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KATE PERCIVAL, OR THE LOVE OF THE WORLD.

BY M.

"Where'er a tear was dried, a pang
Of honest suffering soothed,
There was a light and holy place, a spot
Where happiness descending, sat and smiled."

POLLOCK.

"Henceforth that love shall be
Remembered by the hallowed deeds, that bless
And save mankind."

Mrs. SPOUNER.

It was in the summer of 18— that being recommended to try the sea air for the benefit of my health, I visited the beautiful village of C., situated about nine miles from the city of New York. Village it could scarcely be called, for there was no collection of houses, but many handsome country seats were scattered here and there over the country. The enchanting scenery,—for it afforded every variety of wood and plain, dale and upland—the pleasant situation, and salubrious air, all conspired to make it a favorite resort, especially for those whose residences were within the limits of the neighbouring city.

Among the families whose acquaintance I made in this delightful spot was one which interested me much. Mr. and Mrs. Livingston were persons who, though rich in this world's goods, had a more valued possession in that "faith which purifies the heart, and works by love." They had a pleasant family, and Emily, their eldest daughter, was a lovely being; her light figure, elastic step, and sweet countenance, beaming with kindly affections, seem even now before me. Her features were beautiful, and her eyes of "darkest, brightest blue," shaded by long silken lashes; yet it was not so much the beauty of outline or colour which charmed me, as the soul shining through the material form. On farther acquaintance I found that her character answered my expectations: she was intellectual, amiable, and deeply pious. I soon discovered that I was not singular in the admiration and

regard which I had conceived for this fair young girl: not many days after my arrival there was an addition to our party in a young gentleman from the city, whose eyes told that he regarded the fair Emily with no common interest. I soon learned that he was an accepted lover, and that the "happy couple," as the saying is, were to be married the ensuing autumn.

But I must hasten to speak of another of the party; this was a young friend of Miss Livingston's, who, though very handsome, was unlike her in person and disposition. I shall never forget the appearance of Kate Percival, as I first beheld her: she was at this time just eighteen, and at the first glance I thought I had never seen so splendid looking a being. She was tall, and the rich satin robe displayed to fine advantage the noble figure, and neck of transparent fairness; her raven hair was smoothly folded from the high classic brow, the contour of the head was perfect, yet the chiselled features, of rather a Roman cast, the brilliant black eye, and the scornful curl of the full red lip, revealed her true character. She was the only child of her mother, who was a vain, weak woman, and though naturally proud, passionate, and self-willed, had been uncontrolled. Her father had been a colonel in the army; and since his death his widow and daughter had been in rather reduced circumstances; yet, fond of show, the mother's chief ambition was that her Kate should make a brilliant marriage, and thus enjoy the luxuries

of wealth. Only from her gentle friend could the proud beauty brook aught of reproach; yet, with all her hauteur, Kate Percival was a gay young creature, whose great flow of spirits, lively satire, and animated conversation, made her the life of the company. I will not describe the many pleasant days which we spent together at C., the rambles through the groves, the depredations committed on the blackberry bushes, the rides and walks through the picturesque country, the strolls on the beach at sunset, when we would listen to the music of the waves as they broke along the shore, till we could exclaim with the poet—

"I have loved thee, Ocean!
Unchangeable, saw to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

I must not, however, linger to recall these scenes, but hasten to the narration of my simple tale.

It was a bright afternoon in the following autumn when these two young friends were walking through one of the principal streets of New York, engaged apparently in interesting conversation. They entered at length a milliner's shop, and began examining the tasteful articles scattered around in profusion; while Emily quietly selected what she wished to purchase, Kate Percival was loud in her expressions of admiration.

"Here is a charming bonnet, Emily!" she said to her friend, "so tasteful and elegant, with this lovely wreath of orange-flowers. It is just the thing for you, and you must really purchase it."

"I had chosen this," replied Emily quietly, as she held up one to her friend, and I like it quite as well as the other."

"A paltry thing!" answered Kate; "why it would suit a quakeress."

"Not quite, I am afraid," said her friend smiling; "but I shall not allow you to trounce my pretty little bonnet, for it is quite as elegant as the other."

"But you must have this," rejoined Kate; "I have set my heart upon it, and you will not be so obstinate surely as to refuse me."

"I cannot afford to buy that, dear Kate! this one, which I like quite as well, is only half the price."

"Fie, Emily! I did not think you so stingy; and on such an occasion too, when I well know that you have money enough. Well, I congratulate Mr. Russell; he will have a most prudent economical wife, worthy to be the saving dame of some poor laborer." She curled her lip as she spoke.

Emily replied with a bright smile, "Nay, Kate, your shaft cannot wound me there. Mr. Russell does not approve of extravagance in dress any more than I do."

"Extravagance!" exclaimed her friend as they left the shop; "but it would not be extravagant for you to purchase what you like; were you poor the case would be different."

"It would, for *then* self-denial would be a necessity; *now* it is no less a duty. Money is given us, not merely or chiefly for self-indulgence, but as a talent to be improved for the good of others, as well as for our own comfort."

"Then we had better all turn quakeresses at once," rejoined Kate, "and appear in plain drab, mob caps, and poke bonnets."

"Certainly not," said Emily smiling; "you mistake my meaning. There may be as much pride in an affected plainness and peculiarity of costume as in the richest and most fashionable attire. I think one should dress with neatness and taste; but though I would not wish to appear singular,—I think that a professed follower of Christ ought not to go to the same length in fashion as those who bow to no rule of duty but their own inclination."

Kate began to reply, when a little girl, very thinly clad, whose lips and cheeks were blue with the cold, advanced towards them with a basket of fruit, which she offered for sale. Kate said they did not want any, and turned away. The pale face of the child, which had beamed with hope, became sad, and Emily was struck by her hopeless glance; she kindly inquired the price of the apples, and had leisure to notice her appearance: her face, though now pale and thin, had evidently been pretty, and the large dove-like eyes glanced so timidly from beneath the heavy fringe that shaded them, that our young friend was quite charmed, and enquired if her parents were living.

A tear moistened the child's eye as she artlessly replied, "My mother is, ma'am! father is dead, and poor mother has to stay at home to take care of Johnny, for he is very sick."

"Who is Johnny, my poor child?" asked Emily, whose kind heart was touched with the apparent misery of one so young.

"My little brother, ma'am! mother says he will soon die and go to heaven, where poor papa is. I wish I could go too, for I read in my Testament the other day that they never hunger there, but are always happy." A tear ran down her cheek as she spoke, and Emily enquired if her mother lived near.

"Yes, ma'am! just down this street," and then, emboldened by the kindness of the lady, she added with energy "Oh! if you would be so

very good as to buy some of my apples, she would be so glad."

"Come Emily," said Kate, shivering, "do not stand all day talking with that child; I am almost frozen, and shall surely perish with the cold. Do come home; Mr. Russell will be waiting for you."

"I cannot go yet; think how these poor people must suffer; I must go and see if I can assist them; it will only take us a few minutes," and she prepared to follow the child.

"If you will persist in going, I suppose I must accompany you; but I think you are excessively foolish."

Such was not the child's opinion, for with a smiling face and light step, notwithstanding her load, she tripped along before them till she stopped at the door of a small house, and having entered, began to ascend a flight of rickety stairs. They shook underneath their footsteps, and Kate exclaimed in a tone of vexation, "I wish I had not been such a fool as to come with you; we shall break our necks, and that will be the end of your quixotism."

They ascended in safety, however, and found a woman, between thirty and forty years of age, holding an infant in her arms; there was scarcely an article of furniture in the room, which bore the marks of extreme poverty. The windows had been broken, and the openings were stuffed with rags to keep out the keen November blast; a few chips were smouldering on the hearth, the very mockery of warmth, and the poor woman's face wore a despairing look, which told of sickness of heart. Emily's eyes followed the little girl as she ran to one corner of the room, where on a bundle of straw lay a boy, whose sunken cheek told a tale of woe.

"And have you brought me no bread?" he asked despondingly. "Oh! Mary, I am so hungry;" the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his sister tried in vain to soothe him.

"And have you really no food in the house?" enquired Emily of the woman.

"Nothing!" she answered; "I gave the children the last morsel for their breakfast."

The little girl was soon, by Emily's directions, on her way to the nearest baker's for a loaf of bread, while the amiable young lady made further enquiries of the mother.

She learned that her husband, Thomas Hall, had been a carpenter in England, but the last spring they had emigrated to America. Soon after their arrival in New York, the cholera broke out, and her husband was one of the first victims. The expenses of his illness and funeral, exhausted their stock of money; and after his death, being a stranger, and unable to procure

work, with sick children to take care of, she had pledged her furniture, piece by piece, to a pawn-broker, receiving only trifling sums which had kept them from starvation.

"Why did you not make known your situation?" asked Emily; "you could not have failed of obtaining relief."

"I asked charity once," she replied, "driven to begging by want; but I met a repulse, and I could not try again while we could live without it;—so yesterday morning I bought some apples, and sent Mary to sell them. She did not succeed very well, and the few pence she received procured this morning's breakfast, and it was in despair almost, that I waited her return to-day."

By this time Mary came in with the bread, which she carried with delight to her little brother, who seemed suffering more from cold and hunger, than from actual disease. Emily, as she turned to leave, put a bank note in the poor woman's hand, promising to call the next day and see that she should be provided for. Tears ran down the pale cheeks of poor Mrs. Hall, as she poured out her thanks, calling her an angel of mercy whom God in love had sent, when they were ready to despair.

"Then let this be a lesson to you," said Emily sweetly, "always to trust in the Lord, and if you do, He will never forsake you."

"Really, Emily!" said Kate Percival, as they left the humble abode, "you are a most unaccountable being; just now you were too poor to purchase a handsome bonnet, and yet you can give away money. Why did you not send them to some benevolent society for help, instead of supplying them yourself?"

"Why Kate, how can I please you," replied her friend with a smile; "a few minutes since I was too parsimonious—now I am too lavish. That bonnet which you wished me to purchase, would have cost more than would have made this wretched family comfortable."

As they arrived at Mr. Livingston's door, they met Mr. Russell, who was just leaving. Emily briefly, and without ostentation, explained what had caused her to detain him, and after answering a few enquiries concerning the family, the subject was dropped.

The next morning, Emily and her mother went to see Mrs. Hall, a servant accompanying them with a basket of necessaries. They noticed at once on their arrival, the calm, and comparatively cheerful expression of the poor woman's countenance, and the altered aspect of the room. A good fire was blazing on the hearth, and the sick child was laid upon a good bed, with a blanket and coverlet. Emily was surprised at the change, but she had not time to inquire the cause. "I

am so thankful to you, ma'am! for sending that kind gentleman here yesterday," exclaimed Mrs. Hull. "He gave me money with which he directed me to redeem my bed, and the other things which I had pledged, so that poor Johnny is quite comfortable now."

"I sent no one here," said Emily, more surprised than ever; "what was his name?"

"I don't know, he did not tell me, but he said he had just heard how destitute we were, and I thought you must have told him, for nobody else has been here."

"It must be he," thought Emily! "How like my noble Frederick."

Mrs. Livingston offered to procure work for Mrs. Hull, by which she might obtain a livelihood, and the offer was gratefully accepted; and followed, by thanks, they left the humble abode, where the "widow's heart had been made to sing for joy" by the judicious bestowment of a few dollars.

"How can any one," thought Emily, "waste money on useless decorations, when so much misery can be relieved by a small amount!"

When she met Mr. Russell she said playfully, "Ah! Frederick! I have found you out, notwithstanding your secrecy. Why did you not inform us of your designs, that we too might contribute towards the same end?"

"I wished to give you an agreeable surprise," he replied, smiling affectionately.

"That was not your *only* motive, dearest?" asked Emily.

"Not my *highest*, I hope, but I shall not allow you to probe my heart too deeply." The smile and glance exchanged as he said this, showed how perfect was their mutual confidence.

A short week passed, and Mr. Livingston's apartments were filled with guests, for on that evening his Emily was leaving her childhood's home to bless her husband's house by her presence. And very lovely did she look when

"From the altar led,
With silvery veil, but slightly swept aside,
The fresh young rose-bud deepening in her cheek,
And on her brow the sweet and solemn thought
Of one who gives a priceless gift away."

Yet Mr. Russell was one to whom her parents could confidingly trust their child; he loved his young bride devotedly, and felt deeply his responsibility to God, and the claims of his Saviour on his heart. Thus in "the fear of the Lord," he had "a panoply of triple brass" to shield him from the vices and follies of the world. They both knew that however fondly they loved, the beloved object was only lent for a season, and their best hopes were garnered up in heaven, where "no thief approacheth, nor moth corrupt-

eth." Thus they began their wedded life; though "encompassed with infirmity," conscious of many sins and shortcomings, they rejoiced in the knowledge that "the blood of Christ, cleanseth from all sin," and constrained by this love they went forth to glorify Him in heart and life, who had bought them with so great a price.

CHAPTER II.

"I know by that spirit so haughty and high,
I know by that brightly flashing eye,
That, maiden! there's that within thy breast,
Which hath marked thee out for a soul unblessed."

A year rolled swiftly by; a precious little one was added to the household band of our young friends. As the grateful mother received her babe, and pressed her first fond kiss on its brow, she sought grace to train her child for heaven; and as the happy parents watched its opening beauties, their hearts were full of thankfulness.

But where is Kate Percival, Emily's early friend? She was little changed either in person or mind; her mother had died during the year, and she was now residing with her guardian, Mr. Scott, a man of wealth, and of great integrity of character. During the year, Kate could not attend her wonted scenes of gaiety, and thus, thrown upon her own resources for amusement, she cultivated a closer intimacy than ever with Mrs. Russell; and that kind friend, who ever sought her true welfare, often hoped that impressions had been made on her heart, which would not be easily effaced. But her "goodness was as the morning cloud, and the early dew, which soon passeth away." Her grief at her mother's death, though at first violent, soon wore off; and as she thirsted for the admiration which she always received in society, she was prepared, at the close of the year, to enter with zest into her much loved amusements.

Among her admirers was Mr. Harwood, a young merchant of reputed wealth, and of excellent character. He was charmed by Miss Percival's beauty, and accomplishments, and without taking much pains to study her character, fancied her all that he could wish. In short, he was very much in love, and his affection was not unreturned, for Kate loved him truly; yet I should be wanting in truth were I to pretend that she did not love his money also. *Au contraire*, she often thought with exultation of the splendor she should possess, when mistress of his establishment.—Harwood little suspected this, and deemed himself most fortunate in having won the love of so gifted a being. The wedding day was fixed, preparations were making, and while many in secret envied Kate, her sincere friends, and Mrs. Russell among them, rejoiced at her happiness, for her

temper seemed so much subdued by the indulgence of gentle affections, that it gave them reason to hope her character would permanently improve.

But as the old saying is, "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip," and so it proved in this instance. Mr. Harwood, by a succession of misfortunes, was brought to the verge of bankruptcy. He determined at once to give up every thing, house, furniture, carriages, &c. to his creditors, in hopes that by doing so, there would be enough to pay his debts; and then, poor, but with a clear conscience, he could obtain a situation, until able to commence business again. Kate had for several days noticed his dejection, though he strove to appear cheerful in her society; but as soon as he knew the worst, he hastened to her, and made known the state of his affairs, and his resolution. A dark cloud shadowed the wonted smile as she exclaimed,

"And do you really intend thus to strip yourself of every thing, George? There are Mr. J. and many others who have failed this year, and yet live in as good style, and their wives and daughters dress as expensively as ever."

"But, dear Kate! you well know, that though I might compromise with my creditors for a less sum than I can really pay, and thus retain my establishment, such a course is not that which strict integrity would dictate. If one has not enough to pay his just debts, he certainly should give up all he possesses, and not deprive his creditors of their dues to support his luxury."

"What ultra notions you have! I should think, George! that you had been taking lessons in sermonizing from my early friend Mrs. Russell," said Kate in a tone of extreme vexation. "But what, pray, do you intend to do, after having impoverished yourself? 'Strict integrity' will not support you," and she curled her lip.

He took no notice of the scornful tone as he replied, "I have the offer of a situation, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, if I can do no better. I have not yet accepted it, as I wished to speak to you first."

"I know not why," she scornfully replied; "you have not consulted me as to your other arrangements; and you surely cannot expect me to settle down on twelve hundred dollars a year, even for your sake."

Mr. Harwood looked surprised and grieved, at her words and manner; he, however, replied gently, "That, dear Kate! must be as you choose. If you wish to put off our marriage, I cannot in the present circumstances object. But, though I cannot offer you such a home as I could when I obtained the promise of your hand, surely happiness does not depend on magnificence, and we

could live comfortably on the sum which I have mentioned. Need I say, dearest! how much I should prize such a proof of your affection."

He would have taken her hand, but she drew it coldly away as she exclaimed, "Yes, love in a cottage! doubtless, it would be very romantic, but I unfortunately have no penchant for it; and I must say that I think you are extremely selfish in wishing me to renounce those luxuries to which I have been accustomed, to share your poverty." She burst into tears, as she concluded.

Harwood looked at her in amazement; he had loved deeply and truly, and in his blind attachment, had fancied her all that was noble and excellent. He had come to her this day, thinking that she would approve his determination, and with a hope that she would be willing,--not to endure hardship for his sake--this he did not desire--but merely to give up a splendor that could not confer happiness. Now his eyes were opened; she chose rather to have him act against the dictates of his conscience, when by doing so he could keep up appearances, in the eyes of the world, and he saw that she loved him less than his wealth.

"And is this your real opinion, Kate? Do you renounce me because I am unfortunate?"

A crimson flush mantled his cheek, and the knit brow and compressed lips told how anxiously he waited her reply. She seemed struggling with disappointment and anger, yet she loved Harwood as much as her selfishness would permit her to love, and she could not willingly renounce him; but wealth was dearer still, and that it was impossible to give up. She replied,

"It is, and if you persist in your foolish determination, I cannot consent to marry you."

"Then we must part, for I cannot do what I feel to be wrong, even to please you, Kate! But oh! how have I been deceived in you!"

He pressed his hand on his head, while his tremulous voice betrayed his deep emotion, as this overthrow of his fondly cherished hopes sank with crushing weight on his spirit. Kate saw his distress; it told how truly he loved, and she thought, in the end, that love would triumph.

"He will not cast me off," she mentally said, "though he may resolve to do it; he will prefer an accustomed position in society with me, to poverty and integrity--as he calls his folly--without;" and so she relented not.

But she misjudged her noble lover; he had recently bowed to a higher rule of duty than the opinion of man, than even the morality of the world; a sense of responsibility to his God, and strength imparted from on high, enabled him to resist the allurements of evil, though thus seductively presented. His eyes, too, were opened

to Kate's real character, she sank in his esteem, and though the destruction of his hopes might inflict a deep pang, he could never love her as he had done. Kate retired to her room after his departure, and wept long and bitterly. When she met her guardian, her countenance still bore traces of sorrow, and he kindly enquired its cause. She told him of Mr. Harwood's bankruptcy, and his resolve.

"Noble fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Scott, with animation. "Well, my Kate! he has proved himself more worthy of you than ever."

Miss Percival replied not, and her eye fell beneath the enquiring gaze of her astonished guardian. At length she murmured, "And do you approve his determination?"

"Approve it! certainly, I do so; what honest man could do otherwise?" Then as he witnessed Kate's confusion, he added, "I hope, my dear child, you have not been foolish enough to quarrel with him for such a display of his noble qualities."

Kate's eye fell underneath his searching glance, but she recovered herself and replied, "But what would you have me do? I could not marry a poor clerk, and live on a stinted salary, with my expensive tastes and habits."

"And you have told him this and cast him off, now when he needs your sympathy and affection more than ever, and when he has shown himself so worthy of them. Silly girl!" he added in a tone of mingled anger and commiseration, "God grant you may not bitterly rue your folly!"

And she did repent it. When Harwood called his creditors together and laid before them a statement of his affairs, relinquishing everything to them: by doing which he was able to meet very nearly all the demands against him, though left absolutely penniless himself, they felt so much confidence in his uprightness, that they withdrew their claim for immediate payment, permitting him to continue his business, in hopes that he might soon be able to pay, without impoverishing himself. When Kate heard of this, bitterly did she repent her conduct, but it was too late to retract; when she met Mr. Harwood, he treated her with a cold politeness, which at once told her that he was lost to her irrecoverably. Her true friends, and especially Mrs. Russell, deeply regretted her course, yet Emily could not reproach her, for Kate had poured into her friendly ear the confession of her rashness, and her subsequent remorse and sorrow, and her friend well knew that oftentimes,

"The cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
While the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while,"
and that Kate's gaiety was often assumed to hide from the gossiping community an aching heart;

yet she was gay, and therefore reputed heartless; she was conscious of this, and it gave to her character a bitterness and misanthropy unfeared before. Sometimes Mrs. Russell would remonstrate with her on her severe sarcasms and bitter irony, when she replied,

"I have the name of heartlessness, why not as well have the reality? especially as I succeed so wonderfully in acquiring it, for besides yourself, and your sweet child, and I suppose I must include your husband, I care for no one in the wide world. They may amuse a passing hour, but otherwise, they are to me as though they were not. And yet," she added, and her rich voice assumed a mournful tone, "I often feel it sad to be,

"With none who bless me, none whom I can bless." She brushed away a tear, and added with forced gaiety, "but regrets are worse than vain, 'As ye mak' your bed, sue ye maun lie down,' as the old proverb says; and if mine is a thorny one it is my own fault, I suppose, and there is no help for it."

"Nay, my dear Kate, your case is not so hopeless," replied her friend; "True! the past is beyond recall; but you are very young, you may yet possess beloved and valued friends. Only cultivate what is lovable in your character, and love others, and you will doubtless receive affection in return. You have heard, I suppose, the oft-repeated anecdote of Dr. Doddridge's little daughter, who when asked by her father 'What made every one love her?' artlessly replied, 'I don't know, papa, unless it is that I love every body.'"

"Ah! Emily it is easy for you to preach; with the devoted love of a kind and excellent husband, and all the sweet endearments of home, it is easy for you to love others, and to do good; you may say that these genial influences might have surrounded me; I know it well, and remorse dries up the kindness of the heart. When the withering consciousness of irreparable errors, the merited contempt of one who has loved, presses upon the soul, how can it be gentle and loving?"

"If you are conscious of your faults, dear Kate!" replied her friend with gentle earnestness, "and sorry for the wrong you have done, why not go at once in humble penitence, and lay your burden at His feet, who invites the weary and heavy laden to come to Him. He will not cast you out, but in Him can you find balm for every wound, and indulge the godly sorrow for sin which softens, instead of hardening the heart."

"Yes, Emily! that might do for you, but for me, never." Her dark eye flashed as she added, "Yes, and Mr. Harwood would think I had turned saint, to win *him* back. No! though my

heart should break, my pride will struggle on ; no one shall know that I suffer—to none but you would I now confess it; and I shall yet rise above the dark fate which now bows me down.”

Emily contemplated her friend in pity, and surprise. “Strange infatuation!” she thought, but she said gently, “And will you, dear Kate ! thus cast away the pearl of great price, and still seek your portion in earthly things ? Do not, I beseech you, thus reject the mercy of God, who seeks in infinite love to draw you to himself.”

“Our views differ, Emily ! and therefore our feelings and conduct must differ also. You think it nobler to suffer ‘the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,’ I, ‘to take arms against a sea of troubles,’ and therefore mean to do it. When my sentiments change I will come to you for instruction; but now I must detain you no longer, for here is Mr. Russell, and I should be sorry to disturb the sweet serenity of his temper by keeping your dinner waiting. So, *adieu, carissima mia!* and many thanks for your excellent counsel, which I fear, however, is lost.” With her wonted smile and playful manner, she bade them adieu, and bounding lightly down the stairs was soon on her way homeward.

