estrange my thoughts from that heaven where I hope so soon to be. I am glad he has come, but indeed, indeed *I cannot* see him now."

"You shall not, then, my beloved child," replied Lady St. Clair soothingly; "I will tell him you do not feel strong enough to-day; and to-morrow, perhaps——." "Yes, mother," interrupted Caroline with a faint smile, "tell him that to-morrow *he may see me*," and Lady St. Clair left the room. "Yes, to-morrow," continued Caroline, "he *may* indeed see me, for I shall not be able to see him then—to-morrow, I feel, I shall be beyond the reach of temptation."

The room in which Caroline was, had always been her favourite sitting-room; it opened into a conservatory, which again opened into some beautifully-kept pleasure grounds; and in consequence of an occasional difficulty of breathing with which Caroline was annoyed, both these doors were now open. A rustling sound amongst the leaves caused her to look up; one glance told her the figure she saw in the conservatory was Charles, and before she had time or strength to forbid his approach, he was beside her.

"Caroline," he exclaimed, as he took her wan hand in his; "can you forgive me? can you pardon me, angel as you are, the wretch who has sacrificed your happiness and his own to a vanity as weak as it was heartless?"

It was some moments before Caroline was able to reply. A bright flush flitted over her face, then settled into one deep red hectic spot on one cheek, whilst all the rest of her countenance was of a marble whiteness—at last she spoke, and it was with a calmness which seemed to herself almost unaccountable, and with which Heaven alone could have inspired her.

"Charles," she said, "I have long since forgiven you; it would ill have become one, standing so much in need of forgiveness from Heaven, to withhold it from you on earth; but oh! for the sake of that peace of mind without which this life is but a living death, never yield again to the unrestrained influence of those passions which have destroyed us both. In me, Charles, behold an example of their desolating effects; and if ever again you feel yourself in danger of yielding to these temptations, oh! let let this my dying warning, sound to you like a voice from the tomb, and awaken you in time to save you! Too blest are my sufferings, if they can save from a single pang one still too dear!"

"Bless you, Caroline! a thousand times," faltered the repentant Charles; "but you must live, and must not die, my Caroline! you must live to comfort your father and mother: to cheer me on my difficult course;" and he gazed intently on her face.

"Heaven will do both, Charles," she replied; "that heaven which enables me to feel my hand

in yours, to know once more that you love me, and yet to say, 'I am content to die.' And a smile, happy, triumphant, pure as that heaven she spoke of, settled on her dying countenance.

Charles gazed on her for some minutes in silence, fearful to interrupt a tranquillity so beautiful; but the coldness of the hand he held in his alarmed him, and he rose from his knee beside her, saying he would shut the door, as the evening was chill.

"The cold will not hurt me now, Charles," she faintly replied; he felt his hand convulsively grasped by hers, he heard one short deep sigh, and he saw that she was no more. He saw by the smile which still illumined her countenance that her once erring but now purified spirit had fled to its native home—but he felt his vanity had killed the only thing he ever truly loved on Earth.

FUGITIVE VERSES

(TO FANNY.)

—

BY WILL.

—

I love thee, as the mourner loves
The beacon light of heaven,
When by the storms of cruel fate
His fragile bark is driven.

I love thee, as the fever'd one
The burst of morning's light,
As it chaseth, with the day-spring,
The long and sleepless night.

I love thee, as the prison'd soul,
The waiting angel's hand,
That guides its weary footsteps home
To the fair spirit land.

I love thee, as the thirsting flowers,
When the warm sun is high,
To watch the low'ring cloud appear
With weeping in its eye.

I love thee, as the lonely one
To droop her weary head
On the worn and aching bosom
Whence all her hopes have fled.

I love thee, as the sunlight loves
To drink the early dew,
As it decks the waking flowrets
With drops of pearly hue.

I love thee, as the zephyrs love,
In the genial month of May,
To nestle 'mongst the green leaves
From the wanton glare of day.

I love thee, as the moonbeam loves
With silver tinted ray,
To sport among the violets
That by the streamlet play.

I love thee, as an aged one
The Gospel's joyful sound,
When the lamp of life is flitting fast,
And darkness gathers round.

I love thee, as the mountain streams,
Their leaping course to run,
With chilly spray careering,
Beneath a rayless sun.

I love thee, as the spring-time loves,
With balmy air serene,
To meet the summer solstice,
Its youth and age between.

I love thee, as the autumn loves
Its golden smiles to spread
Upon the changing verdure,
For winter's mantle shed.

I love thee, as the stars to peep
Through the rent passing cloud,
Like a fair lady's tiny feet,
From 'neath their silken shroud.

I love thee, as the poet loves
To ope the treasur'd store
Of fancy's rich dominion,
And count its jewels o'er.

