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(ORIGINAL.)

THE ORPHAN; OR, THE AFFIANCED.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.

Alone—alone—no other face
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line,
And yet they say my mother's eyes,
They say my father's brow is mine;
And either had rejoiced to see
The other's likeness in my face;
But now it is a stranger's eye
That finds some long forgotten trace.

God of the fatherless, 'tis thou
Alone canst be the Orphan's stay:
Earth's meanest flower, Heaven's mightiest star,
Are equal in their Maker's love—
And I can say "Thy will be done,"
With eyes that fix their hope above.

The Orphan.

MR. GROSVENOR, the worthy minister of P——, had presided over his flock full fifty years, and had grown grey while preaching Christ as our example, and sole author of our salvation. In his venerable and furrowed face, were expressed the benignity, goodness and fervent piety so eminently conspicuous in his character,—united to a shade of melancholy, produced by the severe loss he had recently sustained in the death of an only child. Many years had passed since the loss of his exemplary partner, whose place in his bereaved home, had been filled up by a maiden sister, Miss Elizabeth Grosvenor, who to behold, was to admire, who to know, was to love,—cheerful, placid, and contented, her society was coveted, and sought for by old, as well as young; while her simple piety rendered her as a friend inestimable. That she had remained single, was a subject of surprise to all who knew not that she had lost the lover of her youth in action, and had vowed eternal fidelity to his memory. This early trial it was which had brought her to the foot of the cross, and, through God's sanctifying grace, had proved the richest blessing, as it taught her the uncertainty of all earthly things, and that to be really happy, she must garner up her treasure in Heaven. She was devotedly attached to her brother, who pretended to hold her opinions and wisdom rather lightly, although he rarely acted without consulting them: the most beautiful part of Miss Grosvenor's character was her perfect charity towards the faults and failings of her neighbours, always looking at the bright and favourable side, and viewing the darker shades in

pity and in silence. "How can we see into the heart," she would say, "or know the motives which lead to this or that doubtful action? to God alone all are accountable; let him be the judge of others, while we only judge ourselves." Known to possess such sentiments as these, none dared to repeat to her the envenomed tale of scandal, the unkind, uncharitable surmise; consequently she lived in happy ignorance of all the little envies, jealousies and bickerings that disquieted the neighbourhood, and thought every one good, because she wished them to be so. Emmeline had often wished to become intimately acquainted with this estimable lady; but the distance between Dovecot and the Parsonage, and neither having any carriage, had hitherto precluded more than an occasional visit, or the kindly greetings on the Sabbath, at the church door. When the summons, however, from Miss Milman to her brother, reached her ears, Miss Grosvenor hastened to accompany him to the house of sorrow, to sympathise where she could not heal, and to offer those consolations, from the word of God, which she had found so precious in the hour of need herself. Miss Milman was in a high state of fever, on their arrival, from having been unable to obtain any sleep,—and poor Emmeline the very image of woe. It seemed a relief to her to see Mr. Grosvenor and his sister, who addressed her in accents of extreme kindness and affection, bidding her look forward with hope and confidence, for that God could not err in his intentions towards her; that they must be for her real good, come in whatever

form they might. Emmeline listened with profound veneration, to every word that fell from the lips of the minister, and checked her tears as he reminded her of her duty, to trust even when she could not see her way, and to believe when she could not comprehend. It was not until the evening that Miss Milman felt composed enough for an interview with Mr. Grosvenor, who was shocked to see the alteration which one night's suffering had made in her appearance; for several moments he was silent, then kneeling down by her bed side, he offered up a petition that the Almighty God would safely bring her through the billows of affliction into the smooth waters of resignation and peace. After this he strove to lead her thoughts to higher subjects than of late had filled them,—telling her that our happiness did not consist in the abundance of our possessions, but in our nearness to God, and our meetness for the kingdom of Heaven; that the sisters we hew out for ourselves, break ere they are accomplished, leading to disappointment and too frequently to remorse. “Nothing in this life is worth immoderate love, immoderate care, immoderate desire, my dear friend,” said the minister, “since we cannot retain it forever; should not our eternal interests then be our first solicitude? surely yes, and the more we can realise Heaven, and bring it down as it were upon earth, the less shall we value the fictitious advantages and vain ensnaring pleasures that cloud our religious joys, and shade our Almighty Father from our view. Remember the beautiful words of St. Augustine: Thou mayest seek after honours, and not obtain them; thou mayest labour for riches, and yet remain poor; thou mayest doat on pleasures, and have many sorrows; but our God of his supreme goodness says, “who ever sought me, and found me not? who ever loved me, and missed of me,—I am with him that seeks for me: he hath me already who wisheth for me, and he that loveth me is sure of my love; the way to come to me is neither long nor difficult.”

There is a charm in the voice of a Christian Minister, as he pours into the ears of affliction, the consolations of the gospel, that seldom fails in the effect intended, and Miss Milman gradually became more calm as she listened to the good man's exhortations, while her countenance lost that expression of agony it had worn on his entrance. She shed many tears, but they fell gently, and appeared to relieve her; and while she owned how culpable she had been in bringing poverty on the child committed to her care, as well as on herself, by an unwarrantable desire to become rich, she expressed a hope that she would be forgiven by a merciful and gracious judge.

“The humble and contrite, God never will despise,” replied Mr. Grosvenor; “it is only the proud and self-righteous whom he beholds afar off: turn unto him, dear lady, and he will abundantly pardon

and restore to you tenfold more than you have lost, if you really desire his best blessings in exchange for dross.”

“If it were not for dear Emmeline, I think I could be easy on my own account,” said Miss Milman, after a pause, during which she had been reflecting; “but should it please the Almighty disposer of events to take me, what is to become of her, so young, so beautiful and so unprotected?”

“Can you imagine for one moment, my dear madam,” rejoined Mr. Grosvenor, “that as God's own dear child, she will cease to be his peculiar care. Do not harass your mind by distressing doubts, but trust him faithfully. I humbly hope you may recover to watch over her, yourself; but if his wisdom decrees otherwise, Emmeline shall not want a home; she shall come to mine, and be to me as a daughter in place of her who has left it desolate.” And tears dimmed the eyes of the venerable old man as he said this. Miss Milman pressed his hand, replying:

“Oh, if I could think so, I should die happy.”

“Then do think so, and consider it a sacred agreement, until fairer prospects open before her path.” Miss Milman raised her eyes in thankfulness to heaven, then ejaculating:

“May He eternally reward you,” she laid her head down upon the pillow, and in a little time sank into a sweet and refreshing slumber.

But the incipient seeds of disease, which had for some years been undermining the health of this unfortunate lady, increased so rapidly after the severe shock she had received, that they baffled the exertions of her medical attendant, to stem their violence. Poor Emmeline tried to crush the fears which whispered that the words of her aunt would become verified; that she would be called upon to resign this, her only relation, to the silent tomb; but as she gazed upon her hectic cheek, her weak trembling frame, she heavily sighed, for they were signs with which she was, alas, too familiar.

“Ah, yes, I shall lose her,” she then would cry; “she is going to join that happy band, amongst whom my loved parents dwell in bliss. Why—oh, why, am I alone left to weep and to mourn uncared for by all?”

One consolation was Emmeline's at this time in all her distress, and a great support it proved—the increasing interest which her aunt appeared to take in spiritual things, while those of the world, that had hitherto held her so much in bondage, became valueless in her sight. For her father's sake, Emmeline had always tried to love her aunt, whose wayward caprice and fretful impatience had too often rendered this an effort. But now, when every little asperity was softened down, and she never addressed her but in words of kindness, she loved her for her own, and night and day she attended

her with the unremitting solicitude of an affectionate child, assisted in her labours of duty by the faithful Ruth, ever ready to lighten the cares of her sweet young lady. It was at this period of trial that the real friends of Miss Milman became known from false ones; for while the gay and the rich, whose acquaintance she had coveted so much, were content when they had sent once to enquire after her, a few only condescending to leave cards at her door, the less affluent, but truly Christian people, were constant in their attentions, sending her little nice things day after day, to tempt her appetite, or coming themselves to relieve Emmeline from her post in the sick chamber, lest her health should suffer from such lengthened confinement.

Contrary to the expectations of Doctor Sutherland, Miss Milman lingered for many months, little aware that she was living principally on the bounty of others; but as the winter season approached, her fatal malady became the conqueror, and she sank under its influence, breathing her last sigh in the arms of her niece, who she blessed, and commended to the protection of Him who hath said, "Leave thy fatherless children to me."

A grand ball was given by Mrs. Larkins on the night of her death; for what was the grief of Emmeline to the votaries of pleasure, who, after their first expressions of regret, forgot, in the revelry of the dance, all save themselves. But though the sounds of mirth and music rose above the cry of the desolate orphan, yet feeble as it was it reached the ears of Him who watcheth over all, whose words to them that trust Him are full of hope. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," saith the Lord.

We will not dwell on all the harrowing scenes which followed, or the thoughts that oppressed the dear Emmeline, when she looked around and beheld herself alone; but turn at once to the more cheering picture, where, in the house of the kind Mr. Grosvenor, she is seen resigned to her sad loss, though faded and worn by her successive bereavements.

The first Sabbath day she ventured to church with her new friends, the smart carriage of Mrs. Larkins dashed up to the door just as she was approaching it. When Lucy and Maria saw the pale faced girl they would have spoken to her, for the young are seldom calculating, but they were called back by their portly mamma, who said:

"Miss Milman can no longer be an acquaintance for you, my dears. I desire you would not appear to know her. Poor thing, how shabbily she is dressed; I don't think she has bought any new mourning for her aunt. Harry!" to the footman, "carry our prayer books into the pew, and set my velvet cushion."

The sermon was upon the subject of charity, and

Mrs. Larkins thought she had amply fulfilled the text when she placed a sovereign in the plate, as she rustled down the aisle, bowing and smiling to her acquaintance, asking one or two if they were going to Mrs. Chatterton's amateur theatricals.

The tender and affectionate care bestowed by Mrs. Elizabeth Grosvenor on our heroine, aided by the conversations of the worthy minister, soon produced a pleasing effect on her health and spirits, which materially improved beneath their Christian roof, where all was peace and love. No contentions, no heartburnings, no jealousies were there, for the world's vanities were excluded. How then could it be otherwise than an abode of happiness, since God was with them!

The little playful disputes between the brother and sister, would sometimes call a smile to the lip of Emmeline, as she marked the look of affection that ever accompanied them.

"Bessey, Bessey, you are the eighth wonder of the world!" Mr. Grosvenor would say, on her offering some sage opinion; "but it is fortunate that you have no need to study Greek and Latin to get to Heaven."

It was highly gratifying to Emmeline to accompany Miss Grosvenor in her visits amongst the poor of the neighbourhood, and to witness the judicious way in which she would utter a word in season, while administering to their temporal necessities. The kindness she showed towards the sick and the aged, and the simple admonitions she offered to the young, were alike touching and beautiful.

Never since she left Rosedale had Emmeline beheld the precepts of religion so truly put in practice as now they were in her sight, and the effect produced on herself was happy and most salutary. She seemed like a flower, which, having for a while been transplanted into a foreign soil uncongenial to its growth, had pined and faded, but, when restored to its native clime, had revived and put forth fresh blossoms; for serenity sat on her fine open brow, peace reigned in her heart,—yet let it not be thought that Emmeline felt no regrets for her poor aunt: far, far from it. Her faults and foibles had been many, but not a trace of them lingered in the remembrance of the sweet girl, while her memory was hallowed with the deepest respect and affection, and to erect a small tablet in the church as a mark of these, she had sacrificed all the little money she at present possessed, denying herself even necessities to fulfil what she considered a debt of gratitude to a beloved father's sister.

And where was her friend Lord Avon during all these months of severe trial? She knew not, though she wished to know. Often she thought of writing to him, but an instinctive delicacy forbade her. She had promised to apply, to him whenever she needed advice, or a friend; but as she possessed in the

excellent Mr. Grosvenor one whose age rendered him a more fitting counsellor, she felt exonerated from the performance of this promise at present.

"He must have heard long since of my loss," she thought; "if he is anxious about me, will he not make some enquiries? No, I will not—cannot obtrude myself upon his notice."

There was a native dignity united to the humility so beautifully conspicuous in the character of Emmeline, that made her shrink at times from her present state of dependence. She felt that, unconnected as she was with Mr. Grosvenor, she had no right to remain a burden on him, especially as he was by no means a rich man. Once she ventured to speak to him on the subject, expressing her wish to earn a subsistence for herself, by taking either the situation of governess or companion: but he would not hear of it.

"No, my child," he replied, "you are much too young and too lovely to be launched into an evil world, in a position so full of trial. Would I be fulfilling my word to your dying aunt were I to permit it? No. So if you are not tired of an old man, and his garrulous sister Bessey, you will remain to cheer our lonely hearth, and spare us the pain of seeing a vacant chair."

"Tired!" exclaimed Emmeline, tears starting to her eyes, "Oh, gladly would I remain with such dear friends forever, if my conscience would permit it; but to encumber you with Ruth, who you see will not leave me, as well as with myself, I cannot think it just or right."

"But if I think it just and right, what business have you to say nay?" returned Mr. Grosvenor, smiling; "besides, I could not spare Ruth any more than I could yourself, since I have learned her value: so do not plague me any more, child, but go and help Bessey to make the apple tart, and see that she puts plenty of cloves and sugar into it."

Emmeline smiled, and affectionately pressed the good man's hand, then flew off to obey the playful mandate, thinking the while how far better it was to remain in the valley of humiliation with God's own people, than to dwell in high places, where his image was excluded and his precepts disregarded.

The spring was just beginning to peep forth and spread her pale green mantle over the face of the earth. The snow drops and crocuses raised their sweet heads above the ground; the soft showers fell glittering in the rays of the sun, while the joyous notes of the birds, and the plough-boy's merry whistle, all proclaimed that nature had awoke from her long sleep, to offer the homage of praise to Him her Creator and Preserver. It was a season peculiarly dear to the young Emmeline, from the associations it had in her mind with her childhood's happy home. Every bud, every flower, brought with it memories the most saddening, yet the most

dear. She would not have parted with them for worlds, and pleasant she found it to talk to Miss Grosvenor of bygone hours, for well could that amiable lady enter into every feeling of the young and ingenuous girl, whose frequent mention of Lord Avon's name, accompanied as it ever was by a deep blush, revealed a tale that sometimes made her smile, at others sorrowful; for she plainly saw that his influence over her happiness was greater than she herself suspected.

"Sweet young creature, and what but cold disappointment must await her?" would the sympathising maiden say with a sigh; "as well might the dove seek its mate in the eagle's nest as for Emmeline to hope to become the bride of proud Lord Windermere's son. Ah, love, love! when did thy course run in smooth waters? Never but when we place it on the true object, and in purity and holiness lay our hearts at the foot of the cross."

It was on one of the brightest mornings the season had yet put forth, that our would-be fashionable Mrs. Larkins sat at the window of her magnificent drawing-room, engaged in embroidering a bunch of rose buds, when suddenly her attention was arrested by an exclamation from Maria.

"Oh! look, look, mamma, whose can that handsome carriage be? I never saw the crest or liveries before."

Mrs. Larkins raised her head. It was a plain travelling carriage, and four splendid horses.

"Dear me, some distinguished arrival. See, my love, which way it turns," said mamma.

"I protest it is Lord Avon, and there is a lady with him," again cried Maria, as the carriage stopped, while a servant descended to make some inquiry, when it immediately dashed on again.

"Is it possible? Can he then be married? I have not seen it announced in the papers."

"The lady was not in the least like Lady Barbara Guise," retorted Maria, "but a very fair, pleasing looking person; who can she be, and where can they be going, for there is no one at Traverscourt now."

While they were conjecturing, Lucy entered, flushed with her walk.

"How long you have been absent," observed Mrs. Larkins, "and how bloused you look, as if you had been walking miles in the wind. I hope you took Harry with you, it is so vulgar to go alone?"

"Oh, yes, gold headed cane and all," replied her daughter, with a crimsoned cheek; "I was detained in Price's shop, where I met Miss Milman."

"Of course you did not speak to her?"

"Yes, I was obliged to do so, as Miss Grosvenor was with her; but you need not look so cross about it, for I saw a carriage and four standing at the gates of the parsonage just now, and on enquiring

whose it was, I heard that Lord Avon, with his sister, Lady Frances Lumley, had just arrived, purposely to see Miss Milman. I had half a mind to call, only I thought they might think it strange, as we have not been there so long."

"How very extraordinary! I cannot understand it. But it is preposterous to suppose the visit can be intended for Emmeline Milman," said Mrs. Larkins, rising and ringing the bell. "I will order the barouche and drive to Miss Grosvenor's, for I have intended to call on her for some time. Lucy, do go and make yourself presentable; and Maria, call Mrs. Bustle to come to me." And the matron sallied from the room, while the girls looked at each other and tittered.

In another hour the trio reached the parsonage, but to their disappointment they found no carriage—no Lord Avon—no Lady Frances,—only quiet Miss Grosvenor sitting at work in her little front parlour. She rose on the entrance of Mrs. Larkins, expressing some surprise at seeing her.

"Indeed I have many apologies to make," replied the matron, accepting the offered chair; "but I am a shocking visitor,—my girls often tell me so. I hope your sweet charge, Miss Milman, is well; we wish so much to see her."

"Miss Milman is not at home at present," returned Miss Grosvenor, with some dignity.

"How very unfortunate; we came purposely to ask her if she would come tomorrow and spend a long day with us. We shall be quite alone, and it would make us so happy. Will you convey my message to her?"

"Certainly," replied Miss Grosvenor, "but I am afraid she will be unable to accept your invitation, as I grieve to say we are going to lose her for an indefinite period," and Miss Grosvenor brushed a tear from her eye as she said this.

"To leave you! dear me! Is she then going to take a situation? I thought it must come to that after all." And Mrs. Larkins pursed up her mouth.

"No, ma'am; my brother would never permit so young a creature as Emmeline to become a governess."

"Then, where can she be going?" said Mrs. Larkins, looking a little alarmed; "surely she is better off under your kind roof than with strangers?"

"Than with strangers, certainly; but Emmeline is going to friends—warm, affectionate friends,—with whom, I trust, she will be as happy as she deserves. Lady Frances Lumley, the sister of Lord Avon, has invited her to Fairy Hall, and she leaves us tomorrow."

Mrs. Larkins was unable to speak for several moments after receiving this intelligence. She then said:

"Good gracious! I was not aware that Miss

Milman was acquainted with Lady Frances Lumley."

"Nor was she until today, when they met as old friends, the warm interest felt for the dear girl by Lord Avon having influenced his sister in her favour, who is one of the sweetest creatures. Mr. Grosvenor is quite charmed with her. They have carried Emmeline away with them to dine at Carlton's, and she accompanies them home tomorrow. Sad 'y shall we miss her, for hers has been quite an angel's visit to us."

The blank countenance of Mrs. Larkins expressed her chagrin, and feeling unable to disguise it, she abruptly rose, saying, with a forced smile, "Pray tell Miss Milman how much I regret not seeing her, though I rejoice at her good fortune!" She hesitated, and then added, "May I ask if you have heard anything more about Lord Avon's engagement to the Lady Barbara Guise?"

"Not a word," replied Miss Grosvenor, "nor can I believe it now."

The stress she laid upon the last monosyllable made Mrs. Larkins start, and turning to her daughters, who were whispering and laughing, she wished Miss Grosvenor a good morning, and departed, ordering her servants, in no very pleasing tone, to drive home. On her arrival there, her ill humour, called forth by the prosperity of another, was suddenly changed into agony, when Mr. Larkins placed letters in her hand, announcing the loss of a very valuable argosy at sea. * * * * *

And now the scene suddenly changes to Fairy Hall, the beautiful residence of Sir John Lumley, whither we beg our readers to follow us into the boudoir of Lady Frances, where, attired in an elegant negligé, she appeared reclining, on a rich damask ottoman, her brother, Lord Avon, carelessly sitting at her feet, playing with a large Persian cat. Very fair and lovely she looked, if, at least, a most sweet expression of countenance, rather than regularity of features, might be termed so. She possessed the same deep blue eyes of her brother—the same formed mouth and unrivalled teeth,—but while the colour of his hair was the darkest chestnut hers fell in flazen ringlets, giving to her a more juvenile appearance than perhaps her years might claim. There was a life and joy beaming on her face, that seemed to say she was a stranger to sorrow, and which formed a striking contrast to the settled melancholy now too visible in his. Lady Frances was the indulged wife of a man fully twenty years older than herself, whom she had married when scarcely past girlhood, to escape from a home embittered to her by a despotic, harsh father. Two children, born a few years after her marriage, were hers—Clyde, the eldest, unhappily deformed and sickly in constitution; Norman, a noble looking boy, the idol of both his parents, and humoured

in every caprice. She was devotedly attached to Lord Avon, whose slightest wishes had ever been law to her. She viewed him as superior to all she had ever seen, while she pitied him for the secret sorrow that lay so heavy at his heart. At the moment we introduce her to the notice of our readers, she was upbraiding him half seriously for some fault he had committed, for thus she expressed herself:

"Now tell me honestly, Avon, how came you to deceive me in this matter—for I fear it may bring trouble on us both?"

"Deceive you, Fanny, in what way?" inquired Lord Avon, looking up in affected surprise.

"Nay, do not deny it; when you first mentioned Miss Milman to me, and said how earnestly you desired I would seek her acquaintance, did you not tell me it was in commiseration for her lonely state, and from respect to the memory of her father, who had been so kind to you?"

"I did so—and what then?"

"And when I rallied you upon the interest you seemed to take in the young orphan, did you not laugh and say: 'Oh, you need not alarm yourself; she is a quiet little pale demure girl, in a Quaker's bonnet—I cannot even tell you the colour of her eyes.' Now was this fair of you, Avon?"

"Was it untruth?" he inquired archly.

"Yes, yes, you know it was; I have seen many lovely girls, but I think I never beheld so perfectly beautiful a creature as Emmeline Milman. Oh, my brother, it will be fraught with danger to live for days and weeks under the same roof with her and witness her numerous attractions—remember how you are situated."

"Remind me not of the weight which is dragging me to the earth, when I would wish to soar far above it," replied Lord Avon hastily, a look of pain contracting his features. "Fanny, let me be happy while I may—too quickly will it all fade, and forever."

"And can you reconcile it to yourself to conceal your engagement from Emmeline, when you see that she loves you with all the fervour of her tender nature. Think what misery it will cause her when she learns how hopeless it is—and how bitterly you will reproach yourself—nay, how bitterly she will reproach you for destroying her peace."

Lord Avon was silent a few moments, and then said:

"That is another thorn in my breast, but do not you press it so painfully; I cannot dwell on the future, it is all dark, dark, and dreary, but while Emmeline is near to me the present is light and gladdening,—why should I turn into the shade?"

"And would you, to bask in the smiles of this sweet innocent, destroy her happiness? Avon, Avon, let me not blush for my brother. Emmeline must

not be deceived. She shall know that you are affianced to Lady Barbara, that ——"

"Not for your life reveal it; it must come from myself, and no other, Fanny," he continued, striking his forehead; "there are some moments so agonizing that if it were not for the religion her father taught me, I would close my sufferings at once with my life—but I dare not."

Lady Frances shuddered at his words, and the wild expression of countenance which accompanied them, yet she had the courage to reply:

"And your requital, for such blessed knowledge, has been to steal the affections of his child, while honour binds you to another,—shame, shame!"

"For God's sake spare me, and do not heap such cruel reproaches upon me," rejoined Lord Avon, much agitated. "I had always indulged a hope that my destiny might have been changed,—that my father would not enforce the fulfilment of the agreement made between him and Lord Traverscourt, while we were yet children, until lately, when I learned that a fortune is depending on my marriage with his daughter. Am I then so much to blame as you would have me appear? Again, the fetters are not yet forged; I am still free to love Emmeline, without insult to her purity. ——"

"But surely you will not draw down the vengeance of our father by."

"My word is given,—fear not," interrupted Lord Avon. "Now say no more on the hateful subject, for it maddens me," and he arose and walked over to the window.

"Ah! well I suppose like all women I must e'en obey," returned Lady Frances, taking up an open volume she had been reading previous to the conversation; "but had I known what now I know, you never should have beguiled me into bringing sweet Emmeline hither."

"Yes, I should," said Lord Avon, looking over his shoulder and smiling.

"You take advantage of my affection, brother," replied Lady Frances, with an answering smile; "yet I forgive you for the sake of the happiness it is to have gained so charming a friend, so engaging a companion—I must forget that I cannot have her always."