Mr. Harwood, by a prosperous turn of affairs, gradually recovered a considerable part of what he had lost, and was again known as wealthy ; but Kate could only regret her folly in silence, while a conviction settled upon her mind, that after all, “honesty is the best policy.” His health, however, failed, and he was directed by the physician to seek a milder climate for the ensuing winter. He went to Charleston, where he became acquainted with many families, and did not fail to attract favorable notice. He had already become acquainted with the countenances of many of its greatest beauties, when at a small party he met one, whom he had never before seen, and whom he thought more lovely than all the others. She was rather tall, and her figure, though well proportioned, was light and fairy like ; her face was faultless in feature; the cheek, the chin, the nose, seemed as though sculptured in marble, such was their perfect contour, and the delicate fairness of the skin ; while her large, expressive eyes of dark grey, which were so thickly shaded by the long black lashes as to appear black themselves, shone with mingled softness and brilliancy, and the smile that dimpled her cheeks and parted the rose bud lips, was beaming with gentleness and love. He had never seen one so lovely, and yet so apparently free from all trace of vanity, yet he had been deceived before, and he yielded warily to first impressions. He was soon introduced to Miss Inglesby, and was

charmed by the unaffected intelligence of her conversation.

While seated near her, a lady advanced towards them saying,

“Are you still determined to deprive my party of your presence, Miss Inglesby ? Cannot I persuade you to change your mind ?—young ladies you know are proverbially fickle.”

“They may be so” she replied smiling, “yet I fear I shall not prove it, in this instance !” She added in a lower tone, “you know, dear Mrs. Ellis ! that I do not wish to disoblige you, but I have given you my reasons.”

“I know it, dear Augusta ! but you are positively cruel, the evening will want half its attractions, and considering it is my first party this winter you might really oblige me. Do you not think so, Mr. Harwood ? I appeal to you.”

“Do not, I beg you,” he replied with a smile, “I am so totally ignorant of the merits of the case.”

“Dear Mrs. Ellis” said the blushing Augusta, as that lady took a seat beside her, “do not say any thing more on this subject,—you know it will not alter my opinion.”

Just then a young gentleman approached, requesting Miss Inglesby to sing, saying that several desired it ; she made no excuses, but at once accepted his arm, and took her seat at the piano. Harwood listened with delight, as her sweet voice poured forth strains of delightful melody. Yet her singing was like her manner, simple, easy, natural, with no attempt to dazzle, and therefore the more pleasing. Mrs. Ellis, who noticed the admiration with which he listened, and who seemed disposed to be very communicative, said, “Does she not sing sweetly ! and a lovely creature she is ; I love her dearly notwithstanding her occasional obstinacy. But then she is so good natured with it, that one cannot get angry, however much one may be annoyed.”

“Rather a hard case,” said Harwood smiling. “Well, is it not provoking ?” returned the lively lady. “She is now absolutely pale from confinement at home, and yet she will not come to my ball ?”

“And do you think,” said Harwood playfully, “that crowded rooms and late hours would be likely to restore the rose to her cheek ?”

“Perhaps not, but it is not natural for a young girl to mope at home *forever*, nursing a sick mother, instead of enjoying a little gaiety. I do not know how Mrs. Stewart got her out, to-night, unless it is because the party was to be so small, for Miss Inglesby professes a dislike for balls. She is a little of a saint you must know, though she is so young and pretty.”

Harwood's admiration was increased greatly, by the information which he received from Mrs. Ellis. But, he soon thought, her affections are probably engaged; she cannot be without many admirers. The latter he found to be the case, and busy rumour proclaimed that one of these, Mr. Gardner, was to be the happy winner of the prize. He was a cousin of Miss Inglesby's, and an agreement had been made between the parents when the children were yet young, that they should be married when arrived at a suitable age, if neither of them had any decided objection. Edward Gardner possessed strong passions and a hasty temper, which could not brook control or contradiction, and with all the ardour of his nature he loved Augusta; she, however, did not seem to return his affection, and though considered engaged, many doubted whether she would ever consent to marry him. She would in a few weeks be eighteen, at which time, it had been determined, she should make her final decision. Harwood already felt much interested in her, but his strict sense of honor forbade his making any advances till the expiration of that time. It came, and she told her father, that though unwilling to do any thing he might disapprove, yet she could not marry her cousin; that she loved him as she would a brother, but she could not be his wife. This was communicated to Mr. Gardner as gently as possible, but the effect was frightful; his fiery passions were aroused, and with rage he muttered revenge.

Harwood soon became intimate with the family, and as he knew her, he loved her more and more, and soon found cause to hope for a return of affection. Her heightened colour, and bright smile of joy at his presence, told a tale which gladdened him. Soon it was known that the elegant stranger had won the lovely Augusta, and was to be married to her ere his return home. Mr. Gardner heard it, and unbridled anger filled his heart. He was an only child of wealthy parents, who, with sad weakness, could not control him; thus the temper, which might have been subdued, had grown with his growth, and now the indulgence of passion threatened to hurl reison from its throne; while his pale and haggard countenance betokened the keen anguish of his spirit.

One day, when Harwood called on Augusta, he found her in tears; her cheek was pale, and her appearance alarmed him.

"Dear Augusta, what has distressed you thus?" he enquired affectionately.

"A note from my cousin," she replied, handing it to him. "I did not intend to trouble you with it, but perhaps it is best."

Harwood read the epistle; it was couched in

most violent terms, and betrayed a heart the prey of ungoverned passions; the conclusion was thus, "Yes, Augusta! madly as I have loved you, I would rather see you dead at my feet than the wife of another; and your smooth-spoken lover mistakes much, if he thinks to supplant me thus; he may triumph a while, but revenge shall yet be mine."

"Poor creature," said Harwood as he returned the note, "how dreadful to be the slave of such a temper; I cannot but fear for his reason."

"I fear for your life, dear George! I tremble at his vengeance."

"Do not fear for me, dearest!" he replied lightly, entering into animated conversation to rally her spirits, and he succeeded so well that she soon forgot the reception of the note.

A few evenings after this, as they were leaving the house of a friend, she saw a figure wrapped in a large cloak near the door. The light of the lamp fell for a moment on his features; she could not mistake that angry glance, and involuntarily clung closer to Harwood. As they entered the carriage she heard a deep voice mutter, "My time will yet come," and she trembled with terror as they drove away. These circumstances tended to alarm Harwood, and he begged her to hasten the marriage and leave the place; but her mother was yet ill, and Augusta could not consent to part from her till she was better. Their fears, however, were quelled by the disappearance of Mr. Gardner; it was reported that he had sailed for the North, and several weeks elapsed without their seeing him. One evening as Harwood was walking with Augusta in the grove near Mr. Inglesby's house, they heard a rustling amid the trees, and Mr. Gardner stood before them. Augusta started, for his countenance told of wretchedness and desperation. He noticed her look of terror.

"Yes! you may well tremble, ungrateful being that you are!" he exclaimed, his dark eye flashing upon her; "it is you that have brought me to this. Think not to enjoy happiness with him you have chosen, when you have planted my path with thorns. Do you not dread God's vengeance on you for your baseness?"

"No, Mr. Gardner!" she calmly replied, for she had recovered her fortitude, "my conscience does not accuse me of wrong concerning you. You well know that I never encouraged your attentions, and why should I be denied the liberty which others enjoy of bestowing their affections where they please? Remember this, and for your own sake be more calm, my dear friend."

"Dear! call me not dear!" he exclaimed; "be calm! Aye, go tell the madman to be calm—tell the sea, when the storm has lashed its waves into

fury, to be calm, and when your word can accomplish that, then tell me so. I tell you," he added with increased sternness, "my days are numbered, and you have murdered me."

"Oh! say not so!" cried Augusta; "I wish only your happiness, both now and forever."

Harwood saw that it was useless to reason with one so violent, and he would have drawn her away. Mr. Gardner saw his design, and intercepted him.

"And will you, then, not give me satisfaction, base villain?" he said to Harwood. "Yes! take her away, where she cannot see me, where no such picture of wretchedness is before you, and then be happy; yes, if you can!"—a wild laugh concluded this speech.

"I cannot permit such language in a lady's presence, Mr. Gardner!" said Harwood in a tone of calm dignity, "and must withdraw Miss Inglesby, unless you can speak with more moderation."

"Go, then!" said Gardner withdrawing a step; then quick as thought he drew a pistol from his pocket, and aimed at Augusta; as he fired his arm dropped, and the ball entered her leg. She instantly fell, and the unhappy maniac plunged into the woods, where he wandered long. Ere many months elapsed, he died, a wretched victim to uncontrolled passions. Harwood in terror and distress, raised his fair betrothed; as he gazed on her pale face, his heart sank within him, for he feared the worst; but he bore her swiftly in his arms, to her father's house. He entered the library, and laying her on a couch, summoned the family to take care of her, while he mounted a fleet horse and hastened to the surgeon. Ere his return she had recovered from the death-like swoon; but the wound was found to be dangerous, and a high fever had already seized her. Poor Harwood! his heart was well nigh broken, and had it not been for the consolations of the Gospel, he would have sunk beneath the blow. He watched her with untold anxiety, as he trembled for her frail life. She seemed, indeed, on the borders of the grave, and they scarcely dared to hope for her recovery. One evening at sunset, he stole into her room; she was lying very quietly, and he hoped that she slept; he took a seat by the window, and watched the departing sun; the sky before him was "one unclouded blaze of living light," and its brightness contrasted painfully with his feelings. He turned away, and folding his arms bent his eyes to the ground; the firmly compressed lips, the swollen veins of his noble brow, betrayed his intense emotion. Augusta opened her eyes, and watched him a few minutes in silence, then she said in the lowest tone:

"My dear George! do not distress me by such

a brow of gloom. Remember that though man may be the instrument of our suffering, the rod is in our Father's hand; no harm can befall us without his permission, and He loves us too well to inflict any suffering, but that which He sees to be needful."

"I know it, my Augusta! but does it not seem hard? My early love was chilled by the heartlessness of its object, and now that I love so much more fondly—as you are so much more worthy of affection—to have you thus stricken down! Oh! it is hard to endure."

"It doubtless is so," she replied; "but you know dearest George! who has promised, 'as thy day, so shall thy strength be.' Look to Him for support and comfort, and you will not seek in vain. And do not indulge in revengeful thoughts towards the cause of our suffering; he is doubtless a maniac, and if not, 'vengeance belongeth to God.'"

"Ah! my love! how much I need your counsels and prayers; your constant sweetness makes the anticipated separation more bitter."

"But we shall meet, my beloved; we will meet in heaven,"—her soft eye was turned inquiringly towards him,—"*and together we may hope to spend a blissful eternity, praising the love of our Redeemer.* But I feel a strange drowsiness stealing over me," she added, turning wearily on her side.

"Then try to sleep, my love! I will sit here and watch you." As he spoke a gleam of hope shot across his heart; then he shuddered, as the chilling thought entered his mind, it may be "the sleep which knows no waking" in this life.

He lingered near in intense anxiety as the breathing of Augusta soon indicated sound and healthful slumber. Prayer, deep and fervent, ascended to heaven from the depths of his soul, that her valued life might be spared. As time passed on, and still she slept, he feared to move lest he should disturb her; her gentle breathing was the only sound that fell on his ears, and to him it was a cheering one. Her mother entered the room; he placed his fingers on his lip, and the smile which he gave awoke hope in her heart; she retired quietly, and he continued his lonely vigil. At the end of two hours he heard some one approaching; it was the physician's step, and he hastened to the door to prevent any noise.

When they turned to the bed, Augusta opened her eyes. "I have slept long" she said, "for I feel so much refreshed. How sweet is sleep to the weary!"

The glance of the physician as she spoke, assured Harwood that she was better, and his heart overflowed with thankfulness.

Days and weeks passed on, and her health was gradually restored; she was still lame from

the wound, and her cheeks were robbed of their roundness and bloom, but to Harwood she had never appeared so lovely. As soon as her health was established, she became his bride and departed with him for his northern home.

On his return to New York, his lovely bride attracted much attention, and Miss Percival—not without anguish she would have been unwilling to confess,—heard of their domestic happiness, his devoted love, and her beauty and virtues. Not many months after his return, a Mr. Anthon, a man of great wealth, though of middle age, arrived in the city. He was introduced to Miss Percival and admired her much; she was a handsome, showy-looking girl, and he thought, as Mrs. Anthon, she would be quite an ornament to his otherwise comfortable home. True, she was poor, but she was young, beautiful and accomplished; humble man that he was, he could scarcely expect more; and as he was a millionaire, he had wealth enough for both. Mrs. Russell first met him at Mr. Scott's, where she was spending an evening with her friend; the next morning Miss Percival called on her, when she asked her, "Who is that Mr. Anthon whom I saw at your house last evening?"

"A gentleman who has lately returned from the North-west, where he has amassed a large fortune; he is hunting for a young wife, and as I think he would make an excellent husband, I intend to avail myself of leap-year's privilege, and propose for him."

"Still as fond of a joke as ever; I wonder, dear Kate! if you can be serious?"

"Yes, I will be so now, to please my staid friend. Well then, seriously, his lordship is in love with me, and when he asks me, I shall not say no, I assure you."

"Are you really in earnest?" asked Emily in surprise.

"Yes, and why not? I told you I would have a rich husband."

"Do you love him?" enquired her friend.

"Love him, Emily! now you jest. What a question!"

"Not a very strange one, I should think, after your recent avowal."

"What old-fashioned notions you have, dear Emily!" said Kate. "Do you not know that love-marrriages are now quite out of fashion? and the lady fair cares not how wrinkled is the parchment-visage of her future lord, provided he possesses a good estate."

Mrs. Russell sighed, "And do you, Kate! intend to add yourself to the number of those who sacrifice all for wealth?"

"Oh! no! Mr. Anthon is a very nice man; as grave, and demure, as you please; immensely fond

of his gold, and vain enough to think that a pretty woman will marry him. His gravity will doubtless, have a very beneficial effect on my character, and who knows but that I may yet become as sedate as yourself. The only trouble is, that he may, before many years, become infirm, and require too much nursing; but I can easily tease him to death. Don't you think so?"

"Kate! how can you talk so? but I beseech you, do not throw your happiness away so lightly; wealth cannot confer bliss."

"You know, Emily! I estranged and lost the only one who loved me, and whom I could love; I cannot meet another such. Hush! I know what you are going to say, that I must be good and amiable if I would be loved; but I believe some evil genius presided at my birth, and I might try long and in vain, to be one of your gentle, lovable beings."

"Your efforts doubtless would be in vain, if made in your own strength, but the Spirit of God can renew your heart; and the promise is recorded, 'Ask, and it shall be given you.'"

Kate had drawn the little boy of her friend towards her, and she bent over him as Emily spoke. She raised her eyes and said lightly, "But I do not wish to be a saint yet; I am still very young, and shall have time enough to think of such serious things."

"Rest not on that hope," answered Mrs. Russell solemnly, "for the convenient season may never come. Death often strikes a blow at the youthful and blooming, as well as at the aged. And if your life should be spared by His mercy whom you despise and neglect, your heart, by contact with the world, will become less and less impressible to good. Then, I pray you, 'boast not thyself of to-morrow,' now is the only time which is yours, and if you live and die thus regardless of God, how dreadful the end will be."

A shade of seriousness rested for a moment on the blooming face of her friend, when thus addressed; but she threw it off, and placing the rosy child on the floor, she said lightly:

"Thank you, my friend! for your advice; it is not your fault if I am not as good as yourself. But I must hasten home; I am always cheated out of my time here." She kissed the little one, and bidding her friend a kind adieu, left the house.

Not many months elapsed before she was married to Mr. Anthon. Mrs. Russell was at the wedding, and she could not but gaze with admiration on her friend. In all the resplendence of her youthful beauty, she seemed no fitting mate for her husband, for his hair was bleached by approaching age, and his figure and features were plain. But then he had Gold, and Gold is

a patent charmer; it can make the dull and un-intellectual, most agreeable companions; it smooths the wrinkled brow of age, and gives beauty to the ungainly form, while true excellence, if it be poor, is often despised. Mr. Anthon possessed a kind heart, but his temper was hasty, and he loved his money. Yet he loved Kate, and was proud of her, and lavished upon her expensive presents.

For a time, the young bride really enjoyed her magnificence; she was very fond of dress, and the pomp and parade of wealth; and her splendid mansion, numerous servants, and magnificent equipages, afforded her pleasure. By degrees, however, her husband grew weary of her profuseness, and when her bills were brought in, he was actually alarmed at their amount. He sent for her in haste, and when she entered the room addressed her sternly:

"Well, madam! do you really intend to ruin me? Just look at the amount of these bills; one would think that a portionless wife would have some little delicacy in scattering her husband's riches."

Mrs. Anthon looked steadily at her husband as he spoke; she flushed cheek, knit brow, and curling lip, told that hers would be no gentle reply.

"If I had not wealth, Mr. Anthon, when I married you," she proudly said, "I had youth and beauty, which were more valuable, and had I dreamed that you were so miserly as to grudge me what you can well spare, I am sure I should not have married you."

"Then it was my wealth you sought! And this is the return for all my kindness."

"Yes, your kindness to yourself in seeking a young and handsome wife, to adorn your house. Do not, I pray you, make yourself ridiculous by pretending that it was a love match on either side. Are you a fit hero of romance, think you?"

"Whether I am or no, madam! I do not choose to be taunted by you; and if you cannot learn to address me more respectfully, I shall find means to humble that haughty bearing of yours, rest assured."

He spoke very sternly, and his wife concluded it would be most prudent to try him no further then, and she repressed the keen retort. But her indignation knew no bounds.

"Miserly wretch!" she mentally said, "what is the use of money but to spend it?"

And then she thought of Harwood, and the happiness which she might have enjoyed as his beloved wife, and she mourned her foolish rashness. But Kate, though conscious of her faults, unfortunately did not learn wisdom from experience, for she sought it not where, alone, true wisdom can be obtained. Meanwhile, many dis-

putes arose between herself and her husband, and as they had little regard for each other, and were both rather passionate, these quarrels often proceeded far. By accident, Mrs. Anthon became aware that the miserable life she was leading was the subject of comment among her acquaintance. She attended one evening a large party; it was in summer, and towards midnight feeling exhausted by the heated, confined atmosphere of the room, she stole away into a balcony, into which the windows of an adjoining apartment opened. While there she saw two young gentlemen approaching the house. As they drew near the door they paused a few minutes underneath the place where she was sitting, and she overheard their conversation.

"Yes, she is very beautiful!" said one; "but report says that her husband leads a dreadful life. Poor fellow! he has a hen-pecked look, I confess."

"Yes, Harwood had a lucky escape there, though we did not think so at the time," rejoined his companion.

"Harwood! is it possible? Was he ever interested in that quarter?"

"Certainly, I am surprised that you did not know it. He was almost ready to die, *pour l'amour de ses beaux yeux*. But some quarrel took place. I do not know what, for I never could get any thing from him about it, and the affair was broken off."

"I gave him credit for more penetration. As for me," rejoined the first speaker—

"There's something so very peculiar, in the flash of her very bright eye."

"That I should be unwilling to fall into her hands. But, bye the bye, where are Harwood and his pretty little wife to-night?"

"At home, I suppose, enjoying their honeymoon, which seems likely to last forever. I have heard too, that he has become very religious, and his wife is a real little 'Methodist.'"

"And so beautiful! What a pity!" They entered the house, but Kate sat immovable. Pride, anger, and shame filled her heart, and she soon ordered her carriage, and drove homeward.

CHAPTER III.

"When the fond heart is filled with joy, with gay and mirthful feeling,

Bethink thee! that the form of death beside thee may be stealing.

That ere another hour has past, that rosy smile may fade,

And the light form that glides so fast, in the cold tomb be laid."

One morning as Mrs. Russell was engaged in the nursery, a servant came to say that a lady wished to see her; immediately a light step was

heard on the stairs, and Mrs. Anthon entered the room.

"What a homo look this pleasant room has, dear Emily!" she said, as she drew a chair to the fire, and having seated herself, enticed little Henry to his accustomed seat on her lap. "With all my magnificence, I almost envy you your domestic joys; my *home* has no charms for me."

"Why do you not seek to make it pleasant, dear Kate! you are engaged in a constant round of amusement——"

"I know it," she interrupted, "but I cannot give it up. True, I do not find much happiness in gaiety, but there is excitement, and that I must have to keep me from thought. You know not what it is, Emily!" and her voice faltered, "to be afraid to think—afraid to dwell on the past."

Just then the nurse entered, and Mrs. Russell rose to descend to the parlour with her friend. As soon as they closed the door Mrs. Anthon asked, "Who is that young girl, Emily? She seems so lady-like, so different from servants generally, and withal so very pretty. Her face is like one which I have seen before, either dreaming or waking, I know not which."

"You have seen her," replied her friend smiling, "but it is four years since, and I wonder that you should recollect her. Do you remember, a short time before my marriage, the visit which you made with me to a destitute family, and the little fruit-seller whose distress drew us thither? Mary Hall, for it is the same, has been with me several months, and though it was so little which I did for her, her gratitude is lasting. When little Harry was so sick last summer, she watched him night and day, as though he had been her own brother."

"She must be quite a treasure," said Mrs. Anthon; "and it must be pleasant to be regarded with so much gratitude. I have often had serious thoughts of turning 'Lady Bountiful' myself; but then these benevolent ladies are such a torment. There is Mrs. Smythe, I never see her but she is teasing me to subscribe to some Bible, or Sunday School, or Missionary Society, or to give a donation to some poor widow, with a starving family, as numerous as that of good old Mr. Rogers of primer renown."

"Dear Kate! you are too severe; you know Mrs. Smythe is not rich, and therefore not able always to assist these benevolent objects from her own purse; but if she gives her time and attention to the troublesome details, you ought to be glad that you can assist her in so easy a way as by giving money."

"It is not quite so easy as you seem to think,

for Mr. Anthon is so stingy that I can scarcely supply myself with all that I need."

Mrs. Russell glanced at her expensive apparel.

"And yet, my dear friend! I am sure you will confess that you waste more every year on useless personal decorations, than would support one poor family. With a little thought and economy, much good can be done at small expense."

"Yes, by scrimping one's self, as you did in that affair of your wedding bonnet, which I remember as of yesterday; but I do not intend to follow your example. I have few pleasures left, and do not mean to diminish them."

"I do not desire that you should," returned her friend; "I only wish you to seek pleasure in nobler pursuits. Surely it will afford more happiness to relieve distress, than to wear an article of dress, whose cost places it beyond the reach of the many."

"But one tires of such hum-drum pleasures, if pleasures they can be called."

"If you act merely from impulse, doubtless you will tire; principle should be our guide; and a higher motive than that even, of relieving misery, if we would be untiring in benevolence."

"Higher!" exclaimed Mrs. Anthon in amazement; "surely that is good enough."

"But do you not remember the apostolic injunction, 'Do all to the glory of God?' Love to our Redeemer should constrain us to every good work; not, however, with the idea of thus meriting Heaven, for 'by grace are we saved.'"

"Oh! Emily! I beseech you do not perplex me with your theological refinements. I never had any taste for the study of divinity, and you well know, I detest preaching out of the pulpit. So I beg you to reserve your homilies for one more tractable."

Emily said no more, but though grieved at her friend's sarcastic manner, she chiefly mourned that she should be so regardless of her own soul.

Not long after this conversation, the bank in which Mr. Anthon had invested a large sum, failed; and he was a great loser. This alarmed him, and like many rich men he began to fear that, notwithstanding his great wealth, he should come to poverty. While agitated by these fears, he was solicited to join in a speculation, in which several expected to make their fortunes. By the specious promises of those who desired his capital to advance their own interest, he was induced to yield to them, in the confident belief that thereby he would double his fortune.

How insatiable is the love of money! it is indeed "the root of all evil." The money lover

thinks that when possessed of a certain sum he will be satisfied, but when he has won that, he is less contented than ever. Thus is he drawn on, till often soul and body fall victims to his covetousness. How wise, how benevolent, the injunction, "Take heed and beware of covetousness." "For they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare; and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

But to return from this digression. Mr. Anthon awaited the result of his speculation with fears and hopes; he did not inform his wife of his engagements; indeed there was no confidence between them, and she, notwithstanding his frequent injunctions to the contrary, was as lavish in her expenditure as ever.