I love thee, as the soul to hear,
" Be all thy sins forgiven!"
When the subtle chords that bind to earth,
By angel's wings are riven.

I love thee, as I love the grave,
Where Mary's ashes lay—
The deepest love that man may feel
For animated clay!

Montreal, August 28, 1849.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

Thou wast a portion of etherial Air,
And hast returned to it. In thee was Fire
Fervid as Phœbus, fierce as my desire;
Earth lent its loveliness to make thee fair—
Water its sensuous essences; each had share
In thy creation. Starry were thine eyes—
(Would I had never seen such planets rise!)
Ruby thy lip and cheek, and debonair
The midnight tempest of thy ebon hair:
The imperial swanliness that made thee move,
As if a deity possessed thy love,
Was worthy Dian, than thyself less fair,
But thou art gone: Earth, Air, Fire, Water, gave,
And took again:—I weep beside thy grave.

EXTRACTS

FROM "THE ENGLISH FIRESIDE."

WOODLAND ROOKERY.

Woodland Rookery, as the Hall was generally called, was an old house, a very old house, indeed. Overhanging stories bulged out and exhibited countless gable ends, patched here and there with moss, and blackened with age. Its small, but innumerable, stone-set casements, consisted of diamond-paned lattices; and over a massive oak door, thickly studded with stubborn nails, and cracking upon two grotesquely-wrought and giant hinges, was a stone porch, quaintly carved and yellowed by time. The chimneys, rearing themselves out of the sloping eaves, had huge buttresses; and many a zig-zag curve and twining figure wound about their gaping and ponderous jaws. In sheltered nooks and crannies, made by the winter's wind in the grim old walls, colonies of noisy jackdaws had been reared; and in the lingering shades of the autumn sun-set, crowds of fleet-winged, chattering swallows skimmed round and round the faded sun-dial over the door-way. The angular index was rusted and snapped from the face, and hung dangling in the air by a piece of clasping ivy; and the motto, "Time and tide wait for no man," was so faintly legible, that had not the intricately flourished characters been cut deeply in the stone, the warning monitor would long since have been expunged in the storms and showers of ages.

In disused chimneys, in rotten crumbling water-spouts, and beneath projecting tiles, jutting from the roof, progenies of sparrows domiciled themselves, and twitted and chirped on and nigh the time-worn walls the livelong year. A grove—no, not a grove—a forest of sturdy oaks reared themselves and stretched their thick and stately limbs around, about, above the frowning, gray old house: and scarcely a branch but bore a nest of some noisy, loquacious rook. Here and there a sombre and hollow tree cast its gloomy shade upon the ground; and all looked the wear and tear of times long since passed away.

Whir-r-r!—it was the flap of a pigeon's wing from that dark fir; and although the tinge of the early dawn scarcely marks the east, away she speeds to glean her scanty, wintry meal. Proudly that antlered stag rises from beside his timid mate, crouched beneath the sheltering thorn, and after stretching his pliant limbs, sees, with epicurean eye, a bunch of berries hanging temptingly some three yards above his head. . . . The heavy door under the porch squeaked—nay, almost screeched—upon its rusty hinges, as it was thrown, or rather wheeled back; for such was its weight that, notwithstanding rivets were clenched to the trunk of an oak which occupied centuries to rear, its iron clasps would have been torn from their fastening, but for a supporting roller fixed under its massive pressure.

With a playful gambol a large, red bloodhound bounded into the porch, followed by his mistress, Blanch Sinclair. And where was there one more beautiful and blessed than she? The lady Blanch, as the country folk were wont to call her, had more admirers, surely, than fell to the lot of any, however good and sweetly fair. The rustics vied with each other in evincing their regard for her charms and excellence; and, although no "pleasings of a lute," or serenade were heard within the precincts of her chamber, "times and often" did the village bells ring right merrily, by reason of its being known how well she loved to hear, at eventide, their tinkling tongues swelling and sinking in the breeze. Squires, knights of the shire, old, young, rich and poor, were candidates, all for her smiles and friendly greetings.

THE VICARAGE.

Where was there a prettier little cozy spot than this said vicarage? Deep in a dell the house stood about a mile from the church, its walls covered with woodbine and creeping plants, and the trees spreading their branches over its roof protected it from many a rough angry blast of the winter's wind. On a small but pretty lawn before its portal, flower-beds were dotted, and the order of their arrangement showed the taste and care bestowed upon them. In the orchard adjoining there was a dove-cot, in which many a pigeon was reared to spread its wing and cleave the air without the chance of ever being required to exhibit its heels beneath a pasty cruet. A stable, or, more properly, a loose box, in the immediate vicinity, contained the fattest pony eyes ever beheld walking before a four-wheel chaise occasionally; for it was seldom that Bob was required, and when he was, up-hill and down-hill and level were all the same to him; he never altered his pace, and that was a walk, remarkable for his perfect ease and leisure. In a warm sunny nook, close to Bob's domain, a row of hives stood, and the vicar has been known to stand many an hour of a summer's evening to assist the weak, exhausted, and overloaded bees, as they fell to the ground, and lift them into their homes.