"Would that I could as easily forget," said Lord Avon, the melancholy again gathering on his brow. "Fanny, to possess your light and happy disposition I would forfeit my coronet."

"And Lady Barbara?" asked the provoking Lady Frances.

"Hush, some one enters," he hastily returned, and without waiting to see the intruder, he opened the glass door and ran down the steps of the balcony, proceeding with rapid strides towards the stables, to look at a pony he was training for Emmeline's use.

And how did she bear this sudden change in the aspect of her affairs—to be transported at once from the quiet and primitive mode of life she had hitherto led, to one of luxury and splendour—to gaze around her and find herself the first object of attraction—the admired, the beloved of all; surely it was enough to dazzle and confuse her. But no, her danger lay not here; she cared for none of these things—but to be under the same roof with the man she loved, to listen to his expressions of endearment, to believe that he lived for her alone,—these were the snares; yet beautifully she strove that her holy feelings should not become weakened, or her religious duties neglected—hoping that the constant flutter at her heart, her wandering thoughts and the absence of that placidity so peculiarly her own, were owing to the surprise and pleasure of seeing Lord Avon, and of being brought to his sister's home,—that when more accustomed to her new found happiness she would feel calm and collected as before. Alas, poor Emmeline!

We have mentioned that Lady Frances had two children—the one weakly and deformed—the other lovely and engaging. Our heroine soon discovered that the unfortunate boy was not a favourite: he called forth no pride, he afforded no amusement—consequently, he received little notice, and frequently was sent out of the sight of visitors, while his brother would be called in to see them. She watched the effect all this produced, and marked the looks of disappointment, the saddened countenance he would exhibit on such occasions. Again, when sitting on his little chair, he beheld young Norman scampering merrily on the green lawn, his joyous laugh thrilling on every heart, he would look wistfully after him, as if mourning his own inability to join in his sports—but if he saw him clasped with doating pride in his mother's arms, this was too much, and he would sigh deeply, laying his gentle head down upon his hands. Alas! such tenderness was not for him; he seemed excluded from all that made others happy, to have no interest in the bright things of life. Like a wounded bird, left bleeding on the ground and forsaken by its companions, hearing the notes of joy, but unable to echo them, so was he—forgotten and disregarded. To this child Emmeline attached herself at once, and not even to ride or walk with Lord Avon and Lady Frances, would she leave him when she found she was succeeding in engaging his attention towards those subjects which she knew could alone fill the aching void in his young heart. All smiled at what they termed her enthusiasm, while they loved her the more for it—but when after a while they perceived the change that took place in the poor child, heard him call her his own sweet Lily, as he would clasp her round the neck in devoted love, they were astonished, for till now they had considered him rather imbecile and

wanting in feeling, because they had not taken the trouble to study his character. It was evident that Emmeline had touched a chord unknown before in his breast, and from that moment he seemed a new creature, his countenance animated and beaming with an expression almost heavenly. She delighted to read to him the most interesting stories from the Bible, simplifying them to his capacity. And to teach him all her own favourite hymns, and it was surprising with what avidity he learned them. By degrees, under Providence, whose help she sought in fervent prayer, she brought him to a knowledge of the Saviour, and then indeed her happiness was complete; she could now look upon his little deformed body without regret, knowing that it enshrined a soul redeemed, and precious in the sight of God. And on her knees she offered thanks and praises that her prayers had received an answer so full of hope and mercy.

Lady Frances Lumley was, in many respects, a very amiable sweet creature, but a little too fond of pleasure, a fault which had in a measure been checked by Sir John, who, at his age, preferred a more retired life; and she had the sense to yield her own wishes to his. The absence of all gaiety at Fairy Hall (London being the vortex of dissipation at this season), suited Lord Avon particularly well, as he could devote his whole attention to the beloved Emmeline: and whenever his sister proposed a party, he always voted against it, saying:

“For Heaven's sake, Fanny, do not let the world in to disturb our peace,—these are my halcyon days, fleeting and short enough; I cannot afford to lose one.”

It had been one of his great amusements, since the arrival of Emmeline, to teach her to ride, an exercise in which she soon took delight; and many a green lane and shady dingle became hallowed in the remembrance of each, from the conversations they held together, as they allowed their horses to saunter along, or even stop to crop the hedges as they passed.

“Emmeline, will you ever forget this?” said Lord Avon to her one day, as he dismounted, on ascending a hill, and they paused together at the summit, to admire the unrivalled loveliness of the prospect spread beneath their feet. “Were you ever so happy before, dear, dear girl?” She bent low her face, till her ringlets touched his shoulder.

“Never,” she softly murmured; “but it is a happiness I fear —.”

“Fear, why so love?”

“Ah, it is too great—too tumultuous, it cannot last,—if it did, I should be lost; for earth would then become my Paradise.”

Lord Avon gazed on her with inexpressible tenderness.

“You are right, beloved one, it cannot last,” he

said, mournfully; "but let us forget the future in the enjoyment of the present."

"Oh, no no, that would be unwise and sinful," she replied, instantly drawing away from him; "the present must be occupied in preparing for the future,—weaken not the lessons you know my father taught me."

"God forbid, Emmeline, that I should," returned Lord Avon, angry with himself for his inadvertent speech; "for it is your being what you are that so powerfully impels me towards you; remember there are treacherous moments in our lives, when we speak unadvisedly, as I did even now; restore me to your confidence." And he again would have pressed her to his side, but she withstood him, and merely laying her hand in his, she said gravely:

"We must guard against such moments,—there is an enemy ever near to prompt our evil hearts; those whom I am to consider *friends* must help and not hinder me in my heavenward course." The eyes of Lord Avon fell beneath the earnest, serious gaze of the sweet girl, and he sighed deeply—then taking the reins of her horse, he led him down the hill in silence.

"I hope you do not think me unkind or ungrateful," said Emmeline, pained to see the melancholy expression on his face.

"Emmeline, never talk to me of gratitude, you owe me none," replied Lord Avon.

"You may forget, but I can never forget, dear friend," and tears rushed to her eyes, as she bent them on him, in affectionate solicitude. She resisted no more, when, touched by these words, he encircled her with his arm, imprinting a fond kiss on her forehead, then vaulting into his saddle, they proceeded on their way to meet Lady Frances, Lord Avon falling into one of his silent abstracted moods, to which Emmeline had now become so accustomed that she ceased to remark them. And why should he who apparently was in possession of every means of enjoyment, suffer a single care to disturb him? Why, but because he could not act against the dictates of conscience, and feel at ease. He well knew that by yielding to his love for Emmeline, he was heaping up future misery for her; that soon he would be called upon to breathe vows to another at the altar—vows hollow and sinful, when his whole heart and thoughts were given to Emmeline alone. Could he reconcile this with the holy precepts instilled into his mind, by the father of the very girl he was deceiving? No, and day and night was he haunted by remorse; yet instead of flying from the temptation, he followed it, making a thousand excuses to himself for so doing, all of which he knew to be false and erroneous: as for the dear unsuspecting Emmeline, every idea of his being affianced to another had entirely vanished, since her sojourn at Fairy Hall. It was a thing impossible,

for had he not declared the most unalterable attachment to herself, owning that his happiness centred alone in her, and the joy this produced soon became visible in her changed appearance. Those who had known her as the pale dejected being she had always appeared at Dovecot, would scarcely have recognised her now, had they seen her blooming cheek, her rounded form and lovely face, glittering in smiles.

"Was it not worth making her thus happy for a time, if even the scene must change?" thought Lord Avon, as he would gaze delightedly upon her, and listen to the music of her laugh; "yet what would have been her own choice had I given it to her?—not mine I fear."

Sir John Lumley, who was a very sensible, quiet man, saw more of what was going forward than Lord Avon suspected: he admired and esteemed Emmeline, for her kindness to his unfortunate child, and he thought it only his duty to remind his brother-in-law that he was not justified in paying such marked attentions to Miss Milman, circumstanced as he was,—that they were unjust, and even cruel. Lord Avon coloured at this unexpected remark; but he checked his rising indignation, and strove to remove the impression on Sir John's mind, by saying that he considered Emmeline quite in the light of a sister, from having known her as a child.

"Ah, my friend, such imaginary relationships are full of danger," replied Sir John, smiling, "and I would warn you to take your departure, for many reasons, ere it be too late for your own peace, as well as for the young lady's."

Lord Avon scarcely knew how to receive this interference; a slight frown contracted his brow for an instant, then relaxing his features into a smile, he said:

"Come, come, my dear Sir John, close your eyes, as you sometimes do after dinner, and let me help Fanny to amuse her pretty guest,—consider how rude it would be in me to absent myself just now."

"Avon, Avon, you are too bad; I will not consent to become your blind confidante,—what would your father say?"

"I cannot stay to tell you now what I think he would say," returned Lord Avon, hurrying towards the door, on perceiving the horses at the gates. "I hear Fanny in the hall,—another time we will talk over this subject. Good morning, Sir John."

Sir John shook his head, and turning to his writing table, he sat down, saying in an under tone:

"I must save you both in spite of yourselves,—how could Fanny be so foolish as to admit this beautiful girl into the society of a man engaged against his will? It was madness, we shall have the devil to pay at Windmere Castle."

The dear Emmeline, unconscious of any evil, came

lived the happiest of the happy: she felt a growing attachment for Lady Frances, whose amiable, easy address and caressing manners, were very winning, while her likeness to her brother, gave her an additional claim on the affections of our heroine: frequently were their mornings spent together in her boudoir, where, engaged in various fancy works, they would listen delightedly to some interesting book read aloud to them by Lord Avon. One of the accomplishments in which Lady Frances excelled, was miniature painting, and at the request of her brother, she had taken an inimitable likeness of Emmeline. She had just completed it when she missed it from her desk; she instantly accused him of the theft, but he laughingly denied it, desiring her to look again; she did so, and found one of the Lady Barbara, a birth-day gift, presented to him the previous year, while he was at Traverscourt.

"Very well, sir," said his sister, half vexed, half playfully; "the exchange is more fair than honest; take care that it brings you no punishment; but what have I to do with this? Keep them both," offering the rejected one; he received it, and gazing on it for a moment he said bitterly:

"Yes, I will take you, proud passionate woman, but it shall be to your cost as well as mine; there lie there," placing it in his bosom, "and as a viper eat into the heart that warms you."

"Avon, you quite frighten me when you are in these moods, you look so like my father," said Lady Frances; "I wish to Heaven, Lady Barbara would take a fancy to some one else, who would make her a more grateful return! I vow I begin to pity her, loving you as she certainly does."

"Yes, with all the selfishness of a jealous nature; the affections cannot be forced—mine are beyond my control, irrevocably given to another."

"I wish I could see to the end of this unhappy affair," returned Lady Frances, anxiously; "I assure you Sir John is constantly urging me to mention your engagement to Miss Milman! but I begged him to be patient for a little space."

"Silence, for your life? I must be the one to break it to her, and at my own time," and Lord Avon grasped her arm as he said this with a strength he intended not.

"Poor Lady Barbara," said Lady Frances, shrinking with pain, "I hope your fate will not be like my unhappy mother's—the victim of a tyrant husband."

"God forbid!" retorted Lord Avon solemnly; "no Fanny, a sense of honour shall save her from that; yet I must not boast, for who can know the sins they may be tempted to commit."

"Unless they constantly look up to Heaven for grace and strength to resist them," said Emmeline, gliding at that moment into the room, and over-hearing the last few words—she stood as a reproving

spirit between them, her large soft hazel eyes fixed on the flushed and disturbed countenance of Lord Avon.

"You are come in happy hour to save us from quarreling, Emmeline," observed Lady Frances with forced gaiety; "see how angry your friend looks."

"Nay, not angry, but sorrowful," replied Emmeline, taking his hand; "surely you above all others ought to be very happy, I must not see a cloud upon that brow, it looks unthankful for mercies."

"My sweet reprover, you know not what lurks behind the cloud; but soon you will know," returned Lord Avon in his most affectionate tone. "All I fear is that it may overshadow you as well as me, and for this am I sorrowful."

"Have you not yet learned the secret of true happiness," asked Emmeline smiling; "never to be over anxious about the future in this life, nor to desire any thing too eagerly. When will you trust God as He deserves to be trusted?"

"When I am more like yourself, my darling girl, should that day ever arrive," returned Lord Avon, pressing her for an instant to his bosom, and then abruptly quitting the room.

"My brother is a strange being, is he not, Emmeline?" asked Lady Frances.

"Oh! he is all excellence, all kindness," replied Emmeline, warmly. "I owe him a debt which the who'e world could never repay."

"My dear enthusiast, you speak partially. Avon possesses a most susceptible heart, too much so for his own happiness, but he is by no means faultless." And Lady Frances sighed.

"I know that he cannot be, else would he be more than mortal—but I have never seen his faults; they are veiled from my sight," replied Emmeline tenderly.

"May no rude hand tear aside the veil, my amiable young friend, and teach you to exchange esteem for pity," said Lady Frances, "but come, let us stroll in the grounds; the air is all fragrance and will refresh me. Avon has infected me with his gloom, and I must cast it off amongst the flowers," and twining her arm within Emmeline's, they passed through the glass door.

A week after this short colloquy, our little party were sitting round the dinner table; the cloth had been long removed and the servants withdrawn; the blaze of lights in the room made it look dark without, yet the evening was so balmy and serene that though every window was thrown open not a breeze entered to disturb them. Sir John Lumley had fallen into a gentle dose, Lady Frances was playing with her pet child, whose plate she had filled with cakes, while Lord Avon, stealing round to Emmeline's side, sat down by her to converse in

the lowest tones, when suddenly all were startled by a violent ringing at the hall bell.

"Bless me," cried Sir John? "I believe I was asleep; I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Milman. Fanny are you going to remain here all night."

"Hush! Some one has arrived, dear; who can it be?" said Lady Frances, listening as voices resounded without; "why Avon, surely," and she turned pale as she paused, looking anxiously at her brother.

"Good Heavens, my father, how unfortunate!" ejaculated Lord Avon hastily resuming his former seat, just as the door opened, and Lord Windermere was announced.

Emmeline had always felt some curiosity to see the Earl, and, astonished at the panic his arrival had caused, she turned her eyes upon him as he entered with eager interest, and beheld a man apparently about fifty years of age, tall and superbly handsome, his features very like his son's, but far more stern in their expression; a few grey hairs were visible amongst the jet black locks that shaded his lofty brow; his eyes were piercingly dark, nay wild, as they turned from one to another, and then rested on the gentle girl, who was gazing on him in surprise and admiration, mixed with a sense of fear and awe. Sir John and Lady Frances Lumley advanced to welcome him, but Lord Avon stood still, his hand resting on the back of his chair, his countenance expressing great uneasiness.

"I have taken you by surprise, I perceive," said the Earl, walking forward with a majestic air, and bowing most formally to the whole party. "Lady Frances, you have a guest, may I be introduced to her?" Lady Frances in some confusion mentioned Emmeline's name? "Ah! Miss Milman, I had the honour to be acquainted with your father once, a very excellent man. I am happy to make yours," and he inclined his head, while his dark eyes were rivetted upon her with a look of scrutiny that made her blush, though she returned his courtesy with becoming ease and grace. The touching melancholy of her countenance on the mention of her father, might possibly have attracted him, but certainly, he continued to make her an object of very distressing notice, until suddenly turning to Lord Avon, he said: "How is it that I find you here, Lord Avon, when all the world are in town at this season?"

"Precisely for the same reason that I see you here, my Lord—from choice; I found myself unwell in town, and I came down hither to enjoy a little quiet," replied his son.

"Upon my word your taste is unique. I admire it excessively," returned the Earl, his eyes again wandering over the face and form of the shrinking Emmeline, "though I am not clear that Lady Barbara would quite approve it. Pray, had you her Ladyship's leave to depart."

"Lady Barbara was surrounded by so many admirers that she did not require me to add to them, my Lord," rejoined Lord Avon, casting an appealing look at his sister, who immediately rose, and to the infinite relief of Emmeline, was preparing to quit the room, when the earl said:

"This is scarcely kind, Lady Frances, to hurry away on the arrival of your father."

"As I trust you are going to remain with us at least tonight, I was going to give some orders to Ellis," replied Lady Frances, with more politeness than affection in her manner, and she glided away as she spoke, accompanied by our heroine and the young Norman, who ever since the entrance of his grandfather, had clung to his mother, gazing on him in sullen silence.

"Oh, Emmeline, is it not sad," said Lady Frances, laying her arm on the shoulder of her friend, as they stood together at one of the windows in the drawing-room, "is it not sad to have a father who I fear but cannot love?"

"It is indeed," replied Emmeline, "and to me seems so inexplicable that I cannot realise it," and she sighed.

"You were singularly blessed in yours, therefore I am not surprised you should speak thus," returned Lady Frances; "but when I retrace my childhood, and remember the harsh usage, the severe punishments to which I was subject for the most trivial faults, I am astonished that my health did not suffer. The tyranny of my father drove me into the arms of Sir John Lumley for refuge, when he was almost a stranger to me. Happily he proved a kind and an honourable man, to whom I have since given up my whole heart; but it might have been otherwise. Perhaps you blame me for blazoning the defects of a parent," on perceiving the look of distress painted on the countenance of Emmeline; "yet believe me, it is not to every one I would speak thus freely; towards you I feel as a sister, to whom it comforts me to open my heart."

"I am much flattered by your confidence, dear Lady Frances," replied Emmeline; "but I wish it were given in a happier cause. I can scarcely believe a hard heart to lie concealed within so noble and magnificent a form as the Earl's. His appearance quite astonished me. I was not prepared for it."

"He has deceived many by his specious looks and manners, which can be very agreeable; but I fear him most when he thus assumes a character not his own. My poor mother! I was old enough to understand a few of her sorrows. You are aware she died in giving birth to Avon."

"I was told so," returned Emmeline, turning pale as she remembered the house-keeper's story at Traverscroft, which she now began to fear must be true. "Dear Lady Frances," she added, on hearing footsteps advancing, "I wish you would let

me spend this evening with Clyde, in the nursery ; I should be so much obliged to you."

"No, my love, I am sorry I must refuse you," said Lady Frances, smiling at her eagerness ; "but my father is extremely tenacious, and would be highly offended. Tomlins," she added to the servant who just then entered with coffee. "Tell Ellis I wish to see her in the boudoir, and Norman dear, stay with Emmeline till I return."

"No I wont," replied the spoiled child. "Grandpapa will come."

"Oh, Norman ! you love grandpapa, I hope ?" said Emmeline a little shocked.

"No I dont ; he is like the wolf in my red riding-hood. all eyes and teeth."

Lady Frances laughed, but Emmeline could not echo it. The bond between parent and child in her estimation was of so sacred a kind that to sever it seemed profanation, and she turned away to conceal what she thought.

On the entrance of the gentlemen, Emmeline looked afraid, when she perceived a dark frown lowering the brow of the Earl, and the countenance of Lord Avon disturbed and flushed, as if angry words had passed between them ; the latter walked over to a table covered with books, where he sat down, and taking up a volume, soon appeared intently engrossed by its contents, for he spoke to no one, while Lord Windermere continued to regard Emmeline with such fixed attention, that to avoid him she drew near Lord Avon, and would have taken the vacant chair by his side, but to her surprise he said in the lowest tones :

"For Heaven's sake do not come near me tonight, Emmeline," adding as he offered her a book, "is this the one you want ?"

How inexplicable was such conduct to the ingenuous girl to whom secrecy was unknown ; but instantly taking the hint, she moved away to a sofa, feeling as she did so that the dark eyes of Lord Windermere were still upon her. Lady Frances opened the piano forte, and forced herself to sing ; but her sweet voice was lost upon the Earl, who, after watching Emmeline for some time, walked over to her, and attempted to lead her into conversation, by inquiring what book she was studying so attentively.

"Merely one of the annuals," replied Emmeline, placing it in his hands ; "more worthy for its engravings than for its literature."

"Ah, a tale of love, I perceive ; rather a dangerous subject for one so young, is it not ?"

"I seldom read fiction," returned Emmeline blushing. "I was taught to think it a waste of time."

"Is all love a fiction then, Miss Milman ?" The inquiry was made in the blandest tones.

"Oh ! no, no, I never meant that," said Emmeline warmly, while her eyes instinctively turned towards

Lord Avon, whose face was averted. The Earl followed the same direction ; he bit his lip, and then inquired :

"You are fond of riding, are you not ?"

"Very, very fond. I never attempted it till I came here, and I was a sad coward at first."

"But you have had a good master, who has taught you courage. Is that the case ?"

"Lord Avon has been so kind as to train a delightful pony for me, which I can now manage with perfect ease."

A warning finger held up by Lord Avon as Emmeline said this, alarmed and confused her, bringing a tide of crimson over her soft cheek. The Earl instantly detected the cause, but he said nothing, continuing to converse with her upon indifferent subjects, until the party broke up at a late hour.

On separating for the night, he said to his daughter : "Lady Frances, I expect visitors at the Castle next month, and I shall look for you and Sir John amongst them, and if Miss Milman will do me the honour to accompany you, (bowing to Emmeline), I shall feel flattered."

All were taken by surprise at this unexpected proof of his approval of the young orphan. The heart of Emmeline palpitated, and her tongue faltered, as she expressed her sense of the Earl's politeness, modestly adding that she thought Mr. Grosvenor might expect her return to P— before that period."

"Mr. Grosvenor will spare you to me," said Lord Windermere, in a tone very like a command, then again bowing formally, he withdrew, calling on his son to follow him.

Emmeline had ascended the stairs, and was proceeding down the gallery to her own room, shading her light with her hand, when she heard her own name softly pronounced. She paused and looked around her ; footsteps approached, and in the next instant she beheld Lord Avon. He drew her into a small morning room, and taking her hand, said in some agitation ;

"Emmeline, my beloved, our short lived happiness is over ; never can we be together as we have been. Tell me you will cherish the remembrance in your heart even as I will."

"Dearest, best friend, what can you mean ?" replied the alarmed girl. "Am I not going to remain here, and shall we not be together at Windermere Castle ?"

"Yes, but that will bring us no joy. Tomorrow I leave this for London, by my father's command, and when I meet you at the Castle, I must treat you coldly and distantly as I was forced to do tonight."

"Then I will not go there at all," said Emmeline, pained and distressed at this strange announcement. "Why should you do so."

"I ought to explain to you, but I cannot yet," replied Lord Avon, his agitation painfully increasing. "Emmeline, I must retain your good opinion, your pure affection, a little longer. It is folly, madness, in me, I know yet how can I help it with so powerful a temptation before me? Promise me dearest that you will go to the Castle, where at least we may enjoy a few stolen moments of happiness."

"Stolen moments!" repeated Emmeline. "I do not comprehend you, my Lord."

Lord Avon knew not how to amend his speech better than by partly stating the truth.

"I mean that before my father and in the presence of others we must be almost as strangers to each other, but when with my sister or alone, again shall you be my own darling Emmeline," and he would have pressed her to him, but she drew proudly back, saying :

"No! what we are in public, we must be in private. If you are ashamed of the humble Emmeline before your great friends, I will not go amongst them."

"For God's sake, do not torture my meaning so cruelly," rejoined Lord Avon, hurt beyond measure; "Emmeline, I would with pride take you to my heart, and before the whole world call you mine; but as I have always told you, I am not my own master; the time is fast approaching, when you shall know more,—you would not deprive me of your love, when I tell you that in all my secret sorrows, it has been my only solace, the one green spot in my existence."

Emmeline burst into tears, unable to withstand his tenderness; half that he had uttered was mystery to her, but she heeded not that—he looked; unhappy—distressed,—and falling on his neck, she forgot all, save the hours they had passed together in the chamber of her dying father.

"Never, never, my own dear kind friend; after all your goodness, how can I cease to love?" was her sobbing reply.

"Talk not of my goodness, most beloved one," replied Lord Avon, much moved; "it has been far too selfish. Let that pass, and tell me before we part, that you will accept my father's invitation."

"Yes, yes, for your sake, I will, but shall I not see you tomorrow?"

"No, dearest, I shall be far on my road, while you are still slumbering."

"And your father?"

"Will return home, his object having succeeded," replied Lord Avon, bitterly."

"Oh, I am glad of that; I was fearful he might have spent a few days here."

"And he would have made a bad substitute for your friend, you think," said Lord Avon, smiling at her eagerness.

"Forgive me for saying that, indeed I think he would."

A distant closing door, warned Lord Avon not to linger.

"We must part, my beloved," he said, taking her hand. "Go to your rest, Emmeline, and believe that under all circumstances I am in heart at least yours—and yours alone."