It was a cold bright evening in January, a few months after his embarking in this scheme, that they were seated together; Mrs. Anthon reclining on a luxurious couch, and her husband seated near her, apparently engrossed in the examination of some papers, and seeming quite regardless of his fair wife. She stretched forth her hand impatiently, and rang a bell; still he did not look up; a maid appeared and the lady asked in a fretful tone:

"Martha! has my dress been sent home yet?"

"No, ma'am! but it is not my fault; I charged Mrs. Thomas to have it ready."

"How annoying!" exclaimed Mrs. Anthon, as the girl closed the door, "it is always just so, but I must go to night whether I get that dress or not."

Her husband raised his eyes from the paper he held in his hand, and fixed them on his wife steadily as he said,

"Where are you going? Can you spare no time from your gaiety to me? I scarcely see you at all now."

"Do you not? then it is your own fault, for I am often at home during the day; this evening, however, I am going to the fancy ball at Mrs. Morien's."

"You are certainly jesting, Kate! you know how often I have desired you to discontinue her acquaintance; and it would be highly improper for one so young as you, to visit one of so doubtful a character, especially without your husband's protection, and at a time when so much liberty is allowed as at a masquerade."

"I certainly do not jest," replied his wife. "If you do not choose to honour me with your company, I can find others who will. What objection you can have to my visiting Mrs. Morien I know not; her house is frequented by the most fashionable people in the city."

"Yet that does not make it a proper place for

my wife to visit, and again I request you not to go. You cannot deny so slight a favor to one so ready to comply with your wishes."

"I can, and what is more, I will, however much I might wish to oblige you?"

"Then madam! since you will not comply with a request, I command you not to go out this evening, and beware how you trifle with me."

"Oh! do not frown so, Mr. Anthon!" retorted his wife sarcastically; "it is very unbecoming, and it would indeed be a pity to spoil so handsome a face."

"Stop your trifling," he said sternly, "Will you or will you not obey my commands?"

"Obey!" she exclaimed, starting from her reclining position, "obey you? I think not. See you aught of submission written there?" pointing to her haughty brow, and curling lip, "No! I will not obey."

Mr. Anthon had strong reasons for wishing her to remain at home this evening; he had heard rumors of the failure of his speculation, and he expected every moment letters which would confirm or deny these reports. He had been unprepared for so determined a defiance to his wishes, and a dark frown clouded his brow, while his eyes flashed with indignation, as he replied;

"Go then, madam! but, mark my words, bitterly will you repent it!"

She deigned no answer, but left the room. And most beautiful did she look, dressed as a Sultana. Her rich robe of crimson velvet was magnificently adorned with jewels, a valuable bracelet shone on her beautifully rounded arm, and a superb necklace was clasped round her snowy throat. Her long black hair was arranged in thick braids, and folded around her head in imitation of a turban, and it formed indeed a fitting coronet. As she beheld her beautiful features in a mirror, the glow of satisfaction deepened on her cheeks, and she felt that she could not renounce the admiration she would be sure to receive. She took up her mask, and descended to the hall, where she met her husband; she coldly bowed; he as coldly returned it, while his countenance expressed no admiration of her surpassing beauty.

When Mrs. Anthon arrived at the mansion of her hostess, she was met by a young gentleman who had often paid her attentions in public, and who professed great admiration for her; while she received his homage as a matter of course. Mr. Courtlund was not decidedly handsome, but his figure was fine, his teeth very white, and the smile intended to display them, very sweet; his manners had that ease and polish, rarely acquired save by intercourse with the refined. Among the figures of the motley group which met Mrs.

Anthon's gaze was a sybil, clad in a scarlet cloak, a hood on her head, and a mask representing an aged face, from which shone forth the brilliant eyes of a fair dame well known to many present. They, however, did not recognise her in the disguise, and her truthful narrations of the past, and probable conjectures of the future awakened considerable interest. At last a lady approaching Mrs. Anthon who was conversing with Courtland, said, "Come, fair Sultana, with me, to yonder sybil; she has been bestowing strange gifts on us. Come and see what destiny she will award you."

"A brilliant one, it must be," said Mr. Courtland, "if it accords with her beauty and merits; but let us try her wondrous power."

"Nay, Sir," said Mrs. Anthon playfully, "you must not accompany us; it is in vain to remonstrate, for I am Sultana now, and your heads are all in my power; so, beware how you offend."

"Our hearts have ever been," replied Courtland, bowing gracefully as he turned away.

He soon followed and found a group collected round the would-be prophetess; she had just taken Mrs. Anthon's hand, and was scrutinizing the fair palm, with an ominous shake of the head, for she had heard those rumors of Mr. Anthon's misfortunes, which had not reached the ears of his wife. She looked in her face muttering in a low voice,

"Lady, thy form is fair and bright,
And wealth and splendour wait thy call;
But grief will chase away delight,
And misery on thee, proud one, fall."

Then, as she saw Courtland approaching, she added in a lower tone,

"Fair one! although thou know'st not fear,
Beware, for oh! the tempter's near;
If virtuous, happy thou would'st be,
Spurn him, oh! spurn him far from thee."

While she spoke Mrs. Anthon, though not superstitious, felt her self-possession failing, and as she connected her words with her husband's parting threat, a vague apprehension of coming evil stole over her. She felt sick at heart, and leaned, almost fainting, against a pillar for support. Mrs. Gordon who was with her, thinking her faintness was owing to the oppressive air, called on Mr. Courtland to conduct her through the crowded rooms, to the conservatory, where she might obtain fresh air. She almost mechanically accepted his arm, and began threading her way through the crowd. Before they had arrived at the conservatory she had entirely recovered her self-command, and vexed that she had allowed such a trifle to disturb her, talked and laughed more gaily than ever. She advanced to the window in which a beautiful rose tree bloomed in luxuriance, and plucking one of the opening buds,

exclaimed, "How beautiful is this! how exquisite the hue, how delicious the fragrance; is it not lovely?" appealing to Courtland.

"It may appear so to others; I cannot see its beauty now," he replied;

"Is it possible, Mr. Courtland! that you do not admire it?" asked Kate in astonishment; "I did not think you so insensible to all that is lovely."

"I am far from insensible," he replied, "and that remark proves it. A few days since, when I wandered through this room, I admired those worthless buds, but now their beauties are eclipsed."

"Nay, Mr. Courtland," said Kate "for I will not affect to misunderstand you, do not flatter me; I am tired of empty compliments."

"Then, dear Mrs. Anthon, listen to truth, and that which I have long wished to avow. Would that you were not bound by such galling chains, but you cannot, you will not spurn my love, and break the heart that worships you."

Kate looked upon him sternly; a harsh rebuke trembled on her lips, when she caught the admiring gaze of his eye, and she said more gently:

"Nay, Sir, I cannot listen to such a declaration, and must leave you immediately if it is repeated. You forget surely what is due to me, or you would never dare address me thus."

"My love is my only excuse," he replied, in a despairing tone, "and did you know the misery of *hopeless love*, you would not turn away thus coldly."

"You should not have bestowed your love, where it could not be returned."

"And can the heart be controlled by the cold dictates of prudence? Can one love where he is required, and only there. I appeal to you, can you, because of your marriage vows, school your heart to love your husband?"

"Whether I can, or not, Sir," said Mrs. Anthon, indignantly, "I do not choose to bare my heart to you. I cannot but wonder at your effrontery, for whether I love my husband or no, I *certainly* do not love you."

"Nay, most beautiful! you cannot be so cruel," said Courtland, seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips, but Mrs. Anthon snatched it away and hastily retreated to the ball-room. But her enjoyment was over.

"Surely," she thought, "I cannot have fallen so low; that it should be deemed an avowal of unhallowed love would please me. Ah! how changed, since I possessed the honourable affection of a most honourable man."

On her return home, she saw a light in the library, and opened the door. Her husband was seated there; his cheek pale, his brow knit, and

an expression of hopeless despair on his face. Kate started back.

"Come in, madam!" he sternly said; and mechanically she obeyed the summons.

"I hope you have had a pleasant evening," he said in a tone of bitter irony; "pleasant it ought to have been, for I mistake much if you spend another agreeable one, for many a day at least."

"What mean you?" asked his wife, startled by his looks and words.

"Mean? I mean that I am ruined—that you are a beggar—and that your extravagance has been one cause of it."

Kate gasped, the colour vanished from her cheeks, and she sank almost fainting into a seat.

"Ruined!" she exclaimed, and her voice was hollow from emotion. "Ruined! and I the cause. How dare you say that?"

"It is true," he replied; "your thoughtless profusion made me fear (especially after my great losses) that you would waste all my property; and it was this fear that led me into the speculation that has ruined me."

"Then blame me not," and her eye flashed indignantly as she spoke; "it was your own parsimony which induced that fear, and your own rashness that has brought this trouble on you. And now I must be poor—fool that I was to marry you! Did I not know that wealth might be lost?"

"Yes! you were a fool," he replied, "and the words seemed to hiss from between his teeth, and I was one also. Yes! I could have loved you: madman that I was, I *did* love you; and I have indulged you in every thing that you could wish; and *this* is my reward. When poverty stares me in the face, the wife of my bosom, whom I raised to affluence, taunts instead of consoling me. I tell you, woman!" he exclaimed, advancing and fixing his eyes sternly upon her; "remember, you will be answerable for the consequences of your selfish heartlessness, and cold and sneering as you are now, you shall yet feel."

He pushed past her, and hastened up stairs. His wife sat a few minutes as if stupified, then rose to follow him. She had just ascended the stairs, and stood at the door of his room, when the firing of a pistol within, and the fall of a heavy body, told the fearful deed; that, goaded to desperation by the loss of the gold he idolized, and his wife's unfeeling conduct, the unhappy man had rushed, all unprepared as he was, into the presence of his Maker. When the servants, startled by the report, ascended the stairs, they found their mistress extended across the hall,

apparently lifeless, and bursting open their master's door, saw his corpse weltering in blood. They raised him, and found that he was indeed dead,—the shot had taken effect in the head. They laid Mrs. Anthon on a bed and sent for a physician, while her maid despatched a messenger for Mrs. Russell.

When that lady arrived she found her friend yet insensible, and feared that she would not revive, and even should she, her situation (for in two months she was expecting her accouchement) made her recovery doubtful. After a while a deep-drawn sigh indicated returning consciousness, and Kate Anthon awoke to a full sense of her wretchedness. "Oh! Emily," she exclaimed, "take me hence, I pray you; not one moment of happiness have I enjoyed within these walls. Take me, I beseech you, to your own home."

The request was complied with. But agonizing pain soon seized upon her, announcing the hour of nature's stern trial, and ere sunset she was the mother of a delicate infant, a daughter. But it was soon evident that the days of the unhappy mother were numbered. A fever fastened upon her and she became delirious. Her ravings were most melancholy, and would often draw tears from her sympathizing friend, who watched her with a sister's love, praying earnestly that God would prepare her for the hour of death. It was indeed touching to hear her allusions to the past—her self-accusations for her husband's death—her earnest pleadings not to be imprisoned and executed, saying she did not mean to kill him.

At the end of a week she seemed better; one day, a gleam of reason returned; she recognised her friend and said,—

"Ah! Emily, I have been very sick; I think I dreamed, for I thought I had a sweet little baby like your Lucy. But where is Mr. Anthon?"

Her kind friend evaded this question, and replied, "You have been very sick, and are so still, dear Kate; you have a dear little one who is quite well; but you must keep very quiet."

"Speak louder, Emily, I do not hear you," she murmured in a hollow tone; "how dark it grows! Is it night?" Then as if a sudden thought startled her, she raised herself up, and grasping the hand of her friend, exclaimed with convulsive energy, "Emily, is this death? Death! I cannot die—Oh! eternity—" her voice sank to a whisper, the grasp relaxed; she fell backward. The spirit had departed.

Thus, in the bloom of life, this lovely young creature was called to die, and the call, alas! found her "without God, and without hope;" "affording another melancholy instance of the folly, as well as guilt, of those who put off repentance till the hour of death, or till old age approaches, and find then, when it is too late, that the dying pillow, or the feebleness of age, affords no fitting time to do the work of a life. "Oh! that men were wise, that they understood this, and would consider their latter end," and would thus in the "dew of youth" seek Him who alone can rob death of its sting, making it an eternal gain to His faithful followers.

The poor little orphan, who was very delicate, was nursed by Mrs. Russell, who had lately lost an infant a few months old; and gradually it became strong and well. Mr. Harwood, who could not but regard it with interest, as the child of one he had once fondly loved, and whose sad end he deeply deplored, desired to adopt it. His amiable wife seconded the request, promising it should receive the same watchful care as her own little girl. But Mrs. Russell, though she would willingly have obliged these esteemed friends, could not consent to part with her. "Her mother," she said, "consigned her to my care and begged me never to desert her. True it was in the hour of delirium; but I consider my promise as sacred; and she has become very dear to me now."

To such a reason they could not object, but Harwood begged to be permitted to share in her support and education, and this was granted. Kate Anthon, for she was named for her mother, early promised to possess not only that mother's beauty, but also the same hasty temper. This her adopted parent strove incessantly to subdue, and also to repress the vanity which early manifested itself in the child. Knowing well that education, however, cannot change the heart, and implant holy principles, Mrs. Russell feared fervently, and "without ceasing" for the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit. Her prayers were answered, and she had the satisfaction of seeing her beloved Kate, while yet in early youth, submitting her heart to the Saviour; and, deriving grace from Him, she succeeded so well in subduing her temper, that she grew up amiable and gentle, and one of the most warm-hearted and affectionate of beings. At the age of eighteen she became the happy bride of Henry Russell, the oldest son of her adopted mother, and though he led her to the altar with devoted affection, succeeding years proved how much,

"The wife was dearer than the bride."

M.

A DIRGE.

BY DR. HASKINS.

Howl—howl—ye Storms!—rage—rage—ye Winds!
Fast fall thou bitter blinding Snow!
Thou Spirit of the tempest, wreak
Thy wrath around—above—below:
Thy black as midnight be the hour;—
Thou Forest! lift thine arms on high,
And smite the sullen, lurid clouds
That hurry on the whirlwind by.

Thou Heav'ns! with shiv'ring stars be set—
Be blackness o'er thee, dusk and deep;—
Congenial to my troubled soul,
Dark Ocean! burst thy bands of sleep;
Summon thine awful host of waves—
In thunder suite th' unbattled shore;—
Let the loud hills re-bellow back
And Nature sicken at thy roar.

Farewell, ye dreams of fond delight
That Summer in its beauty brings;
The smile of Morn—sweet fragrant frow'rs!
Farewell ye bright unlasting things—
Love—Beauty—Fame—the rich romance
Of youth—a long farewell to all!
Eternal Heav'n!—would that the woes
That veil my heart as soon might fall.

I dare not dwell upon the past;
I dare not wish the cloud away
That hides from my deep inward view
The glories of a former day;—
The dreams of youth—the burning trance
Of passion's morn—th' unclouded sky,
By hope beleek'd with wondrous hues—
False vision—mock no more mine eye!

My soul is dark;—away, away,
Ye flick'ring lights, whose fitful gleam
Illusive shines thro' Men'ry's cloud—
Away—nor mock me with your beam.—
Yet wherefore thus—this cheerless gloom—
This mourning for the benighted past;—
Fall well thou know'st, mine inmost soul,
Those joys were bright, but could not last.

Nought—nought on earth—thou knew'st full well—
Thy yearnings deep could satisfy;—
Here Man at best but dreams of bliss;—
True Pleasure hath her home on high.—
Then rise to nobler thought, nor mourn
For joys that might not, could not, stay;—
Suns set—years wane—Eternal Life
Hath bliss—hath joys that ne'er decay.

SONNET.

BY DR. HASKINS.

In!—music—'tis the voice of my beloved,
As gently thro' the lattice-bars it stealth;—
Her hand the sweetest of the chords hath mov'd,
And softly on the air its light note peeth;—
Oh! there be moments when the bosom feelth
The fondness of past years revive anew,
When Mem'ry thro' her dark'ning cloud revealeth
The star whose beaming rays were ever true.
I dream'd of sounds upon the soft breeze swalling;
I dream'd of music on the midnight air;
And there is still within my lonely dwelling
The echo of a voice which late was there.—
These be the tricks that wanton Fancy playeth
In hearts whose fondness dies not nor decayeth.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. IV.

THE MESSENGER OF DEATH.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Bright o'er the gardens of Lucullus shone
The placid star of eve.—The glowing tints
Of day, still lingered on the distant verge
Of the horizon; and light fleecy clouds,
That chequered o'er the deep blue vault of heaven,
Retained the parting glances of the sun
And blushed to vivid crimson—far away,
Through the immeasurable fields of air
They floated on, rejoicing in their course.
The rich ripe clusters of the purple grape
Were decked with dew-drops, and the fragrant breeze
Sighed a soft lullaby o'er beds of flowers,
Wafting afar upon its viewless wings,
The rich perfume of rose and jessamine.—
Anon from forth the neighbouring vineyards came
The laugh, the shout, the blithely rolled song,
Making wood, vale and mountain eloquent,
With strains of jocund merriment, which told
The long, long labors of the day were o'er.
Oh! young hearts throbb'd with pleasure when the moon
Rose in the East, and poured a silver flood
Of trembling light across their homeward path—
And glowing cheeks were shaded, lest the blush
Her rays revealed, should tell the tender tale
Evening's dim shadows had but ill conceal'd.

Within yon splendid gardens lingers one
Who views her rising with intense despair,
Who starts—and listens to the whispering breeze
That stirs the dewy branches; and who hears,
In the low murmuring of Tiber's wave,
The footsteps of the Messenger of Death.
She sighs convulsively—and shuddering bows
Her jewell'd temples on her hands, and weeps.
The artist's pencil—the rapt poet's dream—
Did never image features half so fair,
Or sculptor's chisel from the stone call forth,
A form so rich in outward loveliness;
Stretch'd on the ground, o'erwhelm'd with hopeless grief—
Her bosom bare—her dark and lustrous eyes
Dimm'd with incessant tears—her glossy hair,
Wet with the dews of heaven, all unconfid'd,
And loosely waving round her pallid face—
The Empress of the world neglected lies.
Yea—that proud, beautiful woman, on whose smiles
Admiring thousands hung but yesterday,
Who bound soft Claudius in love's silken chains
And rul'd the fate of nations—she whose crimes
Have been the wonder and the scorn of earth—
Alas! her power is now a fleeting dream—
Her sun has set for ever—and the crowd,
Who lately worshipp'd, leave her here to die.

Death! what stern phantoms does that name call up!
What ghastly spectres hail her from the grave
That yawns beneath her—Lo! in troops they come,
The young, the lovely and the brave, who fell,
Devoted victims to the envious lust,
That suffered not a rival near its throne.
Conscience, long dormant, loudly now asserts
Her dreadful empire; her attendant fiends—
Remorse and Agony, and fell Despair—

Strike deep their talons in her quivering heart,
Withdraw the veil that hide the guilty past,
And quench for ever the mild beams of hope.

The face of nature, too, seems changed to her;
The cold, clear glances of the full-orb'd moon
Seem to upbraid her with her crimes—her frailty,
The very stars frown on her, as she clings
Yet closer, to the bosom of the earth.
Oh! what a contrast to the shameless scene,
So lately acted on this very spot!
No envious cloud obscured that polished brow,
No tear-drop dimm'd the lustre of those eyes;
When Silius wore the ivy crown, and breathed
His soul in sighs, at that fair vot'ry's feet.

Fark! a step wakes the lonely echoes round—
Her heart beats audibly—'twas but the wind,
The mournful murmuring of Tiber's wave;
With hands firm clenched—with quivering lips apart,
And tearful and expanded eyes, she sees
A shadow thrown across the moon-lit path.
Her fear—her mental agony has reached
A desperate climax—and with one loud shriek,
She sinks unconscious on the dewy ground.

'Tis not the dreaded herald of dismay,
Who bends above that prostrate form, and lifts
Those bright neglected tresses from the dust—
Who wipes the damp drops from that marble brow,
To bathe it o'er again with gushing tears;
'Tis she, the mother of that stricken wretch,
The high soul'd Lepida, whose noble mind
Was worthy of the better days of Rome.
Hers is a holy sorrow—she had nursed
Upon her knees, that lovely criminal,
Had watched, from infancy, her charms expand
To bright perfection. Yet, when love of sway,
And lawless passions, blighted the fair bud,
Her doating love had cherished—when foul vice,
Made her abide in that voluptuous form,
And Rome's great master hung upon her smile,
She made not one among the flattering throng,
But sternly warned her of her crimes, and left
In fortune's golden lap, her guilty child.
That child deserted by the world, she comes
To close the deep wounds of her bleeding heart,
And teach the stricken mourner how to die.

She lives—she moves—again the hectic glow
Flushes her pallid cheeks—the heavy sigh,
The heaving bosom and the gushing tears,
Proclaim returning consciousness;—she wakes
To all the maddening knowledge of the past,—
The horrors of the present!

From those arms

She starts abruptly, and essays to fly—
And as, with phrenzied shriek, her hurried glance,
Falls on her mother's pale majestic face,
The dignity of virtue more appals
Her shrinking soul, than exile, chains or death;
"Oh! wherefore art thou come?" she wildly cries,
"Is it to tell me of my crimes—to plunge
A fiercer pang into this tortured heart?
Away!—proud dame, away!—I will not hear
One word of what I was! Alas! alas!
I only feel too keenly, what I am;
Thou art a mother—therefore thou shouldst be
Both kind and merciful—ah! woe is me!
I never felt those sacred ties till now—
Now, when their very tenderness is fraught

With agonies unspeakable. Ye Gods !
 Save me, in mercy save me ! Let me look
 Once more on my sweet children, ere I die !"
 She ceased—and dashed against her swollen brow,
 Whereon despair was darkly register'd,
 Her clench'd and frantic hand. Her mother spoke—
 "Think not, I sought thee in this dreadful hour,
 To add a bitterness to death. I came
 To bid thee close a guilty, mispent life !
 Thou wert free-born. Oh ! suffer not a slave,
 To execute on thee a tyrant's sentence—
 A Roman—sprung from that illustrious race,
 Who deemed existence valueless, unmarked
 By virtuous and heroic deeds. My child,
 Behold this dagger ! it will set thee free !
 And prove by this last act—at least thou art
 Not quite unworthy of thy Roman name !"

Rous'd by this speech, the Empress seized the steel,
 And feebly aim'd it at her breast ; but fear
 Unnerv'd her hand, and with a ghastly cry,
 That blanch'd her mother's cheek, she shuddering flung
 The weapon from her. But the Tribune's hand—
 The long expected Messenger of Death—
 Struck from behind, and closed the guilty scene.

HINTS ON VALENTINE WRITING.

ST. VALENTINE'S day is now fast approaching, and who is there, especially among my own fair sex, who have any very remarkable personal attractions to boast of, but feel some little interest in the approach of a day on which they anticipate the payment of so many tributes to their charms? yes, kind reader, it is indeed amusing to think how many pens are at this moment perhaps sharpening for our service !

While, therefore, the gentlemen are so well employed in preparing the instruments to be used, I would recommend them further in some degree to replenish the powers that are to direct, and sharpen their wits a little too ; and they will thereby render their admiration more feeling and acceptable, their witticisms more humorous and laughable, and their satire more keen and pungent ; all and either of which, are preferable to such dull and prosy lucubrations as appear to emanate from the over-loaded organs of rhyme in the crania of some would-be enamoured swains, some would-be humourists, or would-be satirists—which, swelled almost to bursting with what is too big for them to contain, must find relief in giving vent to high-sounding words of enormous import. I do not, however, mean to write an article upon the subject—being in hopes that some one more capable will have undertaken the pleasing task ; but merely, in laying before the readers of the GARLAND a few specimens of Valentines which I have received, to offer some hints generally, on the subject of Valentine-writing.