ARIA.

H. Rosellen.

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

Moderato. 8va........loco.

Introduction.

Pia.

8va......

Ralº.

Andantino Grazioso.

Fine.

Tremolo.

Rallent. D.C.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

Away on the glist'ning plain we go,
With our steely feet so bright;
Away! for the north winds keenly blow,
And winter's out to-night.

With the stirring shout of the joyous rout
To the ice-bound stream we hie;
On the river's breast, where snow-flakes rest,
We'll merrily onward fly!

Our fires flame high; by their midnight glare
We will wheel our way along,
And the white woods dim, and the frosty air,
Shall ring with the skater's song.

With a crew as bold as ever was told
For the wild and daring deed,
What can stay our flight by the fire's red light,
As we move with lightning speed?

We heed not the blast who are flying as fast
As deer o'er the Lapland snow;
When the cold moon shines on snow-clad pines,
And wintry breezes blow.

The cheerful hearth, in the hall of mirth,
We have gladly left behind—
For a thrilling song is borne along
On the free and stormy wind.

Our hearts beating warm, we'll laugh at the storm
When it comes in a fearful rage,
'While, with many a wheel on the ringing steel,
A riotous game we'll wage.'

By the starry light of a frosty night
We trace our onward way;
While on the ground with a splintering sound
The frost goes forth at play.

OUR TABLE.

CHEAP COLONIAL EDITIONS OF THE "LATIN CLASSICS."

We have seen, with great plasure, a few neat specimens of some of the "Latin Classics" usually found in Colleges and Schools. The spirited publishers, Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, of this city, have already, we understand, prepared nearly the whole, and we are assured that they are got up with such accuracy and care as to compare favorably with anything of the same kind ever attempted in Britain, while the prices will be such as to recommend them to all who have hitherto felt, or may hereafter feel, the heavy expenses attendant upon the education of their sons.

We quote a passage from the publishers' advertisement:—

There is no want of excellence in many of these, but they are generally either so comprehensive or so extended by annotations, that the price is an obstacle to those who, entertaining enlarged views of the advantages of education, have not means commensurate with their wishes. It is, therefore, the intention of the subscribers, to publish neat and correct editions of such detached portions of the Classic authors as are usually read in Schools and Colleges. This plan has been tried in England, and has been attended with marked success.

To those who are obliged to study economy in education, these editions will be recommended by their cheapness, their accuracy, and their being limited in their extent to that which is absolutely necessary.

To those, who either possess, or can afford to possess more expensive editions, these little copies will be offered as a means of saving the others from that speedy injury or destruction which befalls books in the daily transit between home and school. They will be more portable and convenient, more fair and scholar-like in the class-room—not open to the just and reasonable objection which Tutors make to editions so charged with notes, that they almost amount to a translation.

The first numbers of the series consist of the following:—

Excerpts from Cornelius Nepos, The First Four Books of Cæsar, The Georgics of Virgil, The Fasti of Ovid, The Third and Fourth Books of Quintus Curtius, Cicero de Amicitia, Cicero de Senectute, Taciti Agricola, and Excerpts from Horace—to be followed in rapid succession by Sallust's History of Cataline's Conspiracy, the first four Books of Virgil's Æneid, and other Standard Text Books.

We need only add our cordial wish that the publishers may meet that full measure of success which their enterprise and spirit have so justly earned.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

This story progresses, and the interest is well kept up. The author has lost none of his quaint shrewdness, and agreeable sentimentality. The regret with which the last page of the number is approached, combined with a similar feeling at the knowledge of the time which must elapse before another is received, is the tribute which all readers pay to the work.

THE NEW-YORK ALBION.

A beautiful engraving, "The First Trial by Jury," has just been delivered to the subscribers of this excellent journal. It is a life-like picture of an imaginary historical occurrence,—the time that of Alfred the Great,—the scene a trial in the open air, presided over by that good king and excellent man. The beautifully-grouped figures are those of the supposed murderer, the dead man, his weeping wife, and excited son,—the jury on one side,—and two of the Witan or Saxon Council, with the Monarch, on the other. The painter has conceived the subject in a masterly manner, and the engraver has done him justice. It is really a beautiful thing.

We are sorry that our friend of the Christian Guardian should have had occasion to find fault with us. We can assure him, however, that the offence was altogether unintentional, as we did not imagine that any of the highly respectable—and we may add, universally respected—body in this country, to which the Guardian belongs, would have taken offence at a grotesque description of a scene, imaginary or real, which has not been altogether without parallel within the last quarter of a century, but nothing resembling which, at least in this country, has been heard of for many years.