Emmeline's tears rushed to her eyes, and quickly fell down her cheeks. She did not answer him, but yielding to his gentle caress, she hurried from him, and proceeded to her own room, while he remained standing where he was at the open window, musing for a considerable time, contrasting the calm and beautiful scene without, now glittering in the moon-beams, with his own stormy and agitated feelings—the one speaking to him of heaven, the other of earth—all earth.

Before he retired to his chamber, he sought his sister, Lady Frances, who had promised to sit up for him in her boudoir. He found her in her dressing gown, rather impatient, from very weariness at his late visit; he desired to know from her, whether he was indebted to Sir John Lumley for his father's unwelcome arrival.

"No," replied Lady Frances, "I can assure you that Sir John has expressed much regret upon the subject, in consequence of the unpleasant altercation you had with the earl after we left the room; but are you not astonished at his invitation to Emmeline, or rather are you not pleased at it?"

"Not in the least, since I am convinced he has some sinister motive for it," replied Lord Avon. "Fanny, remember she is under your especial care; I shall look to you to watch over her, as you would over your own sister."

"All that is in my power I will do, Avon, depend—but you know how limited that is when put in competition with the Earl's," said Lady Frances. "You are to leave us tomorrow, I find."

"Yes, to return and play the hypocrite with my Lady Barbara," returned Lord Avon, sneeringly.

"Ah, Avon, it is beneath you to play the hypocrite. Undeceive dear Emmeline before your departure, and tell her of your engagement. What can you propose by misleading her, and allowing her to place her affections so entirely upon you?"

"Because I know that I should instantly lose them by so doing, and till forced to it I will not give up the treasure I so much value."

"This is beyond a woman's weakness; how will the pure minded pious Emmeline despise you when you unmask yourself?"

"Spare me, for Heaven's sake, Fanny; I am miserable enough," said Lord Avon, sinking into a chair, and covering his face with his hands.

"Deal openly, honorably, and the most painful part of your misery (that of remorse) will be removed. Avon, look at our father—is he not an awful witness of a sinner's doom in this life—tortured

as he is by an evil conscience,—and remember there is another to come.”

This was uttered in a tone of solemnity the more striking as it formed a contrast to the usual light playfulness of Lady Frances’ manner, and showed how much she felt. A silence of several minutes ensued. Lord Avon then starting up and grasping his sister’s hand, said :

“ You are right, Fanny ; I cannot resist your appeal. Yes, I will confess to Emmeline the chain that enthralled me—but not here—at Windermere Castle she shall know on what an unworthy object she has wrecked her happiness—by no word—no hint from you, let her hear it before.”

“ I cannot silence Sir John, remember.”

“ It is not a subject he is likely to discuss openly, should he do so waive it instantly.”

Lady Frances shook her head, pained to see the brother in whom she had hitherto felt such pride so humbled and lowered from her high estimation by his weak and erring conduct ; but she said no more. Infatuation had entangled him in her web, consequently the voice of reason was lost, and until the snare was broken—and the punishment come—he knew not what a slave passion made him.

Emmeline beheld the vacant chair of her friend (as she always styled him), on the following morning at the breakfast table, with a pang.

“ Lord Avon is then gone so soon,” she said, falteringly to Lady Frances, who was pouring out the coffee.

“ Yes, love, he departed at early dawn. I have lost half a night’s rest by his movements, for he would insist upon seeing me ere he set out,” replied Lady Frances.

“ Lord Avon is a recreant Knight, Miss Milman,” said Sir John, half playfully, and laying down his newspapers. “ Do not waste one thought upon him. Fanny, who are we to meet at the Castle next month, besides Lord Traverscourt’s family ?”

“ I have no idea ; I confess I do not look forward to the visit with much pleasure,” replied lady Frances. “ I always get a fit of the horrors at that gloomy old place ; but I believe it does me good to go there occasionally, as I am made to value the blessings of my own dear peaceful home the more.”

Sir John smiled affectionately upon his wife as she said this, while Emmeline asked if the Earl had accompanied his son to town.

“ Oh no, my father has returned home—he never goes to town,” said Lady Frances ; “ indeed his coming here was a matter of surprise, he so rarely leaves the Castle.”

“ Except when he has a motive,” retorted Sir John. “ Poor Avon,” he continued laughing, “ he has been fairly driven to the side of his lady love this time ; but I cannot pity him, he deserves it.”

“ Emmeline, I wish to consult your taste upon the choice of some laces after breakfast,” said Lady

Frances, anxious to change the subject. “ You must come to my room.”

The request was repeated before Emmeline heard it, the observation of Sir John having struck her as so strange—but the conversation soon falling into another channel, dissipated her momentary uneasiness.

The remainder of this day she spent much alone, as she wished to meditate on the past few happy weeks, certainly the happiest of her life, and to discover if conscience could approve, a few misgivings at times oppressing her lest too much thought had been given to the world, and too little to God. The more she reflected, the more was this feeling strengthened within her breast, constraining her to say :

“ Alas ! if I have shown myself thus weak in my first great temptation, what hope can I have for the future ? None, none from myself, but all from God,—He will uphold my steps from falling, and give me strength for my day ; perhaps it is well that he has suffered me to see my own utter helplessness ; it will make me more humble—more dependant,—I thought myself better than I am, and out of very faithfulness he has displayed to me my error Oh, Father of mercies, look down upon thy orphan child !” she added humbly, and clasping her hands, “ keep me in the path where my infant steps were directed to walk, and suffer not the holy lessons of my sainted parents to be forgotten. My desire is to belong to that little Christian band, who for Christ’s sake, have renounced the world and its vanities : whatever tends to weaken this, remove far from me—the secrets of my heart are known to thee—purify all thou beholdest wrong, and restore my peace, for the happiness I have lately enjoyed, though great, has been too full of excitement to be safe ; when I prayed to thee, vain imaginations would steal into my mind ; when I opened my Bible thy name was too often taken in vain,—let the shame and sorrow I feel for my sin be my punishment, and forgive and receive me once more as the child of thy adoption. May the meditation of my heart and the words of my mouth be more acceptable unto thee, my strength and my Redeemer.”

This salutary self-condemnation made Emmeline far more watchful, and instead of repining at, and regretting the absence of Lord Avon, she received it as a gracious interposition of Providence, to remind her of her duty. The little Clyde again became her chief care, and amply did he repay her attentions by his innocent display of affection ; he no longer seemed to pine for his mother’s notice ; but when he beheld her fondling her beautiful Norman, he would clasp his wasted arms round Emmeline’s neck, saying with the sweetest smile :

“ Lily loves poor Clyde, and Jesus Christ loves him, though he has got an ugly hump upon his back.”

“ And mamma loves you too, my darling,—you

know she does," replied Emmeline, kissing his pale cheek.

"No, no, mamma never kisses me as you do, dear, dear, Lily; mind you never leave me till I die."

Emmeline was touched by the request.

"Never, if I can help it, dearest Clyde; but why should you talk of dying?" she asked.

"Because something seems to say to me that I shall not live long," replied the child: "look at this flower, Lily, how bright it was when you gave it to me; you did not know there was a canker in it, but see it is withering, and will soon die, and so shall I; but no one will miss me."

Such expressions, while they endeared the interesting boy still more, made Emmeline doubly anxious that he should look forward with joy to the hour when his weak and suffering body would be changed for one of glory in the Kingdom of Heaven. And the intense delight he took in listening to her, as she spoke on this theme, clearly showed that he was indeed ripening fast for that solemn period, and drawing near to that happy country, whose light seemed already shining faintly on his expressive face.

Lady Frances noticed with sorrow, the alteration in her child, and began to feel that he had been too long a despised blessing; and now when she would have given worlds that she had shown him more kindness, it was too late—the reflection, how painful!

At this time Ruth, who had been on a visit to her parents at Rosedale, rejoined her young mistress, and with real gladness of heart, beheld her improved appearance; her pale and wasted form so restored to its wonted health.

"And you too, Ruth, are looking well and happy," said Emmeline. "Come now, and tell me all your news,—are there many changes in the dear old village?"

"Not so many as I expected, Miss Emmeline," replied Ruth: "my father has added another room to the farm house, which he calls yours, in the hope you may go there some day, and he bid me be sure and tell you that he has planted a bed of mignonette right under the window, because you were so fond of it. The church has been undergoing repairs,—and oh, Miss Emmeline, there is such a splendid tablet erected in it to my late dear master and mistress: it would do your heart good to see it,—no one knows by whose order it was put up. My father thought by yours, till I told him no."

Emmeline felt deeply touched by this intelligence; there could but be one to whom she might attribute an act at once so delicate and so affectionate. And oh! how it added to the devotedness of her attachment.

"Who is the minister now, Ruth?" she inquired, her eyes suffused with tears.

"Mr. Gardner, quite a young gentleman, and a

great favourite with my master's people: they do say at Rosedale, what I dare not repeat, lest you should take offence."

"What can that possibly be?" inquired Emmeline, with a look of surprise; "surely they are not so ungrateful as to prefer a stranger to, to —," she paused, rather agitated.

"Oh, no, no! my dear master is still lamented by all," hastily replied Ruth; "their hearts are full of him; but they wish you so much to return amongst them, and to marry Mr. Gardner, he is so good and amiable; but I told them that you carried your head a deal higher, and might ride in an earl's carriage, if you liked. 'Ah,' said they, 'she would not be the happier for that.'"

"Ruth, Ruth, you have been speaking without reflection, as usual," rejoined Emmeline, the colour mounting up to her temples. "I wish you would be more discreet. God forbid that I should harbour one proud thought, it would be humbled if I did. Is the woodman's hut standing where it used?"—a sad smile stole over her face as she asked the question.

"What, old Martin's? Yes, that it is, and the jasmines and woodbines are as sweet as ever,—and William as kind and true," replied Ruth, eagerly; "he did not much like the thoughts of my coming amongst grand folks, and said if ever I should prove faithless, he would leave his native village and become a soldier; I told him that I was no gossamer, to be blown about by every idle wind; with this he seemed satisfied,—so we broke a piece of gold and parted. But, dear me, what a fine place, this is Miss Emmeline!" gazing on her own pretty figure in the cheval glass; "and the servants are just like ladies and gentlemen. Mrs. Collins' room is quite as handsome as the drawing-room at Dovecot. Set her up with her chintz sofas! She took upon her to say my best cap, with rose coloured ribbons, was only fit for a dairy-maid,—that flowers were all the fashion now. I told her you would not allow me to wear such finery—that they did not look respectable for a servant. At this she tossed up her head, and repeated with a sneer: 'Respectable, the term is absconded,—Mrs. Ruth, where have you lived all your days?'"

"I trust, Ruth, you will not become spoiled here," returned Emmeline, very gravely; "you must be watchful over yourself, and very earnest in prayer, for God's help to enable you to resist evil communication. I would not stay another hour, if I thought you would get harm by it."

"La, Miss Emmeline, you have no occasion to be afraid,—I am old enough to take care of myself, surely."

"Trust not in your own strength, Ruth; self-confidence is always dangerous; but, oh! I can make every allowance for your present joyous feelings, you who have tasted the delights of home, and the affection of fond parents,—no wonder if you are a

little beside yourself. Alas! such bliss is not for me."

"My dear, sweet lady!" said the affectionate Ruth, clasping her in her arms, "do not speak thus, for it makes me sad,—ate there not many who love you, especially my Lord Avon, who I am sure adores the very ground you walk upon? Well, well, I have my own thoughts about him."

"Then pray keep them to yourself, dear Ruth, since they are not wise, depend upon it; and for my sake be circumspect and as silent as you can," said Emmeline, smiling.

"For your sake I would cut my tongue out, if I thought it could utter one word to do you harm," returned Ruth warmly; "but I hope I shall live to see you my Lady Avon, notwithstanding, and there is another who hopes the same, or else I am out of my reckoning."

And she gaily tripped away, as she spoke, heedless of the warning finger held up half in displeasure—half playfully.

As the time drew near for her visit to Windermere Castle, the heart of Emmeline fluttered with a thousand strange emotions; another week would restore her to the society of her friend, but how were they to meet? Coldly, distantly, for why she knew not, she rarely mentioned Lord Avon's name to Lady Frances, who always appeared to avoid the subject, and to answer her vaguely whenever she did, though her kindness to the interesting girl rather increased than diminished; in the most delicate way she made her many valuable presents, which she knew would be useful to her while at the Castle. Emmeline shrank at first from receiving them, but the gentle reproach of Lady Frances, who asked her if she no longer considered her as a friend, soon changed her feelings into those of gratitude alone, and affectionately returning her embrace, she expressed her thanks in looks—for words were in that moment denied her.

The day was bright and beautiful in which our little party set out on their way to Lord Windermere's. Sir John and Lady Frances Lumley with Emmeline, in one carriage—the two children, their nurses, the lady's maid and Ruth in the second. The very act of commencing a journey in fine weather, and through a fertile country, is at all times exhilarating to the spirits—but when added to this the reflection that every mile draws us nearer to some beloved object, how is the pleasure enhanced! The face of Emmeline actually glittered with smiles as the carriage rolled along through scenes the most interesting. Hill and dale, wild woods and cultivated lands, alternately met her view, while the magnificent country seats embosomed within their parks and just appearing through vistas, called forth her liveliest admiration and delight, Lady Frances informing her to whom each belonged, as they passed rapidly by. In the last town where

they changed horses, on the second day, Emmeline perceived the Windermere arms over the principal hotel.

"We must be very near the castle now, I suppose," she said with eagerness and some agitation of manner.

"Yes, my love, we are within five miles," said Lady Frances, gazing on her affectionately and in pity, for she traced all the high and happy hopes in which she was indulging, and it distressed her to reflect how soon they would close in disappointment the most agonizing.

Emmeline remained silent the rest of the way, her heart beating tumultuously. She knew she was to meet Lady Barbara Guise, and after the reports she had formerly heard she could not but feel curiosity mixed with some dread, though she never for one moment lost her confidence in Lord Avon's protestations of fidelity to herself.

The evening was fast closing in as the carriages drove up to the iron gates of Windermere Castle. Emmeline looked eagerly from the window, to try and obtain a view of the place, but it was completely obscured by the trees surrounding it, until they gained the old ivy covered archway leading into the courtyard, when the building rose up before her, an ancient pile, rather low, with round towers and castellated. As the paternal home of Lord Avon it had an interest in the sight of our heroine, gloomy though it certainly appeared, and more like a state prison than a nobleman's residence. Many of the windows having iron bars before them which struck her as so strange that she asked Lady Frances the reason, who replied with a slight shudder.

"My father is subject to attacks of illness sometimes, and his apartments have been secured for fear of accidents."

On entering the old hall, Emmeline cast a fearful timid glance upon the many strange faces she beheld—but when she heard the kindly greetings between Lady Frances and some of the aged domestics she felt reassured; the house-keeper accompanied Lady Frances up stairs, saying:

"Well, it is new life to see you here, my lady. The Castle has been more lonesome than ever of late, no visitors—no parties. Day after day, night after night, my Lord sitting in his library all alone. I hope your ladyship has come to stay for some time."

"Long enough to tire your patience, good Companion," replied Lady Frances. "But let me introduce my friend, Miss Milman, to you."

Emmeline instantly won the old lady's heart by holding out her hand on being presented. She looked at her for several moments through her spectacles, and then said:

"Any thing so lovely I have not beheld within these walls since my own good lady's time, God rest her soul! It is quite a treat to look on such a face."

Lady Frances smiled benignly. "She must not rob me of your heart, Compton, else I shall be jealous," she rejoined; "but tell me, am I to have the same apartments I used to occupy?"

"Yes, my lady, and the blue chamber has been prepared by my lord's orders for Miss Milman."

"The blue chamber,—I am sorry for that, as it is so far from mine—Emmeline, love, you will not fear to sleep there."

"Surely not. Have I any cause?" asked Emmeline.

"My lady alludes to a foolish report amongst the servants that it is haunted," said the housekeeper. "But often as I have been there I never saw any thing more frightful than myself. I would change the room only my Lord might be angry."

"Do not think of it," rejoined Emmeline; "I am a stranger to supernatural fears; weak minds can only suffer from them."

"Or wicked ones," added Lady Frances, in a low tone. "Compton, is my brother here?"

"He is, my lady, Lord Avon arrived yesterday: and Lord Traverscourt and Lady Barbara Guise about an hour ago."

"Are there any other guests?"

"Only the Countess of Clifton, and a few gentlemen."

"Lady Clifton here! surely she must have invited herself. And how does my father appear Compton? He passed a night with us at Fairy Hall lately, when I thought him more calm than usual."

"And so he has continued," said the housekeeper; "I do hope nothing may occur to disturb the pleasure of your visit this time. Ah, master Norman, as beautiful as ever, and as wild I see," on perceiving the boy break away from his nurse, to follow his mamma into her room; "and sweet master Clyde, dear heart, but he looks pale and ill after his journey; bring them in here, Barnes—I have their tea all ready in the nursery."

"Then here we part for the present, Emmeline," said Lady Frances, pausing before the door of her apartment; "but I will send Lucas to bring you to me when you are dressed."

Emmeline made some faint reply, and then hurried with Ruth after the attendant, who lighted them through several long passages, until they reached the chamber destined for her use, where she found every comfort and luxury, united to a heavy magnificence, more suited to the days of Queen Elizabeth than the present. The room was very large, the candles on the toilet table dimly lighting it: in a deep recess stood the bed, with its purple velvet canopy, fringed with silver, a little tarnished with age; the walls were covered with tapestry, the subjects chiefly from Scripture; but the principal attraction for Emmeline was the portrait of a lady over the mantle piece, which she recognised at once as the late Countess of Windermere, from its extraordinary

likeness to Lord Avon. The same melancholy expression she had so often remarked in his countenance, was here more decidedly portrayed, mingled with a sweetness almost seraphic, as the soft eyes rested on the gentle girl, who they seemed to view with commiseration.

"Oh, how I could have loved such a being," said Emmeline, raising the lamp to study it more attentively; "Ruth did you ever see so sweet a face?"

"Oh, Miss Emmeline, I have no time to look at old faded pictures now," replied Ruth; "I declare I am all of a flutter; how I shall ever find my way about this strange castle, goodness knows,—well if you don't sleep soundly in that fine bed, more is the wonder."

"Probably not half so sound as in my own little one at dear kind Mr. Grosvenor's," replied Emmeline; "I never cared for splendour, Ruth; it fatigues me, and I almost repent having come hither—I feel so sensibly my lonely state." And she sat down in a large arm chair, resting her beautiful head in her hand.

"Now this is what I call ungrateful, and Lord Avon in the house," said Ruth; "you will not say the same tonight, or I am greatly mistaken. Come, my sweet lady, let me help you to dress—which of the new ones will you put on?"

"Either you please, Ruth; who will notice Emmeline in her mourning attire. I know not why, but a sadness has stolen over me ever since I entered these walls, where no one has yet appeared to welcome me."

"It is a gloomy place, sure enough," returned Ruth; "good angels preserve us from ghosts and goblins, which they do say haunt such old fabrics."

"We have nothing to fear from the dead, dear Ruth," said Emmeline, with solemnity; "our chief danger lies in our own evil hearts—if we guard these from temptation, taking up the word of God as our panoply, we may be quite sure of His protection and support under the most trying circumstances."

Emmeline was soon dressed, and while waiting for a summons from Lady Frances, she opened a book with the intention of reading, but she quickly found that a pre-occupied mind was unfitted for study, and she laid it down again to examine the portrait that had so attracted her. She was standing before this when Lucas entered, and twice repeated her lady's message ere she heard it. After giving a few directions to Ruth, she accompanied the woman to the apartment of Lady Frances, who receiving her with an affection that tended to encourage her, led her down stairs. The blaze of light and magnificence that burst upon her on her entrance into the saloon, for an instant overpowered her; but she recovered herself sufficiently to meet the stately salutation of the Earl, with becoming ease. He looked astonished after her as she floated by him, like some beautiful aerial being, nor were

his the only admiring eyes which followed her ; several gentlemen being present who seemed equally struck by her appearance, so devoid of the slightest affectation. She was still in deep mourning, which added yet more to the feelings of interest she inspired, particularly when on enquiring her name, they learned that she was an orphan. Emmeline heeded not their gaze, or the whispered remarks that met her ear, for her thoughts were too much engrossed. She looked round for Lord Avon, but he was not in the room. Presently the door opened and an elderly lady, splendidly attired and attended by a page, made her appearance. Lady Frances rose to receive her, whispering in the ear of Emmeline, who had also risen : "The Countess of Clifton." The stranger advanced, addressing every one in loud and familiar tones, holding out her hand to some, and viewing others superciliously. On perceiving our young heroine, she looked curiously in her face, saying as she did so :

"And who are you ? I never saw you before ; where do you come from ?"

Lady Frances relieved the embarrassed girl by presenting her.

"Miss Milman," repeated the eccentric old lady ; "I am as much in the dark as ever ! No matter, you are a very pretty girl, but I suppose I need not tell you that ; you have heard it often enough."

Emmeline could scarcely forbear smiling at this singular address, and as she viewed the wrinkled face, and diminutive form of Lady Clifton, adorned as she was with magnificent diamonds, she became forcibly reminded of the fairy queen in her nursery tales ; but her attention was quickly withdrawn from her by a slight movement in the room ; she turned round and beheld the Lady Barbara Guise approaching, hanging on the arm of Lord Avon, over whose pale countenance a deeper melancholy than usual was spread. Lady Barbara looked majestically beautiful—her faultless features in their immobility, neither expressing pleasure nor pain. Once indeed, as she turned her large dark eyes on her companion, and whispered in his ear, they revealed feelings that startled poor Emmeline ; but they met no corresponding look of affection from him, as he led her up to his sister, who received her with marked attention ; a slight change passed over the countenance of Lord Avon on beholding the shrinking, agitated Emmeline by her side. He held out his hand and pressed hers tenderly, but the few words he uttered, fell so coldly on her ear that she sank down again on her seat, faintly murmuring :

"I have no right to be here—he prepared me for this, but I forgot to prepare myself. Oh ! I cannot bear it !" she raised her eyes, full of tears, as these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, and met those of Lord Windermere intently, and in displeasure, riveted upon her.

"I will leave this place tomorrow," was the next

determination she made. "Lord Avon cannot expect, or even wish that I should remain where it is evident I am unwelcome. Oh, how hard it is to be an orphan ! Can those who are blessed with parents be too grateful to God, too dutiful to them ? Impossible."

To be continued.

(ORIGINAL.)

TO E. L. C.

Sweet as the mingled sounds of life, that fill the summer air,

Sweet as fragrance shed around from bud and blossom fair,

Lady—are thy lays to me ! Like melody divine,
Ascend thy pure and holy thoughts to thy Maker's shrine.

As at eve the dewdrops fall, upon the folded flow'r,
To nourish and revive its tints—such the magic pow'r,

Thy genius sheds upon our hearts—at thy bidding springs,

A thousand pure and holy thoughts, and bright imaginings.

Lady, though we never meet amid life's busy throng,

Or meeting—still, as strangers glance, coldly passing on ;

Yet, trust me, thou shalt ever be—from the world apart,

As a kind and gentle friend shrined in this grateful heart.

Montreal, Feb. 16.

IMITATION.

AMONGST the causes assigned for the continuance and diffusion of the same moral sentiments amongst mankind, may be mentioned *imitation*. The efficacy of this principle is most observable in children : indeed, if there be any thing in them which deserves the name of an *instinct*, it is their *propensity to imitation*. Now there is nothing which children imitate, or apply more readily, than expressions of affection and aversion, of approbation, hatred, resentment, and the like ; and when these passions and expressions are once connected, which they soon will be, by the same association which unites words with their ideas, the passion will follow the expression, and attach upon the object to which the child has been accustomed to apply the epithet. In a word, when almost everything else is learned by *imitation*, can we wonder to find the same cause concerned in the generation of our moral sentiments ?—*Paley*.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE APOSTATE.

A POEM—BY MRS. MOODIE.

PART IV.

Continued from our last Number—Conclusion.

Idol of memory!—home, beloved home!
With thoughts of thee, what hallowed visions come;
The world worn spirit, wearied with the strife,
The heartless cold realities of life,
Still turns to thee, and in the desert wild
Beholds no spot like that it lov'd, a child—
Home!—how the feelings of the heart are stirred,
The bosom thrilled by that electric word;—
The pulse beats quicker, and the eyes run o'er,
As fancy treads the paths youth trod of yore:
We pause to contemplate each well known scene,
To muse on days of bliss that once have been—
Those sunny days, when hopes with rapture fraught,
Skimmed on light wings the golden tide of thought,
When fresh from heaven the untired spirit rose,
Bright o'er the troubled sea of human woes.