Now, gentle reader, you must in the first place understand that I am, or at least the beaux tell me I am, a very pretty girl ; now I have really no earthly objection to be told so twenty times a day, (although I am sure that I would have been perfectly aware of the fact, had I never been told of it at all,) so long as it is any passably handsome and intelligent sort of a gentleman who tells me so. With regard, however, to the writing of Valentines, as I receive a great number of them, I would like—as a party deeply interested—that a better taste, generally speaking, should pervade the Valentine writing community ; so that I, as well as others, who are in the way of receiving such communications, should be afforded some real amusement from their perusal. For my part, the way in which I act in the matter is this. The moment I open a Valentine and read a few lines—or so far, at least, as may enable me to judge of its originality—if it is original, I read on, and if anything passably well written I preserve it. If, on the contrary, however, I can detect its being a copy, I very quietly put it in the stove, without proceeding any further.

It is true, that many may argue, and certainly with some shew of reason, too, that it would be better for the majority of Valentine-writers to select such pieces from the most approved authors as might in some degree express their feelings and display their taste, rather than perplex their fair readers with verses, (and sure enough I hope I may be spared from such effusions as some of them are,) either tawdry, drawing and heavy, or bombastic and ridiculous. Now I beg most humbly to differ from those who hold this view of the case ; for on receiving anything original, whether the style be light and easy, or stiff and heavy, with awkwardly expressed sentiments, (perhaps indeed the latter may sometimes be the best test of sincerity,) I feel more complimented than if I received a copy of the most feeling and passionate effusions that our language can boast. And why ? Because in receiving an original piece, I feel that I have, at least, been in the mind of the writer, that I have been to him the object of some serious thought, of some calm reflection, and consequently with him I can have some sympathy ; nor, if the sentiments be as some I can approve of, does the style being stiff and elaborate detract from this, as it only tends to prove that he has not scrupled to spend a considerable portion of time and labour in my service. On the contrary, on receiving a copied piece, though it may paint, in the most glowing colours, the highest admiration or the greatest depth of feeling that language can express—though it may be executed in the neatest hand and done up in the finest style that vanity can prompt ; still, in this

I can perceive no real feeling nor genuine sentiment, and at the same time I cannot but feel that no intellectual power nor depth of talent has been made subservient to my charms. He who sends me a copy of some elegant verses, I do not thank for them, as I can read them with much more ease and satisfaction in print. Like some bewildered animal placed, by a combination of unaccountable circumstances, altogether beyond the scope of its own energies, he may indeed feel some stupid sort of admiration, but ten to one the verses which he sends will display a depth of feeling and of sentiment, that are far beyond his sympathies, and which he can neither appreciate nor understand. What new feeling, for instance, can some beautiful lines from the Poems of Campbell—which are, perhaps, already engraved upon my memory—awaken in me? or from the glowing page of a Burns? or from the melodies which the genius of Moore has poured forth from the depths of his noble and elevated soul? What is it to me that I receive as a Valentine, some heart-stirring stanzas from the pen of a Byron, mourning over the broken chain of crushed affections blighted in their bud? These burning words were never addressed to me, nor, did they ever spring from the heart of the copyist; consequently they can awaken no feeling in my bosom save sympathy for the mighty genius who gave them birth.

But, it may be argued, that there are many so deficient in the art of versifying that they cannot, under any circumstances, put so much as a couplet together. Now, in answer to this, I certainly think it by no means absolutely necessary that all Valentines should be in rhyme, and there is no gentleman of common polite education, but ought to be able to put a few lines expressive of whatever he would wish to say, in such a shape as would be far more acceptable than any copied piece. But if he really can NOT do it, why then he should let it alone altogether, consoling himself with the reflection that it is his misfortune and not his fault.

I must further remark that there are some, pretending to style themselves gentlemen, who take the opportunity of Valentine's day, to write (anonymously of course) abusive and insolent letters, some of them indeed shocking to decency and good manners. This I can scarcely say that I have any experience of personally, and I believe that it is for the most part practised upon gentlemen. But against whomsoever it may be directed, it is a practice so ungentlemanly, so cowardly, so utterly despicable, that it must meet with the indignant reprobation of all sensible people. So let it drop! Hoaxing, however, I consider quite justifiable, so long as the party hoaxed is goose

enough to be led astray. When it is carried successfully, however, to a very great extent it is but right to spare the feelings of the party the pain of an exposure. In fact, but for that consideration I could supply one of the most amusing anecdotes of the kind I ever knew or heard of. Without, however, extending to any greater length, I shall proceed at once to some specimens of the Valentines I have received, bearing the stamp of originality, and which I have considered worthy of preservation.

1. First then I shall place one which, to say the least, contains a very honorable proposal, although I most positively protest against the truth of the assertion with which it concludes,

Dearest Gertrude! I tell you this won't do at all,
Breaking hearts by the dozen, both great ones and small;
So when this to your hand by the Post has been carried,
I tell you at once, come away and get married!

There is Blank, Blank and Blank, are all trying to catch you;

But there's none of them, dearest, like me, that could match you;

For though some are right handsome I do not deny!
Yet there's none of them ever can love you as I!

So at once come away and this bother have ended,
And the rest—when they see that their case can't be mended—

Will be off—so make haste and get me to assist you,
As you promised to do 't'other day—when I kissed you!

2. Without further comment on the foregoing I shall proceed to another:

Dear Gertrude! do not you remember—
I think it was in last December—
One evening when we walked together,
The night was fine and clear the weather,
How tenderly I talked of love—
How you did listen and approve?
And how at last, our love to bless,
We sealed it with a tender kiss?
And after that we met again,
And more and more you loved me then!
But Heav'n! what's come across you now?
You promised me, you must allow!
But now indeed, you look so flat,
As if you had forgot all that.

I don't know really what's the matter,
But once again I will have at her,
And at her feet become a squatter;
And looking in her lovely eyes,
On bended knee, heave up long sighs,
And sure as death I will not rise
Till they are mine—a noble prize—
Unequaled in the starry skies!
But if my suit she then denies,
And there my passion she decries,
And says my love is all but lies,
Then at her feet her lover dies,
And she will mourn his obsequies!
She then will throw aside disguise,
And wail aloud with dismal cries!
As from the mangled corpse she flies;
And pale will be the brilliant dyes
That in her cheeks carnation lies:

And when her dying lover plies,
Such loveliness in sorrow's guise,
And struggles hard and vainly tries,
To get up, which grim Death denies,
And wishes he had been more wise,
Than burst in spleen life's slender ties,
Which as his gasping breath he plies,
Now slowly yields its last supplies,
Till, closed, its obdurate it dries!

Alas! dear Gertrude! 'tis not fair,
To doom him thus to dark despair!
For 'tis quite true, tho' you may stare,
If no compassion you have got
As sure 's a gun I'll cut my throat!

Now the above, though upon the whole, the style is certainly rather fluent and easy, has some very awkwardly expressed sentences in it. The change from the first to the third person, for instance, is brought about very clumsily. I have, however, considered it worth preserving on account of the length to which the same rhyme is carried out in it; and if the writer would take a gentle hint and make his next rather shorter, I would expect a very nice one from him before long.

3. The next I think might have been better, were it a little more connected, and the chorus left out:—

Oh! my sad heart is breaking,
So mournful and lone!
Since before me thy beauty
And loveliness shone!

Fairest of Bytown's maids!
Oh! do but smile again!
Love all my breast pervades,
Let me not sigh in vain!
Shades of evening were stealing
Around us the while,
And their beauty grew brighter,
Adorned by thy smile!

Fairest of Bytown's, &c.

May the balm of the morning
Fall soft on thy brow,
And the dew of the evening
Refresh thee as now.

Fairest of Bytown's, &c. &c.

I must also inform the writer, that, in the last line he has altogether sacrificed the sense to the rhyme, when he says, "as now" instead of "as then."

4. Upon the next I need make no further remark, than that I have no desire whatever to earn the promised reward, while for the writer's satisfaction I beg to inform him that I could do so, if it held out the slightest temptation for me:

Dear Gertrude! listen to my song,
Nor criticise it too severely;
I do not mean to hold you long,
Although I'm sure I love you dearly!

I fain would write a longer letter
Of how my head and heart they both ache!
But then I'll wait till you get better,
For now I know you've got the toothache!

Now if a moment, at your leisure,
You'll try your wits if you can guess,
Who wrote you this, and whose the measure,
As sure as death you'll get a kiss!

Which would with greatest joy be given,
By one who at thy wish is thine;
And who beseeches, Gracious Heaven!
Thy blessings on his Valentine!

5. The following I prize more on account of the sincerity of the friend from whom I believe it to have come, than any great merit it otherwise possesses.

Dear Gertrude! you're a pretty creature,
For beautiful is your every feature:
Your mouth—but oh! 'twould crack my brain!
Each separate beauty to explain!
Enough to say that angel grace,
Pervades each feature of your face!
Your foot—your head—your form's divine!
I wish indeed that you were mine!
As I have long been wholly thine
And am so now, dear Valentine!

6. I shall now conclude with one which was addressed jointly to myself and my two sisters, and indeed we were all very much amused at the time, at the idea of the gentleman playing off such a joke upon himself:

Three maidens fair before me stood,
Each by herself unmatched in grace!
But side by side, when all I viewed,
I could not tell the fairer face.
'Twas strange I thought that thus divine
With looks of beauty, grace and love,
With equal charms the three should shine,
Nor one the others rise above.

Yet advantageous to my view,
The case did shew what might be done:
For though refused by charming two,
A charming third might still be won!
But really how I should propose—
So unadest I—I did not know
For though for each my sighs arose,
I feared that each would answer "No."

I took a venturesome step at last,
And Zelia my bride I hailed!
My pulse beat quick—my breath flew fast—
Alas! I fled—my courage failed!

For Laila next arose my sighs,
My bosom kindled at her charms,
But ah! I fled—her beaming eyes,
Transfixed my soul with wild alarms!

To Gertrude now I kneeling turned,
"Fair maid," I cried, "I die for thee!
For thee my constant love hath burned!"
"Ah! woe! Alas! she fled from me!"

In the foregoing Valentines, the reader will of course understand that the names are fictitious and substituted in place of the real ones; in other respects I transmit them in their original shape, and I should indeed be happy, should there be anything in them equally amusing to the general readers of the GLEANER, as there will no doubt be to those who may recognize them as old acquaintances.

P. Q. Z.

Bytown, January, 1845.

THE PEARL-FISHER:

A TALE OF THE BUCCANEERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMMANUEL GONZALEZ.

BY EDMOND HUGONOT.

VI. THE BOUCAN.

The party took another road than that by which they had reached the bay; for the horizon gave some token of an approaching storm, which might have serious consequences, if it caught them among the marshes. Gongora, at the command of Don Ramon, marched at the head of the troop, examining the path narrowly as he went, for traces of those rude strangers, whose vicinity Fray Basilio's intelligence had rendered at least possible. For some time the route was pursued in silence, but at length the boatman halted till the commander came up, and said to him in a low voice:

"Master! I can find no trace of passers by, and yet I do not feel satisfied. If Joachim would only aid us, I should have no fear, for the most cunning Carib could not hide his trail from his keen eye."

After a moment's reflection, Don Ramon turned to the young pearl-fisher.

"Listen, Joachim!" he said. "If thou wilt act as guide to the *flotte*, I promise to forgive thee the punishment thou hast merited."

Joachim did not seem to hear him. He remained motionless on his litter, with his eyes steadily fixed on the palanquin in which his aged father was borne; a sudden tremor which occasionally shook his frame, was the only token of life which it betrayed.

"Do you speak to this madman, *senorita*!" said Don Ramon to his cousin; "he may perhaps listen to you."

He was not more successful here, for a haughty and contemptuous glance was the only reply he received. He therefore addressed the boatman, eyeing Joachim, however, as he spoke.

"We must trust to you, then, Gongora! Be careful and vigilant, for on you depends the safety of Donna Carmen de Zarates."

At this name, the young fisherman turned round, and meeting the glance of the commander, directed his own significantly to the cords which bound his ankles.

"You swear not to escape?" demanded Don Ramon.

Joachim signified assent, and by command of Don Ramon, his feet were set at liberty, though the cords which bound his wrists were still retained. A few minutes afterwards, as they crossed the bed of a small stream, the young pearl-fisher, without raising his eyes from the ground, said quietly—

"Cattle hunters have passed here within the hour."

Don Ramon, at these words, hesitated and grew pale, but after casting an anxious glance around, he replied—

"You either wish to deceive us, young man! or you have yourself been deceived. There is not a single root flattened, a branch broken, or a footprint marked on our path."

"It is true," returned Joachim; "neither on earth nor in air are there any traces of their progress; but look to the water! I know this streamlet well, and the march of several men through its bed could alone render the water so muddy, for not a drop of rain has fallen for the last two months. But this will not long be the case," he continued, looking up to the darkening sky; "the storm comes on apace, and we must hasten towards the clearing, to have the tents raised in time."

There was no time to lose. The sky was charged with heavy masses of clouds, and the oppressive heat of the atmosphere warned them to profit as soon as possible by the fisherman's advice. In the Antilles, storms develop themselves with the utmost rapidity, and before the party had reached the clearing, the rain began to fall in large, warm drops, and the muttering of the thunder was heard nearer and nearer.

As they issued from the wood, they noticed in the open glade to which they were hastening, traces which lent strong confirmation to the suspicions of Joachim.

"A boucan!" cried the hunters, with some degree of consternation.

This boucan was a rude hut, covered with large palm-leaves, which closed it all round.

Twenty or thirty poles about eight feet long and of the thickness of a man's wrist, were supported on stakes a short distance from each other, and were hung with quarters of wild cattle and boars. Under these were smouldering the ashes of fires where the wood had been mixed up with the bones and skins of these animals, the vapour of which was considered to be more effective in preserving the flesh than the wood-smoke alone. The meat thus cured was held in high esteem by the buccaneers, who had borrowed this mode of preparing it from the aboriginal inhabitants of the Antilles. In the Carib language, the stakes on which the flesh was hung were called *barbacou*, which was applied by the Spaniards to the meat itself; and from the Carib name—*boucun*—applied to the huts in which the operation was performed, was derived the name of *Buccaneers*, rendered so terrible amongst the Islands of the West.

This digression will explain how the aspect of the hut was at once associated with these dreaded pirates, and will account for the terror and alarm which it produced among the party.

"Villain!" cried Don Ramon to Joachim; "you have betrayed us! you have brought us into this snare!"

"But the boucan is deserted and tenantless," said Gongora, who had advanced to reconnoitre. "The rascals have not even left, according to their usual custom, one of their number to prepare their evening meal."

"I suppose, then," exclaimed the commander joyfully, "that the pirates have fled at our approach."

"Say rather," replied Joachim, "that they are now watching our track. The buccaneers and filibusters are not the men to leave their game to the Spaniards without resistance, were we twice their number. Their appearance would have no terrors for me;—they could not be more cruel than the noble commander, Don Ramon Carral;" he added bitterly, roused by the groans which proceeded from Melchior's litter, and no longer restrained by the presence of Donna Carmen, who had sought refuge in the boucan.

"Down on your knees, slave!" cried Don Ramon, furiously, raising his baton as he spoke.

Here it descended, however, it was turned aside by a musket barrel, interposed by a personage who had advanced from the shelter of the neighbouring brush-wood.

"Dase rabble!" cried the new comer, in a strong harsh voice, "who gave you permission thus to invade the camping place of honest buccaneers?"

VII.

THE STRANGER.

The man who made this sudden appearance, might be from forty to fifty years of age. A few crisp gray locks grew over his temples; his blood-shot eyes were keen and restless; his countenance would have been harsh, but for an expression of frank boldness that excluded all idea of baseness or cruelty. Nothing in his form betokened the strength and vigour so necessary for the pursuit in which he was engaged; and his small stature and spare frame must have been counterbalanced by the possession of nerves like iron, of muscles hardened by frequent exercise, and of energy the most indomitable.

His costume was as strange as his personal appearance and his smoky habitation. It consisted of a red woollen shirt, beneath which appeared another of coarse linen—a pair of loose linen drawers, reaching half-way to the knee—and a small linen jacket, originally white, but which had acquired a reddish-brown tint, from the blood of the animals which the hunter was in the habit of bringing to the boucan on his shoulders. A pair of buskins of untanned boar's hide, defended his feet from the thorns of the cactus and other prickly plants which abounded in the forests. A large sheath of crocodile skin hung from his girdle, in which were four large keen knives and a sort of bayonet. The girdle itself was a piece of very fine canvas, which the buccaneer wore wound round him in this fashion, during the day, and which, unrolled and spread over him at night, served as a coverlet to defend him from the attacks of the mosquitoes, and from the midnight dews, so noxious in that climate. The lower part of his face was covered with a thick tangled beard, while the upper was shaded by the peak of his low flat cap.

The stranger leant negligently on his long musket, and after a short pause, he again repeated his question, adding—"I expect an immediate answer."

"The boucan appeared to be abandoned;" answered Joachim firmly, seeing that Don Ramon was still too much overcome by surprise and alarm to venture a reply. "We were overtaken by the storm, and could not leave this young lady exposed to the tempest."

As he spoke, he pointed towards Donna Carmen, who still remained on the threshold of the hut, deterred by the smoke within, from advancing further. The buccaneer regarded the young man with an air of melancholy interest, and then added, in a softened tone:—

"That alters the case, my young friend! I now offer my hospitality to one and all of you. Although I have an act of justice to perform, for the sake of this young lady and thyself, I will suspend, for the present, the execution of my vow."

"Bah!" cried Don Ramon contemptuously, having by this time somewhat recovered his self-possession; "we need not such ceremony—we can help ourselves to what we want, without thy permission. Art thou alone here?"

"No!" rejoined the stranger calmly, with a singular smile; "I am guarded by two good comrades."

"Where are they?" asked the commander, in a less assured tone.

"Here is one of them!" replied the buccaneer, as he passed his hand caressingly over his musket. "This is an old and faithful servant, made expressly for my use by Brachic of Dieppe; it carries an ounce ball, and the barrel, as you see, is four feet and a-half long. And I have here"—he added, striking a calabash that was slung by his side—"twenty good pounds of Cherbourg gun-powder—at your service."

"And your other companion?" inquired Don Ramon.

"My other companion!" repeated the bold adventurer, with a strong expression of disdain; "it is the fear which the very name of a buccaneer strikes to the heart of you Spaniards. Were you to kill me as I stand, you know how terrible my brethren would avenge my death."

Donna Carmen and Joachim could not help admiring this man, who, alone in the midst of his enemies, relied for his defence on the innate boldness of his soul, and the terrible renown of his companions. To look at him as he stood, cool, calm and collected, one might have supposed him surrounded by his followers, dealing out the destinies of conquered foes.

"Ah! thou darrest to brave our anger!" cried Don Ramon, relieved from his fear of an ambushed band of buccaneers, and beginning to conceive the hope of leading a prisoner back with him to the butto. "Seize him!" he continued, addressing Gongora and another of the fishermen.

The two men advanced towards the adventurer, but with a slowness and hesitation, which testified the little pleasure they felt in executing their mission.

"Come along, most courageous fishermen! I await you here," cried the stranger, with a good humoured smile. "What do you fear? I do not menace you; I do not make the least resistance; you may take me like a lamb and conduct me to the feet of your master. Advance, I say!"

This invitation, far from encouraging Gongora and his companion, only increased their hesitation, and at his final exclamation they arrested their steps altogether.

"Are you fatigued, my valiant enemies?" continued the buccaneer. "Must I meet you half-way?"

The two fishermen had some inclination to turn and fly; but they contented themselves with resting motionless as if their feet had been nailed to the ground.

"Have you lost your senses?" cried the commander. "Obey on your peril!"

"Noble Senor!" interrupted the buccaneer; "I have only to warn you, that the very instant your slaves lay hands on me, you fall dead on the very spot from which you now address your haughty commands."

"What mean ye?" mourned Don Ramon.

The only reply of the rover, was a shrill whistle like the cry of a parouet, which was immediately answered by another that seemed to come from the clouds.

"Out! out!" shouted the buccaneer. "Aim at the Spaniard, Balthasar! fire at his right arm! Curaçon! Gerondif! here, boys, here! Out and watch them!"

These words struck terror and confusion into the band of Spaniards. Many fled homewards; others remained, unable to move through fear; Joachim threw himself before Donna Carmen, ready to defend her at the risk of his life. The dismayed commander, following the direction of the buccaneer's look, perceived, amid the green branches of the tree near which he stood, the glistening barrel of a musket with the muzzle directed towards him. Don Ramon started, and struck his spurs into his horse's flank, but the trembling animal, instead of starting forward, recoiled rearing;—right in front stood two of the *brachs*, or formidable hoinds used by the buccaneers in the chase of the bull and wild boar. The commander remained amazed and stupefied, as if surrounded by the spectres of some fantastic dream; forest and plain and sky seemed to wheel round in a wizard dance, to which the fierce baying of the brachs, the rolling of the thunder overhead, and the wild rushing of the wind through the forest trees, served as orchestra; for the rain had all this time been falling in torrents; the lightning broke the black vapour of the firmament with its winged fires; and the whole world shook with the violence of the tempest.

The buccaneer advanced towards Gongora and his companion, seized each with an iron hand, and prostrated them on the earth, where they lay entreating his mercy.

"You are but the tools of others," said the stranger; "rise and be off with you! It is fortunate for yourselves that you did not lay hands on me."

They rose up, with many expressions of gratitude, and were about to retire, when they were arrested by the voice of the adventurer—

"Stay! advance to your master—seize and bind him!"

They could not disobey this command, and still less the threat that appeared in the fiery eye of the rover.

"I am now about to accomplish an act of justice," said the latter to Don Ramon, in a loud and commanding voice. "I offered thee peace and hospitality; this offer was insolently rejected by thee. Thou hast shown thyself base and cruel; thou must be humbled and chastened."

"Holy saints!" exclaimed Don Ramon, who began to recover his self-possession, "are we mad, thus to suffer such outrage unchecked!" And he added, with a fierce look around, "I will forget none of those who now abandon me."

At this some of the fishermen and negroes began to edge towards him, but the buccaneer, without even looking in that direction, coldly and haughtily said:—

"Senor commander! I order thee to preserve in my presence the most respectful silence."

"Respectful!" echoed Don Ramon—"to thee—to a pirate!"

"And to listen to thy judge in the humble attitude that becomes thee," pursued the stranger, without heeding his interruption.

"Thou my judge!" replied the commander, with a forced laugh.

"Take aim, Balthasar!" continued the adventurer, in the same impassive tone.

This exclamation had the desired effect. Don Ramon lifted his eyes to the branch on which Balthasar was posted, and, fascinated by the serpent glance of the sharp fiery eyes that glistened through the foliage, he shuddered and remained silent.

"All ready, Leopard!" answered the sentinel.

VIII.

THE "LEOPARD."

At this terrible and well-known name a movement of mingled fear and curiosity passed through the hunters, and all eyes were turned towards the celebrated adventurer, the chief of the *Porto de la Paça* buccaneers, renowned for his courage and audacity, and for whose head a reward of two hundred thousand piastres had been offered by the Spanish government. Joachim and Donna Carmen could then comprehend the boldness of

this extraordinary man, of whom the most wonderful stories were told—such as having put to flight, armed only with a brace of pistols, a whole company of *luceros*.

"Yes!" resumed the Leopard calmly; "Thou, so long time sole master and judge here, hast found a judge and a master in an inhabitant of the forests. Thou hast abused thy power to the injury of those made of the same flesh and blood as thyself, and must be rewarded accordingly. Now dismount—and quickly too! unless thou wantest aid from these two squires beside thee."

Don Ramon looked to the two fierce hounds, and slowly obeyed, trembling at once with fear and rage.

"Now, go to thy servant Joachim Requiem, and untie the cords which still bind his wrists."

"Never! never! I will die first," cried the commander, catching the contemptuous look which Carmen fixed upon him.

"Get ready the sulphur matches then," replied the Leopard.

This threat at once subdued the resistance of Don Ramon. It alluded to a torture sometimes used by the Spaniards, to ascertain where the Spaniards had concealed their treasures: lighted matches were placed between the fingers of each hand, till the fingers were consumed, or the sufferer consented to what was asked of him.

When the commander had loosed Joachim's hands, he threw a dark look around, to catch any smile that might lurk on the lips of his dependants, and discover which of them blessed from the bottom of their souls, the author of his humiliation.

"Is this all?" he asked at length.

"Certainly not!" replied the Leopard. "Joachim Requiem! thou, the poor pearl-fisher, who hast a heart so brave and noble, thou whom this man has trampled under foot, whose soul he would have crushed, who hast been the object of his pitiless sport—avenge thyself of that man! Thy father, whom he has sacrificed, lies dying in that palanquin—think of him and avenge thyself!"

"Beware, slave!" cried Don Ramon, drawing his sword, as Joachim made a step in advance, and fixed his eyes on the pale visage of his master.

"This is folly!" answered Joachim, and with a sudden bound, he leapt upon him, tore the weapon from his trembling hand, broke it on his knee and threw the fragments at his feet.

"None but a man of honor should bear a sword," he continued. "Behold yours changed to pinnards—arms of far more use to Don Ramon Carral!"

Then seizing the arm of the commander, he addressed him in a low deep voice:

"Behold us now face to face, unarmed, without weapon in your hand, without bonds confining my limbs, without minions ready to fall on me at a word of your mouth, or a glance of your eye. Strike me now, master!"

Don Ramon trembled with terror and ineffe-ctual rage, and looked round among his attend-ants, but not one came forward to his aid. The aged Melchior endeavoured to raise himself on the litter, but fell back with a deep groan of pain. Roused by this sound, Joachim raised his hand, with a menacing gesture.

"Have mercy on him! Use no violence!" cried Donna Carmen, stretching out her arms towards Joachim.

The persuasive tones of that sweet voice al-layed the anger of the young pearl-fisher, and he remained motionless.

"Come!" cried the Leopard—"make haste! for I have business elsewhere. Pronounce your master's sentence, and whatever your judgment may be, I swear that it shall be executed without appeal. And thou, Don Ramon! kneel down before Joachim and prepare for thy fate!"

The commander would have resisted, but a threat from the buccaneer brought him to his knees.

"Now Joachim! your sentence!" exclaimed the adventurer.

"I am sufficiently revenged," returned the fisherman, with an exclamation of contempt, "in seeing this base wretch thus humble himself trembling before me."

"'Tis well, my son!" murmured Melchior.

"It is a noble action!" exclaimed Donna Car-men, with a grateful and approving glance.

"You are wrong, my lad!" returned the Leopard. "When you catch a serpent, crush him at once. Beware! revenge on your foe is now in your power; you may forego it, but he will not forego his. But after all," he added with a sigh, "if not wise, you are generous, and as you have determined, so it shall be done. Rise, Don Ramon!"

The commander obeyed.

"Now listen attentively, Don Ramon Carral!" continued the buccaneer, "and remember my words. This youngster is a fool, and I can read in thine eyes how thou meanest to repay his ge-nerosity. But should any evil happen him in consequence of our meeting here, it shall be re-venge by us, should we have to blot Rancheria from the face of the soil—we will find thee, Don Ramon! should'st thou hide in the bowels of the earth. Swear, then, by our holy Lady of the Pillar, that thou pardonest Joachim Requiem for having spared thy life!"

"I swear it!" exclaimed the commander, with a sardonic smile.

"I absolve thee from thine oath," hastily in-terrupted Fray Ensabio.

"Be it so! I shall not absolve him," returned the Leopard. "You may now depart," he con-tinued, "the storm has ceased."

"Whilst the commander, the monk and Donna Carmen remounted on horseback, the buccaneer drew Joachim aside and thus addressed him:—

"My brave fellow! if you have ever cause to repent of your generosity—as you will doubtless have ere long—you may safely rely on the Leo-pard: he will not fail you in your need."

They interchanged a friendly grasp, and the pearl-fisher hastened to rejoin the troop of Don Ramon, which was now departing in gloomy si-lence.

When they had disappeared amid the depths of the forest, the Leopard abandoned himself to an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which found a joyous echo from the tree, whose tenant had kept Don Ramon in such fear.

"The simpletons! the poltroons!" at length exclaimed the buccaneer—"to let us two solitary men escape them so! It is certainly the best trick we have ever played upon the Spaniards."

"Your 'Out! out!' had an excellent effect," cried Balthasar with another burst of merriment.

"Yes! they imagined a buccaneer concealed under every leaf of the forest. I shall never forget the frightful grimace your appearance brought upon the visage of the valiant Don Ramon!"

"Still!"—cried Balthasar, sliding down the tree with the agility of a squirrel—"still it was not equal to our encounter with the company of *laneros*;—that was an adventure to boast of!"

"Boldness is the mother of safety, my lad! When these Spaniards formed their circle of an hundred horsemen around us two, they thought themselves quite sure of us."

"But we," interposed his follower, warning at the recollection, "placed ourselves back to back, and to their officers of quarter, only replied that it would cost dear to the first who came within pistol shot."

"Aye! not one of them was bold enough to risk his life for the others, or we should not now have been here. But it is time we should depart. Let us carry some of our meat down to the canoe, and then reconnoitre Rancheria. I distrust this commander and his hypocrite brother, and it would grieve me if aught should happen to that brave young man, Joachim Requiem. What an acquisition he would be to our band!"

IX.
THE HATTO.

When Don Ramon arrived in front of the Hatto, he gave his train the signal to disperse, and then coldly addressed the young pearl-fisher:—

"Thinkest thou, Joachim Requiem! that I will keep the promise I have given to that pirate?"

"You ought at least to do so," was the reply.

"And thinkest thou I will forget that thou hast pointed thy musket at the breast of thy master?"

"No, Senor Don Ramon! one never forgets having been put in mortal fear."

"And yet thou hopest that I will not revenge myself?"

"I have little anxiety on the subject. I wait and watch, and so too does the Leopardi."

"Fool!" cried the commander, with a mocking laugh. "poor insensate fool! is there no way of killing a man but by powder or steel?"

"Have you nothing of more importance to say, senor? My old father waits me."

"Ah! thy father is dying—is he not? Thou wouldst no doubt have a physician to dress his wounds and allay his burning fever? Thou shalt not have one, wert thou to give thy heart's blood in recompense."

"The skill of Fray Eusebio will surely not be refused to a suffering Christian?" cried Joachim, hastily.

"True! my brother's healing skill might still save him; but he embarks immediately for Porto de la Pica, to effect an exchange of prisoners. Thus Melchior will have no physician but his son; thou wilt have all the honor of his cure, as, a few hours ago, thou hadst all the honor of his preservation."

He turned and entered the Hatto. Joachim made no reply: he would not implore the pity of one whose cruelty he knew to be deliberate and inexorable; but he silently vowed a deadly revenge.

Aided by Gongora, he conveyed his father to their *ujoupa* and laid him tenderly on his pallet. Having dressed his wounds as best he could, he watched all the rest of the day by the side of the dying man, tending him with affectionate care. About an hour before midnight, the old man fell into a slumber, or rather a lethargy induced by his weak and worn out condition, and Joachim, gently rising, attached to his girdle a short hunting cutlass. He imprinted a light kiss on his father's venerable forehead; then issuing from the *ujoupa*, he directed his steps towards the house of the commander.

Let us now see what has been passing meanwhile in the Hatto.

On her return, Donna Carmen de Zarates announced that she would receive no one that evening, and retired to her chamber. This apartment was furnished with that lovely splendour, which, in the Indies as in Spain, contrasted so strangely with the miserable huts of the peasants and slaves. It was hung with tapestry of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold; mats of marvellous fineness were spread upon the floor; Venetian mirrors were incrustated in the wall, in frames of sculptured silver; the pilinths, cornices and door frames were of dark oak, admirably carved. A velvet curtain at the bottom of the room hung before the entrance of the *Escaparata*, a large alcove, which contained a handsomely fitted altar, a couch of white damask fringed with silver, and two small tables of mahogany, covered with coral branches, pearls of strange fantastic shapes, bezoar stones and other curiosities.

In this chamber, which she had occupied from her infancy, Donna Carmen endeavoured to arrange her confused recollections of the past day, and to judge between the master and the servant. The result of her reflections was by no means favorable to Don Ramon, and she determined anew never to give her hand to one, for whom she experienced nothing but contempt and dislike.

The evening thus passed away. She had dismissed her attendant negress and remained for some time in a reverie, when the door of the apartment suddenly opened, and by the faint light of the silver lamp that hung from the roof, she could discern the form of Don Ramon Carral. He shut the door and advanced towards his cousin, whilst she, shaking off the lethargy of surprise which had seized her, and resuming her habitual dignity, rose to her feet.

"You here, Senor!" she exclaimed haughtily, "at this hour of the night, and when I had announced that I would receive no one!"

"Between relatives there is no occasion for such ceremony," returned the commander. "Besides, I have to speak to you of an important matter, which must not be put off till to-morrow."

"Explain yourself more clearly, commander!" replied Carmen.

"I wish to speak of your marriage, Senorita!"

"You have chosen a strange hour and place, cousin Ramon! to prefer such words to an orphan who still wears mourning for her father."

"This marriage was the last wish of him whom you regret, Carmen! and circumstances render it imperative that you should give me a decisive answer. It must be given to-night."

"You are bold and courageous enough, Señor! when you speak to women."

"I await your reply, fair cousin!" replied Don Ramon coldly, seating himself as he spoke.

"You may easily divine it," at once replied Carmen.

"I have then a favored rival?" asked the commander, in a calm unmoved tone.

"A rival!" repeated Donna Carmen. "You know well that I live here like a recluse, with no one near me but a tyrant and his slaves."

"A thousand thanks for the compliment, Senorita!" interrupted Don Ramon, bowing with ironical politeness; "but why then refuse my offer with so much pride and warmth? I am no old dotard, with a forehead overshadowed by silver locks, and a countenance furrowed with wrinkles. I bring you as dowry neither dishonour nor wretchedness. Nay more! I love you so much as to be even jealous of you. What would you more?"

Donna Carmen hesitated an instant, and then replied:—

"What would I more? Perhaps, Don Ramon! you may think me very romantic and unreasonable, but I should prefer a husband who would ensure me respect."

The commander felt the sarcasm, but he concealed his confusion under an affectation of anger.

"Who will dare to fail in courtesy towards the wife of Don Ramon Carral? If such there be, chastisement will swiftly follow the offence."

"I am well aware," continued the maiden, "that you are a harsh and pitiless master, but I repeat, I will never choose for a husband, one who is base, hypocritical or cowardly? Do you understand me, Señor?"

With an impatient gesture, she pointed to the door of the apartment, seeming, by her noble and commanding attitude, like a statue of the ancient Diana.

Don Ramon moved not.

"My dear cousin!" he replied, in a tone of mingled politeness and raillery, "since we have now come to explain our sentiments frankly on this matter, and since you have at once rejected all my conciliatory propositions, I must lay the question clearly before you. You must choose between obedience to the last wishes of your father, and retirement to a convent, which will give you a cell and a camelot robe, in exchange for your riches."

"Are you serious in thus speaking to the daughter of Don Juan de Zarates?" demanded Carmen.

"Perfectly serious, Senorita!" replied the commander.

"And did you think I would for a moment ho-

sitate between entering a convent and becoming your wife?" rejoined the girl disdainfully.

X.

RETRIBUTION.

The lips of Don Ramon Carral trembled with emotion, and a livid paleness bespread his countenance; but he made an effort to restrain his anger, and address her in a calm tone.

"Poor child! you do not understand that you have not the force to withstand me, and what I have determined on must be executed at all hazards. I must be the absolute master of Ramcheria, and the peevish resistance of a woman shall neither change my will, nor frustrate my plans."

"This then is your love!" was the contemptuous exclamation of his cousin. "I thought the mask would soon fall off! Yes! this marriage you would make a mere bargain, in which the heart counts us nothing. You love me—because I am the mistress of this pearl-fishery; you love me—because two hundred slaves are marked with my cypher; you love me—because I bear a nobler and more time-honoured name than your own. But your uttermost hatred, Don Ramon Carral! were preferable to such love, and I defy your power to constrain my will or dictate my actions!"

She advanced to the table on which usually lay the silver whistle, by which she was in the habit of summoning her attendants.

"You take unnecessary trouble, Senorita!" said the commander carelessly. "You will find nothing there."

The whistle was gone.

"This is some infamous snare!" she exclaimed; "but no! you would never dare——"

"Have I not told you?" he interrupted, with a sarcastic smile—"that what I have resolved must be executed at all hazards? Did you think that I spoke at random, and without previously taking all necessary precaution?"

"Treachorous villain!" cried Donna Carmen. "But beware, Don Ramon! my voice can reach my attendants. Retire, while there is yet time, or you shall be driven disgracefully forth!"

"Let them come! they will serve as witnesses to this contract of marriage, my dear Carmen!" cried the commander, rising as he spoke, and producing a written document.

"Wretch! approach me not!" cried the girl, retiring towards the entrance of the Escarpate.

"As you please, Senorita!" replied Don Ramon, falling back upon his chair, with a glance of cool insolence. "Now, let us talk calmly and reasonably, my savage bride!" he continued.

"It has now come to this; you must choose—not between my hand and a cloister—but between marriage and dishonour."

Carmen remained pale, mute and motionless.

"Yes!" resumed Don Ramon, "when I leave this apartment, it shall be in the presence of witnesses. You will have the support of a clear conscience, doubtless; but the judgment of mankind is always formed from appearances."

"Heaven help me!" murmured poor Carmen, clasping her hands and bursting into tears.

"It will be in vain for you to affirm," continued the commander, "that I introduced myself here by surprise—by violence—against your will—you will not be believed. Even should they give you credit, your name will not be the less tarnished, and you will only be too fortunate, if I should honour you with mine."

"Oh! why am I exposed to these base insults?" cried Donna Carmen, in a voice choked with emotion; but by a violent effort, she resumed her self-possession, and continued; "You hoped, Don Ramon! because I was thus lonely, without protection, abandoned to your mercy, that I would humbly petition for your pity."

"I not only hoped, but was certain of it; for Donna Carmen de Zarates cannot put an end to our interview, without herself hastening the scandal which must result from it; whilst the wife of the commander may issue from this apartment, with name and reputation as unblemished as before. I am generous, you see, cousin."

"You have deceived yourself, noble commander," said the contrageous girl, calling to her aid all the energy of her soul. "You see daily before you knees bending at your slightest signal, backs bent under the scourge, lowered eyelids and silent lips; and you fancied that you could subdue my mind like those of that degraded race. But learn, that I shall not even hesitate in the ignominious choice you offer! I prefer the dishonour with which you threaten me, to the disgrace of bearing a name which I could only regard as a stigma of infamy!"

Don Ramon Carral hastily arose, his countenance displaying the most furious passion, and advancing towards Donna Carmen, presented the parchment contract.

"Do not trifle with my patience, Senorita! Give me your consent at once! Sign, sign, I say!"

"For Heaven's sake! do not approach me, Don Ramon!" cried Carmen, trembling like an aspen leaf.

The commander still advanced.

"In the name of my dead father, whom you called your friend, I beseech you to retire!" she continued in heart-rending accents.

"Mention not your father!" replied Don Ramon,

in his harshest tone—"it is his wish which you now resist; sign, sign at once!"

Pale as death, breathless with agitation, and half mad with terror, she turned to seek refuge in the sacred precincts of the Escaparata; but the strong arm of Don Ramon drew her back, and his form was interposed to prevent her entrance. With the energy of despair she pushed him aside and glided into the alcove; and when the commander turned, he beheld her in a firm and resolute posture, her cheeks flushed with indignation, her breast heaving with emotion, and her hand armed with a poniard snatched from the table beside her. It was one of those small silver-handled daggers then worn by the Creole ladies, and whose points were usually dipped in the venomous juices employed by the savages for poisoning their arrow-heads.

The commander paused for a moment, but indignant at allowing himself to be intimidated by a woman, he advanced to wrest it from her grasp, exclaiming, "Such toys are too sharp for children to play with."

Carmen would have screamed, but her voice died away in her throat, and she could only thrust forth her hands convulsively to repel his approach.

At the same instant a cry of anguish broke upon her ears, and Don Ramon Carral fell at her feet, struck to the heart. How it had happened, she herself knew not.

The next few minutes were a blank in her mind. When her senses returned, she threw around her a terrified glance. The dimly lighted apartment seemed to her a tomb; it appeared as if gradually and insensibly closing in upon her; her respiration became heavy and laboured; strange fantastic figures seemed to flit before her eyes wherever they were turned; till at length her gaze was fixed, as if fascinated, on the bleeding corpse at her feet.

At last she made a desperate effort to throw off the weight that crushed her to the earth. Raising the velvet curtain of the alcove, she dragged her trembling limbs towards the balcony, not daring to look behind her, and almost expecting at each step, to feel the heavy hand of Don Ramon on her shoulder.

Gaining the balcony, she breathed afresh. The night was magnificent. Stars watched like golden eyes over the calm and silent face of nature. The cool refreshing air was laden with delicious perfumes. The transition was so complete and rapid that Carmen asked herself if all were real—if she had not wakened from some ill-omened dream.

The hope which her agitated mind for a moment cherished, vanished at the sight of a dark and motionless figure under the balcony. Doubt-

less this person had heard the dying cry of the commander and would denounce his murderess. But Donna Carmen was of a proud and resolute character, and instead of being overcome by this new incident, which so increased the danger of her position, she determined to profit by it. She might be terrified for a time by the shadows of her fancy, and become the dupe of her own imagination, but her noble and courageous heart, in the face of reality, at once recovered that energy which she had displayed in the contest with Don Ramon.

XI.

DEVOTION.

THE death-cry of the commander had indeed reached the ear of Joachim, as he approached the mansion, and he listened with anxiety for some further sound, to show whence it had proceeded. But nothing broke the silence till Donna Carmen appeared on the balcony, and the young fisherman remained fixed as a statue, fearing that the least movement would cause the lovely vision to disappear. What was then his surprise, when he saw the young Creole lean over the balustrade, and by a significant gesture, though without uttering a word, command him to mount to where she stood.

"Can she have recognised me?" he thought. "It is surely impossible. Does she suspect my design, and wish to dissuade me from my revenge?"

While these thoughts passed through his mind, he had, almost mechanically, obeyed the call, and clambered up the supports of the balcony. When he came within reach of the balustrade, Donna Carmen stretched forth her cold white hand to aid him.

"Whoever you may be," she said, "before going any further, swear by Our Lady of the Pillar, never to reveal aught of what you may now see or hear! The price of your discretion you may yourself fix."

"Have I ever required such inducement to serve you?" replied the pearl fisher, in a low voice, springing on the balcony.

"What—Joachim—is it thou!" exclaimed Donna Carmen, in surprise. "Heaven hath sent thee to my aid! Thou hast courage, Joachim! and it is on that courage that I rest my safety. I know that thou wilt never betray me."

"Why do you jest with me, Senorita? What service can I—a poor hired fisherman—render you? What can the mistress of *Rancheria*—she who is beloved by all, who has not a single enemy—what can she fear?"

"Ah!" said Donna Carmen—"your words overwhelm me. You know not what has been done by this weak hand, accustomed only to ply the needle, or tie a bouquet. But come! it is too late to recede. What the hand has executed, the eye must dare to look upon, the lips must dare to tell. You are about to participate in a terrible secret, Joachim! My life will be in your power; and you may perhaps drag me before the tribunal of justice."

She advanced into the apartment, followed by the fisherman, whose heart beat thick with nervous expectation. Attaining the entrance to the *Escaparata*, Carmen felt a shudder of horror pass through her limbs, and her feet remained motionless.

"Draw aside that curtain!" she said in a faint and almost inaudible voice.

Joachim obeyed, and with difficulty restrained the exclamation that rose to his lips, as the bloody and inanimate body of the commander met his view.

"This man had insulted you, Donna Carmen?" he said, after a moment's silence.

"Oh! I did not mean to kill him, Joachim!" she replied; "but I could not otherwise defend myself. Don Ramon was pitiless. He saw unmoved the tears that I shed whilst telling him, that neither loving nor esteeming him, I preferred the veil to becoming his wife. Nay more! he dared to lay hands on me and threaten me! Then my brain reeled—fear gave me, not courage, but despair—and a crime saved me from him!"

"Can it be a crime, Senorita! to defend one's honour?" quickly replied the young man. "But should they find the body in your apartment—"

"If it is discovered here, Joachim! I am lost. They will ask me why I did not call for succour, and an incredulous smile will be their only answer, when I relate all that has taken place. They would believe neither my words nor my oaths. My life then is in your hands; you alone can have pity on me."

"This entreaty is needless, Senorita!" said the fisherman. "Don Ramon Carral was already condemned, and had he not perished by your hand, mine would not have spared him!"

"He has, indeed, been very cruel and unjust towards you," replied Carmen.

"I might have pardoned him the insults he heaped upon myself," continued Joachim; "but I had to repay him for a father's murder. I had other reasons too, for hating him mortally."

"What were these?" asked Carmen in surprise.

"I hated him," returned the pearl-fisher with hesitation, "because I have heard him address you in an imperious tone, whilst you replied

sweetly and submissively; because I have seen him command you like a child with haughty look and gesture—I have noticed your face grow pale as marble at his approach."

"And by what right did you make such remarks?" interrupted Donna Carmen, in a proud and reserved tone.

"What right!" repeated Joachim. "Ah! pardon me, *Senorita!* at such moments, I must have been mad—for I, the poor pearl-fisher, was jealous of Don Ramon Carral."

"Is it as the price of your services," said Donna Carmen, in a voice of displeasure, "that you force me to listen to those foolish words?"

"Forgive me, *Senorita!*" replied Joachim. "I forgot myself, but you have recalled me to reason. I may die for you—but not live for you. Fear not, *Donna Carmen de Zarates!* my folly has been of short duration. Henceforth I shall forbid my heart to beat in your presence, my eyes to regard you, my lips to pronounce these words that offend you!"

"Time passes!" murmured the girl.

"Let us turn, you would say, to more serious matters!" replied the pearl-fisher ironically. "But you are right," he continued with a sigh. "I must remove this body, and it shall never be known how, or by whom, his death-blow was dealt."

"But should they surprise you—seize you—question you, what will you—what can you reply!"

"Toll them that I have slain this terrible commander! Be not alarmed! not because I was jealous of him—they would only laugh at me—but because he had less pity on my poor old father, than he would have shown to a favorite dog. And they will readily believe me. It is not difficult to persuade masters that their slaves hate them. They believe that this hatred creeps like a viper, watching a favorable opportunity to shed a drop of poison in the master's cup, or plunge the point of a cutlass in his bosom!"

"But do you know, Joachim! the punishment that would await thee as the murderer of Don Ramon?"

"A punishment less cruel than the tortures of my heart!" he replied with fervor. "My fate would be the scaffold, but I should die content if I could say—Thanks to my death, *Donna Carmen* is free! she is happy and unsuspected! This crowd that now insults me with cries and hooting, withdraws respectfully from her path. One word from me! and perhaps those who now most admire her proud beauty, would be the first to condemn her. And Heaven has granted that to me *Donna Carmen de Zarates* owes her honour! Is not this to die happy?"

The generous heart of the young *Crawl* was moved and affected by these simple words.

"Ought I to accept such a sacrifice as this?" she exclaimed. "No! it would cause me never-ceasing remorse. Do not touch that body, Joachim! I forbid you!"

"Be it so!" replied the fisherman, "and in a few hours your attendants will enter this apartment—and in a few hours your fair fame will be a prey to the poisoned tongues of calumny—the name that your father bore will be stained and tarnished!"

"Have mercy, Joachim!" cried Carmen, "I am but a woman, and that thought makes my very heart sick within me."