As years advance, how fondly we retrace
The first fair stage of life's eventful race;
How oft with tearful earnestness review
That lovely time when nature's face was new;
When true to her no worldly thoughts repressed
The warm emotions of the generous breast;
When from the lips in tones of rapture broke
The joyful feelings all her charms awoke—
Oh, time! what sorrows in thy train appear,
How oft shall mem'ry pour the silent tear,
When adverse fortune rudely rends apart,
Links fondly woven round the youthful heart—
Ties that as years rolled on, acquired new force,
As back to infancy we traced their source—
Endeared by all those sympathies that clung,
Warm round the heart, when life and hope were
young.

Are not those bonds in mercy rent away,
Those mental clouds that veil immortal day—
And one by one, our cherished idols fall,
That heaven's eternal Lord may centre all
Our best affections, that the soul may rise,
Freed from its earthly fetters, to the skies?

Poor Elinor!—bright tears were falling fast,
As through the gloom a lingering look she cast,
To bid a long, a sorrowful adieu,
To that dear home in which her childhood grew—
She sees it not—the blinding tears that rise,
Shut out each well known object from her eyes—
The rugged rock, the ivy mantled tower,
Her own romantic rose-enwreathed bower—
The time worn oak, beneath whose jagged boughs,
Llewellyn first had breathed his youthful vows;

Each hallowed spot, by kindred love endeared,
The trees she planted, and the flowers she reared,
All must be left, for ever left behind—
She strives to calm the anguish of her mind,
Checks the deep sob, the vain regret restrains,
While on the feeble form her arm sustains,
She turns her dove-like eyes, suffused in tears,
And kindly dissipates her boding fears;
Soothes the poor mourner's grief in gentle tone,
And in her sorrow quite forgets her own.

The shade that rests upon the matron's brow,
Speaks of a deep, a life consuming woe,
A voiceless grief, and from those dim eyes start
No tears to heal a lacerated heart—
That mother weeps not—ne'er shall shed again
Those precious drops that soften mental pain;
Language would fail the inward strife to tell,
As to those towers she sighed a last farewell—
Wrapped her dark cloak around her aged form,
Prepared to meet, but not to brave the storm.
Ah, whence this change?—That son so wildly dear,
Has in his rash, extravagant career,
Lavished his substance, and in pleasure's tide
Sunk the possessions of his wealthy bride—
Wasted the scanty heritage that bore
His father's honored name in days of yore,
And justice of the prodigal demands
A full and free surrender of his lands.
The debt is paid—the dreaded hour is come,
That tears his aged mother from her home;
Bent down with years, sore pressed, infirm and
weak,
A scanty pittance from the world to seek,
While he, for whom her prayers arise in vain,
Self-exiled, wanders o'er the pathless main.

“Oh! had he sought me in this dire distress,
I should have felt the cruel burden less!”
At length she cried; “I could have borne the wreck
Of fortune, but to weep upon his neck;
To press him to my heart with fond delight,
Till all his father rose before my sight;
Fair dreams of hope! your fleeting reign is o'er,
These eyes shall look upon his face no more,
Still to its destined goal the year will run,
But no revolving hour restore my son!”

“Ah! friend beloved, and more than mother dear,”
The maid replied, “the hand of God is here,

In mercy he afflicts, in faithfulness,
 Wounds but to heal, and punishes to bless ;
 The hand that sent, shall bid our travails cease,
 And to the weary spirit whisper peace ;
 Nor doubt that He, who hears the raven's cry,
 Will all our wants, our daily bread supply !"
 Was Elinor deceived ? The gracious power,
 That guards the weak in danger's fearful hour,
 Did not refuse His all-sufficient aid,
 To that poor widow and the orphan maid ;
 On life's wide sea, when tempests gathering dark,
 Pour the fierce billow on the shattered bark,
 The surge may break, the warring winds may rave,
 'Tis God controls the vengeance of the wave ;
 And those who trust in his Almighty arm,
 No storms shall vex, nor hurricane alarm !
 He is their stay, when earthly hope is lost,
 The light and anchor of the tempest-tost.

That lowly cot, upon the village green,
 Known by its latticed porch, and hawthorn screen,
 O'er which the clematis and woodbine sweet,
 In wild fantastic, wreathing garlands meet,
 And the red rose and stately heliotrope,
 That gaily deck the little garden's slope,
 And yon time honor'd elm, whose lofty head,
 Towers like a giant o'er the lily's bed,
 Point out the humble, but the quiet dome,
 Where the poor exiles found a peaceful home.

No more with tearful eyes and saddened mien,
 Active and cheerful, Elinor was seen,
 Imparting knowledge to the infant train,
 Who sought the widow's cottage, to obtain
 The simple lore she undertook to teach,
 Divine, substantial, placed within their reach ;
 Not vain accomplishments beyond their sphere,
 Lightly acquired, but ever bought too dear ;
 Nor did she murmur o'er her altered lot,
 In virtuous labour Elinor forgot
 Her many sorrows, and her trials past ;
 She felt that heaven would succour to the last,
 Those who, confiding in His mercy, found
 Safety and peace where tempests gathered round.
 One thought alone could break the calm repose
 Of that pure breast, and waken all its woes—
 Llewellyn's absence, and his dubious fate,
 Made her home lonely, her heart desolate ;
 'Twas but a momentary pang, the beam
 Of faith dispelled the agonizing dream ;
 By duty urged, more earnestly she strove
 To drown the memory of her early love ;
 To banish from her mind the vain regret,
 To overcome her weakness, and forget !
 Hard was the task, from that warm heart to tear
 A form so long, so fondly cherished there ;
 But Elinor, in ceasing to rely
 On her own strength, obtained the victory.

Time fled away, and every youthful trace
 Of beauty faded from that once fair face ;
 His mother, tottering down the vale of age,
 Drew near the close of her sad pilgrimage ;
 Fever had withered with its deadly blight,
 And closed the widow's eyes in endless night ;
 A beam more pure than that of mortal day,
 Dawned on her mind, to chase its gloom away—
 To point the passage to that better shore,
 Where those who mourn shall sigh and weep no
 more ;

By slow degrees she wasted, the dim flame
 Of life, more feeble in the lamp became ;
 No more reposing in her favorite seat,
 Beneath yon elm, she wooed the genial heat
 The bright sun shed, or stretched her hands to share
 The warmth his noon-tide beams imparted there ;
 Raising her eyes as if to pierce the screen,
 The heavy clouds that densely rolled between
 Those darkened orbs and that effulgent light,
 That cheered her frame, but mocked her baffled sight.

Now she is called, the conflict to maintain
 'Twixt life and death—she ne'er will rise again
 From that low couch, o'er which in anguish bends,
 The kindest nurse—the truest, best of friends,
 Who with unwearied tenderness has shed
 Comfort and peace around her dying bed ;
 And from the open volume on her knee
 Confirms her faith, and calms her agony.

‘ One tie alone, my Elinor, still elings
 Warm round my heart, long weaned from earthly
 things,
 The uncertain fate of my deluded boy,
 Clouds the fair promise of eternal joy ;
 Oh ! that these feeble arms once more might press—
 These dying lips with love's last accents bless
 My erring son, the bitter strife would cease,
 And my world-wearied spirit part in peace.

“ Hark ! hark ! ”—she cried and held her struggling
 breath,
 While o'er her brow came down the shades of death ;
 “ What sound was that ?—I heard a step e'en now,
 Traverse with hurried tread the floor below ;
 'Tis on the stair—Great God ! thy will be done,
 My prayer is heard—'tis he !—it is my son ! ”
 And up she sprang—as through the open door,
 A figure burst, and stood the couch before—
 A haggard, wasted form, whose hollow eye,
 Glanced on the group in tearless agony ;
 Then slowly sinking at his mother's feet,
 Hoarsely exclaimed, “ And is it thus we meet ? ”
 Her feeble arms about his neck she threw,
 “ My long lost son ! life tarried but for you.
 Yes, thou art mine—I hold thee here once more,
 Farewell ! the bitterness of death is o'er ! ”

She ceased—and to his heart with desperate fold,
He held the form that in his grasp grew cold ;
The night from those dim orbs had passed away,
Light broke—the light of an eternal day.

The scene is closed—the last sad struggle o'er,
And that pale lifeless clay shall weep no more ;
Her sorrows ended with that gentle sigh,
And death is swallowed up in victory !
Deep silence gathered round—no word was said,
Llewellyn's arm upheld the newly dead ;
His eyes still fixed upon the pallid face
That slept so calmly in his sad embrace.
It was his mother—nature told him so,
But that loved form was wasted with the woe
Of twenty hopeless years—each lineament,
By sorrow changed, a pang of anguish sent
To that stern mourner's heart ; his crimes had shed
Untimely snows upon that honored head ;
Remorse subdued the spirit once so proud,
He turned, and smote his breast, and wept aloud.

Between the lovers not a word had passed
Of tender greeting ; they had met at last ;
But each so altered by time's withering blight,
Both had been strangers to each other's sight.
In Elinor's collected, thoughtful mien,
The same majestic dignity was seen ;
The touching tenderness of look and tone
That spoke of happy days they once had known.
But, oh ! how altered from the noble youth,
To whom she fondly pledged her early truth,
Was the dark figure that in manhood's prime,
Seemed scathed and wasted by the hand of time.
Those haughty features painfully reveal,
The lines impressed by passion's fiery seal ;
Ambition baffled—and the fearful strife
Of thought, which poisons all the springs of life !
His face was bronzed, as if an eastern sun
That once bright cheek had fiercely gazed upon,
And marred its beauty, while his restless eye,
Sunken and bloodshot, wandered hurriedly
From side to side, as evermore it sought,
Objects existing only in his thought.
The livid hue o'er all his features spread,
At times gave way to hectic tints of red ;
That flushed his yellow cheek and sallow skin
With the destroying fire that burned within.

The last sad rites of filial love were paid,
And those cold ashes in the tomb were laid ;
Back to their lonely desolate abode
In silent grief the kindred mourner's trod.
'Twas then that Elinor, in accents mild,
Spoke to Llewellyn of his wife and child.

"Both, both are dead !" he answered with a sigh,
"And I have sought my native shores to die.

Oh, Elinor ! what years of grief have passed,
Of heart-felt anguish, since I saw thee last.
Long have I sojourned on a foreign strand,
Fed by the bounty of a stranger's hand ;
Toiling to realize again the wealth
I rashly lost—alas ! my shattered health
And broken heart too forcibly declare
How fruitless all my speculations were—
Then my soul sickened, and a warning came,
In dreams one night, and breathed my mother's
name.

That voice deprived my guilty soul of rest,
The waking night-mare of my tortured breast !
'Twas nature spoke, my spirit own'd the call,
Shook off her fetters,—I abandoned all
The lofty aims she taught me to despise,
And came to close my dying mother's eyes.

"Nay, weep not Elinor ! thou can'st not share
The lost Llewellyn's anguish and despair ;
Thou need'st not dread the punishment of sin,
Thou can'st not feel the fiery strife within ;
The draught I drank from pleasure's poisoned bowl
Corrupted both my body and my soul,
And roused up all those passions which consume
The heart, till it becomes a living tomb.
Against myself I stand a mark and scorn—
Oh, would to God ! I never had been born ;
Than sink degraded like a common slave,
My only hope and refuge is the grave !"
He turned away, impatient of reply,
For painfully the deep half smothered sigh
Smote on his ear, recalling that dark hour
When first he yielded to the tempter's power.
There is a grief too deep for tears, a woe
That claims no sympathy with aught below ;
A pang that strikes with more than double force,
Those who are called to witness the remorse—
In bitterness of spirit to reprove
The self upbraidings of the friend we love.

The heavy hours had almost worn away,
And brought the close of that eventful day ;
The night drew on, the parting sun-light glowed,
Along the cloudless west like molten gold ;
No breath of air among the branches stirred,
Distinct and clear the mountain rill was heard,
Like fairy music in the distance played,
Or wind-harp murmuring in the leafy shade.
Stretched on the couch, Llewellyn raised his eyes,
In listless languor to the glowing skies ;
Their touching beauty woke some painful thought,
And the deep hectic to his pale cheek brought ;
The quickened pulse, deep cough, and struggling
breath,
Fearfully told, the meagre hand of death
His hours had numbered, and would scarcely give
His destined victim many days to live.

This Elinor observed—she trembling rose,
To calm his mind, and urge him to repose.
She laid her hand upon the Holy Book,
Marked the deep sigh, the sad averted look,
The pale and quivering lips, the burning streak
That flushed with painful red his hollow cheek,
The hands tight clasped upon the heaving breast,
While starting tears the half formed wish expressed ;

But pride was busy in that bursting heart,
And thus he answered with convulsive start,
“ Oh ! think not, Elinor, that book can give
The only hope for which I seek to live ;
Its truths divine, my dim eyes cannot see—
There is no peace in heaven,—on earth, for me,
Till this poor shattered frame to dust return,
The fire unquenched within my soul must burn ;
And after all my toils and sorrows past,
Must I forgotten sink to earth at last ?
Ah ! why did heaven endow me with a mind,
Above the common feelings of my kind,
Without the power to realize a name,
Or slake my restless thirst for deathless fame.
No—let me die unpitied and unknown,
Or wept by thee, my Elinor, alone.”

“ Forget these idle dreams, Llewellyn dear,
The night approaches which no morn can cheer ;
Death’s shadowy hand upon thy pale brow lies,
Oh ! thou, that sleepest, from the dead arise !
The living dead, and walk by faith, not sight,
Renounce the world, and Christ shall give thee light ;
Lay thy delusive hopes of glory down,
Seek an eternal, not an earthly crown ;
Fame cannot save thee from a mortal doom,
But only speeds thy passage to the tomb.
Forget the devious paths thy feet have trod,
And torn with all thy heart, thy soul to God !”

The sinner trembled—many a guilty year
Had darkly fled since last he bent to hear
Those sacred truths pronounced by lips so dear.
All the fond visions faithful mem’ry kept,
Rushed o’er his soul ; he bowed his head and wept
Such tears as contrite sinners pour alone,
When mercy pleads before the eternal throne ;
When naked, helpless, prostrate in the dust,
The spirit owns its condemnation just,
And seeks for pardon and redeeming grace,
Through Him, who died to save a fallen race.

“ Leave me, dear Elinor ! I cannot sleep ;
Leave me alone, this night to watch and weep.
My heart is smitten, feelings long exiled,
Subdue and make me weaker than a child,—
I shall not be alone, yon book will share
My solitude, attune my soul to prayer.
Thou too, wilt plead my cause ; I feel a light
Dawn on the darkness of my soul—good night !”

She strove to answer, but the accents died
On her pale lips ; she weeping turned aside.
He marked the struggle—rose, and fondly pressed
Her hand a moment to his aching breast ;
Kissed from her eyes the precious drops that fell,
And murmured with a sigh, “ Dear love, farewell !”

Weeping she left him ; through the dreary night
His form was present to her mental sight ;
A deathlike gloom upon her spirit weighed,
And long and earnestly to heaven she prayed ;
But a strange thought, a wild instinctive dread,
Came like a voice of warning from the dead,
And banished sleep, or to her closing eye
Presented some unearthly phantasy,
Till she awoke, with sudden start and scream,
To shudder at the horrors of a dream.
But ere the morning dawned, sleep gently spread
His downy pinions o’er her restless bed.
She slept—tired nature ceased its weary strife,
In dreams her spirit passed the bounds of life ;
O’er time’s dark ocean on seraphic wings,
Soared to the temple of the King of Kings—
The golden city, with its rainbow zone,
And arch of light, that spans the Eternal throne,
Flashed for a moment on her awe-struck eye
With all the shining armies of the sky.
She saw amidst that fair angelic host,
One whom she long had wept on earth as lost,
Clad in white robes, and on his brow a wreath
That bore the name of Him who vanquished death :
From her glad lips the exclamation broke,
“ Glory to God !” and with that cry she woke.

Fair dawned the day, and cast its golden crown
On wood and mountain, tower and distant town ;
Earth smiled rejoicingly, the crimson beam
Flooded the purple east, and kissed the stream,
’Till the heavens blushed beneath the snowy vest,
That veiled the sapphire bosom of the west,
When Elinor, shook off the gentle thrall,
Of balmy sleep, and to the Lord of all,
Poured forth the grateful feelings of our soul—
Then with light steps, and throbbing bosom stole
To the lone chamber where Llewellyn kept
His holy vigil—all was still—he slept—
For so she deemed, his weary spirit pressed
With many cares, had sunk at last to rest.

She paused upon the threshold—not a sound
Came from within, to break the deep profound.
No whispered word—no sigh—nor heaving breath
Spoke of the living—all was still as death !
Her heart beat quick, then stopped, a chilling fear
Came o’er her soul :—“ Perchance he is not here !”
She raised the latch, she crossed the echoing floor,
And stood in speechless awe the couch before.
He slept—but never shall the glaucé of day,
Lift up those lids to meet the kindling ray,

Which through the open casement brightly shed
 A halo glory round the newly dead ;
 And on the marble brow and pallid cheek,
 In mockery cast a wandering, crimson streak.
 His woes were ended, death had left no trace
 Of life's fierce warfare on his placid face ;
 Serenely calm and heavenly was his look,
 His cold hand rested on the sacred Book,
 Whose holy truths had calmed his guilty fears,
 And smoothed his passage from this vale of tears.

O'er that pale form no tear the maiden shed,
 Though all she loved on earth lay cold and dead ;
 She could not weep—the vision of the night
 Returned in all its splendour to her sight ;
 And sinking on her knees, her spirit poured
 Its deep thanksgiving, and her God adored :
 "The palm is gained, the immortal crown is won,"
 She meekly cried : "Oh, Lord ! thy will be done !"

Reader, my tale is told ; and before we part,
 permit me to say a few words in defence of the little poem I have submitted to your censure, or indulgence. Except our immortal Crabbe, few persons have attempted to clothe in the garb of poetry, a simple domestic story ; and as I can neither boast his great name, nor genius, I have my fears that in the one before you I have not succeeded so well as I could have wished. Illustrious names and incidents are perhaps better suited to the splendid language of poetry ; but I have always thought that the most beautiful and touching incidents were to be found in the middle and lower walks of life. All the sweet charities of domestic life, those which unite us more closely with our kind, are to be found in the greatest perfection in these classes,—because in them, more is left to nature and less to art ; and the feelings are less blunted than in a constant intercourse with the world. Wealth and power render men selfish, and happy are those who are placed by Providence beyond the temptations of the one, and the awful responsibilities of the other.

The "Apostate" was written twelve years ago, at the request of my dear and honored friend, the late Thomas Pringle, author of "South African Sketches," and still known as one of the most eloquent advocates for the abolition of the slave trade. He was much pleased with it, and offered to assist me in revising and correcting it for publication. Many events of more importance hindered me from availing myself of his kind offer, and, since our emigration to this country, the trials and misfortunes we have been called to endure, completely obliterated the manuscript from my memory. A few days ago, in looking over the odds and ends, written in happier times, and amid the delicious groves of my own beautiful and beloved land, I lighted upon the "Apostate," and hoping that the moral tendency of the story might atone in some

measure for its many defects, I have ventured to lay it before the Canadian public. The kind indulgence which it has ever shown my little pieces, has always afforded me much pleasure, and sweetened the many trials which have befallen us in this country. Sincerely trusting that no writings of mine will ever induce it to alter this favorable opinion, I subscribe myself its sincere friend, and obedient servant,

SUSANNA MOODIE.

Belleville, July 1, 1841.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors.—*Budgell*. Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to the philosopher's stone.—*Addison*. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle.—*Anon*. Unquestionably the private virtues are worthy of our veneration, but the services which are rendered to an entire nation are entitled to a still higher estimate.—*Benjamin Constant*. A man will never know anything except that which he has made the property of his mind.—*Pestalozzi*. The ends of punishment are three—to redress the injured, to reform the offender, and to deter others.—*Dr. Hooper*.

A GOOD THOUGHT.

MAN is but a reed, and it is a true representation of the weakness of nature ; but then he is a reed that thinks. It does not need the universe to crush him—a breath of air, a drop of water will kill him. But even if the material universe should overwhelm him, man would be more noble than that which destroys him ; because he knows that he dies, while the universe knows nothing of the advantage which it obtains over him. Our true dignity, then, consists in thought. From thence we must derive our elevation, not from space or duration. Let us endeavour, then, to think well ; this is the principle of morals.—*Pascal*.

REASON.

It is the pilot of human life, and steers it steadily through wild and tempestuous seas, amidst the rocks and shelves of lust and fancy, fortune and folly, ignorance and error, and a thousand cheats and impostures. It is this alone that enables man to despise imaginary evils, and vanquish real ones. It arms the mind with true and lasting magnanimity, furnishes it with solid comforts, and teaches it to extract life and health, virtue and wisdom, out of the madness and mutability of men and fortune ; like antidotes and cordials, out of things poisonous and baneful in their nature.

ROSE MURRAY; OR, THE RIVAL FREEBOOTERS.

BY RUSSELL.

CHAPTER I.

OUR tale commences with the close of the revolutionary war of the American Colonies against their mother country, in which the former, after a severe contest of eight years, procured their independence. The general state of things at this time, was what might have been expected. Business was at a stand—the treasury of the nation exhausted—a spirit of restlessness, and among many, of recklessness, had been acquired and fostered amid the licentiousness of the camp. This spirit of lawlessness had spread more widely among men, dazzled with the brilliant theories of French infidels, whose doctrines, imbibed from the armies under Lafayette, on whom they looked as friends and fellow-workers in the cause of liberty, had set adrift the moral principles of the whole south, and which, by all classes, were secretly worshipped and openly professed. The bold appeals to reason, as the only true guide in all matters both moral and political, the biting sarcasms hurled against the established church, and especially against some of its unworthy ministers,—all which soon after brought forth “the monstrous birth of the French Revolution,”—made many cling to the excitement of the camp, and view with dislike the prospect of quiet and established order. Having few ties to bind them to society, or win them back to its bosom, hazard and excitement became to them the chief desire of life. This was not to be expected in the common forms of society; and for the enterprises of reviving commerce, or the settlement of new states, they were unfitted by habit as they were averse from inclination. It is only wonderful, then, that so many should, at the close of the war, have quietly settled down in obedience to the laws, which the virtue and energy of the majority of the states were able to establish. The arm of the government was however weak, and many, from habit and inclination, unwilling or unable to distinguish the difference between *MEUM* and *TUUM*, were therefore ready to engage in plans of hazard and gain. It was no difficult matter to find excuses for actions to which they gave the colour of a virtue, or covered under the cloak of patriotism. Some did not altogether cast off the bonds of society, but would occasionally sally forth, and, on pretence of business, gain opportunities of gratifying their restless habits, in joining some band for sport and plunder. Of this class, on the 10th day of September, 1783, might be seen two men in deep converse, winding their way slowly up one of the many *défilés* found in the blue ridge of mountains in Vir-

ginia. They were mounted on high blooded animals, which, by the champing of the bits and the tossing of their heads, seemed little inclined to relish the slow pace to which their riders restrained them. The older of the two, apparently over six feet high, was dressed in the short breeches common to the period of which we speak, with large military boots reaching to the knee; his coat was that of an officer in undress, while his three cornered hat betokened his rank to be that of a colonel. His hat half concealed a large and expansive forehead, the deep furrows on which, with the hair already turning gray, betokened him a man of nearly fifty years of age; but the fire of his deep-set, dark, and rather voluptuous eyes, as well as the ease and gracefulness with which he managed his fiery steed, showed him at once a master of the menage, and that the marks of age were rather the effects of exposure to the weather, and the toils of service, than the silent and destructive ravages of time.

His companion, a tall, sallow complexioned, dark looking man, possessed something of a military air, although dressed in the common habit of the day. His manner was restless, and as he rode a few steps behind, yet so as to allow of free communication, his small grey eyes were constantly wandering around in every direction, as if the pistols which both had in their holsters, as well as an additional pair in a belt passing around the waist of each, were by no means unnecessary.

“It is strange our repeated signals have called forth no answer,” said Colonel M., gracefully reining in his high spirited horse, to allow his companion to come abreast. “Think you, Pierre, they have deceived us?”

“This is the time and place I appointed, my noble Colonel,” answered the personage addressed, with something of a foreign accent; “you are the best judge whether they will obey your commands or not.”