"Do not then detain me an instant longer" he replied, lifting the body and enveloping it in one of those sacks of fine canvass, which every pearl-fisher wears as a girdle. "Let me do my duty—I can still escape unseen."

Ere *Donna Carmen* had recovered from her hesitation and alarm, the young fisherman had disappeared and descended from the balcony with his strange burden.

He proceeded towards the mango forest and reached its edge in safety; but just as he was about to plunge into its shadows, a slight noise, which would have passed unnoticed by a European, reached his ear. He halted, but it was too late. Two men issued cautiously from the wood, and a low voice demanded in Spanish—

"Whither bound, comrade?"

Joachim made no reply, but endeavoured to disengage himself from the powerful hands which had already seized him, and by a speedy flight, to avoid recognition. He had no doubt that he was now in the hands of the *serenos*, or night-watchmen, who patrolled round the environs of *Rancheria*, by order of *Don Ramon*, whenever danger was near. When he found all his attempts at escape useless, he remained motionless, without opening his lips.

"A silent personage, by my sooth!" exclaimed one of the new comers. "He may find his tongue, when we have eased him of the burden that now weighs him down."

Joachim could not help shuddering at these words. They took off the canvas sack and were astonished to find it so heavy.

"What can this sack contain?" cried one. "Pistres and pearls, doubtless, which our friend here has stolen."

"We have caught some slave of *Rancheria*, I suppose," answered the other, "who was about to take to the woods and become a maroon."

They hastily untied and opened the sack. The excessive prudence which their habits induced, could alone restrain the cry of astonishment.

and horror that rose to their lips, when their hands encountered a cold and inanimate head.

"A dead body!" muttered one. "Ha! comrade! how came this about?"

"This body," answered the fisherman boldly, "is that of Don Ramon Carral, commander of Rancheria. Now do with me as your duty bids you!"

"Don Ramon Carral!" repeated the one who had already spoken; "I was sure the rascal would come to some such end!"

It was now the turn of Joachim to be surprised at this singular funeral oration.

"But what is your name, friend?" continued the same speaker; "your voice is not altogether strange to me."

"I thought also that I recognised yours," replied the pearl-fisher.

"I am sure of it now—you are Joachim Requien?"

"And I now address the Leopard?"

"I thought not we should meet so soon" observed the buccaneer; "but after such an accident as this, you can remain no longer here. You are a good marksman, a good pilot and know the coast well. Join us, and I promise you that your services will be well rewarded."

"I was about to ask you to receive me as a recruit," answered Joachim. "But my father, old Melchior, is fast dying; I must go and bid him a last adieu."

"We will accompany you," rejoined the adventurer.

"Let me complete my task then!" said the young fisherman.

"We will arrange matters better," replied the Leopard. "You and I, Joachim! will go at once to your ajoupa; Baltasar will dispose of this carrion, where the sharks and cnymans will soon clear it off, and he can then follow us."

Baltasar accordingly entered the wood, bearing on his shoulders the corpse of the commander, while Joachim and the Leopard proceeded towards the range of huts by the sea-shore, which were occupied by the fishermen and other dependents of Rancheria. As they proceeded the buccaneer launched into an enthusiastic eulogy on the mode of life to which Joachim had now pledged himself—and related to him several of the exciting adventures which had occurred to himself, since he had first joined the "Brethren of the Coast," as the several bands of buccaneers and filibusters were in the habit of styling themselves. Joachim listened for a time with interest, but the thought of his dying father recurred to his mind and he relapsed into a gloomy silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

There was an old and quiet man,
And by the fire sat he;
And now,—he said,—to you I'll tell
A dladmit thing, which once befell
In a ship upon the sea.

Tis five-and-fifty years gone by,
Since, from the River Plate,
A young man, in a home-bound ship,
I sailed as second mate.

She was a trim, stout-timbered ship,
And built for stormy seas,
A lovely thing on the wave was she,
With her canvass set so gallantly
Before a steady breeze.

For forty days like a winged thing
She went before the gale,
Nor all that time we slackened speed,
Turned helm or altered sail.

She was a laden argosy
Of wealth from the Spanish main,
And the treasure-hoards of a Portuguese
Returning home again.

An old and silent man was he,
And his face was yellow and lean;
In the golden lands of Mexico
A miner he had been.

His body was wasted, bent and bowed,
And amid his gold he lay—
Amid iron chests that were bound with brass,
And he watched them night and day.

No word he spoke to any on board,
And his step was heavy and slow,
And all men deemed that an evil life
He had led in Mexico.

But list ye me:—on the lone high sea,
As the ship went smoothly on,
It chanced, in the second silent watch,
I sat on the deck alone;
And I heard from among those iron chests,
A sound like a dying groan.

I started to my feet—and lo!
The captain stood by me,
And he bore a body in his arms,
And dropped it in the sea.

I heard it drop into the sea,
With a heavy splashing sound,
And I saw the captain's bloody hands
As he quickly turned him round;
And he drew in his breath when me he saw
Like one convulsed, whom the withering awe
Of a spectre doth astound.

But I saw his white and palled lips,
And the stare of his glassy eye,
When he turned in hurried haste away,
Yet he had no power to fly;
He was chained to the deck with his heavy guilt,
And the blood that was not dry.

"'Twas a cursed thing," said I, "to kill
That old man in his sleep!
And the plagues of the sea will come from him,
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

"And the plagues of the storm will follow us,
For heaven his groans hath heard!"
Still the captain's eye was fixed on me,
But he answered never a word.

And he slowly lifted his bloody hand
His aching eyes to shade—
But the blood that was wet did freeze his soul,
And he shrank like one afraid.

And even then, that very hour,
The wind dropped, and a spell
Was on the ship, was on the sea,
And we lay for weeks, how wearily!
Where the old man's body fell.

I told no one within the ship
That horrid deed of sin;
For I saw the hand of God at work,
And punishment begin.

And when they spoke of the murdered man,
And the *El Dorado* board,
They all surmised he had walked in dreams,
And had fallen overboard.

But I alone, and the murderer—
That dreadful thing did know,
How he lay in his shroud, a murdered man,
A thousand fathoms low.

And many days, and many more
Came on, and lagging speed,
And the heavy waves of that sleeping sea
Were dark, like molten lead.

And not a breeze came, east or west,
And burning was the sky,
And stifling was each breath we drew
Of the air so hot and dry.

Oh me! there was a smell of death
Hung round us night and day;
And I dared not look in the sea below
Where the old man's body lay.

In his cabin, alone, the captain kept,
And he bolted fast the door,
And up and down the sailors walked,
And wished that the calm was o'er.

The captain's son was on board with us,
A fair child, seven years old,
With a merry look that all men loved,
And a spirit kind and bold.

I loved the child, and I took his hand
And made him kneel and pray
That the crime for which the calm was sent
Might be purged clean away.

For I thought that God would hear his prayer,
And set the vessel free:—
For a dreadful thing it was to lie
Upon that charnel sea.

Yet I told him not wherefore he prayed,
Nor why the calm was sent;
I would not give that knowledge dark
To a soul so innocent.

At length I saw a little cloud
Arise in that sky of flame;
A little cloud—but it grew and grew,
And blackened as it came.

And we saw the sea beneath its track
Grow dark as the frowning sky,
And water-spouts with a rushing sound
Like giants passed us by.

And all around, 'twixt sky and sea,
A hollow wind did blow;
And the waves were heaved from the ocean depths,
And the ship rocked to and fro.

I knew it was that fierce death calm
Its horrid hold undoing,
And I saw the plagues of wind and storm
Their missioned work pursuing.

There was a yell in the gathering winds,
A groan in the heaving sea,
And the captain rushed from the hold below,
But he durst not look on me:

He seized each rope with a madman's haste,
And he set the helm to go,
And every sail he crowded on—
As the furious winds did blow.

And away they went, like autumn leaves
Before the tempest's rout,
And the naked masts with a crash came down,
And the wild ship tossed about.

The men to spars and splintered boards
Clung till their strength was gone,
And I saw them from their feeble hold
Washed over, one by one.

And 'mid the creaking timber's din,
And the roaring of the sea,
I heard the dismal, drowning cries
Of their last agony.

There was a curse in the wind that blew,
A curse in the boiling wave;
And the captain knew that vengeance came
From the old man's ocean grave.

And I heard him say, as he sat apart,
In a hollow voice and low,
'Tis a cry of blood doth follow us,
And still doth plague us so!

And then those heavy iron chests
With desperate strength took he,
And ten of the strongest mariners
Did cast them into the sea.

And out from the bottom of the sea
There came a hollow groan:—
The captain by the gunwale stood,
And he looked like icy stone—
And he drew in his breath with a gasping sob,
And a spasm of death came on.

And a furious boiling wave rose up,
With a rushing, thundering roar,—
I saw the captain fall to the deck,
But I never saw him more.

Two days before, when the storm began,
We were forty men and five,
But, ere the middle of that night
There were but two alive.

The child and I, we were but two,
And he clung to me in fear;
Oh! it was pitiful to see
That weck child in his misery,
And his little prayers to hear!

At length, as if his prayers were heard,
'Twas calmer, and moon
The clear sun shone, and warm and low
A steady wind from the west did blow,
And drove us gently on.

And on we drove, and on we drove,
That fair young child and I,
But his heart was as a man's in strength,
And he uttered not a cry!

There was no bread within the wreck,
And water we had none,
Yet he murmured not, and cheered us
When my last hopes were gone;
But I saw him waste and waste away,
And his rosy cheek grow wan.

Still on we drove, I knew not where,
For many nights and days,
We were too weak to raise a sail,
Had there been one to raise.

Still on we went, as the west wind drove,
On, on, o'er the pathless tide;
And I lay in a sleep, 'twixt life and death,
And the child was at my side.

And it chanced as we were drifting on,
Amid the great South Sea,
An English vessel passed us by
That was sailing cheerily;
Unheard by me, that vessel hailed,
And asked what we might be.

The young child at the cheer rose up,
And gave an answering word,
And they drew him from the drifting wreck
As light as is a bird.

They took him gently in their arms,
And put again to sea—
'Not yet! not yet!' he feebly cried,
'There was a man with me.'

Again unto the wreck they came,
Where, like one dead, I lay,
And a ship-boy small had strength enough
To carry me away.

Oh, joy it was when sense returned
That fair warm ship to see,
And to hear the child within his bed
Speak pleasant words to me!

I thought at first that we had died,
And all our pains were o'er,
And in a blessed ship of heaven
Were sailing to its shore.

But they were human forms that knelt
Beside our bed to pray;
And men, with hearts most merciful,
Did watch us night and day.

'Twas a dismal tale I had to tell
Of wreck and wild distress,
But, even then, I told to none
The captain's wickedness;

For I loved the boy, and I could not cloud
His soul with a sense of shame;—
'Twere an evil thing, thought I, to blast
A sinless orphan's name!
So he grew to be a man of wealth
And of honorable fame.

And in after years, when he had ships,
I sailed with him the sea,
And in all the sorrow of my life
He was a son to me;
And God hath blessed him every where
With a great prosperity.

A LAMENT.

BY A. J.

[The reader must no doubt have heard of the melancholy accident which occurred last Autumn at the Falls of Niagara—where a young and beautiful girl, in endeavouring to gather a flower too near the edge of the precipice, fell over and was killed. As all must have heard the sorrowful tale, it need here be no further advert to than merely to say—that she is the person alluded to in the following lines:]

'Tis winter—The flowers are faded,
Thy bright spot is desolate;
And our joys are with sorrow shaded,
As we think on thy hapless fate—
Niagara roars around us,
Its waters still hurrying on,
But the hand of Grief hath bound us,
We seek thee—but thou art gone!

Tho' the blossoms that we gave about me,
Were bright as e'er decked the bower;
Oh! how should we live without thee?
Thou wert our fairest flower.
The warmth of the spring returning,
With beauty may deck the plain;
But the flower that we are mourning
Shall never return again!

The spirit that late hath warmed thee
Hath answered a high behest—
The hand that in beauty formed thee
Hath called thee unto thy rest!
Friend—Parent—Sister—Lover—
Thy flower to God is given,
Her sorrows—Her griefs are over,
Her Spirit is now in Heaven!

Then, why should ye still be weeping?
Let sorrow and sighing cease—
Since her happy soul is sleeping,
In the Land where all is peace!
Where the God to whom ye gave her,
Shall be her constant stay—
And the Lamb that died to save her
Shall wipe all tears away!

THE RED WOMAN OF DURRENSTEIN:

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

THE valley of the Wachau, or rather the whole tract of the Danube, from Rosenburg to where the river falls into the plain of Vienna, is proverbially one of the most fantastic and beautiful of the south of Europe. A succession of all that makes the romance of landscape, perpetually varies before the eye; stupendous crags, deep and sunless defiles, solemn woods, that look as old as the days of Arminius, and whose paths had often heard the trampling and the shouts of the tribes, on their march to shake the empires of the world; wailing whirlpools, and the central mighty stream, the father Danube himself, that unites the cross with the crescent, and pours the waters of the German hills to wash the foot of the seraglio.

But this striking country is not yet plagued with the more than Egyptian plague, of being a regular haunt of summer tourists. The honest citizens of Vienna, almost within sight of the valley, are luckily born without the organ of tourism, and have substituted for it the organ of cooking, fiddling, and the patrician love of a Sunday's drive over the pavement of the Leopoldstadt, or the plebeian love of a Sunday's walk in the Prater.

The Italian never travels, but for purposes which have more of philosophy than of the passion for sight-seeing. He travels for the general good of mankind, for without him, half the dwellings of continental Europe would be buried by the soot of their own chimneys; the fabric of wooden spoons and plaster images would be lost to mankind; and there would be a mortality among dancing dogs, and fantoccini, from Paris to Petersburg. The Frenchman never travels at all, and will never travel while he can find all the charms of coffee, *carté*, quadrilling, and courtship, within the walls of one city.

Even the English have scarcely found their way to this fine tract. No circulating library has yet shown its front, placarded with new novels from top to toe. No newspaper establishment contributes scandal to the great, and perplexes the little with politics on the most puzzling scale. No steam-boat throws up its blackening columns to disdain the blue of the native sky for many a league behind, and no spruce bugler on the top of the brilliantly varnished and high-flying stage

coach, shoots along before the startled eye, at the rate of twenty miles an hour "stoppages included," making the precipices ring to the echoes of "I've been roaming."

All is solitude, loftiness, and sacred silence, broken but by a gush of the waters foaming round some rock, or the cry of the kites and falcons as they sweep over the summits of the wilderness of oaks and pines.

Yet the traveller sometimes makes his way into this scene of stateliness; and twenty years ago, I ranged the region during a whole summer, until the doubt with the peasantry lay between my being a magician, a madman, or an agent of Napoleon, fraught with a portfolio full of defiles, bridges, waters, and passes, which were to bring *La Grande Armée* headlong upon their cottages in the next war. But, luckily, the native love of tranquillity prevailed; and as I paid for my provisions with English punctuality, and without Austrian remonstrance at the little tax which they added to their price, as a cure for conscience in thus assisting the enemies of their country; as I made love to no man's female establishment, and shot no great lord's game, I was suffered, at pleasure, to ramble, draw, eat, and pay. Like the great globe itself, I was kept in my position by the "vis inertiae."

But one evening my solitude was pleasantly varied by the sight of some berlines straggling along the road below the Castle of Durrenstein. The German postillions had of course lost their way, or pretended that they had lost it, as is the custom, when they know that a tolerable inn lies within half a mile of them, and feel more disposed to enjoy themselves than "be borrowers of the night" for ten miles farther.

I hailed the travellers, and found that they were a party of *attachés* to the foreign ministers at Vienna, who, finding the world at peace, the capital hot as an oven, and the dinner and dancing season at an end, had come to kill the month of indolence among the wonders of the Danube. My services were accepted, first as a guide to their berlines, and next, as a *cicerone* to themselves. I showed them the famous "rose-garden" of Schreckenwold, a name whose very sound is descriptive of its ruthless bearer, to any who can pronounce it and live. I pointed out the precise

locale of the iron door, where this mountain chief thrust his unlucky victims over the precipice, and where those who had not their necks broken at once, were sure to die of famine. And, after startling my makers of manifestos with the atrocity of a robber who destroyed mankind by one at a time, I relieved their humanity by showing the hole, at the foot of the rock, by which the knight had escaped from this living grave, who was to overthrow the power of the robber, and hurl Schreckenwold among the roses of his own garden.

With equal applause I showed them the hollow in the river side, where Rudiger, the merchant, entrapped the formidable brothers Hadmar the Kuenringer, and Heinrich van Weitra, both sur-named with the terrified peasantry, "the Hounds," and related to them the legend of these two brothers.

My hearers politely professed themselves charmed with the poetic justice of the story; and I should have probably proceeded to reap additional applause, and vindicate the dexterity of imperial robber-catchers on a larger scale, but for one of the customary incidents of mountain excursions—the settling of a mass of heavy clouds on the pinnacles above our heads. The sun sank sullenly under this purple veil. Murmuring were heard through the forest, with which mortals had nothing to do. Fires were seen glittering behind the solid shade of precipices, where never gipsy ventured to light them. The horses gave sensible signs of an inclination to find their way to the first stable; and the yawning postillions swore in twenty forms of imprecation against the crime of suffering themselves and their beasts to stay out sight-seeing, when all that could be got in exchange for supper and shelter was as thorough a wetting as ever drenched ambassadorial livery. We took their advice, seconded as it was by the gusty howlings of the forest, and the deeper volumes of vapor that now began to stoop from the pinnacles to the ravine. A dash of rain, the *avant-courneur* of a deluge, put us all in motion; and I had the honor of being appointed guide to the little Wirthhaus,* where I had pitched my tent for the last week, and which its portly and peace-loving landlord, Herr Michael Squeezgelt, would have felt it as an affront of the blackest dye, to hear called by a less title than Gasthaus.†

I invited my new visitors to make merry, ordered the best supper that our bustling and overwhelmed cook could give us on so brief a notice; produced some capital claret, a travelling companion, whose society I had often found indis-

pensable to console me for the *désagrémens* of all other; and by the help of a large stowage of faggots on the hearth, and a bundle of wax tapers, which I fear had been consecrated at the shrine of "Maria Tapferl," the most famous sanctuary of this part of Austria, but now, in defiance of piety and pilgrimage, lighted for our profane supper-table, I contrived to make up a party as much disposed to be happy as if they were sitting round the gold plate, and under the silver chandeliers of his Serenity the Prince Lichtenstein.

The postillions had been perfectly in the right. The storm came on in full force before we had sent round the first bottle. Thunderclaps, bursts of rain, roarings of wind, and sheets of lightning, that made us all look blue, first followed each other with the rapidity of musket firing, then came all together, and at last, as they say of the compass in storms at sea, the land storm fairly stopped the rotation of the bottle. We left the feast upon the table, and crowded to the little casements to see the performance of the angry elements on so suitable a stage. Nothing could be finer or fiercer. The grim features of the mountains, under the changes of the light and the vapors, took the hue and aspect of every thing marvellous, and would have made the fortune of a new Goëthe, or a new Retsch. All the witcheries of the whimsical fogs of the Harz, were peaceable and legitimate occupations to the furious fantasies that nature here disported before our wondering eyes. The hills seemed nervously alive: the torrents danced and sprang about in the most direct contradiction to the laws of gravity; the forest tossed, groaned, and flamed, as if the days of old necromancy were come again, and every tree contained its tortured spirit. All was fire, hail, water, and uproar.

But the rock of Durrenstein, with its ruined fortress on its summit, a fitting crown for this monarch of the realm of ravines, still held its superiority over the less renowned victims of the storm. It stood in the centre of the conflict, and, alternately lost and seen, as the sea of cloud rolled by, looked like some mighty ship of a hundred thousand tons, some huge leviathan of war, plunging and rising, battling with and balling an ocean of mad billows. With the shifting of the clouds came perpetual changes; and every gazer had his favorite comparison. But at last all agreed in one; and every voice almost at the same moment cried out "the sorcerer!" The tempest had lulled for a moment, and suffered the vapors to gather in a heavy white fleec round the summit of the hill; below this rolling turban the rocks were bare, and broken into the most striking resemblance of the withered and darkened visage that, from time immemorial, we

*Alehouse.

†Hotel.

attribute to the dealers in forbidden arts. While we looked, the costume was completed by a gush of waters which had forced its way through a hollow of the rock, and covered the magician's chin and front with a most venerable and sweeping beard of foam, a hundred and fifty feet long.

The sight was curious enough to be worth some record. I had seated myself at the table, and taken out my crayon to sketch the outline, when a general cry from the window brought me back. I saw, to my astonishment, standing in the orifice, which we had established as the sorcerer's mouth, a figure which visibly moved—but whether man, bear or fiend, none could ascertain. It lingered for awhile on this tremendous spot, apparently quite at its ease, in a tumult which would have startled *Foios* himself. The night was falling fast, and we began to fear that we should lose sight of the phenomenon before we had determined its species. But, as if it heard our wishes, it came forward; and stood gazing from the edge of the precipice at the play of the torrent, as it tumbled down the magician's black bosom. The spot would have turned the head of a chamois; yet there stood this imperishable being like a piece of the rock itself. The adventurer now occupied us all; and to ascertain what he was, became the grand business of life for the next half hour. A German, once *attaché* to the Austrian embassy in London, offered to settle the point *a-la-mode Anglaise* by a bet of six to four, that it was any thing that any body else thought it was not, and *vice versa*. An old Italian envoy offered to make the discovery, by cutting the cards in the infallible way by which the Neapolitan ladies settle their affairs with destiny for the day, and are secure, from sunrise to sunset, against earthquakes, losses at play, the sickness of lapdogs, and the faithlessness of *cavaliere sercventi*. A French colonel, who wore the cross of St. Louis and the legion of honor, in amicable conjunction, at his button hole, proposed to settle the doubt by a long shot from his Tyrolese rifle; arguing, that "as it was utterly impossible that any man but a lunatic could venture to such a spot, no harm could be done by bringing him down; for, if he escaped, it was so much gained, and if an end was put to him, it was but one madman the less in a world where there were so many besides. If it was a bear, we should have a couple of capital hams to add to our stock, in a place where another day's confinement would see us starved, unless we should eat the fat landlord. And if a demon, our firing at it might be a merit in another place, and wipe out a thousand years of purgatory."

The brilliant Frenchman had heated himself

into so strong a conviction of the reasonableness of his proposal, that in scorn of our doubts, whether firing even at a ghost might not be punishable by law in a country so strict in the preservation of its game as Austria, he was hammering his flint for action, when the figure made a sudden bound from the edge of the gulph, disappeared, was seen again standing on a lower shelf of the precipice, again darted down the torrent, re-appeared from the side of the ravine, and, rushing across the road, knocked furiously at our door, dripping like a water-god.

A little altercation heard without between him and the landlord, who probably thought that he was not likely to benefit much by such an arrival, or that his house already contained unmanageable guests enough, induced my interference in favor of the laws of hospitality. I went to the door, and with many an ominous frown of Herr Michael, invited the stranger to take shelter for the hour. He was all polite reluctance, but the storm allowed of no medium, and he, at last, followed me into the presence of my fellow naturalists. As he entered, bowing on all sides, and with the language of a man of the world, I saw the French sharpshooter blush, at least as much as a Frenchman ever does, quietly deposit the rifle in a corner, and give that curiously-expressive glance round the circle, which tells how close one has run to the edge of some blunder of the first magnitude.

But we kept his secret with honor; and a fresh bottle, a new bundle of faggots, and the loan of my surtout, soon made the circle and its new addition the gayest of the gay. We found this sceler of mountains and swimmer of torrents altogether a very striking personage, speaking the several languages of our miscellaneous company with native ease; evidently familiar with Europe and with a considerable extent of Asia, and giving now and then a piquant anecdote of the great, which made our diplomatists raise their eyebrows in wonder at discoveries which they had treasured in their own bosoms as the "immediato jewels of their souls."

The hours flew, and the stranger was the first to remark that the storm had subsided. But to suffer him to take his leave for the night was out of the question. He at length consented, though with considerable difficulty, to remain. The Frenchman, who probably thought himself bound to make atonement for the favor which he had intended him, insisted on surrendering his bed, his wardrobe, or his bodily existence, for the benefit of his "bosom friend." While we were enjoying our cups, and enchanted into a round of plensantries, which brought out every man, and promised to keep us from our beds till daybreak,

I heard a heavy foot occasionally pass the door. Whatever might be our dialogue, there was no necessity for its being overheard; and I at length went out to put an end to the investigation. I found the landlord alone, in his nightcap and slippers, and seldom looked the Herr Michael less in good humor with the world.—“Twelve o'clock, Sir,” he grumbled; “full time for all honest men to be in their beds.”

I told him that there was nothing to prevent his honesty from its full indulgence in slumber, and that I would be responsible for the security of every iron spoon and wooden trencher under his roof.

The Herr's urbanity was not his most conspicuous virtue at any time. But I believe that he had due reliance on one who had so long resisted the temptations of his table equipage; and with some rough attempt at a bow, he set me at my ease on the point of honor, and said, that his only objection to our setting up for the next twelve hours, or years, was the presumptuous nature of the thing. “This is an awful night, Sir,” said he; “such storms seldom come for good. This is the 29th of September: St. Michael's night, my patron saint; and, heaven preserve us! the night of the Red Woman of Durrenstein.”

A burst of thunder, that tore the ear and shook the strong building round us, gave such authentic evidence to the Herr's opinions, that I could extract nothing more from him on the sacred subject; but, shrinking and startled, he left me, as he said, to examine what new damage had been done by the witch's annual visit, and implored me once more to get my noisy companions to bed as soon as possible.

But the landlord's beer-loving soul had never known the courage of Chateau Margot; and on my communicating his fears, my only answer was a general burst of laughter, and a pledge to see the adventure out, to defy St. Michael and his storms, and to receive the witch-queen of the mountain with bumpers, if she should honor us with a visit.

I had heard of her before, and the conversation turning upon the extraordinary propensity of the peasantry in all countries to add to the natural troubles of their station by imaginary evils; I gave such details as occurred to me of the “Red Woman of Durrenstein.” The stranger followed, but if his knowledge on other topics was striking, here it was unbounded. He poured out a ready heap of curious anecdote and incident of the mountain superstitions; some nearly monstrous of course, but some picturesque, and which would have been a treasure to the painter; and even some so like what we

deem a power above nature, yet within reality, a so subtle entwining of things that perplexed belief with facts easily comprehensible, and of no unusual occurrence, that we all listened with an interest which we probably should have been ashamed to acknowledge in our more composed hours. But now, with the thunder rattling over the roof, St. Michael's night, the “bell then beating one,” and the very palace of the sorcerer showing from our windows its wild battlements edged with perpetual lightnings, and, it must not be forgotten, with a dozen of excellent claret already discussed, we gave the homage of our ears to the man of legend, as if he were Simon Mangus himself.

“Yet, after all,” said he, with a smile round the listening circle, as he closed a story whose strange mixture of oddity and horror had fixed us in silent attention; “what is this passion for being vexed and made hypochondriac by fancy, but an additional proof of the original foolery of man? the only fool, by the by, that creation exhibits. Every other animal has the due quantum of understanding. The bustard that betrays itself by its booming, the ostrich that leaves its eggs in the sand, and all that we are in the habit of charging with want of brains, have a sufficient object in their contrivances: even the ass is libelled. He knows what he is about infinitely better than hundreds of his riders, and if his natural taste be for thistles, and his back be made for blows and burthens, he has a much better claim to respect than many a showy personage, who for the glories of a ribbon or a plume, is content to swallow the taunt, and bear the blow and the burthen, without the excuse of nature.”

This was plain speaking among so many chevaliers, with so many stars and crosses. But boldness, when it is seconded by truth, goes far; and we were too much in good-humor with ourselves to think of examining the point for the present.

“But do you actually believe in those preternatural influences?” said the Frenchman, in answer to some remark of mine.

“I feel like Plato,” was my reply; “the more I think on such subjects, the less I am able to come to a decision.”

“For my part,” said the German, palpably a student of the Helvetius school, “what I cannot see, I cannot believe.”

“Strange,” interrupted the Italian. “How then can you answer the innumerable evidences of interposition among us; you, who have seen the winkings of the Madonna's eyes, the tears running down St. Catherine's cheeks, and the moving of the Magdalen's bosom.”

"Those affairs make an exception to my maxim," replied the German, "for those I have seen, and cannot believe."

"But now for your opinion," said I to the stranger.

"Why, then, if you will have it out, I side with the gentleman who has made the eye the judge. We have not got these faculties for the purpose of being led into absurdity by them. I do not believe that there is a word of truth in any legend of witchery, red, blue, or green, from Bohemia to Lapland.—But, ha! look there!"—

A broad blue stripe of flame darted through the crevice of the shutter, and rested on the opposite wall, throwing our candles into eclipse by its strong brilliancy, and what struck us as more singular still, giving a kind of motion to the figures of the fair dames and gallant knights that had, hitherto, lurked in the general dinginess of the court of the Emperor Charlemagne, on black paper, apparently as old as its theme.

The stranger was delighted with the sight, which he protested was worth living even in a German Wirthshaus for a twelvemonth to see. And, certainly, when the first surprise allowed us to look *en philosophe*, at the phenomenon, nothing could be more attractive. It seemed a phantasmagoria of the most vivid kind, not the puzzled and misty light that makes our magic-lantern figures as hard to be traced as a hieroglyphic; but an intense and steady splendor, that actually rekindled the faded gilding and perished purple velvet of monarchs, plumed chevaliers, and dames of pride, beauty, and distended petticoats, glowing from hip to heel with every flower of the parterre, an embroidered paradise.

I glanced into the open air to ascertain from what meteor, or accidental firing of the woods, the light was produced. But, except an occasional flash of the exhausted and thinning cloud, darkness had resumed her "leadens sceptre o'er the drowsy world." The storm had been fairly tired out, and the grim coronal of Durrenstein was distinguishable only by the phosphoric glimmer of the torrent still tumbling down the front of the mountain.

I was suddenly recalled from my view by a general exclamation. Across the ceiling, which had hitherto looked as black as its pitch-pine rafters could have made it, the procession of knights and dames was again glittering, and in the rear of the procession moved a shape that we all with one voice pronounced to be the Red Woman of Durrenstein herself, or something worse, if our gallantry would allow us to conceive it invested in the female garb. The shape was covered from head to foot with a cloak of the most powerfully sanguine color; but under

the hood looked out a face, which, whether it was fact, or the heated fancy of gentlemen loving their wine "not wisely but too well," contained all the ingredients of hazard to hearts and heads. It was excessively lovely, but with a pair of wild and deep eyes, that gleamed like the very seats of unhappy mystery. She came glittering in prismatic beauty from the darkness, like the kings and magicians of Rembrandt, and grew upon us until the eye absolutely shrank from her concentrated lustre.

The German exclaimed, that "Frauenhösser himself would be puzzled to make such a magic lantern: he would lay ten to one on the point with any man."

The Italian said, that he "had seen nothing so bright since the last eruption of Vesuvius, nor so beautiful since the last illumination of St. Peter's."

The Frenchman was unnationally silent, and sat, with his eyes alternately turned on the vision and the stranger, who had leaned his head on the table, and who, but for a broken word now and then, I should have supposed to be asleep, in quiet contempt of our phantom.

But be it what it might, I found that it had made us all grave, and I proposed calling in the landlord, if he should be still out of bed, to tell us what he knew of the matter. The little hall was dark as the night itself, and while I was feeling my way, awkwardly enough, along the walls, my foot struck against a heavy human incumbrance towards the end of the passage, which a groan and a heavy exclamation of alarm told me was the valorous Herr Michael. I raised him up, and convincing him, with some difficulty, that I was not among the spectral visitors of his sins of inn-keeping, I rather carried than led him into our festal room, which, however, had now become as silent as any sepulchre in the Abbey of Molk. The Herr was a most reluctant witness, and nothing but the most persevering cross examination could extort an idea from his intense solidity of skull.

He was evidently afraid of the disastrous reputation of keeping a ghostly house, which would have prohibited for ever the sale of the very considerable quantity of damaged Bavarian beer, that, mixed with Vienna brandy, made his staple. Not a peasant would have been guilty of the immorality of getting drunk under the roof of a landlord who had dealings with ghosts; and the result to the Herr Michael would, as he pathetically observed, "be worse than purgatory, inasmuch as masses, though they may take a man out of future fire, were never yet able to take him out of jail." At length he acknowledged that sights of the kind which had perplexed us, had

made his life miserable every year since he had taken this "gasthaus;" that an anniversary storm, enough to tear the skies down, had attended certain sounds and appearances, of which he dreaded to speak, and of which, indeed, he knew "little more than that they generally made him incapable of examining at the time, or wishing to examine them at any time after, as long as he lived."

The spectre upon the ceiling had vanished into a faint gleam that barely showed the outline. But no persuasion could induce the shuddering landlord to presume so much as to survey even this diminished majesty of terror. He stood leaning his huge bulk on his hands, his hands on the table, and his eyes invincibly shut. Further inquiry was useless with a boor half dead with fright; and we unanimously voted his dismissal, which he accepted with great gratitude, imploring, in the humblest terms, that the subject of the night "should never be mentioned, as it could be mentioned only to his undoing."

As he was blindly turning away, piloting himself by his hands, he rather abruptly touched the stranger, who started on his feet with an angry interjection, and gazed round for the offender. But whatever might be his surprise, it could not have been superior to ours. Never did I see such a change in the human countenance in so short a period. Ten minutes before, when he laid his head on the table, he was one of the handsomest men that I had seen in Germany; in the vigor of life, with a peculiarly bright eye, a high-colored cheek, every feature full of health; the whole physiognomy like that of a gallant and animated soldier, bronzed by campaigning. Yet, but for his sitting in the same seat, I could not possibly have known the man who now sent his ghastly glare upon us. His fine Italian eyes were hollow and dim; his color was leaden; his cheek hollow and wrinkled; and when, in answer to the general inquiry, "whether he was ill?" which might have naturally occurred from his drenching in the torrent, he attempted to make some acknowledgment, the tremor and almost idiotic difficulty of his utterance were painful to the ear. Fifty years had passed over him in these fifteen minutes.

He tried to laugh off his embarrassment; but it would not do. His laugh was even more painful than his speech; and, after an effort equally violent and abortive to recover his ground, he sank back on his seat, and burst into tears. We now altogether decided on what must have been the cause of his illness, and entreated him to go to rest, or at least lie down on our cloaks before the fire. But he resisted our nursing with almost passionate obstinacy, contended that he

never was better in his life, sang a popular *chanson* to prove his undiminished gaiety, and, after this display, in a voice quivering and dissonant with weakness, he began to tell his stories of the court with laborious vivacity. But the charn was at an end; and though I, as the entertainer, kept my seat, my guests gave palpable symptoms of a wish to consult their pillows.

But the German, who led the way in those natural though ungracious signs of weariness, which have cut short the periods of many an orator, had scarcely accomplished his profoundest yawn, when our invalid, starting from his chair, begged that he might be permitted to caution "that gentleman, or any of us, who should be imprudent enough to think of sleeping before day, against the hazards of that night of 'all nights in the year.'"

Here was something for our curiosity, and we waited for the disclosure with undissembled impatience.

"You saw me, Sir, I believe," addressing himself to me, as the host, "under rather singular circumstances this evening, of which you can probably give a much better account than I can, for the whole passed before me rather like a dream than any thing else. I am in the military service of the King of Bavaria; and, during the summer furlough of my regiment, of which I am colonel, finding the heat of the lower country oppressive, I have been a great deal in the habit of shooting among the mountains. Last year, a little later in the season, I happened to be in this neighbourhood, which I found in great confusion, in consequence of some strange appearances, on this 29th of September, which were followed by not less strange results upon a hunting party of nobles, who had treated the popular belief on the subject with a too ostentatious contempt. Insanity was, in some instances, the unquestionable result. In others, a succession of eccentric notions of having lost valuable property, of having seen extraordinary displays of juggling, of having drank some medicated liquors, which long bewildered them—and so forth. In short, the peasantry were, as usual, full of histories of the preternatural vengeance taken on the scorners, and fuller than ever of the marvellous power of the Red Woman of Durrenstein.

"Lying superstition of all kinds, I was wise enough to attempt bringing the peasantry to reason; but as argument was soon hopeless, I pledged myself to be upon the spot of enchantment, the very centre of the witch's kingdom, on the next 29th day of September, and there in person to show the absurdity of the whole story.

"I have now been in the mountains a week; the peasantry had general notice of my deter-

mination to outface the Lady of the Rock. Many an entreaty was made to me to relinquish the unhallowed hazard, and many a prayer followed me, when, in the sight of the population of a dozen villages, I set out this morning. The true time to reach the Durrenstein is midnight; but the storm drove me out of my covert to find shelter where best I could. Turning the base of the hill, I saw this wirthans; but the difficulties between rendered all hope of reaching it totally idle. I sat down under a projection of the rock, to linger until the storm should be past. While I was amusing the time by sketching the veins in a remarkably fine slab of colored marble, out of the solid rock moved a figure. I know how severe a tax this must lay on belief; but I can only tell what I saw. There stood before me, as clearly and fully defined—in fact, as substantial as the figure of any gentleman round this table—that personage which, whether from heaven above, or from hell below, was the one that I had promised to meet and hold at defiance. How I felt at the moment, I have no power to explain. I hope that, on all suitable occasions, I should not want nerve; but the sensation was less like any thing that I could call alarm, than a feeling of complete helplessness. In the perfect possession of my senses and my understanding, I yet found that the physical powers were extinguished—perfectly paralyzed; as if flesh and blood were not made to abide the presence of such a being. I sat gazing on her as she advanced. I could not have spoken, nor moved a muscle, for the crown of Austria. Her words were brief, and in a tone of singular mildness, yet which penetrated me like a cold weapon, she reproved me 'for the haughty presumption which had doubted of her power, and declared, as a sign of her displeasure, that, when next I saw her, I should know that she was come for vengeance.'

"She vanished even while my eyes were fixed upon her—the solid wall of rock received her, and she was gone. What was scarcely less surprising to me, was the sudden recovery of my limbs. Their past feebleness seemed to be made up for by supernatural strength: at all events, whether in the strength of frenzy or terror, I darted from the cavern, sprang the precipice, and swam the torrent—to any one of which no bribe of earth could have tempted me half an hour before. I here found the hospitality to which I acknowledge myself so deeply indebted; and I began to hope that the vision had been merely one of those fantasies that play on the mind, exhausted by the considerable fatigue that I had undergone since morning, and shaping the absurdities of superstition into reality.

"But the glare upon the wall of this chamber, seconded by a certain indescribable sensation as if danger were near—such a sensation as a blind man may experience who knows that he is treading on the edge of a gulph, without knowing on which side of him it lies—told me that the time of the visitation was come. The figure that passed over the ceiling decided the question. It was, in every feature, the one that I had seen come forth from the solid block of marble, which opened and closed, as if it had been a curtain shaken by the wind."——He paused, and his wandering eye seemed involuntarily searching for the phenomenon. Then, with an effort to smile, he resumed:

"If I have exhibited any perturbation, I trust that it was not unmanly, nor beyond the natural embarrassment of finding one's self in so peculiar a position. You will forgive me, I know, for my talking no more on this painful subject. I perhaps have already said more than I ought, when the very presence of this extraordinary being may be visible the next moment."

His voice sank, and he sat in an attitude of the deepest dejection; his countenance grew yet more depressed than when it first shocked us, and I insisted on his trying to rest. We actually feared for the life of this interesting and unfortunate man, whether the victim of his own heated fancy, of fever, or of fact, still alike unfortunate and in danger.

As I assisted him to the door, he turned, and said, almost in a tone of despair, "If you should find me by to-morrow, gentlemen, under the circumstances to which I have alluded, deprived of my faculties, or even beyond all the sufferings that can depress the human heart, do me the justice to believe that I deeply thank you for your forbearance with my strange malady; and do me the farther justice to believe that I fell a victim to a desire of doing public service.—To you Sir," said he to me, "I leave the painful but friendly task of acquainting my relatives in Bavaria with the event, though I wish that as few particulars of this unhappy night may be given as possible. Would that I had died as a soldier, in the service of my good and gallant king, and of my loved and honored country!"

We all listened with profound deference, and promised.

At the door, a sudden thought flashed across him, and he stopped again. "Gentlemen," said he, "there is one thing that, in my confusion, I had forgot. I heard among the peasantry, that the only hope of escaping the wrath of this fatal being was remaining sleepless, at least until day-break. I leave you now only because I feel myself unfit for society: but I shall try to resist sleep, unless that too be a part of the infliction.

May I make it a solemn request, perhaps a dying one, that you will remain together till morning, or if you should go to your chambers, that you will not suffer yourselves to be overtaken by sleep."

He waved his hand with a graceful and sad farewell, and, led by me, tottered to the lowly recess, which was all the receptacle that the wirthhaus afforded on occasions of superfluous tenantry. Grave discussions of the whole story were occupying my guests when I returned. In the spirit of master of the board, I proposed a round of toasts to the better health of the Bavarian : the proposal was honored, but we were not the merrier. At last the German, with a yawn deep as the North Sea, declared that he must go to bed, though fifty witches were waiting to carry him on their broom-sticks over every hill in the empire. I combated the motion ; but sleep was in my eyes, contradicting my eloquence ; and my resistance only inspirited the Italian to let out out a little of his secret soul, and scorn alike the wonders of earth, air, and friars. The Frenchman was asleep during the last half-hour, but, on being roused by the bitter sneer of the Italian, declared that the witch had very handsome eyes, the better in his estimation for being *un peu malins* ; and that a visit would be quite an adventure after his own heart. The hint of danger, in fact, made it an obligation on us to take our chance. The question was put and carried by a general yawn ; our last laugh was given to the nonsense of being kept out of our beds by the whims of an unlucky Bavarian, shaking in mind and body with the ague ; the simple sight of our beds was a resistless spell ; and, to judge by the universal snore that echoed from cell to cell in the first five minutes, my whole company were of the most ghost defying description.

But the snore began to sound more distant in my ears. I was anxious to keep awake, if for no other reason than to assist the invalid during the night. But nature said otherwise. I tossed and turned—walked about my chamber—broke my shins against bed-posts, chairs, and the crazy table—sat down to think what I should do next to rub the poppies from my sensorium—and, in the act of discovering an infallible contrivance for keeping awake for ever, dropped back on my pillow, and was, as the bards of the almanacks say, instantly lulled in the feathery arms of Morpheus.

My sleep was, like that of every man who finishes his day in the jovial style of mine, crowded with dreams, and every dream was, of course, a new version of the tale of the day. The Red Woman was flying about me, over me, with me, frowning, howling, fixing her flame-colored fangs

in my throat, and drying up my circulation with her intense eyes. At last the struggle broke my sleep. The Red Woman herself was standing before me ! I never remember to have been so thoroughly overpowered—I could not breathe. My pulses were dead ; my limbs were stiffened into stone. The sight had paralyzed me as it had the unfortunate colonel. The phantom stalked slowly through the chamber. I saw her lay her hand on the table, which returned a pale gleam. She approached the pillow and leaned over me. I was looking full at her. She started back ; and with a low and ominous moan walked through the stone wall.

Whether I continued awake after this, or fell into a doze, I cannot tell to this day. But I still could not have stirred, from the singular dizziness of my brain, and the feebleness of my limbs. At length a confused sound, and a broad burst of light completely roused me. I thought that the catastrophe was come, whether it was to be insanity or extinction ; and bracing up my lost fortitude, determined, if I must perish, to leave behind no ground for suspicion that I had perished like a craven. On throwing open my shutters, I was rejoiced to find that the glare was from the sun, then not far from his "meridian tour." The sounds were still to be accounted for, and they grew more unaccountable every instant, a chaos of exclamations, rage, imprecations, and laughter. I heard tables rolled about, chairs dashed against the wall, the old windows crashing in all quarters. I was beginning to doubt whether the witch's vengeance had not already fallen on the sleepers, or whether the frenzy was my own. I at length opened my door—the passage was full of broken furniture, in the midst of which stood the Italian in violent fits of laughter. The German was forcing his heavy frame across a bar that held one-half of his door fast, the other half he had contrived to tear down. The Frenchman was still barred in his dungeon, which he was belabouring on all sides with a poker ; and venting his fury in screams, roars, and imprecations on the hand that had thus encroached on his natural liberty.

The Italian's laughter was contagious, and I joined him by the strength of sympathy, to the increased displeasure, as I was sorry to see, of the honest German, who grumbled something about a "couple of fools." But as I appeared to pay more attention to the remark than under the circumstances it perhaps deserved, my bulky friend recovered his temper, and with the face of a Diogenes, in jest, asked me "What o'clock it was ?" I felt for my repeater.—It was gone.—"I must have left it in my chamber."—It was not there. My repeater was not the only absentee.

My purse, my pistols, my valise, my boots, my whole wardrobe, were gone along with it.

Every man of the party was in the same condition. The accident of sleeping in our clothes alone prevented us from being stark naked. I roared for the landlord. He was "deaf or dead," no answer came. I darted down stairs, every door was bolted and barred as firmly as if it were midnight. I thought of my invalid—he too was "deaf or dead" when I knocked. On second thoughts I kicked the door open.—The bird was flown.—The Red Woman had robbed us all.—There was not a florin, a brooch, a ring, a snuff-box, or a second shirt in our whole *coterie*.—The spoliation had been managed with matchless dexterity. We might be thankful that it had pleased the Red Woman to let us keep our skins.

To make the *dénuement* more palatable, the story spread over the neighborhood with a rapidity worthy of the Red Woman herself, and while we were considering how we should exist for the day, crowds came peering about the house, and harroning each of us that appeared at the window with roars of merriment. As the tale spread, the neighboring nobles came in to enjoy their share of the amusement, and in our dismantled condition we were thus compelled to run the gauntlet of laughing condolence and burlesque compliment on our sagacity, from fair ladies and magnificent lords, who had seen us flourishing away among the circles of Vienna.

A few years after, as I was on a mission to inspect the fortresses along our Rhenish boundary, I was struck with a familiar face among the prisoners working at Ehrenbreitstein. The fellow turned away; but I marked my man, and on the bell's tolling for the close of their work, I accosted my old acquaintance, the Herr Michael Squeezegelt.

He had one surviving virtue, candor in great abundance, and when I had satisfied him that his story should not diminish his rations, nor increase his chains, he was willing to let me have every secret of his soul. I, however, confined my curiosity to the "Red Woman," and her victim.

"That fellow," said the Herr, "was the cause of my ruin. He and I became acquainted in the course of the war, in which he had deserted from the Archduke's army the night before he was to be hanged as a French spy, and deserted from Napoleon's army the night before he was to be hanged as an Austrian one. He was a clever knave, however, and as trade was low at the Gassians, I found him now and then useful to bring it up by a little smuggling, a little gambling, and, I am afraid, by a little tax-gathering among

the gentlemen who came to see the beauties of the country."

"But the Red Woman, the lights, the procession on the walls and ceiling—what were these? juggling?"

"My comrade had been twenty things after his escape from the gallows, for it is hard, in these times, for a man with but one trade to live.—Among his talents was firework-making, and he could do what he pleased with figures and lights of all kinds. His equal never sent up a rocket from the Prater. I had overheard you, some days before, asking questions about the Durrenstein and the odd lights that every ploughman in Lower Austria is ready to swear to. I had laid a little plan to raise a trifle on you myself out of the story. But the coming of the whole party in the storm, made me give up my own idea for Signior Ignatio Trombone's, which was to take in the entire company. His appearances and disappearances on the mountain, his sudden illness, for which he painted his face as it was lying on the table, and a couple of bottles of my best prepared claret put in the place of yours, when the palate could not have distinguished brandy from beer, put you all in the proper state. His recommendation that no one who was afraid should go to bed, would, he knew, only make gentlemen, particularly when heated by wine, the surer to defy the consequences; and, at all events, he knew that his opinion would do its business. The signior played the Red Woman in person, and, startled as he was by finding you broad awake, he contrived to go through the affair in a tolerably complete style."