“Sound that whistle again,” said the Colonel; “we must be near these fellows, and if I find they have deceived us; but by G—,” continued he, suppressing his half uttered threat, “they dare not! They know I could hang every dog of them, and that is security for their faithfulness.”

“He! he! he!” answered Pierre, concealing his half sneering laugh, with a low and submissive bow. “Perhaps some of them may forestall you in your intended kindness. The most of them are true as steel, but as the priest told us last week, ‘no man can serve two masters,’ and even the

devil avers, all that a man hath will he give for his life."

"Your regard for my safety," said Colonel M., "leads you to magnify the threats of a simple and drunken man, and to suspect unjustly the faithfulness of Captain George."

"I hope it may be so," answered Pierre, with a doubtful shake of his head; "yet permit me again to caution you against the intrigues of the Captain."

"Yonder, at last, comes our black Mercury," interrupted Colonel M., "to bring us news of our gallant band. I will, however, my good Pierre, if but to satisfy you, have a watch on his motions."

In accordance with the notions of his own superiority we are bound to describe the personal appearance of this "image of God set in ebony." As he approached with the rolling gait peculiar to his nation, the broad grin, and the peculiar yah, yah, yah, seemingly proceeding upward from the waistband of his leathern breeches, betokened the working of some secret joke, which like the prophet's fire, could not be contained within. His head, covered with a short grayish wool, seemed jammed downwards between two elevations serving the purpose of shoulders; the forehead retreated from the eyes backward, as if avoiding the fire, which made the nose squat down and outwards from the bridge, until it overhung and seemed ready to fall into the gulf below. This exhibited a double row of teeth, white as pearl, which many a modern belle might justly envy, although time had changed the smooth oily jetness of his skin into a dingy brown. His arms almost reaching to his knees, gave token of unusual muscular power, and armed as they were at the lower ends with a large mass like a blacksmith's hammer, they seemed, as they swung pendulously backward and forward, replete with forcible and weighty argument. But the most remarkable members were the organs of progression. These, encased as they were in red tights, seemed by some unlucky mistake to have been attached to the body back forward, having a circular bend outward, like our old fashioned compasses, and terminating in a pedestal so near the middle as to leave us in doubt which way the workman intended as the direction of progression. As he approached, hat in hand, his uproarious mirth died away into a silent convulsive shaking of the sides, sometimes breaking out in a stifled yah! yah! yah! To the questions of Colonel M. as to the cause of his mirth, and to the situation of the men, would succeed a fresh burst of laughter.

"O, dear! me neber see de like; debil got big Jim."

"The devil got big Jim!" said Colonel M. losing all patience at the untimely levity of Cato, for in so distinguished a name he rejoiced, "what do you mean you old black fool; speak or you shall taste my whip."

"Me don't know massa!" answered Cato; "me

tell you all. Oh! me neber hear de like; debil got big Jim—yah! yah! yah!"

The Colonel, finding that nothing in relation to the immediate cause of his journey was likely to be gained from Cato in his present condition, ordered him to lead them at once to his master.

After following the guidance of Cato, nearly an hour through an almost impenetrable forest, by a path which to one unacquainted with it would have been hardly discernible, or seemed only to be the tracks of the wild animals with which the mountains of Virginia at that time abounded, they arrived at the bottom of a hill or mound, when the path gradually became wider, till on ascending it there appeared a wide open space, in which was a regular encampment with twenty or thirty men scattered about at various employments. Some were engaged in preparing the evening meal, in roasting on the coals, or holding on pointed sticks the choice pieces of a deer, apparently but just killed; others were rubbing down and attending to the wants of a large number of horses, tied in rows at one side of the encampment, while some were lying around, gazing vacantly at the preparations going forward, or busily engaged in conversation. Short carbines, pistols and other instruments of warfare, were arranged around a post in the middle of the encampment, in a manner the most convenient for immediate use.

At the sound of the whistle afore-mentioned, in the possession of Pierre, all were in a moment in order from their different occupations, and with more grace and precision than might have been expected from such a lawless-looking band of men, they received the Colonel and his companion with military honours. The officers of the band approached, and were one after another warmly greeted by Colonel M., who, after a few words to the men, again dismissed them to their several occupations.

The officers retired with him into a kind of lodge or house built of logs piled one upon another, and covered with bark, where in a short time, by the industry of Cato, refreshments were prepared. After supper a council was called, to hear the reports and deliberate on the future proceedings of the band.

CHAPTER II.

BOTTLES of various kinds of liquor were arranged on the table, by Cato, according to the taste of the individuals, which he seemed perfectly to understand. The Colonel, who was seated at the head of the table, filled a silver drinking cup richly embossed, and handing the bottle to a young and very handsome personage he addressed as Captain George, on his right hand, ordered all to fill their cups to the brim and drink to the never failing toast with which every assembly of the chiefs of the Brotherhood was opened:—"To our fair Republic, and confusion to

all traitors and tories!" Their cups being drained to the last drop, in a way that showed their contents and the toast were equally to their mind, the Colonel ordered silence, and opened the session with commanding the different personages, in their order, beginning from the foot of the table, to give an account of their success since their last meeting.

The first that spoke was a thick stout man, with fiery hair, deep sunken eyes, which seemed to gleam from under two huge bushes of hair, apparently singed with the intensity of the fire underneath, while his whole face, somewhat of the same colour, was deeply indented by that deadly enemy to beauty, the small pox. His narration was short and to the point:—

"My business was to the west, to ease the notable tory Lovelace of his money. Met with opposition of course," and, drawing his finger significantly across his throat, "this settled all disputes. Here are the proceeds," throwing a heavy purse upon the table? Have I done well?"

"The next in order," said the Colonel, "Esquire Harry, proceed."

A tall rawboned man, of apparently thirty-five years of age, with something precise and professional in his appearance, proceeded: "Colonel, Captain, and gentlemen of our free brotherhood—According to our self-imposed laws, at the call of our noble Colonel, I arise to give a succinct account of my successes and difficulties in the expedition to which I was deputed, at the last general assembly of our noble confederacy. You are all aware that the direction of my enterprise was to the South of where Handy Tom has just given an account,—the object was to obtain as many of the best horses as that fruitful country could conveniently dispense with. Our success on the whole was cheering. The difficulties, therefore, but added sweetness to the toil. On arriving at the scene of our destined labours, in accordance with that latitude of instruction which allows us to judge of expediency, I assumed the dress and bearing of one in search of elegant and expensive horses for market, and advertised to this amount. My men, I advised to be in readiness in the neighbourhood, but in order to allay the foul fiend suspicion, they were directed to bestow themselves in various employments in the neighbourhood. They deserve credit for their prudence and obedient alacrity. Having purchased an animal of good bone and muscle at rather more than a fair price, I was soon supplied with a number of the desired description, and having appointed a day for a general market, had my men prepared for the excitement of the ruse. On that night there was an emptying of glasses in expectation of the sale, and an emptying of stables, a tramping of steeds, and the hushed breathings of men. On the following morning there was lamentation and mourning, because they were not." My own splendid

creature was among the vanished. We swore, we consulted, we vowed, and at last came the hot pursuit. But alas! In vain! nay, not wholly in vain, for we left the good men to get home on nature's steeds, having in the mean time had compassion on their many infirmities, by leaving the only horse which it would have contented them to have been missing. The result of our toils and joys are thirty good and sufficient steeds, that are now neighing for the bridle and the curb. Have I done well?"

One or two others related the success of their several undertakings. We will, however, mention only one more, which has an intimate connection with the sequel of the story. This was from a rather handsome young man, with a profusion of raven hair, called on for his relation under the title of Gentleman John. Addressing himself to the Colonel, he seemed to watch the effect produced by his statement on Captain George, and from time to time modulated his remarks as the effects were evident on his countenance and in his manner.

"The mission on which I was deputed, as more peculiarly fitted to my abilities," said Gentleman John, "I am unable to give as favourable an account of as I could wish. I assumed the style to which my situation entitled me, and by various acts at last gained admittance into the family, and I may say the confidence of him with whom my business lay. I studied his foibles, and made myself master of his prejudices, and by yielding to the one and flattering the other, was partially admitted into the secrets of his family and life. He had assumed, from assiduous motives the side of the government, in our late glorious revolution, and in accordance with that, had sacrificed his property in defence of the royal prerogative. He had sustained many and severe losses, without a murmur, by parties of rebels, as he called us, and his only son fell in the last battle with General Walsingham, at New Orleans, after peace had been declared. Descended from a noble family of Scotland, he emigrated here when Lord Dunmore, his near relation, assumed the governorship of Virginia, and, possessed of great wealth, was from his kind and courteous manners, greatly beloved and respected. His friends, many of them assumed the opposite side of the contest which freed us from the yoke of Britain, and the consequent coolness which ensued, grew, as the struggle became more and more doubtful, into a total breach of intercourse with such of his family and friends."

"To the point," interrupted the Colonel, with somewhat of impatience, "all this is already known."

"To come to the point, I found him broken in fortune, and in body, yet full of nobility of disposition, and retaining a good deal of the fire of youth. He talked of collecting together the remnants of his scattered fortune, which consisted

chiefly in lands, held in his daughter's name, and in the old family plate, which he had been able amid all reverses to conceal, and was detained only by the entreaties and prayers of his only remaining child from again seeking the land of his fathers, and laying his bones in their hallowed graves. She is still worthy of the name of the lovely Rose, though the bloom has faded from her cheek, and a deep seated melancholy appears on her heavenly features. She still remembers her cousin, to whom she was to have been espoused had *he not* espoused the cause of liberty; and still she hopes against hope, that he escaped the bloody day in which so many of his gallant comrades sacrificed themselves. According to your instructions I introduced as delicately as possible the subject of your special mission, my noble Colonel, and found it was as you had formerly found it to be. There is, I am afraid, no hope of success in that quarter."

The countenance of Captain George underwent a series of changes during the short and rather mysterious narration of Gentleman John, and when the Colonel asked his opinion of what was best to be done in the present circumstances, he started as from a dream, and referred the matter to his superior judgment. The Colonel then addressed the speakers in their turn, and after a short consultation, gave praise to Handy Tom, so called from being more apt to use his hand than his tongue, for the success of his enterprise, but added a caution lest the too free use of that member might lead his neck into danger. You and your men I shall want in an expedition of some importance, and for Esquire Harry, you will proceed to your final destination. You will find all the posts in order and in readiness to receive you; and in case of suspicion or pursuit, the necessary arrangements for secrecy and assistance at your different posts. I shall expect you at the Black Hole, by the 20th. The rest know their duty, and may retire; and see that your potations do not unfit you for tomorrow's duty. Gentleman John will attend with the Captain for further business."

After the others had retired, the Colonel, with the familiarity of a friend, laid his hand on the shoulder of Captain George, and rallied him on the lowliness of his spirits, and shoving the bottle towards him, said:

"Drink to the fair,—wisdom to our counsel, and success to the execution."

"It is strange," said the Colonel, addressing himself to Gentleman John, "that she should still continue so unfavourable to my suit. Did not her father bear some remembrance of the kindness I exhibited towards him when I saved his dwelling from the flames, and his daughter from the hands of a set of villains?"

"Sir William," answered Gentleman John, "spoke of you in terms of great respect, as one of

the few connected with the rebel army, who had used their power to stop a class of men, who, under the mask of liberty, indulged themselves in unbridled licentiousness, and he had the kindness to wish you had espoused a better cause than fighting against your lawful and rightful sovereign."

"Sir William was kind," answered the Colonel, "and in my turn I would not wish him, as matters stand, the same favour, since his lovely daughter is as cruel as she is fair."

CHAPTER III.

THE reader will go with us to a different part of the country, and into a different scene. We would transport him to the banks of the James River, into the spot where was the first settlement, of Virginia, and indeed of this mighty continent, and more particularly into the parlour of the mansion house, at that time owned by Sir William Murray. The inmates were Sir William and his daughter Rose, seated at the open window, through which were streaming the golden rays of the setting sun, as they were reflected from the calm bosom of the majestic river. As the lovely girl, half leaning on the shoulder of her father, whose fingers were entwined in her auburn hair, which floated over her finely turned neck in unrestrained luxuriance, her large blue eyes fixed on the heavens, aglow with the glories of the dying day, her lovely countenance reflected the still beauty which the scene inspired, painting in its changes the varying thoughts of a pure and guileless soul; her exquisitely moulded form seemed like the presence of some sainted spirit returned to linger awhile around the abodes of beloved friends, and mingle again in the pure joys which so seldom are found in this sinful and changing existence. As the freshness and brilliancy of the sky faded by imperceptible changes, into the sombre and chastened beauty of the calm twilight, the eyes of the father turned, and seemed to cling to the form of his beloved child, and the tears that started and trembled for a moment on the eyelid ere it fell over his wrinkled cheek, told that his heart was touched by memories which the scene awakened. There is some mysterious influence connected with the hallowed stillness of twilight, and more especially of twilight in autumn, which softens the more rugged features of our nature, disposes the mind to contemplation and adoration, and which makes those who are dear to us, still more dear, by a tie whose influences fall on the heart, with a sweet and thrilling power. Sir William felt more of tenderness than even he was wont, for his beloved and only child, in whom his hopes centered, as he drew her to his breast and imprinted on her polished brow a kiss of deep and paternal affection. This tenderness was perhaps heightened through anxiety caused by an anonymous letter he had received, in which danger was foretold, as impending over the family; but which the writer, though he con-

jured them to take means to avoid it, could not from his circumstances more fully declare. Sir W., for some days, had concealed its existence from his daughter ; but on her pressing him to inform her what was weighing on his spirits, he at last showed her the letter, which, though it explained the cause of his anxiety, yet left them in doubt in what manner to escape the threatened danger. This seemed pointed more particularly at the daughter, and the caution to remove from the neighbourhood for a few weeks, seemed to say, that whatever the danger might be, it would soon be present and be known.

"How beautiful and calm shine down the first pale stars of evening!" said Rose to her father, the first to speak after the long silence in which they had gazed on the scene before them. "How beautiful and calm shine down the first pale stars of evening! In such a quiet evening as this, when the earth seems sleeping in the calm twilight, after the noise and glare of day, I often think that those sweet stars are watchers sent from a brighter country, to guard the dwellings of the good, and recall our wandering memories to hopes that unlike those of the world, never deceive, but which are only faint shadows of an unknown reality."

"Youth," answered her father, "is the season of hope and bright imaginations,—in old age we live more in the past, our hopes, many of them are buried there, our joys have passed also, like a dream, and but too often do they leave a sting behind. I have lived to see my friends, one by one fall by my side,—some, in an unnatural war of children against a common parent, under the title of a war of liberty; the arrows of death have entered my own family and taken away the young and the loved, and I am left alone, a withered and useless trunk."

"No! my dear father, not alone," said Rose, throwing her arms around her father's neck; "I am still left to you, and surely you are not useless, when you are my only stay in this world."

"Yes, my child," said Sir William, returning the embrace of his daughter; "thank God you are still left me, and my constant prayer to Him is that you may be left to close my eyes, and lay my bones in the graves of my fathers."

"Do not speak thus," answered Rose; "I trust you have many long and happy years yet in store, to bless with your presence and advice your own daughter. You are moved, my dear father,—shall I play some of your favourite songs?"

"Not now, my love," answered the father, "I am sad, and they would but increase what you would gladly banish; I would talk with you on the subject which has so much increased our cares. I know not what to think of the advice to remove from the neighbourhood, nor the cause which would have prompted any one to give us unnecessary pain, unless some real danger had threatened us."

"Cease to think of it," said the lovely girl,

concealing her own anxiety, in the attempt to banish that of her father. "It must have been from some evil minded person, who desired to give us uneasiness; or why should he not have mentioned what the danger was, or at least, give us some clue to have found it out?"

"I have sometimes thought so myself," said Sir William, "but there is such an air of sincerity and deep interest in our happiness, in the few lines, that my judgment often is on the side of my fears, and tells me that there is something to be dreaded, and then I wish to remove immediately, and free you from the danger which seems more immediately pointed at you."

"For myself," answered Rose, "I have no fear while you are with me; I know no one who should wish to injure me, and if he had been a real friend, who wished to save us from unforeseen danger, he would at least have told us his name, instead of signing himself merely 'A friend.'"

"I have many enemies," answered Sir William, "in this country, on account of the part I took in the late unnatural and successful rebellion, and they would perhaps, strike at me through my tenderest point, in plotting some evil against my only remaining child. There are many wicked and unprincipled men, who would be glad to make this an excuse for venting their passions against myself, and procuring plunder by the destruction of what yet remains to us."

"Nay, my dear father, I think you over estimate the dislike to you, on account of your loyalty to your king and country. Your greatest enemies never say but that in this you were conscientious, and that on all other matters you are unexceptionable. You are beloved in the neighbourhood, and have many true friends still among those who differed from you in their views of duty to our common country."

"I would not give a shilling," said Sir William hastily interrupting his daughter, "for the friendship of those who are traitors to their country, their king, and their religion. They are all of a piece, and would be glad to have it in their power to drive me out of the country, as almost all other loyal gentlemen have already been driven."

Rose saw that she had unwittingly touched a chord in her father's bosom, which uniformly led to a tone of discord far from harmonising with the cool and dispassionate judgment of men and things he usually exhibited. Letting, therefore, her father proceed without contradiction, the heat which the subject uniformly engendered soon died away of itself, and when this had once subsided, she would answer, "All this, my dear father, may be so. You are far more able to judge of such subjects than I am. Still there are some of the rebels whom a mistaken principle of right led away and who are still sincerely your friends, having the same regard

for you as they formerly had. George Washington has given you proofs of his disinterested friendship since the war was no longer doubtful, and many others, I am sure, still love and respect you as much as ever, and for whom I know you still cherish sentiments of friendship."

George Washington is a good man; and I confess, my child, I am sometimes too hasty in my judgments, especially since I remember your cousin, whom I could not think of with kindness while he opposed and fought against his king and country. Poor George! I used to love him as my own son—and he too is gone! Would that he had fallen, like your brother, defending the cause of his royal master! We are now friendless, my dear child, and if this threatening storm blows over, we will soon be again among friends in our own home. I shall sell what little we have left and leave this ungrateful country, and then, my daughter, we shall soon be among those who think as we think, and feel as we feel. I had a number of friends coming to spend the night with us, and if any thing should happen we shall not be entirely unprotected, even should an attack be meditated, which I scarcely anticipate.

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVING Sir William and his daughter engaged in forming their plans for again returning to the land of their fathers, we will return to the party whom we left about starting with their horses to market, and at the time when it becomes necessary for us again to observe their movements, they had been travelling several days, stopping at their established posts without any circumstances worthy of record. They were now approaching the most dangerous part of their route, and double precaution was taken to avoid suspicion by confining their travels chiefly to the night, and by taking the most unfrequented paths which might lead them to the next station of rest, and, if needful, of concealment. It is necessary to state, perhaps, that a regular trade in horses, or to speak more properly, a regular system of horse-stealing, was carried on between the South and North and throughout the whole line there were agents employed, who were in constant communication with each other, and should danger appear to threaten, would direct the most proper course to avoid detection. There were also regular posts established, in which they might rest and refresh their horses, and where fresh supplies were sometimes added to the band on their approaches to the established market. They had been travelling the greater part of the night, and were now, towards morning, approaching the place of their destination, where it behooved them to lie concealed during the day, as notice had been given that travelling had become dangerous, on account of the number of horses missing in that quarter. It was now the darkest part of the night, just before the coming of dawn, when Big Jim addressed

his sable companion, who was stationed behind the drove with him.

"Why, you black rascal, you have made every thing of your own color, for blast me! if I can so much as feel my horse's mane! Woh, ho! Jumper?" continued he, as his horse stumbled over something in the darkness, "I really believe there's nothing to be seen but those two eyes of yours; master Cato, that look like two weeping moons wading through a cloud as dark as the inside of your own pocket. Do you see any thing ahead? I'm blest if I think a squadron of cats could pick their way through this infernal place."

"Me no see nothing, massa Jim!" answered Cato; "me no tink de debil see nothing hisself."

"Hush!" said Big Jim, "did'nt you hear something?"

"Me tink it nothing," said Cato, "s'pose only the hosses, the debil himself see nothing this time o'night."

"Don't speak of the devil," said Big Jim, riding up close to Cato; "he sees in the night as well as the day, and this is the time he generally is about hunting after some poor fellow to get into his clutches."

"Well," said Cato, giving into Big Jim's half-expressed opinion, and wishing to retaliate for the tortures he suffered during the day. "Well, me s'pose it is the debil; you not afraid of the debil, massa Jim?" added Cato, enquiringly.

"Me afraid of any thing!" answered Jim, while his trembling voice gave the lie to every word he uttered. "Were not a niggard below me, and if it was not so infernal dark, I would like to see the man who said I was afraid of all the devils in hell, or any thing else."

"Me no think you afraid," said Cato, with a scarcely stifled chuckle, as Jim rode still nearer to him. "Me no 'fraid of debil, debil no run so fast as me on this hoss. Me neber see him, and consekens me no believe him catch me, if me no be bad. Eber see the debil, massa Jim?"

"No no!" said Jim hesitatingly. "But Bob McCormack told me that he saw him once, and had a horrible chase from him one night as he came home from Peggy Martin's, when he had been meeting some of his friends and having a glass with them."

"How did he look?" asked Cato, "me like to see him."

"You would'nt want to see him but wunst," said Jim. "For Bob McCormack would never go out after night, unless he had somebody with him, so he told me, and he had a long spell of sickness from the fright and the smell of the brimstone, that did not get out of his nose for two or three weeks."

"Him struck mighty!" answered Cato; "me no like to see him, massa Jim."

"Bob McCormack," continued Jim, talking to keep up his courage, "said that he had a long fiery tail and

as soon as he got near his house, the devil went off like a loaded pistol, only a thousand times louder,—so loud that he did not hear any thing for forty-eight hours after."

"Me no believe dat," said Cato.

"By God, I do!" said Big Jim, "for I saw nearly as much myself a short time ago; blast me if I would see the like for all the horses in the drove."

"What you see?" said Cato, bursting into a laugh at the remembrance of what he himself had done. "Me like to know what you ses you see,—Nothing?" added Cato, when he perceived that Jim was hesitating to tell. During the daytime, Jim had sworn that all the stories of his companions about the appearances were a parcel of lies, when interrogated on the subject of his late fright, at which Cato was laughing so heartily, when we first became acquainted with him in the beginning of our story. Jim, after a pause, began doubtingly, as if he could trust Cato, at the same time wishing to impress him favourably.

"You see, Cato, you are a good fellow, and know more than most of your nation,—more than a good many who call themselves your betters, on account of a little difference in colour; but you don't know so much about spirits and ghosts as I do, and it is not likely they should trouble themselves by showing themselves to a nigger."

"No," said Cato, "me neber see'd none."

"Well," said Jim, "I went out last week a hunting deer, you know, and got belated with carrying home the fat buck I shot, and when I got within a mile of the camp, I thought I saw some terrible large thing, as high as the highest trees, walking and coming to meet me. When I went round to avoid it, it went round,—when I stood still, it stood still. I saw there was no get away,—so I walked boldly up to him, and asked him what he wanted. He did not answer, but stretched out a hand as big as a great tree, to take hold of me. Thinks I, I'll try you with a ball; I shot him right in the breast, and the ball played whiz back over my head. His face was as black as as,—a hundred times blacker than yours! and his eyes were as big as a bushel basket, and as red as fire; his mouth, my God, was wide enough to have let two men ride in abreast to his teeth, Lord, they looked large enough to bite my rifle in two as easy as you could bite an onion. He chased me all the way home to the camp, and when he saw he could not catch me, he blew fire and brimstone after me, and raised such a hellish laugh, that I think I can hear it now."

"Yah, yah, yah," gurgled out Cato, hardly able to sit on his horse: "Berry like, he must have been the debil."

"To be sure it was, you dam nigger! Who else could it have been?"

"Me don't know," answered Cato.

"If you don't stop that laughing of yours, you heathen dog, I'll horsewhip you, you unbelieving rascal! The devil will get you one of these days, and then you'll see."

Cato knew who the devil was too well, to dread much from him. In fact it was no other than himself, with a white sheet about him, who knowing Big Jim's failing, wished to have a little sport. His comrades were watching the effect; and as soon as Jim saw Cato, he threw down his deer and rifle, and made for the camp; when he arrived there, he was nearly dead with fear.

"Did you hit him wid de bullet?" inquired Cato, renewing his interrogations.

"May I be smashed if I did'nt, and he never winked more than a stone wall."

"You berry brave man, massa Jim; me no 'stonished you was scared, and tremble so."

"Hark you here, you devil's imp, if you don't give over that laughing," said Big Jim, almost choking with passion, "I'll let day light into the darkness of your woolly skull."

The mirth of Cato was, however, suddenly checked, by the horses coming to a dead halt, and a whistle indicative of danger sounding from Squire Harry, stationed at the forward part of the drove. Big Jim being called forward, it appeared, from the narrative of two strangers, that their road was impassable, on account of the number of men, who having got word of the intended movements of the band, had determined to intercept them.

It appeared that the body of men intended to be afoot at the first light to meet them, and already the mountain tops gave signs that the day was at hand.

"There is no time to be lost,—you are good friends, who have brought us such timely warning," said Squire Harry, whose spirits were warming at the idea of a chase; "take the two last strings of horses, and strike to the right, direct for Flanagan's hollow, holding down the brook to put your pursuers at fault, should we be unable to keep them in play; and then in half an hour you are safe, should all the devils in hell seek to find you out. Myself, Big Jim and Cato, will manage the other, and take the brunt of the chase." In a moment the two strangers were mounted, and soon were lost in the thickness of the forest. Squire Harry and his companions, with three horses each, trotted on slowly, in the direction from which the danger was feared, until they came to a turn in the road, where might be seen half a mile a-head. At this point, Big Jim, with half a dozen of the horses, was commanded to strike to the left, in a direction opposite to that in which the other party had taken, while Squire Harry, with our friend Cato, calmly awaited the expected foe.

"Now," said Squire Harry, "let your horse feel your spur, when you see me make for the wood—and shout, as if to those ahead to proceed. We

have but five miles to ride, and Jim has already accomplished one. Here they come,—see the dust as they turn the corner! If you catch Harry Bush," as if addressing them at a distance, "you may string him up; that's all!" Now!" shouted Harry, as he and Cato dashed off into the woods, and were followed a moment after, by a dozen well mounted riders, who hesitated but an instant to make sure of the direction. A shout was raised by the pursuers as they came in sight of Harry and Cato, detained somewhat by the led horses.

"We gain upon them," said a large man, who apparently took the lead of the pursuers. "Now, my boys, for the horses and one hundred pounds reward for each of these gentlemen's necks. Strike in your spurs—spare not!"

"By heavens! we have lost them!" cried three or four at once.

"No, no! yonder they go to the left still. Hurrah! yonder goes the main body," cried the leader, as they came in sight of Big Jim. The party of the pursuers was soon diminished to less than one half their number, being on horses, inferior in wind and bottom to those of the pursued, and several others were lagging behind, hardly in sight of their friends. "We must try them with a shot," said the leader of the pursuers, as they came nearer, "for our horses cannot hold out long." Drawing up a short rifle to his shoulder, and checking his horse at the same time, he fired. The shot did not take effect, and was answered by a shout from Squire Harry and Cato. Another and another followed—the third passed through the shoulder of Squire Harry's horse and he fell.

"On Cato," said he, as he leaped on the other horse, "they will force me to return the kindness." The time, though shorter than taken in its relation, for Squire Harry to mount his led horse, nevertheless allowed the pursuers time to gain on them, and now being within pistol shot, they called loudly to surrender or die. Squire Harry, turning his horse at right angles, fired as they dashed past, and the leader of the pursuers fell, while his horse ran madly forward without his rider.

The pursuers were checked by this unexpected misfortune, and two of them leaping to the ground raised their leader and friend; he had still life remaining, though desperately wounded. Enraged at the loss, they mounted, and leaving the wounded man in the care of some of the party who had come up, they started again in pursuit. Dividing into companies of two or three, they accommodated themselves to the nature of the ground, which had become broken and rocky, and in a short time came in sight of their prey, entangled with some of the horses refusing to proceed. A shout of success again collected the scattered pursuers, and they had almost surrounded those whom they now considered in their power, when Squire H., turning to his companions, said:

"Now boys, let them come. Cut that horse adrift, he will make the rest wholly unmanageable. When I say one, two, three, fire and pick your man, then follow me. Steady—one—two—three—now give it them."

Without waiting to see the result of the fire Squire H. striking his lance into the farthest horse, which wheeled right round, dashed forward and got clear of the enemy while wavering. As he passed, followed close by his companions, he received a shot in the bridal arm, which fell useless by his side.

"Confound the hand that directed that ball," said Squire Harry; "I am done for. Jam the horses hard to the left."

"I can guide mine no longer," said Big Jim, "I am wounded."

"Straight for the den by the back path," shouted Squire Harry, "and you are safe."

Squire H. and Cato, wheeling round, drove the horses down a steep bank, over which, to the left, projected a huge cliff covered with a thick growth of bushes, where they were received by Big Jim. Holding on their course, the two friends were followed by double the number of pursuers, who as yet seemed determined to have them dead or alive. Squire Harry though one hand was already useless, struck forward, guiding his horse, which as yet showed no signs of fatigue, though reeking with sweat. He seemed well acquainted with every foot of the ground, turning now to the right or left where no possible space for a passage appeared in view. Followed hard by Cato, they emerged from the wood into a partial clearing, pursued by their enemies, whose hopes again revived as they were placed on more equal terms by being able to see them in their flight.

"Drive your spurs yet deeper, Cato," cried Squire Harry, as their pursuers again gained upon them. "Half a mile more, and we are safe." As they descended the other side of a slight inequality in the clearing, Cato's horse stumbled and fell,—nor could any exertion of his again raise him.

"Down with you and let them pass!" cried Harry, as he struck off, shouting, to draw the attention of the pursuers towards himself. The ruse was successful, and he now scoured down over a rocky and precipitous path, the fire flying at every step, from under his horse's hoofs. At the bottom was a ravine from twenty-five to thirty feet wide, called the devil's leap, stretching far to the right and left. Again the shouts of his pursuers arose as they saw the impossibility of escape.

This gulph, stretching half a mile either way, seemed as if cloven by the convulsive heavings of an earthquake, from the side of the mountain, which it at both ends enclosed, with an ascent so steep as to render escape to the right or left impossible, while on the opposite side appeared jagged and bro-

ken cliffs, frowning over this impassable gulph apparently a hundred feet deep. To retrace his steps was now equally impossible. His pursuers, confident of securing him, had stretched out towards the right and left, and on an attempt to break through his enemies by the route he had come, a ball passed through his hat; and he found himself exposed to the fire of others of the pursuers, now coming up. Baffled in his scheme, he again turned to the ravine, amid the shouts and taunts of his pursuers, calling on him to surrender.

More than once he had urged his horse forward to the leap; but at each attempt he swerved from the fearful and jagged bank. Wheeling to avoid the most forward of his pursuers, Squire Harry dashed towards the lower part of the ravine, followed hard by one of his foes. Shaking the bridle, he encouraged his horse by his cries, and the noble animal, as if knowing his master's life depended on his action, slackening his pace, as if measuring his distance, bounded forward and cleared the leap. As he struck on the opposite bank, Squire Harry was thrown forward over his neck, and the shock causing the bank to give way under his hind feet, fell backward with the crumbling rocks. The horse of him who was daring enough to follow, refused the leap, and stopping short on the bank, precipitated his rider into the gulph below. Foiled in their attempts, his pursuers gazed fearfully down at the mangled body of their lifeless companion, and at the successful daring of him who had already turned on the opposite bank, and was waving his hand in derision of his pursuers.

To be continued.

(ORIGINAL.)

FLOWERS.

Hope comes with Love at your return, ye gentle race
of flowers,

Now Cupid with the Graces greets the rosiest of the
hours;

And deep from out the soul bursts forth the welling
streams of joy

Whose echoes thousand hills repeat as thousand
tongues employ.

To move the heart an ever-living power to you is
given,

To waken dreams of beauty there, and thoughts
allied to Heaven;

Thus perfumed wreaths on altars built in many a
sunny clime

To the GOOD GODS were offerings meet from im-
mortal time.

The Conqueror's path ye graced, and round his brow
Olympic honors twined,

So Wit with Beauty vied with wreaths the festal
cup to bind;

The famed Elysian fields were blest, that smiled in
endless bloom,
Those deathless flowers that yield ambrosial sweets
and nectarine perfume.

The monuments of ancient Pride and Power have
passed away,—

The flower unheeded at their base blooms freshly
there to-day,

In nature's living hues more bright than purple robes
and gold,

Than all the glory which arrayed the gorgeous kings
of old.

The blushing bride in rivalling wreaths we deck
with chastened joy,

To tread the flower strewed altar's path where
smiles the rosy Boy:

Thus too in Love's last, holiest gift, hope gently
dries the tear,

As silently we place pure emblem flowers on the
untimely bier.

Mysterious influences ever breathe around you, gen-
tle ones,

To fling upon the purest souls deep thoughts, and
thrilling tones—

Sweeter than far-off music dies upon the ear at
even—

Whose echoes half reveal the ties which link the
soul to Heaven!

Alike in weal and woe, in hours of bitterness and
joy,

Amid the fears of age, or hopes that light the bloom-
ing boy,

Of sage and savage, untaught swain, and him of
highest art—

Alike, of all, your voice finds answering tones
within the heart.

RUSSELL.

Montreal, March 29.

EXCELLENCES OF KNOWLEDGE.

THERE are in knowledge these two excellences; first, that it offers to every man, the most selfish, and the most exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former, "Serve mankind, and you serve yourself;" to the latter, "In choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind." The second excellence of knowledge is that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motives as he increases the love, and at last worships the deity, where before he only coveted the gold upon its altar.—*E. L. Bulwer.*

THE MISER'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

BY E. L. C.

Continued from our last Number.

CROSSING the square, Beaufort directed his steps to Beacon street, and paused at the door of one of its most stylish looking houses, which, (on being instantly admitted,) he entered with the air of one who found himself at home. He passed on to the drawing room; it was vacant, but though so early in the season, a bright fire was burning in the grate, which the chilly air of the day rendered an object of comfort and attraction, and throwing himself into a fauteuil, which was drawn up beside it, he sank into a fit of long and deep abstraction.

Thought after thought crowded busily into his mind, till the train of his meditations became so intensely painful, that he rose, and for a few moments hurriedly traversed the apartment, then, approaching the bell, pulled it with such nervous violence, that the peal resounded throughout the house. A servant immediately answered the summons, of whom Beaufort enquired if his mistress were at home.

"She is, sir, but master Sydney is ill, and she has been all the morning in the nursery," replied the man.

"Ill, is he? not seriously, I hope," said Beaufort, anxiously; "well, never mind, Jerry, you need not disturb her, I will go up myself and see what ails the boy," and he ran up stairs to seek his sister in the nursery, and satisfy himself that there was no reason to be alarmed about his little favorite.

Mrs. Calthorpe came to the door when she heard his voice.

"Oh, is it you, Edward?" she said, smiling; "well, I shall not admit you, for here is such a cross little patch, that he will disturb all your philosophy."

"There is not much left to disturb, Alice," he said with a faint smile; "just let me look in, and I will begone,"—and as the child's fretful voice was now heard calling for "uncle Edward," she yielded to his wish, and held open the door for him to enter.

The boy, a lovely little fellow of three years old, but pale and languid from an attack of croup, which he had just struggled through, was instantly nestled in Edward's arms, where he looked so happy, and liaped forth his infant endearments in such winning accents, that the young man fairly settled himself with his little charge in the nurse's chair, and sat lavishing caresses upon him, and listening to his prattle, till he almost ceased to remember the cause of his recent irritation; and even when the child's heavy

eyes at length closed in slumber, he reluctantly yielded him to the prudent nurse, who thought it best to lay him on his own small couch, where he could sleep undisturbed, and, as she hoped, awake refreshed.

Mrs. Calthorpe then accompanied her brother down stairs, but they had no sooner entered the drawing-room, than the cloud again shaded his brow; he took a turn or two through it, and then threw himself on a sofa beside his sister, with a sigh so deep that it actually startled her.

"You seem disturbed, Edward," she said, turning with an anxious look toward him. "Nothing, I trust, has gone wrong between you and Lucia."

"Nothing more than usual, Alice; at least," he added, half smiling, "nothing more than is now-a-days of very frequent occurrence."

"Oh, a pretty fit of sulks; and is that all?"

"Is it not enough, Alice, to make me tremble for the peace and happiness of my future life?"

"Such warnings are certainly ominous of clouds; but then recollect, Edward, that Lucia is young, and has always been a petted child of fortune—besides this is her day of power, and a woman may be pardoned the exercise of a little harmless tyranny, when she is on the eve of resigning the prerogative for ever."

"Yes, *harmless* tyranny, and playfully exerted, of that I would not complain; but when it becomes unreasonable caprice, and positive ill-humour, he must be fool who is not warned in time to shun the rock which threatens to make shipwreck of his hopes."

"Are you in earnest, Edward? at this late hour, the wedding guests invited, and the bridal robes prepared,—is it possible that you can seriously contemplate a rupture with Lucia?"

"No, not seriously, Alice, though if I really thought my home, that Eden of my dreams, was destined to be the scene of such unamiable displays, as have of late too often surprised and pained me, I would even now—yes, or at the altar, if I knew it not before, bid Lucia Maywood a last farewell, though henceforth it were my doom to live a blighted and a solitary man."

"Beware of rash impulses, my dear brother; the act of a moment may occasion years of vain penitence. For myself, I sincerely think that Lucia's faults are not those of a bad or unamiable temper, but simply the results of an erroneous education. Mrs. Dunmore is a kind-hearted, but weak

woman, and neither her influence nor example have been beneficial to her sister, who has grown up self indulged, and perhaps exacting, where she is permitted, or feels herself privileged, to exercise power. But I am persuaded that you will shortly be able to correct all her faults; for she is too docile, and loves you too tenderly, not to be moulded by your will into the perfection which you desire."

"It might be so, Alice, but I confess in an affair of such consequence I tremble at encountering the slightest risk. Neither, in truth, am I at all ambitious to undertake the task of educating and disciplining a child, when it is a rational and intelligent woman, whom I seek for a companion. One, who by her tender sympathy may enhance my enjoyments, and make light the trials that must come to all, by the sunshine of her unclouded sweetness and affection."

"You have formed a bright ideal, Edward, but who, in actual life, ever found even a faint copy of that fair original which filled his youthful fancy? I fear we must all be content with a blending of good and ill in our chosen partners, since earth offers but few, if any, specimens of the rare perfection you seek."

"I expect not perfection, Alice, but I contend that in the absence of certain principles, qualities, and dispositions of the heart, which I deem essential to the formation of a virtuous and elevated character, there can exist no permanent basis for that confidence and esteem, which constitute the very bulwark of domestic peace and happiness. I have lived long, as you know, an exile from home and country, but the fond hope of at last returning to my own free land, to sit down amid my household gods, with one, who would be to me what our own dear mother was, Alice, to the home which she blessed with her virtues; this fond hope has dwelt with me amid polar snows, and the burning heat of the tropics, and has cheered me on in the pursuit of that wealth and knowledge, which, without such an object in view, had in all probability never been attained. But now——"

"Nay, Edward, do not say that now you are baffled in this hope," interrupted Mrs. Calthorpe; "you, who, a few weeks since, loved Lucia Maywood with such fervour, and saw in her all that could constitute your happiness, may well deserve the censure of more than feminine caprice, if for a venial fault or two, you judge her with such unsparring severity—schooling your heart to regard her with coldness, because she falls short of that standard of perfection, which, in the blindness of your love, you once believed her to have attained."

"You judge me harshly, Alice,—harshly and hastily, which is all unlike yourself—but the feeling which prompts you, springs as usual from a generous motive, and so I pardon it. Yet I will so far justify myself, as to say that I am far from in-

tending to judge Lucia with severity—neither has my love yet grown so cold towards her, as to wish to magnify her faults. That they pain me, I do not deny, nor that, of late, they have glared upon me in colours, sometimes so startling, that I confess there have been moments when I faltered in my purpose of linking my destiny with that of one, who with all her fascinations, could, at will, infuse such drops of bitterness into life's sweetest and most honied draught. Even in the earliest days of our betrothment, when with the intensity of a first and fervent passion, I abandoned myself to her witchery, I was not insensible to the foibles of her character, but I deemed them, as you do, the faults of youth and education, and thought, that with time, and better influences, the nobler traits which had won my love, would counteract and correct whatever was unworthy to pollute so fair a temple. In this hope I have been deceived.—Every interview reveals some page I would fain have left unread, in the mind which I once thought so transparent, and which makes me tremble for the future. Yet still I love her,—and much as I doubt her, my courage is unequal to the trial of a separation, though I confess, that, as the day approaches for our union, I am so overwhelmed with misgivings as to its happy result, that were it not for the blight which such an act would cast upon her young hopes, I should ere this have dissolved, by a few brief words, our mutual engagement."

"You surprise and pain me by this avowal, my dear Edward,—I have seen for several weeks past that your mind was ill at ease, and I have been often on the point of asking the cause of your disquiet,—but I still shrunk from doing so, for something told me that all was not right between you and Lucia, and I feared to increase your suffering by forcing you to speak upon the subject. Yet I cannot deny, that, I too have sometimes trembled lest your happiness was not to be secured by this marriage—and if you think so, Edward,—if you really have so much ground for doubt—let it not take place. If she can wantonly pain you now, trust me, her heart will not break, when the tie which has bound her to you shall be severed."

"No, Alice, I am not prepared for this, though my reason sometimes warns me that the act would be a wise one. But if she loves me as I honestly believe she does, I will fulfil my engagement with her at the altar, let the risk be what it may. Better to sacrifice myself, than shroud her heart in darkness; yet if she yield her, as I trust she will, when all my own, to the gentle teachings of love, our lot will still be a bright one, and my gloomy forebodings prove but sickly phantoms of the brain."

"God grant it, and indeed I think they will be nothing more. But pray what happened particularly this morning, so dreadfully to ruffle your serenity?"

"Simply this," said Edward, recounting the scene which had transpired at Mrs Dunmore's, and attributing, justly as he thought, Lucia's ill-humour, to the involuntary interest he had betrayed in a very lovely girl, whom Mrs. Dunmore had employed in the manufacture of some artificial flowers.

"The beautiful flower-girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Calthorpe, her cheek and eye kindling with animated delight.

"What then? and why this sudden emotion, Alice, at the mention of so humble an individual?" asked Beaufort in surprise.

"Why, Edward, she is all the rage now, talked of in all circles; at Mrs. Linzie's ball last night she was the sole topic,—so Doctor Moreland told me this morning. But it is only recently, that, having attracted the attention of some fashionable ladies, she has become known at all, though it is said, that for years, young as she is, she has maintained a sick and feeble mother with her earnings."

"Her worth then attracted no sympathy or regard," said Beaufort, with a smile of irony. "It was her beauty only that interested these votaries of fashion in her behalf! Oh, heartlessness of the gay world! be it my lot to live forever apart from its vain frivolities, its cold and hollow charities!"

"But, Edward, are you at all aware, who this young creature is? Listen and be astonished when I tell you that she is our near relative, being, in very truth, the granddaughter of our miserly uncle, old Mr. Dorival.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Beaufort, and a sensation like that of an electric touch vibrated through his whole frame, setting again in motion the warm pulses of the heart which had been chilled by Lucia's coldness. "Impossible!" he repeated, "who can have told you this strange story, Alice?"

"No less a personage than Doctor Moreland, Edward, and his authenticity is seldom doubted. He knows her well, and describes her as little less angelic in soul, than they say she is in person."

"Can this be so?" said Beaufort thoughtfully.

"Without a doubt, Edward; the flower-girl whom you saw at Mrs. Dunmore's this morning, is the daughter of Harry Dorival, whose widow, after his death, sought a home for herself and child with the old miser, and there they have lived in poverty and obscurity ever since. The mother has recently been very ill, and Doctor Moreland attended her, and such a tale he told me of their trials and privations, as made my very heart ache. The daughter, he said, toiled incessantly with uncomplaining sweetness, for her mother's comfort and support, bearing self-denial and hardship, with a patient cheerfulness that he had never seen equalled. She seldom spoke of their situation, nor ever repined at the cruel avarice, which in the midst of abundance, left them to struggle with the cold and pitiless gripe of poverty; but her mother, a querulous and weak woman, had

told him the whole story of their sufferings, since they dwelt beneath the miser's roof; and she said, the only joy and comfort that had brightened her gloomy home, arose from the ceaseless care and love of her poor girl, who from childhood's early dawn, regardless of herself, had studied only how she might best minister to her mother's peace and happiness."

Beaufort was deeply touched by this lovely picture of virtue and filial piety, nor could he avoid contrasting it with the *tableau* of his indulged and self-willed mistress, the spoiled child of luxury, the slave of every idle and capricious whim.

"We must seek out our new relatives, Alice," he said after a brief pause, "and I regret now, that we had not done so on our first arrival in the city."

"Would that we had, Edward; for our mother's sake, I once walked past the miser's dwelling, with the design of entering, but the very aspect of the dismal den chilled me with gloom, and thinking that whoever might abide there with him, must partake of his nature, and have adopted his habits, I returned home, and have not since thought of him, till he was recalled to my recollection this morning by the touching history which Doctor Moreland related of the young Madelaine, his granddaughter."

"And did he know, Alice, that she was a relative of ours?"

"Not till I informed him of the circumstance, and he then said, natural as it was, that we should wish to shun all intercourse with our penurious uncle, he hoped we should not exclude the females of his household from our sympathy and friendship—that they deserved both from us, and would reflect no discredit on any who might be at the pains to cultivate their acquaintance; and that besides, it would be an act of humanity to rescue them from the miserable obscurity, where they had so long dwelt unheeded and unsought."

"It would so, indeed, dear Alice; and ours shall be the pleasant task of providing for them a happier home, which, were it a palace, that lovely girl would adorn with her beauty and her virtues."

"She is then beautiful?"

"Transcendantly so—even without the adventitious aid of dress and ornament, I thought I had never beheld any thing more lovely. Nor was it the beauty of form, feature, or complexion, that rivetted my gaze—but the perfect harmony and grace of every movement, 'the mind, the music, breathing from her face,' and the stainless purity and innocence that seemed like an atmosphere to surround her. But I little thought as I admiringly regarded her, and heard her gentle replies to her frivolous interrogator, that a current of my own blood coursed through the blue veins, that swelled into distinctness with every varying emotion that arose within her."

"You are as enthusiastic in her praise, as was Doctor Moreland, Edward. But he said one thing

that pained me ; and it was this,—that when the miser's coffers were placed at her disposal, as according to the law of nature, they must shortly be, he should be the first to rejoice in her accession to wealth, which he was persuaded she would value far more, as a source of benefit to others, than as a means of ministering to any pride or self-indulgence of her own."

"And why should this remark of the good Doctor's have caused you pain, my dear Alice?"

"Can you ask, Edward, knowing as you do that disappointment must be the only portion of this poor girl and her mother, when at the decease of their unkind relative, they shall learn that you are entitled to claim all the property of which he dies possessed,—by a bond to that effect, given by him to our father, and which if I understand it rightly, is so expressed, as to render null and void all bequests which he may choose to make subsequent to the date of that instrument."

"And can you think, Alice, that when I find those in existence, who are the natural, and should be the legal heirs to the miser's ill-gotten wealth, that I would be so base as to avail myself of the circumstance, which singularly enough makes me the sole legatee, to strip them of their lawful inheritance? Never, believe me, never! The bond is from this moment nugatory in my eyes, and I would forthwith seek Mr. Dorival, relinquish my claim, and entreat him to make a will in favour of his nearer relatives, were I not assured from all I have learned of his very wayward and morose temper, that this course of proceeding on my part, would forever bar us all from a single peep even, at the hoards he is said to have amassed."

"But I had the impression, my dear brother, that the bond given by the miser, I must call him by his proper name, imposed on the recipient an obligation to hold untransferable the property, except in case of his death, to the next heir, and so on in a continuous succession."

"Not so, Alice—the circumstances under which our money-loving uncle pledged himself to bequeath to my father, and after him to me, the hoardings of his avarice, are briefly these: At a period of his life, when the sordid vice had not wholly enslaved him, he laboured under some commercial embarrassments, which threatened, unless he could obtain a loan of a considerable amount, to involve him in immediate ruin. He had never sought to make friends, and of course found none in the hour of need, ready to do him a favour, and after several unsuccessful applications to monied men, he entreated my father to advance the sum required by his urgent necessities, and named an early day for the repayment of the debt. This request was complied with, greatly to my father's inconvenience, but as he had shortly before married the sister of

Mr. Dorival, (but how unlike him was our sainted mother, Alice,) he wished to keep on good terms with his singular brother-in-law, and trusted to his solemn promise for a speedy re-imbusement of the loan. At last the day of payment came,—but the money came not with it—some paltry excuse was offered for the delay, and so from time to time it was postponed, till three whole years passed away, and the interest, added to the principal, rendered the whole amount somewhat formidable."