The fellow could not help laughing at the feat, and I own that I could not help joining him.

"But you ran away and left your trade to shift for itself?" said I.

"It had done that long before," was the answer. "I was on the point of running away the week you came to the house, but you paid handsomely, and I waited for something to turn up worth making a grand exit. The plunder of the company on St. Michael's night, was a grand prize in the lottery, and with it the signior and I took our leave of the Durrenstein."

"But where is the signior now?"

"He robbed me as we were passing the frontier. I swore I would give him up to justice. He knew that I was a man to make my words good, and, accordingly, he lost no time, but brought a pair of police officers to my bed-side; I saw him receive the reward for my capture, and walk off free as air, while I was sent to dig in these ditches. The last I heard of the signior was, that he had set up a *rouge et noir* table, a coach, and an

opera box in Paris ; though which of us will be hanged first, not even the Red Woman would be able to tell. But here comes the guard—and now for clean straw, horse-bean soup, and duck-weed water."

"THIS WORLD OF OURS."

BY W. G. J. BARKER.

This world of ours, if free from sin,
Oh ! would it not be fair !
Sunshine above, and flowers beneath,
And beauty everywhere !
The air, the earth, the waters teem
With living things at play ;
Glad nature from an hundred throats
Pours her rejoicing lay.

Each balmy breeze that wanders by
Whispers some angel tone,
And the clear fountains have a voice
Of music all their own ;
Even the leaves of the forest trees,
Moved by the zephyr's wing,
Make a low murmur of content
To little birds that sing.

The busy bees o'er garden flowers
A holy song attune,
Joining with never-firing mirth
The minstrelsy of June ;
And the great waves upon the deep,
Leaping like giants free,
Chant in their hollow monotone,
The chorus of the sea.

There's beauty in the summer sky,
When, from his ocean bed,
Like a strong man refresh'd by sleep,
The sun uplifts his head ;
And when behind the Western rocks
At eventide he goes,
How beautiful are the crimson clouds
That curtain his repose !

Are not the grassy valleys fair,
Decked in their spring array !
And the high hills with forests clad,
How beautiful are they !
Look on the sea, that girdle vast,
Wherewith the earth is bound !
Even in fancy's wildest dreams
Can aught more glad be found !

Oh ! 'twere indeed a radiant world,
A paradise complete—
So redolent of lovely things,
So filled with voices sweet—
If sin had not in evil hour
Entered this pleasant clime,
Yielding them over unto death—
Sad consequence of crime !

Hence it is that the choicest flowers
Fall by a swift decay,
And hopes to which we fondly cling
Pass suddenly away ;
Yet, mid all trials of our life,
This blessed thought is given,
Earth is not our abiding place—
Man's native clime is Heaven !

A PRAYER.

BY C. C.

Oh Father ! listen to our prayer,
And while before thee Lord ! we stand,
Oh ! let not wrong our hearts ensnare,
Or evil wishes Thee offend !

The shades of night, by Thee ordained,
Now bid us seek repose in sleep,
That gentle boon, by which sustained
Our frames their health and vigor keep.

But, ere we close our eyelids, Lord !
Our hearts would earnestly recall
Each thought, each look, each act, each word,
By which this day we stand or fall.

Oh ! never may our hearts forget
That presence which is ever near,
That voice by which we're always met,
When sin or error enters there.

If we, Oh God ! this day have known
A sinful thought, or word, or deed,
We this would now most humbly own,
Oh ! pardon grant us in our need !

Conscience within us murmurs loud,
And tells us of our broken vows ;
Forgetting them, our hearts have bow'd
To things which love nor duty knows.

Our thoughts have selfish been, and cold,
Full-flowing when with self inlaid,
Why then their streams so warm and hold ?
When misery calls, they're all subdued !

And if our thoughts so wrong thee, Lord !
What sinful we of our actions say ?
Oh Father ! let our tears record
Our sorrow for our sins this day !

Our weeping hearts in vain would strive
To stay the fleeting moments gone,
Oh teach us, Lord ! that we may live
In future as before Thy throne !

Thy throne is built in every heart
That well performs Thy sacred will,
Thy worship's in " the better part,"
Which loves and feels Thee near it still.

And now a blessing we'd implore
On all by whom we're loved or known,
On all our friends, from thy rich store
Be blessings pour'd or guidance shown !

For all on land, for all on sea,
In danger, sickness, or distress,
For foes,—if any such there be,
Oh Father ! all, we pray thee, bless !

Hallow'd our sleep will be, if Thou,
Around our couch Thy watch shalt keep,
With trusting hearts to rest we go ;
Our Father guards us while we sleep !

Our homes, our loves, our hopes, our fears,
We humbly leave before Thee, Lord !
We cling to Thee amid our tears,
Oh ! be Thy Name for aye adored !

THE HYPOCRITICAL HUSBAND.

"Wur isn't breakfast ready?"

This is the gentleman's first "salutation to the morn," delivered in a tone of voice admirably expressive of having arisen from his couch with a determination of being in an ill humour for the rest of the day, or, as the saying is, "got out of bed wrong end foremost."

"But, my dear, it is not late."

"Not late! not late! Suppose I choose to have breakfast a trifle earlier than usual, when I'm half starved! But people are so infernally lazy in this house. Ah! here it comes at last! The old story—muddy coffee. It is strange that I can never be allowed a drop of chocolate, of which I am so passionately fond."

"Well, my dear, why do you never mention it beforehand?"

"Why do you never ask me if I should prefer it?"

"You generally take coffee, even when we have chocolate upon the table."

"And what of that! The very reason why I should prefer now and then chocolate for a change. At any rate, it would not give you a great deal of trouble, to ask my pleasure once in a while. Who made that fire? Or rather who was idiotic enough to imagine that pile of green logs could ever be converted into a blaze. Pray, can you inform me what that dark colored mass is supposed to represent?"

"That is brown bread toast."

"I thought so! By heavens! this was put upon the table expressly to enrage me—you know I hate the stuff. I heard some one ring this morning—who was it?"

"Why that young man, that—what's his name—who has been to see you twice before, you know—I told him you had gone out—you say he's such a bore. I knew you wouldn't like to be bothered with him at breakfast time."

The married man throws himself back in the chair and smites the unoffending table with his fist, to the evident astonishment of the cups and saucers.

"And who authorized you to deny me to my friends? You're always making some blunder. I made a particular appointment with that young man to see him this morning. And you have told him I was not at home. It seems to be your sole study, to see what you can do to put me in a passion."

And in his rage, he unconsciously brings his elbow in contact with his coffee cup—which consequently losing its equilibrium, the contents are duly delivered upon his dressing gown.

"There now I hope you're satisfied—you have been the means of ruining my morning gown, which cost me twelve dollars the day before yesterday!"

"I'm sure I didn't request you to upset your coffee."

"But you put me in a passion."

"I put you in a passion! You have been cross as a bear ever since you got up."

"Take care! take care! Don't impose too much upon my good nature."

"You're a brute, for all you're so mighty loving before folks."

"Will you hold your tongue?"

"Every body thinks you're a pattern of a husband, and that I'm the happiest wife in the world. Oh! if they knew how you abuse me when we are by ourselves."

"Will you hold your tongue?" (with the grinding accompaniment of the teeth.)

"And yet, before company, I must pretend to be superlatively pleased when you kiss me. Pah!"

"If you don't hold your tongue this instant, I'll throw this cup at your head."

"You dare not! you dare not, you vile monster!"

"Ah! I'm a monster, am I—I'm a"—whizz! and the cup is launched at her head with the very best intentions, which, however, are frustrated by the lady's stooping, with a celerity which could only have been acquired by the most frequent and persevering practice. She escapes the missile, but alas! not the brutal blow, which speedily follows it from the hard hand of the *Hypocritical Husband*, who doubtless considers it his duty to punish her for his having broken a coffee cup and damaged a dressing gown.

Hark! the door bell rings, and the poor wife vainly endeavours to suppress her tears and sobs. The servant announces a visitor. The *Hypocritical Husband* approaches her with a threatening air, and says—

"You're not surely going to blubber before company! Dry your eyes quickly, or else, as soon as they are gone, I'll resume my remarks where I left off."

The visitor is ushered in. The *Hypocritical Husband* immediately assumes a cheerful, amiable expression, and passes the usual compliments in tones of singularly sweet and gentle modulation. The visitor, (a lady,) remarking the appearance of the agitated wife, exclaims:

"Bless me, how pale you look! how red your eyes are! Have you been unwell?"

But our gentleman will not trust to his wife to reply, and hastens to explain with—

"Oh! nothing is the matter! She sat up very late last night reading—ruinous to the eyes you

know. I often tell her, 'my dear you abuse yourself reading small print by candle-light,' but she won't listen to me; and you see the consequence, the next morning she's pale as a ghost, and her eyes look exactly as if she'd been crying. But she won't do so again, will you love? She's promised me to be a good little girl, haven't you, darling?"

So saying, the affectionate creature presses her fondly.

SKETCH

FROM A PHYSICIAN'S PORTFOLIO.

BY DR. VON IFLAND.

In the memorable year of 1832, my professional position, as Physician to one of the Cholera Hospitals at Quebec, gave me almost incessant opportunities of witnessing the most thrilling and heart-rending calamities incident to that epoch; but, in the winter of 1820, also memorable from the intense severity of the winter, and the prevalence of typhus fever among the Emigrants, who had reached Quebec late in the preceding autumn, the imagination can scarcely portray the wretchedness and sufferings, which as Physician to the Quebec Dispensary, I was frequently called upon to witness. So appalling indeed, and so aggravated by destitution and helplessness, as to have rendered death the most welcome boon of the Divine Giver of life!

Many of the unfortunate Emigrants of that period had been deluded by the most inviting and flattering prospects of rapid prosperity in Canada, by heartless and mercenary owners and masters of a certain class of shipping. And passages were not infrequently advertised to almost every section of Upper Canada, reported as most favorable to their agricultural views and pursuits. The conversion of what they possessed in their native country, into money, barely sufficed for the payment of passage and the extortions, common to long passages, for coarse provisions and other wants, indispensable to their situations. They were in consequence thrown upon the shores of Quebec at an inclement season of the year, in the most abject and deplorable state of destitution. This could not fail of being increased by the severe winter, and the intensity of the cold. They sought refuge in abandoned sheds, but imperfectly roofed, and with timbers so far apart from each other, as to admit the frequent driftings of snow from storms, while the bare frozen earth served for floors! In these miserable and wretched abodes, to which I have often been called, I have witnessed these unfortunate Emigrants, labouring under malignant fever, (the consequence of debility from long pri-

ventions,) stretched on a few rags of clothes, with little covering, large icicles hanging from the timbers over their bodies, and a little mouldering straw scattered in a corner,—the sad remnants of what had been but a short time before, used for beds! But, I have often sickened at heart when amidst these physical miseries, I have been called to assist in ushering into the world the babe of mere earthly sorrows, and have beheld the very fountain of nature, from which the hapless infant should have drawn its sustenance, congealed and sealed up by the intense cold.

Happily for suffering humanity, objects so harrowing to the sensibility of our common nature, could not, when made known, long remain without calling forth the obligations and benevolence of christian virtues. It is in these and similar instances, that lovely woman, by exerting her benevolent solicitude, and exercising the virtues of humanity, elevates herself to that equality with man, which is her just and righteous privilege, and proves the beneficent angel of celestial mercy to the children of wretchedness and affliction, anticipating and relieving every kind and every measure of human misery and woe.

THE LAURUSTINUS.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY JAMES MONTAGNER.

Fair tree of winter! fresh and flowering,
When all around is dead and dry,
Whose ruby buds, though storms are howling,
Spread their white blossoms to the sky;
Green are thy leaves, more purely green,
Through every changing period seen;
And when the gandy months are past,
Thy loveliest season is the last.

Be thou an emblem, here unfolding
The history of that maiden's mind,
Whose eyes, these humble lines beholding,
In them her future lot may find;
Through life's mutations may she be
A modest evergreen, like thee;
And, best in youth, in age more blest,
Still be her latest days the best.

TO THE SKY.

BY MISS HEIMANN.

Far from the rustlings of the poplar bough,
Which o'er my opening life wild music made,
Far from the green hills with their heathery glow
And flashing streams whereby my childhood play'd;
In the dim city, midst the sounding flow
Of restless life, to thee in love I turn,
O, thou rich sky! and from thy splendours learn
How song-birds come and part, flowers wane and blow.
With thee all shapes of glory find their home.
And thou hast taught me well, majestic dome!
By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which rose
Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest,
That nature's God hath left no spot unblest'd,
With founts of beauty for the eye of love.

CHARLEMAGNE,

AND THE BRIDGE OF MOONBEAMS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIDLER.

"Many traditions are extant of the fondness of Charlemagne for the neighborhood of Langawinkel. Nay, it is firmly believed that his affection survived his death; and that even now, at certain seasons of the year, his spirit loves to wake from its slumber of ages, and revisit it still."—[Snowe's Legends of the Rhine, vol. ii.

BEACHTOUS it is in the Summer-night, and calm along the Rhine,
And like molten silver shines the light that sleeps on wave and vine,
But a stately Figure standeth on the Silent Hill alone,
Like the phantom of a Monarch looking valvly for his throne.

Yes! 'tis he—the unforgotten Lord of this beloved land!
'Tis the glorious Carlus Magnus, with his gleamy sword
In hand,
And his crown entwined with myrtle, and his golden
sceptre bright,
And his rich imperial purple vesture floating on the
night!

Since he dwelt among his people stormy centuries have
rolled,
Thrones and kingdoms have departed, and the world is
waning old:
Why leaveth he his house of rest? Why cometh he
once more.
From his marble tomb to wander here by Langawinkel's
shore?

O, fear ye not the Emperor!—he doth not leave his tomb
As the herald of disaster to our land of light and bloom;
He cometh not with blight or ban, on castle, field, or
shrine;
But with overflowing blessings for the vineyards of the
Rhine!

As a bridge across the river lie the moonbeams all the
time,
They shine from Langawinkel unto ancient Ingelheim:
And along this Bridge of Moonbeams is the Monarch
seen to go,
And from thence he pours his blessing on the royal flood
below.

He blesses all the vineyards, he blesses vale and plain,
The lakes and glades and orchards, and fields of golden
grain,
The lofty castle-turrets and the lowly cottage-hearth;
He blesses all, for ever all he reigneth of yore on earth.

Then to each and all so lovingly he waves a mute Fare-
well,
And returns to slumber softly in his tomb at La Chapelle,
'Till the Summer-time again be come, with sun, and rain,
and dew,
And the vineyards and the gardens woo him back to them
anew.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

THE northern hemisphere has its delights as well as the southern. One of these arises from the contemplation of that beautiful phenomenon called the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. Such a phenomenon is of frequent occurrence at St. Petersburg. According to the meteorological tables of twenty years, northern lights appeared on an average twenty-one times in each year. In the year 1774, they appeared forty-eight times. From 1782 to 1786 they decreased, having been seen only one hundred and ten times during that period, and only thirty-nine times from 1787 to 1791. This diminution in the yearly number of northern lights has continued more or less ever since; and looking for illustration at the tables of the same two years nearer us, which has supplied us with other data, namely 1818 and 1819, I find that in the former year northern lights occurred only six, and in the latter twelve times. At the close of the autumn of 1827, this curious phenomenon appeared on one occasion, magnificently bright. The sky was illuminated from the horizon to the zenith, extending east and west to a considerable distance. Masses of fire in the form of columns, and as brilliant as the brightest phosphorus, danced in the air, and streaks of a deeper light, of various sizes, rose from the horizon and flashed between them. The brightness of the former seemed at times to grow faint and dim. At this conjuncture the broad streaks would suddenly shoot with great velocity up to the zenith with an undulating motion and a pyramidal form. From the columns, flashes of light, like a succession of sparks from an electric jar, flew off and disappeared; while the streaks changed their form frequently and rapidly, and broke out in places where none were seen before, shooting along the heavens, and then disappearing in an instant. The sky in various places became tinged with a deep purple, the stars shone very brilliantly, the separate lights gradually merged into one another, when the auroral resplendence of the phenomenon increased and became magnificent. This phenomenon lasted nearly four hours; and at one time a large triangle of the strongest light occupied the horizon, illuminating in the most magnificent manner nearly the entire vault of heaven. From six to seven falling stars were observed at the time, leaving in their train a very brilliant light.

KENILWORTH.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

THE Engraving in our present number represents a scene from the above work, one of the most exciting and picturesque romances even of the Wizard of the North. Most of our readers must remember the passage to which it refers, but for the benefit of those who do not, it is here subjoined.

Wayland Smith, an emissary from Tressilian, seeks admission in the guise of a pedlar, to the imprisoned Countess of Leicester, and at length gains an entrance to Cumnor Hall, through the cupidity of an old servant of the house.

"She has left me to come off as I may," thought Wayland, as he heard the hag shut the garden door behind him. "But they shall not beat me, and they dare not murder me, for so little trespass, and by this fair twilight. Hang it, I will go on—a brave general never thought of his retreat till he was defeated. I see two females in the old garden-house yonder—but how to address them?—Stay—Will Shakspeare, be my friend in need! I will give them a taste of *Autolyens*." He then sung, with a good voice, and becoming audacity, the popular playhouse ditty,—

"Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyperus black as e'er was crow,
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses."

"What hath fortune sent us here for an unwonted sight, Janet?" said the lady.

"One of those merchants of vanity, called pedlars," answered Janet, demurely, "who utters his light wares in lighter measures—I marvel old Dorcas let him pass."

"It is a lucky chance, girl," said the Countess; "we lead a heavy life here, and this may while off a weary hour."

"Ay, my gracious lady," said Janet; "but my father?"

"He is not *my* father, Janet, nor I hope my master," answered the lady—"I say, call the man hither—I want some things."

"Nay," replied Janet, "your ladyship has but to say so in the next packet, and if England can furnish them they will be sent.—There will come mischief on't!—Pray, dearest lady, let me bid the man begone!"

"I will have thee bid him come hither," said the Countess;—"or stay, thou terrified fool, I will bid him myself, and spare thee a chiding."

"Ah! well-a-day, dearest lady, if that were the worst," said Janet, sadly, while the lady called to the pedlar, "Good fellow, step forward—undo thy pack—if thou hast good wares, chance has sent thee hither for my convenience, and thy profit."

"What may your ladyship please to lack?" said Wayland, unstrapping his pack, and display-

ing its contents with as much dexterity as if he had been bred to the trade. Indeed he had occasionally pursued it in the course of his roving life, and now commended his wares with all the volubility of a trader, and showed some skill in the main art of placing prices upon them.

"What do I please to lack?" said the lady, "why, considering I have not for six long months bought one yard of lawn or cambric, or one trinket, the most inconsiderable, for my own use, and at my own choice, the better question is, what hast thou got to sell? Lay aside for me that cambric pertlet and pair of sleeves—and those roundells of gold fringe, drawn out with cyprus—and that short cloak of cherry-coloured fine cloth, garnished with gold-buttons and loops.—Is it not of an absolute fancy, Janet?"

"Nay, my lady," replied Janet, "if you consult my poor judgment, it is, methinks, over gaudy for a graceful habit."

"Now, out upon thy judgment, if it be no brighter, wench," said the Countess; "thou shalt wear it thyself for penance sake; and I promise thee the gold buttons, being somewhat massive, will comfort thy father, and reconcile him to the cherry-coloured body. See that he snap them not away, Janet, and send them to bear company with the imprisoned angels which he keeps captive in his strong box."

"May I pray your ladyship to spare my poor father!" said Janet.

"Nay, but why should any one spare him that is so sparing of his own nature?" replied the lady.—"Well, but to our gear.—That head garniture for myself, and that silver bodkin, mounted with pearl;—and take off two gowns of that russet cloth for Dorcas and Alison, Janet, to keep the old wretches warm against winter comes—and stay, hast thou no perfumes and sweet bungs, or any handsome casting bottles of the newest mode?"

"Were I pedlar in earnest, I were a made merchant," thought Wayland, as he busied himself to answer the demands which she thronged one on another, with the eagerness of a young lady who has been long secluded from such a pleasing occupation.

OUR TABLE.

AGINCOURT; BY G. P. R. JAMES.

Another tale from the pen of this charming and indefatigable writer. Scarcely have the plot and characters of one story been canvassed and discussed by newspaper critics and their followers the public, to their heart's content, when their interest is again excited and kept on the stretch, by the announcement of "A New Work in the Press, by the Author of 'De L'Orme,' 'Darnley,' &c."

"This cannot last long," cry some of those good-natured critics—"Mr. James is working himself to death." "Nay!" reply others, "his subject will be exhausted first." And still, in spite of these ominous prognostications, Mr. James writes as rapidly, as cheerfully, and as healthfully as ever, and still each new story excites fresh interest and maintains his ever-increasing popularity. We do not defend Mr. James' hasty execution, nor do we deny that its consequences are occasionally apparent in his style and diction. *Non propter sed non obstante*—he flourishes not by these, but in spite of them; and were he to bestow on his works a more careful revision and eradicate these petty faults of style, few would dispute his title to the throne of Romance, left vacant by the death of Scott.

One most essential characteristic of a Novelist is possessed by Mr. James;—he takes care thoroughly to imbue and saturate his mind with the spirit of the age to which he assigns his story. It is this that gives such life-like colouring to the pages of Scott; and it is this that enables our author to paint with so much of reality, the palace of the Roman Emperor and the hut of the wild King of the Huns;—the severe simplicity of the Puritan age, and the gorgeous splendours of the Field of the Cloth of Gold;—the rude magnificence of the ancient Baron, and the motley groups of a modern fashionable Drawing-room. But it is in scenes of chivalry that Mr. James delights; the clash of armour and the neighing of steeds are music to his ear, and in the busy turmoil, the perilous encounters and exciting stratagems of war, he absolutely revels.

With such scenes before him, then, as those of the battle of Agincourt, an attractive and deeply interesting romance was to be expected from Mr. James;—nor has this expectation been disappointed. We took up this work, fresh from the perusal of Shakspeare's Henry V.—and by no soverer test could it well be tried. We have

found throughout the same vivid painting of scenery, the same historic faithfulness, the same truthful delineation of character, and the same animated succession of incident, which have marked his previous productions. In its sketches of English manners and customs in the fifteenth century. "Agincourt" bears, in our opinion, no unfavorable comparison even with "The Last of the Barons," the latest and best of Bulwer's Romances.

We are happy to learn, from the published report of Parliamentary proceedings, that provision is about to be made for securing the continuance and completion of the Geological Survey of this Province, which has now been for some years in progress.

The gentleman under whose direction this important service has been carried on—W. E. Logan, Esquire, F. C. S.—has conducted it throughout with that ardour and assiduity, which his well-known scientific acquirements, and the zeal with which he had previously devoted himself to the study of Geological Science, led every one to expect. His researches in both sections of the Province have given the public far more accurate and beneficial knowledge of these several portions of the country, than could ever have been attained by any mere survey of its superficial extent. In more than one instance, too, his investigations have resulted in the discovery of mineral treasures, the existence of which, within the limits of Canada, was hitherto unsuspected.

Little—very little attention has as yet been directed to the mineral resources of this country, great and varied as these undoubtedly are; although why a branch of material industry, that has contributed so much to the advancement and prosperity of the mother country, should be here so entirely overlooked, it would puzzle wiser heads than ours to tell.

Mr. Logan's report of his Survey, is now, we understand, in process of publication, by order of the Provincial Assembly, and it is our intention, on its appearance, again to call the attention of our readers to the subject.

Meantime, we have again to express our pleasure and satisfaction at the support given by Government to this undertaking, and at their determination to ensure a complete and efficient Geological Survey of this Province.