"My father was incensed by this dishonourable conduct, and the more so as it was well known, that Dorival had recently made several fortunate speculations, and was rapidly accumulating wealth. Finding, however, that appeals to his justice were of no avail, he menaced him with an instant execution, unless the loan was promptly repaid, when with that strange reluctance, which always characterized him, to yield up a particle of the gold which his greedy palm had clutched, he proposed, on condition "that he was not compelled to distress himself by parting with his small earnings," to give my father a bond, legally drawn up, and signed by himself and two witnesses in presence of a magistrate, wherein he promised to bequeath to him and his heirs, the whole amount of property, without any reservation, of which he should die possessed.

"The offer was a strange one, and personally, my father felt there was small probability of his benefiting by it, but on my account, as according to the will of the capricious donor, it was to descend undivided, in regular succession to the oldest heir, he was inclined to sacrifice present convenience to future advantage, by securing the entire reversion of his brother-in-law's rapidly increasing wealth. The few friends whom he consulted on the subject advised him to this course, to which, however, his nice sense of right would not have allowed him to yield, had not a rumour of Harry Dorival's death obtained general circulation, and been sanctioned by his father, who, whatever he might know to the contrary, always spoke of him as no more, nor ever let it be known that the young man survived for six years after this transaction.

"The paper was accordingly drawn up by a legal friend of my father's, and duly signed and witnessed, being expressed in such a manner as to render invalid any subsequent testament which the legator might feel inclined to make. The affair thus arranged, my father, who, during its negotiation had become completely disgusted by the grovelling and debased spirit exhibited by Mr. Dorival, removed to the South, and all intercourse from that time ceased between them, which must account for his having remained in ignorance of the circumstance, that Harry's widow and child were residing with the old man. Had he been aware of their existence, I am persuaded, that with the exception of

his just debt, all claim to the miser's property would have been immediately renounced by him in favour of the legal heirs.

"At the period of his death, I was, as you recollect, in the West Indies, and not till my return home, eight months since, had I any knowledge of the transaction, when the document was placed in my hands by the administrators upon the estate, together with an explanatory letter from my father, in which he said that the fear of paralyzing those energies, the exercise of which he deemed necessary to the full and vigorous development of a manly character, had induced him to remain silent on the subject of my expectations from my uncle."

"And now, my dear brother, is it your purpose to resign this rich request of uncounted thousands?" asked Mrs. Calthorpe, doubtingly.

"I no longer look upon it as mine to resign, Alice. My father accepted the bond in the firm belief that Harry Dorival had died in boyhood, in which case my mother became the heir to her brother's property; but well aware of his capricious temper, she felt no certainty that he would not eventually will it to a stranger, and approved, therefore, of my father's securing it, in this manner, to her son. Of course, I shall feel justified only, at the death of our strange relative, in receiving the original loan, granted to him by my father; and far greater than the enjoyment which I might have derived from the miser's hoarded wealth, will be my happiness in seeing it possessed by that lovely and virtuous girl, who has been so long and unjustly deprived of that which her parentage entitled her to claim, as a birth-right."

"My own dear brother always," said Mrs. Calthorpe, leaning, as his arm encircled her, upon his bosom, and raising her soft eyes filled with tears to his face; "I expected only this from you, of whom it never could be said:

'You know the right, and yet the wrong pursue; but it is not every one, who, with so strong a temptation cast in his way, would have moral strength to resist it.'

"I trust, for the honour of human nature, there are few, who under similar circumstances, would yield to it, dear Alice," he replied; "legally, doubtless, the bequest might be retained—but only by the sacrifice of that inward peace and self-respect, which is more precious to the honest and upright mind, than would be the gathered treasures of the world."

"You are right, dear Edward—ever right;—and may she, whose place shall be upon this generous breast, prove worthy of the noble heart that throbs within it."

"Hope not too much for me, dear Alice," he said, tenderly caressing her; "I must look forward to trials with a firm heart, for though no earthly

lot is unchequered by them, something whispers me that mine are destined to be neither few nor small. But I would not be 'o'er anxious to cast the fashion of uncertain ills;' so let us now speak of what more immediately interests us. These new-found relatives of ours—are we not bound to seek them out as speedily as possible, and draw them from that den of misery and want?"

"Doubtless we are,—and yet I dread encountering the old miser, of whom report speaks as the very incarnation of misanthropy and ill-nature."

"True—he wishes to claim kindred with none of the great family of man, and scoffs, as I am told, at the ties of blood—therefore we shall be wise to shun the rude repulse which our advances would be sure to meet. But our dislike or dread of him, must not furnish an excuse for leaving this young girl and her mother any longer unsought; and to avoid, as far as possible, the painful embarrassment which the exposure of their melancholy home may occasion them, would it not be better, dear Alice, that you made your introductory visit to them alone?"

"Perhaps so, Edward; but I fear I cannot go today—Sydney seems so seriously indisposed, that I no not care to leave him, especially as Dr. Moreland has left directions which I wish to see fulfilled. But tomorrow, should nothing occur to prevent, I will endeavour to pay them a visit at an early hour; and in the meantime you must restrain your impatience as best you can. Go to Lucia and make your peace with her, for doubtless she will be waiting, all radiant with smiles, to accord your forgiveness this evening."

"She will wait in vain," said Beaufort, coldly, "for I have letters to write which will occupy me at home."

He, however, threw aside his half finished letters at an early hour, and walked abroad, but did not, as usual, direct his steps to Bowdoin Square. He sought a less fashionable quarter of the city, and for an hour or more might have been seen traversing the narrow and broken pavement beneath the old fence, that screened the miser's low and ancient dwelling. The very aspect of the place, steeped as it was in gloom and loneliness, filled him with sadness; no cheering ray gleamed from its narrow casements, nor did any sign of life around it, give token of its being inhabited; and his thoughts assumed a hue of deeper melancholy, as, scarcely conscious why he lingered there, he continued to pace slowly to and fro beneath the shattered fence.

Earnestly he longed to enter, and cheer the hearts of the lonely dwellers beneath that inhospitable roof, with words of kindly greeting, gladdening them with tidings that there were those in this cold world, who claimed kindred with themselves, and waited impatiently to embrace them in the arms of sympathy and affection. But delicacy forbade him, at so unseasonable an hour, to intrude upon

their humble, and perhaps wretched privacy; and with the hope that on the morrow, his sister would have paved the way for his introduction, he turned to quit the place, just as the clock of Christ's Church, chiming the hour of eleven, warned him that it was time to retrace his homeward steps.

At that moment, however, a figure, coming stealthily along in the shadow of the buildings, attracted his attention, and stepping behind a lamp post, he paused for a moment to observe it. It was that of an old man, bent and tottering, whose very gait bespoke avarice and suspicion, and whose aspect, as he approached, was so repulsive, that Beaufort could not repress an involuntary shudder, as the conviction forced itself upon him, that this could be no other than his miserly relative, the brother of his own lamented mother, she whom he had ever loved, as the gentlest and most generous of human beings.

As the old man laid his hand upon the rusty latch of the gate, he trod upon a piece of paper that lay soiled and crumpled on the ground, when casting, a furtive glance of inquiry around him, he stooped, and picking it up, advanced with an air of habitual cautiousness towards the light, and smoothing it out in his yellow and shrivelled palm, turned it round and round, examining every corner with a greedy and anxious look. Then with angry disappointment casting it from him:

"No luck!" he growled, "no luck for me. To some it would have been a roll of bank-notes—but for me a piece of dirty paper. I must toil for my gains, toil aye,—and no rest for me. But thirty per cent on that loan today—and I wrung it forth as if it had been his very heart's-blood—but I needed it, and I have it in spite of him!" and with a hollow, chuckling laugh, the miserable wretch struck the paper with the end of his stick, and disappeared within the gate.

Filled with pity and disgust, Beaufort walked away, pondering on the mysterious Providence that permitted so degraded a specimen of humanity to encumber the earth, shedding mildew and blight upon the hopes and prospects of the innocent and good.

The next morning found little Sidney so ill that it was not probable his mother would be inclined to go out and leave him, and while Beaufort was debating within himself, whether to sally forth alone, and claim the beautiful flower-girl as a relative, a note was handed him from Mrs. Dunmore, requesting that he would make them an early call, as Lucia was seriously indisposed, in consequence, she could not doubt, of the mental agitation occasioned by his abrupt departure, in evident displeasure, on the preceding day.

A new current was given to Beaufort's thoughts by this intelligence, which inclined him to view with more leniency the offence of his mistress, while he

reproached himself with unnecessary severity, for having so hastily resented it. In this frame of mind, he flew, rather than walked to Bowdoin Square, and was inexpressibly relieved when Mrs. Dunmore came down stairs to greet him with a smiling face.

"Pray excuse my sending for you so early Mr. Beaufort," she said; "but Lucia appeared so ill this morning that I was dreadfully terrified, and in the alarm of the moment despatched a summons to you. She is better now, however, and insists upon seeing you, and as a reward for your prompt attendance, I will immediately usher you into her presence."

The voluble lady tripped lightly away as she spoke, and Edward, half suspecting himself the victim of a ruse, followed with less alacrity of step and manner than he had displayed a few minutes before. He found Lucia, with an India shawl thrown over her white morning dress, reclining in graceful languor on a sofa, in her sister's dressing-room, and the somewhat labored tones of her voice as she briefly replied to his salutation, relieved his anxiety respecting the heart-ache he had caused her, by assuring him that her indisposition proceeded from that most disagreeable visitation, a bad cold. Yet she could not be said to look ill, though perhaps her complexion might have been thought a shade paler than usual, had it not borrowed a soft glow from the rose-hued ribands, that tied her simple little cap, which by the way so greatly became her, as to awake a vision of matron beauty in Edward's mind, that banished for the time, all reminiscences that grated harshly on his feelings.

Low, soft words of love and forgiveness, were interchanged between them, and Lucia appeared so gentle, so tender, so like what he had known her, when first he surrendered his heart to her attractions, that scarcely even in those days of cloudless joy, had the hours flown by him winged with softer or more radiant plumage. Mrs. Dunmore rejoiced in this happy reconciliation, for, though she sat apparently unobservant, and absorbed by the last new novel, in an opposite quarter of the room, the beaming smiles and murmured tones of the lovers were not unheeded by her.

It was a favorite object with her to marry her sister to Edward Beaufort,—in the first place, because she had found her, ever since she arrived at maturity, a troublesome charge, unmanageable and perverse, whom she was very willing to be rid of; and in the next, because of all her suitors she preferred Beaufort—he had lived many years abroad, and in his extended intercourse with the world, had acquired a polish which "home-keeping youths," even in the best circles, do not always attain. Therefore, being elegant, accomplished, and according to madam Rumour, rich as a nabob,—moreover, to quote the same veracious authority, heir to the reversio-nary estate of an old uncle, who was to bequeath

him the wealth of Cræsus, he was the lion of the day, and, as Mrs. Dunmore thought, a very proper match for the fair Lucia, who had been for one winter, at least, the reigning belle.

Her satisfaction consequently was great, when the engagement actually took place, both on Lucia's account, and as gratifying her own weak pride and vanity. But she was in constant dread lest her sister's capricious temper, and strong penchant for flirtation should be indulged to the annoyance of her lover, and cause perhaps a final alienation on his part. This fear for several months proved groundless,—the lady was all that the fondest, the most exacting, and decorous lover could desire his mistress to be; but as the novelty of her feelings and situation lost their gloss, less amiable traits began to show themselves, which threatened to verify Mrs. Dunmore's apprehensions. For some time, however, Beaufort seemed blind to these "freaks of fancy," in his fiancée, and if they glaringly forced themselves upon his notice, his affection suggested for them some plausible excuse. But of late he could not fail to observe them, which he did, and every day more and more in their true light, for they were now of daily occurrence, and often so aggravating as to annoy him beyond endurance.

The last offence of the kind, he had resented more pointedly than ever before, and Mrs. Dunmore, after pondering on the best means of healing the breach, resolved to make Lucia's slight, but fortunate illness, the means of softening his heart towards her, by representing it as the effect of his resentment and alienation. She succeeded in her object, for peace seemed again to be perfectly restored between them, and Lucia's influence over her lover as potent as ever. So passed several days, and the spell remained unbroken,—Lucia was charming as an invalid, and Beaufort was again assiduous and devoted, constant in his attendance, yet often wondering within himself whether it were possible, that a "change had come o'er the spirit" of his mistress, and these halcyon days were destined to endure.

Madelaine Dorival, during this brief interval, was not forgotten; but the continued and dangerous illness of Mrs. Calthorpe's little boy, had so entirely engrossed her time and thoughts, that her new relatives still remained unclaimed, and submitting to circumstances, Edward endeavoured to bear with patience the disappointment. Yet sometimes he was almost resolved to make the contemplated visit alone, but a feeling of delicacy still prevented him, arising from the apprehension lest his intrusion on their humble privacy might occasion them more pain than pleasure, even when they should learn from him the object of his coming. And so he delayed going, but could not avoid cherishing a secret hope, that some business connected with the flowers, would bring Madelaine to Mrs. Dunmore's during one of his visits there, when by fol-

lowing her from the house, he might obtain an opportunity of addressing her; for till their relationship should be declared and mutually acknowledged, he forbore speaking of it, even to Lucia. And she did come once; but it was during his absence, and left a beautiful specimen of the flowers she was making, and Beaufort marked an angry blush suffuse the cheek of his betrothed, as he uttered an involuntary expression of disappointment at not having again seen her.

It is but justice to say, however, that during the week of Miss Maywood's indisposition, nothing of moment occurred, to disturb the returning confidence and serenity of Beaufort. One morning, indeed, he was rather surprised, on making his appearance at an earlier hour than usual, to find Signor Carzini seated on the sofa beside her. He held a book in his hand, and on Edward's entrance, abruptly rose, bowed, and departed. Of this circumstance, not being jealously inclined, Beaufort might have thought no more, had he not on the following day, again found the Italian familiarly occupying the same seat, and in earnest *tête-à-tête* with the lady. As on the preceding morning he immediately rose and retired, but Beaufort detected in the parties an air of mutual embarrassment, which annoyed him more than he cared to own,—but when with some asperity he rallied Lucia on her zeal in acquiring a foreign tongue, she carelessly replied that her Italian master, ignorant of her indisposition, having come the day before to give her a regular lesson, she had asked him for a volume of Petrarch's sonnets in the original, which as he was passing, he had just called to leave. The explanation was simple and plausible enough, and as the book lay beside her, he was not inclined to doubt it, although still somewhat mystified by the familiar terms on which the handsome Italian seemed to stand with his mistress.

The thing, however, passed off as such things between lovers usually do, when the lady is resolved to have it so, for Edward, fearful of again yielding to a too hasty resentment, and won by Lucia's blandishments, which she began to feel she could not exert in vain, was striving to forget the unpleasant impressions of the moment, when a new occurrence quite overthrew his philosophy, or rather banished from his mind all recollection of the meaning smile which he had seen his mistress bestow upon the Italian.

For some moments low voices had been heard in the adjoining apartment, then a light step descended the stairs—the hall door closed, and immediately after, Mrs. Dunmore entered the drawing-room where Edward and Lucia were sitting, her cheek flushed, and her eye sparkling with anger. Throwing herself into an arm chair she caught up a delicate fan of painted feathers, and began waving it with such violence as to threaten its entire demolition, then casting it rudely from her.

"It is so vexing," she said, "to be always thwarted by these people, who bring such paltry excuses with them for not fulfilling their engagements. This flower-girl, Lucia,—your heroine, Mr. Beaufort, (with a sneering accent,) has just been here to say she cannot complete the flowers by the time I named, so you must make up your mind to bear the disappointment as you best can."

"And pray what is her excuse for thus disappointing us?" asked Lucia carelessly.

"Oh! the usual one, which, among those of her class, always furnishes a plea for idleness or inefficiency—her mother is an invalid, and her grandfather so ill, that between them both she finds her time too much occupied for any other employment."

"Absurd! She looked to me at first, as though she felt herself above her occupation."

"Exactly so, and I wish you had seen her when I told her, she could not consider herself entitled to any remuneration for what she had done, after serving us in this manner. She put on the look of a queen, and said, of course she should not receive it, were it offered, for the small portion of her task which she had been able to complete; and then you know I was annoyed, as she evidently piqued herself upon being more generous than her employer, as she finished flowers enough for a dress, I think, which will do for one of your own, and so I endeavored to force the money upon her, but she refused it with an air that quite made me ashamed of having offered it. Her cheek flushed up, tears stood in her eyes, and fell from them, when some expression which I could not restrain, escaped me about poverty and pride being common companions. She attempted to speak, but her lips quivered so violently with anger that she could not utter a word, so she only curtsied in silence and left the room, and I cannot tell you how it has all vexed me—not that I at all care about the flowers, but that for an instant the girl had art enough to make me feel humbled in her presence."

"Quite a scene, I declare," said Lucia, with a heartless laugh; "you should have called in Beaufort to have seen his beauty in heroics."

Stung by the tone in which this was uttered, and no less surprised and disgusted by the brief dialogue that had preceded it, Edward's indignation blazed forth without restraint.

"I would, indeed, I had been present," he said, "to have shielded that innocent and helpless girl from unmerited insult and contempt. Madam, there are hundreds, yea thousands, doomed to the humbler walks of life, whom, if rank were graduated by virtue, goodness, talent, would shine like stars amidst its highest spheres; and this young girl, whom you despise, is one of these. As yet I am a stranger in my native land, but if its generous spirit be so changed, that poverty is deemed a crime, and toil a degradation, and wealth the only test of

merit, and sure passport to power, thus falsifying the proud boast of its national motto, I will flee from it to spend the remnant of my days upon a foreign soil."

"Upon my faith, a valiant champion for the distressed!" exclaimed Lucia, striving to cover by an air of ridicule the burning anger which yet betrayed itself in the scornful smile that wreathed her lip, and in the trembling tones of her voice.

"I would be so in every instance that falls within my knowledge," said Beaufort, turning towards her with a glance so stern, that her own flashing eye quailed instantly beneath it. "But in behalf of this poor girl, whom you are pleased to deem so infinitely beneath your regard, I am bound, not only by inclination and the common dictates of humanity, but by still stronger and more solemn obligations, to stand forth, as a champion, if you will have it so,—at all events, to proclaim myself her friend and her protector, which I will henceforth not fail to prove."

"It is well, sir," exclaimed Lucia, no longer striving to control the violence of her passion; "and if you boldly avow yourself such an errant knight, as to make the fancied wrongs of every milliner's girl an occasion for showing your valour, by breaking a lance in her defence, it is matter of little moment to whom your allegiance is pledged; it can be of no worth if——"

"Pause, Lucia, before you utter what you may have cause to wish had been left unsaid," interrupted Beaufort, gently but with firmness. "There exist reasons, which I have never yet explained to you, for the interest I feel in this unprotected girl; and, greatly as you may be surprised by the information, and much as it may degrade me in your view, it is no less strange than true, that she is my own near relative, the granddaughter of my mother's brother, of whom we were one day speaking, and who is known in the city, and to you, by the name of miser Dorival."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Dunmore in unfeigned astonishment, which made her even forget to feel ashamed of the manner in which she had spoken of Madelaine before one, who claimed to be so nearly allied to her.

"And, if it be possible, and true, why has it been thus studiously concealed from us?" asked Lucia, pale, and still trembling from the effects of her recent passion.

"I only learned it myself," said Edward, "after my return home, on the morning of her first appearance here,—and since then I have not seen her. I was reluctant to seek her alone, and Mrs. Calthorpe has been prevented from going, by the illness of her little boy; so that, as yet, she is ignorant of the existence of those relatives, who are so impatient to claim her as belonging to themselves; and till we were able to do so, it was agreed between

my sister and myself, to remain silent on the subject, though I have constantly hoped that some lucky chance might throw her in my way, and thus afford an opportunity for a less formal *éclaircissement*, than that must be which is purposely sought."

"I do not think you have reason to be very solicitous for it," said Lucia, with a smile so very unamiable, that her lover purposely looked another way. "Prepossessing as is her exterior, it is an 'old truth and endless,' as the poet says, that 'all is not gold that glitters,' and it can hardly be possible, surrounded by such influences, and doomed, probably from childhood, to manual toil, that she should fulfil your seemingly high-wrought expectations, or even reward you for your trouble, if such be your intention, of drawing her from the humble obscurity in which she has always dwelt."

"There must be pure gold in that beautiful casket, which may be wrought into forms of exquisite loveliness, Lucia," said Beaufort. "At all events, I cannot deem it right to permit her any longer to live on in poverty and neglect. She, who is the rightful heir of uncounted thousands, which should have been appropriated to the use and comfort of herself and widowed mother, whom she supports by the labour of her hands, exhibiting ever, (so Doctor Moreland, who well knows her, told my sister,) a perfect harmony, and purity of character, that is a fulfilment of the promise given by her lovely face."

"Bless me! what a rhapsody," said Lucia, affecting to laugh.

"Quite high-flown!" chimed Mrs. Dunmore, in a spiteful accent, "and very proper and gratifying from the lips of a lover in presence of his mistress! Really, Mr. Beaufort, I think Lucia has a powerful rival in this new-found cousin of yours."

"Pardon me, madam, if I venture to regard your suggestion as a very absurd one," said Beaufort, gravely. "Your sister has had too long experience of the faithfulness of my affection for her to doubt it now,—but I candidly acknowledge its strength might ere this have been weakened, had I supposed she required of me a passion so selfish and engrossing, as to forbid the entrance of any other friendship or affection in my heart. True and pure love is an ennobling principle, which elevates the soul and expands it to the reception of kind and holy feelings, worthy of the immortal nature which the great Creator has bestowed upon his noblest work, and that must be a spurious sentiment, which fails to produce this result."

"Excuse me, Mr. Beaufort," said Mrs. Dunmore, fearing she had gone too far. "I really meant nothing very serious,—only that if I were in Lucia's place, I should not like to see any other woman, especially a young and pretty one, becoming quite so much an object of interest with my lover. But if she is indifferent to it, I am sure, I shall not complain,"—and turning half pettishly towards a table,

she busied herself in re-arranging some brilliant autumn flowers, in a china vase.

"Your sister, I trust, will never give admittance to a feeling of that kind," returned Beaufort; "on the contrary she will, I feel assured, receive this unprotected girl to her bosom, and if only for my sake, cherish and love her as a sister. Do I deceive myself in hoping and believing this, my dear Lucia?" he said, as tenderly bending over her, he took her passive hand, and looked with earnest gaze into her face. She turned it from him, and leaning down upon the pillow of the sofa, her ill-restrained anger and chagrin found vent in a passionate burst of tears.

"What means this strong emotion, Lucia?" asked Edward, as stooping down he gently strove to obtain a sight of her averted face. "In what have I offended?—tell me, and I stand ready to make such reparation as you shall require, for my fault."

"And can you ask?" she said, a bright glow of resentment drying the tears that glistened on her cheek; "or do you suppose I am so short sighted as not to be able to penetrate the thin veil with which you strive to conceal even from yourself, your real sentiments towards this girl? From the day when you first beheld her, I have marked a change come over you, and I have felt too, in moments when you proffered me your warmest homage, that the lip uttered what the heart no longer dictated."

"This from you, Lucia!" exclaimed Beaufort, in an accent which seemed to imply a doubt whether he could have heard her aright; "from you, to whom, despite of all you have done to alienate me, and which might have changed the love of many a heart to bitterness, I have clung as fondly and as faithfully as though my very life depended on your breath! And this is my reward,—to be branded as a hypocrite by her, to whom my every thought has been submitted, and my very soul poured forth like transparent water to her gaze."

His emotion for a minute was quite uncontrollable, and he walked rapidly and in silence through the apartment—Mrs. Dunmore was alarmed at the turn which the thing seemed about to take, and though awed by Beaufort's stern pale face, she felt that on her interference depended the only chance of averting the impending rupture.

"This is a foolish quarrel," she said, turning from the flowers, which instead of tastefully arranging, in the graceful vase, she had, in her confusion left strewn upon the table. "And I pray for both your sakes that it may go no further,—Lucia, you cannot mean what you said—she does not, Mr. Beaufort,—indeed, indeed, she has uttered in a moment of resentment, what, should you receive it as truth, will cost her a life's repentance."

"I have not, Mary," said the perverse beauty, raising from the pillow, a face so distorted and inflamed with tears, and passion, that Beaufort as

he glanced towards it, thought it could never charm him more. "I have spoken from the conviction of my heart, and let the consequences be what they may, it would be false in me to deny it."

"It is time then, that we should part," said Beaufort. "If I have fallen so low in your estimation, I have no longer your happiness in my keeping—neither could your affection, though it were lavished upon me without measure, constitute mine, if its sunshine is to be eternally darkened by the clouds of suspicion and distrust."

"Oh, let it not end thus!" said Mrs. Dunmore, imploringly.

"Nay, do not plead to him," exclaimed Lucia. "If he can so easily resign me, it is best that we should part. He wishes it, or he would not avail himself of so trivial a plea to dissolve our engagement."

"Lucia, you are not yourself," said Beaufort, regarding her with mingled pity and resentment. "Were you not beside yourself with jealous passion, you would do me less injustice. I can give you no stronger proof, of my love and sincerity, than I have daily and hourly evinced since the first moment of our intercourse, and if this does not suffice to satisfy your doubts, the fault assuredly must lie within yourself—in the decay of your own affection, leading you to suspect change and coldness where it does not exist. I leave you now—there has been already too much of excitement—tomorrow I will see you again—and if it be your wish and decision, after a night's reflection, to have it so,—let it cost what pain it may to myself,—it shall be for the last time."

He moved towards the door, and as Lucia saw him really on the point of leaving her, she involuntarily arose from her seat, became very pale, and sank back again powerless to support herself. Mrs. Dunmore hastened to bathe her forehead with eau de cologne, and Beaufort, momentarily alarmed, suspended his departure and stood with one hand on the lock of the door, gazing upon her as though to learn whether it was really going to prove a serious affair. But from some familiar symptoms, he shortly satisfied himself that it was only a *feint*, and not a *faint*, to which former malady ladies are sometimes prone on extraordinary occasions, when coolly and calmly bowing, he unclosed the door and withdrew.

To be continued.

RIDING.

THE sons of rich men and kings learn nothing so well as riding; for their masters flatter them, and if they contend, willingly yield to them; but a horse never considers if a prince or a poor man be on his back, and if you cannot manage him he will throw his rider.—*Carniades.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MOSLEM'S CALL TO BATTLE.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

The Russians under Diebitz, some twenty years since, threatened Constantinople. These lines are an attempt to describe the fury of the Mahometans under fanatic excitement.

From ev'ry minaret was heard
The Muezzin's shrill alarm,
And forth sprang all, the old and young,
To guard The Faith from harm.

And has it come to this? they cry,—
And have we fall'n so low,
That even 'gainst Istamboul's towers
The Christian aims the blow?

Is Moslem valor held so cheap,
Has insult any bounds?
Oh! depth of shame! defiance from
Those base and wretched hounds!

Now, by our fathers' graves we swear,
By Holy Mecca's shrine!
The Infidels shall wait the hour
They cross'd the Othman line.

To horse! to horse!—each Mussulman,—
From Calpe's strait to Ind,
Haste, haste!—with the avenging steel,—
Swift, as the sightless wind.

Out Scymetar and Ataghan,
Out, every weapon keen,
Forth like the lightning from your sheaths
And cleave the Nazarene.

The standard of the Faith's unfurl'd
And Allah! is the cry,
Who goes not to the battle forth,
The coward's death shall die.

The dark-eye'd Girls of Paradise*
Their kerchiefs wave in joy,
And festoon bow'rs of love, for each
Dead child of Victory.

As sweeps the fatal, fell, Simoom
O'er Afric's burning sands,
So let our Moslem vengeance fall
Like hail on Christian lands.

Nor sex, nor age,—none shall be spar'd—
Nor sound of mercy heard,
But, like the tigress lapping blood,
Let—slaughter! be the word!

Their cloven skulls shall tell the tale,
Why they in death lie low,
And on their carrion flesh shall feast
The Vulture and the Crow.

* The Mahometans believe that those who fall in battle are received into Paradise, where beautiful girls wait upon them.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE DETECTED BRIGAND.

BY ———

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER VII.

WHO has not heard of the Bay of Naples? That gem of scenic loveliness—the theme of the poet—the dream of the painter—its beauties are familiar to all readers. Fancy, then, the full, broad harvest moon, shining in her own mild splendor upon the expanse of water, dotted near the shore with ships from various climes. Not a ripple disturbs the placid surface, save where the moon-beams are dancing, and the gentle undulation becomes visible, or now and again the splash of oars is heard and the waves close in the wake of some tiny craft, as fishermen go forth, or idlers from the ships in port return to their marine abode. A stately vessel anchored some distance from the coast, had England's pennant floating from her top-mast. It is the youthful commander of this vessel that now claims our attention. His boat has already cut its way through the waters, the steps are lowered from the ship, and in an instant the loiterer of the *Ponte de la Sanita* is on deck. Those who had observed the flushed brow, the look of eager expectation, and gratified happiness, he wore but a few hours before, could scarcely recognise in him the haggard and dispirited person, whose appearance, so altered was it since morning, elicited an exclamation of surprise from a friend, who extended his hand to him, as he enquired the cause of his protracted absence.

"I am glad, Wilmer, you are the first to meet me," said he, as he returned the cordial pressure that told him how much his countenance betrayed. "I am greatly agitated,—and you will not wonder at my disordered looks when you hear all I have to impart."

"A quarrel on shore, I presume,—some hostile ———"

"If it were only that, Wilmer," said Captain Beaufort, "you would not see me thus unmanned. What I have to relate is of far deeper import than aught that could possibly concern myself singly. The safety and happiness of one very dear to me is in peril: you have probably heard, for the affair has been talked about, of an attachment—a strong attachment on my part,—existing between me and Isabella Herbert. It was not, believe me, from any doubt I entertained of your friendship, that I forbore to touch upon this subject in some of our confidential hours; but because I hate to prate of love, as girls do, and to be quite candid, there was a lurking apprehension in my mind that I was forgotten, as Miss Herbert evinced in her correspondence an entire indifference to her English friends. To account at this moment

for my perturbed and agitated manner, I must enter a little in detail,—and to be the better understood, I will frankly acknowledge, she is the first and only girl I ever loved. I cannot refer to any precise time when my affection commenced. A boy at school, she held as powerful a sway over my feelings as at any subsequent period. She has been in truth the ruling star of my existence; and I think vanity does not deceive me in the hope I indulge of having an interest in her heart. The intimacy of our families, and the strict friendship that united the older members, induced her mother to regard my attentions with a favourable eye. The uncertainty, however, in which I was involved with regard to fortune, through the persecution of my litigious relative, was a serious obstacle to my suit. At least I would not presume to press it, till my claims were fully acknowledged, and I was in possession of adequate means to entitle me on that point to such an alliance. When my long cherished hopes were on the point of fulfilment, her mother's death unfortunately interposed, and delicacy forbade me to importune her till the first burst of filial sorrow was past. By a most unlucky concurrence of events, this Count d'Altino arrived in England during my absence in Paris, and Sir Eustace most unwisely suffered her to leave England, unattended by a suitable companion, and entrusted her solely to his care. He now holds her almost a prisoner in a suburban residence of his."

"A prisoner!" exclaimed Mr. Wilmer.

"So I must understand from her letter," said Captain Beaufort, "and from all the circumstances attending our interviews. She is evidently under such strict surveillance, that she cannot hold intercourse with any one beyond the precincts of the palazzo."

"And for what purpose, and by what authority does he exercise such power?" enquired his friend.

"By the authority, it appears, of his own dastardly will!" warmly answered the lover, "and with the design, I fear, of marrying her to some of his creatures, that he may share her fortune; but he may have yet worse motives, for his character is black enough to be capable of any villainy. It was by the most singular chance I discovered the dear girl's retreat. Having made my *devoir* to the Ambassador, and delivered my papers, I proceeded in the direction pointed out by one of the lacquies in waiting, to the Palazzo d'Altino. In crossing the *Ponte de la Sanita*, my attention was arrested by a figure, resembling Miss Herbert's, training flowers

on a balcony. I stopped to catch a more distinct view,—it was Isabella, and our recognition was mutual: it struck me she was much altered, but I did not take time for close observation. Hurrying on to the entrance of the Palazzo, which was yet at a considerable distance,—judge of my surprise, when the porter told me, the English lady and the Countess had been gone some weeks ago, to Lucca, and that the Count was on his way to join them. I assured him I had seen the lady not ten minutes past, training flowers on a balcony. The fellow shrugged his shoulders, told me 'twas impossible, and closed the gate. I turned away with the strangest feeling I ever experienced. The superstitious idea that I had seen her disembodied spirit had taken possession of my mind, and this vague fear was almost converted to certainty as I repassed the bridge and found the balcony deserted; I was proceeding on my way, determined to start immediately for Lucca, when a few notes of a familiar tune struck upon my ear. I turned round and saw a carrier pigeon that I had trained in my school days, fly from the terrace and descend to the place from whence the sounds issued. I knew she had taken this bird with her from England. Need I say, I was flattered with the simple proof of regard for my trifling gift. It was a signal air we had composed together, to guide the bird, that struck upon my ear. Satisfied the notes were breathed by Isabella, I waited for some time in the hope she would reappear—but in vain: my next resolution was to return to the Ambassador's, and obtain what information I could of the family with whom she is so singularly situated, and I assure you the character this Count bears, arouses my indignation to see Miss Herbert abandoned to his power."

"It is in truth a strange affair," said Mr. Wilmer. "Miss Herbert must be known to some of the English residents,—a lady, connected as she is, could not fail to attract the notice of the Ambassador's family."

Captain Beaufort paced the deck with hurried steps, when he again turned to his friend, his face was ghastly pale, and the large drops of perspiration stood clear upon his brow. He was fearfully agitated.

"Wilmer," said he, "I shall go mad; you know not the degrading surmises I have been compelled to listen to, in answer to the enquiries I made in the quarter you mention. Isabella's fair fame is asspersed,—she did attract some notice on her first arrival; but a report soon obtained circulation that she was an unhappy young person, who had eloped from her friends with this infamous Count, and that his wretched wife was compelled to receive and countenance her, by appearing with her in public. Can you be surprised that I am in a state of desperation? Oh! that I could crush the wretch—that

I could have revenge!" And he stamped furiously, and ground his teeth in rage.

"Believe me, Beaufort, that I feel really concerned for you," said Mr. Wilmer, in a soothing tone; "but I think at the same time, that you exaggerate the danger of Miss Herbert's detention. Supposing she has, by untoward circumstances, fallen into the power of a mercenary relative, Sir Eustace, when he is apprised of her situation, will at once exert the authority the law invests him with, and she will under his protection return to England. As to any rumour affecting her name, it is so evidently a part of a systematic plot to plunder her, that it does not deserve a thought. You are now much excited,—a fevered body and agitated mind, place all things in a distorted position. Take some repose; you will then see clearer into the matter, and much of the danger now surrounding your fair one will disappear with sunrise."

"You can speak and reason coolly, Wilmer,—you do not feel—you do not love; but you are right, it is late, and I trespass too far upon your friendship, in detaining you from rest."

"Nay, my dear friend," said Mr. Wilmer, "you mistake me—it is you that needs repose; I am fresh and well. For your sake I repress a curiosity that is keenly excited, and wait for particulars till your harassed frame is recruited by sleep."

"Sleep, Wilmer! talk not to me of sleep!" said the impassioned young man.

"Well, be it as you please," answered his friend, "and be assured you have an attentive auditor and steady friend, ready to assist you to the uttermost, in every emergency."

"Rely upon it, Wilmer, I shall put your friendship to the test," said Captain Beaufort, in a reassured voice; "but to proceed with my adventure: On leaving the Ambassador's, I bade my adieu with, I trust, a well assumed indifference, when, if the truth was known, my feelings were wrought to the last degree of phrensy. I betook myself to the Ponte de la Sanita, determined to remain there, if days were to intervene, till the vision of the morning, whether real or illusory, should again appear. I shall not attempt to describe my feelings during the protracted interval. Hours passed on—but my perseverance was eventually attended with success. I had passed the burning hours of noon on the same spot, insensible to the scorching beams of a southern sun: the evening shades were lengthening, and the sun's last beams glanced upon Vesuvius, which burned less fiercely than my brain. When Isabella appeared, how sad and how beautiful she looked. By means of the carrier dove I told you of, she conveyed to me an account of the unpleasantness of her present position, her apprehensions of treachery on the part of her insidious kinsman, but most of all the grief she experienced at the supposed estrangement

and desertion of Sir Eustace and his family. For counsel and guidance she referred me to a friar attached to the neighbouring monastery of Santa Maria della Vita, and with great impressiveness she implores me to be wary and circumspect."

"Well," said Mr. Wilmer, taking advantage of the pause that ensued, "for my part, my dear friend, I would advise you, instead of having recourse to the aid of a meddling priest, to adopt the more straight forward and manly course, of seeking an explanation from the Count, and, if he refuses it, forcing him at the sword's point to avow his designs."

"Such were my first intentions," said Captain Beaufort; "but the conversation I held with the friar fully convinced me of the futility of such a proceeding. You must remember, Wilmer, we are not in England, where public opinion sometimes forces bad men to act well, against their natures. If I challenge this dastard, it is quite probable the assassin's steel would reach my heart whilst reading his acceptance of my cartel."

"True,—true," responded Mr. Wilmer; "you are right."

"The old man, I believe," continued Captain Beaufort, "was prepared for the interview, as he entered at once and frankly on the subject of my visit. I learned from him many particulars of Isabella's present mode of life, but he either is or affects to be ignorant of the Count's ulterior views. The Countess he represents as a most exemplary lady, who would never participate in any criminal design, involving the happiness of her niece. She has for many years led a life so secluded that she is almost forgotten in the world, and Miss Herbert has been a companion in her prison house. My worst impressions of the Count were indirectly confirmed by the friar. He appeared to dread so much my being discovered by him, and repeated so often the necessity of circumspection, that I am forced to believe no scruples would deter him in adopting means to free himself from a troublesome adversary. Whilst we were deliberating, a knock at the entrance of the small apartment caused the friar to rise; he left the cell, and I saw by the light of the dim taper he carried, that it was a pretty young woman, who interrupted our conference. This circumstance combined with all that preceded it, increased my uneasiness for Miss Herbert. It is such a strange and unheard of occurrence, for an Englishwoman of rank, to be placed at the mercy of an unprincipled libertine, relying only for protection on an intriguing priest. My uncle, honourable and high minded as he is, little knows the character to whom he has resigned a guardianship, held as sacred and as dear as the unsullied honour of his name. It will grieve the old man to learn the result of his too generous confidence. He merits censure, but his own will be the most severe."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Wilmer, "that Sir Eustace has acted injudiciously; but forgive me, if I say that you have acted equally ill."

"You do not mean towards Miss Herbert?" said Captain Beaufort, indignantly.

"Yes, towards Miss Herbert," replied Mr. Wilmer; "and I have no objection to include yourself as a party aggrieved by an idle punctilio. You have risked the loss of a lovely and amiable girl, because your fortune was likely to be diminished by a few thousand pounds, whilst she possessed an ample share of fortune's goodly gifts, and only sighed to bestow it on you. Verily, pride bringeth its own punishment,—you must not, Beaufort, arraign Providence, if the prize is snatched from you,—I do not mean in the present dastardly way; but if an honourable rival woe and wins your lady-love, it would be a just retribution for slighting the gifts thus cast at your feet."

"Nay, nay, Wilmer, you may freely censure me for imprudence,—I can forgive that; but had I taken advantage of an open and generous disposition, would you as readily acquit me of all sordid motives. Had Miss Herbert been a portionless girl, her beauty and her goodness her only dower, I should have stood between her and this and every other peril, where a manly arm might avail; but to be regarded as depending on a woman's love for my station in society is more than my spirit has learned to brook; dear as she is to me, I would sooner relinquish the hope that brightens the future, the long—long cherished hope of calling her mine, than to stand in so humiliating a position before the world. So let all this pass, and return to objects that press more immediately upon our attention. The friar returned after an absence that could only be excused by the courtesy due to the sex of his visitor; he did not offer even an apology, but resumed the subject of our conversation with an impressment that led me to think he had received some light on the matter during his absence. Instead of the hesitating and apprehensive manner in which he spoke at the opening of our interview, he now took a tone of decision. 'You must,' said he, 'be seen no more in these environs; return to your ship without further delay, and for the better security of the plan I have devised, remain there till the second night from this, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock. Do not fail to be at the entrance of the Hospital de la France, accompanied by a few friends on whose prudence and resolution you can rely. Much will depend upon your circumspection, young man. If the Count d'Altino only surmises that there breathes a being in Naples desirous of the young lady's release, she would be spirited away before the morning dawns, far beyond your reach and mine. A single premature step,' he continued, 'on your part disconcerts the plan, by which, I hope, under the guidance of her

ven, to restore the lady Isabella to her country and friends.' Cautioning me once again to be prudent, and place my trust in heaven, the old man gave me his blessing, and ushering me through a long corridor, he opened a side door, by which I made my exit in an opposite wing of the building to that by which I entered. Revolving in my mind all I had seen and heard, I considered it safest to follow the counsel I had received, or at least not to venture on any hazardous steps till I had consulted with you on the rationality of resigning my fate and Isabella's into the hands of a Franciscan Friar."

To be continued.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

HE that can look with rapture upon the agonies of an unoffending and unresisting animal, will soon learn to view the suffering of a fellow-creature with indifference; and in time he will acquire the power of viewing them with triumph, if that fellow-creature should become the victim of his resentment, be it just or unjust. But the minds of children are open to impressions of every sort; and indeed wonderful is the facility with which a judicious instructor may habituate them to tender emotions. I have therefore always considered mercy to beings of an inferior species as a nature which children are very capable of learning, but which is most difficult to be taught if the heart has been once familiarized to spectacles of distress, and has been permitted either to behold the pangs of any living creature with cold insensibility, or to inflict them with wanton barbarity.—*Dr. Parr.*

DISPROPORTION OF WEALTH.

A too great disproportion of wealth among citizens, weakens any state. Every person, if possible, ought to enjoy the fruits of his labour, in a full possession of all the necessaries and many of the conveniences of life. No one can doubt but such an equality is most suitable to human nature, and diminishes much less from the happiness of the rich than it adds to that of the poor. It also augments the power of the state, and makes any extraordinary taxes or impositions be paid with more cheerfulness. Where the riches are engrossed by a few, these must contribute very largely to supplying the public necessities; but when the riches are dispersed among multitudes, the burden feels light on every shoulder; and the taxes make not a sensible difference on any one's way of living. Add to this, that where the riches are in few hands, these must enjoy all the power; and will readily conspire to lay all the burden on the poor, and oppress them still further to the discouragement of all industry.—*Hume.*

THE EARTHQUAKE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THERE was no sound in earth or air,
And soft the moonbeams smiled
On stately tower and temple fair,
Like mother o'er her child;
And all was hushed in the deep repose
That welcomes the summer evening's close.

Many an eye that day had wept,
And many a cheek with joy grew bright,
Which now, alike unconscious, slept
Beneath the wan moonlight;
And mandolin and gay guitar
Had ceased to woo the evening star.

The lover has sought his couch again,
And the maiden's eyes no longer glisten,
As she comes to the lattice to catch his strain,
And sighs while she bends to smile and listen.
She sleeps, but her rosy lips still move,
And in dreams she answers the voice of love.

Sleep on, ye thoughtless and giddy train,
Sorrow comes with the dawning ray;
Ye never shall wake to joy again,
Or your gay laugh gladden the rising day:
Death sits brooding above your towers,
And destruction rides on the coming day.—

The day has dawned—but not a breath
Sighs through the sultry air;
The heavens above and earth beneath
One gloomy aspect wear—
Horror and doubt and wild dismay
Welcome the dawn of the fatal day.

Hark!—'tis not the thunder's lengthened peal!
Hark!—'tis not the winds that rise;
Or the heavy crush of the laden wheel,
That echoes through the skies—
'Tis the sound that gives the earthquake birth!
'Tis the heavy groans of the rending earth!

Oh, there were shrieks of wild affright,
And sounds of hurrying feet,
And men who cursed the lurid light,
Whose glance they feared to meet:
And some sunk down in mute despair
On the parched earth, and perished there.—

It comes!—it comes!—that lengthened shock—
The earth before it reels—
The stately towers and temples rock,
The dark abyss reveals
Its fiery depths—the strife is o'er,
The city sinks to rise no more.

She has passed from earth like a fearful dream;—
Where her pomp and splendour rose,
There runs a dark and turbid stream,
And a sable cloud its shadow throws;
Pale sorrow broods in silence there,
To mourn the perished things that were.

RONDEAU.

PAR S. SCHAD, PROFESSEUR DE PIANO AU CONSERVATOIRE DE GENEVE.

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

VIVACE

First system of musical notation for the Rondeau. It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked "VIVACE" and the dynamics are marked "p" (piano). The music consists of two staves with various notes, rests, and slurs.

Second system of musical notation for the Rondeau, continuing the piece with two staves of music.

Third system of musical notation for the Rondeau, continuing the piece with two staves of music.

Fourth system of musical notation for the Rondeau, concluding the piece with two staves of music.

2 + 2 4 + 1 4 2 4 3

OUR TABLE.

LIFE OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION—BY G. P. R. JAMES.

THE author of *Richelieu* does not feel so thoroughly at home, when chained down to facts, as when his fancy has license to rove at will into the fairy regions of "old romance." His mind is scarcely cast in the proper mould for a historian; but with materials such as those afforded in the life of Richard, it would be wonderful indeed if he had not produced a book which any one might peruse with pleasure. The chequered and eccentric career of the Lion-Heart was filled with incidents "stranger than fiction," and the author, without drawing largely upon his fancy, has in them frequently found all that was necessary to enable him to present the reader with sketches scarcely less vivid than the most startling incidents in his elegantly written and universally read "*Romances of History*." It is one of the best books of the season, and will enjoy an extensive popularity.

ZANONI, OR THE SECRET ORDER.—BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

A new Novel by the author of "*the Disowned*," cannot fail to produce some excitement in the literary world, and this, we believe, will scarcely fall behind any of the former emanations of his genius, in awakening the interest of the reader. Like all that Bulwer has published, this story is written in an elegant and graceful style, and is mixed up with reflections, which, though there are some who question the soundness of his conclusions, show a keen and piercing intellect, and an acute knowledge of the springs of action in the human mind. The republication of "*Zanoni*," is already commenced in the United States, so that it will soon become as generally known as any other of his works.

ONLY a very few years ago, when speaking of the probabilities of success, in favour of a magazine entirely devoted to literary subjects, the most frequent remark was that writers could not be found, able and willing to contribute to its original contents. Well-founded, as, at the time, the opinion seemed, we have lived to see it most pleasingly disproved. The literary taste which had lain dormant among the people, has rapidly budded, blossomed, and produced tempting fruit, insomuch that we whose task it is to lay the offerings of genius before the world, are frequently under the necessity of withholding for a longer time than we could wish, articles which we are confident would yield satisfaction to our readers, equal to that which their perusal has afforded to ourselves.

At the present moment this is more strikingly evident than on any former occasion since the commencement of the *Garland*. We have on hand an accumulation of excellent and interesting tales, some of which have not been published only because of the want of room, while there are one or two commenced, which would have been concluded but for the operation of the same cause.

Among the tales not yet begun, we must particularly notice one we have received from Mrs. Moodie, which, from the similarity of its title to one now in course of publication, might have been supposed to have been induced by it. It is called "*The Miser and his Son*." In the title only, however, the resemblance consists. An introductory letter from Mrs. Moodie, explanatory of the circumstances connected with her story, will accompany the first published portion of it.

A beautifully written article by the same author who has already contributed a few papers under the title of "*Sketches of the Italian Poets*," and a new story, by the author of the tale entitled "*Father and Daughter*," which was concluded in our last number, are among those which are still in reserve.

We have also been under the necessity of postponing some additional *Sketches*, by the author of the "*Backwoods of Canada*," and a tale by "*M. W. B.*," whose contributions are already favourably known to our readers, all of which, at the earliest possible moment, we shall not fail to place at the disposal of the public.

Besides these, we have on hand a "*Journal of a Voyage*," and a few poetical contributions of sterling merit, of which we have been reluctantly compelled to postpone the publication, but which will in due time make their appearance in the pages of the *Garland*.

The rapidly increasing number of our contributors, and the excellent quality of the articles themselves will long ere now have set the question at rest as to whether or not contributors could be found able and willing to support a strictly literary magazine.